

PEACE ON EARTH



GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

THE VIATORIAN.

PER ET SPERA.

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[To the Very Rev. Cyril Fournier, on the day of his silver jubilee, the class of Theologians of 1900, beg to offer this humble tribute.]

Vocibus laetis resonet reflatus
Candidis auris pietatis erga
Praestitem insignem sociumque Lucas
Burgobonensis,

Quintuplo lustrum quem inurit ignis
Chriseos arae celebrans ministrum,
Atque Fornacalia dum ferimus
Sancti Iterantis

Gaudeat discens recreatus arte,
Laudet anticum laribus Viator,
Infula casta exhibeat sacerdos
Thure piantem;

Litterae at sacrae megarum petentes
Nae decet grates referant camaena
Quae nec immunis bene larte facti
Querbesiorum.

Cujus adjutos opera recenset
Indicis Bergae digitus fidelis
Verbaque illustrant rutili Legrisi
Morigerantis.

Crescat *occulto* genitalis aula
Flaminum fulta ad juvenes juvandum
Queis novercalis peperit penum fors
Praesidiorum!

Aestuet Fornax, liquefacta corda
Gnara discenti, lipiraeo adurens
Igne terrenos silicis solutos,
Te duce, Fournier.

FAULT-FINDING.

"In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that blinds the eye.
Each little speck or blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind."—*Gay*.

Anyone who is a judge of human nature will admit that in a boarding college students of different characters are always found. Some are models of politeness and courtesy, of obliging manners and address, always making themselves agreeable and welcome to their fellow students and superiors, and ever diffusing a charm that keeps every one with whom they come in contact in a state of delightful enjoyment. These, however, form only the bright side of the picture, for unfortunately there are also to be found many who are by no means paragons of good behavior, of civility, or affability, but, on the contrary, in them is personified a rudeness, a lack of respect for legitimate authority, and a deficiency of good manners. That makes them dreaded by their inferiors, a continual pest to their teachers and prefects, and unblushing examples of a neglected home training. Amongst this latter class is always found that curious being, that ubiquitous biped, than whom none are more despicable, none more worthy of our pity—the habitual fault-finder. Let us see first on what material this being thrives and flourishes, and then let us follow him through the routine of the college's daily exercises and study his actions.

All men are by nature imperfect, and as long as they act on the stage of life they will make manifest to the gazing multitude around them their foibles and frailties. Every one has faults of some kind. Every period of our existence has its accompanying imperfections, and ever hour some phase teaches us that we are not perfect, that we may improve, that we can be made more perfect. Perfection is a rare gift, not given to mortal man in his painful passage over this restless and tempestuous sea of life, but reserved for him until he, as a good, faithful, and virtuous servant, anchors in that harbor of happiness, that harbor of eternal bliss. Behold! then, the fault-finder's field of labor, the whole world, all humanity; for be it king or peasant, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, all alike will by their actions show some imperfection for his comment.

What a feast then has this human buzzard! how often and what golden opportunities arise for his insatiable appetite. And

with what joy does he gorge himself. Instead of looking into his own heart and correcting his own faults, he constitutes himself an infallible judge of his companion's and superior's defects; he pains and grieves his friends by his uncharitable and unchristian spirit; he makes every place disagreeable with his baby wailing, and perhaps excites very bad passions in those whom he blames and criticises. Ever ready to comment on everybody's failing, and never permitting the least imperfection to escape his sharp eyes, he passes through life loved by none, and dreaded and despised by all. However, if this habit is dispicable in a man of the world, if it is fraught with such dire consequences, if it socially ostracizes him, and causes him to be shunned like a poisonous serpent, it is equally deplorable in a student at college, because the boarding school is his temporary home, and what can be more contemptible, than a boy or young man, who is always petulant at his home, who by his fault-finding always keeps the atmosphere of home life, that should be serene, clouded and dull? Follow this fault-finding student for a day, and be convinced of his mean spirit, and of his lack of judgment. He first goes to the refectory, and is scarcely seated when his grumbling begins. The victuals are too well done, or not cooked enough; he gets the same kind of meat too often. His soup is weak, his coffee weaker, he cannot get enough to eat, he is sure he will starve; he will be glad if he is alive at the end of the year; he never considered that where there are 200 or more boys, the delicacies of home cannot be given, but that good, substantial food is substituted for the pastries and puddings that impair the digestive organs and render students unfit for serious studies.

An observer will notice, however, that while he is growling, he takes particular care to receive a supply from every dish on the table, and like those animals that growl when eating a bone, he will satisfy his appetite before leaving.

We next meet him on the play-grounds; here he complains that the prefects never take their eyes off him, the poor fellow is unable to do a thing without being seen. He tells his companions the college is a regular prison, the prefects so many guards; he never thinks that his prefects are men who from a spirit of duty and self sacrifice, devote their time to him and his fellow students; that if they watch him it is to save him from doing something that will result disastrously to himself; that they are men who would much prefer being closed with their

books, but who, in obedience to their superiors orders, must guard against, and as far as possible prohibit any serious infraction of the disciplinary rules; he never thinks of these things, he only thinks he should be allowed to do as he wishes, to come and go where he pleases, notwithstanding the fact that experience in such cases as his, show that when students of his caliber are given a little liberty, they always abuse it, and do things that are a disgrace to themselves, to their teacher, and to their college.

From the yard he goes to the study hall and the class room. Generally, being of a lazy and indolent nature, he never studies, and when the master of discipline endeavors to make him use his time advantageously, he has another protest; the master is down on him, he has a spite against him, he always picks on him (to use his own expression), he never bothers the other students.

Of course this fault-finder forgets, perhaps willingly, that the other students don't idle away their time as he does, but that they are storing their minds with a knowledge that will in years to come make them capable men, and will enable them to battle successfully in the arena of life.

We again meet him in the class-room. It is proverbial that he never gave a respectable recitation, but if the professor administers any mild rebuke, for his negligence, again he raises the cry. He's no good! he can't teach! What does he care? He gives lessons that are too long, or that are too difficult! I have no time to study everything, but, nevertheless, he has time to sit for hours pouring over the trashy news in the columns of some daily paper. From the class-rooms he goes to the dormitory, or to his private sleeping room, if he has one, and here again he has a grievance. He is compelled to retire too early, and to show his inconsistency, when the time comes to arise, he complains about the length of the sleeping hours. They don't let him sleep long enough. Trusting to the darkness of his sleeping room, or corridors, he will attempt some mischievous prank. If the prefect should see him and allot a punishment he never has the manliness to suffer it without complaining. Thus he grumbles day after day, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam*, making himself miserable, and causing discord and disunion everywhere.

Gentle reader, do you recognize your image in this picture, if not, you have cause to rejoice, for you are endowed with gifts which, if you combine with them a virtuous life, are greater and more endurable than all the world's precious gems, gifts that will open to you the doors of social and religious life, will make

you a welcome visitor everywhere, and will give you all the happiness that can be possessed here below. But if, unhappily, you recognize yourself herein depicted, for your own happiness and for others' welfare, break the chains that bind you to this disgusting habit and in the future never judge, or give vent to your bitter feelings or sharp sayings until you have weighed every circumstance in the case, the place, the time, and the character of the men. When you have done this, temper your judgment with charity. Place yourself in the position of those you so severely blame, and you will find that you would perhaps, act more harshly than they do. Be consistent then, and "do unto others as you would be done by." In this way only can you enjoy college life. By patiently bearing with any little difficulties that may arise; by respecting yourself, your superiors, and school-mates; by hard study in its proper time, and by legitimate recreation and pleasures. When a student does all these, he will endear himself in the hearts of all his superiors and companions, and when he leaves the college walls to battle in the world, he will carry with him sweet memories of his college days, memories that will linger even unto death. M.

"DEATH COMETH LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT."

O God! Thy words do pierce my brain
With sense of awe and dread
They make my heart shrink up with pain
A sinful life I led.

When dusky night doth 'round me fall
With awful dread I fear
The shades of eve might be my pall,
My earthly couch my bier.

The thought of that dire, stealthy thief,
Who comes, we know not when,
Doth make my soul beg sweet relief
Of Jesus, king of men.

J. M. KANGLEY, 1900.

HEART AND INTELLECT.

There are two principal powers in man to which all other faculties are more or less closely related. These are heart and intellect. Development of the former results in sentiment, impulses, feeling. That of the latter gives rise to rational ability, intelligence, and cleverness. These two powers ought to be developed together and reciprocally; the one ought always to accompany the other, just as the sun's light is always accompanied by its heat. Similarly, while the intellect enlightens the heart warms and vivifies.

While the woman is said to have naturally predominance in heart power, the man is said to excel in that of intellect. Nevertheless, in the ideal man and woman both must be harmoniously developed. While it is necessary for the perfect man to be susceptible to the finer influences of the heart, it is not less necessary for the typical woman to be strongly swayed by the faculties of intellect, though both man and woman still retain their characteristic difference.

By nature the powers of heart and of intellect were intended to go together; for it is the quality of the one to perfect the other and prevent it from going into extremes or excess. When well balanced they mutually guard each other from error. While on the contrary, if one is cultivated to the neglect or exclusion of the other, it may become a source of great mischief. Exclusive intellectual culture makes life cold, insipid. "Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; it sets free no ice-bound fountains. * * * There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting knife of reason." On the other hand exclusive development of the heart susceptibilities may very easily degenerate into excess, enthusiasm changing into fanaticism, sentiment into mental weakness, and thus, perchance, become the cause of personal shipwreck on the icebergs of life.

However, if intellect is the higher, heart is the nobler power. Lacordaire calls the latter the source from which greatness of soul is derived. It is also more closely related to morality and to those qualities which constitute the perfect gentleman. It is also the exponent of that glowing love, self-devotion, and true enthusiasm without which little of what is important and great can be achieved.

It has been truly remarked that in America there is a prevalent philosophy of life which overrates the importance of intellect by making it exclusive. Its ideal individual is a fine machine, able, exact, clever, shrewd, quick, and moulded to etiquette. But religion, morality, true courtesy, and whatever enriches the impulses of the heart, as well as sentiment and feeling, is comparatively overlooked. As if the qualities of the intellect did not on the long run depend on those of the heart; and as if the latter were not most important to true manhood.

"Technical information, and that quickness of apprehension which New Englanders call smartness, are not so valuable to a human being as sensibility to the beautiful, and a spontaneous appreciation of the divine influences which fill the realms of vision, of sound, and the world of action and feeling. The tastes, affections, and sentiments are more absolutely the man than his talents or acquirements. And yet it is by and through the latter that we are apt to estimate character, of which they are, at best, but fragmentary evidences." A code of etiquette may polish the manners, but the "heart of courtesy," as well as "those enriching and noble sentiments, which are the most beautiful and endearing of human qualities, no process of mental training will create," because they spring from the impulses of the heart.

A power which lends great beauty and vitality to life is the developing, in man, of the poetical principle. Since God has filled our visible world with beauties why should we not appreciate them, since he has to our disposal crystal fountains at which the weary life's pilgrim may refresh himself, why should we not avail ourselves of them? But this is done through the poetical principle. Though the heart has the lead in this field, yet, the intellect, through scientific knowledge and association of ideas, may figure with great importance. This poetical principle stretches far and embraces much. Undoubtedly much of its treasures are drawn from persons, from the deep wells of the heart and of the intellect. It also revels in the beauties, sweetness, and grandeurs of religion. It loves to stroll in the woodlands, sit in cool ravines, scented with the perfumes of heaven-painted flowers, and made faintly gloomy by the stooping shrubs and trees overhead, the hanging vines, peeping ferns, and moss-covered walls. It is pleased to linger where huddling waters with soft murmur kiss the pebbled shore.

Since man is so weak in appreciating these marvels of nature revealing nature's God, who doubts but that these haunts

of beauty are often visited by festal music and song of angels, who in misty gauze of snowy whiteness and decked with flowers of all climes, dance in circles, admiring the perfections of nature and glorifying Him who made them. This seems to have been the belief of Milton, for he wrote:

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night.”

Also Addison: “For my part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits, and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions when we think ourselves most alone. * * * I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same concert of praise and adoration.”

Moreover, Bryant, in his beautiful little poem entitled “Our Fellow Worshipers,” closes with the stanza:

“Haply—for who can tell?—
Aerial beings, from the world unseen,
Haunting the sunny dell,
Or slowly floating o’er the flowery green,
May join our worship here,
With harmonies too fine for mortal ear.”

I shall conclude this essay with a few passages developing the idea of this poetical principle spoken above. They are taken from H. T. Tuckerman, a charming American writer of our age. “It (the poetical principle) is that principle through which we commune with all that is lovely and grand in the universe, which mellows the pictures of memory into pensive beauty, and irradiates the visions of hope with unearthly brightness; which elevates our social experience by the glow of fancy and exhibits scenes of perfection to the soul that the senses can never realize.” * * *

It is the breeze that lifts the weeds on the highway of time, and brings to view the violets beneath. It is the holy water which, sprinkled on the mosaic pavement of life, makes vivid its brilliant tints. It is the mystic harp upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness, and grief loses itself in music. But it performs a yet higher function than that of consolation.

It is through the poetical principle that we form images of excellence, a notion of progress that quickens every other faculty to rich endeavor. All great men are so, chiefly through unceasing effort to realize in action, or embody in art, sentiments of deep interest or ideas of beauty. As colors exist in rays of light, so does the ideal in the soul, and life is the mighty prism which refracts it. * * * I know it is sometimes said that the era of romance has passed; that with the pastoral, classic, and chivalrous periods of the world, the poetic element died out. But this is manifestly a great error. The forms of society have greatly changed, and the periods of poetical development are much modified, but the principal itself is essential to humanity. No! mechanical as is the spirit of the age, and wide as is the empire of utility, as long as stars appear nightly in the firmament, and golden clouds gather around the departing sun; as long as we can greet the innocent smile of infancy and the gentle eye of woman; as long as this earth is visited by visions of glory and dreams of love and hopes of heaven; while life is encircled by mystery, brightened by affection, and solemnized by death, so long will the poetical spirit be abroad, with its fervent aspirations and deep spells of enchantment. * * * Its purpose clearly is to relieve the sternness of necessity, to lighten the burden of toil, and throw sacredness and hope even around suffering—as the old painters were wont to depict groups of cherubs above their martyrdoms. * * *

What the arrangement of society fails to provide the individual is at liberty to seek. Nowhere are natural beauty and grandeur more lavishly displayed than on this continent. In no part of the world are there such noble rivers, beautiful lakes, and magnificent forests. The ermine robe of winter is, in no land, spread with more dazzling effect, nor can the woodlands of any clime present a more varied array of autumnal tints. Nor need we resort to the glories of the universe alone. Domestic life exists with us in rare perfection; and it requires but the heroism of sincerity, and the exercise of taste, to make the fireside as rich in poetical associations, as the terrace and veranda of southern lands. Literature, too, opens a rich field. We can wander through Eden to the music of the blind bard's harp, or listen in the orange groves of Verona, beneath the quiet moonlight, to the sweet vows of Juliet. Let us, then, bravely obey our sympathies, and find, in candid and devoted relations with others, freedom from the constraints of prejudice and form. Let

us foster the enthusiasm which exclusive intellectual cultivation would extinguish. Let us detach ourselves sufficiently from the social machinery to realize that we are not integral parts of it; and thus summon into the horizon of destiny those hues of beauty, love, and truth, which are the most glorious reflections of the soul!"

JOSEPH I. GRANGER, '99.

THE OLD YEAR.

The old year rests upon his bier,
The end is drawing nigh,
Upon his face there's trace of fear,
He dreads, alas, to die.

But yesterday he was so young,
So full of hope and joy,
The bloom of youth around him clung
As 'round a youthful boy.

But, ah! much care has made him old,
His limbs no strength allow,
His eye, once stern, is dim and cold,
And wrinkled is his brow.

Long trials and woes, all past and o'er,
Have racked his manly frame,
He sinks at last, to rise no more,
With him departs his name.

The tide of life is ebbing fast,
Around him minutes fall,
The seconds fleet into the past
To weave for him a pall.

The mournful winds moan in the dells,
Aloud the forest sighs,
The tolling of the New Year bells
Proclaim the old year dies.

J. M. KANGLEY, 1900.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is the love of wisdom. It takes the luminous torch of reason in its venerable hands and explores the dark and gloomy caverns of last causes. It seeks to penetrate the essence of things and to unveil the mysteries of being. Under the secure guidance of sound philosophy, reason soars aloft to the contemplation of truth, and looks down with fearless eye into the dismal abyss of error. Philosophy takes reason by the hand and conducts it up the winding path of knowledge. The ascent is indeed difficult at first, "but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

Philosophy is the most excellent of all human sciences because it perfects the noblest part of man—his reason. The most exalted desire of the human mind is that of knowing, and philosophy concerns itself solely with the means of filling up that desire. It does not rest satisfied with penetrating the corporal world, but wings its flight to the world of spirit and sounds the depths of intellect. Truth is the magnet that draws it onward with irresistible force until it embraces the eternal, infinite light, the beginning and end of every creature. No wonder then that the greatest geniuses the world has ever produced, the pride and glory of the whole human race, have worshiped at philosophy's enchanted shrine and drunk the crystal waters that flow from her perpetual fountain. They looked into her face divinely fair and were enamoured of her matchless beauty. She bound them to herself with a golden chain and never was mistress kinder or lover more faithful.

Man without reason would be a mere brute, living only a sensitive life, the sport and slave of his passions. But his intellect raises him to a far higher plane of being and makes him partake of the nature of angels. Since man's intellect is perfected by the cognition of truth and philosophy seeks incessantly the perfection of cognition and investigates the truth of the most excellent things, it is evidently next to theology, the noblest science and worthy of the serious consideration which the master minds of every age have given it.

But philosophy is not only an excellent science, it is also of the greatest utility. It enables man to know more perfectly what are his duties to God, to himself, and to his fellow man, and to perform these duties more easily and readily, without being deterred by difficulties which frequently withdraw men, not fortified by its precepts, from the pursuit of virtue. The great benefits which flow to the individual, the family, and the state, from the teachings of sound philosophy, made Cicero exclaim in a transport of admiration: "O, philosophy, thou

art the guide of life, the guardian of virtue, and the banisher of vice! What would the life of man be without thee! Thou art the foundress of families, of cities, and of states; the inventress of laws and the mistress of morals." Thus its guiding influence extends to the individual, to the family, to the state, and even religion does not disdain to use it as an auxiliary. Would you know what services philosophy has rendered to truth? Travel back along the road of history and at every step you will meet the fleshless skeletons of error, slain by the gleaming sword of philosophy. When her mighty weapons are wielded by the giant hands of genius, and the dauntless champions of truth are clothed in her invulnerable armor, no falsehood can withstand their irresistible shock. No sophism can conceal the hideous aspect of error when the searching lights of philosophy are turned upon its dark abode.

True philosophy has always been the handmaid of religion. It demonstrates the existence of a supreme intelligent being, the possibility, reasonableness, and necessity of faith and revelation, shows the motives of credibility in revelation and thus makes man better, for by leading him to accept more readily the sublime truths of revelation it necessarily elevates, ennobles, and purifies his mind.

How worthy then of the profound study, the ardent love and lasting veneration of every thinking mind must not this queen of sciences appear. She it is that unlocks the treasure-house of knowledge and adorns the mind with the priceless gems of wisdom; she it is that unfolds the splendor of truth and flings to the breeze of heaven the bright banner of virtue; she it is that raises man on the wings of love to the mountain heights of the contemplation of the eternal all-embracing truth. Finally philosophy smooths the stony path of life and anchors the soul in death to the immoveable, imperishable, indestructible rock of truth.

W. Somos, '99.

THE NEW YEAR'S SUN.

The New Year's sun is risen
 Above a happy hand.
 The clouds of war have broken
 Before the peace-god's hand.

The sun, with twice its brightness,
 Shines on the placid scene.
 It shines on happy Cuba;
 It shines on fallen Spain.

But best of all the treasures
 Its rays disclose to view
 Is America united—
 One alone—the grey and blue.

Those who fought against each other
 Half a century ago;
 Those who bore the deepest hatred,
 Swore each other lasting woe;

Side by side, in far off Cuba,
 Pale, in death's cold clutches, lie—
 But they wear the *same* lov'd colors
 And their hate is now gone by.

When the war-god blew his bugle,
 Calling heroes to the fray,
 None were braver, none more willing
 Than the men who wore the grey.

Those who once with mighty fervor,
 Vowed to guard the stars and bars,
 Now for God and for "Old Glory"
 Give their lives to bloody Mars.

O'er the graves of loving brethren,
 Sacrificed to aid the weak,
 Hands that long were separated,
 Friends that long refused to speak.

Now are joined in silent sorrow—
 Now forget the dreary past--
 Love each other; love our banner
 With a fervor that will last.

Long divided, now united,
 Weep the north and south for those
 Who defended our great county,
 Who upheld our nation's cause.

May the Sun of Peace forever
 On this happy people shine--
 On our banner and its children
 As on New Year--'99.

PROCTOR W. HANSL, 1899.

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EDITORIAL.

Classes were resumed on January 5, and once more the wheels of college routine are rumbling along the rough road of knowledge just as if there had never been a Christmas vacation. With many a regretful sigh that the pleasant days of vacation had vanished so quickly, the dust was brushed from well thumbed text-books and the hard problems which they contain once more occupy our attention. The scholastic year of '99 has wrapped us in the folds of its new mantle and breathed into our minds a studious spirit which promises well for the coming term.

The time for the semi-annual examination is at hand. This is the time of sore trial and bitter humiliation for the indolent, lack-interest student; of reward and triumph for the industrious. There is no test more efficacious to reveal the true character of a student than the searching examinations of February. Failure to employ one's time usefully is the result of a weak character which is unable to resist the alluring charms of idleness. How a young man employs his time is one of the surest tests of his worth. True manhood prompts the faithful student to work for high and noble ends, that his future, now so bright and promising, may not prove disastrous through his negligence. He is as desirous of leaving his mark at college as he is to make it in the world in after years. Justice prompts him to make a full return to his parents for all they are doing for him, in many cases at the cost of heroic sacrifices, and love for them makes his work a pleasure and gives constancy to his efforts. What a despicable being, after all, is an idle student! He is acting a lie every day he spends at college. His parents, by sending him to an educational institution, entrust to his care a certain part of their earnings which he pretends to be using for their and his advantage, but which in reality, he is recklessly squandering.

But worse, perhaps, than the loss of splendid opportunities is the wretched habits of indolence he acquires and the lack of all sense of honor, which must ultimately render him unfit for any serious work in life. To such hypocritical, blundering, thickwitted, light-headed fools who imagine that youth is the time to be thoughtless and trifling, we would like to bring home these ringing words of Ruskin:

“In general, I have no patience with the people who talk about the ‘thoughtlessness of youth’ indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at a time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends upon the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and his every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years, rather than now.”

OBITUARY.

In the early days of vacation, when all were preparing with joyful anticipations to celebrate the great feast of Christmas, the “Angel of Death” crossed the threshold of our college home and claimed for his victim Mr. William Phelan, who had entered college only last November.

The cause of his death was pneumonia and despite the unwearied attention of his devoted mother and sister who watched at his bedside day and night during the last week of his illness, the ravages of the dread disease could not be checked.

Mr. Phelan was of a quiet, studious disposition, and gave promise of a brilliant career at college. Although he was with us but a short time his gentle, kindly disposition had endeared him to all. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his afflicted family in this their sad hour of trial, praying that the Father of all may sooth the anguish of their afflicted hearts.

Mr. W. Hanlon, of the senior department, was called home about a week before Christmas to assist at the funeral of his be-

loved mother. Mrs. Hanlon had been seriously sick for some time, and her death was not wholly unexpected. But the death of a mother, the ministering angel of the home, is always a surprise and a sore affliction. We offer our sincere condolence to our fellow student and to his severely tried family.

In the death of Mr. David Granger, Bourbonnais lost one of its oldest and most respected citizens. Mr. Granger was a man of sterling worth and genuine christian piety, a rich heritage which he bequeathed to his children. Two of his daughters are Sisters of Mercy in St. Xaviers Academy in Chicago; Rev. Mother M. Ginevieve and Sister Mary Alexis. One of his grandsons, Rev. Father Granger, is pastor of St. Roses church, Kankakee, Ill., and another, Mr. A. Granger, is one of the most prominent lawyers in the same city. We copy the following tribute of respect to his memory from the *New World*:

IN MEMORIAM.

Fold the wan hands upon that pulseless breast,
 Their work is done, done bravely, nobly, well;
 His great heart throbbings, nigh a century
 Of purpose upright, steadfast, earnest tell.

The parent fond and faithful to his trust
 Through verdant springtime, summer's golden day,
 Brown autumn's ripened harvest time of years,
 And through the winter with its tints of gray.

A genial spirit age could not repress,
 The current of his youth flowed on to warm
 The ice-bound coast of life, and made him greet
 With cheerful calm the sunshine or the storm.

In him true piety shone ever bright,
 Faith led him on with its enlivening ray
 And Hope and Love soft blending with the gleam
 Made strong his footsteps in the heavenward way.

What marvel, then, that heritage of faith
 Should be the treasure of his children all,
 That on his worthy generations three
 The robe of sanctity should softly fall!

Breathe then the prayer of love who weep him gone,
 But mingle not the bitterness of tears;
 Nay, rather raise you hearts in thankful praise
 Unto the great All Father, who his years

Has crowned with more of reverence and peace
 Than in the high-noon of his manhood strong
 Could he have longed to wear. Rest! rest in peace
 Be his the Vision, the eternal song.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Four young men of the seminary department received Deaconship at the hands of his Lordship, Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, just before the Christmas holidays—Revs. J. Brennan, M. Welter, M. Krug, and F. Lauriault. We congratulate the young levites on their promotion in sacred orders and hope that the day may not be far distant when they will be elevated to the holy priesthood.

A poem entitled "The Star of Bethlehem," written by Mr. Proctor W. Hansl, '99, for the December number of the VIATORIAN, was copied by the Chicago *Times-Herald* in its Christmas issue (December 21). The VIATORIAN received due credit for the poem.

Among the many clerical friends who assembled at the college on December 21, to take part in the "Silver Jubilee" celebration in honor of Very Rev. C. Fournier, C.S.V., provincial superior of the Clerics of St. Viateur, we noticed the following: Revs. J. Langlais, C.S.V., St. Mary, Ill.; F. X. Chouinard, C.S.V., St. George, Ill.; A. Mainville, Hoopeston, Ill.; M. A. Dooling, Clinton, Ill.; J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., Chicago; C. P. Foster, Joliet, Ill.; P. J. Conway, Chicago; A. L. Bergeron, Chicago; A. Granger, Kankakee, Ill.; J. Kelly, Gilman, Ill.; J. A. Poissant, Kankakee, Ill.; A. Labrie, Momence, Ill.; Z. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; O. Bourdeau, Manteno, Ill.; W. Hackett, Kankakee, Ill.; D. O'Dwyer, Chebause, Ill.; T. F. O'Gara, Wilmington, Ill.; H. O'Gara McShane, Chicago; J. Guffin, Chicago; J. Morrissey, Joliet, Ill.; J. LeSage, Chicago; Z. Menard, Escanaba, Mich.; J. Tinan, Pullman, Ill.; M. O'Brien, Chicago; J. T. McFadden, Ireland; M. Lussier, Papineau, Ill.; M. Suerth, Chicago; J. Scanlon, Chicago; T. J. McDevitt, Chicago; M. P. Sammon, Bloomington, Ill.

Our thanks are due to the Rev. C. P. Foster, Joliet, Ill., for his generous donation to the college of a magnificent magic lantern and several hundred new views. The instrument is one of the best made and is in its way a perfect gem. The Rev. J. C. Leclaire, C.S.V., intends giving an exhibition to the students in the near future for the benefit of the library.

EXCHANGES.

The VIATORIAN can only bow a welcome and extend the greetings of the season to the literary visitors which throng our table. Our friends from the north are remarkable this month both for their beauty and robust physique. They certainly prove that the prophetic *Aquilo* has not ceased to fan the seething "olla" of the muses.

The *Record* of St. John's University, Mich., contains some very instructive and well written articles. Its prose has a serious didactic tone, but it seems to eschew the metred productions of the neophytes of poetry.

"It takes the girls to put up things in good form," said one of the exchange Eds., handing me the *Niagara Rainbow* of Lorette Academy, Ontario. And in truth it was well worth reading. Its whole get up would do credit to a university.

The *University Review* of Ottawa, Canada, offers a series of literary articles well worthy of serious perusal, both on account of their form and matter. The views set forth in the essays on the poetry of Aubrey de Vere and Abbe McGeoghan's History of Ireland, are certainly not lacking the spice of truth. The Irish love their country but they neglect its history. "Were we," says the writer, "to call the roll of the incapables, we should find no end to those in wondering mazes lost." With him we wish God-speed to Dr. Joyce in his so far successful efforts to write a popular history of Ireland.

A writer in the *Philosophian Review*, South Jersey Institute' places the birth of Mahomet in the year 570 B. C. This must be a mistake of the typesetter, friend.

Professor Day, of Shurtleff College, in the *Review* published by that institution, has a good article on the "Supreme Good," which he places in the perfection and happiness of the whole man. This happiness and perfection is typified in Christ, the God-Man, and is to be found only in God. This is certainly no new doctrine. It is the teaching of St. Thomas and the scholastics.

The "Friar and Lord Eric," in the *Mount Angel Banner*, is a poem of more than ordinary merit.

VIATORIANA.

- '99
- Skra-hach.
- It is clearing up.
- I like the little one best.
- Say, please get your hair cut.
- Who says Dr. Leibnitz scratches?
- Did you have wooden dishes then?
- Spinoza, the old theological skeptic.
- Why, its the more philosophical way.
- Why Schaffer is not von two three vid me.
- Please give the scrubs a chance at the table.
- Say, boys, let us decide that school question.
- Dot's it—no—you had the wrong Hinglesh dot time.
- I got my character, gentlemen, in the public school.
- The needle agent will fill any order correctly addressed him.

(A LESSON IN PHILOSOPHY.)

- Old Adam was laid in a slumber
 And a rib taken out of his side,
 And when he awoke from his slumber
 He beheld a most beautiful bride.
 She was not taken out of his head, sir;
 To laud it over him;
 Nor was she taken out of his foot, sir;
 To be trampled on by him;
 But she was taken out of his side, sir;
 His companion and equal to be.
 But when their united in one, sir;
 The man is the top of the tree.

—In honor of the jubilee celebration of the Very Rev. Cyril Fournier, C.S.V., povincial superior of the Chicago obedience, the Thespians presented Shakespeare's drama, "King John," on the college stage. As was to be expected from their painstaking rehearsals, the rendition of this great play was even more excellent than that of St. Viateur's Day. The Thespians have set themselves a standard of excellence which they will find it difficult to maintain throughout the year.

—Brother Goulette, C.S.V., and Mr. L. Finnigan played two piano duets, which were well received. Although Mr. Finnigan is comparatively a beginner, yet he gave unmistakable evidence of more than common talent for instrumental music. Mr. P. Dube played a piano solo which, needless to say, was admirably rendered. Few colleges in the country can boast of such an accomplished performer on the piano as is Mr. Dube. He has the touch and dexterity of an artist.

—To commemorate the anniversary of their foundation, December 13, St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society presented one of the most enjoyable programs given on the college stage this year. The three splendid scenes selected from Shakespeare, apart from the excellent way in which they were rendered, could not fail to interest and please the audience. The first number on the program was the scene from "Henry VIII., Wolsey's Fall." This is certainly the finest scene in the play and we can say without exaggeration that it received full justice at the hands of those who took the parts of leading characters. The acting of J. Granger as Wolsey, J. St. Cerny as King Henry, and A. Hansl as Cromwell was especially commendable. The curtain next rose on a scene in the Roman Forum—"The Murder of Julius Caesar." The splendid interpretation of Mark Anthony's magnificent oration over the body of his dead friend, Caesar, was no more than we expected from the oft demonstrated histrionic talent of Mr. P. W. Hansl. Mr. P. J. Gerraghy's personation of Brutus is also worthy of mention. The crowning feature of the entertainment was the presentation of Shakespeare's inimitable humorous creation, "Falstaff," from the robbing scene in Henry IV. Who that has ever read this remarkable play can forget the exquisite humor and witty sayings of "Fat John Falstaff?" Falstaff is one of the most difficult characters in all the plays of Shakespeare to impersonate. To do him justice would require the art of a Booth. Mr. P. F. Daniher, though not a perfect Falstaff, was certainly far above the common place. It has been a long time since anything given on the college stage was more warmly received.

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