

# THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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NO. 3

## The Star of Bethlehem.

I wonder is that star the one  
That shone o'er Bethlehem;  
That pointed out the lowly bed  
Where lay the "King of Men?"

Is that the star that guided kings  
Unto a mightier Lord;  
Whose dais was a stable's floor,  
Whose couch, a manger hard.

Before Whom kings and shepherds bowed,  
Nor differed in His sight;  
Around Whose brow there lay a crown  
Of glowing, heavenly light?

Were those the rays that lit the way  
Of angels to this earth,  
Who heralded in sweetest song  
That mighty Prince's birth?

Is this fair night like that which hung  
O'er silent Bethlehem,  
When to this wicked, lusty world  
There came the "King of Men?"

Two thousand dreary years ago,  
When Rome was in her prime,  
The name of Christ was known to none  
In any realm or clime.

To-day its far extending sway  
Is shown in every land;  
And every people bears the sign  
Of Christ, the Master's hand.

The stars are shining just the same  
As in those days of yore.  
But ah! there is a mighty change—  
'Tis better than before.

The King who lived on Christmas morn  
Made life an easier task.  
He promised mercy to all men  
And gifts to them that ask.

—PROCTOR W. HANSL, '99.

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE VERY REV. CYRIL FOURNIER, C.S.V.  
Provincial Superior of the Community of St. Viateur in the Obedience of Chicago.

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UT recently the halls of St. Viateur's College were echoing with joyous hymns of thanksgiving. Students and religious hosts of clerical and secular friends had gathered here to congratulate Very Rev. Father Cyril Fournier upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

A solemn mass of thanksgiving was chanted by the Rev. Jubilarian in the college chapel, December 20. An appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., and in the afternoon a reception and entertainment were given by the students. Besides music and addresses of congratulation the great Shakespearean drama King John was played in a manner worthy of the dignified occasion and with an art that did credit to the actors.

The Very Rev. Cyril Fournier, Provincial Superior of the Community of St. Viateur's in the Archdiocese of Chicago, was ordained priest by his Lordship Bishop Wadhams in Ogdensburg, New York, December 20, 1873, after finishing his classical and theological studies in the community institutions of Canada. He had, previously to his ordination, directed the Cathedral school for boys in Ogdensburg, which he left in a very prosperous condition. Returning to Canada, he was appointed provincial visitor, in which capacity he most efficiently served the community. During his term of office as visitor he came to Chicago, where he found the splendid opportunities which the vast and populous diocese offered for the development of educational institutions. St. Viateur's College at Bourbonnais had already acquired an enviable reputation and was steadily growing in importance and in popular favor. He understood from the representations of the directors of this institution its increasing needs.

Some years later the Very Rev. Father Ducharme, C.S.V., visited the community establishments in the diocese of Chicago and to him was exposed the timeliness of opening here a novitiate where young aspirants to the vocation of religious teaching would be drawn from among the youth of America and trained to teach American youth. Those immediately employed in the work of education here also made known the demands of the situation and manifested their own wishes in the matter to Very



Rev. P. D. Lajoie, C.S.V., Superior General at Lyons, France, who immediately took necessary steps to form the new province of Chicago. The choice of the new provincial fell upon Very Rev. Father Cyril Fournier, C.S.V., who arrived in Bourbonnais September, 1882. The advent of Father Fournier, together with the foundation of a novitiate, marks a new era in the life of the community.

The young province, as a youth who becomes of age, felt its responsibilities and that it must rely upon its own resources for its future progress. Self-reliance gave it courage to cope with difficulties. Through the wise appointment and painstaking efforts of Father Fournier, a house was immediately opened for the admission of postulants and novices, October 6, 1882, in Bourbonnais. Within a few months the novitiate was filled with young men who had imbibed the spirit of the children of St. Viateur in their various schools, young men who had grown up under American institutions and were already well equipped by their training to further the work of education so excellently commenced and so prosperously carried on. These Father Fournier welcomed, these he patiently trained in the virtues of the religious and the teacher, to these he communicated his own deep love of youth and his own enlightened zeal for the Christian education of youth. There then came forth from the humble novitiate bands of well instructed, religious, and competent teachers, burning with a kindling ardor to devote themselves to the arduous duties of what they had learned to consider the sublimest, the holiest vocation, that of the Christian teacher. They went into the class-room, and the splendid work they have done and are doing there is the most glorious earthly reward that could have been elected by the one who inspired them with his beautiful zeal.

It is not given to every one who plants the tree to see it blossom and bear fruit, nor is every founder of institutions allowed by the swift flying years to witness the good results they are intended to bring forth. But Father Fournier's indefatigable activity has made him crowd so much work in a few years that, though still comparatively young, he may in the glad thanksgiving of this anniversary, rejoice at the plenteous blessings that his efforts have merited.

Father Fournier unites the gifts of a deeply religious man and those of a man of affairs. He is as much at home in a business transaction as at a spiritual conference. Some years after



the establishing of the provincial headquarters and novitiate at Bourbonnais it became apparent that a more central place would be desirable for the administration of the temporal affairs of the community, and Chicago was selected as more convenient. Father Fournier was not long in finding a suitable site in the pleasant suburb of Irving Park, where, after making a very advantageous purchase of land, he immediately commenced building St. Viateur's Normal Institute, in 1888. The institute is a three-story building, of elegant design and spacious enough to accommodate one hundred persons. It is made of brick, with stone trimmings. The erection of this beautiful structure, and the use it was intended for, excited great interest among the residents of the then sparsely settled district. As the institute was far from any Catholic church, and as a number of Catholic families were settled in the vicinity, they soon asked the good father to be allowed to hear mass in his beautiful chapel on Sundays. This, of course, was granted. Finally, His Grace Archbishop Feehan, yielding to the reiterated petitions of the increasing population, requested Father Fournier to build a church near the novitiate and to attend to the wants of the new parish of St. Viateur. Father Fournier set to the task, and, availing himself of the anxious cooperation of the faithful, soon built a very convenient church, to which some two hundred families flock every Sunday for divine service. Such has been the development of the parish that Father Fournier soon had to have an assistant priest. Father Dugas, C.S.V., filled that office with great zeal and devotedness for five years, and Father McCormick, C.S.V., is now employed in the same good work.

In the sixteen years that Father Fournier has presided over the fortunes of the Chicago province, the community has been enabled to do more and better work in the educational field. The Holy Name Cathedral School, where four hundred boys yearly receive the great blessings of a Christian education, has been confided to the care of the Brothers of St. Viateur. The parochial school for boys at Bourbonnais, long under the beneficent control of the brothers, continues its excellent work among the very young of the Lord's flock. The faculties in the various departments of St. Viateur's College are receiving every year valuable reinforcements from the novitiate, which sends out young men equipped for duty not only in common school branches of learning, but capable of training young men in all that pertains to a finished commercial education, and leading others through all



the winding ways of classic, literary, and scientific studies. Since the opening of the novitiate, some forty brothers have pledged themselves to the work of education in the community of St. Viateur. Of these five have become priests, four of whom are engaged in educational work, the other being in the parochial ministry.

Father Fournier has also favored the idea of advanced special studies for the members of his institute and has made arrangements with houses in Paris and in Rome where the young scholastics of the community can enjoy the advantages to be had in the master schools of the Old World.

Father Fournier, whose long years of residence and actual duty in the state of New York had acquainted him with the language, the usages, and the special needs of American youth, was eminently qualified to take the direction of the newly formed province of Chicago. Like many others who came among Americans he had learned to love the free and manly spirit of the youth here and was desirous to devote his life to the cultivation of characters of such promise. His many visits to the headquarters of the community in France in quality of delegate to the quinquennial chapters have ever served to strengthen in him that deep appreciation of religious life and of religious motives of action, which he has never ceased to inculcate to his religious and to the young who are confided to their care. He has wrought valiantly, untiringly, and as we chronicle briefly the success which has attended his footsteps, we heartily rejoice with him and thank God who ever lends help to such noble and entirely devoted men. Such men can never bless the earth too long.

AD MULTOS ANNOS.

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#### GLORY TO CHRIST THE NEW-BORN KING.

The sky is bathed in golden light,  
A star on high is shining bright,  
The angels sweet their praises sing  
Glory to Christ, the new-born King.

The world throughout resounds with song,  
The Christmas chimes peal loud and long;  
And man the angels' hymn doth sing  
All welcome to the new-born King.

Unto mankind a Saviour's born  
On this, the dawn of Christmas morn,  
And loud the cheerful earth doth cry,  
Glory to God, the Lord on high.

The poor and rich, the low and fair,  
All kneel and join in holy prayer;  
And far and near in every clime,  
Is heard the joyful Christmas chime.

—J. M. Kangley, 1900.



## EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS.



WILL IT always be thus, Grace? Must we always live in bare, cold rooms like these? Once we were *so* happy. You remember our pretty, cosy home? There was always a warm fire; always plenty to eat, then. But now, only a week before Christmas, and we are hungry. On that happy eve there will be no tree laden with presents and sparkling with gaily colored lights, for *our* little ones. Others will dance around theirs; will pluck the golden presents from the branches; but we, ah, we will be lonely. There will be no merriment in *these* squalid chambers; there will be no festive board for *us* on Christmas day!"

"Bob, dear, all will yet be well. God will send us aid before long," said his wife, in soothing tones.

"'God will send us aid!' Ha! ha! What agonizing prayers have I poured forth to that *name*! He whom the world exalts, to whom the world sends foolish praise on Christmas day, will not *hear* my cries, is *deaf* to my loud entreaties! God! Ha! ha! There is *no* God!"

"Robert, think what you are saying. Be quiet, dear; you are not well tonight. It is time to put the children to bed. Come and help me," cried his frightened wife.

"No, I *will* have my say. Fate has conquered me; I can do nothing but decry her. Have I not tramped the thoroughfares of this great city for days and months in search of work? I have been through these streets until there is not *one* which has not known me. I have sought for work till I am no more *fit* for work. I am despairing. Were it not for you and our little babes I would rid this earth of a useless burden.

"Oh, my pretty wife! Five years ago you left the altar at my side. I was a happy man, and I could swear that *you* were happy. But it is all changed now—all changed. So many things have happened since that I can scarcely think of them. Through all these years you were an angel at my side. *You* do not deserve this. Take the little ones and return to your parents. Leave me to my fate."

"No, Rob, not for all the world," she interrupted, lovingly twining her arms around his neck and caressing his feverish brow with her soft hand.



"Leave me, Grace! I can not claim your caresses," cried the broken down man. "I swore to protect you; and you are starving—starving! Do you think I can not see it in your pale, sunken cheeks, once so plump and rosy? Oh, Heavens! If there *were* a God seated in your blue expanse, could He calmly view such suffering? The very angels 'round His throne would *make* Him send us aid. Grace, speak to me no more of God! It is an *empty name!*"

"You are crying, dear; forgive me. I am a brute. I should encourage you, strengthen you, instead of idly bewailing Fate. Give me, a kiss, Grace. I *will* find work. I will return to these rooms no more till I have the power to clear those traces of suffering from your cheeks and make you happy."

"I am always happy with you, Bob," said his wife, as she smiled through her tears, "if you would only not speak in that dreadful way."

"Give the little ones a kiss for me, Grace," were his parting words.

He stepped out into the chilly air and staggered down the street like a drunken man. The awful meaning of his vow had just occurred to him. *He would return no more to his wife and babes till he had vanquished Fate, and found the means to drive away the wolf that lurked at their door.* Had not his efforts been almost superhuman heretofore? He *could not* beg; there is no degradation so vile as beggary to a proud man. There was only one alternative remaining—theft. He would tread the way that many a proud pauper had gone before. His conscience feebly protested, "Robert Long, a thief?" But an answering voice drowned the accusation, whispering, "'Strong reasons make strange actions.' Bah! There were thousands who could spare enough to make him happy." He would do it. His determination was made. He braced up, took a quicker pace, and even smiled at his own audacity. Thus he walked down the street, trying to formulate some plan whereby he could succeed in his desires. Suddenly his attention was attracted by loud shouts up the street. From mere curiosity he stepped out further to discover the trouble. Not two hundred yards away dashed a horse at a terrific speed, drawing a cab which swayed from side to side and threatened to overturn at every bound. Out of it leaned an old white haired man, frantically crying for aid. The driver was tugging at the reins with all his might, but it was useless. The people stood breathless on the sidewalks, waiting



to see the end; but none essayed to stop the horse. Long, in his excitement, had stepped out into the street. On sped the horse directly towards him. He did not move. They were on him! With something like mechanical force he sprang forward and grasped a rein. For a second he held on and then his grip loosened, he fell to the ground, his head striking the pavement with a dull thud, and he lay there. But the horse was stopped. The impetus of his attack had served to lessen his speed, and the driver soon had him under control. As is usual, a crowd had gathered almost before the brave man had struck the ground; but none could find the power to cheer his deed of heroism while he lay so still and white on the grassy plot where he was laid.

As soon as possible the old man, the occupant of the cab, worked his way through the crowd to where a doctor was trying to bring a return of consciousness to the silent patient.

"Is he injured very seriously, doctor?" he inquired in anxious tones.

"It's rather difficult to say at present," replied that functionary.

"Is it possible to remove him? I live not far from here," demanded the old gentleman.

"It would be better than trying to do anything with such a crowd around," said the doctor.

"Then call a cab, somebody!" cried the former.

A cab was hastily summoned and the unconscious man placed in it, where the two others supported him. They soon arrived at the banker's residence (for such he was). After a few efforts Long awoke, and speedily recovering, asked to leave.

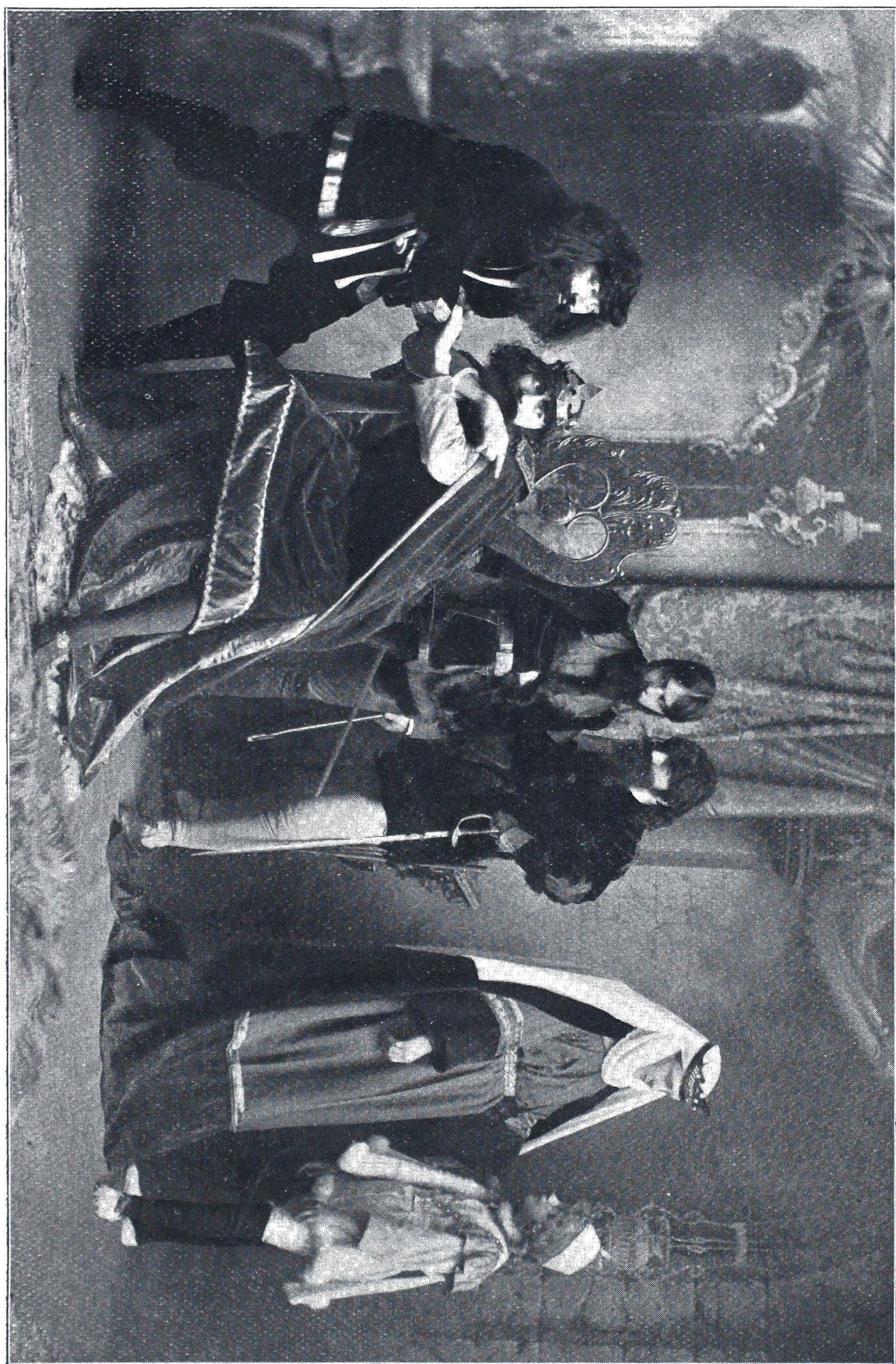
"Have you any important business at present?" asked the old gentleman.

The injured man thought of his wife and children and answered: "Very important. Instead of remaining asleep for I don't know how long, I should have been out and working for those I love. God knows how they need it!"

"My friend," spoke the banker, "you did me a great service. In fact you saved my life; for there is no telling what would have happened were it not for you. I don't know what compensation to offer you. Money? You look as though you need it, but not like you would accept it. If you wish it, name the sum; and I shall be only too glad to gratify your request."

During these few words the once despairing man became another being. He thought of the fulfillment of his vow. He even breathed a prayer of thanks to Him whom he had denied.









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"Sir," he answered with much difficulty, "there is something I far prefer to money—*work*. Give me *work* and I will be eternally grateful to you. My wife and children are starving. For months I have walked these streets in search of something to do—but all in vain. I will do *anything*; but I must *earn* money."

"So be it," interrupted the banker. "I am in a condition to give you a position, and a salary which you may increase by merit." The happy man grasped the other's hand, and tears of thanks and joy welled up into his eyes, as he said:

"You have done me the greatest service. I blush to say it; but had this incident not occurred I would have found means to get money, even though they were foul,—fair means having failed. I cannot express my thanks, nor the thanks of the others who love and depend on me."

"It is enough, my friend; you deserve more than the little you have asked. Remember, we are not yet 'quits,' as the boys say, and I hope that I shall see and hear more of you."

A week later there was a happy Christmas in *one* home in that great city. The children shouted with glee and clapped their hands before the lighted Christmas tree; while the father and mother smiled on the peaceful scene.

"Bob, dear, did I not tell you that God would send us aid?" mischievously questioned the happy mother.

"Forgive those hasty words of mine, my little wife; for I have asked the *Good Father* to forgive them, too," was his reply.

PROCTOR W. HANSL, '99.

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### WINTER.

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The north winds came with moaning sounds  
Sweeping o'er mountains, hills and towns,  
Bearing along in onward flight  
The chilly blast of winter's night.

They growled and howled and restless grew  
As through the mountain gorge they flew,  
O'er mountain top, o'er hill and plain  
Leaving behind fair nature slain.

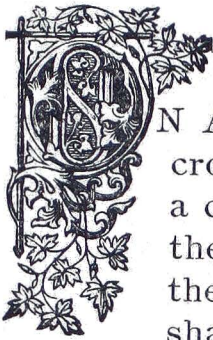
Rushing along thro forest bold,  
They mourned aloud, these winds so cold,  
And shook the pine trees with delight  
On this a cold, dark chilly night.

But soon the reckless storm was dead,  
The wild November winds has fled,  
And proud old Winter white and bold  
Stood monarch o'er the earth so cold.

—J. N. Kangley, 1900.



## A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.



IN A FINE summer day in a small town in France, a crowd of young peasant children were walking along a country road, on their way to the nearest wood. By their dress of homespun linen one could tell they were the children of poor parents. Their large straw hats shaded their smiling, innocent faces from the darting rays of a noonday sun. The conversation was lively, and now and then merry shouts of laughter resounded across the sunny fields. They were eager to reach the creek where a mysterious wood-chopper resided; a man who lived alone in a little log cabin situated on a hill, at the foot of which ran a smooth, silvery stream. The site was a picturesque one and spoke highly of the education of the stranger, for the artist's hand had helped Dame Nature to embellish the spot.

The boys were now entering the woods, and Paul, an intelligent looking lad whom they regarded as their leader, spoke up: "Boys, it is time we find out who our strange friend is. I confess that I am attracted towards him, he appears to be so noble, gentle, and virtuous; and when in his company I always feel like doing good. I don't think he would be angry if we should observe him. . . . There he comes now, along by the creek. All lie down behind these bushes." So, before they had time to think whether it was wrong or right, they had concealed themselves close enough to the log cabin to notice the movements of their friend, who was coming undoubtedly to take his dinner, for the September sun marked the hour of noon. He carried an axe on his shoulder. His straw hat was pushed back, exhibiting a high forehead covered with perspiration. He was tall, rather slim, and light complexioned. He had large brown eyes which reflected a beautiful soul, for there was in them an angelic expression.

Who is this man, and what prompts him to lead this lonely life? It is a long story, which we will try to relate briefly.

Five years ago, in the office of a fashionable store in Paris named "Francois Guerin et Fils," two brothers were closing up the books and getting ready to leave for the night. George, the older of the two, by his skill and prudence in carrying on the business, won the entire confidence of his father. He is the hero of our story, or the mysterious wood-chopper. On this particular evening he looked pale and troubled, whilst his brother, Henry,



on the contrary, appeared happy and contented. This young man prided himself on the name of "sport." He was enticed into the friendship of those men who deride a noble act and scoff at virtue. The demon of sensuality was fast binding him with the chains of gambling and drunkenness, and was dragging him to his ruin. George often warned his brother and showed him the dangers of the sinful life he led; but to all these advices he would answer: "What! a sport not enjoy the pleasures of this life! May as well convert this bright world into a monastery."

But the hour comes when the gambler's honor and wealth are at stake. Henry was not exempted from this crisis, and so he resorted to evil means to save himself from ruin. He first altered the books for a considerable sum of money and then forged a check on the bank and prepared boldly to confront the consequences. He did not fear, for he had planned to accuse his brother of the theft.

George possessed some of the qualities of the shrewd merchant and soon detected the theft and the thief; but Henry, by fair promises of amendment, induced his brother to be secret about it. George agreed not to denounce him on condition that he would return all the money. Not expecting his father home before two months he thought he would be able to procure the means to replace the sum himself if Henry did not; but when they least expected him Mr. Guerin arrived. This threw George into a melancholy mood. That night Mr. Guerin came home quite late. He had found that there was a defalcation of fifteen hundred dollars in the business. He looked the picture of despair as he pushed the door open and stood on the threshold a moment to view the inmates of the room. He was seized with a trembling spell, and cold perspiration stood on his forehead. His heart bled with the thought that his son betrayed his trust. As his glance fell on George he burst into passionate words, and in that dreadful moment he cursed his son and ordered him to leave home. George was almost mad with grief. He implored his father to hear him one moment, but all to no purpose; he must go away, leave the place that witnessed the joys of his childhood, leave his sister and brothers. He could not believe it. He directed a pleading glance towards Henry, who answered it with a sneer. His sister whom he loved had not a kind word for him. Only little Albert expressed his grief at his brother's leaving. George embraced him tenderly whilst a flood of tears coursed down his cheeks. For a moment his brain seemed to



be on fire; like a madman he rushed through the door and out into the street.

We next find him a wood-chopper in a forest bordering on the base of the Alps. He had already begun to like the solitude of his wild abode, and his life was made happy by the contemplation of those fresh scenes of nature, which spoke to his pure heart of the beauties of heaven.

The peasant children of the neighboring village found delight in visiting the stranger in the woods. From their hiding place they could see him slowly coming up the hill. He raised his hat, and in a ringing tenor voice began the sweet strains of an *Ave Maria*. The music was soul stirring, and the hiders, in their happiness, almost unconsciously advanced towards the singer. He had just ended the last notes of the hymn, when Paul, followed by his little companions, approached confidently, grasped George's hand, warmly and said: "Oh! pardon us for listening, but we felt that you were our friend and we wanted you to speak to us. You will not be angry, will you?" Paul blushed, but his bright eyes sparkled with joy. George embraced him tenderly. No, he could not be displeased with them; for their frank faces assured him of the simplicity of their hearts. They soon became quite familiar, and before leaving they dared ask him to relate the story of his life. "Why I am here," he said, "you will never know. It was on a Christmas Eve that I . . . left home. That day, which ought to bring joy and happiness into every heart, leaves mine sore and sad. My little brother Albert was the only one to kiss me good-bye. That is why I love the little boys that come around my cabin, because they remind me of him."

"But how can you live here all alone?" asked Paul.

"I am not alone. All that I see, from the most beautiful scenery to the singing of the little birds or the babbling of the brooks, speak to me of an all-beautiful and infinitely good God. Yes, my Guardian Angel, the friend of my life in this solitude, speaks to my soul, and oh, what heavenly things he does say."

They conversed for a long time yet, and the day was already far spent when the children set out for their homes, each one bettered by coming in contact with a noble soul. The children had promised to return; but the cold weather soon set in and George was left alone during the long, dreary days of autumn, occupying his mind with this thought: "Does God destine me to a more active life, where I can work for the good of souls?"



And his mind rests on the religious order in the Alps; but his curse rises before him like a specter, and makes him despair of ever leaving his log cabin.

He would not return to the world he hated, on account of its wickedness, and it was so poor it could afford him no joy or happiness, not even a home, so he placed full hope in the Babe of Bethlehem and waited confidently for the results.

The next scene is in the Alps, and the time Christmas morning, about two years after the events just related. The religious of a monastery, situated near one of the most difficult and dangerous passes, heard the distant barking of a dog. "Some poor wanderer has been found in the snow," said Brother Charity, as he raised his cowl over his head and wrapped himself up warmly, for the snowstorm was terrific. "Faithful never barks without cause." And he hurried out in search of the sufferer. Shortly afterwards a youth was brought in and the religious promptly lent their assistance. At length the stranger revived and looked at the kind faces standing near him. His eyes rested for a moment on Brother Charity. "My brother George!" he exclaimed, "thank God, I have found you!" They embraced tenderly, for it was really Albert, who was in search of his brother. At length George broke the silence. "Does my father still live?" "Yes; and blesses you. Henry, having become a physical wreck, was taken home on a Christmas eve two years ago in a dying state, and before he died confessed his calumny and theft to father." George breathed a silent prayer and tears stood in his eyes. "God has willed that misfortune should come to me on Christmas, but the little Jesus has made that day happy by showing me the road to the monastery, for whilst I meditated and doubted He caused my little cabin to burn, all that I seem to have in this world. This was the same night my brother died and the anniversary of my entering into this order. I also had the happiness this morning of making the vows of religion. My reward is infinitely great even in this world."

W. C.







## WONDERLAND.

In a land of strange enchantment,  
Where the mighty dead abide,  
Where their godlike spirits wander,  
For a time I did reside.

There I spoke with shades of heroes,  
Warriors, scholars, poets, saints.  
Power had I to make them tell me  
All the deeds that hist'ry paints.

Xenophon for me recounted  
How the famous Greeks he led  
Through appalling dangers bravely,  
With their country's banner spread.

For me on his lofty lyre  
Homer sang the fall of Troy,  
And the glory of those heroes  
Who undying fame enjoy.

Shakespeare, with his matchless dramas,  
Stirred the being of my soul,  
As I watched him spread before me  
Passions that men's life control.

I Demosthenes heard pleading,  
Eloquent beyond compare,  
And my soul in rapture lingered  
On his words so grand and fair.

That strange land is naught but good books,  
Where great thoughts fore'er reside,  
And in these at all times can I  
With the wisest men abide.

What to me are paltry pleasures,  
Idle gossip, Godless gain,  
When with such immortal sages  
I in transport may remain.

—W. J. Somos, '99.





## THE VIATORIAN.

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### EDITORIAL.

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"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year" to all.

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AT this joyful season, THE VIATORIAN is not unmindful of one whose best efforts were ever directed to its improvement, and to whose ability and kindly direction it owes whatever success it may have attained—one whose dearest wish is to see the journal flourish—Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., who, though no longer among us, is united in spirit with us today, and of whose deep sympathy and lasting interest we are always assured. We send him the warm greetings of grateful and admiring students who feel the powerful influence for moral and intellectual good which he has exercised over us. All join in wishing our old friend the joys of the season. May the-blessing of heaven crown his ministry.

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### CHRISTMAS.

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THERE is scarcely anything, which touches and appeals so strongly to the heart of man as the recollections of his dear and happy childhood. And it seems as though Christmas, more than any other feast, has entwined itself in this regard, around the heartstrings of everyone. The heart of every Christian throbs with joyful anticipations and pours forth feelings of gladness, when the great feast of Christmas approaches. Wherever we may be, we hear from all sides the happy and cheerful greeting of "merry Christmas." This short but significant greeting, neither grows old or tiresome, for it is an expression of a Christian soul beaming with genuine joy, wishing us all a moment of happiness and pleasure. The chimes of the surrounding church bells peal forth and sprinkle, as if, in their sweet sounds congratulatory messages; proclaiming to the



world, as did the angels on that eventful night, nearly 1900 years ago, the birth of a God, made man, destined to lift humanity out of its misery and corruption. It is a commemoration of that spark of heavenly love which blazed out in its full splendor on that eventful night, when heaven, bending down to Mother Earth, sent its most harmonious choirs to sing an "hallelujah" and "gloria," wishing peace to men of good will. All eagerly await its coming, but none are more desirous of it than the student. For weeks—nay—even months, he anxiously awaits and watches; and many are the sighs of gladness as each day passes by.

For there is no doubt whatever that, if there is a feast which can lay claim to the warmest and deepest spot of the student's heart, it is surely Christmas. Thoughts of home and pleasure are constantly in his mind; and as the days roll rapidly down the stream of time, he looks forward with a loving gaze, strengthened by the separation of a few months, when he will once more be united with his parents, brothers and sisters, under the paternal roof to spend a few days in loving companionship and renewing affections which even absence has not severed. A few days more, and his long looked for day arrives. How his heart beats with joy. Bidding a kind farewell to all friends, teachers, and superiors, he leaves for home, where his thoughts for so long a time have dwelt. This great day of Christmas is not only indelibly stamped upon the affections of the student, but also upon those of mankind in general. In every country, among all classes, its advent is hailed with delight, and the day itself is kept with a sacredness shown at no other time.

Age and dignity forget their gravity and stoop to childish things in an effort to please. Visions of youthful expectations float before the young and memories of happy bygone days come to cheer the old. Everyone feels a thrill of joy. The mention of Christmas brings a glow of pleasure and a smile of happiness. Men will rival each other in doing good; charity is at its best. It is never so diffusive, so complete, so real. Even the air is filled with happy and joyous sounds. The earth, although stripped of its summer beauties, tries to hide its nakedness by assuming a snowy mantle.

All this finally proves that Christmas, with all its memories and reflections, most openly manifests, that there exists deep down in man's heart a love for humanity, hope and reverential belief in a Supreme Being.



For only such a hope, and a belief so strong, can keep alive this sweet joy giving and youth begetting commemoration of Christmas.

AL. S. K., '99.

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#### MAGAZINES.

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The *Century* for November opens with the first of a series of papers on the life of the Macedonian conqueror, Alexander the Great, by Professor Wheeler, head of the Greek department in Cornell university. At the present time, when Americans are flushed with their victory over Spain, and the desire of expansion has taken such a firm hold of the American mind, the life and exploits of him who sighed for other worlds to conquer, can not be void of interest. Judging from the first paper. Professor Wheeler seems to have made a deep study of his hero and to be eminently fitted for the work he has undertaken. On the frontispiece is an engraving representing Alexander mounted on his famous horse, Bucephalus, which he himself, when only twelve years old, succeeded in taming after he had utterly baffled the efforts of Philip's attendants to bring him into subjection. "Personal Narrative of the Maine," by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, tells how the ill-fated battleship was sent to Havana and of her reception by the Spaniards. While he gives the Spaniards due credit for politeness and courtesy, Captain Sigsbee makes it clear that they regarded the Maine and her crew with dislike and suspicion, from the moment she cast her anchors in the harbor of Havana, in spite of all efforts on the part of Captain Sigsbee and his officers to allay those suspicions and prejudices. "Mark Twain in California," by Noah Brooks, relates how the famous humorist first sprung into notoriety through some articles contributed by him to certain papers of that country. "Lowell's Impressions of Spain," from some of his unpublished official dispatches, while he was ambassador at the Spanish court. It should be noted that, in one of these dispatches, written in 1878, Mr. Lowell prophesied that, sooner or later, Spain would become a conservative republic like France. There are many who think that the course of events just now are inevitably leading up to the realization of that prophecy in the not distant future. "The Many-sided Franklin," by Paul Leicester Ford; "Harriet Beecher Stowe," by P. L. Dunbar; "Building up a World's Fair in France," are papers which will repay perusal.



The *Rosary Magazine* is always cheery and entertaining and the November issue is no exception to this rule. A considerable part of this number is devoted to poetry, all of which is good, especially "Thanksgiving," by Henry Coyle, which is quite a gem. "Lovers of Animals Among the Saints," is a paper which gives some interesting stories of the influence which many of God's saints exercised over the animal creation—of the familiarity which they enjoyed with many of those animals that are naturally timid and fearful of man. In the line of fiction "God's Training of Isabel," by Mrs. David A. Munroe, and "The Taint of Ind," by Helen F. Pursell; "God's Way," by Gladys Gladden, are both interesting and instructive.

November being the month specially devoted to the Holy Souls, *The Catholic World* for the month, with true Catholic instinct, devotes its first page to a short poem, by Francis W. Grey, full of earnest and fervent supplications on their behalf. The first paper is by Charles Carson, "The Indians as they Are," with a number of illustrations depicting Indian life. Cold indeed must the heart be of him who can read this article without a feeling of sympathy for the poor, down-trodden, and despised children of the forest, whose treatment at the hands of the white man is on a par with that which the Acadians received from the English. "Sunlights and Shadows in a Noble Life," by D. S. Bènie. In this paper the writer gives some personal reminiscences of the Empress Elizabeth in which he pays an eloquent tribute to the beauty and worth of the murdered empress. "Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem," by Rev. A. P. Doyle, contains some very striking statistics from the report of the National Labor Department, concerning the consumption of intoxicating drink. According to those statistics the people of the United States drank in 1896, 883,678,219 gallons of intoxicating liquors, making on an average of thirty gallons for each adult person. Evidently nature has endowed some people with a tremendous capacity for the consumption of strong drink. "Hamlet's Madness" is a question that has been frequently discussed by students. It is too bad that the Rev. George McDermot did not give us his views on this question a few months sooner, I am sure they would have been gratefully received by many of the members of the Literary Criticism Class of '97. Briefly Fr. McDermot thinks that Shakespeare intended that Hamlet was affected with a certain degree of mental tension amounting to mania, caused by an overwrought sense of justice which would not condemn the usurper of his



father's throne of a murder not clearly proved, but which mania did not unfit him for the duties of life.

*Donahoe's* for November is an exceptionally bright number. Henry Austin Adams in a short editorial, deals with the wave of bigotry which has been excited in England by Kensit and his gang of ignorant "Gedeonites," some of whom do not know the difference between a surplice and a chemise, between a pot and a censer, as exemplified recently in a London police court. The pictorial representations of the three theological notices are beautiful, both in conception and design. But to the student of literature by far the most interesting paper is "A Ramble in Literary London," by John De Morgan, in which is traced the landmarks which still remain of those illustrious men like Shakespeare, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Milton, etc., who are the bright particular stars of the literary firmament. "People in Print" continues to be a popular feature, and the pictures are excellent. The interminable "Dreyfus Case" is also discussed in a lengthy paper by James W. Clarkson.

The chief articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November are "Psychology and Art," "Some Aspects of Thackeray," "Carlyle as a Letter Writer." The last of these papers only confirms the opinion we had formed long ago of the cantankerous and moody old Scotchman. These was scarcely any person of notoriety in his day on whom he did not "pour out the vials of his wrath."

The *Ave Maria* has just issued from its press a little volume entitled "A City of Confusion." We read these papers with much pleasure when they were running in the *Ave Maria*, and were therefore delighted to find them again in the more dignified book form. Never have we seen a proposition demonstrated with such blinding evidence as Father Gnass has accumulated in this little volume. The book should be in the hands of every student, if for no other reason than to have before his eyes a perfect model of unanswerable logic.

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#### PERSONALS.

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—The Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., pastor of St. Viateur's church, Chicago, spent Thanksgiving Day at the college the guest of the faculty. He delivered on the occasion an eloquent discourse on "American Citizenship." He demonstrated in his own characteristic, forceful, and eloquent manner that the wel-



fare of a nation depends upon the sound moral principles which guide the public and private lives of its citizens. We wish our old professor every success in his new field of labor.

—We learn with pleasure that Dr. Joseph Bergeron, '83, has been appointed to the chair of "Physical Diagnosis" at Rush Medical College. We congratulate our old alumnus on the eminence he is attaining in his chosen profession.

—The Rev. Father Bourget who entertained us so pleasantly as musician on St. Viateur's Day, has been transferred from Desplaines to Notre Dame church, Chicago, to assist Father Bergeron.

—Mr. J. Murphy, Chicago, spent a pleasant afternoon with his son James, of the junior department, one day last month.

—Mrs. Daley, Chicago, visited her little son Raymond, of the minim department, recently.

—Rev. Father Dermody has been appointed to the pastorate of Sts. Simon and Jude church, Flandreau, S.D. This is one of our most important parishes in the diocese and it speaks well for the high esteem in which Father Dermody is held that such a responsible trust has been committed to his care. We are sure however that the parish could not be entrusted to more capable hands. We congratulate our old professor on his promotion.

—The Rev. Father Donovan was the guest of the president and vice-president on Thanksgiving Day. Father Donovan has been appointed pastor of St. Anne's church, Ramona, S.D. We congratulate the people of Ramona on having their spiritual wants ministered to by such an energetic and zealous young priest as Father Donovan.

—Mr. E. G. Huber paid a pleasant visit to his alma mater recently to renew old acquaintance. Mr. Huber is engaged with the firm of L. L. May & Co., Florists, St. Paul, Minn.

—We learn with pleasure that Mr. Edward Fliger is holding a responsible and lucrative position as assistant superintendent of the American Gas Co., Peru, Ind. We are always pleased to hear of the success of old student.

—Mr. Frank Coyle, who has just returned from Cuba, wrote to a friend at his alma mater recently. Mr. Coyle was bugler of the light artillery, at Porto Rico.

—Mr. Grattan Whittle writes from Covington, Ky. He is doing well.



—Revs. Father Burke, Bloomington, Ill., O'Dwyre, Chebanse, Ill., and Cregan, C.S.V., Chicago, were the guests of the vice-president one day last month.

—Mr. W. Fay, '96, a member of the hospital corps in Porto Rico, spent a few days at the college with his brother Raymond of the junior department.

—Corporal Lambert, '95, of the 3d Illinois, Co. L, was the guest of the faculty recently. He had many amusing and interesting anecdotes to relate of the war.

—Mr. J. Burns '96, who saw active service at Porto Rico during the late war, spent a few hours at the college. Notwithstanding the many hardships he underwent Mr. Burns seemed to be in excellent health.

—The Rev. Dr. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., lectured recently at Bloomington, Ill., on the "Catacombs." Dr. Rivard's ability as an orator is too well known to need comment at our hands. That his audience were delighted with the scholarly and eloquent treatment the subject received from Father Rivard is evident from the warm eulogies the lecture received both from those who had the pleasure of hearing it and from the report of the Bloomington papers.

—The Rev. President, during one of his recent visits to Chicago, had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. McCarthy '90. Mr. McCarthy has a splendid position at the Custom House, Chicago. Success to our old friend.

—Miss M. L. Lamarre, niece of the Rev. President, spent a few days at the college last month, the guest of her uncle and brothers.

—The Rev. Father Berard, St. Anne, Ill., was a welcome caller at the college recently.

—Rev. F. Lauriault was called to Rock Island, Ill., during last month to assist at the funeral services of the sister of Rev. Father Lockney. We offer our condolence to Father Lockney in this his hour of trial.

—The Rev. J. J. Callaghan, of the Omaha Diocese, has been transferred by his bishop to Butte City, Montana, at the earnest solicitation of the people of that city. Father Callaghan is an earnest and successful worker in the ministry and endears himself to his parishioners wherever he goes. His many friends



will be pleased to hear that Father Callaghan is enjoying excellent health in his new field of labor.

—The Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.V.S., will lend his services to Father Lockney at Rock Island, on Christmas.

—The Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., will preach at Clinton, Ill., Christmas day. Father Ryan will be the guest of Rev. M. A. Dooling for some time during the holidays.

—The Rev. E. L. Rivard, C.S.V., D.D., will assist Rev. Father Hackett, Kankakee, Ill., at the Christmas services.

—The Rev. J. E. Laberge, D.D., will assist the Rev. Father Tinan, Pulman, Ill., on Christmas. Dr. Laberge has accepted the invitation to preach at Father Tinan's church at the high mass.

—The Rev. G. M. Legris will deliver the Christmas sermon at Maternity church, Bourbonnais, Ill.

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#### EXCHANGES.

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The *Niagara Rainbow* contains some beautiful photographic illustrations of the famous falls. The literary make-up of this journal is no less excellent.

The *Holy Cross Purple* as usual is replete with instructive articles and refreshing poetry.

The *Dial* for December is excellent throughout.

A criticism and appreciation of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "Some Thoughts on Thanatopsis," make the *Abbey Student* a very pleasant journal to peruse.

There is evidence of literary talent among the contributors to the *Mt. Angel Banner* but the paper is, as a whole, too light. A college paper should print more serious matter; we find enough tiresome jokes in the "Local Columns."

The *Fordham Monthly* contains an interesting essay upon Tennyson.

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of the *Niagara Index* for December 1, even though the exchange editor indulges in a drastic criticism of a faulty simile, culled from an essay four pages in length.



"Casey and the Captain" is an excellent piece of fiction in the *St. Joseph Collegian*.

A tribute "to Lafayette" in verse, in the *Tamarack* is commendable.

We always note with pleasure the appearance of the *Young Eagle* and the *Adelphian*.

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#### ROLL OF HONOR.

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The Conway medal, awarded for the highest average in both courses, was equally deserved by P. Geraghty, J. Phlipsen, F. Riley, M. Morrissey, and C. Stacey. Drawn by P. Geraghty.

The Lesage medal, awarded for the highest average in French literature, was merited by W. Granger.

The Guilfoyle medal, awarded for the highest average in composition in the rhetoric classes, was merited by P. Geraghty.

The gold medal, awarded for excellence in the classical course, was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, W. Brault, J. Clennon, W. Cleary, H. Cyr, J. Dougherty, R. Hansl, W. Luby, A. Hansl, J. Murphy, and L. Rivard. Drawn by J. Armstrong.

The first silver medal, awarded in the classical course, was equally deserved by W. Burke, Art. Caron, J. Carey, T. Conolly, D. Carmody, L. Finnegan, T. Garrity, A. Lamarre, W. Hanlon, Hector Marcotte, D. O'Dwyer, R. Richer, and A. Stanfel. Drawn by A. Stanfel.

The second silver medal, awarded in the classical course, was equally deserved by W. Keef, G. Hildreth, D. Maher, F. McPherson, E. O'Connor, P. O'Connor, J. Patterson, W. Rooney, W. Renwick, and S. Sullivan. Drawn by D. Maher.

The gold medal awarded for excellence in the commercial course was equally deserved by R. Fay, H. Heister, W. Kreuger, J. Kinsella, T. Southworth, and R. Valentine. Drawn by J. Kinsella.

The silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by W. Betourne, E. Carroll, E. Drolet, C. Flanagan, W. Houmiel, J. Keef, I. Leduc, N. Lynch, H. Lacharite, J. Monahan, E. Richard, A. Richer, A. Sonichsen, W. Schoeneck, J. Sanasac, F. Schneider, and W. Woodman. Drawn by A. Sonichsen.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the senior department was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, W. Brault, W.



Cleary, E. Carroll, J. Clennon, J. Carey, P. Dufault, P. Dube, W. Flannagan, W. Granger, J. Granger, P. Geraghty, L. Gafford, T. Garrity, D. Hayden, M. Hayden, W. Keeshin, L. Kroschowitz, I. Leduc, A. Lamarre, J. Legris, H. Lacharite, W. Luby, E. Marcotte, R. Magnan, C. Stacey, and F. Schneider. Drawn by W. Cleary.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the junior department was equally deserved by E. Drolet, C. Flannagan, R. Hansl, Hector Marcotte, A. Richer, and T. Southworth. Drawn by E. Drolet.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Gold medal for conduct equally deserved by A. Legris, Raymond Daley, Reynolds Cartan, Emil Senecal, S. Murphy, and Wm. Robertson. Drawn by Emil Senecal.

Gold medal for general excellence equally deserved by L. Weber, W. Robertson, A. McVey, G. Cartan. Drawn by George Cartan.

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#### FOOT BALL.

On Saturday, November 12, our eleven traveled to Momence to play the first of a series of three games with the crack eleven of that city. Momence, flushed with victory over their rivals, the K. K. K. Athletics, thought they would add another victory to their already long list, but the game was a surprise—a case of muscle against flesh. Our boys won by the handsome score of 5-0. Never did an eleven play such a game, and it was hard to tell on whom victory would rest until the referee called “time up.” It was a game characteristic of few fumbles, sharp and snappy work, enlivened by phenomenal tackles and few long distance gains. The feature of the game was the playing of Armstrong at center, Daniher at half-back, Hansl at quarter, and St. Cerny and Legris behind the line. Our line-up proved to be *non aperiens*.

On November 19 Momence and the Varsity eleven met in the college arena for the second game of the series, the former to bid for their lost glory and the latter to hang another scalp to their already dangling belt. The game started at 3 p.m., and two thirty-five minute halves were played. As our eleven were in championship form the outcome was another victory. Barring a broken nose received by Capt. Marshall in a “spill” with our “little guard” Heffernan, the game was cleanly played. Patter-



son, St. Cerney, Daniher, Fitzgerald, and Moran, for the Varsity, Cleary and Morgan for Momence, carried the honors of the game. Our line again was invulnerable.

The last and final game of the series was played on Thanksgiving day. Our eleven, crippled by the absence of four of its star players, journeyed to Momence to try conclusions. The weather was ideal for foot ball, and in consequence the whole city turned out in full force to cheer their eleven favorite pig-skin kickers to victory. At 3 p.m. the game was on, the south goal being protected by Momence while our own woolly-headed heroes took the ball. The game was signalized by a fine circling end run by Daniher, also for the quick work on the part of Momence, Morgan making two touch-downs on fumbles made by the Varsity. Two twenty-five minute halves were played, victory resting on the Momence eleven. The best plays of the game were made by Armstrong, Daniher, Rooney, at quarter, Moran and Legris, who played their utmost despite the poor assistance and the crippled condition of the team behind them. Morgan and Cleary were easily the stars for Momence. The banquet tendered the Varsity, after the game, alleviated the sorrow of defeat. The line-up for the series was as follows:

## MOMENCE.

## ST. VIATEUR.

Blake.....	Left End.....	Patterson
Gibson.....	Left Tackle.....	Hayden
Berger.....	Left Guard.....	Lamarre
Cantway.....	Center.....	Armstrong
Cleary }	Right Guard.....	Carey
Day }		
Metcalf.....	Right Tackle.....	Moran
Hoag.....	Right End.....	Fitzgerald
Morgan.....	Quarter Back.....	Hansl
Marshall (Capt.).....	Right Half.....	Daniher
Chipman.....	Left Half.....	St. Cerny (Capt.)
Dennis.....	Full Back.....	Legris

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