

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XV.

MAY, 1898.

NO. 8

THE NUN.

O haste with thy flowers,
From woodland's sweet bowers,
See you the bride is approaching the rail
With cheeks all a-glowing,
Her eyes with love flowing,
So beautiful she, that thy flowersturn pale.

And who is the lover, Preferred to all other, That wins this fair vision, his bride now to be? He's there now before her; She kneels, fair adorer— The Bridegroom is Jesus, His chosen one she.	The act is now ended, The angels have blended Their voices with creatures in heavenly glee, While golden harps sweeping, "She's now in His keeping, His own now for time and for eternity."
---	---

And could we but hover
With angels who cover
Her soul with their white spotless wings,
we would see
No robes of dark mourning,
But fairest adorning
With gifts that no bridegroom could give,
saving He.

Nay, keep thy fair roses
For lo, now reposes
A chaplet more fragrant right close to her
side.
She needs not thy flowers,
She treads in God's bowers,
Her portion forever is there to abide.

—J. H. N.

METAPHYSICS.

To pass for a man of refined taste and liberal culture, it has now become almost necessary to look upon metaphysics with a fine contempt and to express our unlimited pity for the poor misguided mortals who wasted their time and energies in pursuit of metaphysical phantoms. If the opinion of these men be correct then metaphysics is the most unprofitable, unfruitful, delusive study that ever engaged the attention of a thoughtful mind. After a slight examination of the subject, however, we will find that this is the judgment of ignorance and prejudice.

It is true that metaphysics does not increase our material comfort or serve what is commonly called a useful purpose; but does it follow from thence that it is entirely useless or superfluous? If a man were a mere brute without an immortal soul or an ever-inquisitive intellect, metaphysics would not only be entirely beyond his comprehension but also altogether useless. Material comfort and wealth are not man's only good, nor are they the highest. He has quite another kind of hunger besides that of the stomach. He has an ardent desire to know the why and how of things. It may happen that this much-despised science supplies these higher needs of man's intellectual nature and satisfies the cravings of his soul.

What then is metaphysics? It is that science which investigates the supreme and supersensible reasons of things that cannot be ascertained by either experience or testimony; it is

that science which gives wings to reason by which reason is enabled to soar above the material universe and peer into the very essences of things. To gaze with wonder and delight into the infinite expanse of eternity and to view the primal origin of things at the very source. Shall we call that science useless which gives the final answer to the everlasting why that every rational creature is asking himself from the time that his amazed eyes first catch a glimpse of the visible universe until they are closed forever by the Angel of Death? Shall we consider that science beneath our notice which has engaged the attention of minds well nigh divine in their magnificent manifestations of intellectual power? How small and weak do our modern scoffers appear when placed by the side of those intellectual giants, Aristotle, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas, who scaled the cloud-piercing summit of metaphysics and rendered vocal the celestial harmony of the universe! These men were not mere dreamers. Their keen vision penetrated beneath the surfaces of things into their very reality.

Metaphysics serves a noble purpose. It gives the mind a vantage ground from which it can view the worlds of spirit and matter. By showing the mind the essences of different beings it enables it to judge with some degree of accuracy of their relative value. It teaches man his own dignity by clearly proving that he is indeed a microcosm, superior to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. Equal to plants because he has the same

power of vegetation which they have; equal to animals because he has the same sense organism they enjoy. Superior to both because he has an immortal spirit with the God-like gift of reason. Nay, it mounts upward to the world of spirit and even reaches to the very throne of God, and reverently gazes into the unfathomable depths of the eternal.

What mad folly and gross ignorance therefore are they guilty of who despise this sublime science and merge themselves wholly in the material, sensible world! No wonder if they become warped and misshapen in their gloomy prison house of clay where the light of eternity never penetrates. "Man," says Bishop Spalding, "becomes like to the things he works in," so these materialists, dwelling ever in the presence of matter, become of the earth earthly.

Did metaphysics do nothing else but lead the mind through the wonderland of infinitude, it would be a highly beneficial science. What matters it to me though my house be brilliantly lighted with electricity, if my mind be enveloped by the gloom of ignorance, doomed to forever feed upon itself and beat the narrow walls of its clay prison until it sink groveling to the earth where it must forever lie? What matters it to me though I were whirled over the land with the speed of the wind whilst I recline at my ease on a cushioned seat, if my soul, fettered by the shackles of materialism, have no free range beyond the limits of time and space into infinity? "Wealth makes not the miser rich nor its want

the true man poor;" neither does comfort make the voluptuary happy nor its lack the enlightened man wretched.

W. J. B.

LADY MACBETH.

A FAVORABLE VIEW.

Of all the creatures of fancy so distinctly set before us by the world's prince of dramatists, none have been made the object of so much undeserved reproach as has Lady Macbeth. Let us enter the hall of fantasy with the poet and there observe the words and actions of this child of his imagination and then we shall be better prepared to form a correct estimate of her character. We must set aside all preconceived, prejudiced opinions concerning her, for we have already learned from critics unfavorably disposed that she was a woman devoid of principle and sympathy. They would have us see her as possessing all the ferocity of the enraged lioness combined with all the guile and intrigue of the old serpent. She is said to be the cause of all her husband's cruelty, and when the two are contrasted her enemies make her stand for all that is devilish and inhuman. We do not claim that she was an ideal woman, but merely that in the murdering of Duncan she is less culpable than her husband and that if her life and fortunes had been linked with those of a man of more deserving qualities and greater strength of purpose her love for him would have been productive of results as meritorious as they appear censurable in her present circumstances.

Lady Macbeth first presents herself while reading a letter from her husband in which he apprises her of his meeting with the witches and their predictions which were already confirmed by being partly fulfilled. It is thought by some critics that the plan of murdering Duncan and thus acquiring the crown was devised by Lady Macbeth; but this is in no way substantiated by anything found in the play. On the contrary, we find much to make us believe that it originated with Macbeth himself, and was not even suggested to him by the witches, for they merely struck the right chord in his heart; they only harped upon a desire already fostered within his breast. It seems indisputable that it was not with Lady Macbeth for, upon the visit of Duncan to Macbeth's castle, the latter in talking with his wife says, "I dare do all that may become a man, etc." Lady Macbeth replies, "What beast was it then that made you break this enterprise to me?" From this it is evident that she was not the author of this plan, although she afterwards aided in the execution of it.

But in this she is not so much to blame as at first appears, for she did not stop to consider the hideousness of the crime which she and her husband were about to perpetrate upon the innocent, defenseless Duncan. She did not for a single moment weigh the evil consequences either in this world or in the next, but being a woman of great sympathy, she readily seized upon the scheme of murdering Duncan and thus procuring the crown for

her husband. And can we say that she was unnatural in this? Is it not a woman's nature to be guided by fiery impulse rather than by cool reason? Do they not invariably jump at conclusions as if by instinct, which men reach only by long processes of reasoning? This was just the case with Lady Macbeth and, although it does not excuse her from the crime, yet who would hesitate to say that she is less to be blamed than her cowardly husband who desired the end but was unwilling to use the means himself, who weighed well the whole affair and was prevented from putting it into execution, not indeed through fear of the consequences in a future life,—oh, no! he would take his chances about that, but by fear of earthly consequences. He knew well what he was doing. He fully realized that to murder his king was a crime against both God and man, but he would be impious enough to defy the former if the latter would only let him alone. But he feared that by teaching bloody instructions they would return and plague the inventor. What a villainous coward was he!

But Lady Macbeth entered upon none of these considerations. Her excessive love for her husband led her to sacrifice her own individuality for his advancement and to do things most repugnant to her nature. She had to nerve herself by artificial means when the time came for the execution of their plans. When her husband turns coward she says, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it." Here we find filial piety joined to wifely devotion. She must have been a kind

and loving daughter or else she would not then have hesitated to strike the blow herself. The fact that the sleeping king resembled her father was enough to prevent her from accomplishing the object of her life when it would have been so easy for her to do it. She wished to grasp this golden opportunity of Duncan's visit for it seemed to her a gift of fate. The fitness of the time and place were the making of her while they unmade Macbeth. She becomes ambitious but it is only by sympathy for her husband. It is not that she may be queen that she wishes him to be king but it is for his sake alone. She merely allies herself with his master passion and becomes its minister. She has been willing to dissimulate during the whole visit of Duncan in order that their plans may not fail. She scorns the bare idea that they should fail, and exhibits a firmness of purpose that can scarcely fail to excite admiration. But when the crime has been committed her overwrought nature gives way. When her husband relates with the blackest hypocrisy to the hastily-aroused and surprised attendants the condition of their murdered king she can hold out no longer. She faints and is carried away. It is her woman's nature asserting itself once more.

Macbeth now becomes a worse coward than ever. With new fears come new crimes and deeds totally unworthy of one who had once been a valiant soldier. His after life shows how crime degrades and hardens the human heart.

But the feeling that

"'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy,"

and also her unworthy husband, who now appears to her not as the conqueror of cities and armies but as the cowardly, callous, criminal wretch that he was,—all these combined to break the heart of Lady Macbeth, and her overtaxed nerves induce mental prostration. How sad is her case indeed! She has done all she could for the idol of her heart and the hero of her girlhood days, and now he proves incapable of sustaining himself in the place to which she did so much to raise him. His lack of interest in her must also have been a severe blow to her. Her husband now felt that he could get along without her, and she participated in his plans no longer. This indeed must have been a bitter draft for her to swallow, and we may believe that it was this, together with a sense of his unworthiness, which signed her death warrant, and she died as any of her sex naturally would—broken-hearted, because she found the man of her choice unworthy of the trust she reposed in him; she saw only a wretch with all the depravity of a criminal but without any of his redeeming features.

S. N. M.

NOT SO FAVORABLE.

Lady Macbeth is one of the most remarkable female characters created by the great Shakespeare. Some recent critics have attempted to show that she is a woman of generous impulses, who would have been a model wife and mother had she the good for-

tune to be wedded to a man of lofty character. It is very difficult, however, from a calm and careful study of the portrait drawn of her to concur in this opinion. From the first moment she makes her appearance in the play until she loses the use of her reason, she is a murderess. She enters reading Macbeth's letter, in which he only hints at the murder of Duncan. What would have shocked the moral sensibilities of an ordinary woman arouses all the fiendish fury of her cruel soul.

"Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirit into thine ear
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden
round."

She fears that Macbeth, if left to himself, will recoil from the commission of the awful deed and she resolves to use all her power and influence as a wife to goad him on. Can we conceive a woman unaccustomed to crime all at once transformed into a bloodthirsty tigress?

Never do men and still less women plunge all at once into the most abominable crimes. Yet we find Lady Macbeth without the slightest provocation and with the composure of a practiced cutthroat contemplating the murder of a man who not only has never injured her or hers but who had heaped many honors upon herself and husband.

Come, come, you Spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here!
And fill me from the crown to the toe topful
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage of remorse,
That no compunctious visiting of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace be-
tween

The effect and it! Come to my woman's
breast
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring
ministers
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come thick
night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife
See not the wound it makes." * * *

This frame of mind can result from a long series of unnatural crimes and from nothing else. Therefore I would conclude Lady Macbeth is an abandoned criminal long before the murder of King Duncan. This opinion derives additional confirmation from the consideration of the different effects the crime had upon Macbeth and his wife. Macbeth had been bred from his youth to the din of arms, and had fought on many a bloody field; he was accustomed to the sight of blood, and yet the bleeding corpse of his victim, and the remorse of a guilty conscience fill him with inexpressible horror. Not so Lady Macbeth. Within her obdurate soul remorse finds no echo. She cannot understand Macbeth's agitation. Why should murder excite horror in the mind of anyone? A little water washes away all traces of blood. To her it means no more than if she had killed a brute. Not pleasant work, certainly, but yet very serviceable to attain one's end.

Let us turn again to Macbeth after he has committed many murders. Now we see the callousness of Lady Macbeth repeated in him. No longer does remorse rack his mind. He orders the death of innocent persons with the same unconcern that a man woul

feel in performing the ordinary occupations of life. When he hears that Malcolm is marching against him with a large force, he orders his secretary to have the heads of those cut off who only talk of fear.

It must ever come to this. When a man gives himself up to the promptings of passion, he gradually loses the sense of moral responsibility, and habit makes the commission of crime a second nature for him. In my opinion, Macbeth arrives at the same state of moral degradation toward the end of his career, that Lady Macbeth is in when she first appears upon the scene. When a man reaches such a state that he can commit the most revolting crimes without remorse, his case is well nigh hopeless. Furthermore, men never become so abandoned to all sense of right and wrong until after a long series of crimes. Since, then, we find Lady Macbeth in this state from the very first moment of her appearance, we cannot help concluding that she has passed through all the intermediate stages of criminality. B.

THE WITCHES OF MACBETH.

Shakespeare's use of the witches in Macbeth is often questioned, and on examination we find that, although appearing but thrice throughout the play, their parts are important for their sayings are expressive of what follows; so much so, that they cast an influence or mist over the entire drama, which can be dispelled only by a careful perusal of these mysterious beings.

The presence of the witches in the drama is best explained by quoting Coleridge who says: "The appearance of the witches is to strike the key-note of the character of the whole drama."

These fantastic creations of the author's mind are but the temptations which try man, but by their use the true character of those with whom they come in contact is clearly shown.

The meeting of the witches by Macbeth lays bare his conscience, showing us a man who, being evil in his very nature, needed but the whisperings of temptations to strengthen his foul designs. Corson most wisely remarks: "The devil visits those only who invite him in." And the contrast between Macbeth and Banquo, when tempted by the witches, supports the remark; for while one sees, in these temptations, those of his inner self, the other, having a clear conscience, repels or defies these ungodlike thoughts, saying:

"Speak then to me who neither beg
Nor fear your favors nor your hate."

The more we admire the action of the witches, the more we admire the art of a master who, knowing the love the human mind has for the mysterious, plunges us into its depths and thus commands our attention and arouses our interest in what he is about to relate. So, in the very first scene, the author overwhelms us with the power of these fantastic beings to whom the elements bow in submission, of course, to make them appear with reason, he shows with whom they are to deal.

"Where the place?—Upon the heath:
There to meet Macbeth."

The next appearance of the witches is in the third scene of the first act, and, our author knowing that we are all imbued with a love of the romantic, what better means could he have taken to arouse our interest in the future of Macbeth, than a scene between him and spirits of an unknown world, for such a scene cannot but make us hope and fear for his future actions. In this scene Shakespeare also shows the perversity of the witches, but in such a way as to leave our imagination to conceive their actions. Certain it is that their actions never tended toward good. Their motto well expresses their state:

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
Hover through the fog and filthy air."

The author, by having the witches relate their doings, impresses us, makes us regard them with awe. The supernatural power attributed to these sorceresses gives a semblance of truth to the knowledge of events to come, of which they speak and which exert such an influence on the future actions of Macbeth.

We do not again hear of the witches till the fourth act, when the hero of the play, if such we may call Macbeth, (although "villain" would be more appropriate) having reached the pinnacle of his ambition, the crown of Scotland, is now to be degraded and receive the punishment justly his. Shakespeare here shows a master's hand, for he makes us gradually lose our admiration of Macbeth, and turns it into contempt. As a means for doing this, he uses—

the witches. These witches, who at first inspired awe, now appear as objects of our scorn; the cauldron and its contents are disgusting, and as Macbeth, now king of Scotland, not only countenances but bargains with their masters, the spirits of darkness, he is degraded in our esteem. Thus the witches fulfill their purpose; they do more than relate or express mere external things; they give us an insight into the very inmost recesses of the mind of the leading personage, Macbeth, whom at first they elevate, but in the end bury in the mire of degradation, thus showing the lesson intended, namely: Evil for a time may reign supreme, but sooner or later there will come a day of reckoning, and right will prevail. C. J. Q.

A BOARDING HOUSE ROMANCE.

He was a poet, with long auburn locks, and his countenance continually wore a starved expression. He wrote poems for the magazines (those which would accept them), poems with such poetic titles as "How Beauteous is the Night," through which there ran a discordant note that sadly marred the nocturnal beauty. There were only two faults to find with him; he was a poet, and hence a dreamer; then his name was very unpoetical, plain John Smith. Notwithstanding these incongruities, he was a good fellow—at least everyone who knew him said so. He lived in a boarding house in a suburb of New York, and his landlady was one of his chief admirers; osten-

sibly because "her heart yearned so towards those savage looking scribes," but the real reason was that he never grumbled over the burnt steak, charred biscuits, and sour milk, but seemed to take them all as a poet's dues.

The landlady had a daughter, a bewitching maiden of nineteen or twenty, and she was the only one in Mrs. Lipp's boarding house who apparently was not struck with the poet's charms.

Now, no one would ever suspect John Smith of being in love; but, to tell the truth, he had written more sonnets about Melinda than all the lines and verses he had ever published. Nor did it ever occur to his landlady that he could have intentions upon her daughter. If it had, John's reputation would have suffered sadly in her estimation. But he *was* madly in love with Melinda, and his poetic soul conceived her as a being so high above him that he sought rather to worship her at a distance, and to write poetry about her in the recesses of his "den," than to come forward and defile her fair spirit with his earthly adoration. But Melinda had never thought much about John; she barely noticed him, perhaps because her mother was always harping on his good qualities.

There was another boarder with Mrs. Lipp who aspired to the hand of her daughter; and with a lover's watchfulness and jealousy he properly interpreted—perhaps he was the only one who did—John's covert glances toward Miss Melinda, and recognized him as a rival.

Walter Claribel—that was his name—was a clerk in a down-town dry

goods store. He was a tall, slim, young fellow, with flaxen hair invariably parted carefully down the middle. He wore glasses over a pair of steel-gray eyes, and covering his lip there was a shadow of a fair moustache as carefully brushed as his hair.

When Walter discovered that the object of his and John's frequent and enraptured glances was identical, he determined to press his suit with all possible force and expedition. Before he had been in the house a month his devotion to Melinda was the standing joke of the other boarders and a cause of serious trouble to John Smith.

This continued for several weeks; and the poet, as a last resort, came forward in his true character as an aspirant for the hand of Miss Melinda.

The whole house was now on the alert, excepting Mrs. Lipp, who was sublimely unconscious of it all. Which would win? The young man who played the races even went so far one morning at breakfast as to bet the minister five dollars on the poet; and to the consternation of all the minister took him up. The boarders were about equally divided, and, as for Melinda, she showed no preference for either. The two young men scarcely ever addressed each other, and wore continual scowls when in each others presence. Things were rapidly approaching a climax; an open rupture was expected. Several more bets were made, some on the coming encounter, some on the ultimate outcome. But, as is usual, the unexpected happened.

John Smith being a poet, was naturally opposed to a common mundane

brawl—it affected his artistic temperament—so he proposed an amicable settlement to the young clerk. Between them it was decided that each should write a letter to the fair object of their love, presenting their claims. These letters should specify that Miss Melinda should pass the salt to the victor while at breakfast the next morning. Well, everything was arranged and the letters were posted.

The next morning the two gentlemen came down to breakfast and took their places, leaving a vacant chair between them for Miss Melinda. They ate their meal in silence, every now and then glancing covertly at the door of the dining-room expecting the arrival of her who was to decide their fate. But Melinda did not come. An hour passed, and still she did not come. Everyone had left the room. Evidently the two suitors were becoming uneasy. Finally Walter addressed John, “No doubt, Mr. Smith, she has overslept herself.”

“Probably so, Mr. Claribel,” replied the poet.

“Well, let us remain another half hour, and if she has not come down by that time, we will both leave and await our sentence at dinner,” suggested the clerk.

“I agree, Mr. Claribel,” answered John.

Just then the landlady made her appearance and observing the gentlemen, exclaimed, “Goodness me! Will you two gentlemen *ever* finish your breakfast? You’ve been in here two hours already, and its almost time to get dinner. I declare.”

“Well—ahem—we have—” commenced the embarrassed poet.

“We were just waiting for Miss Melinda, Mrs. Lipp,” interrupted Mr. Claribel, “I want to show her the paper, there is some startling war news this morning. Mr. Smith is merely waiting to accompany me down town.”

“Well, goodness me! Its war again, always war. I really believe this country is going to destruction. Land’s sakes! Hasn’t Melinda been down to breakfast yet? I’ll go and call her immediately,” replied the landlady. She went upstairs and the two young men could hear her shrill voice calling, “Melinda! Melinda!!” Both were silent until she returned. She entered the room breathless, attempting to read a piece of paper, and exclaimed, “Oh, my! Can I believe my eyes? Mr. Claribel, will you *please* read this for me? Goodness me!”

That gentleman took the note and read it aloud.

It stated that Melinda had eloped during the night with a young fellow, Edgar Boren, whose attentions to her daughter, Mrs. Lipp had forbidden.

That evening, Mr. Smith and Mr. Claribel paid their bills and sought other boarding places—and this is the end to that boarding-house romance.

P. W. H., '99.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above them.—*Washington Irving.*

TWO LILIES.

On the bosom of a river,
 Flowing onward to the sea,—
 On the ripples, laughing ever,
 Bounding forward, gay and free,—
 Lay two lilies,
 Spotless lilies,
 Dancing always in their glee.

Sister lilies were these flowers,
 Culled from off the same green stem.
 Side by side, in hidden bowers,
 Bloomed these lilies, scenting them.
 Happy lilies!
 Stainless lilies!
 Purer far than many a gem.

But the water found them hiding
 Near the willow on its shore;
 And it clasped them, onward gliding,
 Thro' the spray and water's roar.
 Frightened lilies!
 Paling lilies!
 For they shall return no more.

Yet the wavelets grasped them tightly,
 And they chased away all fear,
 Till again they tripped on lightly,
 Laughing in their gay career.
 Dancing lilies!
 Happy lilies!
 Once so mournful, once so drear!

Thus does joy give way to sorrow;
 Then again the day is bright:
 Sad today is glad tomorrow,
 Ere the sunshine comes to naught.
 As the lilies,
 Trembling lilies,
 Passed from darkness into light.

—P. W. H., '99.

VIOLETS.

Meet tribute, blest Mother, I bring,
 Thine altar of May to adorn;
 Since flowers have voices to sing,
 I'll give them at night and at morn.
 But flowers and songs cannot last,
 Their beauty dies out with the day;
 White lilies, red roses, fade fast,
 Too fast to weave chaplet of May.

These little mountain gems I brought
 Are symbols, Virgin mild, of thee;
 Their deep blue eyes concealing thought,
 This prayer repeat, "Remember me."
 The sun and rain that saw them bloom
 Foretold their native modest worth,
 As thine, of old, in Nazareth's room,
 Archangel voic'd to hosts of earth.

Oft gifts are blessed from scanty store,
 The widow's was who gave her mite;
 So man gives love, God asks no more.
 For love wins grace in Heaven's sight.
 Take, then, these violets fair I bring,
 Thine altar, Mary, to adorn;
 With humble voice they sweetly sing
Magnificat, from night to morn.

—H.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly for the students by the Pantagraph Printing and Stationery Co., Bloomington, Ill.

Edited by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill. All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Entered at the Bloomington Postoffice as second class matter.

Subscription price, one dollar per year, payable in advance.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

J. I. GRANGER,	P. F. DANIHER.
P. W. HANSL.	P. DUBE.
D. HAYDN.	M. J. BRENNAN

EDITORIAL.

The unfavorable weather of the past month has not been helpful to baseball. Practices have been few, though the organization of the team is complete and everyone anxious to begin. So far we have not crossed bats with a visiting nine.

It is generally conceded that every one is entitled to his own opinion on debatable subjects. But in the expression of that conviction it is well to go slow. One's opinion loses none of its force by being kept in check, and the holder of it may find reasons for modifying it or perhaps for changing it altogether. But in any case it gets as much credit and carries as much weight tomorrow as today, and would, perhaps, be delivered with more grace if one were to wait a week before giving it expression.

Then about "petitions;" it seems an absurd formality for one or a number to go to the trouble of getting up a

petition, when the same self-appointed delegate or delegation might approach the one in authority with as much *nonchalance* (and with the same convincing reasons) as a common, every-day crowd manifests when it goes to the same responsive power in quest of a *cong  *. Common things puffed up with meaningless formality give one a sense of weariness that the greatest "spring medicine" will not take away.

Like it or not as we may, we are a race of politicians. That aggressive desire of organizing and using the body thus formed as a means of our own elevation to place is a characteristic that makes itself felt in all our doings. The foremost man may not always be the one having the greatest claims to leadership, but a bold step puts him in front and a little nerve, with just the proper sprinkling of bluff, does the rest. If he knows how to catch the crowd the whole thing is a success. The only cause of fear is to be found in a rival.

If organizations gave equal promises to each of its members they would hardly ever lack harmony. But they do not; hence the need each one entering such a body has of learning that there must be some one to lead and others to follow—some first and some last. We have not all equal merits, equal powers in any society or group, and the inequality of position grows out of the unequalness of individuals themselves, rather than from any desire on the part of men to give

prominence to particular favorites. So it speaks well for those who group men, for any purpose, that they consider well the importance of certain parts and make the best choice of the material at hand to fill them.

The greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means, and the exercise of ordinary qualities. The one who works in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful. If we look into practical life we shall find that fortune is on the side of the industrious. Perseverance has been the cause of the accomplishment of many great deeds. Nearly all great works owe their existence to it. With perseverance, the very odds and ends of time may be worked up into results of the greatest value. An hour in every day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would, if profitably employed, enable a person of ordinary capacity to go far toward mastering a complete science. Literary life affords abundant illustrations of the power of perseverance, and perhaps no career is more instructive, viewed in this light, than that of Sir Walter Scott. His perseverance was remarkable, making it possible for him to get through an enormous amount of literary labor. But with all his diligent and indefatigable industry and his immense knowledge, the result of many years of patient labor, Scott always spoke with the greatest modesty of his powers.

It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self-culture by the energetic and persevering, who are care-

ful to avail themselves of opportunities, and use up the fragments of spare time which the idle permit to run to waste. How many men by persevering in their desire to rise from humble circumstances have reached the highest culture, and acquired honorable distinction among their fellow-men. The one who strives to accomplish any great deed though he may have comparatively slender means at his command, still if he persists and has a resolute will and purpose he will always be sure to succeed. Hence we see the great point to be arrived at is to get the working faculties well trained. When that is done the rest will be found comparatively easy. We must do things again and again, for facility comes only with labor and without it not even the simplest things in science or art can be produced.

D. H.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Rosary Magazine for April contains a well illustrated article on "The Porziuncula and the Death of St. Francis" that is powerfully interesting, as it must be, coming from the pen of such a writer as the Rt. Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., LL.D. What can be sweeter than this charming writer's description of the Chapel of the Roses and its surroundings. "You almost regret," says the Right Reverend Doctor, "that the meadow, where the grass grew greener and the flowers bloomed more lovely beneath the feet which bore Christ's stigmas, had not been allowed to remain open to the bright

skies and the warm sun, and bearing flowers eternally." How well does the writer know how to introduce the sublime thoughts of the immortal Dante, who oft was inspired by some touching scene around this "Capella delle Rose." Throughout the article we seem wrapt in a mantle of fragrant devotion, and if not outwardly expressed, yet the heart heaves a sigh as we reach the end, where, "In the death-room of Saint Mary of the Angels, holy grief filled every soul! The sun had set behind the Western Appennines, and the stars were beginning to peep forth in the east, when that wonderful life of forty-five years was closed so sweetly in death."

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for Mary's month, comes to us with an abundance of good things, and noticeably two very fine essays which are beautifully illustrated. One is "Catholic Landmarks Along the Hudson," and the other "Religious Russia." The latter is by Paul Sturtevant Howe, a layman who has lived some years in the land of St. Olga and paid much attention to the religious customs of the people, and the effects of those customs. Mr. Howe names the ambition of the Emperors of the Orient as the real cause of the Greek Schism, but we are inclined to believe it to be rather the ambition of the patriarchs who wished to be the equal of the Bishop of Rome. We heartily join with the author in praying for the return of that people to our Holy Mother, the Roman Apostolic Church.

The *Catholic Reading Circle Review* has an interesting paper in its last

number on "Montalembert," by Wm. P. Breen, and one on "Pope" by Thos. O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. Paul Allard writes of the "Persecutions During the First Two Centuries of the Church" in a very attractive manner, and Julia Teresa Butler sings in a happy vein "An Easter Song."

The Easter number of the *Catholic World* has an illustrated paper on "The Catholic Life of Boston," which is a sister article to "Catholic Landmarks" in the *Messenger* for May. A. A. McGinley does the honors for "The Hub," and right well, too. The *World* has many fine papers, among others "Ludwig Pastor, the Great German Historian," by M. Lalor Mitchell.

The *Century* for April is well filled with good reading matter and excellent illustrations. "The Fall of Maximilian" is very fine, and "A Pennsylvania Colliery Village" is not only interesting, but instructive. Mrs. Burton Harrison concludes her story, "Good Americans, and will disappoint a great many of her readers with this trivial affair which promised so much in the beginning.

McClure's has its usual amount of choice fiction for April, and among others a story by W. F. Fraser, a Canadian gentleman unknown to us before, who promises to become a favorite if we may judge by his "King for a Day."

Mariolatry, New Phases of an Old Fallacy, (press of the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Ind., paper, 25 cents). The work bearing the above title appeared recently in the *Ave Maria*, and is now

issued in book form. The writer displays great calmness in handling his subject as he also shows by his innumerable quotations, how well he prepared himself for the task he undertook. This work was written by the Rev. Henry G. Ganss in answer to the false assumptions put forth in a sermon preached by the Rev. W. M. Frysinger, at Dickenson College. The latter gentleman made simply a crude statement of time-worn errors and cannot lay claim even to originality of statement. He is followed point by point by his able critic, who draws authority for what he says, chiefly from Protestant sources. It is a thorough refutation and ably made. As the errors of Dr. Frysinger differ from those of many others only in their vulgar presentation, and as Father Ganss refutes them all, one has in this work a manual covering the whole ground of this controversy and hence an answer for those who refuse all honor to the Mother of Christ, or who charge Catholics with paying her homage due to God alone. It ought to be read by everyone, Catholic and Protestant, the former that they might have means of contradicting false statements on the subject, the latter that they might know the truth and know, too, what the leaders of their sects have to say about the Mother of God. J.H.N.

"We have in this country three aristocracies: The aristocracy of intellect, founded by the Almighty; the aristocracy of money, founded by Mammon; and the aristocracy of family, founded by fools."—W. C. Brann, *lecture on "Gall."*

PERSONAL.

—The Rev. P. Roach, Lafayette, Ind., was a welcome guest of the college recently.

—The Rev. F. Dandurand, Fort Wayne, Ind., paid his *alma mater* a visit not long since.

—The Rev. E. Bourget, Desplaines, Ill., called on the faculty during the past month.

—The Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor of the Notre Dame church, Chicago, was a recent guest of the college.

—The Rev. A. Granger, Curé of St. Rose's church, Kankakee, paid his respects to the faculty not long since.

—The Rev. A. Labrie, Momence, Ill., made the president a pleasant call not long since.

—Mr. John Joyce, Essex, Ill., one of last year's bright boys, called to renew old friendship, during the month.

—Mr. Frank Fanning, secretary of the Fanning Bicycle Co., Chicago, spent a recent Sunday with his son Lloyd, of the minims.

—The Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., director of the Holy Name School, Chicago, was one of the month's visitors.

—The following alumni of St. Viator's have gone to help Uncle Sam out of his difficulty: Messrs. A. J. Byron, A. J. Brouillette, J. E. Matthiew, and P. T. Lambert. These are all residents of Kankakee or Bourbonnais, and members of Co. L, 3d Reg., I.N.G. There are others, if necessary.

THE CONCERT.

On Sunday evening, April 24, the faculty and students of the college were entertained with a musical and elocutionary program, at the college hall, under the auspices of Miss M. Campbell, a young and talented violinist of Chicago. The following numbers were excellently rendered:

1. Violin solo, Mazurka de Concert. . . .
.....Miss Campbell
2. Recitation, The Return of Regulus. .
.....Mr. C. J. Granger
3. Song, A Day Dream.Miss Lecour
4. Violin, Polish Dance.Miss Campbell
5. Recitation, The Unknown Speaker .
.....Mr. C. J. Quille
6. Violin, Serenade.Miss Campbell
7. Song,—Red, Red Rose.
.....Miss Lecour
8. Violin, Spring SongMiss Campbell
9. Recitation, *L'histoire de mes trois
vieux*.Miss Drolet
10. Violin, *Obertass*.Miss Campbell

The beauty and thrilling effect of Miss Campbell's playing are almost beyond description. She is a lover of classical music and is most tenderly devoted to it. Her mastery over the violin is perfect, her talent is of the richest and rarest kind and no doubt, great though she be, greater things may be expected of her, for she is quite young and is about to go abroad to complete her already accomplished musical education.

Miss Lecour in her songs sustained her reputation as one of the ablest soprano singers in Kankakee, while Miss Drolet kept the French people in constant merriment by her comic recitations.

Mr. C. J. Quille, styled by a con-

temporary as an "electric, vigorous, elocutionist." appeared in his usual artistic manner and merited the constant applause that greeted him.

The evening proved to be a most instructive and enjoyable one and all concur in thanking Miss Campbell for her kind exhibition, and hope to have the pleasure of listening to her soon again.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The Guilfoyle medal awarded for the best composition in the rhetoric classes was equally deserved by D. Hayden, M. Morrissey, and J. O'Callaghan. Drawn by J. O'Callaghan.

The Lesage medal awarded for highest average in French literature was equally deserved by E. Marcotte and Granger. Drawn by E. Marcotte.

The Conway medal awarded for the highest average in both courses was equally deserved by M. Morrissey and P. O'Connor. Drawn by M. Morrissey.

The gold medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, W. Brault, P. Geraghty, E. Graveline, E. Henneberry, D. Hayden, A. Hansl, E. Marcotte, M. Morrissey, D. Maher, T. McPherson, J. O'Callaghan, M. O'Toole, and J. St. Cerney. Drawn by A. Hansl.

The first silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally deserved by M. Brennan, L. Boisvert, P. Dupault, C. McCoy, W. Riley, and V. Stepps. Drawn by V. Stepps.

The second silver medal awarded in the classical course was equally de-

served by Art Caron, T. Cahill, A. Goodreau, A. Le Cuyer, T. Milholland, and W. Rooney. Drawn by A. Le Cuyer.

The gold medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by J. Brennock, W. Casey, J. Clennon, H. Lacharite, T. Riley, A. Sanasack, T. Schneider, and F. Williamson. Drawn by A. Sanasack.

The first silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by D. Carithers, R. Fay, and E. Lebeau. Drawn by R. Fay.

The second silver medal awarded in the commercial course was equally deserved by J. Cahill, A. Changelon, C. Flannagan, A. Fraiser, J. Harris, C. Meehan, A. Martin, C. Moran, and S. Sullivan. Drawn by S. Sullivan.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the senior department was equally deserved by J. Armstrong, M. Brennan, J. Clennon, P. Dufault, P. Dube, J. Granger, W. Granger, L. Kroschowitz, T. Schneider. Drawn by M. Brennan.

The gold medal awarded for good conduct in the junior department was drawn by R. Dahlem.

Those who have distinguished themselves for good conduct are as follows: W. Brault, J. O'Callaghan, A. Goodreau, R. Gahan, W. Hanlon, E. Grave-line, E. Henneberry, A. Lamarre, H. Lacharite, J. Legris, A. Mongeau, E. Marcotte, D. Maher, M. Morrissey, P. O'Connor, M. O'Toole, H. Prost, V. Stepps, S. Sullivan, N. Marcotte, and J. Cahill.

VIATORIANA.

—Pampadour Jim.

—Dick and the cow.

—The flesh is weak.

—Free lunch—St. Joe's.

—I didn't look at the title.

—Shamrocks need no king.

—The beach is on the ocean.

—I better go to my room now.

—A bird can't fly in the shell.

—Patton had some cold redhots.

—No one is absolutely necessary.

—I'll break my face with your fist.

—Please scratch my name out of there.

—They are poor judges of human nature.

—Oh, dear! you have shook my modesty.

—Did you see that dead man get off at Manteno?

—There is a reason about that twelfth man.

—That man you have reference to s a switch engine.

—My old man don't sell chickens; he isn't a butcher.

—The warships are painted black so they'll be bullet proof.

—He didn't want to say anything, yet he babbled all day.

—Professor of Elocution—What do you like, Jim?

Jim—As for me, O, give me tragedy!

—He and Fat would make a good quartet.

—Mac is going into the coal-hauling business.

—Oh! when will my Hannah get married?

—Did you get a square meal? No, I sat at a round table.

—When I reached home, I could hardly stand up. Why?

—H.—Did you have any honey?

V.—No, she was just making it.

—All that is wrong about the Germans is that they are too bashful.

—Some one of a martial spirit wrote home—and the blow almost killed father!

—It is strange that so many fathers have visited the college within the last two weeks.

—Speaking about gifts reminds us that a man who intended to make a present may of a sudden change his mind.

—First boy—Where are you going when you leave here?

Second boy—To an embalming college.

—Professor—Do you know your lesson?

Student—I judged by the sun we were to have *conge* today.

—Professor—What does F. O. P. stand for?

Student—Free to plow.

—A few of our war-like seniors wanted to go to war but their parents would not allow it. Papa took them seriously.

—Little boy—Say, mister, are you fellows going to war?

Mister—Why, certainly, my child.

Little boy—O, gee!

—There was a very tearful parting when some of our old school-mates came to say good-bye before going to war. But they went and are now somewhere in the wilds of Springfield, (Ill.)

—One of happiest evenings we have had for some time was the one during which the Rev. J. P. Dore, of Chicago, was the entertainer. To those who know Father Dore he needs no introduction. His ability to entertain is beyond question; those who hear him for the first time appreciate his humor as highly as his old friends. We were treated to several character sketches, worked out as only Father Dore can—comic stories told with facial expression such as only the most perfect actor can imitate. Father Dore's stories were highly appreciated. Nor were we less interested in the happy remarks of the Rev. J. M. Scanlon, who accompanied Father Dore. Father Scanlon's timely advice, feelingly delivered, was a fitting close to the humorous treat of his companion. We sincerely hope that we shall have the pleasure of hearing these accomplished gentlemen in the near future.

Watch him adjusting his eyeglass. He's going to tell you a story. Pay attention; it's confidential, you know, and what he's going to tell you was never got without diligent search and long peering into dark corners and turning over dry leaves, as dry and dust-covered as last autumn's accumulation after the summer. The secret this fellow is going to impart was discovered after he had been wandering about for days, after he had turned over all the leaves and hunted in all the corners and ransacked his brain with effort and tortured his soul into agony. He's going to tell you a secret. Don't you tell anyone. You're the first to hear it. A round dozen, in reality, heard it this morning, but no matter. The last to hear the story will think he hears it first, and it will spin out better after so many repetitions.

Now you've heard the story. You lift up your head to look at your interlocutor. He leers at you. His glass is taken off, and wiping it the while, he gazes into your eyes to wonder at your calm. "Is that all?" "That's all," he says. "Is not that enough—I think it pretty bad." And whilst you are amazed, not so much at the stupidity of the tale as the impudence of him who has been trying to entertain you at the expense of some one's good name and reputation, he walks away or

glides like a snake from your presence and is lost 'round the corner.

Education is a good thing, but it must be of a proper kind, of a wholesome nature. The saving of a child consists not merely in entertaining life in his body, but in planting the seeds of truth in his soul. Without this additional kindness, the mere saving of his life might be a questionable benefit, for, a man growing up without knowledge, or, with knowledge of a wrong kind, is apt to be a burden and a curse to society.

He quickly sinks into a condition of servitude from his inability to labor wisely, from his proneness to evil, or perhaps, from the oppression of the more wealthy, or from some other cause of which his undisciplined mind is the parent.


It may be safely said that instruction, if not based upon religion, does not make men happy, or redeeming them from cruelty does not afford them true liberty.

Instruction or education by itself, begets a thousand wants, creates a thousand desires, and without moral restraint, without religious training, cannot conquer vice, which is the first real stepping-stone down to poverty.

The proper method, therefore, to instruct the child, is to seek not only his mind, but his heart. Seek to become master of his intellect by truth, making the will subject to reason and divine truth. This is the work of religion.

Detmer Music House

261 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

 Sellers of everything known in Music and Musical Instruments.

~~~~~ Write for Catalogues.

Every student who intends to go into business should read

## Business.

Monthly \$1.00 a year. The Office Paper.

To read **Business** for a year is a liberal commercial education in itself. Write for sample copy, mentioning this paper.

Publication Offices, 13 Astor Place, New York.



Founded 1869



Chartered 1874

## St. Viator's College.

THE COLLEGE affords excellent facilities for study, and the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of

MODERN LANGUAGES,  
MATHEMATICS,  
CLASSICS,  
MUSIC,  
SCIENCE,  
PHILOSOPHY, and  
THEOLOGY.

Most careful attention is paid to the business training of young men, and a thorough practical knowledge of

BOOKKEEPING, and  
COMMERCIAL LAW

is imparted by skilled professors.

The best authors and most approved system of teaching are adopted in all grades of the College. Students may enter at any time. Term and tuition will begin with date of entrance.

Terms for board and tuition \$200 per annum.

Catalogues and any desired information will be carefully given on application to the President.

Rev. M. J. MARSILE, C.S.V.,

*St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Kankakee County, Ill.*