

THE VIATORIAN.

PAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1899.

NO. 6

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A soul became a living child,
One bitter, winter night;
A sinless spirit, undefiled,
Was issued into light.

But from what bourne that stranger came,
No mortal man doth know;
And what it was, and of what name,
Is hid to all below.

And when his laughing, baby eyes
First opened unto day,
He crowed aloud in glad surprise,
And stared in childish way.

His mother's heart went out to him;
She loved that baby smile;
She loved to please each changing whim;
His lonely hours to while.

She loved that infant more than gold;
Far more than tongue can say;
She watched, with joy, his soul unfold.
Grow nobler, day by day.

The flower flourished 'neath her care;
Its petals opened wide.
Then, just when Nature seemed most fair,
The dainty blossom died.

That vital fire faded out.
It was—and is no more;
And where that spirit roams about
Is hidden as before.

And when that dearly loved one went,
There seemed a vacant spot
Within that mother's heart, content
To live her joyless lot.

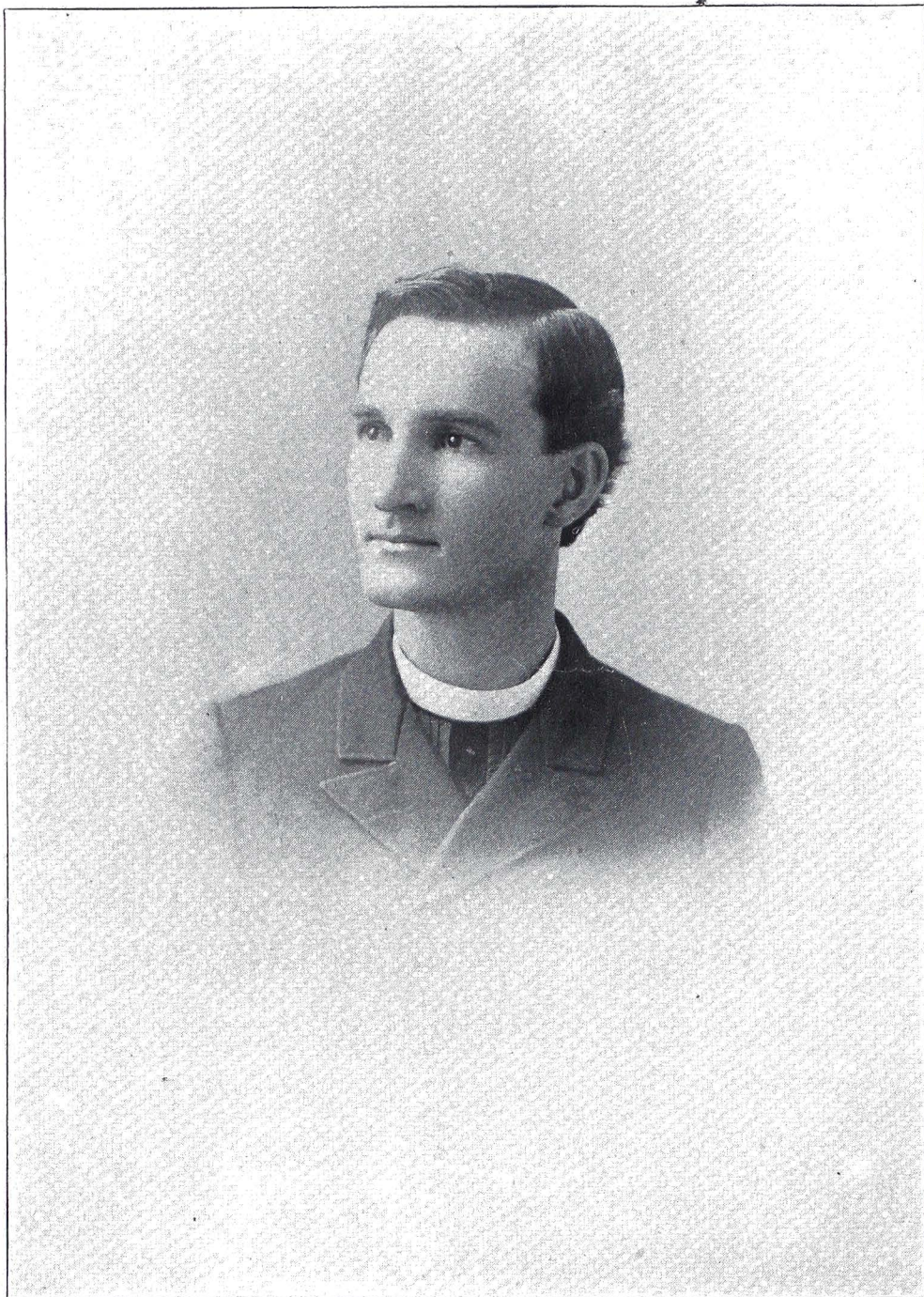
The world around ne'er seemed the same;
The sun appeared less bright;
And Nature's voice was hollow sham
To her who dwelt in Night.

No mortal theme could stay her grief,
Her sorrow, could console;
Till Death, at last, brought glad relief
And freed her stricken soul.

* * * * *

But now, perhaps, she sees her son,
And all is Love and Joy.
Her woeful web of Life is spun—
She joins her baby boy.

—Frociar W Hansl, '99.



REV. A. J. MCGAVICK,
AUXILIARY BISHOP-ELECT OF CHICAGO.

AN ALUMNUS OF ST. VIATEUR HONORED.

Rev. A. J. McGavick, Auxiliary Bishop elect of Chicago.

Saturday, February 4, was a day of rejoicing at St. Viateur's College. One of her sons, Rev. A. J. McGavick, had been elevated to the episcopal dignity. Father Marsile immediately wired the congratulations of *alma mater* and declared a *congé* for the students.

Father McGavick entered the college in September, 1879, when he began his classical studies. As a student, he distinguished himself and was always the leader of his class. He was graduated in 1885 with first honors. He was selected to deliver the baccalaureate oration, and so well did he acquit himself of this task that Father Dunne, now Bishop of Dallas, Tex., predicted that the young man would yet make his mark as an orator; a prediction which has since been verified, Father McGavick being now recognized as one of the finest pulpit orators of the west.

In 1887, he received the degree of Master of Arts, and in the same year he was ordained to the priesthood. Among his classmates in philosophy were: Rev. Ambrose Granger, pastor of St. Rose's church, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. J. P. Dore, pastor of South Chicago; Rev. Thomas Lynch, now sojourning in Ireland; Rev. James Shannon, pastor at Canton, Ill.

The justifiable pride we feel in our distinguished alumnus might create the belief that we were exaggerating did we rehearse the worth and ability of Father McGavick, but the testimony of the *Chicago Times-Herald* cannot be suspected of partiality. From its Sunday issue, February 5, we copy the following tribute to the high esteem in which Father McGavick is held by all who have the honor of his acquaintance:

"Walking back and forth among the homes of his people in a parish bigger and poorer and more crowded with scenes of vice and crime than any other in Chicago, there has been for a year and a half a priest of the Catholic church. Admired by his superiors for his ability and talents, and loved by his parishioners for his kindly, brotherly friendship, he was yet but little known outside the limits of his parish and his church. That was but yesterday.

Today that strong yet quiet priest stands marked as one of the leaders of his religion in this country, and his talents and character have received such recognition as none can overlook.

* * * *

Ungessed by the public and unexpected by himself, the elevation of Father Alexander J. McGavick to the bishopric and his appointment as assistant to Archbishop P. A. Feehan, of the diocese of Chicago, came in a day. Called Friday morning to the archiepiscopal palace, he received the papal documents which announced to him that he had been elevated to the bishopric of Marcopolis in partibus infidelium, and made auxiliary bishop of Chicago. Then he sent the joyful word to his aged mother and went home to take up again the round of duties in his parish and prepare himself for the wider sphere of work that had opened itself to him.

* * * *

Near six feet tall, of frame slender yet strong in appearance, the new bishop is a man to attract the eye and fascinate the gazer with a pleasant charm. From under bold but not over-prominent brows his dark brown eyes gleam as those of a friendly master and powerful brother. His spare, almost sunken cheeks denote the man to whom the things of the flesh are of but minor importance, and there is character written in every line of his face.

Though his new dignity was but twenty-four hours old, his manner yesterday was as quiet and unaffected as though he had known and prepared himself for years for what had come. There can be no mistaking the satisfaction with which he regards his prospects, but his temperament is clearly too deep to be as much as ruffled by an announcement sudden even as this one. He appears as the best type of practical man. One cannot look into his eyes without seeing there boundless funds of enthusiasm, and one cannot hear him speak even a half dozen phrases without recognizing that that enthusiasm is balanced and harmonized in all his activities till there remains in it not a trace of what might be called exuberance. That is the new bishop as one sees him. And he is barely 35 years old.

* * * *

All day yesterday telegrams of congratulation kept arriving at the parish-house. The messenger boy who climbed up the steps early in the evening said he had checked off seventy-three messages that day for the bishop-elect. But Father McGavick was too modest to admit that so many had come. "Not so many as that, I think," he said. "There is a pile of telegrams upstairs on the table, perhaps so high" (indicating with his hands a space of six or eight inches), "but not so many as seventy-three." One

of the telegrams came, he said, from the papal delegate in Washington, Mgr. Martinelli, but as for the others, for fear of offense, he would not name the sender of one unless he named all.

* * * *

Father McGavick's executive abilities have already been well tried, and no fear is expressed that he will not be equal to the duties of the big Chicago diocese. He was the archbishop's choice for the pastorate of St. John's, recognized when he went there as perhaps the most difficult parish to manage successfully in the whole diocese, and the record he made was the very best.

What Father McGavick's work has meant for his parish since he was appointed July 22, 1897, to succeed Father Butler it is hard to show in full. To say that he has reduced the church debt in that time from \$43,000 to \$35,000, besides expending fully \$5,000 more on the improvement of the church edifice, is little. To add that all the funds have come from the offering of the poor people of his church is more. Best of all it is to say that in that district from Twelfth street to Twenty-second, and from the lake to the river, notorious for its gilded infamy, he has a solid phalanx of Catholics 2,000 strong, counting among them, he says, many of the truest, purest members of the religion he has ever known.

* * * *

This parish was in poor condition when Father McGavick was appointed to it, not on account of any faults of his predecessor, but more because of his age and protracted sickness. It was thought then that this appointment meant that Father McGavick's life work was mapped out for him, and to that fact, taken together with his youth, it is due that no one in the diocese even so much as suspected that he was to be selected for the auxiliary bishopric. Now leading Catholics of Chicago are predicting that he will in no long time be the leading spokesman of the Catholic church in this section of the country.

* * * *

Father McGavick has been a Chicagoan ever since his priesthood began. Born at Fox Lake and educated at *St. Viateur's College*, Kankakee, he was eleven years ago appointed assistant pastor at All Saints' Church. With the exception of two years spent in Denver on account of his health he remained at All Saints' until his appointment as pastor of St. John's.

THE ART OF LIVING.

(Continued.)

Now, it may be said this is very nice, but who will accomplish it. Well, it must be possible, because nature never blunders, and if she has made man liable to all the miseries of life, she must have provided him with the power of bearing them all; and, as De Maistre says, the worst which may befall a man is not more, in any case, than his human nature is heir to.

This theory seems to solve best the problems of the art of living. It was not unknown to the old slave philosopher, Epicurus, but the reason why it prevailed so little in pagan civilization was that besides having to face all the difficulties we have to encounter to realize it in practice, they, moreover, did not have that abundance of Christian grace and Christian motives which are opened to us, and which thus facilitate our access to a high degree of perfection.

The vast and wonderful rewards for moral worth, stored in the heavenly mansion, as revealed by Christianity to man, far exceed the bright dreams of children about fairy lands and enchanted castles. We find there imperishable treasures, honors, and dignities opened to the meanest as well as to the highest. They are to be won only by efforts of understanding and free will, and are impeded by no obstacles which cannot be surmounted. Here we find unshakable thrones for those who desire to be kings or queens; highest, unfading honors and glories, steady fortunes filled with unmixed happiness and unterminable bliss, all purchasable by efforts of free will. Here is an immense field freely opened to the highest ambition; which throws in the shade the fairest promises of our little material world.

In fact this little world of ours is a mere symbol of the vast and spiritual one. Now a symbol is always hollow and empty in comparison with the thing symbolized, moreover, the symbol is like only in parts to the thing symbolized, the other parts are different and may be contrary, which is the case with our symbolical world. We, too, have thrones and high seats of honor in our little kingdom; we also have our little fames and glories; we have our treasures, fortunes, portions of happiness and bits of bliss, but all these are shallow, deceitful, fleeting, unsafe, and adulterated. Moreover, only a few, in the course of time, are able to succeed in possessing these empty baubles, while they must remain the despair of the many. Surely if this

was our real world and true home we might have cause to claim with the Gnostics that our world was created by some blundering angel. But if we view it in its true light we find it is a miracle of wisdom and goodness on the part of God. For did our world from its very nature possess a more perfect order men would be satisfied in it, and would cease to look for a better home. But, as it is, it takes no deep reflection, to discover its inadequateness for man's destiny, and its symbolical purpose by which it is both a means and a gigantic index to our eternal home.

These truths, though explorable by reason, have been confirmed by Christian revelation. And it is by realizing this true theory of the art of living, in practice, that the Church has proved a unique and most powerful cause of our modern civilization. For, always upholding these high ideals of life; facilitating their realization by her grace-giving sacraments, and encouraging their pursuit by strong motives, she succeeded in wonderfully elevating the moral standard of perfection; and in doing so possesses the key to man's complete perfection, for man's physical and intellectual perfection is, on the long run, always dependent, directly or indirectly, on moral perfection.

Now, many other important things might be said on the art of living; but this seems to me to be the key to most of them. This theory assists in solving many important problems concerning life, and without it life is meaningless and unreasonable.

It remains now briefly to take notice of the difficulties to be encountered in order to realize in practice these ideals concerning the art of living. By the fact of the strong inclination of man to evil and error, it will always demand strong efforts of will to do so. But we must not recoil from this demand for efforts, for the law of effort is stamped on the very face of the universe. Even the unhatched chicken has to make efforts to break through the wall which encloses him, or else he would die in the shell. Man's spiritual part enclosed in the flesh, must also make efforts to break through animal instincts and strong inclinations to the material, the erratic, and the evil;—wing its way to the empyreal heights of the beautiful, the good, and the true; become strong, wise, and loving, and thus manifest his heavenly traits of divine excellence.

JOSEPH I. GRANGER, '99.

BACON AS AN EDUCATOR.

The intellectual productions of great men are like fixed stars, the more we study them, the more we admire them, the more beauties do we find in them, and the more we are thereby impelled to do something that will elevate and ennoble ourselves. In the galaxy of great writers none shines with more intense lustre than the subject of this sketch.

Other authors may have soared higher or may have taken a more extended flight, but none have winged their course vertically or horizontally with greater success than Lord Bacon. The literary productions of many writers are suggested by nature or by the golden lines of others, but Bacon spoke from experience—the best testimony—because he lived the life of the nobility and commonality, the happy and the miserable, the exalted and the humbled. And this may be the reason that his civil and moral counsels were held in such high esteem by Edmund Burke, Hallam, D'Alembert, and other eminent figures in literature, to whom we turn our mind's eye, as the weak plant turns its leaves to the ever-nourishing sun.

The design of the present essay is, not to consider the style and language of the author, but the wisdom and utility of his counsels.

Real literature, as we understand it, deals with the essentials of life, and is addressed not to a select body of people, but to every man conscious of his nature, his state, and his destiny. Now we claim that Bacon speaks wisely to all who live; so we regard him as a benefactor to man, a physician of life, and a worthy educator.

No other writer has used the pen of genius to the service of mankind better than this author. What then has he accomplished. The completest answer we can give is, that he has imparted information as to our physical frame, teaching us how to preserve health and lengthen life; intellectual information, teaching us how to develop minds to a degree which will enable men to distinguish between truth and falsehood, and to profit by the lessons of the past; moral teachings which show us the beauty of virtue and the value of religion.

Study his essay on "Regimen and Health," a composition prepared at an age in which he experienced all the changes consequent on sickness, the pain of body, languor, and ennui met by men in the passage through this vale of miseries. The essay

contains truths whose importance is known only to those who study closely and diligently. How much wisdom in the words, "Examine thy customs of diet, sleep, exercise, apparel, and the like; and try in anything thou shalt judge hurtful, to discontinue it little by little; but so as if thou dost find any inconvenience in the change, thou come back to it again, for it is hard to distinguish that which is, generally, held good, from that which is good particularly, and fit for thine own body." "Use fasting and moderate eating, but rather moderate eating," etc. Would that every man observed these, and other rules set down in this essay. How many robust constitutions would better the race, how many beaming forms would grace all fields of action, and how many premature deaths would be unchronicled.

Consider him furnishing us with information looking towards the improving of minds. Read his "Essay on Studies," a composition containing sounder principles regarding the means and methods of acquiring knowledge than any other treatise of the kind, that has come under our notice. How popular and wise are these oft-quoted words,—“Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and, some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, with diligence and attention.” “Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man,” etc. Though men have written volumes on books, and the use of books, who has given us better direction than we can find in these lines? How many wandering minds would be set aright by the consideration and observance of the rules here laid down? How many sophists and intellect debasers would be turned to the work of showing us the good, the beautiful, and the true?

What rhetorician has given us a better rule for reading than the following: “Read not to contradict, nor confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.” These *dicta* should find a conspicuous place in every library, to inspire to high thinking and well directed effort.

Not only has this accomplished scholar turned the pen of genius to our physical and intellectual demands, but also to our moral welfare. What man awakened to a sense of religion does not see wisdom in Bacon’s “Essay on Unity in Religion.” It is certain that heresies and schisms are, of all others, the greatest scandals; for as in the natural body a wound is worse than a

corrupt humour, so is it in the spiritual body." What fair, true and helpful principles contained in these words! Would that fanatics and so-called reformers take a lesson from these judicious expressions. If they did, there would not be rotten branches falling from the stem, contaminating the surrounding atmosphere and destroying healthful growth. How few dissenters reflect upon the harm they do, the sorrow they cause, and the calamity they bring upon others, by their absurd, unsubstantiated and demoralizing doctrines. How many families have been scattered, how many cities razed, how much art destroyed, how much literature consumed in flames, and how many lands were made desolate by Mohammedanism?

As religion and government have long and frequently been a fruitful topic of discourse, our circumspect author has left wise maxims regarding the relations that should exist between them. If every political body would follow closely the counsels of Bacon, they would make, not only treasure and counsel, but also religion and justice the pillars of government. Unfortunately states consider the utility of measures more important than justice—justice the basis upon which every social fabric should stand. What prudent counsel for the ruler in his "Essay on the King." See the important light in which he regarded virtue in a ruler. "The king that holds not religion the best reason of state is void of all piety and justice—the supporters of a prince."

Our high esteem for this author impels us to obviate any unjust objections we find raised against him. Some critic has said "Bacon's great fault was to imply everywhere as a principle that man knows nothing, except through experience and observation, and that the defending of this principle afterwards led its supporters to atheism and materialism." That Bacon relied much on this principle is true; yet the following lines from his pen, furnish a counsel for the defenders of the principle, as well as a refutation of the critic: "Extremes would be avoided, if the points fundamental and of substance in religion were discerned and distinguished from points not merely of faith, but of opinion, order or good intention." From this passage it seems to us that Bacon was not only a man of deep thought, but one who admitted other sources of knowledge than experience or observation. It would give us much pleasure, offer young writers great encouragement, and afford ample satisfaction to authors, if those who take upon themselves to criticise literary productions would point out the merits with approbation, show

forth the faults with judgment, and attribute the defects not as much to the author as to the influences of the times, the regard of interests, and the biases of education. Bacon thus fills out a complete figure, and the world of intellect and morals is the gainer, in consequence of his extraordinary knowledge.

PETER J. GERAGHTY, '01.

IN THE SAN JUAN.

Sketches of Colorado, by Rev. J. J. Gibbons.

In a little volume, with the above title, Father Gibbons has given some enjoyable pen pictures of the striking scenery of Colorado. The tedium of lengthy descriptions is relieved by humorous and entertaining anecdotes which is one of the most pleasing features of the book. Incidentally Father Gibbons has depicted the character of miners around the great mining centers of Colorado. The style is easy and natural and makes one feel as if he were carrying on a conversation with some intimate friend. This is a quality too often wanting in books of the kind, which are very often written in an affected, inflated style entirely out of harmony with the subject. We are sure the little volume will find favor with its readers

"If you have to take away masses of men from industrial employment,—to feed them by the labor of others,—to move them and provide them with destructive machines, varied daily in national rivalry of inventive cost; if you have to ravage the country which you attack,—to destroy for a score of future years, its roads, its woods, its cities, and its harbors,—and if, finally, having brought masses of men, counted by hundreds of thousands, face to face, you tear those masses to pieces with jagged shot, and leave the fragments of living creatures, countless beyond all help of surgery, to starve and parch, through days of torture, down to clots of clay,—what book of accounts shall record the cost of your work? What book of judgment sentence the guilt of it? That is modern war, scientific war, chemical and mechanical war, worse even than the savage's poisoned arrow."—*Ruskin*.

MILTON.

All men readily agree that statesmen and legislators take a great interest in the welfare of their nation, and play an active part in its progress. Such men are certainly beneficial to state and society. But there is another class we cannot afford to omit, a class who by their pen have elevated the manners and customs of society and have reflected lustre on the nation which produced them. Such has been the work of our literary men in all nations of any literary fame. For it is their works that lift the mind above the ordinary life, give it a respite from depressing cares and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. This may be truly said of all our great writers, but to none does it more fitly apply than to John Milton. This man, the most distinguished of English poets, and one whose exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty must ever entitle him to the grateful regards of his countrymen, was born in 1608. It is needless to give a biographical sketch of a man so remarkable in the literary world. As a writer of epic poetry he is without a rival in England and with but few peers anywhere. His fame rests chiefly on his poetry, and to this we naturally give our first attention. By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's intellectual gifts, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. We agree with him in this estimate of poetry. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of outward creation, and of the soul. It indeed portrays with terrible energy the excesses of the passions which show a mighty nature, and excite a deep sympathy. In no work of literature are these so truly exhibited as in Milton's "Paradise Lost," perhaps the noblest monument of human genius. The first two books, by universal consent, stand preeminent in sublimity. Hell and hell's king have a terrible harmony and dilate into new grandeur and awfulness the longer we contemplate them. Hell yields to the spirit which it imprisons. The intensity of its fires reveals the intenser passions and more vehement will of Satan. This forms the tremendous interest of these wonderful books. The first glimpse of Satan is given us in the following lines, which fill the imagination of the reader with a form which can hardly be effaced:

"Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate
 With head up-lift above the waves, and eyes
 That sparkling blazed, his other parts besides
 Prone on the flood, extending long and large,
 Lay floating many a rood.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointed spires, and roll'd
 In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale."

But the horrors of hell and its occupant only become more evident when the mind is impressed by the glowing description of Paradise—a region as lovely as hell is terrible, and which to those who do not know the universality of true genius, will appear doubly wonderful when considered as the creation of the same mind which had painted the infernal region.

Paradise and its inhabitants are in sweet accordance, and together form a scene of tranquil bliss, which calms and soothes whilst it delights the imagination. Adam and Eve, the most perfect picture of innocence, reflect in their countenances and forms, as well as minds, the intelligence and happiness of their author. Their souls untainted and unsated, find an innocent joy in the glowing creation which looks and smiles upon them. In such a place of serene happiness and quiet joy, it seems unnatural that it should become the scene of man's fall.

"All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,—
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill."

Another important topic in the description of Milton, on which duty demands us to say one word, is what has been justly celebrated the harmony of his versification. His numbers have the prime charm of impressiveness. They vary with and answer to, the depth of tenderness, and hold intimate alliance with the soul. All the treasures of sweet and solemn sound are at his command. Words that in other men's writings sound harsh and discordant, flow through Milton's in a stream of perfect harmony.

This power over language cannot be ascribed to Milton's musical ear. It belongs to the soul. It is the exercise of genius to impress itself on whatever it touches, and frames sounds and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings. We may notice also in Milton's poetry, that it is characterized by seri-

ousness. But though it is habitually serious, it is always bright and vigorous. It has no gloom. If he is not gay, he is not spirit-broken. His "L'Allegro" proves that he understood thoroughly the joyous aspects of nature; and in his "Penserosa," where he was tempted to accumulate images of gloom, we learn that the saddest views which he took of creation are such as inspire only pensive musings or lofty contemplation.

Such has been the work of Milton, a man who in person was delicate, but in soul and imagination was mighty.

"So perfect thou, in mind, in form, and face,
Thou'rt not of English, but angelic race."

M. J. MORRISSEY, '01.

NOVELS.

There is no motor of moral or immoral influence in literature today more powerful than the novel. Addressing itself to the imagination and passions it through them reaches the will. Give man the cold barren truth or show him the most hideous vices and he will not receive them, but deck these out in the shining robes of beautiful language and he will embrace them, and thus the imagination suffers itself to be bent and molded and through it the mind is often ruled, for as the poet sings:

"Truth conveyed in verse of gentle kind
To read perhaps will move the dullest mind."

It is really sad to contemplate the many who have been robbed of their virtue and innocence by writers who use their talent to paint in glowing phrases the most hideous vices and crimes, whose heroes are devoid of moral principles and whose heroines are the shame and disgrace of womanhood.

Nor can we console ourselves with the idea that such works are of short duration, far from it; these evil writers are often men of brilliancy and power whose teachings corrupt the very springs of life, so that those that drink from them are in imminent danger of moral death. Novels for the most part are pleasant reading, requiring no special mental effort; the fundamental principles of science are unnecessary; dictionaries may be discarded, and in fact the only essential requirement needed is patience and time, which very often hangs heavily upon many.

This practice of novel reading is so widespread and its influences so deeply rooted that it is a subject certainly worthy

of the serious consideration of every thoughtful student. Man's fears, hopes, joys, sorrows, his evil and good qualities, find in the novel the best vehicle for their display. Far from being only a soul study of the individual, the novel has its manifold bearings on the very thoughts, words, and actions of men and women in society.

The reader not only knows the inmost thoughts of the characters represented; but is able to discern the motives—whether they are good or bad—which prompt their actions. The novelist, whether he be conscious of it or not, is a teacher, and in some cases we regret the docility of his pupils. If we reflect that, in reading these productions the imagination is aglow and the heart is forced to surrender to the excitement of the plot, we may readily understand how easy it is for the novelist to seduce, in many instances, the mind from the true and beautiful to error and baseness.

This teaching by means of fiction is not new. The ancients sang the praises of their heroes and heroines; Greece, the land of letters, was moved by story and romance, and so in the middle ages men gave vent to their admiration at the sight or very mention of heroic deeds, and modern novel is nothing more than the inculcation of some principle.

The novel has for its theme the rights, duties, thoughts, and deeds of men; man's heart and passions are its actors and humanity its stage. An art which employs such rights for its subject and such noble actors for its purpose must be regarded as one of great consequence. What Raphael and Michael Angelo were in their own noble art, so is the novelist in word painting. Now you may say: Well, if so many writers are devoid of moral principles, and the novel is such a great teacher, what kind are we to read? Read, I would say, only those in which the truth is taught; those that teach man his duties toward God and his fellow-men; those that raise the mind from low and contemptible things to that which is true and beautiful.

At best novel reading is only a mental recreation and must be used as such. Now as no sane man thinks of spending all his time in mere amusement, neither should the enlightened student occupy his time mainly in poring over this kind of light literature. Novels have their place in letters, and when they are of the right kind it is no ignoble one, but he makes the worst possible use of them who fritters away his mental energy in unravelling plot after plot of the fascinating novel.

P. F. DANIHER, '99.

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 corre-
spondence 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.

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EDITORIAL.

When we consider the many splendid opportunities which the American people enjoy for mental culture and their active, energetic character, we are somewhat surprised and disappointed to find that America has not, as yet, produced the highest type of educated men.

The reason frequently assigned for this admitted fact,—that we are still a young nation,—is not sufficient, for as Brownson remarks, "Although we are a young nation, yet we are an old people." The true cause of this defect must be sought within rather than in outward circumstances. In no country are the conditions for high intellectual attainments more favorable. We have wealth, leisure, richly endowed universities; our people are active, ambitious, and intelligent; yet with these real advantages, all but a few enthusiasts admit, that we have no representative men who will bear favorable comparison with the great philosophers and poets of the Old World.

This failure, it seems to me, is due to the restlessness and hurry of our life, and especially to the impatience of our youth of books and mental discipline. No great mind is ever developed unless it concentrates its energies on intellectual pursuits. The average American youth lacks this quality of stability and persevering effort in one direction. His ideas are ever shifting. Unless the results of his efforts are immediate and tangible, he believes that he is working in vain. Since mental development proceeds slowly and almost imperceptibly he gives up study just when he is prepared to reap the most profit from its continuance.

The American youth is not lazy. He desires to acquire knowledge, but at the same time he longs for the freedom and independence of an active public life. He enters college with

high hopes and lofty aspirations to carve for himself a name among scholars and thinkers; but his fondness for novelty, change, and excitement soon cause him to grow weary of books and to envy the freedom of the laborer whom he sees going and coming from his daily work. The self-restraint and concentration of mind, which serious study requires, become irksome to his restless spirit. He seeks for change by going to some other college or by giving up the race for knowledge altogether.

The great work of self-culture can be accomplished by but one means—persevering effort. Intellectual and moral excellence is not inherited; it must be acquired by long and patient toil. Short methods are of no avail, and mechanical devices are powerless.

These are some of the difficulties which must be overcome by the young man who is more ambitious to cultivate his mind than to amass a fortune. To possess a great, comprehensive, versatile mind is surely worth striving for. When a young man, disciplined by years of earnest study, and moulded by the refining influence of the great thoughts with which he has come in contact, issues from the lecture hall, he is a power in life. He may never possess thousands, yet on any field and before any opponent he is a host in himself; for, talk as we will about material progress, the mind is still supreme. It is questionable whether the world is any better off or more happy with all its modern improvements than it was without them. But whatever we may think on this subject, all wise men are agreed that it is better to be learned than to be rich; or, as Bishop Spalding expresses it, better to *be more* than to *have more*.

MAGAZINES.

The American Review of Reviews for February opens with a lengthy article entitled "The Progress of the World," which is accompanied by several portraits of some of the leading public men of America. The questions treated in this paper are so numerous and varied that it would be impossible to give a synopsis of them in the space at our disposal; but there is one point which claims special attention in this article, namely, the almost total disappearance of the Republican party in the Southern

state legislatures. For instance, in the new legislature of Florida, which will meet at Tallahassee on April 4, there are 100 Democrats and no Republicans at all. Aggregating the eight or nine Southern states in which there is no distinctively local Republican district, like East Tennessee, we find about a dozen Republican legislators as against 1200 Democrats, a ratio of 1 to 100. The cause of this disproportion between the two political parties, the writer thinks, must be attributed to the hideous wrongs perpetrated by the North upon the South during the reconstruction period. The North was full of good people who meant to do what was right, but it seems their good intentions did not prove advantageous to the Southerners. The carpet-bag Republicanism that robbed and outraged the Southern states for a few years, sustained as it was by military occupation, affords an explanation of the dislike which is entertained for the Republican party in the Southern states. "Current History in Cartoons," with reproductions from American and foreign journals, presents in a striking and humorous light certain views of the chief topics of the day in various countries. "Aguinaldo: a Character Sketch." In this paper the writer, whose name is not given, would have us believe that Aguinaldo deserves to be placed on the list of great men, side by side with Napoleon, Gladstone, Bismarck, Disraeli, etc. It is quite evident that this writer, who is doubtless a Freemason, is more anxious to damage the characters and reputations of the religious authorities in the Philippines than he is to defend Aguinaldo, concerning whose parents there appears to be as much mystery as there is concerning the parents of Melchisedek. As to Aguinaldo's acquirements and abilities, there seems to be a conflict of opinions. Some say he is a fine linguist, while others say he has only a smattering of the languages which he pretends to speak. One thing, however, is quite certain, namely, that "Uncle Sam" will have to keep a sharp eye on him, or else he may cause him considerable trouble in the Philippines. "The Signal Corps of the Army in the War," by Henry Macfarland, gives an account of the work done by that body during the late war, in managing the military telegraphs, telephones, and balloons, besides the flag-signaling, which the writer thinks has not been sufficiently appreciated. William Howe Tolman contributes an article on "Some Volunteer War Relief Associations," in which he concludes that a study of the volunteer relief associations shows, (1) the absence of petty rivalries and jealousies,

and the willingness to do whatever would accomplish results; (2) the need of immediate relief of actual physical suffering in camp and hospital excuses actions that could justly be criticised in the calm of peaceful times; (3) a necessity for business methods and a complete record of actual results, in order to economize time and effort in meeting another similar emergency. After the work of relief has been done, the best organization should be made to serve as an object-lesson on how to do effective work again; (4) the nucleus of some kind of an organization should be continued, for the sake of its administrative machinery, so that the collective piety and sympathy of the entire country can instantly be vitalized for any phase of urgent relief; (5) that materialism and greed were not superior to altruism and patriotism, as expressed in social and personal service.

The *Rosary Magazine* for February contains several useful and equally interesting articles, but it is somewhat difficult to select those which merit special notice. The memorial addressed by the religious orders of the Philippines to the Spanish government is given the first place in this issue. It is a dignified and well written document which exposes to the world the base slanders which have been circulated against them by their enemies, who are principally Freemasons. The preface to the memorial, by Father Coleman, O. P., fully explains the causes which led to the issue of the memorial. Teresa Beatrice O'Hare under the heading of "People I Have Met," gives a sketch of the home life of Eliza Allen Starr. Her home, she tells us, is like herself—charming and restful, inspiring and genuine in its artistic beauty—no skeletons, no shoddy, no sham. It is named St. Joseph's Cottage, and like a quiet haven in a great sea it shelters its perfect mistress, and defies the waves of shoddyism, false principles, coldness, and indifference of money-grabbing Chicago. "French Women of the Old Regime," Under this title appears the second of a series of papers in which we are given a vivid description of the horrible atrocities and butcheries committed in France during the Reign of Terror, on reading which one cannot help asking himself—is it possible that such things have been enacted in a civilized country? However there is a bright side to this bloody picture; for while we are filled with horror and indignation at the cruelty, the depravity, the demoniacal fury of the Revolutionists, we are struck with admiration at the heroic fortitude displayed by many of their victims in the

face of the most severe trials; and what surprises us most is the fact that many of these are weak and delicate women who have been reared in the lap of luxury, unused to hardships of any kind; yet they have faced their doom with hearts undaunted, with unshaken faith in God who had given them the grace and the strength to endure such things.

Donahoe's Magazine for February, opens with "The Diplomatic Corps at Washington," by Virginia Tatnall Peacock. This paper contains some interesting information concerning the representatives of the various nations of the world at Washington. The other papers of any note are Robert Emmet, by Katharine Tynan; Effects of Religion in Europe in the Middle Ages, by H. M. Beadle. The aim of the writer of this last paper is to show how the principles of Christianity influenced the laws of Europe and the customs of the people of the middle ages. To show how beneficent that influence was he gives the following quotation from Prof. Thorold Rogers' "Lectures on the Economic Interpretation of History" which is instructive, especially as Professor Rogers was a member of the Church of England. It is: "My studies have led me to conclude that though there was hardship in this mediæval life, the hardship was a common lot, and that there was hope, more hope than superficial historians have considered possible, and perhaps more variety than there is in the peasant's lot at the present time.

A. L. O'S., '99.

PERSONAL.

—Mr. J. H. Nawn, '96, has returned to the college to continue his theological studies. Owing to ill health he was obliged to leave Baltimore, where he had been pursuing his studies for the past six months. Baltimore's loss is our gain. Mr. Nawn has for a number of years been the ornament and pride of St. Viateur's College stage, and we look forward with lively anticipations of pleasure to his personation of "Hamlet," the play which the Thespians are preparing for St. Patrick's Day, March 17.

—Mr. Hayden, Symerton, Ill., spent a pleasant half day recently with his two sons, Daniel and William, of the Senior department. We were glad to hear from Mr. Hayden that his son, Martin, who was obliged to leave the college on account of ill

health, has almost fully recovered. Mr. Hayden was accompanied by Mr. Smith.

—Mrs. Bourke, Chicago, visited her little son, John, of the Minim department one day last week.

—Mrs. Woodman, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Levitt, all of Chicago, were among our welcome visitors during the past month.

—Alderman Hildreth, Chicago, spent a day at the college in the first half of last month visiting his nephew, George, of the Senior department. During Mr. Hildreth's stay he gave the students a very interesting and instructive talk on "Self-reliance." We hope it will not be the last time we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hildreth.

—Rev. R. Flynn, formerly of Bloomington, Ill., has been transferred to Ohio, Bureau county, Ill., to assume charge of that parish. We congratulate Father Flynn on his appointment. Father Flynn was at one time a member of the college faculty.

—Mr. Frank Reilly enjoyed a very pleasant half-day recently with his mother at Reddick, Ill.

—Senator Butler, Chicago, was one of the welcome callers at the college last month. He expressed himself as well pleased with the progress his son Frank is making in his studies.

—Mr. J. Burns, '95, of Co. L, Third Illinois, who was recently mustered out of service, was the guest of the faculty recently. Mr. Burns' personal appearance has much improved since his return from Porto Rico. Mr. Burns thinks that if the opinion of the privates were asked as to the "Bad Beef Controversy," there would be no difficulty in deciding the question.

—Mr. Lynch, Chicago, visited his son Philip, of the Junior department, one day last month.

—Mrs. Lindner, Chicago, made the heart of her little son Ernest glad by a short visit.

—Messrs. J. Armstrong and P. O. Connor, who recently recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia, have returned to the college after a short visit to their homes to recuperate their strength. The two young men are now in perfect health and have resumed their studies.

—Mrs. Quinlan, Chicago, visited her son Raymond, of the Minim department, not long since.

EXCHANGES.

In general the February exchanges are lacking in merit and below the ordinary standard. Perhaps the Christmas and New Year's numbers have exhausted the productive powers of the contributors. We hope that the March publications will redeem the deficiencies of the preceding month.

Among the old friends upon our table whom we often appreciate, yet are very seldom compelled to criticise, is the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Its issue for February 11, contains an article entitled, "The Piano Recital," which could be profitably read by every one. It is a talk upon the structure, and interpretation of some of the famous creations of the great masters, and all who are acquainted with music will acknowledge the truth of the assertions of the lecturer.

The stories and verse in the *Crescent* are admirable and worthy of publications of greater note.

The *Centre College Cento* is excellent throughout. The essay, entitled "A Remarkable Period in the History of a Modern Republic," is especially commendable.

The *Holy Ghost Bulletin* is a praiseworthy paper. Its pages are not occupied with sentimental "trash" like so many of our journals. Its contents are both instructive and interesting. Its criticism of Chaucer and Refutation of Scepticism are its mainstays for February, and are both deserving of much credit.

The continuation of "A Chat About Orators" in the *Mt. Angel Banner* is not bad; but there is nothing else laudable in that paper.

VIATORIANA.

—Six fares, please!

—Oh! the valentines!

—See here, you'll break your back.

—You can keep them blame points.

—Say, J.—please—where is my hat?

—"Oh, Regina, why hast thou abandon me!"

—It's no use; I can't beat K—; he's too good.

—What do you expect in this scientific atmosphere?

—Prof.—Who was the hero of Thermopylæ?

Confident Student—Why, Thermopylus himself, of course!

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

—Under the auspices of the Athletic Association a very pleasant entertainment was presented upon the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, February 22. The program was as follows: A farce entitled "A Race for a Dinner."

CASTS:

Sponge.....	P. F. Daniher.
Daric.....	P. W. Hansl.
Measureton.....	J. P. St. Cerny.
Robert Feedwell.....	W. A. Rooney.
Dalton.....	J. I. Granger.
Lovell.....	W. Cleary.
Frank (a valet).....	D. B. Hayden.
Waiters.....	{ L. Finnegan.
	{ C. Moran.
Gainmen (bailiff).....	J. Patterson.

The feature of the entertainment was the elegant eulogy delivered on Washington in true oratorical style by Peter Geharty; it is deserving of much praise and admiration. It would be a matter of impartiality were we to extol any individual member of the cast, since all did more than credit to their various characters. We only regret that such entertainments are not more frequent.

One of the most pleasing, and at the same time, surprising features of the program rendered on Washington's Birthday, was the splendid music which the brass band furnished. The band was organized only a few months ago and now it has reached such a degree of perfection that it would be a credit to any institution. All this has been accomplished by the untiring energy and perseverance of Father Legris, under whose able direction, young men, who a short time ago had no knowledge of these instruments, are now become fine performers. We congratulate the band on its success, and tender our thanks to Rev. Father Legris.

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