

THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

VOL. XIII.

JANUARY, 189⁶.

NO. 5

LE ROY EST MORT—VIVE LE ROY.

The bells are sadly tolling,
The king in pain doth writhe,
On bed of death he's moaning,
Old, wrinkled Ninety-five.
His courtiers who oft drank his wine
And sought before his face to shine,
Now leave him all alone to pine,
And with grim death to strive.

But one old sage remaining,
'Tis hoary Father Time,
Who hears the king's complaining,
Nor gives him look benign.
"I gave thee all," the sage exclaims,
"But thou unjustly used the gains,
Gave life to some, to others chains,
'Tis time thou shouldst resign."

"'Tis true," the king said sadly,
"And count it to my shame,
I oftimes acted madly,
Not treating all the same.
But some would always have their way,
And recognize but passion's sway;
I'll meet them on their judgment day,
And stand against their name."

"Ah, me! What's this new danger,
When purple grows his lips,
And on a youthful stranger
His glassy eyes doth fix.
Full soon the bells the tidings fling,
Time gives the stranger crown and ring.
The king is dead; long live the king,
Our youthful Ninety-six. J. H. N.

NOTES FROM ROME.

ROME, Italy, Dec. 25, 1895.

This morning I said my three masses at St. Bernard's church. In the forenoon I went to hear high mass at St. Mary Major's, where the *culla* or crib was exposed. The music was good and the attendance also. But, such a beautiful disorder presides at all these feasts, that after all, I prefer the more solemn and not less artistic style of our American celebrations. The Italians are quite *sui generis* in their devotions. I don't entirely blame them for it, I merely note the fact.

This afternoon I visited Ara Coeli and the wonderful Bambino Gesu, and found the crib arrangement quite striking, as I did last year. The crowd was great; the children preached. Upon the whole, I was not as favorably impressed with this latter performance as I was last year. I am quite sure it was not as good as what I heard last year. These crazy Italians are so noisy, too; you could hardly hear anything; everybody was talking and laughing, etc. It is certainly a very unique sight—but they spoil it. The one hundred and fifty steps leading to the church were encumbered with venders of all sorts of little Bambinelli Gesu—“*un soldo l'uno*”—in United States, *one penny apiece*. So you see the day has been without anything particularly attractive.

December 27. Yesterday I called at the Canon's and went with him to the Cardinal's. We found him in his princely chambers, all in red; he was

very pleasant, etc., as usual. Yesterday afternoon Prof. Marruchi took us to the Roman Forum, where for three hours he delighted us with the thrilling history of these fragments of stones, shattered pillars, broken arches, mutilated statues, old inscriptions, crumbling temples, vast demolished basilicas—things that saw old Romulus himself, felt the power of Cæsar, heard Cicero, witnessed the triumphs of emperors and popes until they felt and fell beneath the hand of Alaric and his Goths. For centuries they slept in the tomb of oblivion; their modern resurrection reveals to us much of the monumental grandeur, strength, and pride of all that was Roman. When we see all these glorious things reduced to a heap of ruins we understand better that even the best of earthly things are, after all, but vanity.

We've made two very interesting visits to the catacomb of St. Callixtus with Mr. Marruchi; one to the catacomb of St. Domitilla, on the Via Ardealina. He will give us a conference here at home on the early Christian art. Then we'll visit St. Agnes and one or two of the other great underground cemeteries; after that we will visit the baths of Caracalla, the Coliseum, the old basilica of St. Clement, etc., etc. One could hardly imagine a more pleasant, and at the same time, profitable way of spending Thursday afternoons.

December 28. Today the sun is out with an extra shine, and the wind has veered to the north. The air is chilly with a taste of wetness in it. But we

have the sun anyway and that is the indispensable article, without which Rome is the dullest old farce of a superannuated wet hen you could find from here (Rome) to Tucker. Think of the beautiful statues stretching out their "swan like necks" holding forth their alabaster arms and dangling their Carara legs not in the dazzling sunshine that clothes everything (even tumbling-down ruins) in glory—but dripping, dripping from the nose as if they had no handkerchief, from the hands and feet, etc.

Sunday, December 29. This afternoon I wish you had all been with me to enjoy a scene and hear music that would have brought gladness to your souls. The occasion was the distribution of prizes to the children of the Mastai (Pius IX) night school, all poor children wearing their week day clothes because they had no Sunday clothes to put on. The scene was laid in the little church of Santa Maria del Orto (Holy Mary of the Garden) in Trastevere, *i. e.*, across the Tiber. This little church, now confiscated by the Italian government, is one of the prettiest gems of Rome; it was built with contributions of the trades, carpenters, butchers, florists, fruitists, etc., of the city and surroundings. The entire inside is covered with variously shaded marbles, with paintings and gildings and angels hovering all around with gilded festoons of flowers and grapes and leaves, etc. There are enough angels in the sanctuary alone to make a fair department of minims.

Well, it was there amidst all this

beauty—enhanced by tastily distributed chandeliers with tiny lights and cheered by the presence of Cardinal Macchi, that of several monsignori and ourselves, that the boys were rewarded. Really I was proud and grateful for the material solicitude which the church shows towards those poor children whose name is legion here in Rome. The feast was made complete by a choir of babies almost—or at most, ten years old, and very small boys from another school founded by Pius IX., for instructing boys in singing. These boys, about twenty or thirty—sang. They did not sing like boys; they sang much better than artists. I fancy the angels with their harp accompaniments alone could beat them. They sang in chorus and in duets and alone; they acted as they sang, and such gestures. *Oh les petits cranes!* Their pieces were all short and lively and faultlessly rendered. A Christian brother led them without any difficulty—piano accompanied. The other boys came after their silver medals in their poor clothes and awkward bows, and they made speeches, etc., in their own poor way. We all enjoyed everything; we applauded the boys, and, oh! how their faces beamed with delight as they went back with their little medals. It reminded me of home and our own dear boys whom we love to crown with well-earned laurels. The cardinal was very good and kind—boys were as free with him as our own boys are with us—more so, in fact. The cardinal did not speak, nor did we—!

January 1, 1896. Now I must close. I wish you all health and happiness. (I hope you will not doubt the sincerity of my good wishes; I intend to return among you this year.) May peace find an abiding place among you. I particularly wish the boys success in their examinations, semi-annual and final; to the seminarians piety and love of study. Salute very cordially for me all my friends and acquaintances.

Classes commence tomorrow—now we're on the downward and homeward slide, counting the days and the hours, *a la college* boy!

Very devotedly yours,

E. L. RIVARD, C. S. V.

JOY AND SORROW.

A bright meadow through which ran a shining silvery stream where browsing cattle slaked their thirst, and whose beautiful waters sportive fishes tossed in search of food.

Over this flower-strewn land flitted bird and bee and a heavenly incense rose from a thousand dew-laden flowers and blades of grass. One bright June morning there met on this ideal spot two beautiful maidens—one a blonde of smiling face and easy, graceful mien. The other of a darker hue, at once grave and thoughtful—her principal charm, that deep serious air as of one who always thought of the sad things to come.

Presently they speak, and she of the amber tresses, with the smile of an angel and the grace and sweetness of

a muse, extended loving greeting to her unknown sister.

Of a light, joyous, buoyant nature she laughed and smiled and did most of the talking. Her blue liquid eyes, clear as the blue of heaven's azure dome, laughed more than her lips and spoke of the sweet innocent pleasure that filled her soul. She cast her sweet eyes hither and thither and they turned laughingly back, every object being full of delight for her, since everything was gilded in the light of her sunny nature.

Then she spoke to her new friend—she had never met any like her, but she longed for closer acquaintance. She tells her name and asks that of her friend. "I," said our lovely grace, "am Joy and I go abroad to see all men, to be seen and known and loved by all. I was born with the first laugh and I live in every smile that wreaths the lips of honest men. My delight is to play around the cradle of the babe and I follow childhood in all its little wanderings. I spend a whole lifetime with some big people and sometimes the world does not know these—and even very old people claim much of my time. I travel everywhere. I am cast smiling across the heavens with morning's first beams; I go laughing down the rivulet and sweet caroling birds echo the joyous notes of my silvery voice. In spring I possess all things. I am nature's queen, my throne the heavens, and all earth my dominion. In gladness my days go fleeting on, and night's calmness is but my sweetness in repose. And now, dear friend, though you are a stranger I long to

know you—for of all earth's creatures you are the single one I do not know."

"My name," said the solemn, stately stranger, "is Sorrow. I have heard of you, and I candidly avow that I have always sought to avoid you. But since we thus meet and your strange manner fascinates me, I would know more of you.

"But first I shall tell you something of myself. I was once the bright, happy spirit that stood near the great Tree of paradise, mine the duty to guard that simple, yet mighty tree. I was then as light and airy as you; my voice as sweet, and an angel's eye could emit no softer beam. I was to guard that tree and warn all to taste not of its fruit. In a thoughtless moment I wandered from its shade and when I returned found my precious treasure despoiled. I saw that all things had undergone a change, and that I, too, had suffered a transformation in that dreadful interval.

Then a voice I knew—and which had ever been kind and loving—chided me for my neglect and with bitter reproach condemned me to pursue forever those who would be affected by the consequences of my fatal neglect. So I was condemned to haunts of sin and vice—whose votaries I pursue with an ardor that never cools and a purpose that is fiendish. Nor do I lose any chance to torment the good. If I see a mother suffer the loss of a husband or child, or the perversion of either, near her I hover and paint in the blackest colors the scene in which she moves. Even those who have sought to lead the best lives, who have

done most for God and perhaps are closest to Him, do not escape my dreadful and discouraging presence and all the world feels that I shall never forget my first trust and its fatal results, nor shall I ever miss the chance to haunt the last descendant of that one who took advantage of me and brought ruin on us both and on the world alike."

There was a determined ring in the closing words of this speech, begotten of despair, but it marred not the peace of her who heard it, and if anything her face seemed to light into a smile more kindly and love filled her soulful eyes. "My dear sister, what a sad fate is yours, and your painful history moves my heart. Let me say one kind word of heartfelt sympathy; let me but once touch your sad face, and you will forget your many trials and the hateful remembrance of man that now fills your soul."

Sorrow was touched; never in her pilgrimage had a word of sympathy been spoken to her, nor did she think that such a thing existed. She waited. Joy caught one glance of her dark mournful eye, a thrill shot through Sorrow's soul; she was spellbound. Joy grasped her hand, soon bound her in loving embrace, was about to speak of love and cheerfulness, when the dark eye of Sorrow lit up—an unnatural change seemed to come over her. She was no longer a burden. Joy noted the transformation, was prepared for it; saw that her touch was too great to be withstood; that what it could not cure it must annihilate; and she watched the process go speed-

ily on, as Sorrow, now so restful, became gradually less and less, until her final dissolution came, co-equal with the first touch of earthly gladness. Joy was then alone. Violets and buttercups, wild roses and daisies, looked on in wonder. They had seen many things that men never notice, but they had never witnessed anything so delightful as this great meeting of Joy and Sorrow. One modest flower spoke to the others and explained what they did not understand. He told them that men did not understand this passing away of Sorrow; they would not believe it, and that, being still haunted by its "ghost," they would be as greatly tormented as if face to face with the reality. —M.

INDUSTRY.

The word means a good deal, but it is often sadly misrepresented in application. The term is more frequently employed than either necessity or truthfulness requires. An illustration will prove the exactness of what is here advanced. The discipline, for instance, prescribed by the summons of a bell, so arranges time and divides the duties of a day, that though a man may be said to be engaged, yet he cannot be strictly said to be industrious.

To be industrious, in the full sense and spirit of the word, signifies an earnestness of purpose, a deep preoccupation and concern, a live activity wholly foreign to the every-day life of many men. Habits of diligence, it

may be observed, will make people do things in an orderly manner.

Years and a sensitive conscience will prescribe a certain round of duties to some, whilst to most men a keen desire of success and reputation will suggest careful preparation where its absence would entail inevitable failure. In general, more people than acknowledge the fact, have spare time, and the "I'm busy" so often heard from old and young, is not only a misnomer, but in many cases a downright excuse for indolence and neglect. No man need accuse his neighbor of wasting his time if the details of preparation tell in his work and the evidences of application and earnestness shine in increased progress, in zeal for fresh endeavor, or, the benefit of new intention.

No man need complain of his help or his assistants if the task assigned them has been well performed, if their obligations have been fulfilled, and their side of the contract has been ratified by diligent and timely exertion. Withal the truths stated above remain indisputable, "industry" is often misapplied and the term is frequently used regardless of necessity and honest speech.

Industry, it is certain, always finds something to do, and it is wonderful how much economy and system, aided by patience and perseverance, will accomplish in a short space of time. The trouble with very many persons seems to be that they fail to possess or even seek to acquire these excellent properties. A live man of business, an earnest professional man, whether

minister, lawyer, doctor, or editor, will say at once, and truthfully, "I'm busy," or "I'm not." That he is, the examination, the precision, the abundance, the skill, and the perfection of his work will confirm.

That he is not, his general good humor, his disposition to be useful or agreeable, to find some means of recreation for himself or others, his intelligent, instructive conversation, his unbending from his usual stern gait, his condescension will prove. Whether industrious or not, in either case he has not lied, and his apt words, his energetic manner, and his silent work deserve praise. Why do not all business and professional men cultivate the same candor, the same generous disposition? The answer is easy. An ounce of reflection will suggest it, nor need one be a genius to approve after finding it. Will the average worker in any walk of life pretend that he does as much in his line as Cardinal Manning, who without neglecting any of the duties of his office found time for a hundred things else; and at an age when most men rest from their labors was able to give to the world publications vigorous in thought, replete with doctrine, chaste, and elegant in diction. His predecessor in the see of London, with all the cares of his jurisdiction, wrote the masterpiece "Fabiola," in his moments of leisure. A hundred examples might be cited illustrating what "industry" really means, and *per contra* what the assertion void of fact signifies. Illustrations of genuine industrious activity abound in our country. The

church, the state, all the professions have had and have their industrious men. In the first rank of churchmen might be mentioned Hughes, England, Lynch, Spalding, and Kenrick of Baltimore, Dubois, Purcell, and hosts of others. Seward, Evarts, Edmunds, O'Connor, Bayard, Butler, Lincoln, Douglass, and Cleveland will do for the army of industrious, active men in their calling and profession.

All ranks and professions have their industrious bees, yet the drones will sometimes get into the hive. The uninitiated might fancy they made the honey. But the knowing ones are not deceived. Comparisons are odious, for they interrupt some one.

It is easy, adds someone else, to moralize and teach *ex cathedra*. It is not half so easy as making excuses, and much more difficult since sound sense and strong arguments are in support of facts. Only one proposition will stand on a plane with "I'm industrious," and that is, "I'm not."

If the first is true, then honest, abundant, original, careful, constant work will speak louder than mere words. If the second is true, then what about spare time?

WHEN WE CAME BACK.

When we came back,
With many a plug and many a pack,
We thought not of the sure attack
That would follow, on our little stack,
When we came back.

When we came back
Our heads seemed as if they'd crack;
And oh! the pain that did them rack;
Some got out and walked the track,
But they got back.

—The new laureate.

THE ADVENT OF PEACE.

“O tell me of the grace of God,
 How it comes in!”
 A rose-bush, climbing from the sod,
 Its bloom—akin
 To flush of dawn—full softly, undismayed,
 On the chill pane, my window’s barrier
 laid.

“O Love that naught repels, how free
 We ope to thee!”

The grace of God! I thought and wept.
 Then, o’er the vale,
 A silver mist in silence crept;
 And violets pale
 And weary grasses lifted happy heads,
 The parched plains and dreary water-sheds
 Did all rejoice. “Would, Heart of mine,
 Such joy were thine!”

“The grace of God. And does it meet
 Our every need?”
 His sunbeams, sent in answer sweet,
 Touched every reed
 Aquiver in the desolate morass
 With points of gold, nor once did overpass
 The finest stem. Grace crushed with
 good
 My doubting mood.

“That grace, O God! can it forgive
 My sin and shame?
 And in its sweetness may I live
 To thy great Name?”
 A far sea-splendor overswept my soul,
 Filling each poor rock-cranny in its roll
 With calm, like that where depths begin,
 His grace came in.

—*Caroline D. Swan in Sacred Heart Review.*

A FRIEND OF THE YOUNG.

In the death of “Amber,” (Mrs. M. E. Holden) of Chicago, youth has lost another and a very dear friend. Following so quickly that of Eugene Field, the “children’s laureate,” it has left two vacant places not readily filled.

There are writers with all sorts of purposes, high and low, but those who make special efforts to reach the lowly and the innocent are few. What nobler end could one propose to himself, than to assist and comfort those who need his help most. The needy ones are chiefly those who are cast down and wearied by sorrow; or the young and helpless, who have not yet reached the age to realize their wants, much less to attend them.

Both these had two able defenders in “Amber” and Field. Each had reached an age when sympathy was most likely to be fullest and of an active, energetic, and intelligent kind. Both had used the newspapers to reach their readers, though Field had not confined himself to that sphere, and through this great modern medium had a vast audience and one which greatly needed the help of sympathetic and soulful writers.

The press of today, with its multitudinous variety of reading, embracing every subject, healthful and otherwise, needs some saving element to remove its many poisonous shafts from the hearts of tender ones, too often its regular readers. Youthful readers found one such saving helper in “Amber,” and who shall say what great consolation the grown people derived from a perusal of the beautiful and elevated thoughts of this same writer? Once tossed by poverty and at the same time a lover of the young, a highly gifted soul, she knew the wants, the dangers, the trials and afflictions of all classes, and had a tender word for some as she

often sounded a note of warning for the others.

Thousands looked daily for her "string of beads," and what priceless pearls they found therein. Speaking once of a railway disaster, she muses thus: "Let such things teach us a lesson of tolerance and patience and love. Death is an enemy who shoots oftenest from an ambush; he is an archer who loves to take aim from unexpected coverts, and his victims are too often unprepared for the swift arrow that lays them low. Let us see to it, as mothers and sisters, that if the dear boys we love leave us tomorrow morning not to return again at night, that we have no bitter memory to add to the poignancy of an unalleviated regret. We will never be troubled with the thought that we have been over-patient, over-tender, and over-fond; but oh, the bitter memory that shall abide with us in that unhappy time, if we have been mean, snappy, and unsympathetic."

Of a vivacious, impressionable nature, she was terribly alive to oppression as she was to those who caused unnecessary pain: "The ill-temper that leads a mother to whip her baby or a father to thrash his boy; the brutal lack of self control that causes the teamster to kick and pound his horse, or the head of the family to froth at the mouth because things do not go to suit him—all these phases of temper work disease in heart and brain and end in moral and mental death."

While "Amber's" works lay no claim to striking originality, they have a sparkle and newness about them that

bespeak the pronounced individuality of the writer as they show also one who seemed moved as by a mission to men. Of a sunny, buoyant disposition, her friends were legion—those loved her best who knew her most intimately. Her last hours were marked by a submissive patience. Her last lesson was the most sublime she sought to teach men.

The great city which has suffered such a loss within two months feels it deeply. With all its mad rush for money and its loud boast of progress, Chicago has a sincere love for its literary princes, of whom it shelters not a few, and its appreciation was duly noted and reflected in the two favored writers whose pens are now laid by forever.

The journalistic field offers a rather dreary and monotonous existence, with no promise of fame, hence the slim chances of futurity to those who reach the public in its pages. But while "Amber's" work may not endure, she will claim a place in the affections of those she cheered and her kind words will long echo in the hearts spurred to good and lofty deeds by their tender sympathy and persuasive power. —M.

THE ULTIMATE MOTIVE OF CERTITUDE.

From the earliest dawn of philosophy there have been men who doubted about the existence of people and things about them. Absurd as this may seem, it is nevertheless a fact. Even in this, our extolled nineteenth century of progress and civilization,

there are some who take pride in calling themselves universal skeptics. But are they, in reality, what they profess to be? They affirm that they doubt about all things, and yet this very affirmation shows that they are certain of some things. They must have certainty concerning the fact of their doubts, otherwise they could not affirm. Moreover, from this very assertion they admit their knowledge of doubt, of certitude, of affirmation, and of negation. If then they are certain of something, it follows that their position rests on quicksand and that their assertions are absurd. Common sense and daily experience confirm the existence of certitude. All sane philosophers admit it and it needs no further proofs. Admitting, then, the existence of certitude, we have made a great stride on the path of investigation.

This truth is of immense importance, for in the question of certainty are involved all philosophical questions. Admitting that we can acquire certitude concerning many things, and that there are means for acquiring this, the next difficulty will be to trace out the ultimate motive of certainty.

Concerning this there are many theories. Some assert that it is the general consent of mankind; others that it is divine revelation. Neither of these can be called the ultimate motive of certitude. This will appear evident from a consideration of the characteristics of the ultimate motive. In the first place, the criterion should be intrinsic or inherent to the mind, for if this criterion were not intrinsic to the mind, the mind should first know this

criterion and should have certitude concerning it, in order that it may use the criterion as the rule and standard of truth. But neither the general consent of mankind nor divine revelation are intrinsic to the mind; in fact, they both are extrinsic criterions, or in other words they suppose the knowledge of many other truths. For example, before laying any stress upon general consent, we must have certitude concerning our own existence, as also that of other men; we must be certain that all agree in admitting the same truth, and lastly that we are not deceived in our perception of this general consent. Hence, if the general consent of mankind suppose the knowledge of all these truths, it is evident that it cannot be the ultimate motive of certitude.

The same line of reasoning may be pursued in reference to Divine Revelation as a criterion. For it presupposes our certainty the following truths—of the existence of God—of Revelation being His word—of the necessity of believing in Him. Therefore we must set aside Divine Revelation and general consent of mankind as the ultimate motive of certitude, for other truths must be admitted before we come to them. What, then, is the ultimate motive, or are there several principles which, when combined form the ultimate motive? Let us examine the question.

There are three great principles, which, for centuries, have divided philosophers. These are—the principle of Decartes or that of existence—the principle of contradiction, and lastly, the principle of evidence. Each of

these is considered as fundamental by its own body of adherents and each is supported by strong arguments.

With regard the principle of existence they argue thus: They say that if we are not certain that we exist and think we can have no certitude of the principle of evidence. For without thought there can be no affirmation nor negation. But if we admit our existence then we have the fundamental principle, one which is intrinsic to the mind and one of which we have the greatest certitude. All this is certainly plain and reasonable, yet those who uphold the principle of contradiction bring forward equally strong arguments in favor of their statement. They claim that if you do not admit their principle you are working in the dark, for you may think and not think at the same time. Hence they say: If you do not admit the principle of contradiction as the fundamental one, your principle of existence and its opposite non-existence may be true at the same time. Therefore one may say with equal certitude — "I think therefore I am or I do not think therefore I am not." The adherents of this principle likewise reject the principle of evidence, for according to them, if there be a possibility of being and not being at the same time, then evidence is naught. We can with equal certitude affirm or deny. Hence they conclude that the principle contradiction is the criterion of our certitude.

Now we come to the third principle, that of evidence. Here again we are met by strong arguments. Those who

uphold evidence declare that upon their principle rest the two former. Their reasons are as follows: We can know the truth of the principle of contradiction and of existence only by evidence, because we perceive the impossibility of being and not being at the same time. We are certain of this from evidence. Therefore the principle of evidence is the criterion of truth and the fundamental one.

How then can we distinguish? All three seem equally true and equally false. Could not the difficulty be solved by holding that there is no one principle which may be called a criterion of truth? If we were to take the three principles combined, I think we would have a fundamental principle and a criterion. For if you deny one the others seem to be of no avail. This is the only way out of the difficulty, for in seeking the ultimate motive of certainty we do not look for a principle, or a set of principles, from which all others flow, but we endeavor to find a principle or set of principles, the denial of which would destroy our certainty in everything. From the preceding it is manifest that the principle of existence is not the criterion. The other two are interwoven with it. The fact of existence cannot be proven from reason. Daily experience teaches us this truth. We know it by the evidence of our senses, and the principle of contradiction confirms it.

Nor can evidence alone be the test of certitude, for it presupposes the power of perception, the principle of existence, and also that of contradic-

tion. What would all the evidence in the world amount to were we not sure of our existence, or if we were in doubt as to the impossibility of a thing being and not being at the same time. Granting, then, the facts of our existence and of evidence, how can I be convinced that evidence contrary to that which I perceive may not also be true. Without the principle of contradiction I cannot and I must always be in doubt. And again, of what avail is this principle without existence and evidence. Without existence it is useless to me; without evidence I cannot believe it.

The conclusion then to be drawn from this is that there is no one principle which alone would serve as a criterion of truth—but that the three principles supporting each other form a fundamental one which is the ultimate motive of certitude. One cannot stand without the others, and their value as a criterion depends upon their union.

MAN'S WANTS.

There are very few people in the world who are content with their present condition and who do not pine for what they have not. It has been said that a certain amount of discontent is necessary to ambition, but if we consider all the things we would wish to have we must conclude that we have no lack of ambition. In spite of the fact that a bounteous Providence provides for us, there are many who are without those things which would enable them to live comfortably and to enjoy life. Many of our wants are

only imaginary, for, in the hour of despondency we are apt to think ourselves the most wretched of God's creatures, and to compare our lot with those of our more fortunate neighbors, carefully avoiding any comparison with those whose condition is even worse than ours, and who perhaps look to us as specially favored. It very often happens that a man's wants are his best friends; they teach him to be industrious, to work for a purpose, and render it necessary for him to shun evil associations.

I have already said that many of our wants are simply the effect of imagination, but apart from those, there are many which are real. We want the means to live; we need a place to turn to as our home, we would be miserable had we no hope of a future life and the means of preparing ourselves for it; we need medical skill in time of sickness, and the comfort of friends when the clouds of despair gather around us and shut out all light of hope.

As for a desirable condition in life, I must say I can not solve that question. I have never yet heard of a man who would exchange places in life with another without stipulating some conditions, some faults or defects of the other he would wish to be without.

We need, no doubt, many, very many things, but we are not always certain as to just what we do want, nor is it to be expected that the majority ever will be. Emerson sums up man's wants thus:

“Can anything be so elegant as to have few wants and serve them one's self? Parched corn, and a house with one apartment, that I may be free from all perturbations, and that I may be serene and docile to what the mind shall speak, and girt and rood ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or goodness, is frugality for gods and heroes.”

S. M.

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.

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EDITORIAL.

The semi-annual examination begins Monday, January 27, and will be completed in about a week. Due notice having been given of this there is no need of urging pupils to make the necessary efforts to appear to advantage in a contest that means a great deal for them.

In the midst of her war-scared England has found time to appoint a successor for Tennyson and Wordsworth. Of course one holding the office, is not a poet by the fact of his position, nor can those who confer the honor, give the genius. Still there is not much required for an *official* poet and the best ones did not show to advantage, when mindful of benefits, they ought to sing the praises of the powers that be. Many thought the office of laureate, in view of the distinguished poets who held it, and who just now, could not be replaced, ought to be allowed to lapse. They will in all probability continue to be of the same mind.

Many things in one's daily life go to shape one's destiny, or plainly speaking, to prepare one for a certain career in after life. That which we are to do or to be in future years is all important, and one should give the subject much thought, as he ought also to seek the advice of older heads. When one has found that he is inclined to follow a certain calling, and that he has so thought and felt for a long time, he ought to be very slow to change, except for very grave reasons. Many do, and spend long years in useless regret for so acting.

Be slow to change. Violent changes speak not of order, and order ought to mark every step we take in life. It is not wise to think that one can afterwards correct the evils of a hasty change. He cannot, except with loss and confusion to himself. He must also meet and explain the objections of those who will always be found to oppose any good move he may wish to make. A thousand obstacles may later on be placed in his way, and these he may never be able to surmount. Now he is master of the situation. He is in a position to further the end he had in view; he will lose time by a change, and must needs start as a beginner in a new field. Who will say that one that changes suddenly will be constant in a new sphere? Beware of change, except for the gravest reasons.

They are few indeed who love work for its own sake. Thousands toil cheerfully on day after day, doing that which necessity or agreement urges

them, but at the expiration of the time agreed on, or the finishing of the task in hand, labor ceases and effort is over till need again prompts.

A great many are constantly moving and accomplish very little, because they lack method in their work or misapply their energies. Only the few love work and know how to get much from their labors.

Man is by nature indolent and hopeful. He loves rest and change and he shirks the sameness and weariness of protracted doing. Sanguine to the last, he feels certain there is a good day coming, and that the morrow will bring the many things hoped for, or that at least what he *could* do today he may safely put off till tomorrow. We are often reminded that "procrastination is the thief of time," but we sit idly by and let that thief rob us daily, not of gold or jewels, but of the precious moments in which we might procure that which surpasseth all things—knowledge.

Preferring as he does the good and true, though too frequently mistaken in his choice, man sins more by omission than commission, and that which will bring him most remorse in after life is no doubt his abuse of time, loss of those golden hours wherein he might have laid up treasures that would give power and happiness on earth, as they would also pursue him to the after life.

How blind we are and how vain will be after regrets! Such splendid opportunities, so few things to distract us in the pursuit of knowledge. Time is said to be a healer of all wrongs, but it cannot heal the wounds men in-

flict on itself; it rather holds up to those who wound it, its scars, reminders of the ungrateful returns men have made for free gifts, and great ones.

OBITUARY.

JOHN J. MARX.

January 6, a message was received stating that John Marx was dead. This sad news was wholly unexpected, for, although he had left the college to go home a few days before the holiday vacation, feeling indisposed, yet all his many friends expected to see his cheerful face again when classes would be resumed after the holidays. As the sad news was told among the students on their return from vacation, a cloud of sorrow seemed to hang over the school, for it was hard to realize that from among their circle of college acquaintances one was gone forever.

Shortly after arriving home he began to grow much better, and but a few days before his demise wrote to a friend that he was almost well and expected to be out in a very short time. But the will of Him who rules the lives of men was different, for when the young man thought himself almost entirely well a relapse came in the form of brain fever, superinduced by typhoid pneumonia, and on the second day of the new year he peacefully passed away.

There were few students whose presence would be missed more than that of Mr. Marx. To those who knew him well he was always found to be a true and loyal friend, ever ready to cheer

the downcast and lend a helping hand to those in trouble. As a student he was diligent, always ranking among the first in his classes, and at all times found conducting himself as a thorough gentleman. He loved the societies to which he belonged and took a deep interest in their affairs and progress, always fulfilling well the tasks assigned him and trying to make each and every undertaking of the society a success. If we were to judge the prospects of a future for this young man by his past years at college we would certainly say that he was preparing well to enjoy a bright and most successful life.

The funeral was held on the 5th of January at his home; four of the pallbearers being his schoolmates, Messrs. John New, and C. Murphy, of Lemont, R. Banks and R. McDonald, of Willow Springs. On account of the suddenness of his death only a few of his friends from Chicago and elsewhere knew it in time to be present at the burial; among these were Messrs. C. J. Quille, Chas. Schneider, and R. Hildreth, of Chicago, and Rev. T. J. McCormick, C.S.V., of the college.

At a special meeting of St. Patrick's Society of which John Marx was a member, appropriate action was taken on the sudden calling away of one of its members and a committee composed of the following members, Messrs. O'Dwyer, O'Reilly, and Logan were appointed to draw up resolutions of condolence. The following is a copy.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Heavenly Father to take from earth

our esteemed fellow member, John J. Marx, and

WHEREAS, We have ever found him a genial companion, a diligent student and member, devoted to the best interests of our society; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we humbly submit to the rulings of divine Providence, we, nevertheless, feel painfully the affliction of our companion's untimely death, and tender our most heartfelt sympathies to his grief-stricken family. It is further

Resolved, That these resolutions be inscribed in the minutes of this meeting, that they be printed in THE VIATORIAN, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

FRANCIS O'REILLY,

JAMES O'DWYER,

EDWARD LOGAN,

L.

Committee.

REV. P. J. HICKEY.

On the beautiful feast of Christmas, when the chimes of a hundred steeples rang forth glad tidings of great joy, the angel of death read the last summons to Rev. P. J. Hickey, '85, and a short and active career was ended.

Father Hickey was about thirty-five years of age, ten of which had been spent in the ministry. He was ordained a priest June 16, 1885, at the Church of the Nativity, Bourbonnais, in company with several other students of this institution. Shortly after ordination he was sent to St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, where he spent about two years, whence he was transferred to South Chicago, and remained there till some few months

before he died, when he was appointed pastor of the church at Sycamore, and was in charge of that mission till his death.

Realizing his weakened condition he was about to start on a journey to the South when the sad call came. He was resting at his old home in South Chicago and died there.

His funeral took place Dec. 27, and was largely attended by his fellow clergy. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery, Chicago.

May he rest in peace.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

"A Century of Catholicity," "The Retreat of St. Etheldrera," "A Study in Shakesperean Chronology," and "Old-Time Temperance Societies," are among the leading articles in the *Catholic World*. Mr. Maurice Francis Egan gives a quite lengthy and favorable review of what he is pleased to term "A Much Needed Book," a history of the Roman Catholic church in the United States, by Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, professor of church history in the Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

Most people in this country think that no man should be elected a third time as president of the United States. Still the strong case presented in *Donahoe's Magazine* by Hon. Michael D. Harter, favoring Cleveland's election for a third term is almost irresistible. Richard Olney is the recipient of very kind words from an admirer. "St. Anne d'Auray," "The Spoiler in Florence," are good articles, and there

is a bit of very interesting history in "The Reasons for Gen. Hooker's Resignation," by M. E. H. "The Atlantic Cable Station" and "The Mound Builders of America," the third of a series, are other very worthy features of an excellent issue.

For plain spoken and earnest criticism, one may consult the columns of the *Catholic American News*, and read the remarks of Walter Lecky. He is well able to detect and score the low and filthy book, as he is also capable of knowing and appreciating the good. While he knows how to acknowledge merit he is not given to flattery, and is correspondingly safe and reliable.

McClure's January number is a very attractive one. Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln" is continued; there is a good sketch of the late Eugene Field, with such selections as well illustrate his genial character and his great love of children. Many of the poems selected have pictures of the children to whom Field, in his characteristic way, dedicated them. "The Defeat of Blaine for the Presidency" throws light on some of the inside features of the campaign of '84 not hitherto known. It is interesting to know Blaine's appreciation of the too zealous Burchard, of the "3-R" notoriety.

The Rosary Magazine started last month an article entitled "Columbus In the Hands of Liars," by John A. Mooney. The great ravigator certainly fared badly with the aforesaid, as do likewise the liars under the fire of Mr. Mooney's scorching criticism and an accumulation of evidence, ig-

nored by the prejudiced writers he quotes, is brought forward from such unquestionable sources as must forever silence the bitter maligners of the great Columbus. Mr. Mooney's is a noble work and one well performed; in this the writer must find his chief reward—though posterity will not be unmindful of the love of truth and fairness which moved his virile pen. The second and concluding portion of "Lacroma" is as interesting as the first part, and this latter is profusely illustrated, as it is likewise filled with beautiful pen pictures by the talented writer.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review has many fine features in its last issue, among them, "Dumferline" *ye auld grey toon*, where Margaret slept and Bruce lies buried. "St. Thomas a Becket and the Zeit Geist," by Conde B. Pallen, a stirring review of the times of the St. Thomas of Canterbury, and a social study of what the writer calls the "time-spirit," the evil influence of every age, which prompts movements of wicked men, against virtue and religion. Its influence cost a Becket his life—it was in his day a move of the state against the church; it appears differently in every age, but is ever present in some phase of persecution. "Phoenician and Roman Antiquities in Spain;" controverted points in church history VII; "Through Merry England" IX; the "Teachers' Council," and the chapters making up this excellent part of the magazine, are a few of the many good things readers will find in the *Review*.

The Atlantic Monthly leads with "One of Hawthorne's Unprinted Note Books," published for the first time. The memoranda covers that portion of Hawthorne's career spent in public service as weigher and guager in the Boston custom house. These notes give some of his daily observances of things about him, but were certainly not intended by the author to be published in their present form, lacking as they do, the finish of his other works.

The following have been received from the libraries of Washington, D. C.: *Smithsonian Report U.S. National Museum*, 1893; *Proceedings of the U.S. National Museum*, 1894; *Bulletin of the U.S. National Museum*, No. 48; *Directions for Collecting and Preparing Fossils*; *Directions for Collecting Specimens and Information Illustrating the Aboriginal Uses of Plants*; *Directions for Collecting Rocks and for the Preparation of Thin Sections*; *Directions for the Collection of Minerals*. These have been forwarded through the kindness of Hon. J. G. Cannon, M. C., Danville, Ill.

PERSONALS.

—Rev. Fr. Geodfroy, late pastor of St. Paul, Canada, spent several days with Rev. P. Beaudoin, an old classmate and lifelong friend.

—Rev. George S. Kertsen, late pastor of Momence, Ill., is now in Mercy Hospital, Chicago. Owing to his feeble health he was obliged to give up parochial duties.

—The Rev. President entertained Z. P. Brosseau and friends, of Chicago, who visited the college recently.

—Rev. T. J. McDevitt has been transferred from Our Lady of Mount Carmel to St. Patrick's Church, Chicago.

—Other visitors of the month were Mesdames Shippey, Pfaff, Campion, Fereira, Wagner, and Pelletier, of Chicago.

—Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., on a recent Sunday lent his services to the pastor of Gilman, Ill., Rev. J. A. Kelly.

—The faculty received a visit from Rev. Fr. Fournier, of Manitoba, who is spending some time visiting the United States.

—Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., and Bro. Boisvert, C.S.V., made a trip to Chicago recently in the interest of the new gymnasium.

—Among the month's callers were Mrs. Parish and Miss M. Canavan, of Momence, who spent a short time with relatives and friends at the college.

—Rev. A. Labrie, late of St. George, has been transferred to Momence, Ill., and has been replaced at his former mission by Rev. Fr. Boudreau.

Rev. J. F. Lockney, Chebanse, Ill., accompanied by Rev. Bro. Dennis, C.S.C., of Notre Dame, Ind., paid the college a visit not long since. Bro. Dennis had been called home to attend the last hours of his dying father.

—Rev. Fr. Hackett, late of St. John's Church, Chicago, has been transferred to Kankakee to replace Rev. J. J. Darcy, retired on account of sickness.

—We learn that Mr. Celestine Harbour, '86, has taken unto himself a wife. We do not know the lady, but are sure that Mr. H.'s charming qualities and good taste helped him to a happy choice.

—Mr. H. H. Anderson came down from Chicago to spend a day with his daughter Edith, who attends the academy. He called at the college and spent a few pleasant hours with Father Marsile.

—We had the pleasure of a visit from the zealous pastor of Clinton, Ill., Rev. M. A. Dooling. The Rev. Father enjoys excellent health, and reports a flourishing state of affairs at Clinton.

—Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., and Rev. A. D. Granger, of St. Rose church, Kankakee Ill., were the guests of Mr. Z. P. Brosseau, of Chicago, recently, by whom they were royally entertained.

—We learn with sorrow that Rev. P. Beaudry, pastor of Joliette, Canada, formerly stationed at St. George, Illinois, is now totally blind. This sad news will be painfully received by his many friends.

SOCIETY NOTES.

St. Patrick's Society has been doing some interesting work of late. Recent debates have touched on questions

important and up to date. At the first meeting of the new year the society considered the "Three Best Books." If there be difference of opinion on the famous list of *One Hundred Books*, one need not be surprised to see queer developments in a list embracing but three. Needless to say, the Bible and Shakespeare got the vote of every member, and the controversy rested on the third book. A long list was made out by speakers, including all sorts from the *primer* to Webster's Dictionary.

At a later meeting the Venezuela question came up for discussion. It was resolved that the dispute was not one sufficient to necessitate a war. But the negative side fought so well that two of the three judges thought it was, and so voted, regardless of consequences.

The Monroe doctrine came up for discussion, and that it was well studied was evident from the well prepared speeches heard on that occasion.

The program for the first meeting of February is to consist of a "Shakespearean night," on which occasion several members will discourse on the beauties and general make-up of "As You Like It."

The Thespians have begun remote preparations for their next play, to take place March 16. The piece chosen for that occasion is "Richelieu," for which there is good talent, and the students may expect a rich treat. The play is under the direction of Mr. J. Nawn, whose qualifications for such duties are too well known to need further comment.

The play given by the Société St. Jean Baptiste during the holidays was a complete success. The young men taking part did themselves great credit and the large number who attended the *seance* were very enthusiastic in praise of the entertainment. This society also contemplates giving another play in the early spring.

The orchestra, always good, is making special efforts at present for a fine showing in the public exhibitions it will be called on to attend after the holidays. Many new pieces are being prepared under the skillful direction of Bro. Desjardins, C.S.V., and we are promised fine treats in the near future.

VIATORIANA.

—How about that euchre party upstairs?

—What I saw in Buffalo Bill's Wild West.

—If you want to get funny, I'll get funny with you.

—Water, flour, a little milk thrown in; result: *cream*.

—Say, there was a horse and buggy drowned this morning!

—Your anatomy and my head would make a great combination.

—In some debates the arguments are quite pointed, and reach all parts of the *subject*.

—"Mrs. McP," says a local story writer, "almost held her breath while Jack cautiously opened it;" a very ungentlemanly caper on the part of Jack.

- \$3.75.
- Cook.
- Roast.
- Jerry.
- O-1=2.
- Primer.
- M. P. A.
- I speck so!
- Corduroys.
- Post no bills!
- Who's a liar?
- Did he find it?
- Judge O'Toole.
- D-a-s-y—Daisy.
- Its a long siege.
- Its in the garret.
- He came quick back.
- Pop goes the weasel.
- Seventh annual tour.
- Steve wants (moore).
- Only six months more.
- Latest step, 50 inches.
- Who has a curling iron?
- He ain't my companion.
- Bob's bicycle stockings.
- He applied for a divorce.
- The curls never came back.
- It shines like a billiard ball.
- He wished he had a little dog.
- When he smiles the windows rattle.
- Did you attend the christening?
- He's loquacity itself.
- I can't not see why so.
- Spider, spider! Ha, ha!
- I can't but help to smile.
- We have some butterflies.
- I ran into a bunch of fives.
- Semi-annual examination.
- Would you like to steal me?
- Can you heat it in a vacuum?
- Charley, let the chickens out.
- It's a square with three sides.
- Wanted—in class—one quille.
- He's the opposite of a feather.
- 'Tis your name I wish to know.
- I wanted to get it into your noddle.
- He eats as if he were on a retreat.
- When did he take out his license?
- Strawberry growing on his shoulder.
- Two kinds of machines in the same room.
- Look at the cold coming in the window.
- I guess you have a hold of it by this time.
- Stand down here, ye confounded scallywags.
- I heard him coming and I dove about 20 feet. Next? 1-2-3
- He put his foot out of the window to see if the sun was up.
- Topsy is quite an elocutionist. He converses daily, on all subjects, with Mr. H. B. Alley.