p. 20

REV. J. J. CALLAHAN

One of the finest traits in Father Callahan's character was his love for his Alma Mater—Bishop Carroll.

XXIV
06-07
XXIV

THE VIATORIAN. VOL. XXXV—No. 1
OCTOBER, 1906

FAC ET SPERA.

BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

Emmett Conway, Medal Orator, Contest June, 1906.

We of the Catholic faith have long been accustomed to mingle with non-sectarian masses and raise our voices with them in paying homage to some great man who on the field of battle has brought victory to his camp or who in the council chamber has proven his ability as a statesman. We are ever among the first to extol their virtues and to assist in transmitting their names to posterity. In every land where the powerful light of civilization has penetrated there we see Catholics content to dwell among the peasantry, yet among the most loyal of the country's heroes.

But of these men whose names we revere during their lives, whose merits we proclaim and whose memory we perpetuate in glowing accounts of their bravery and ability what can be said of their moral value to the country which they serve? Can we place them upon a pedestal and say to the ambitious youth seeking advice, "Here is your model. Here is the ideal man?" In many cases we might. But unfortunately a great number who have climbed to the heights of worldly fame and success would cause the moral suicide of a nation if their examples were imitated. They have risen to success and fame at the cost of their honor, of self-respect, of all that we are taught to guard and cherish. If, then, we were to seek only for worldly greatness, regardless of cost, the result is at once obvious—ruination.

But in the Catholic Church those personalities whom the Church has seen fit to beatify and canonize must, in order to endure the severe scrutiny of their lives, have been strongholds of moral bravery and perseverence. The story of the bodily sufferings and the physical pain endured by these early Christians has been written and rewritten until now it is but necessary to refer in order to prove. But the sufferings undergone by these heroes was not that their names and deeds might be widely portrayed in modern history. No! This is what prompts worldly courage. They suffered and died because they loved their Savior, because they preferred death with a certainty of eternal happiness to life

with temporal, pagan, licentiousness! Since we are ever so prompt in our praise for deeds of worldly valor and heroism, it follows as a consequence that when we have ever before our eyes examples of the greatest moral courage the world has ever seen we should be even more demonstrative in our admiration and affection for them.

The Roman Catholic Church has beatified one whose merits and virtues I wish to extol tonight. It is Thomas More, who for his strength of character during life and his perseverance unto death has been called "Blessed." The age in which More lived was one of such fierce political movements that we who have always been content to entrust our affairs to a select few cannot conceive the temptations to be undergone by one high in power. It was the age in which he who disagreed with the king paid the penalty with his head; he whose views did not coincide with those of the sovereign was forced either to keep a judicious silence or submit to capital punishment. The malicious desires of Henry VIII. and the contemptible means he adopted to achieve his purpose are so well known that further explanation would be but superfluous. Yet while Henry wished to degrade More and display him as a horrible example before the people, we know that by his sufferings More was raised in the eyes of the Church, and by his calm, peaceful life and unjust execution strengthened the remaining Catholics of England in their faith.

In More's character we see the rare and admirable combination of the brilliant statesman and the virtuous man. His ready wit and facile pen brought hosts of admirers to his side, while his true virtue and his unrestrained justice procured the undying love of his friends and acquaintances. From his early youth until his sad end he displayed those virtues which, we are told, characterize every truly great man—piety, modesty and a desire of knowledge. Assuming this as a criterion, we may reasonably say that Moore was predestined by Providence to enjoy prominence in public life and to suffer degredation and the death of a serf. As I have said, we are ever eager to praise one who has risen to eminence in public life. But when we consider that More was born of a poor family, that while he rose in life his devotion to God, and his straightforwardness of character also increased, our admiration become unlimited.

There is a predominant trait in More's character which cannot fail to attract the eye as we glance over the pages of unprejudiced history—the boldness and fearlessness with which he opposed not only Wolsey's exorbitant demand for money, but his direct opposition to the king. Although he was but a youth, he among all the statesmen alone had that consummate nerve and that laudable courage to oppose Henry VIII. What a bulwark of moral integrity

would he be could he but live at the present day. In this age where corruption has arisen to such a state that the stench of debased politics infects the nostrils of the most isolated settler, where the representatives of the people forswear all allegiance to the cause they have sworn to support and use as stepping stones to success the honest, unsuspecting voters who have elevated them above the common level. Here would More's soundness of principle display itself even more brilliantly than in the sixteenth century. Over the waves of culumny and abuse which his envious competitors would send against him his character would rise, and by the pure light of his own soul free itself from slander and libel, which, like the barnacles of the sea, would strive to cling to him.

It seems that from his very youth More was unconsciously trained for the alluring and dangerous career which awaited him. Those books which contained accounts of monastic life were most interesting to him, and he even seriously meditated upon entering an order. But lest he should mistake his vocation and disgrace that highest and noblest of all vocations, he, like a true Christian, subjected himself in private life to those hardships and sufferings which as a religious he must undergo. In a small lodging at Charter House he daily practiced upon himself the rigid discipline of a Carthusian monk. Away from the sneering gaze of the world More by means of the long fasts, the hard bed, the shirt of hair and the scourging of his skin, he re-enacted, as much as is possible for mortal man, the sufferings of his Savior. But even as he practiced these sentiments of love, which his non-believing and uninspired contemporaries supposed to be but an excess of devotional rapture, he heard the voice of his Creator telling him to double his penance by forsaking the ascetic life he loved, and bade him face the temptations of the world. But even when at the height of his fame, when he mingled with the heads of nations in animated discussion, he never emancipated himself from the respect for asceticism which had characterized and strengthened his youthful days. Whether serving as the humble under-sheriff of London or sustaining the dignity of the chancellor, he modestly displayed his love of truth and justice and permitted his conscience to give rise to his decisions. From the seeds of chastity and purity which as a boy he had sown he now in manhood reaped the harvest of perseverance and a martyr's crown.

About the time that More was gaining distinction at the bar Henry VIII., who for his outward display of religious zeal and the eagerness with which he had answered the letters of Luther had been called "Defender of the Faith," first began to conceive the atrocious idea of divorcing his loyal wife Kathrine of Aragon. Disappointed in failing to secure a male heir to the throne, he cast aside

the teachings of the Church and not only requested that his legal wife be divorced, but trailed all fond tradition in the dust by declaring that he would marry her maid, Anne Boleyn. As he expected, his appeal to the pope was repulsed, but receiving this as a mere conventionality he proceeded with the execution of his heinious plot. More, who in his earlier years had censured the vices of power and in an unguarded moment had declared for religious tolerance in his Utopia, now attracted the machinating eyes of Henry and his political machine. The breadth of philosophical view displayed in the Utopia surpassed that of any English writer of the age, and Henry at once perceived that could he but induce More to become a factor to his party the plan could not fail. Accordingly when it became necessary to find a successor to Wolsey the king in his most affable manner, despite the protestations which More's natural modesty brought forth, caused him to be raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of England.

With the foundation of his huge scheme thus well laid Henry himself set about courting the good will of More. But the latter was not easily deceived, and while he concealed his dislike for the king's public attentions his shrewd nature and keen insight at once discovered the king's favors were not bestowed upon him without a cause. The king was often a guest at More's plebian table and even walked arm in arm with the new chancellor, who upon receiving the congratulations of his son-in-law replied: "I find his grace a very good lord indeed; howbeit I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go." Thus did More, knowing that his life might be sacrificed to the first whim of the royal head, faithfully serve his master until his conscience called a halt.

If the king expected to find in More an easy accomplice, he was sorely mistaken. So long as his services were required in extending the domains of the country, in rendering justice impartially, or in alleviating the sufferings of the poor, More responded nobly; but when the odious intrigues of the corrupt king were whispered into the ear of the conscientious chancellor all the teachings of the Church in which he believed, and the sternness and rigor with which she maintained the inviolability of the sacrament of matrimony caused him to draw back in horror and disgust. For a moment it seemed that one of his highest ideals—respect for the marriage laws—was about to be shattered, and this, too, as so many other institutions, would be changed and remodeled and develop into nothing more than a worldly custom. He thought of his own happy family, of his faithful wife, who, although the bloom of youth had faded from her cheek and the ravages of a sometimes too paltry existence had left their traces, nevertheless claimed and returned his

affections to an even greater degree than upon the day when as an unknown lawyer their unison had been blessed by the minister of Christ. And could the king, his wife chosen from the nobility of the world ,his union performed under the most auspicious circumstances, his wedded life blessed by the highest officials of the Church —could he dethrone his virtuous wife from the position which by all the laws of Church and state she should hold inviolate? And the motive? The gratification of those passions which would not only degrade Henry as a man but would bring everlasting disgrace upon the king of England. In order to satiate the inward cravings of his unrestrained passions Henry defiled his soul with sin, and, smothering his conscience, turned his face from God.

Aware of the baseness of the king and knowing that his actions might cost him his life, More determined that never by threats nor bribes would he sanction the divorce. When threatened with capital punishment he answered calmly that death had no terrors for a virtuous man, and when approached with offers of money and distinction he replied with all the power and charming eloquence of an injured soul, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Angered by the treatment of the king and disgusted with the licentiousness of the future head of the new church, More resigned the chancellorship and retired as he had entered, a poor man. But there was no peace for Henry so long as the popular ex-chancellor remained unconquered. "Either he will sanction my marriage with Anne Boleyn and salute me as the head of the Church or he shall die," was the decision of Henry. In the meantime More had been leading a simple life. Deprived of the luxuries of the opulent, but surrounded by his children and their families, to him they more than compensated for the lack of worldly goods; to him all was peace so long as he mingled with the virtuous. It seemed as though in his house Plato's Academy had again been revived, only that in the academy the discussions were turned to geometry and the power of numbers, while in the house at Chelsea all was harmonious discourse upon Christian doctrine. The ex-chancellor governed all by gentleness and amiable manners. Thus deprived of all the honors which he had so justly deserved More lived happily until the passing of the most irrational bill which ever came before an enlightened assembly—the Act of Supremacy. England had rotted to the core or never would such an intelligent people declare that master of vice, Henry VIII., the head of the Church. Again More's conscience rebelled when ordered to swear to the bill; again his heart felt heavy as he saw the downward course of the king. But never would he retract his allegiance to the true Church of Christ. They might imprison him, they might torture him, aye, they might

crucify him, but never so long as he had evidence that there was a God in the heavens would he place a leader of vice in the same light with the successors of Peter. In a torrent of rage Henry condemned him to the tower, where for thirteen months he remained imprisoned, deprived of all but the bare necessities of life and sustained by an unfaltering trust in his Maker. In the meantime the ingenuity of Henry's court was working night and day to invent some plausible accusation whereby they might execute the immutable ex-chancellor and thus remove the last obstacle in the corrupt path of the king. The falseness of several accusations were proven almost as soon as they were made; the pure soul of Sir Thomas beaming forth from the eyes which had looked with horror upon the atrocious acts of the king now shown forth with such splendor upon his calumniators that their plots were easily dispelled and the investigators put to shame.

But vice for a time often gains the supremacy over virtue; purity becomes infected with the germs of licentiousness and ere she frees herself from them evil has workd great havoc. Thus in England the voice of justice was hushed and the eyes of the people were turned to a remote part of the country while a degraded jury devoid of all conscience listened while a mercenary polluted the air with his perjury and found More guilty of treason. He who had spent the most fruitful years of his life in upbuilding the kingdom, who had spared no pains in relieving the peasants that they might remain loyal to their king, he who had demonstrated his worth in the office of chancellor, was accused of treason because he had refused to salute the agent of Satan as the Vicar of Christ! Truly the crown of England had been added to the scales of justice that they might make a semblance of rectitude. The court decreed that More should be executed, his head placed upon London bridge and his property confiscated. He who had remained firmly attached to the doctrines of the Church through all his life and had lived "among the splendors of the court without pride now perished on the scaffold without weakness." In his last moment as in his life he proved himself.

"Like Cato firm, like Aristides just," a model for posterity.

And does it not seem just that he who had suffered in silence during life and was about to die for his faith should have the consolation of re-enacting the march to Calvary. Witness him as he is about to mount the scaffold, his head bowed with grief for his family, meeting his heart broken daughter about to bid him farewell. Unmindful of his own sorrows, and thinking only of the grief which his daughter must bear, he bade her farewell, and, waiting until she had disappeared from the court yard, recommended himself to God and bent his head to the block. For a moment the spec-

tators held their breath, the axe rose, descended with unerring aim and the head of England's most noble son rolled in the dust. But when the executioner held aloft the severed head, its features palid and distorted, and cried "Thus perish the enemies of the king" no assenting voice was heard in reply. There were none to say "Amen." The slumbering conscience of the English people had been awakened by the climax of one of the most atrocious plots in history.

Thus was closed the career of one who died for the truth; thus was Henry established as head of the Church of England. More, who had lived amidst all the luxuries and splendors which the age could supply and had preserved his soul by frequent intercourse with his Creator, he who had undergone the tyranny and abuse of a profligate sogereign, died with a prayer on his lips for that king. It was not his lot to undergo the physical sufferings which was the fate of the early Christians. His sufferings and his struggles were, considering his environments, equally as severe. He is not honored as a pillar of the Church. He has been beatified; perhaps in the fulness of time he may be canonized. But if in perusing the lists of names inscribed upon the Church's roll of honor you should glance to that section wherein are mentioned the comparatively unknown but nevertheless illustrious, there you will find embellished with golden letters the name of the virtuous citizen and noble martyr, Blessed Thomas More.

Catholics in Public Life

By F. Miller, '06

It is impossible to find a religion presenting so many and attractive notes as manifested in Catholicity. The most bigoted anti-Catholic will jealously agree with me than no other religious body succeeds in binding its members together in that concordant sentiment which has enabled Catholicity to remain staunch and firm during the lapse of nineteen centuries, and by which she has dominated men and the course of events from the day of St. Peter to the day of the living Pius. The spirit that vitalizes her she infuses into the hearts of her humblest children, so that if a man be a Catholic at all he is a Catholic to the core, a Catholic while within the precincts of the church and a Catholic in his work-a-day life. He shows traits as a result of that spirit which set him distinctly apart from men of alien beliefs. Most pronounced of these traits is a sincere, deep-rooted aversion to notoriety. You never come upon a real Catholic in quest of what is called vain and empty fame; you never see him posing before the mob or making himself a public gaping stock. When you do find him high in the public estimation you will find, too, that the ground on which he stands is solid beneath him; seek further and you will find that he gained what ascendancy he has in spite of obstacles set in his way; that he has employed honest effort in gaining his end, and that just as his trust was first deserved so will it be fulfilled. The activity in which he is concerned must be praiseworthy, the motives through which he enters it are invariably sincere and honorable. A Catholic has played a leading part in nearly every worthy movement that took place from Christianity's inception to the present day. In Catholic countries, during truly Catholic times, great men lived, whose rivals, if such there will be, must yet be born.

But it would be too lengthy and difficult a task to consider in my short allotted time great Catholics of ages past. I must pass by in silence the illustrious memories of Gregory VII., Charlemagne, St. Louis of France and their fellows in fame. Nor have I time to consider living men in foreign lands. I will confine my survey to the prominence of Catholics here in America, where their numbers are small and their numerical power nothing. Handicapped as he is in our country, will it not redound most forcibly to the credit of

himself and of his mother church if he has captured a high place for himself among his fellow men?

The Catholic is beyond doubt fitted for high positions. He is, above all things, honest and trustworthy. Catholic education, old-fashioned, time-honored, if you will, but as perfect and as practical as it is old, trains intellect and will to the highest possible degree and makes the youth not only a wise and sensible man, but a moral man. Catholic institutions send forth multitudes of young men ever year as well qualified as can be any Protestant student to assume their chosen work. They are daily entering every profession, and it needs no more than a cursory glance about us to see what they are doing in the world. Take the Catholic as a lawyer. I do not think that I am proposing a wild guess when I say that at least one-fifth of the lawyers in Chicago, New York and Boston are Catholics. There is no use in reminding you of attorneys in Chicago like P. Shelley, D. Ryan, McArdle, Cummings or Dillon, nor the jurists, Cavanaugh, Gibbons and Hennesey. The supreme court of the nation contains two men of most pronounced Catholicity—Justices White and McKenna—to whose efforts may be ascribed in great part that recent decision which is aimed at the greater restriction of divorce. These two were men who carried their Catholicity with them into this tribunal, who in spite of the efforts of bigots retained their religion and got into office. In the medical world I need not mention a man of such prominence as Dr. Quinlan of New York, nor the surgeon Murphy of Chicago, whose fame reaches wherever medicine is practiced. The Catholic is prominent in commercial life. He can sport among the bulls and bears of Wall street, with what credit I cannot say, but I do say that he is somehow able to preserve his reputation unsmirched when some frenzied meddler disturbs the muddy waters of high finance, as witness the case of Ryan in the Equitable scandal. Catholic money feeds mighty industries, it supports banks and lays out great railroads. Catholic brains engineer stupendous schemes, and Catholic brawn, be it every bit as much to its credit, realizes them in the concrete. We are told that Americans are burning with indignant anger at the sway which political corruption exerts over the nation. They tell us that Americans are rising up in their wrath to unseat the grafter. Be all that as it mav. it is plainly certain that Catholics are being chosen to help further the reform. Laboring in the thrall of an unscrupulous coterie of politicians who were ever delivering her over to the enactions of unrelenting public corporations, Chicago chose in unmistakable voice Peter Dunne to give form to a new policy. The people of Jersey City searched diligently for an honest man and found one in Fagin. When President Roosevelt searches for an honest man to perform duties which require the

greatest personal integrity he usually picks a Catholic. In the coal strike of recent years Bishop Spalding headed the president's commission. Bonaparte is one of his Catholic proteges; he chose O'Neil as special examiner into the hidden operations of the beef trust.

No one will attempt to deny that Catholics hold great power in politics. Still, while we are considering them in this calling, a hard, unrelenting fact commands our attention. Of all Catholics it is the Catholic politician who most often disgraces his church. But grant that there are a few Catholics—quasi-Catholics let them rather be called—whose actions are reprehensible, can the blame be logically laid at the door of the church? Are not men of their ilk in other creeds? In fine, I ask, are they Catholics? Sometimes indeed they do profess Catholicity while they turn about and give the profession the lie by their deeds, but more often than not they are in no sense Catholics, but men who have shrunk away from their church, who are ashamed of it, who sell their God for a few pieces of silver or a paltry honor. Your Taggarts and Murphys may wear a Catholic name, but the name is the most Catholic mark they own. The true Catholic, the man, I mean, who as a Catholic is a Catholic to the marrow, who is guided by Catholic teaching, who lives a Catholic in every phase, in every shadowed side, in every hidden corner of his earthly career, is a man who can be elevated to any height and who will never betray his trust.

The Catholic layman is prominent in every walk of life, but I do not point to him as the most perfect type of the Catholic. The church takes into her own breast the noblest and the most talented of her sons. The American Catholic priest is a distinguished man. he is popular among Catholics and Protestants alike as a man of varied and brilliant attainments. His natural abilities are strengthened and polished by rigorous moral discipline and a sound education in the enduring truths of Catholic philosophy and theology, and though inbred modesty may restrain him those talents and abilities push him in spite of himself into a deserved fame. Let it never be said that Catholics accomplish little when men like Ireland, Gibbons and Spalding live and possess the respect and admiration of every sensible one of their fellow countrymen. Were these men like the Paulist Conway, like Glennon and Coppens, yes, and men whose chosen lot is that of cloistered obscurity; I say, were these men of their mettle living a more worldly life, then could America shows annals dignified by the achievements of genius such as no other nation might boast. What notice these men have excited has been great, yet it is but a mere tithe of their merited fame. It is indeed a pitv that their power should be wasted, it is to be deplored that the works of their genius should be confined to so small a num-

ber of people, that it should be unrecognized and unappreciated among Catholics themselves.

We need not be ashamed of what the Catholic has done, and yet it is probably true that he has not done all that his capabilities would warrant. Years to come hold in store high places which await him who is the youth of today. There are places today that demand men of integrity and education. Dishonest men, hypocrites and rascals are ready to step into these places and the doting old moralizers restrain the young man and tell him not to enter into business, law or politics because there an honest man has no chance! What a cowardly course! Times can never be brought to such a pass that a remedy would be vain and useless. Why then sit with folded arms when energy and a little hard work would avail to clear the dark byways through which the prominent man is forced to pass. To lay back and despair would leave free way for the evil. The honest man is needed—then let him enter the strife, let the man of sterling Catholicity contend with men of less rigid morality, with the dishonest men, and then if there be any truth in the maxim "Right conquers might," then will he conquer.

GARCIA MORENO.

By J. Walsh.

For a man in whom there is admirably blended integrity of character, power of will, an elevated genius and a fervent love of truth and justice, for one who is endowed with a brilliant and highly intellectual mind, for one who is unalterably determined in the pursuit of what is right and just, though he be buffeted again and again by adverse circumstances or the inexorable hatred of his own countrymen ,for such a man, I say, we have nothing we can give more capable of showing our appreciation of these manly qualities than our admiration, reverence and esteem.

Nor need we go back to the far distant recesses of ancient times to find such a man, to look to an Alexander, an Aquinas or a Constantine to find these sterling qualities displayed. We have such a man at the very threshold of our century, one who deserves our respect and love, and who, above all others, can be said to be the perfect embodiment of these manly qualities. I speak of Garcia Moreno.

Follow him in his appointed course. As a student he craved after learning, sought those things which required extensive fathoming and dwelt with delight on the vast, the deep. Indeed, so

great was his love of learning, so eager was he to train and to elevate his powerful intellect and to acquire a more extensive knowledge that he went outside his appointed classes and studied privately. In the University of Quito he pursued the studies of philosophy, mathematics and physics with such ardor and enthusiasm as to elicit the highest praise from his professors and the love and admiration of the his fellow students. Gifted with an extraordinary penetration, with a power of reasoning which was as vigorous as logical, with a memory so tenacious that nothing was forgotten, and with an imagination so brilliant that his very soul seemed to be on fire, he possessed an assemblage of gifts and grace which Providence awards only to a few exceptional natures.

The result of this was his determination to master everything, literature, history, the exact and natural sciences, besides eloquence and poetry, and knowing as we do of this strong resolve we can easily see why later he became such a wonderful orator, profound historian, a first rate linguist and an incomparable statesman.

A youth of such indomitable energy could not stop here; he went on. Finishing his university course, he took up that study which is the principle of national justice founded upon the laws of morality and which is rapidly destined to supersede the resort to arms—namely the law. It was here that his extensive knowledge of the classics, of history, and especially his thorough course of logic, enhanced his power in the practical exercise of his profession. Indeed so successful a lawyer did he become that he never lost a case which he undertook. Nor would he ever undertake a delicate or suspicious case.

In the case of a Spaniard of high position, who, knowing his great talent, desired him to take charge of a delicate case, Garcia Moreno read the brief and returned it, refusing to take the case in spite of the entreaties and large pecuniary rewards of his client, who lost his case and exclaimed wrathfully to Garcia Moreno, "If I have not won my case it is your fault." "On the contrary," replied the young lawyer, "You lost your case because it was a bad one." "Never mind," retorted the enraged Spaniard, "if you had but consented to defend it you would have made it good."

When the terror of the revolutionary power held the people in subjection, when the radicals, those advocates of all anti-Christian theories, which are a menace to all that is holy, all that is Catholic, began to permeate the people, when cries of liberty—liberty of thought, liberty of action, down with authority—were heard on all sides, when the theistic principles began to corrupt the minds of worldly clerics, then it was that Garcia Moreno poured forth that eloquence to which his enemies were able to make but few replies.

By his forcible reasoning and by the many articles he published

in his paper, "El Zurriago" (The Whip), the revolutionists were compelled to flee the country, and the populace now freed from the terrorizing influence of such men as Flora, Urbina and Carbo, came to recognize Garcia Moreno as their leader. If a man can slowly but surely wedge his enemies into staunch supporters by his master pen alone, must he not be endowed with intellectual qualities of a surpassing order? Ay! Garcia Moreno was a profound student, as cannot be denied, and in the few years which have elapsed since he has passed from us few, very few, if any, have shown such multifarious learning, such intellectual activity, such eagerness to fathom all mysteries or throw off what human intellect cannot comprehend.

Nor does he lay hold to this title alone. By his untiring efforts in behalf of his poor and oppressed countrymen, by the ardor and zeal which he showed in the honest administration of his office, and still more by his many acts of charity to his poor and penniless fellow men, he is without any reasonable disagreement a perfect type of exalted Christian manhood.

When Garcia Moreno was elected to the presidential chair of Ecuador he found his countrymen penniless and starving, and with that generosity so much akin to true greatness, so much akin to a true hero, he immediately signed away his salary for the relief of the poor. Thus he crowned his entrance into office by one of the greatest acts possible to be performed—self-sacrifice. He also saw that the taxes of his people were lessened and that instead of going to fill the pockets of those men the sole desire of whom was plunder and graft they reverted to the public treasury. As a result schools, hospitals and orphanages began to spring up in this land of promise. everywhere were seen marks of this man's self-abnegation and fidelity to the government he had sworn so faithfully to defend and advance. When in 1850 Urbina wished to suppress the Jesuits and had succeeded in so much as they were not allowed to teach in the University of Quito, Garcia Moreno took up their defense, and the moral courage dominant in the man now shown forth more brilliant in the cause and defense of these illustrious and zealous propagators of the faith. Some called him a fanatic for taking up their defense, but to such accusations he replied, "I am a Catholic and proud of being one, although I fear I may not be one of the most fervent, but both as a Catholic and a patriot I cannot remain silent on a question so vital to my religion and to my country."

Nor did he defend the Jesuits alone. Although by his master pen he was not able to stem the anti-Christian proceedings in the papal state against Pope Pius IX., still by his numerous productions, all of which exhibited the workings of a mind eminently active, vigorous and original, he made many of those renegade princes feel the bitter taste of shame. Ay, he deemed it an honor

to die in such a cause, and he wrote to the Holy Father, "May I be deemed worthy, Most Holy Father, to shed my blood in the defense of the church and of Christian society."

Even then the Free Masons had decreed the death of this great world factor. When his body, slashed by their daggers, lay dying on the steps of the cathedral of Quito, there came from those lips that heroic cry, "God never dies." It is thought nowadays that civilization consists not in the moral and religious perfection of a people, but solely in material progress. If this be so the life of Garcia Moreno presents one of the most striking proofs of the reverse of this dogma which can be met with in modern history. Piety in a great statesman would seem to be a singular thing. Garcia Moreno possessed piety in an eminent degree . In spite of the Free Masons and his own all-absorbing occupations he never forgot that to succeed in regenerating a people one must first sanctify his own soul. I can firmly and conscientiously say that no potentate of the nineteenth century has so completely changed the whole face of his country by his truly Christian and upright life as has Garcia Moreno. To have attained the place he has among Christian statesmen, with his countrymen unchangeably opposed to his every motion, can we but wonder that he is to be lauded. Among the legal giants who have made the laws of nations possibly none surpass this man, who had but the small state of Ecuador in which to show his power. During his life he labored incessantly to bring his country to the front of Christian nations, and he succeeded to such a degree that our most illustrious and beloved Pontiff Leo XIII. called Ecuador the "model of a truly Christian state."

When turmoil and profanation of all holy things demanded a savior, the people instinctively turned to Garcia Moreno. So great was the love his people bore him that he found it difficult to leave them. At the expiration of his third term of office he took an oath to retire into private life, and handed in his resignation to the council of deputies. When the people heard of this they protested against it with such force and vehemence that he was compelled to declare his oath invalid and again resume office. In his last term of office he showed his former powers of statesmanship intensified. During this term it was that he drew up a constitution for Ecuador planned with judicious care. It was so perfect that he sought the Pope's approval of it. But this Pope Pius refused because of its apparent impracticability. But Garcia Moreno, at all times obedient and filial to the Holy Father, returned it to the Pope saying that without his approval he would not put it in force, and refusing to erase one of the clauses which seemed to make it so impracticable. The Pope, knowing the concern of this great man for the welfare

of Christ's church, could not withhold his approval from one who had proved himself so staunch and true a defender of Christ's Vicar. As a result Ecuador was again securely guarded against all internal scheming as well as all external foes. His last official act, like his first, will draw from our hearts the deepest sentiments of admiration and love. He crowned his life by dedicating his republic to Sacred Heart and giving it the grandest and noblest name of any Christian state, the Republic of the Sacred Heart.

Recognizing as we do the greatness and grandeur of his feats of statesmanship, we cannot but be attracted by the words of his biographer, Rev. Father Besthe, "God grant the zeal of this statesman may be fertile in its results and inspire with a like zeal other men who may wish to become regenerators of their country and who may be found intelligent enough to understand and courageous enough to follow him.

If you will read the life of this great statesman I am confident you will be loud in your praise of him as a profound scholar, a true Christian, as well as a great statesman. Her noblest son, his country will ever claim him and gratefully recall the unbending Christian spirit which dwelt in a form so gentle and urbane. Let him not pass before us like the meteor and then vanish into the depths of the unseen, the unknown, but let his example be an impetus, a spur to induce others to follow in the path trod by this truly Christian hero.

As the years go by and the outlines of great and lofty characters and careers stand out pre-eminently the world at large will confess the benediction of a life like his and gladly own that if with perfect faith and hope assured Ecuador should stand and bid the far-distant generations "Hail;" the inspiration of her national life would be the sublime moral courage, the true Christian spirit, the unswerving integrity, the unselfish devotion of power to public good which were the glory of Garcia Moreno.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

By D. P. Drennan.

It has long been a mooted and at times a hotly contested question as to which is the more potent and effective element in a nation's progress—great men or high ideals. Guizot has said that an idea or principle once engrafted into the body of society is never entirely eradicated, never ceases to exercise an influence for good or evil. It may be productive only of beneficial results, and, too, it may be pregnant with results most disastrous. Again its influence may be known only to the few and its influence scarcely perceptible, yet never is it completely lost. Our age is pre-eminently one of intellective action, when ideas or principles are not suffered to lie dormant or idly float in stagnant pools, but being caught up in the whirling vortex of modern life are put to the crucial test for the time, either to run aground or to sail on majestically in their wonted course, but never are they consigned to the realms of oblivion. As it is in the intellective so, too, is it in the religious, social, political and ethical ideas. This is a time when practice must square with theory, when principles must needs be worked out to their logical conclusions in so far as they are workable. The Protestant Reformation was the seed time of many false and pernicious errors, the fruition of which is our common heritage. These have been put to the crucial test and found wanting, because builded on the shifting sands of subjectism and private judgment they could not long endure. Their glaring inconsistencies and utter inefficiency in answering the perplexing questions and coping with the difficult problems of our times is daily becoming more patent to all. And never was a time more opportune or propitious of bringing the most of our countrymen into the true fold than the present. But the brunt of this work should not be left entirely to the clergy. What is most needed to effect this purpose is a thoroughly educated,, wide-awake and strictly consistent Catholic laity.

Men actuated by motives wholly unselfish with a firm conviction of making manifest in their daily lives what in theory they profess to believe. These are needed to combat the noxious and soul-destroying elements which now abound, to quell the rising tide of infidelity and immorality, to stay the onward march of graft, corruption, peculation and venality of our public men. Energetic, competent, courageous exponents of the Catholic position and the creators of a healthy public conscience, valiant defenders of holy mother church, of home and of country. Men, and young men especially, unafraid to grapple with the questions of the hour, and

above all men of high ideal, ready to sacrifice all for principle, living embodiments, as it were, of the truth they possess.

Have we many such young men? Have we any such champions? Although there are assuredly some such as these, however their name is not legion. In the Catholic church alone is to be found the remedy for every malady with which the heart of society is now afflicted. But there is a deplorable lack of willing and capable expounders of even the rudiments of Catholic doctrine among Catholic young men of the laity. This condition of affairs surely should no longer obtain. If we are absolutely convinced that in our faith is contained the one holy, eternal and unchangeable truth, is it not our bounden duty to become acquainted with the essential attributes of that faith and make these known to our separated brethren outside the fold? If we do not this, surely we are sadly derelict in the offices incumbent on us in our position to perform.

It is strikingly manifest even to casual observers that there is today a woeful ignorance among Catholic young men of the world as regards the principal tenets of their religion. Young men who are considered well informed on all the usual topics of the hour and conversant with the popular questions of the day, when called upon to elucidate some rudimentary principle or practice of the Catholic church are completely at sea; in fact they seem studiously to avoid every channel of conversation which they think will ultimately lead them to the discussion of such subjects. We have met other young men who took a certain pride in their inability to discuss a question from the Catholic viewpoint, yet all the while maintaining themselves staunch adherents of our church. Some will never deign to read a Catholic book or newspaper, accept or patronize the work of a Catholic author until it has been sealed with the imprimatur of non-Catholic approval, and when this essential requisite is had the book becomes in their eyes a little less than inspired, that is if indorsed by a sufficiently rank atheist or infidel. This attitude of mind is surely cowardly and most contemptible. For what apologies do we owe to any one? Why this cringing, fawning predilection for non-Catholic standards and ideals? Why, too, are Catholic youths content to play only a passive part in the world of affairs, when we have every reason to congratulate ourselves with a pride most justifiable that in our faith are embodied the sublimest, the most marvelous and all-embracing truths the world has ever dreamt of? It is high time for our young men to rouse themselves out of their lethargy and self-abasement, for as such they are despicable even in the eyes of Protestants.

But there is another class of Catholic youth whose intellective, moral and ethical status is lower even than these. Whose mental

and moral horizon is drawn at the immeasureably low level of the saloon, cheap theatre and public dance hall, and the large percentage of Catholic young men among the constant devotees of these resorts who have no more elevated concept of their reason is truly apalling. It is needless to say that the frequentation of these places of amusement is a source of moral poisoning, a coarsening of moral fiber and the making hard and callous the tenderest affection of the heart. The dance hall especially is one of the worst and most insidious scourges of our large cities today. While some of these places may not be positively vicious and debasing in character, yet the atmosphere is deadly to moral health, and on account of vile associations scores of its victims of both sexes are yearly dragged down to the frightful abyss. In these dens of iniquity are stifled or lost all the higher, nobler views and aims of life, and to many it is the dance of moral death.

Now in order to safeguard our Catholic youth and to insure the future welfare of our country it is needful to take effective measures to compass our end. This must be brought about first by inculcating among Catholic young people a love for elevating and ennobling ideals and by surrounding them with pure and wholesome reading and associations; secondly, by teaching them to develop earnestly whatever talent may be latent in them. It has been suggested that a Catholic Y. M. C. A. be formed, but this proposition has been tabooed by many Catholic critics as an iridescent dream entirely beyond realization. Yet it seems to me no more impractical than was the now flourishing order of Knights of Columbus a few short years ago. That such an organization is neeedd is most obvious. Doubtless there is required to bring it to a realization a tremendous effort characterized by thrifty enterprise, unrelenting vigilance and wise foresight. But the sacrifice will be more than compensated by the great good accomplished. The K. of C. are making a move in this direction and establishing club and reading rooms in many cities. When this movement is brought to a successful issue then may we hope that the paucity of Catholics in the professions, in our council halls and as captains of industry will no longer be the occasion of remark and no longer will the church be reproached by that gross anomaly the un-scrupulous Catholic politician and public man. When the Catholic youth realizes the glorious mission which is his and the plentitude of truth at his command he will edify his non-Catholic fellow citizen by the loftiness and integrity of his individual life and ultimately shall work his conversion when he makes practice square with theory and incorporates the two essentials into a living concrete example.

THE VIATORIAN.

Published monthly by the students of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.
All correspondence must be addressed: THE VIATORIAN, Bourbonnais, Ill.
Subscription price, one dollar per year payable in advance.
Entered at the Bourbonnais P. O. as second class matter.
☞All business communications should be addressed REV. J. F. RYAN St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

M. J. BOLAND, Editor in Chief
Exchanges—LOUIS M. O'CONNOR Athletics—EMMETT CONWAY
Personals—ADHEMAR SAVARY Locals—GERALD KILEY
Societies—F. RAINEY

EDITORIAL.

Loyalty is far from the least admirable trait in the composition of a thorough man. It is a trait manifested more towards individuals than towards institutions, but the latter have often been objects of marked devotion.

After vain attempts to check the sweep of flames that razed our college buildings last February, the students, actuated by an impulse of loyalty and sympathy, gathered around their beloved president and pledged him their unswerving fidelity. Nor was it an idle and momentary promise, for after an interval of two weeks they returned to live, sleep and work within the narrow confines of the gymnasium ,and it was no uncommon thing to see them with sleeves rolled to their elbows doing the manual labor required about their cramped quarters.

Again they return to prosecute their studies and suffer many inconveniences for awhile. While such a principle permeates St. Viateur's actual and ex-students, she need fear neither flame nor gale. This is the spirit that insures friendships against ruptures, families against discord, and institutions against decay.

OBITUARY.

By this time the mournful news of Rev. Father Callahan's death has been wide spread, and many hearts in many cities have been touched to a saddened throb. We cannot give a more fitting comment on his life and work than the following culled from the columns of the Butte Inter-Mountain:

Father Callahan.

This city has witnessed today the greatest pageant in the history of this section of the United States. On no occasion has such a proportion of the citizens of the state been gathered for a common purpose. A visit from the president of the United States did not draw such a concourse. Almost every county in the state was represented. A dozen other states sent representatives, some of them thousands of miles. The personnel of the concourse was non-partisan, non-sectarian. All religious faiths were represented. The wealthiest men in the community marched side by side with the poorest, and in the throng a dozen languages were spoken.

What a lesson lies in the simple life of this simply good man! A few years ago he came into this community poor and comparatively unknown. He rose from the people and was one of them. He owed his place in the church to native merit. Place in the community he had none; that was to be gained. Yet he had not sojourned here a year until there came a great demand for his services. Other men live here decades and pass on and are missed by none. In what lay the difference? He had no largesse to give. No patronage waited at his command. Whatever his income, he found himself poorer, at the end of each fiscal year, than the poorest of his people; for each had something and he had nothing, for that which he had he gave. This simple man, without wealth, without political power, without exalted social position, wrought so well that at his death the largest assembly in the history of the northwest stands hat in hand and tearful eyes downcast, while his mortal remains wend to their last resting place. What a lesson!

Father Callahan's power was simple. It is within the reach of any man. It is not enough to state that he was a gentleman, refined, cultured, studious. It is not enough to state his foresight was above the ordinary, his resourcefulness unlimited, his personality winning. These are given to men at birth. In what lay his charm? What lay in the man that wherever he went he found both respect and affection? What were his methods that he could raise vast sums for charity on his simple word? Why was his name respected

as much among Protestants as Catholics, his smile treasured in all walks of life?

The answer, like his life, was simple. Father Callahan approached nearer than it is often the lot of men to approch, that ideal life the glory of which he preached.

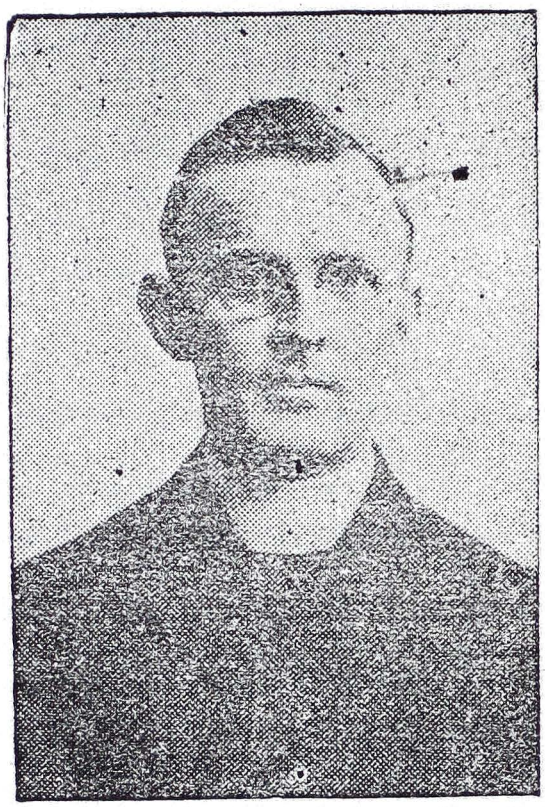
It shone in his rapt face. Men felt it in his hearty palm, heard it in his ringing voice, saw it in his sincere eyes. Here, they knew, instinctively, was a man in whom sham had no hiding. Here was a man to whom goodness was not a term but an element. Cant was as far from him as sham humility. He could laugh with the children while he rebuked their elders. He was absolutely without fear. Refraining from active participation in temporal affairs—for he well knew that there is not the field for the priest—yet he made his influence for good felt in the farthest corners of the community. By his simple frown he effected more than other men whose oratory went to the utmost corners of the land. Love, the highest sort of affection, was his, and through that power the good he effected can never be estimated.

His funeral pageant is the first proof of this assertion. The proudest sons of Montana will pass away and the last testimony to their worth will be no greater. It was a pageant, not of flaunting banners, blaring trumpets and ostentatious panoply. These were singularly wanting. But the thousands who marched beside and behind the simple bier, with unaffected sorrow on their faces, constituted, in themselves, the most glorious monument that will ever be erected in this state to the achievements of a man who truly imitated his Master.

Another distinguished alumnus to answer the death angel's summons was Rev. Father Lamb, pastor of Riverside, Ill. Memories are still fresh within our college halls of Father Lamb's gentleness and piety while a student here. A notable mark of his zeal was the fostering of vocations for the priesthood, and he has done much to bring laborers into the Lord's vineyard.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Rev. W. Surprenant, C. S. V., and Rev. W. Remillard, C. S. V., whose brothers died during the summer. Also to Mr. and Mrs. Hungerford for the loss of their son Walter, and to Mr. and Mrs. Fuch, whose cousin, Raymond Fay, died recently.

PERSONALS.



REV. E. P. FITZGERALD.

By A. Savary.

Our alumni in the different professions and positions of distinction are legion, but Alma Mater for the first time reaps a new glory from the advancement of Rev. E. P. Fitzgerald to the presidency of St. John's Seminary, Kansas City. While pursuing his studies here for the priesthood Father Fitzgerald was one of our zealous and efficient professors, and we assure St. John's Seminary of a successful future under such leadership.

Among the distinguished sympathizers with St. Viateur's College for its severe loss is Bishop Chatron of Osaka, Japan. He sends us a fraternal and consoling letter.

Rev. Father Forest, C. S. V., professor of mathematics at Joliette College, Canada, spent the summer in Bourbonnais in the company of his confreres and several classmates.

On his return from the western states Rev. Father Richard, C.

S. V., president of Rigaud College, called to see his friends and made a pleasant but brief stay.

At every opening of the scholastic year we are sure to welcome the genial pastor of Clinton, Ill., Rev. Father Dooling, accompanied by new recruits for our student body.

Our best wishes follow Mr. Joseph Lonergan, who paid us a farewell visit while on his way to the Paulist Novitiate at Washington, D. C. He was accompanied by Attorney Frank Burns, the present candidate for judge of Kankakee county.

St. Viateur's colors will be seen at Yale this year, where Messrs. F. Cosgrove and W. Maher are pursuing a post-graduate course in law. St. Viateur's feels sure of distinction wherever these two talented young men appear.

Frank J. Burns, candidate for county judge, is a prominent attorney of Kankakee. He is a graduate of the law school of the Catholic University at Washington, and he has built up an extensive practice in the city and its surroundings. His brother, also a graduate of Washington University, is the Rev. Andrew Burns, pastor of Oregon, Ill. Besides his success as a lawyer he has become a prominent orator, and he was one of the three judges of the college oratorical contest in June.

The seminary department this year misses Mr. D. P. Drennan, who will study at Niagara, and Mr. W. Schoenle, who left for Montreal last week.

We extend our congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Martin Hayden, whose merits at the diocesan examination won him the distinction of a place in the American College at Rome.

Mr. F. Miller, a leader in the graduating class of '06, spends this year in the zone of Catholic University, with jurisprudence as his goal.

Rev. F. McSheridan will blend the orchestra airs for the future.

He returns to the college with honors from the Chicago College of Music.

A letter from R. Thiers at Spring Gulch shows that his affection for the wild west is still undiminished.

The Northwestern University this year has Mr. W. Maguy among its aspirants for honors in the department of medicine.

Our reverend president recently entertained Rev. Father Roach of Peoria and Rev. Father Dermody of Aberdeen, S. D.

EXCHANGES.

By L. O'Connor.

Ave! Brothers and sisters of the ex-world. A new year has dawned, finding many new faces above the editorial desks, with hearts beating high with that hope which youth alone possesses; minds full of lofty aims and ambitions to be brought by valiant effort from the ideal into the land of reality. Indeed, I tremble to intrude myself into this august and learned circle, but "faint heart" never being sucessful, armed with shears and pen, half buried in the literary productions of the college world, I have taken up the duties of ex-man, confidently trusting in the good will of my confreres. Especially good will is needed among us, for too much is to be done to waste energy in petty strifes, and by united effort alone can we hope to advance.

Never more than now are their greater opportunities for college journalism. It has increased by leaps and bounds until at the present it exercises an influence deep and broad which the world cannot deny. On you, brother editors, college letters rest their fate. Yours is the duty to individualize the college press, to bring forth strongly its salient features and lessen the tendencies for weakness wherever found. Confidence and energy are the two essentials required to attain this result, tempered, however, by judicious criticism.

"The Spokesman" in its commencement number even surpassed the high literary excellence which it had displayed during the year. In this paper, so pregnant with articles of deep journalistic value, it might be amiss to designate any particular topic alone, yet "The Scholastic Theory of Knowledge" demands special attention for itself, from the scholarly handling of such an abstruse subject. "College Journalism" is an article well worth the perusal

and study of college editors. Among the poems "The Seraph of Assisi" and "The Holy Mountain" exhibit much merit.

The commencement number of the S. V. C. Student is up to its usual high standard of worth. In this number it has an especially able article on "The Systems of Education," laying particular stress on the necessity of moral training. If there were only more as clear and logical pleas for the cultivation of the mind and heart instead of that sordid education which teaches that the filthy lucre is the "summum bonum" of existence, placed before the college youth this age of commercialism would be forced to lose some of its fascination and a portion at least of its blinded voteries. "Our Sisters" is an essay also deserving of praise.

"The Candidate" made its appearance into our sanctum under a very modest garb which gave no token of the good things to be found within. Prosper "Candidate" is our earnest wish, and may the glory of your opening number never fade but ever shed an increasing brightness on the field of college letters.

From the ethereal heights of "The Mound," the Young Eagle was the first journal to perch upon our desk this scholastic year, and display its rich and variegated plumage to our wondering eye. Indeed we were not surprised to find therein a loftiness of thought and elegance of style, for in such atmosphere has "The Young Eagle's" flight long been confined. The Tennysonian essays "Enduring Love" and "The Princess" are clever and faithful interpretations of that poet's famous characters, and affords the opportunity for eulogizing on the faithful and spiritually beautiful in woman. The flowery trial "Rose vs. Lily," "A Violet," and "The Dandelion," are sweet and wholesome poems.

The alumni number of the "Purple and White" has lain on our table all summer, yet it has lost none of its fragrance. In unfolding it we are met by the sweet, melodious strains of "A Soul's Longing." The author has succeeded in weaving into the charms of verse some wholesome and encouraging thoughts for the earthly wayfarer.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

By Emmett Conway.

The first meeting of the Athletic association was held Thursday, October 4, for the purpose of electing officers and promoting the interests of athletics in general. Various points were discussed, and Athletics Director Kirley's proposition that a board of control be chosen from the student body was adopted. The following officers were chosen by popular vote:

President—C. P. Conway.
Vice-president—A. G. Quille.
Secretary—J. Legris.
Treasurer—J. D. Kirley.
Board of control—C. Mahoney, A. Slattery, A. O'Connell.

For the first time in the history of the college St. Viateur's is this year without a representative football squad. Not because we have been won over to the reformers' side in the cause of debrutalized football, nor is it because we lack the necessary material from which to build a team. It's all owing to the fact that on our old, time-worn and battle-scarred campus there is now arising a new stone building. The field is now a mass of stone piles, derricks and railroad tracks. Bergin field, which is nearing completion, will be unfit for use this year. It promises to be an excellent field in time, but the best that Manager Kirley hopes for us is that it will be in good condition for the baseball season next spring. Practically all of last year's gridiron heroes have returned. Hickey and Shiel have not returned, and their positions would be hardest to fill. It looks from the number of freshmen who have entered this fall that the team next year will be a winner. Especially under the new rules, where speed is equal if not superior to brawn and muscle, will our athletics excell. Manager Kirley, after vainly striving to secure a suitable gridiron, has been forced to decline offers of games with several leading colleges and universities in the west.

As a result of the abolition of football a great impetus has been given to the enthusiasm of the exponents of basketball. Already a large number of experienced players have appeared and are earnestly working for positions on the team. New suits have been ordered and games will be arranged with teams in Kankakee and neighboring towns and possibly with high schools in Chicago. It is a certainty that by the time the season opens Captain Slattery will have an excellent team chosen. Among the leading candidates for

positions are Slattery, Fitzpatrick, Quille, Mahoney, Donovan, Rainey, Palmer, Hefferman, Mulvin and Madden.

That Dear Old College Game.

We've listened to the warning words that come from preachers gray,
(They've pounced upon old Rugby, 'cause they never learned to play);
We've heard them say that life and limb must not be risked for fun,
And also of the things they'd do "if that boy was my son!"
And since we haven't got the field, their views we do not blame,
But bye and bye just watch us play that dear old college game.

Then when the new field welcomes us and crowds are gathered 'round,
Our athletes will be happy, their joy will then be crowned;
They'll wait the umpire's whistle, they'll charge with all their might,
(Perhaps they'll want a rub-down and "Witch Hazel" thro' the night),
And for a week we'll whisper, as we watch our heroes lame,
"Gee! It's great to be a player in that dear old college game."

SOCIETIES.

The senior class of '07 was organized recently and plans were discussed for a celebration on St. Viateur's day. The officers elected were: Louis O'Connor, president. A. Kelley, vice-president; H. Fitzgerald, secretary; F. Hazen, treasurer; A. Schick, sergeant-at-arms; Rev. E. L. Rivard, censor.

In the near future the junior class will meet for organization and the election of officers.

The board of editors for the Viatorian will meet every Monday evening in the library.

The Acolythical society, under the supervision of Rev. F. Moisant, has a large enrollment.

LOCALS.

By G. Kiley.

Have you tried the new cook's laugh?

When I see Cal getting into his clothes in the morning it reminds me of a special dish of the cook's. What is it? "Lobster dressing."

There stays in the gymn a fellow named Cal,
Who never was known to have a pal.
He sits 'round all day with a thoughtful frown;
He seems to be a philosopher done up brown.

The following was received from a student on his way to the Eternal City:

I'm on the sea in the midst of the foam,
And I'm wishing my feet were safe planted at home.
I've eaten their finest and daintiest dish,
But I had to give all of it up to the fish.

Here are a few strains from a hopeful Tennyson:

De Cubs has got de pennant cinched,
  Dere playin' candy ball;
De White Sox, too, are going to push
  Ole New York to de wall.
Fer look here kid! no oder teams
  Got men like Chance or Brown,
No! It's a cinch bote rags'll stay
  In ole Chicago town.

Buddy from Essex, watching the basket ball game: "Whose punching bag is it?"

The melancholy days have come,
  The saddest in the year,
When we tackle Greek and Latin
  With a trembling of fear.
When we feed on hash and biscuits
  With a feeling not sublime,
It doesn't take a sage to know
  It's melancholy time.