

# THE VIATORIAN.

FAC ET SPERA.

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NO. 5

## THE SAILOR BOY.

“I would I were a sailor boy  
And sailed the briney sea,  
I’d hate to leave thee, mother, dear  
But I’d come back to thee.

“I’d sail away to far off lands,  
To lands of gems and gold,  
I’d bring thee back such diamonds  
As thou didst ne’er behold.

“I’d love to fight the robber-bands  
That sail the raging Main,  
I would avenge the stolen maids,  
And sailors foully slain.”

“Hush, boy, you should not speak  
so bold;  
You are my baby still.”  
The mother smiled upon the lad,  
Upon his restless will.

The two were grasped in time’s  
embrace;  
The years rolled swiftly o’er,  
The mother’s hair grew silvery  
white,  
The lad was child no more.

But still he wished to sail the sea;  
To brave the tempest’s roar;  
To visit lands to him unknown  
To break the ‘rover’s’ power.

And then he left his mother’s  
side—  
His mother, old and grey;  
He left a maiden, too,  
To love him far away.

He promised each that he’d re-  
turn:  
Ere many months were come.  
And left them both to pray for him  
While he was far from home.

\* \* \* \* \*  
One night the silv’ry moon is hid;  
The sky is overcast;  
The vessel bounds on giant waves,  
And reels before the blast;

The thunder rolls in mighty peals;  
And in the lightning’s glare;  
The sailors see each paling face,  
And catch each frightened  
stare.

The billows beat against the ship;  
And stronger blows the wind;  
The sails are whipped to flying  
shreds;  
The rudder fails to mind.

The chilly blast of winter froze  
Each sailor to his post,  
And many dreams of happy homes  
And all that they have lost.

The sailor lad is thinking, too  
Of loving ones at home;  
But ah! Unto those trustful hearts  
He never more will come.

No hand is there to smooth his  
brow,  
To soothe his dying moan;  
His grave is but the deep, cold sea,  
And for his dirge—a groan.

The storm has spent its fury now;  
The masts are snapped in twain;  
The vessel lies a frozen wreck,  
Upon the surging Main.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The sea is calm and silent now;  
Behold, another scene!  
A woman kneels upon the sand,  
Beneath the star light’s sheen.  
Her face is pale and cold in death;  
Her hands are clasped in prayer;  
The moon beams cast a heavenly  
glow  
Around her snowy hair.

—Proctor W. Hansl, '99.

## THE POPE THE TEACHER OF THE AGE.

Nothing is more interesting and profitable for students than to study the doings of a great teacher. There is in his voice a magnetism that irresistibly draws every mind; in his person a charm that fascinates even the most indifferent. Now I take it that Leo XIII is actually, and will figure in history, as the greatest teacher of his age. He has fulfilled to the letter the meaning of these beautiful words; "Lumen in coelo," and has been a shining light before the world, not an earthly light, but a light in the heavens.

Not satisfied with the knowledge he had already acquired in the best Roman universities he went to the Academy of Nobles, in Rome, where he continued to study diplomacy, political economy, biblical controversy, foreign languages and all branches pertaining to high ecclesiastical culture.

The year 1878, placed the man in whom we are interested upon St. Peter's throne. It is from this period that we may especially look upon him as the teacher of nations. His school is the universe. He teaches the rich and poor alike, without distinction of person. His seat, the chair of Peter, and his text, the doctrine of Christ. It is from this lofty position that this humble man distributes the bread of learning which reaches all classes and all conditions of life. He founds academies, schools, charitable institutions; he teaches and edifies the whole world through his able encyclicals.

The first encyclical which claims our attention is that on Christian philosophy. He points out its necessity and utility. Philosophy was never needed more than it is today, says the Pontiff, when we are surrounded on all sides by prejudice and error. He makes the remark: "It is by *false philosophy* and *vain subtlety* that the faithful of Christ allow themselves to be led astray, and that the faith becomes corrupt among men." For this and other serious reasons it is the wish of the Holy Father that Catholics should endeavor more and more to become familiar with all scientific and philosophic knowledge. It is a known fact that the unfortunate evils of our day owe their existence to the schools of false philosophy. It is natural for man to take as the guide of his acts, his own unaided reason. And unless it be properly taught the intellect is mastered by the will, and hence erroneous opinions result.

Human philosophy alone is not sufficient to destroy all error unless united to faith. It is in the order of Divine Providence

that faith and philosophy walk hand in hand; they do not destroy each other, but rather the second proves the certainty of the first. Its office is to protect religiously, reveal truths, and to resist the audacity of those who attempt their ruin. It does not add anything to the powers of truth, but it reduces to naught the arguments of Sophists, which are opposed to truth. Catholic philosophy, which is philosophy in the true sense of the word, never violates the laws of reason, nor those of faith. He who unites the study of philosophy with that of Christian faith proves himself to be a great philosopher. The splendor of divine truths in penetrating the soul comes to the aid of the intellect and adds to it nobility, sagacity, and solidity. Thus does this learned Pontiff eloquently plead for philosophic lore.

In 1883 the world was encouraged to interest itself in historical pursuits. History, says Leo, has been falsified. Its truth has been abused and its name has been disgraced and that by the very people who at different times were freed from the rapaciousness of barbarians through the interference of the popes. It is an undeniable fact that the preservation of the sciences, of literature, and of art, during the middle ages, is due to the church. Notwithstanding the certainty of these truths we find men, who have so little regard and respect for veracity, that they do not hesitate to deny them.

It is sad, but nevertheless true, that this branch of learning once called; "the mistress of life and the torch of truth," should be so trampled upon. It is quite evident that some historians have forgotten that the first law of history is truthfulness, the second not to fear truth, and the third the abhorrence of flattery and animosity. The church loves truth and she wishes her children to love it. It is for this purpose that our esteemed Pontiff so urgently requests the earnest study of history, and it is also for this reason that he has thrown open the doors of the Vatican library.

He has written so much and so extensively that it is impossible, in a short essay, to do more than enumerate a few of His principal writings. Government, labor, Christian marriage, philosophy, history, are only a few of the subjects that have occupied the profound and versatile mind of this great Pontiff. These encyclicals were written both for those who rule and those who are ruled. In this work the author proves himself to be a far-seeing statesman. It is not possible to say more here than that he clearly points out the duties of the state in promoting the general good, in being solicitous for the working popula-

tion, in its dealings with the labor questions, in respecting the spiritual rights of the people, in regulating labor, and in encouraging working men to acquire property. On the other hand, laborers should comply faithfully with all the duties they owe to the state. They should organize societies, which are means of overcoming present difficulties. These associations should be represented in all classes, but especially among the poorer classes. They should be formed among men and among women. Their object the common good of the people.

Not only does Leo XIII insist upon and rigorously demonstrate the necessity and beauty of the great institutions of government, of marriage, of learning, of the deepest and most varied kind, and point out the social value of moderation in our desires for possessing the world's goods and the absolute necessity of matrimonial fidelity, but he is everywhere practical in his teachings as well as in his piety. He advises organization of students, of laborers, organizations for the practice of this or that special virtue, and all for the common good. He descends into the details of every day Christian life. He raises altars in every home, and upon them he places those saints who have been and are most helpful in inspiring purity of human life and love of industry. Mary and Joseph are the saints he would find as the household gods of every family, if we may be allowed the expression. To this end has he written us many encyclicals upon the rosary and the powerful protection of St. Joseph, recalling as he goes on, the many victories Christians have won through the assistance of these friends of God. Finally, in view of our weakness and of the obstacles which he knows to surround us he bids us be confident in the strong power of the Holy Ghost, that power which transformed the timid apostles into fearless champions of truth and its exulting martyrs.

Rightly may we say, therefore, that Leo is a great teacher, since there is not a department of human knowledge which he has not explored and whose beauties he has not shown the world, Science, philosophy, theology, history, the Bible, government, liberty, labor, marriage, piety, all these he has taught the world, and the world of students can never sufficiently admire nor adequately thank one who has taught them such sublime and useful lessons.

AUG. J. DEFORGE.

THE ART OF LIVING.

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One man may be a king or a president, another a philosopher or a statesman, others still, musicians, poets, painters, mechanics, plumbers, or farmers, but all men must be the sculptors of their own lives. This is the art of all arts. Man may make his life monstrous or heavenly as he wills, but he must make it. This is an art from which even the most lazy cannot withdraw, for it is entirely positive. It is of all and for all.

Besides being the most universal this art of living is also the most important of all arts, because it is that which is nearest to man by being entirely under control of his free will, and capable, as a means, of procuring him the highest good.

Now, some may ask, how is it that the art of living is entirely under the control of our free will, and capable of procuring for us the highest good? Does it not seem to be the contrary? Look at the world; everybody is trying to control things so as to make them serve his desires, yet who can say that he has not been baffled in many of these? Moreover, in the race after success, honor, fame, and wealth, how few are victorious? Now we know very well that these things are far from being controllable by man, otherwise men would realize all their sanguine dreams.

In answer to these objections it must be said that the sphere, in which the true art of living is carried on, must be separated from that world of material forces, which is, at least to a great extent, beyond the control of man; also that true good or evil must not be measured by the success or misfortunes accruing in this material world. God, who is most just and good, has placed the truest life, the highest good, and the greatest evil, entirely under the control of man's free will, so that he is truly the architect of his highest fortunes; so that life is indeed what he makes it; so that all true good he may obtain, and all real evil he may escape. The man who understands life well has, therefore, nothing to fear outside of himself, since he himself alone can truly hurt himself. Now, this is explained thus: The spiritual part of man is surely the most important; it is entirely independent of all material evils, for no one would ever think that, because a man is reviled, is tortured by disease, or that a bullet is shot through his heart, his moral character is in any way affected; but through free will and human imperfection man can sin, and there a true though unseen evil affects his better part. Hence, it is well to remark that what is materially painful is not on that account a true evil, by the fact that the very

purpose of its existence is good, and that it can be inseparably united to a true good. Thus all material evils, by the alchemy of man's will, can be changed to true good; and so far the old Stoics were right in believing it thus, and in believing that man was independent of all real evil save those which he inflicted on himself.

Thus the first Christians, when their persecutors threatened them with torture and death, would answer: "You can kill me, but you cannot injure me," and when the blood-thirsty populace vociferated: "the Christians to the lions!" the martyrs would add: "the Christians to glory!"

As a carollary it must be asserted that, as a rule, we do not understand the art of living, at least practically, since we spend all our energies in striving to control those things which are beyond our control, while that which is independent of all force outside of our free will, we neglect. Thus we are continually attempting to do what is not in our power, and those things within our power are left comparatively unattempted. And this when the latter alone can be a means to our highest good, and the former have no importance in themselves, and are, at best, but the servants of the second.

This error is thickly sown in the world. A young man thinks life is a failure, because he has failed to be successful in his candidacy to a certain office; the gray-haired father thinks his life a failure, because he has not succeeded in amassing a fortune, and the young woman despairs of anything good from life because she is left unwed. These moral weaknesses are deeply rooted in human nature, and are deplorable evils. Such people are surely not men and women as God wills them. They ought not to set their life hopes on that which providence has not put within their power; they ought to make sure against failure by giving supreme importance only to those things within the control of free will. Since the Creator has ordered things in this manner it must be His will that we act thus.

The highest ideal in character appears to me to be realized by the man or woman who is ready for the best or the worst that may happen, and finds in all times, places, and circumstances work and good to be done, duty to be followed; virtue, God, and creature to be loved. For such a one there can be no failure in life.

JOSEPH I. GRANGER, '99.

*To be continued.*)

COMMUNISM.

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From the earliest dawn of civilization, when the bright sun of reason first tinged the Grecian horizon with its crimson hues; down to the last setting of its bright rays on the lofty mountain peaks of America; great minds and great geniuses have been searching the deepest recesses of knowledge and drawing from their depths the brightest and purest gems of wisdom to adorn the diadem of that regal creature, man.

Yes, it is ever that divine gift, reason, which breaks every chain of bondage from the hands of man and gives him instead the scepter of that mighty power, by means of which he has subjugated the forces of nature and made them do his behests.

At the sight of these wonders some muse had whispered that the millennium had come, a golden era of freedom, plenty and all sunny happiness.

While man lolls in the lap of luxury, he commands the stream and electricity and his fields are plowed, sowed, and reaped. He lights a fuse and bursts the clouds to make fertile his fields, which lavish their fruits unmoistened by the old fashioned sweat of toil.

Indeed, the promised land could be no better, and man might well be envied by the angels.

But what voice is this we hear, from the dark abode of poverty and discontent? Hear it shouting, "No, we are slaves, base, ignoble slaves. Most unjustly do we groan in want and in pain, while plenty surrounds us. Let all these goods, which nature so lavishly produces for all her children be ours also. Let all things be in common, and misery will disappear, then peace and content will reign everywhere!" Thus speak, thus dream the communists.

The communists claim that each individual member of society has an equal right to all property, and that all stable property now held by private persons should be divided among each member of society.

But to advance any solid arguments in proof of the truth and practicability of their plan, they must show, either that nature dictates the community of goods; or else they must prove that it is expedient and good for nations now to return to the common ownership of property.

But the former is untrue, the latter impracticable and absurd.

If nature dictates the private ownership of property she can not dictate the community of goods.

But nature does, in the clearest terms, dictate the lawfulness of private property. How so? Is there not imposed on man the duty of preserving his life? Therefore must he not have the means which are necessary for preserving life; and is it not also necessary that he should have the right to these means?

Now there are many things essential for the preservation of life which are consumed by the first use, these evidently man has a right to. But there are other things, which are necessary, only for a future time, and these also man may secure as his own. Why so? Because, in order that he may provide for the future; for his old age, for the education, for the maintenance of his offspring, he must have the right of providing those things for himself and of excluding others from them. But precisely in this is the right of private property, and this right is founded in nature itself.

Moreover, all men, specifically taken, are equal. Therefore no man is bound to labor for another, or to give him the fruits of his labor, unless he receives a just recompense for them. But, by destroying the rights of private property, and substituting a community of goods, many are obliged to labor for others without receiving a just recompense for their labor.

Suppose an honest, industrious man, who, after many years of hard labor, has converted the wild and unproductive forest into a beautiful and fruitful vineyard, leaving on it, as it were, the impress of his own personality, were deprived of this land, and that it were given to another, to one who has never soiled his hands in toil. Would this be just? It seems quite evident from these facts that private property is a natural right, dictated by nature and justice.

But the impracticability and absurdity of the communistic plan seems more evident still.

For suppose the equal distribution be now made. How long would it be before the same inequality would again be introduced?

We have only to reflect for a moment on the different characters of men. Some are honest, industrious, and always willing to work. Some are cripples, others invalids unable to work. And then the worthless, shiftless tramps who will not work; the drones of society, who have sunk to the deepest degradations of sin and vice, and to whom satiety of lustful pleasure is unknown. How long would they be in possession of the portion allotted to them?

If this absurd theory were once reduced to practice—and this seems to me one of the strongest arguments against it—no man would exert himself to acquire that which neither himself nor those most dear to him could enjoy. All inducements and incentives to labor and industry would be destroyed, together with all ambition and desire to aim at higher and nobler things, either spiritual, literary, scientific, or political. The noble dignity of man would be reduced to the level of the beast of the field, living from hand to mouth, with no care for the morrow, and in a very short time the greatest misery would prevail.

There would be but one means left to supply the wants of man, namely, the state would reap all fruits and distribute daily enough for man's subsistence, from a public dispensary.

But who does not see that this condition of things would be the most abject slavery? For slavery consists in this: that no man can freely dispose of the fruits of his own labor, for they belong to another.

These reasons are among the clearest and most solid that philosophy gives us for any of her great truths. If communists would carefully and dispassionately consider these reasons, they would certainly be forced to conclude that private property is a natural necessity, and consequently an institution bearing on its face the seal of divine approbation and sanction, that therefore any imposed community of goods is a criminal violence, a crying injustice to the most elementary natural rights of man.

Recall, moreover, that every attempt at such unnatural equalization of property has ever been most vigorously resisted by society, and has everywhere and always been, as for instance, in France, the occasion of a total upheaval of the social order.

This system is a vain utopia, disregarding human rights, divine law and authority, and seeking to enthrone slavery, anarchy, and chaos. An impracticable, absurd scheme.

E. J. LOGAN, 1900.

## A DESCRIPTION OF CALIFORNIA.

(Extracts from a letter.)

Feelings of wonder and admiration are aroused in the mind of a traveler when he first beholds the grandeur of scenery and luxuriance of vegetation which nature has bestowed upon this favored land as if in mere wantonness. It is indeed the "land of sunshine and flowers." San Francisco has been called the "Fuchsia City" on account of the remarkable growth attained here by this graceful flower. It grows more like a tree than a simple garden flower. But roses are the pride of Californian gardens. Scrambling over fences and cottages, crowding each other for room, and sometimes, I am told, climbing to the astonishing height of fifty feet to the tops of trees, not like your eastern pigmies hardly able to lift themselves from the ground. When at their best—which occurs either in winter or summer—it is almost worth a journey across the continent to see them. So accustomed, however, are people here to rich productions of nature, that what excites the admiration of an easterner they pass by unnoticed.

One day a little girl brought me a large bunch of lilies. I took them home, put them in a vase, and began to admire my beautiful bouquet. I noticed the sisters smiling at my floral display, so I ventured to make a few complimentary remarks about the lilies, which I really considered remarkable specimens. Imagine my surprise when told that they were very common flowers here. "Yes," added one of the sisters, "as common as turnips in Ireland." I said no more about flowers that day, but towards evening I quietly disposed of the lilies. Since then I have learned to pick the choice flowers.

Violets of the most beautiful varieties are especially plentiful at this season of the year. In some places they are grown by the acre. But I think I have said enough about flowers. Anything like an adequate description of them would seem like an exaggeration to you.

The climate is delightful; summer mild and refreshing; winter warm and sunny, for ice and snow are unknown. I must not say snow is unknown, for it seems by some unusual sport of nature there was a light fall of snow a few years ago. The children were almost wild with delight, and as soon as the snow-shower had ceased the boys gathered all the snow they could and stowed it away in the cellar, intending to have a fine time in the morning. But of course there was no snow to be had next day; it had

all melted. Nothing interests the children more than stories of snow-storms.

The San Franciscans are justly proud of their parks and take a special delight in surprising and impressing strangers with their beauty. Golden Gate park contains over a thousand acres, every acre of which seems to have a beauty distinctively its own. Graceful semi-tropical trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers greet the eye at every turn. One section, called the "Aviary," is devoted exclusively to birds of every size, variety and color. The whole space is enclosed by a wire netting, which looks like an immense bird cage. The Japanese village and museum attract many visitors at the park. Finally the wonder-stricken traveler is taken to a high ridge, called "Strawberry Hill," from which a view spreads before his eyes that can hardly be equalled.

The scenery is beautiful and so varied that one can never grow accustomed to it. Go where you will, huge, snow-capped mountains, piercing the heavens, are ever in sight, making the landscape striking and bold. The little frame houses, nestling on the sides of these mountains, suggest the pictures of Swiss villages.

All the houses, churches, and public buildings here, with but few exceptions, are wooden structures, because they withstand the shock of earthquakes better than those of stone or brick. These earthquakes, which are of frequent occurrence, are the most disagreeable feature of life in California. But so accustomed have the old inhabitants become to them that they are not at all concerned even when the shocks are quite severe.

Needless to tell you that fruits of almost every kind found in the tropics, are most abundant. The grape vines are not seen growing on trelles work and arbors, but whole fields are covered with rows of young vines, no higher than a gooseberry bush. But these bushy vines are loaded with large clusters of grapes. Judging from the luxuriant growth of vegetation here you would naturally suppose that the grape vines would be very large, but, in fact they are smaller than in Illinois but much more productive.

Oranges are ripe about Christmas and are, of course, very plentiful. Peaches as you know attain a remarkable growth, California peaches being famous the world over. I have seen peaches the stones of which were larger than a good sized walnut.

I have often thought that California will yet be the nursery of some great poet. If the commonplace climate and country of

England could inspire Thompson's beautiful poem on the "Seasons," what sublime poetry should not the magnificent scenery and matchless climate of California call forth from a man equally gifted? What exquisite delight would not the nature-loving soul of Cowper have felt, had he been reared among such scenes of grandeur and delicate beauty.

If charms of nature have anything to do with developing a soul gifted with the power of song, then assuredly California will one day be famous.

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#### JOY AND SORROW.

Nature is kind to a heart that is light—  
 To a heart that is free from gloom.  
 All life is spring and the sky is bright;  
 Sweet flowers bloom,  
 And the song birds come,  
 When a heart, with joy, is bedight.  
 But all is dark to a heart that is drear—  
 To a heart that is sorrow's shrine.  
 For nature's smile seems a gastly leer;  
 And the stars that shine  
 With their light benign,  
 To sorrow seem but a sneer.  
 —H. P.

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#### A THOUGHT.

At twilight dim I walked along  
 Between the mossy graves;  
 In yonder churchyard on the hill,  
 And read the dates, the names, the lays.  
 O'er one low mound wild weeds had grown,  
 And broken was the stone;  
 On which this single line was carved;  
 "I lived, I died unknown."  
 I lisped a silent prayer for him,  
 Whom fortune favored not;  
 Who failed to gain the goal of fame;  
 Alas! Here lies forgot.  
 So thus must you, and so must I,  
 For such is all our lot;  
 The dying die to live no more,  
 But soon to be forgot.  
 —J. M. Kangley, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL.

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Home! Kindness! These are two words of which the English language may well boast. They are words comprehensive of the most endearing ideas, and in this comprehensiveness they are characteristically English. Who can translate *home*? What synonym shall we give for *kindness*? Is it *amiability*? That,—and more. May we call it *affability*? That,—and more. Is it an equivalent for *gentleness*? All that,—and more. Is it, then, *benevolence*? Kindness is benevolent,—and more. It is then beneficence? Nay,—more. It is benevolent and beneficent,—and more. May we then define it by *goodness*, *bonitas*? It is goodness,—and more. It is active. Kindness is in the affection; it is in the will; it is in the deed; it is in the gift; it is in the largesse of heart; it is mercy and compassion; it is in patience, and long suffering; it is in mildness and greatness of mind—in

A heart that can feel for another's woe  
With sympathies large enough to enfold  
All men as brothers.

Were we to strike every chord of our heart's lyre no one note would give me *kindness*; for kindness "is the music of the world," and music is not in one note but in the harmonious combining of notes. To this heaven-born melody prudence is the clef, and wisdom the key-note.

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## OBITUARY.

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In the death of Sister St. Patrick we have a sad confirmation of the old saying, that death loves to choose his victims from among the good and gentle. Only those who have spent restless days and nights on a bed of sickness in the infirmary know how to appreciate the tireless ministrations and kindly sympathy which Sister St. Patrick showed to all those who had

need of her care. Never did mother at the bedside of her fevered child watch with more loving solicitude than did Sister St. Patrick over those who were stricken with pneumonia. The love of God which animated her beautiful soul made her indeed a ministering angel.

It is the devotion and self-sacrificing spirit of such noble women that make us feel the dignity and grandeur of womanly character. Ever unmindful of herself, Sister St. Patrick was concerned solely for the comfort and welfare of the sick students entrusted to her care. Four or five days before she was attacked with pneumonia, the disease that caused her death, she was still at the post of duty, and only left it when the hand of death was already heavy upon her.

Sister St. Patrick was only about twenty-four years old. We offer our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to her grief-stricken Sisters in Religion. Sister St. Patrick's name in the world was Miss Mary Cahill. She was born in Manchester, England, of Irish parents.

*Requiescat in pace.*

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#### RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

(Adopted by St. Patrick's Literary Society.)

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Heavenly Father to take from earth Mrs. Hanlon, the beloved mother of our esteemed fellow-member, William Hanlon, and, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That while it is best to humbly submit to the rulings of Divine Providence, we sincerely condole with our fellow-member and tender our heartfelt sympathies to the grief-stricken family; and be it 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.

P. F. DANIHAN,  
D. HAYDEN,  
PETER J. GERAGHTY.

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“On rolling waters, snatched away.”

—Pope.

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A little child, a baby dear,  
Plays by the seashore's side;  
And builds small castles on the sand;  
As if their strength the waves defied.

So thus he works and plays with glee,  
Till tired are both his hands;  
And seeking rest from tiresome toil;  
He sleeps upon the shifting sands.

The winds arise, the waves creep near,  
And kiss his golden curls;  
But now the raging sea rolls here,  
And takes him in its furls.

The waves dash high and lash the shore;  
The tide it fills the bay,  
Too late the baby's mother comes;  
The sea has now its prey.

To rest, the waters, they return;  
And sleep without a thrill,  
And like a stealthy thief, the sea;  
It keeps its secret still.

—*J. M. Kangley, 1900.*

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#### MAGAZINES.

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“Men and Things,” by Henry Austin Adams, M.A., in the January issue of *Donahoe's Magazine*, contains some terse and pugnacious remarks on certain persons and topics of the day. Hall Cain, the Rev. Minot Savage and others come in for some sharp thrusts of his wit.

“Washington's Ideals Contrasted with the Conditions of Today,” by Henry Morton Parker, is a paper which should be carefully considered by some of our enthusiastic politicians of today.

“Tissot's Famous Paintings,” with several illustrated specimens, by James W. Clarkson, is highly interesting. M. Tissot's ambition is indeed a noble one. It is to represent faithfully, to bring to life again, beneath the eyes of the spectator, the divine personality of Jesus, in His spirit, in His actions, in all the sublime beauty of His teachings, in order to qualify himself for this noble and praiseworthy work M. Tissot spent ten years in the Holy land. He has given to the world the fruit of what he had seen and studied in those places, which have been hallowed by the life and work of Christ, in a series of pictures, now on exhibition at the art galleries of the American Art Association, Madison Square, New York.

“Market Places of the world,” by Gilson Willet, with illustrations, contains much that is amusing. We can vouch from our own experience that the description given of the Jewish mart in *Petticoat Lane*, London, is true to life.

In the line of poetry “Sir Galahad's Epiphany,” by Susan L. Emery, is worthy of note.

The principle paper in the *Review of Reviews* for January is "Why I went to see the Czar," by W. T. Stead, in which he displays all that vigor and boundless enthusiasm which characterize all his works. He is evidently deeply impressed by the sincerity of the Czar's intentions in endeavoring to promote peace among the nations. Mr. Stead says the Czar "is as quick as a needle and quite as bright," and is endowed with alertness, exactness, lucidity, and definiteness. He feels sanguine that Nicholas II shall be known in history as the emperor of peace, which is a consumation devoutly to be wished.

*Mosher's Magazine*, until recently known as *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*, gives promise to become one of the best of the monthly magazines. In the January number there is a translation of Francois Coppee's "La Bonne Souffrance," in which the author relates how he has been led, by an attack of illness, which took place a few years ago, from indifferentism to the practice of religion, which he had abandoned like so many others for the sake of sensual pleasures. After having been tossed about so many years by the storms of error and doubt, it is only natural that he should seek to lead others, who are still exposed to the danger of spiritual shipwreck, into the safe and tranquil harbor of the Catholic church in which alone he has found that peace which the world could not give, and this is what he is now trying to do.

Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., continues his criticisms of the "Masterpieces in English Poetry." The subject of his remarks in the January number, is Browning's "A Death in the Desert." In all these papers the writer displays the skill and erudition of the true critic.

"Early Educational Life in Middle Georgia," by Richard Malcolm Johnston, L.L.D., ought to be very interesting to boys inasmuch as it treats chiefly of those sports and games in which the youth takes such delight.

"Constant College Studies," by Brother Chrysostom, gives some valuable hints to students regarding those subjects which should claim their special attention during the period of College life.

One of the principal reasons which is often put forth by a certain class of English Tories and Anglomaniacs in this country, who are opposed to Irish self-government, is that the Irish are unfit for it. To our mind no better or more thorough refutation of this

calumny can be given than the article which appears in the January number of the *Cosmopolitan*, entitled "Irish Leaders in Many Nations." This article shows that they are even governing those who charge them with incapacity of self-government. There is not a nation under the sun today in the government of which there can not be found Irishmen holding prominent positions. "Princess of Egypt," "In Dreamy Hawaii," "The Coming Electric Railroad," "Curious Indian Burial Places," "The Jews in Jerusalem," in the world of art and letters, are the other notable features of this excellent number. A. L. O'S., '99.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

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—Rev. W. H. Donovan, Ramona, S. D., visited the college one day last month. He was accompanied by his little nephew, Willie, whom he entered in the minim department.

—Rev. Father Dandurand, Auburn, Ind., was a welcome visitor at the college recently.

—Mrs. Kane, Chicago, Ill., spent a pleasant afternoon with her son, Edward, of the minim department.

—Commissioner Burke and wife, of Chicago, visited their two sons, William and Joseph, of the senior department.

—Rev. Fathers Hackett, Kankakee, Ill.; Labrie, Momence, Ill., and O'Dwyer, Chebanse, Ill., were the guests of the president one day last month.

—Mr. A. Lyons, '90, wrote to Father Ryan recently: We were pleased to hear that Andrew is still holding his old position as bookkeeper in the Arcola State bank, Arcola, Ill.

—Mr. T. Lyons, '92, is engaged with a party of surveyors at Baker City, Oregon. Mr. Lyons has the best wishes of every one at the college.

—Mr. Stacy, of the senior department, has returned to the college to resume his studies after an absence of a few months, caused by sickness.

—We are happy to be able to announce the complete recovery of Mr. J. Armstrong and Mr. P. O'Connor from a severe attack of pneumonia.

—Master John McCassey, of the junior department, enjoyed a pleasant visit from his mother a few weeks ago.

—Miss Callan, Chicago, visited her brother Frank of the minim department recently.

—Senator Mahoney, Chicago, was the guest of the faculty a few days ago. We regret that Senator Mahoney's pressing business prevented him from making his stay long enough to address a few remarks to the students.

—Mr. Goffard, DePew, Wis., spent a few days with his son Leo last month.

—Mr. Birren, Chicago, brought his three sons to the college this month. One of the boys is in the junior and two in the minim department.

—Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, Pullman, Ill., visited their sons Patrick and Edward during the past month. Mrs. O'Connor remained a few days to nurse Patrick, who was dangerously ill with pneumonia but who is now happily recovered.

—Mr. Armstrong, Savoy, Ill., spent a day at the college last month with his son John, who was also sick with pneumonia. As stated before, John has regained his former good health to the great happiness of his many friends here at the college.

—Mrs. Hildreth, Chicago; spent several days at the college at the bedside of her son George, who was suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia. George is now, we are happy to say, entirely out of danger.

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#### EXCHANGES.

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We have received complaints from some college papers that we do not exchange when requested. THE VIATORIAN tenders her apologies to these journals, since these injuries were the results of oversight.

Many of the high school papers that are received have inscribed on their corner: "please exchange," and when we look them up, we very often discover they are already on our list. If these papers would remedy this defect they would save us as well as many other college publications a large amount of trouble, and prevent many mistakes.

The *Georgian*, of the University of Georgia, is replete with interesting as well as instructive articles.

"Irish Melodies," in the *Niagara Index*, is a well written and very commendable article.

*The Dial* is always one of our best exchanges; but the January issue eclipses all its publications of the last three months.

We are pleased to announce the addition of "*Old Hughes*" to our exchange list.

The *Abbey Student* for December is excellent both in prose and poetry. We have noticed with pleasure the *Abbey Student* is steadily progressing—both as to the quantity and quality of matter contained.

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 VIATORIANA.
 

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- Lights out.
- Hello, Sully!
- The dice box.
- O, that red vest.
- Snow flies on me.
- Give Joe a spisoorn.
- By Jove, I've got it.
- Who was in the piano.
- Oh, well, he's my pet.
- Here comes the factory.
- No. 12 shoes equals M—.
- Where's your bazoon, Doc?
- Who took that there snipe?
- Oh, that was a terrible eve!
- And so he put his foot in it.
- Spoke when your spoken to.
- Say, fellers, where's my bed.
- I's got as much right as you.
- Off with your church face cap.
- I tell you that sprinkler is O K.
- Five moons were seen last night.
- O, please, may I have this picture.
- Well, what about the blue stockings?
- I have a looking-glass you can't break—smash!

—I like the little one best.

—Why does C. perfume his room so violently?

—Say, Doc, are insects vegetables or animals?

—How many red sheets have you fellows got?

—Is a bear a transitive or intransitive animal?

—Who says Chicago police pass an examination?

—O let me just find the man who broke my clock.

—No, sir; I'll allow no one the use of my sweater.

—O, heavens, I have left my rubbers at the hotel.

—Mr. C., will you please catch that pigeon for me?

—Is that Charlie? Ah, hello Charlie! Be careful now.

—The semi annual election of officers of the Athletic Association for the ensuing year was held in the regular meeting room. The result of the election was as follows: Mr. P. F. Danher was unanimously chosen president; Mr. J. P. St. Cerny, vice-president; Mr. P. W. Hensl, secretary; Rev. J. F. Ryan, treasurer, and Mr. Joseph Granger- financial secretary. The newly elected chairman having resumed the chair, called the meeting to order. Reports being heard, and miscellaneous business transacted, the meeting adjourned. We have not the least fear but that the association will prosper under the guidance of its present management.

—Owing to the active interest which the people of Bourbonnais and Kankakee took in the bazaar recently held at the college for the benefit of the gymnasium fund, the neat sum of \$1,200 was realized. This will enable the college authorities to begin work on the new gymnasium next spring. Plans have already been submitted and approved. We desire also to thank the Bradley Manufacturing Co. both for their generous donations to the bazaar and for the courtesy they have shown us on several occasions in permitting the students to visit their large plow factory. We thank all those who contributed by their generosity to make the bazaar a success.

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