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FAITH.

I know not if my light will last
Until the dawn of day;
Perchance the dawn will breathe a blast
That darkeneth my way.
It may be that the weaker part
Will wither in the shade,
But thou, sweet faith, that rests my heart,
I know thou'lt never fade.
The oil that feeds thy brilliant ray
Was poured in years ago;
Aye, with the milk that fed the clay,
My precious soul upon;
And though the storm oft shook the bark
With threat of direst doom,
Thou beacon blest within my heart
Gave solace through the gloom.
Beloved light, still brightly gleam,
And show the path alway,
Till from this night of troubled dream
Thou findest me the day
Where leaden clouds turn silver sheen,
Soft rustles angels' wing;
The rock on which I long to lean,
And there forever cling.

—J. H. N.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

In the grey dawn of Ascension Thursday morning, at his country seat at Hawarden, in Wales, the Angel of Death quietly summoned away from the stage of life, one who has played many important parts in the great drama of events which constitutes the history of the 19th century, William Ewart Gladstone.

The life of Gladstone is undoubtedly one well worthy of the consideration of those who are about to embark in their career of life, and especially of those who will be the leading actors of the century soon to dawn upon us. He was born in Liverpool in 1809, where his father was a well-to-do merchant. Each of the three divisions of Great Britain had a claim upon him; according to his own version, he was by race a Scotchman, by birth an Englishman, and by marriage a Welshman.

His education was begun at the Vicarage of Leaforth, near his native city. In 1821, when he was 12 years of age, he was sent to Eton College, where he was considered one of the prettiest boys that ever entered there. In those early days he was noted for his unaffected piety, his ardent dislike of everything that savored of impiety and irreligion. On one occasion, when some of his school-fellows were maltreating some pigs, young Gladstone stood forth as their champion and threatened to write his name in good roundhand on the faces of those who sneered at his humanitarianism.

In 1828 he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he studied for classical honors and divinity, with a view of becoming a minister of the Church of England. The Bible, He-

brew and the works of the 'Fathers' were his favorite subjects of study. He also studied mathematics. While at Oxford he was thrown in the society of many who were destined to become no less famous than himself, foremost among whom were Henry Edward Manning and John Henry Newman, afterwards Cardinals and the leading lights of the Church in England. Between these and himself there existed a cordial friendship throughout their life. Although he was brought into conflict with them on religious controversy, particularly after the appearance of his famous pamphlet entitled "Vaticanesia", attacking the Holy See and the Papacy, and which drew forth from Cardinal Newman a crushing reply, nevertheless there was no breach of friendship. Gladstone was incapable of cherishing personal ill-will to anybody. Whatever errors he may have committed were of the mind and not of the heart. In December, 1831, Gladstone took his degrees with honors and quitted Oxford. After a short time spent in travel, he was elected to Parliament in 1833 under the patronage of the Duke of Newcastle, as a Tory, having imbibed at Oxford the leading principle of Toryism, namely, devotion to Church and State. He was not long in the House of Commons before his ability was recognized and he was regarded as the rising hope of his party. When he was only 23 he was appointed by Sir Robert Peel as a Junior Lord of the treasury and afterwards promoted to the office of under Secretary for the colonies under the same government.

Mr. Gladstone was called to fill many offices, all important ones, and he did so without fear or favor. In fact Mr. Gladstone may be said to have led or influenced the politics of England for the fifty years of his active life.

We can better appreciate Gladstone's character as a politician if we compare him with some of his rivals and contemporaries. Disraeli entered public life as a radical, and by a process of political evolution ended as an ultramontaine tory, the darling of the queen and the aristocracy, having received the title of Earl of Beaconsfield. Mr. Chamberlain, also, in the beginning of his political career, was almost a republican, and today he is member of Lord Salisbury's cabinet, and loves to hobnob with dukes and duchesses. John Bright, towards the end of his life, showed signs of moral and mental decay, and turned his back on all his old principles. Mr. Gladstone's career is the very antithesis of these: Entering public life as the representative of the wealthy and privileged classes, he gradually broke away from his early prejudices. His sympathies broadened with his years. At the end he was feared and disliked both by the queen and the wealthy classes, but honored and revered by the masses. He refused empty titles, preferring to be known as plain Mr. Gladstone. He never made politics a means of enriching himself, or of procuring places for his friends. As a debater he had no equal. His voice was musical, and capable of great modulation. His style was rather verbose, and his sentences were very

often so constructed that they could be interpreted in many ways. Hence his opponents often said that he used words to conceal his thoughts. He was an indefatigable worker. He has said that God, in the plan of creation, has designed no place for the idle man. His remarkable longevity and vitality was due to his regular habits, and to the simultaneous and constant exercise of his physical and mental faculties. When he was not engrossed with affairs of state he was busy answering his numerous correspondents, or writing articles for reviews, or reviewing books; and when he needed relaxation from these labors he took his ax into the woods and cut down trees. He was eminent as a scholar and literateur. In 1858 he produced a work on "Homer and Greece." Some years ago, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of a Greek church at Liverpool, at which ceremony he was present, he delivered an address in Greek. He knew the greater part of Shakespeare by heart. It is a common saying that in order to know one's character thoroughly he must be seen at home. Judging Mr. Gladstone by this test, we must inevitably come to the conclusion that he was a most amiable gentleman, for he was loved by his family, by his tenants, and neighbors. His valedictory message to Ireland was a letter addressed to John Dillon, M.P., at an Irish banquet on last St. Patrick's night, in London. The words of that message ought to be treasured in the hearts not only of those to whom they were

specially addressed, but also by every Irishman who loves his country. This is the message:

"Dear Mr. Dillon:—I send a word of sympathy for the banquet on St. Patrick's day. Your cause is in your own hands. If Ireland remains disunited, so long her cause remains hopeless; if, on the contrary, she knows her own mind, and is one in spirit, that cause is irresistible. With kind regards and good wishes," etc.

His peaceful death, surrounded by the members of his family; watched over in his illness by his devoted wife, who has shared in all his labors, was a fitting termination to a well-spent life. It speaks much in his favor to say that he is the first English statesman whose death has evoked real sympathy in Ireland. A. O'S.

CARLYLE'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Few authors in the English language have so completely divided critics in their opinions as Thomas Carlyle. Some look upon him as the master-spirit of modern times, whose depth of thought, keenness of penetration, felicity of diction, and daring boldness and originality of speculation, stand unrivalled since the time of Shakespeare. Others regard him, not only as a dangerous inventor in philosophy, but also as a corrupter of literary taste. But whatever diversity of judgment may exist as to Carlyle and his writings in general, all must admit that his "French Revolution" is a work

of great merit. Brother Azarias, in one of his lectures, does not hesitate to call it "a grand prose epic." It is not like a written book; it is rather like the running soliloquy of some wonderfully living and life-giving mind as events of history pass before it. At his touch the dry bones of fact spring into life at the touch of a prophet. Under the magic influence of his creative pen past events rise up before us, not as fleeting visions, but as living embodiments, and the ghosts of a buried generation pass before us, summoned to re-act in silent pantomime their noisy life.

Carlyle had the most intense hatred for cant and sham; and hypocrisy, however self-deceived or respectable, was his horror. He recognized that the French revolution, whatever else it may have been, was at least no sham. It was like some grand volcanic upheaval of nature that rends the earth to its very center and piles up huge mountains of seething, clashing elements. To Carlyle's eyes it is a sublime though awful spectacle, and he sits down, amidst these mighty heaps of most indisputable genuineness, to learn what man is and what significance attaches to the outbreak of a nation's wrath. He was attracted by the French revolution because he saw that it illustrated in characters of fire man's irrepressible instinct to exercise his natural rights. To him this terrible display of human energy is as a mighty chasm which reveals the inner depths of man's being where gigantic passions heave and stir under mountains of tyranny and oppression, yet

where an overruling Providence is shaping the elements of discord into a habitable world.

He does not look upon the French revolution as a man of one nation surveying the public deeds of another, nor as a man of one age reviewing the vicissitudes of a time gone by, but as a human spirit he endeavors to enter into the conscious purposes and unconscious striving of other human spirits and to gaze with wonder and awe at the mighty forces that are at work. He desires above all else to see things as they are and to describe them with scrupulous truth. He transfuses his soul into the men who lived in those stormy times and mingles his whole being with theirs. He writes not as an historian recording a past event, but as a man describing what is passing before his eyes. We see things as if truth's sunlight had flashed into the dark caves of the buried years.

No less admirable than his ever memorable pictures of the wild scenes ever recurring during this period of unbridled passion, is his just appreciation of the characters of the men who act their part in this awful drama. He casts his eye on a man with cutting penetration and is satisfied that he knows him. He takes him by the arm and by the feeling of his iron or flabby muscles judges instantly of his vigor. Shams vanish before his glance as gauze would in the fire. The man stands before us just as nature and his own free will have made him, with all his foibles, weakness, conceit and egotism. Neither Thackeray nor Dick-

ens nor Scott, with all their unquestionable mastery in delineating character and with all the advantage that the license of fiction afforded them, has been able to create such life-like men as Carlyle has called forth from the mouldering dust of historic times. Murat and Robespierre are unveiled and these ghastly monsters appear in all their native deformity. Danton, too, is made to reveal himself with his strange medley of weakness and strength. But he is sincere and Carlyle is not slow to recognize the good there is in the man. Louis XVI is simply a helpless child in the mad whirlpool of passion that is seething around him. Thus he passes every actor in the revolution in review and each one receives his just blame or praise.

When we think of the mass of matter he must have read and digested in the process of composition, we cannot but equally admire his industry and respect his sagacity. Add to this the consideration that the first volume, when fully prepared, was by an unfortunate accident destroyed, and that the author, without copy or plan, was thus forced to tread over again when wearied, the path he had climbed in the first flush of untried adventure, and our estimate of his ability, energy and genius cannot but be great. But no matter whatever else we may think of the man, we must admit he speaks what words he utters, with his whole soul.

W. J. B.

The attainment of our greatest desires is often the source of our greatest sorrows.—*Fourier*.

WHAT MAKES THE SAGE, THE HERO, THE GENIUS?

From time immemorial it has been observed that among the races of mankind few men, out of the many, would at various epochs arise whose deeds or thoughts placed them in a sphere far elevated from that of their common fellow-men.

The ancients, recognizing how far superior these men were above mankind in general, ascribed their generation from some of their gods. And so great was the admiration and reverence which they bore them that frequently after their death they were ranked among the national deities.

Modern times have also had their sages, heroes, geniuses. And though our appreciation of them is not so warm nor so unanimous as that of the ancient, nevertheless it cannot be denied that they are deeply enshrined in the estimation of the admiring world.

Among us, however, there seems to be great diversity of opinion as to their origin, that is, the primary cause of their existence.

The ancients were somewhat logical in ascribing to their heroes a divine origin. How could they explain, ignoring the nature of the soul, such marvelous effects, such manifestations and display of physical and intellectual skill and power? They were necessarily led to search for their sufficient causes in the gilded and shining courts of Olympus, where sat the dazzling gods clad in ethereal beauty and holding in their hands all the powers of heaven, earth, and hell. They knew very well that their poor animal body,

full of weakness, could not be the cause of such wonderful effects. Nor could they believe them to be spontaneous upshoots of nature as some of us seem to think, for in those times people did not admit that effects could spring up without sufficient causes—this is a modern discovery.

Some among us also try to explain greatness and genius as being the outcome of circumstances or mere culture. Thus the French revolution, after having fermented for a while, gave birth to a Napoleon; the culture and pomp of the age of Elizabeth gave rise to a Shakespeare; the gloomy and melancholy exile of Dante produced a "Divine Comedy." But, if circumstance and culture is the great cause, why did not all the military students at Brienne turn out to be Napoleons when they were thrown in the army at the end of the revolution? Why did not all the men of letters about the court of Elizabeth become Shakespeares? Why did not all the learned men who suffer from melancholy and a painful exile write "Divine Comedies?" It is evident that culture and circumstances, though important, are secondary causes. Thus, for culture, if it were the primary cause of greatness, how could we account for the unrivaled pages of such uncultivated men as Homer or Shakespeare? How is it that Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle have surpassed their predecessors and were not in turn surpassed by their posterity? We have greater advantages than they had for study. Why do we not surpass them?

Is it true, as others think, that the

seeds of wisdom, heroism, genius, are sown at random by the hand of Providence? And thus that they will spring wherever they fall; that they have no relation to vice or virtue and will as well arise from a corrupted source as from a virtuous one? Could heaven be so indifferent to right or wrong as to give these excellent temporal rewards to the descendants of the wicked as well as to those of the good? Moreover, is it in the least probable that those qualities, those talents and wonderful gifts possessed by a great man, could spring from any essential source outside that of high virtue—that by which we come nearest to God, and partake most of his divine perfections?

Some great writer has said that if we could trace back the origin of every talent, every intelligent and physical perfection in a man, we would find as the essential cause of each some moral quality. The only reason why many do not believe in this theory, and think that it is refuted by experience, is because they do not look far enough for the cause. In the individual we may have to trace the line to the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth generation. For nations we have to travel through as many centuries. The character or dispositions of a people or individual are not entirely moulded in a century, or in a life-time; but much of it is inherited. Nor can a people or an individual entirely destroy its character or dispositions in a century or a life-time, because it is of slow growth, and of perhaps more rapid but still slow decay. This explains why it is that a

corrupted man may sometimes have the abilities, the capacities, and the talents which we would naturally ascribe to a virtuous one; the intellectual or physical perfections he has inherited, his depraved morality has not yet subverted. But if his descendants would follow in the steps of his conduct, a falling off of their faculties would soon be the issue. Conversely, if we meet with a man of great moral qualities, but deficient in his faculties, we must ascribe the cause to a poor inheritance of these from his ancestors. If his posterity follow in the line of his conduct, great faculties will be developed.

We have but to glance at history to discover the truth of this theory. Bossuet and De Maistre affirm that those nations which have been the most virtuous have risen to the highest civilization, and were the most wealthy in great men, while those who have been the most corrupted have sunk to the deepest barbarism, and were poorest in sages, heroes, and geniuses. But nations are but large individuals, and individuals small nations.

Finally, we must conclude that virtue is the primary and highest cause of greatness and genius; and whatever other occasion or condition may be favorable or necessary to its growth or manifestation, these are at best secondary causes.

Now, it may be asked, how does virtue operate in its substantial assistance in causing the rise of the sage, the hero, the genius? It effects this in assisting the soul to break through its prison doors, assert itself in the ac-

tions of man, and thus acquire sovereignty over the human animal. This is why St. Thomas asserts that virtue brightens the mind, while sin and vice darken it. Bacon, I believe, tells us that a same, or like, soul is incarcerated in each body. So the greatness of a man consists essentially in the progress which virtue has effected in opening the gateways of this soul and leaving it flow into the faculties which it perfects and strengthens; while his littleness also essentially consists in the progress which vice and corruption have accomplished in drawing the soul back into her prison, refusing her outlet as much as possible, and thus transferring the scepter of sovereignty from the soul to the human animal.

In passing it is here good to remark that in the progress of the soul in the human faculties we cannot deny the importance of culture, circumstances, and contact with great minds or their works, to promote and powerfully assist this movement; but all this would be of little or no use, if the germ of proper dispositions, which is sown by virtue, did not first exist in the person. It must also be observed that the soul powers, when implanted in man may be used for the working of much evil, although they were not intended for this purpose—a striking example of which we have in Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau. The soul does not essentially prompt them to this evil, but the human animal is more likely to do so. The soul is more inclined to be humble and seeking continually to do good; but the human animal, often

thinking itself the author of the wonderful actions which the soul performs through its instrumentality, may swell with pride, may be goaded on by passion and, finally, fall a prey to the snares of the evil spirit and become its slave.

Further, as the workings on the soul are gradual and slow, the question of time is also important. Thus, if a set of virtues be practiced and handed down from father to son for many generations, the soul manifestations for these virtues will be more pronounced. Nevertheless, intensity of cultivation and practice of virtues may gain what would otherwise require so much time to be obtained, and the converse of this holds good for vice.

Now the prison of the soul may be imagined to have as many outlets as there are virtues, and these openings may be expanded or contracted in proportion to the degree of perfection to which the virtue is carried by practice, so that the manifestations of the soul in man are either in proportion to the number of virtues practiced or to the degree of perfection to which each is brought by practice, or both. Moreover, it must be observed that each gate of the prison is also in harmony with the importance of the virtue which it signifies, so that the soul manifestations caused by the highest virtues, are naturally more intensely excellent than those of minor ones.

I am aware of how rude a comparison this is of the action of the soul in man, but my intention is simply to facilitate the conveying of the idea.

Now these actions of the soul in

man are both marvelous and complicated, but this is but natural since the soul is an image of God. These soul manifestations, essentially caused by the action of virtue, is the base of that ocean of differences which may exist between man and man. It also accounts for many mysteries clustering about human nature.

Emerson tells us that if the soul would show itself completely in a person, our knees would instinctively bend in the presence of that person.

The sage, the hero, the genius, is but the highest form of soul manifestation in man. It is obvious that the greatest and most difficult task which may be imposed on human nature is but a play work for the soul. This is what led Carlyle to say that a hero could be a great prophet, poet, philosopher, warrior, or anything else, because everything human is child play to him.

The soul in the philosopher and in the poet enables him to peer into the deep and hidden truths, symbols, analogies, and beauties of the universe; and in the great orator, great statesman, and great general, it sways and controls the multitudes. It is the primary source of all the highest perfections in all the highest arts.

J. I. G.

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government."—*Washington*.

Zouleena.

A great chief was Mooska, chief of a powerful tribe; chief of a thousand black-skinned warriors, who did his will without a murmur, who fought and died for him without a sigh. Great and powerful was he; for he ruled over ten villages, whose women were the most beautiful in all Africa, and whose warriors had never known defeat.

But more than this. Mooska was happy. His daughter, the pride of her race, loved him much, and ministered to all his wants and desires.

Zouleena *was* beautiful. Her velvety skin, bathed in olive oil daily, shone with the polish of ebony. Her dark hair formed a splendid background to her beautiful eyes, that sparkled like black diamonds, and her delicately moulded lips, as red as cherries.

Yes, Zouleena was beautiful; and she knew it. Her lovers were not numbered singly, as those of the other dark-skinned maidens, but by the tens; and it was whispered about that whoever once loved her never lost her spell, but remained her slave forever.

Ouna and Lalak were chiefs of Mooska's warriors, and both worshipped Zouleena. They had loved her for years; nor did they know when their love began. They had been friends once; now they were deadly enemies. When children together, they had cherished their dreams of ambition; but now, as great warriors, they hated each other with a hate that was born of jealousy.

Lalak and Ouna were the most fa-

vored of Zouleena's lovers, but none knew which she preferred. The black women, who envied her, whispered that she toyed with both; that she was fickle and insincere. Yet, Zouleena, paying no attention to these reports, which she knew were instigated by jealousy, played with her lovers as before; and Ouna and Lalak loved her more each day, and their hate grew strong as their love.

At this time the services of Mooska were invaluable in a war against many allied chiefs, who envied him his riches and treasures, whose warriors far outnumbered his own, and whose villages were ten times as numerous.

But Mooska did not fear. He gathered his thousand warriors together and swore by all his idols to defeat the cowards who dared to invade his land, burn his villages, and steal the women of his warriors. And the Africans were well pleased, and promised never to return to their villages without the skulls of their foes.

Before the great army left Mooskala, the large city where Mooska held his court, Ouna went to Zouleena and told her that he would never return until the foe was defeated and *her* safety assured. She replied that she loved him much, and believed that he would give his life ere harm should come to her. And Ouna departed happily. In the outer court he met Lalak, and passed him with a triumphant glance. But Lalak did not notice Ouna—he was thinking of Zouleena. Then Lalak went to Zouleena and told her that he adored her and sought her for his wife. She ans-

were that she loved him, and perhaps would become his wife after the great battle; and he also departed gladly, for he now feared Ouna no more.

When he had gone, Zouleena merely laughed, and wondered whether they had meant what they had said. If so, what fools they were to presume that she, the daughter of a mighty king, could care for them!

On the next day the great army departed, Ouna and Lalak each chief of a hundred brave and battle-scarred warriors; but none in all was braver than his chief. When the tribe had marched many miles they met the enemy. With shouts and cries they rushed upon them. The impetus of the attack was so great that their foes wavered and commenced to give way. Victory perched upon the arms of Mooska. But for once his ascendant star paused—then halted. For the superior numbers of his foes turned the balance against him, and his formerly invincible warriors were borne back as by an irresistible tide. Fiercely they struggled, but all in vain. Their dead formed a rampart, behind which they fought; but the numbers of the foe swept all before them, till but a handful remained to guard their king. Ouna and Lalak had fought with great valor during the battle; but now, with the strength of despair, they committed wonderful feats. Together they stood, comrades in arms, but foes in their love. Finally, the little body was surrounded. The defenders fell thick and fast; only ten were left—ten out of a thousand.

Just then, a big, brawny chieftain,

waving his assegai, and giving vent to a blood-curdling yell, sprang ferociously upon Ouna, who was weak from loss of blood, for he had received many wounds. He could not cope with the chief, but with desperate strength he grappled with him. Fierce was the struggle for a moment; then Ouna, weak and feeble, fell. The big African was above him with his knife poised to deal the death-blow. But the blow never fell. With a quiver, the chief lurched forward and fell to the ground, dead. Over him stood Lalak. Forgetting his hatred and enmity; forgetting the years of their separation; remembering only the days of their childhood, he had struck the blow in a vain effort to save his friend. It was his last deed. A moment later he fell, covered with wounds, by the side of Ouna; and the cause of Mooska was lost.

After many hours, Ouna awoke. With much pain he raised himself on his elbow, and looked around.

The shades of night were falling, and the silver moon was shining in the West, shedding a pale refulgence over the ghastly scene.

Everywhere he could see the dead and dying; and now and then he could hear a moan or a gasp. Near him, on his right, lay a man whose breast was covered with many wounds, but in his hand—indomitable to the last—he clutched his broken assegai. He looked closer, and the man was Lalak.

Ouna did not know that Lalak had slain the black African whom he had last seen brandishing his knife above him. No, he thought the blow had

fallen. And when he saw his old friend wounded, and perhaps dead, he forgot his pain, his love, and Zouleena, and dragged himself slowly to his side. Lalak was not yet dead, but his spirit was fast departing. He saw Ouna, and smiled. He, too, had forgotten Zouleena. Ouna grasped the hand of Lalak; then his strength forsook him, and he sank back to the cold, bloody earth.

Together lay these two scarred Africans, clasping hands, and dreaming—dreaming the dreams of their childhood, until the hand of Death claimed them as its own. P. W. H.

WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION.

Mr. Webster's first Bunker Hill oration is without doubt a great one, and bears the impress of a mighty mind. Every sentence possesses a weighty solemnity, a massive volume of thought, and a depth and closeness of reasoning peculiarly Websterian—qualities he manifested on all occasions. With Webster, the flowers of rhetoric and appeals to feeling are but secondary things; but he uses them with considerable effect, and always with ease and grace. These remarks apply as much to the manner as to the matter of his Bunker Hill address. The latter contains much to be admired. In the introduction, the orator is visibly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Addressing the survivors of the famous battle whose name the monument bears, he

eulogizes them in a most laudatory and praiseworthy manner, and recalls to their minds the memories of fifty years. Then from his proposition, "Why are we assembled here?" he deduces three principal reasons for raising the marble shaft intended to commemorate the glorious deeds of a heroic dead: our love of country; gratitude for signal services performed, and admiration of exalted character. To support these divisions he makes mention of how the patriots struggled for liberty; he pictures in glowing terms the vigorous onslaught and the steady repulse of the British at Bunker Hill on the 17th of June, 1776; he calls to mind the leaders, who were always foremost in the charge, and pronounces a fitting encomium on the dead heroes, especially on Warren and his gallant associates, who fell disputing every inch of the way as they retreated to the cover of burning Charlestown. Then addressing LaFayette, who honored the assemblage with his presence, he carried him back once more to Brandywine and Yorktown, to the days when, in his youthful vigor and ardor, he struggled so nobly for the freedom of a foreign people.

Mr. Webster next proceeds to demonstrate the changes that our forefather's action has wrought, not only upon the United States, but also upon the whole American continent, and even upon Europe itself; how it led the advancement in science, art, and knowledge over ignorance, skepticism, prejudice, and bigotry; how the conditions of mankind in general have

improved, and how phenomenal have been the changes in politics and government since we began our national existence; he points out the calmness and dignity with which the South American republics enjoy their liberty; he asserts that the days of unlimited sovereignty are over; that the powers of government are but a trust, to be exercised always for the good of all men, and that the interests of the world demand peace. In his peroration he says that we should indulge in

honest exultation for what we have done, as incitements to duty; that we should not constitute ourselves a propaganda, and that our object should always be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. This oration is certainly worthy of careful study by all students, and for patriotic sentiment, high resolve, splendor of diction, solemn grandeur, and sublimity, it is equalled by few and surpassed by none. J. M. O'C.

A NATION YOUNG, BUT UN- DAUNTED.

Arise and gird on thy armor,
And haste to thy country's aid,
Thou, rich man, and thou, toiling farmer,
America's name shall not fade!

Go, preach this unto every nation,
And make good thy words with thy deeds,
"Old Glory's" divine-given mission
Is freedom to peoples and creeds.

Go, throw down thy glove to the Spanish,
Command them to stand up and fight;
And their fleets and their troopers will
vanish
Before the great cause of Right.

Spain, the star of thy glory is fading!
Spain, that was, will never more be!
And the mandolin's sweet serenading
Is the death-knell of thine and of thee.

For the shrieks of thy victims are ringing,
That for centuries sounded in vain;
Sad tidings to thee they are bringing
Of thy tottering castles, O Spain!

While the voice of poor Cuba, beseeching,
Shall be heard in that strain no more,
And the bones of the Aztecs, now bleaching
Shall rest in their graves evermore.

For a nation young, but undaunted
Will punish thy crimes, O Spain!
And thy banners and flags, bravely flaunted,
Shall be bathed in the blood of thy slain!

A nation whose right hand grasps Freedom
And her left hand the sceptre of Might,
Shall conquer thy brave knights, great
kingdom!

Shall win in the great cause for Right.

So arise and gird on thy armor,
And haste to thy country's aid,
Thou, rich man, and thou, toiling farmer;
America's name shall not fade!

—P. W. H., '99.

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EDITORIAL.

The commencement exercises take place Monday, June 20th, at 1:30 p. m. His Grace, Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago, will preside.

Having solved problems for all mankind, the graduate will now have to wrestle with this one: "How Shall I Make Life Practical for Myself?"

In the death of William Ewart Gladstone, England has lost her greatest man; the world, one of its brightest ornaments; and humanity, one of its highest types. Gladstone's life exemplified every natural virtue. He stood for all that was noble, honorable and manly. He believed that a man could follow a political career and be an honest man. He went farther; he proved it. He was a type of the ideal politician and statesman, and it is not too much to say that, ability and opportunity considered, the century has not produced his

equal. Gladstone was a genuine Christian man, not during old age merely, but all his life he gave practical evidence of the faith that was in him. Gladstone never made any appeal for vulgar popularity. He was too great to accept or oppose men's views for the sake of popular applause, still it is fair to say that the demonstrations of grief shown at his death proved him to have been the most popular man in England. Gladstone was the second of a trio that will make this century famous. These are Leo XIII., Gladstone, and Bismark. It is well to note that while making due allowance for native ability, these men take rank in proportion to the qualities of their religion. Leo's faith is supernatural, that of Gladstone was purely natural; Bismark's creed may be summed up in the one word, "Success." It is pathetic enough that the latter is the least successful of the three, even in what pertains to this world.

It was a painful shock to his many friends here to learn of the almost sudden death of Patrick J. Kelly, who departed this life May 17th. Mr. Kelly was to have been ordained to priesthood June 5th, having received his call thereto a few days previous to his demise. Of a gentle, hopeful nature, kind to a degree, Mr. Kelly made friends of all he met. He had great hopes of realizing the dreams of his youth which always led him to the sanctuary, but providence willed otherwise, and he was cut off just

when the coveted prize was in full view. His funeral took place Friday, May 20th, from St. Mary's church, Chicago, where about twenty priests and a large concourse of sympathetic friends had gathered to pay their tribute of respect to the remains of one whom all loved. An eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. P. C. Conway, who, while doing honor to himself as a priest and an orator, paid a glowing tribute to the departed dead. We extend our deepest sympathies to the relatives of the deceased, who are deprived at once of a loving brother and of the honor they so ardently looked forward to.

R.I.P.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for June is a very bright number and its leading article, by Rev. Fr. Frisbee, S.J., on "Woodstock College," is very interesting, as is, indeed, every one in the magazine. But the poem "From my Mother in Ireland," by Neo Sacerdos, is the brightest gem of the *Messenger*. So full of love and devotion is this little poem that its fragrance is sure to remain full many a day after making its acquaintance. How we wish *The New World* would call attention to such magazines and such poetry instead of advertising the *Congregationalist*. The latter's poems may be very good, but it has no monopoly on good verse.

The *Rosary Magazine* for May is a charming number filled with a fine va-

riety of articles. "May," a poem by Charles Hanson Towne, is a perfect little gem. "A Benedictine Princess—Louise de Conde," is continued and grows more and more interesting. "The Rosary and the Holy Land" is well illustrated and very attractive, while "The Irish Rebellion of 1798," is both entertaining and timely, as we are now at the centenary of that great event when Irish patriots gave their lives for liberty and honor.

Donahoe's May number is delightful both to the eye and intellect. Its cover is a little dream, and the engravings accompanying William Dollard's paper on "Thomas Moore and Old Times," are beautiful, yet we do not agree with the writer in everything, and are really surprised at what he says of Lalla Rooke." In fact we do not admire the selections in this paper as representing "Moore's Melodies" that affect our youth, and feel sorry for Mr. Dollard in his healthy-minded childhood that forbade him liking the "Last Rose of Summer." The story by the editor, "Westchester," reaches its conclusion in a highly dramatic manner, and "Westgate's Past" in a very pleasing one.

The Catholic World has plenty of good things in its May Issue, not the least of which is a paper on "Progress of Catholicity in New York: Its Causes." This is rather a number of papers in one, for the expressions of many worthy and capable men are here given on this interesting subject. "By Mail" is delightful, as is all else coming from the pen of Miss Bugg.

"Henry Sienkiewicz," "The Net in the Modern World," "La Pinu and its Madonna," and several other very fine essays make this a very fine number.

The *Cosmopolitan* has a paper by Henry Gaines Hawn, on the "Voice in Conversation," which is itself worth the price of the magazine. The writer was formerly a professor of elocution in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and says some things in this paper which would be a blessing could we induce some of our friends to understand. For instance, "What denotes greater vulgarity than a loud tone of voice, one dominating the conversation to the exclusion and chagrin of all others in the room?" and this, "there is but one voice allotted to each of us, and, song is only the speaking voice with sustained vowel sounds, regulated cadences, or intervals of pitch, delivered in rhythmical time." Please remember this, ye who *will* sing.

The *Century's* articles of interest for May are "Ascent of the Enchanted Mesa," "A Statesman of Russia: Constance Popedonostzeff," "After Dinner Oratory," "Submarine Photography," "The Scramble for the Upper Nile," and a characteristic sketch by Thos. Bailey Aldrich entitled, "His Grace the Duke."

McClure's Magazine for May contains Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Destroyers," the last stanza of which contains a line that is very striking at the present time. The stanza ends thus:

"The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—
The mine that splits the main—
The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—
The Choosers of the Slain!"

The Story of Japan (Am. Book Co., Chicago, 1898) aims to instruct children in the history of Japan and its people. The book is written very plainly and is put forth in very attractive form. It will no doubt prove very interesting and succeed in giving our young people a great deal of information about a country that has made great strides in the way of material advancement the past half century. This work is very timely and will no doubt meet a favorable reception.
J. H. N.

PERSONAL.

—The Rev. M. A. Dooling, pastor of St. John's church, Clinton, Ill., was a recent college visitor.

—The Rev. J. Hudon, returning from St. Louis, Mo., where he was a delegate to a convention, paid us a visit before returning to his home in Michigan.

—Mrs. G. Anderson, of Kankakee, Ill., accompanied by several friends, paid the college a visit on a recent Sunday.

—The Rev. Mother Matilde, superior of her order in the United States, visited members of her community at the college recently.

—We learn with regret of the death, recently, of Sister Frances, a sister of Mr. James C. Keefe, '94. We extend our sympathies to the afflicted family.

--Messrs. Burke, Hovey, and Culchen, the two former of Chicago, the latter of Herscher, Ill., honored the Faculty by a visit during the past month.

--Mr. Charles E. Gross, '89, was married to Miss Hester Marie Carlson, of Chicago, May 18. We wish the young couple all possible happiness in their married life.

--The Rev. P. Dugast, C.S.V., assistant to the Very Reverend Superior at Irving Park, Ill., spent a short time at the college recently.

--Monsieur l'Abbe Chaudonet, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent a few days with us before leaving for Minnesota, where he intends to spend the summer.

--Messrs. S. Walsh and M. P. Sammon were called to Peoria, May 30, to receive "holy orders." We congratulate our fellow students on their promotion.

--Mr. Matt. Berry, '96, was among those who came down from Chicago to help carry back the honors of his ball team. The trophies were not quite ripe.

--The Rev. William Kearney, assistant pastor of St. Charles Church, Chicago, spent Decoration day at the college.

--Mr. Lionel Legris, whilom ball-tosser for our baseball nine, left May 22 for Taylorville, Ill., where he is engaged to pitch for a local team.

--The following among the reverend clergy were visitors at the college on Decoration day: J. LeSage, A. J. and James McGavick, Chicago; A. Labrie,

Momence, Ill.; J. Bourdeau, St George, Ill.; A. Poissant, Kankakee, Ill.

BASEBALL.

ST. VIATEUR'S VS. Y. M. I. OF CHICAGO.

St. Viateurs, 17; Y. M. I. of Chicago, 5.

The Shamrocks played their first game Sunday May 29th against the Y. M. I. of Chicago. The game, although somewhat one-sided, nevertheless had its features. Sammons distinguished himself by his timely batting and brilliant fielding. The pitching of Soran was almost of a professional type. McDonald at second and Lynch at first divided the honors of the visitors.

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Shamrocks	5	2	0	0	8	1	0	0	1--17
Y. M. I.	0	2	0	0	1	1	0	1	0--5

ST. VIATEUR'S VS. NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame, 8; St. Viateur's, 6.

Monday, May 30, the Shamrocks and Notre Dame crossed bats. The game was one of the most exciting seen on the college grounds this season. Notre Dame, though the winner, had not the snap and ginger which distinguished the work of the Shamrocks. In the first innings the Notre Dames, by a series of bases on balls and a wild throw, netted seven runs. The Shamrocks went out in one, two, three order. McNichols fouled out in second; Callahan hit safe; McDonald flew out to Quille; Donahoe flew out to Walsh; Callahan died on first; side retired.

Connors, first man up in second, hit to Herrman, retired at first; Whearty flew out to McNichols; Quille hit safe; Hearney hit to Donahoe, retired at first, Quille died on base; side retired; score same. Herrman, of Notre Dame, hit to Connors, retired at first; Follen flew out to Patterson; Fleming struck out; side retired.

Rooney hit safe; Patterson advanced him to second on a sacrifice; Sammons singled to right; Rooney scored on hit; Walsh flew out to McDonald; Martin struck out; Sammons died on first; side retired; score, Notre Dame, 7; Shamrocks, 1.

Power, in fourth, hit to Whearty, retired at first; Daly hit to Walsh, retired at first; McNichols walked, Callahan hit safe, advancing McNichols; McDonald fouled out to Sammons; side retired. Connors hit safe; Whearty walked; Connors advanced to second; Quille received his base on balls, advancing Connors and Whearty; Kearney hit to McNichols, who made an error; Connors scored; McNichols made a wild throw to third to intercept Whearty, clearing the bases; Rooney struck out; Patterson hit to second, retired at first; Sammons struck out; side retired. Score, Notre Dame, 7; Shamrocks, 5.

In fifth and sixth, both sides went out in one, two, three order. In the seventh, Notre Dame scored one on a series of passed balls. The Shamrocks also scored one. The eighth and ninth was of the one, two, three order.

Walsh at second, Quille in left, and Kearney at first, were the features of

the game, Notre Dame playing a featureless game. The score:

Score	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Notre Dame.....	7	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	x	—8
Shamrocks	0	0	1	4	0	0	1	0	0	—6

THE CONTEST IN ELOCUTION.

The annual elocutionary contest for the McShane and Hagan medals was a decided success this year. Before this, we had never, in our most fanciful moments, imagined that there was such a hoard of treasures, such a galaxy of stars, contained within the walls of the college. It augurs well for the future. The contest not only furnished us with proof of the elocutionary talents of many of the students, but it also demonstrated the truth of that time-worn and time-tested adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way." Boys who had never stood before the footlights, distinguished themselves as much as many of those whom experience had hardened to the tremblings and fears of a public appearance.

The little minim and the tall and towering senior, alike, did full justice to their instructors, whom we must compliment and thank for the splendid training that the students have received at their hands during the past year.

The following was the program for the evening:

THE M'SHANE MEDAL.

1. Reynolds Cartan.....
.....Studying for the Contest
2. Thomas Conley.....The Civil War
3. Hector Cyr.The Joshua of '76
4. Raymond Daly.....Poor Little Joe
5. Louis Hurd.....Bay Billy

6. William Krueger.....Cripple Ben
7. Paul Legris..Never Play with Firearms
8. James Murphy....Equestrian Courtship
9. Fred Shippy.....The Power of Habit

THE HAGAN MEDAL.

1. William Carey.....
.....Spartacus to the Roman Envoys
2. James Donnellan.... The Dandy Fifth
3. Richard Gahan.....McClain's Child
4. Arthur Hansl.....Louis XVII
5. Arthur L'Ecuyer.....
.....The Baron's Last Banquet
6. Dan Maher..... Lasca
7. Jas. Patton.....The Curse of Regulus
8. Walter Rooney..Arena Scene. *Quo Vadis*
9. Albert Sonnichson.....
.....The Smith of Ragenbach

Reynolds Cartan, through his graceful gestures and poses, succeeded in capturing the Minim's medal. His elocution is excellent for one so young; and we only hope that he will not allow his well-demonstrated talents to fall into disuse.

Among those distinguishing themselves in this contest were Thomas Conley and Paul Legris.

Arthur Hansl won the Hagan medal with W. Rooney a close second. The winner has won distinction before in the operetta "St. Patrick," and he ably sustained his reputation. Mr. Rooney is also an experienced elocutionist; so the decision between the two was very difficult to make, and caused the judge, the Rev. T. J. McDevitt, much trouble. Mr. A. L'Ecuyer also distinguished himself in this contest.

Besides the McShane and Hagan medals, Mr. J. H. Nawn presented his class (the Seniors) with a special medal, which was won by Mr. W. Rooney. Mr. W. Carey distinguished himself.

Another special medal donated by Mr. E. Quille to his class (the Juniors) was secured by Richard Gahan, a very firey and spirited young elocutionist. Daniel Maher distinguished himself.

A special prize was given Paul Legris.

These are the returns of the judge, Fr. McDevitt, who, though several times placed in doubtful positions, extricated himself to the satisfaction of all. We thank him for his kind assistance, as we also do the instructors who so ably prepared the contestants.

—Mr. W. F. Lauriault, was among those called to Peoria May 30, for "Holy Orders." He received full Minors. Our congratulations.

—Some of the seminarians will receive orders in Chicago June 18.

—The annual prize drill for the battalion will take place Thursday, June 16, Capt. T. Ford, of the famous "Chicago Zouaves," with two officers of the same company, will judge the contest.

—The contest for oratorical honors takes place Friday, June 10. There are several sturdy participants, and a good exhibition is anticipated.

—The final examinations take place June 14. Saturday, the 18th, will be our "picnic day." On the 19th we "think it over," and Monday, the 20th, marks the end. *Vale*, 1897-1898.

—"How will I take this quinine, brother?"

Brother: "Swallow it."

VIATORIANA.

- June
- The 2uth.
- It fits like glue.
- “I caught two.”
- “I von’t pee it.”
- All rides. D.——
- Mack and the bees.
- That’s a good vocal.
- Brettschneider & Co.
- Shorty’s trained rats.
- Oh, those Spanish bats!
- That bat spoke for itself.
- Sock. (Alexis) at the bat.
- Chicken Salad to the bat.
- “He split his head’s wife.”
- Those periodical sicknesses.
- “I asked you a civil answer.”
- “Oh, Mamie, what you said?”
- Even Joe got up this morning.
- Where does D.—— go so often?
- Doc. McC——’s medicine plant.
- “Are you fellows from Chicago?”
- “Stop sticking me with that pin.”
- “When did Washington capture the Hessians?” Ans. “Christmas night, September 25.”

—“Have you an antidote on Lincoln?”

—Jim, was that a bomb from Dewey?

—Say, D.—, who is the new sign painter?

—Joe speaks, and the kitchen trembles.

—Tear out of here; who’s running this place?

—“He will leave a reputation to antiquity.”


—At the reception tendered the Y.M.I. of Chicago, President O’Brien, speaking for his society, was very happy in his remarks. He has the qualities of an orator, thought, and a pleasing, graceful expression.

—The “Picked Squad,” which has not done much work the past two months, gave two excellent drills recently. If the members persist in their patriotic demonstrations they will be of good service to their country.

—The play presented March 17, written by and performed under the direction of Father Marsile, will be given again, on commencement day. Many changes have been made; these, with new songs and costumes, will enhance the success of a play already good.

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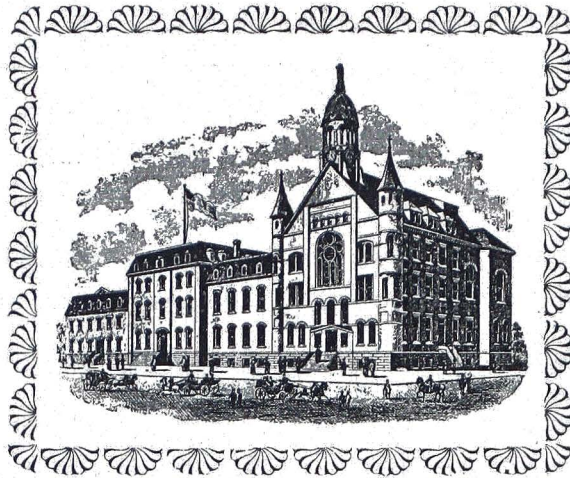
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