

I've roamed for years, through other lands, from Erin  
to Japan,  
But now, thank God, I'm coming home, a wiser, sadder  
man—  
The gold of life is in my heart, I'm coming home to see  
The little cot down by the hills, where Youth once  
played with me.

DR. W. G. FISCHER '95

## CRITICISM

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Whenever you hear yourself criticized, justly or unjustly, maybe oftener the latter, on account of the general want of thought, knowledge, or virtue, console yourself with the belief that you are doing something and your critic nothing. Work always weighs more than words. To escape criticism, you must do nothing, but crawl lazily through the mud of meanness, and then, instead of comment, you will get pity. Which would you have? Criticism of course, every time.

It is a principle in literature that the best critics are the worst writers, and the same is true in every department of life, so do your work and let the other fellow prate. Men know very little of their fellows and that very little is trailed all over with ignorance, misconception or mistake. Men who are real scholars, after mature study, know little of themselves, and walk through life puzzles to themselves and mysteries to others.

The sum and substance of all human knowledge in the highest domain of thought makes a poor showing, when we consider the length of the generations and multitudes of men that peopled them, so don't be annoyed with the wretched prattle of poor, thoughtless babblers that are oftentimes a subject for sympathy and prayer. Don't lose your time heeding them or being distracted by them from your own labors, and then their own folly, will be left them as their sole and undisturbed consideration to disgust them if they have any high sensibilities.—Catholic Columbian.