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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. FRIDAY, April. 30 1886.

No 3.

A. H. PIKE.

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

J. CUSACK, Editor in chief.	'86
P. SULLIVAN, Assistant.	'86
P. LESAGE, "	'86
A. GRANGER, "	'87

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EDITORIALS.

THE FESTIVITIES of Easter week occasioning the absence of some, granting congé to our printers and sending the grave editors themselves to picnics, parties, etc., all that will, we expect, have delayed the timely forthcoming of this number of the JOURNAL. We trust our readers will generously forgive our unavoidable delay.

COLLEGE LIFE has been aptly compared to the rehearsals that precede the rendition of a drama. And as the success of the play will, in a great measure, depend upon the diligence and perseverance with which the actors prepare their respective roles, so in like manner can we predict from the student's application the applause or sneer that await him when he makes his debut upon the real stage of life with the world for an audience. In college the student is comparatively secluded from the outside and he has ample opportunities to study under its different aspects the part he wishes to assume in the drama of life. First then, judiciousness, a wise conscientiousness, in the selecting of a role; and af-

ter that, untiring patience, perseverance, proper care and constant attention in preparing the career wherein we have chosen "to make our lives sublime."

* *

THE STUDY OF THE CLASSIC literature of any language is always a serious pursuit; it is even sometimes an arduous task, but in the end it affords the student the most exquisite forms of intellectual enjoyment. It unveils to his searching eye the minutest shades of national customs and tastes, and makes him personally acquainted, as it were, with the living geniuses of former ages. It is not our purport here to enter into a discussion of the pro and con of the "Old Classic" question. As the ancient Latin and Greek models partly form the outline of our course of studies we are quite satisfied to follow the course as it is, and thus to enjoy the advantages of a fair, we will not presume to say thorough, knowledge of the old authors.

* *

IN ORDER TO BECOME familiar with, or even merely to understand satisfactorily the works of foreign authors, especially of ancient ones, it is oftentimes necessary to read over a few times the page under consideration, and after analyzing and accounting for the word-for-word there is nothing better calculated to make the student understand and relish any of their given works than a synopsis of the same.

* *

A "BOY'S FIRST ATTEMPT" in boiling down the principles of the "Art of Poetry" will appear in this number of the *Journal*. The task required at first a literal translation and analyzing of that epistle, and then a rendering into Latin of the most essential sayings contained in the whole. The study is divided into four themes of which two are published with only few corrections to the student's own labor. We do not, of course, wish to palm off our home-made as classic Latin. Our sole purpose is, as explained above, arriving at a clearer understanding of the many beauties of this book of Horace.

* *

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, the effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
 At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether, but by fast degrees,
 In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle kind,
 And full of every hope, of every joy,
 The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
 In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
 And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem impatient to demand
 The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
 In large effusion o'er the freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
 By such as wander through the forest-walks,
 Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

A SOCIAL DIFFICULTY.

Few will deny that the great labor question, which in years gone by has caused but little trouble and which to-day seems to vex the public more than ever, is one of the most difficult of social problems. The bitter contest which at the present is going on in our country between labor and capital is doing something to rouse up the public mind to a realization of the true state and condition of things, and to draw the attention of thoughtful people to a consideration of the causes of this social disturbance, of the probable effects which may flow from it, and to an inquiry into those means which might in some way help to remedy it. The evil is certainly not one of recent date. It has shown itself before in various shapes and forms, but seldom or never has it assumed such a violent character or presented such a threatening aspect as to-day. Moreover it is not a stagnant evil but one growing and waxing stronger every year. Each outbreak manifests additional strength and consequently new dangers. Labor is rising up against capital and marshalling against her every force which she can possibly muster; capital in turn bears down upon labor with additional violence often answering with cruel brutality a just supplication and not seldom making might victor instead of right. True, labor sometimes takes wrong means to gain her ends and capital is sometimes justified in refusing her imperious demands. Labor sometimes too exacts more than is her due, and often proclaims perfect and universal equality which certainly is in some cases nothing more than a trampling upon the just rights of others. But this does not change the question. One or the other is always wrong and so the evil remains the same.

Viewing it therefore in its present threatening attitude we naturally ask what is its cause. Is it unjust or pernicious legislation? or is the evil a kind of necessity which arises out of the nature of things and over which the civil authority has no control? The chief and only cause, we answer, does not lie in wrong legislation, and the executive power of a state has not therefore full and complete control over this social evil. Let the state do what it will and labor and capital will still be arrayed against each other and their bitter contests will still endanger the well-being of society. Corrupt officials and faulty laws may certainly nourish and strengthen the evil, and oftentimes be the occasion of its presence or serve as secondary causes to bring it about; but the primary cause lies deeper. It lies in a secret place of darkness where the civil authority cannot enter, where the laws of the state have no force. That secret realm beyond the reach of state authority is no other than corrupted humanity influenced by a perverted sense of

justice and a wrong idea of what constitutes the rights of others. Now-a-days self-interest seems to have become a god to whom all pay homage. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is the great motto which is too generally followed. "The end justifies the means" is another which we daily hear and which sanctions every species of wrong doing provided good of some kind result from it. Men think too much of themselves and too little of their neighbor. The vice of injustice and robbery has obtained such a firm hold in the hearts of most people that the virtue of charity is completely ignored. The father's advice to his son illustrates very forcibly the true nature of this great evil, this general corruption which somehow or other has crept into men's hearts. "My son," he says, "get money; and if you can't get it, get it anyhow." Yes, "get it anyhow" whether by fair means or foul. If by so doing you defraud your neighbor and so perhaps bring want and suffering to the homes of many, mind not. The mighty dollar must be had at any rate.

Do we not now perceive in this the root of all the evil? Is it not this greed after gain that has turned men from the observance of those great principles of justice which should govern every christian people in their dealings with one another? Most assuredly. They are blinded with self-interest and so cannot perceive, much less perform, those things which justice and charity dictate. To the cries of the poor and suffering, even of those who are suffering at their very hands, they turn a deaf ear. Only the voice of their own selfishness they hear or wish to hear.

This then we judge to be the primary cause of the great evil which now threatens society, and against the further progress of which it seems so hard to combat. Its possible or even probable effects may be easily foreseen. Several millions of people of the best sinew and bone of the land, crushed under the heel of moneyed despots and driven to desperation by sheer want, may, in a country like this, where the right of suffrage is guaranteed to all, effect such a change, in a very short time, as would make communists and socialists rejoice. In a period of great political excitement for instance, when the prejudices of the laboring classes have been strongly aroused, when old enmities existing between them and capitalists have been again brought forward and exaggerated, and when perhaps present enmities and jealousies run high, would it not under such circumstances be possible for political demagogues to so influence that generally not highly educated mass as to induce them to place in the senate or house of representatives a body of men who would perhaps justify their acts by such a declaration as this: "There is no natural right of property" or this: "In the beginning civil law

divided property and it has the same power yet." True it is, we have no fears of communism, of socialism for many years to come; but still the evil is there and constantly growing and assuming greater proportions every day, so that if left unchecked it is possible that something might be the consequence. The American people are not socialistic; but just as a person in great suffering may through pure despair take medicine which instead of curing the pain will only intensify it, so a people driven to desperation may in a moment of great excitement take steps which instead of making things better would only make them worse. This is the one great consequence which is most to be dreaded. Others there are of a less formidable nature which are the immediate and continual outgrowth of the contest between labor and capital, and which though not amounting to a great public calamity, are still sufficiently pernicious and dangerous to meet with a ready and uncompromising condemnation. These are for instance the destruction of property, incendiarism, bloodshed and sometimes even wholesale murder. They follow in the wake of every so called "strike," and as the strike is nothing more than a collision between labor and capital, they are rightly enumerated among the sad effects which flow from the great evil of which we speak.

Hence we see the magnitude of the danger and the need of a speedy cure. But have we a remedy at hand capable of acting effectually against such a formidable disease. Have we within our reach a force which can successfully overcome the evil and so eradicate it? We have already said that bad legislation was not its chief and primary cause; neither will good legislation be its chief and primary cure. Just as bad legislation may furnish an occasion for the existence of the evil by unjustly favoring corporations or monopolies; so good legislation may have this effect of removing the occasion, by for instance expanding the functions of the government and causing it to do things which private capital now does, we see how successfully the postal service is now carried on in this country under the immediate supervision of the government. Why could not the railway service be conducted in the same way? In many countries it is; and if it were so done in this there would be fewer moneyed despots, fewer Vanderbilts and Goulds. But no matter how much the state takes into her own hands, there will still be something left in which private capital can exert its energies, and so build up for itself an empire practically boundless. The evil therefore would still remain, and labor and capital would still be arrayed in bitter hostility against each other. Practically speaking then, state authority cannot root out the evil wholly and entirely; it cannot reach its true source which is not an external tangible thing but rather an internal moral dis-

order. What then is to be done in order to check it? We see that it results from a moral power, only a moral force can successfully cope with it. Where is this to be found? Where else but in religion, in the church? The Church is the savor, the regenerator of society; she is the tender mother of civilization and social advancement. When therefore evils threaten society, what power other than hers is capable of contending with them effectually? It is only through her influence, through her sound teaching, that men will ever learn to love one another, to look upon one another as brothers and as members of one great family—which in truth we really are.

It is only from her paternal voice they will learn that all wrong doing, all defrauding and cheating results in a great injury to ourselves, in a great injury to our soul's good, which by no means is able to be counter-balanced by any apparent temporal good. Defrauding laborers of their wages, she teaches, is a sin which cries to heaven for vengeance. Charity and alms-giving she puts among her first precepts and attributes to them a reward greater than the heart of man conceives. Is it not therefore only through and by her that men can be brought back from the ways of robbery and injustice and made again to recognize those great principles of mutual dealing which are the foundation of Christian society. Is it not she that will restore to labor its lost rights, and circumscribe the powers of capital within just and proper bounds? Who but she will teach men that wealth is but a trust from God and that it must be used according to the law of divine brotherhood? Who but she will convince the rich that it is a duty they owe to God to communicate their abundance to those who are in want, to ameliorate the condition of the poor laborer, and to treat with him on grounds of perfect justice, especially to shorten his hours of work and to compensate him fully for the labor which he performs. This the Church prescribes and demands. Nay, more. She not only demands justice from the rich in their dealings with the poor, but ever requires of them a great exercise of charity. She calls upon them to build schools, hospitals, churches, and asylums, in order there by further to promote the happiness and welfare of those whom fortune has less favored.

But you will laugh and say: "when will the Church acquire such an influence as that over the actions of men? when will she be able thus to dispose of capital at her will?" We answer, what the Church has done she can do again. She did it in the ages of faith when she was not hampered in her actions and when hell had not arrayed against her that opposing force whose watchword is "no God" or "faith justifies." She did it in England during the glorious period which preceded the wrenching of the faith from that people, when, as Cobbett says,

there was not a pauper in all England, when the land was full of charitable institutions, and the needy wayfarer had only to ask and his wants were supplied.

The remedy then for the contest between labor and capital lies properly speaking in the Church. The evil can never be wholly eradicated until men are taught and convinced that justice is a precept of heaven and charity the queen of virtues. Without religion society becomes a prey to devouring beasts and sooner or later must fall; with it she can withstand every attack and in the end will infallibly rule triumphantly over every difficulty.

A. M.

COMPOSITION ON BASE-BALL.

Base-ball is a game that's got four bases around the diamond and a pitcher's box in the middle. The catcher is the one that puts on the mask and gets right up behind the bat and doesn't miff the balls. The pitcher is the one that curves. The fielders are clear back and they run like blazes to catch flies and then make double play. The short-stop, he puts his hands on his knees and he watches like a pointer and, you bet, he stops all the grounders. The Captain is the one that wears the red cap and blue belt and says: "Three cheers" when the game is over.

The *empire* says 6 balls, take your base; 3 strikes, out; foul; safe; fair ball. Sometimes also the players get around him to tell him something, and he calls for "time." A home-run is when the knocker knocks the ball over the fence and goes around the bases before the fielders find it and then every body says: "good boy!" The scorer is the one that marks down the tallies, the outs, the errors, and he calls out: "Tom to the bat, Dick on deck, Harry in the hole." Most of the time they get a little fellow to score and mind the mask and bats. That's all I know about base-ball. I am often the Little Scorer.

LOCALS.

- Canes!
- Phililoo!
- Baths soon!
- Retreat over!
- Biggs, see that pin!
- May opens to-night.
- Base-ball suits to-morrow!
- Shortie will sell cigarettes.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Vendredi, 30 Avril. 1886.

No 17

HIRONDELLES.

Le printemps sourit à la terre,
Le ciel plus pur, avec ses pleurs,
Répand des torrents de lumière;
Et la plaine, triste naguère,
Semble une corbeille de fleurs.

Déjà sur la branche fleurie,
L'oiseau porte des fils soyeux
Qu'il lie à la mousse flétrie
Pour dresser sa tente chérie,
D'où s'élancent des cris joyeux.

Vous seules, ô mes hirondelles,
N'êtes pas encor de retour.
Ne me seriez-vous plus fidèles?
Pourtant les sources sont si belles
Et si radieux est le jour!

Jamais une balle assassine
Ne porta dans votre séjour
L'affliction et la ruine;
C'est là que ma main vous destine
Les caresses de mon amour.

L'homme vous aime et vous révere.
Vous êtes libres en tout lieu.
Vos nids pendent à la chaumière
Et partout la voix populaire
Vous nomme les "oiseaux de Dieu."

Car lorsque, sur la croix sanglante,
Mourait, trahi par l'amitié,
Jésus, la victime innocente,
Seules, à sa plainte expirante,
Vous vous émûtes de pitié.

Où dit qu'alors, sombre, chagrine,
Une légion de vos sœurs
Brisait la couronne d'épine
Qui perçait la face divine
Et de l'aile essayait ses pleurs.
Et que, ranimant sa faiblesse,

Le Sauveur, avant leur départ,
D'une parole de tendresse
Daigna consoler leur tristesse,
Les bénir d'un dernier regard.

Et depuis, ô troupes charmantes,
Vous ne redoutez plus nos coups.
Aux cieus, vous volez triomphantes,
Et malheur aux mains malfaisantes
Qui blessent l'une d'entre vous!

Laissez donc vos lointains rivages.
Suspendez ici votre vol.
Roucoulez vos plus gais ramages.
Disparaissez dans les nuages,
Puis revenez raser le sol,

J'aime tant ce riant dédale
Qu'en votre gracieux essor
Vous tracez avec la rafale,
Lorsque l'aurore matinale
Dans les airs vous ramène encor!

Mais en vain ma vue anxieuse
Vous demande depuis longtemps;
Au ciel pas d'aile voyageuse
Ne distraît mon âme rêveuse:
Ne tardez plus, je vous attends!

M**

LES LIS DE VOURLES.

Le P. Marsile, lors de son voyage en France, a emporté des lis du jardin de la Communauté. Quelques uns ont été donnés à des amis du Canada et d'ici, où ils fleuriront, odorants souvenirs de l'ancienne mère Patrie et de la jeune famille de St. Viateur. Deux de ces charmantes plantes sont maintenant en fleur dans la chapelle du Collège. Depuis longtemps, leurs tiges s'élevaient frêles et gracieuses et prenaient tous les jours de nouvelles feuilles: on aurait dit autant d'ailes d'éméraude s'appêtant à porter la blanche fleur au ciel. Peu à peu, les boutons ont pris des teintes d'ivoire

et se sont ouverts sous les chauds rayons du soleil d'Avril.

Qu'elle est belle la corolle sans tache du lis ! Sa blancheur efface celle de la neige ; ses parfums sont plus doux que ceux qui montent des encensoirs. C'est bien le roi des fleurs ; voyez comme il s'élève au milieu des amantes de l'aurore et semble leur commander. C'est encore le symbole de la plus belle des vertus, car s'il porte si haut sa coupe embaumée, c'est afin qu'elle ne touche pas la poussière. Il va bien au front des vierges et à leurs mains qui s'emplissent de ces palmes de la virginité. C'était autrefois l'emblème de la France : il s'épanouissait sur le drapeau qui vola à la conquête du tombeau du Christ et qui ombragea aussi le berceau de notre nationalité.

Que de suaves pensées la vue seule de cette fleur éveille dans l'âme ! Mais les lis de Vourles, qui ont poussé dans le sol même où l'arbre de notre famille religieuse prit racine, exhale pour nous le parfum des plus chers souvenirs. Il s'en échappe quelque chose comme l'odeur des vertus de ceux qui furent nos devanciers, et l'œil en les admirant croit voir passer la douce vision d'amis absents, revoir ces lieux où le cœur si souvent aime à faire son pèlerinage.

Pour qui vous a vus, ô lis parfumés, balançant vos tête au milieu de vos frères, comment serait possible de vous contempler sans songer au sol, qui vous vus naître et qu'a foulé notre vénéré Fondateur ? En esprit, on s'agenouille sur son tombeau et l'on visite l'humble cellule où il rendit le dernier soupir ; on renoue cette joyeuse causerie commencée sous le porche de la chapelle ou sur la terrasse en fleurs, et que le départ seul a pu interrompre ; l'horizon aux triples rangées de collines de Vourles et, dans le lointain, les flèches des églises de Lyons, où vécut et repose St. Viateur, flottent encore devant nos yeux qui se mouillent de douces larmes.

Puissiez-vous, ô fleurs aimées, vous multiplier sur la terre d'Amérique ainsi que les premiers fils du P. Querbes ! Que vos chastes senteurs nous rappellent toujours leurs vertus et votre blancheur éclatante ; leur vie sans tache !

Viateur.

JEANNE D'ARC.

De tous les noms qui brillent avec éclat sur les pages de l'histoire de France pas un seul peut-être, n'excite autant d'admiration que celui de Jeanne d'Arc. La vie de cette héroïne est le plus beau poème national qu'ait

jamais eu la France : Sa jeunesse, écoulée dans la paix et l'innocence au milieu des troupeaux, est une idylle pleine de fraîcheur ; sa carrière militaire, où la jeune bergère se transforme tout-à-coup en une vaillante guerrière et conduit à la victoire de nombreuses armées, est une brillante épopée : son martyre sur le bûcher, sans défense et entourée d'ennemis qui se réjouissent de sa mort, est un drame triste et en même temps sublime. Elle était encore à la fleur de l'âge lorsqu'elle mourut, n'ayant que vingt et un ans ; mais Dieu s'est plu à rassembler dans une vie si courte tout ce qui peut émouvoir et charmer les cœurs.

Voilà pour quoi depuis quatre siècles la popularité de Jeanne d'Arc a toujours été grandissante. L'histoire, la poésie et les arts ont beaucoup contribué à répandre sa gloire et à rendre son nom célèbre. Aujourd'hui l'admiration est universelle. L'Angleterre même, qui dans un moment de lâcheté alluma le bûcher où Jeanne fut brûlée toute vive, se repent aujourd'hui de sa fuite et s'unit à toutes les autres nations pour la glorifier.

Mais c'est en France, et surtout depuis ses derniers malheurs, que cet amour pour Jeanne d'Arc se manifeste principalement. Paris lui a érigé une statue que le peuple honore et vénère ; Orléans célèbre tous les ans avec pompe l'anniversaire de sa délivrance ; mais ce n'est pas assez ; on veut encore plus ; on veut que la fête de Jeanne d'Arc devienne une fête nationale. Aussi a-t-on proposé une loi à cet effet. Mais l'hommage à la libératrice de la France ne sera complet que lorsque brillera sur son front, déjà embelli par la couronne du martyre, l'aurole des saints. La canonisation de Jeanne d'Arc non seulement serait une juste récompense pour elle et une gloire pour la France et l'Eglise, mais elle serait une admirable leçon de foi à la Providence et à son action souveraine dans le gouvernement des sociétés.

Malheureusement au temps où nous vivons, un grand nombre de personnes ne veulent pas reconnaître la main de Dieu dans la conduite des choses humaines. Voyez avec quel dédain on le chasse de l'esprit des enfants, des sanctuaires de l'instruction et du lit des mourants. Son influence est nulle dans les arts, dans la littérature et dans les sciences ? Veut-on rendre compte des grands changements qui s'opèrent dans le monde, on a recours tout de suite au hasard, au décrets du destin, à la fatalité. Ce qu'on veut surtout, c'est que Dieu ne soit pas celui qui tient les rênes des empires, le Père qui gouverne et bénit le monde. Ce sont les peuples eux-mêmes qui se gouvernent ; ils portent en eux la cause de leur progrès et de leur décadence. Les simples lumières de la raison, les forces de la nature, voilà, dit-on, ce qui suffit pour rendre les hommes meilleurs et heureux.

Phil.

(à continuer.)

CUEILLETES.

- Alleluia!
- Le carême s'en va!
- Les élèves des alentours ont passé le congé de Pâques dans leurs familles.
- Leblanc revient au Collège... pour prêter son concours au "Cercle Molière," qui jouera prochainement le "Départ pour la Californie."
- Tilaine a fait l'acquisition d'un chapeau, mais d'un chapeau!
- Il paraît qu'Alex est sous l'effet d'une certaine puissance!
- La retraite des *Gradués* du Cours Commercial et des Rhétoriciens a eu lieu, comme de coutume pendant la semaine Sainte. C'était très édifiant de les voir méditer au cimetière, assis sur les tombes, observant un profond silence, interrompu seulement par la prière. Puisse le souvenir de ces saints jours ne jamais s'oublier!
- P. S. *Oasis* a été mis à la place de *Paradis* dans la seizième strophe de la pièce de poésie intitulée: "Les Nuages," publiée dans notre dernier numéro du Cercle Français.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Worcester, Mass, le 15 Avril, Mr. Ferdinand Gagnon rendait sa belle âme à Dieu. La cause nationale perd en lui son plus vaillant champion. C'est lui qui a su unir nos forces disséminées dans cette grande République et les grouper autour du drapeau qui porte dans ses plis notre foi et notre langue. Un semblable résultat n'a pu être obtenu qu'au prix des plus grands sacrifices. Le regretté défunt s'est oublié pour ne songer qu'à l'avenir de notre race. Il est rare dans notre siècle d'égoïsme de trouver de pareils types de dévouement et d'héroïsme. Inclignons nous avec respect sur cette tombe qui vient de se fermer sur notre grand patriote et que son esprit, son indomptable énergie revive en vous!

LE ROLE PROVIDENTIEL
DE LA FRANCE.

(Continué)
4^{ème} PARTIE.

La France, que nous avez vue élevée au faite de la gloire et de la puissance, roule tout à coup dans un précipice de malheurs inouïs. Pendant un siècle, ce n'est qu'un enchaînement de revers qui la conduise à

une ruine éminente. C'en était fait du royaume des lis; un miracle seul pouvait le sauver: Dieu le fit, et pour que son intervention fut incontestable, il se servit du bras d'une femme. Il appela Jeanne d'Arc de la garde de ses troupeaux, et la plaça à la tête des derniers débris des armées Françaises pour en faire la terreur des Anglais, la libératrice de son pays et l'admiration des siècles!

Les desseins de Dieu étaient accomplis. La France avait repris son antique splendeur, ranimé sa foi engourdie, source de ses infortunes et était prête à combattre la nouvel ennemi qui allait se lever contre la religion! C'était le système d'erreurs qu'avait enfanté les passions d'un moine orgueilleux et d'un roi adultère, c'était la prétendue Réforme, le Protestantisme! La France mit un siècle et demi à le vaincre, Tantôt réduite avec la Ligue à se retrancher dans une capitale affamée: tantôt pleine de force sous Richelieu, elle l'emporta enfin sur ce redoutable adversaire qui menaçait de scinder l'unité de l'Etat et de l'Eglise Gallicane. Et pour couronnement de ces luttes gigantesques, apparaît Louis XIV, escorté d'une foule incomparable de génies! Et comme désormais le triomphe des peuples doit se décider plutôt par la supériorité des intelligences que par celle des armes, le grand siècle littéraire élève audessus de toute civilisation, la civilisation Française. Les armées de la France pourront dans la suite être humiliées; mais ses idées domineront toujours; c'est la source où viendront s'abreuver les nations. C'est le foyer qui éclairera le monde!

La France en affaiblissant les conséquences si désastreuses du Protestantisme pour les âmes et les sociétés, s'est montrée fidèle à sa mission religieuse et civilisatrice. Car il est tout à fait faux de dire comme certains écrivains, que le Protestantisme est plus favorable que le Catholicisme au progrès et à la liberté. Avant la naissance de la réforme, les institutions civiles et politiques, toutes les branches des connaissances étaient nées, avaient prospéré en Europe sous l'influence de la religion Catholique. Ouvrez les pages de l'Histoire et vous y verrez partout les formes représentatives sous les noms d'Etats Généraux, de Cortèses, de Parlements ou de Diètes. Vous y verrez même sur cette terre de l'Italie, où la Papauté a son siège, fleurir les glorieuses républiques de Gènes, de Venise, de Florence; tandis que là où le Protestantisme prend racine, s'implantent l'aristocratie et la tyrannie: considérez ce qui s'est passé en Allemagne et en Angleterre. Le Protestantisme, en brisant les liens moraux, a nécessité le commandement central et inauguré le pouvoir absolu. La liberté qu'il a donnée, c'est la liberté des Henri VIII et des Elisabeth, c'est à dire le despotisme le plus illimité, le servilisme le plus dégradant. Mais le malheur surtout, l'irréparable, malheur c'est que le Protestantisme a brisé l'homogénéité de

la civilisation Européenne, à laquelle tendaient alors toutes les nations, et qui aurait été portée à sa perfection, par l'effet de la rapidité croissante des communications intellectuelles et matérielles. Ah! quels prodiges cette unité, cette fraternité des peuples n'aurait-elle pas opérés! Sans doute maintenant, tout les grands problèmes politiques auraient été résolus dans le sens de la liberté; tant de guerres religieuses, qui ont baigné dans le sang des pays entiers, auraient été épargnées, et, au lieu de quelques nations privilégiées, toutes aujourd'hui se reposeraient à l'ombre de l'arbre majestueux de la civilisation Catholique qui conviendrait l'univers de ses rameaux bienfaisants!

5ième PARTIE.

Maintenant la France entre dans une phase nouvelle; elle va changer son drapeau et renier tout son glorieux passé. Elle était le bouclier de la foi, elle sera le porte-étendard de l'impiété; elle s'appelait la fille aînée de l'Eglise, elle se nommera la mère de la Révolution! La voilà à l'œuvre. Les chefs qui la guideront dans cette voie criminelle seront Voltaire et Rousseau, ces deux hommes dont le front est marqué du stigmate de la corruption et de l'infamie, dont la parole n'est qu'un mensonge et une contradiction perpétuels; et la France les croira! et sur sa bouche passera le ricannement de l'enfer!

Pendant près d'un demi siècle, elle laissa ces audacieux démolisseurs ébrancher les bases de l'édifice social; leurs mains sacrilèges arrachèrent de son noble front la lumineuse couronne de sa foi, et traînèrent dans la boue toutes ses gloires les plus pures! Mais c'en est trop, l'heure de l'expiation, l'heure du châtiment va sonner. Entendez-vous les mugissements de cet ouragan formidable? il s'approche, il se déchaîne avec une fureur inconnue. Rien sur toute la surface du sol français ne résiste à son souffle destructeur. Le trône de St. Louis, quatorze fois séculaire, croule avec un fracas épouvantable; les temples sont envahis par une foule impie, les autels sont souillés et renversés; en quelques années, tout a disparu dans le gouffre béant de la Révolution!

C'est alors que la philosophie incrédule, qui déclame toujours contre la tyrannie de l'Eglise, commence à faire sentir les douceurs de son règne, le règne des proscriptions, de la guillotine et des noyades, Les prisons, bien autrement horribles que la Bastille, regorgent d'innocents qui attendent leur tour pour monter sur l'échafaud érigé en permanence. La fraternité philosophique consiste à répandre le sang des prêtres et des nobles: la charité est remplacée par la philanthropie, l'Evangile par le Contrat Social, la foi par l'athéisme! Mais que dis-je? l'athéisme sincère est impossible; et, tant il est vrai que l'adoration est un besoin indispensable au cœur humain, que l'on a vu la nation, qui naguère adorait le Dieu des

Pascal et des Bossuet, prosternée aux pieds d'une idole de chaire! Ah! voilà bien l'abîme insondable où l'absence de toute religion précipite les rois et les peuples! On ne saurait retrancher impunément Dieu de la société. C'est une loi dont la vérité a été reconnue par les plus illustres génies et attestée par la chute des plus florissantes empires.

La France, était donc perdue si Dieu n'eût suscité un homme capable de la relever de ses ruines. Cet instrument divin, l'égal des Alexandre et des César, reconnaissant l'impossibilité de tout gouvernement qui n'a pas la religion pour premier fondement, d'une main balaya cette tourbe révolutionnaire et de l'autre releva le trône et l'autel. Mais fallait-il qu'après une si effroyable leçon, lui-même devînt le persécuteur de cette croyance dont il avait reconnu l'absolue nécessité et dont le chef l'avait couronné du diadème de Charlemagne. Hélas! la prospérité et l'ambition l'aveuglèrent jusqu'à ce point. Défiant les excommunications pontificales de pouvoir faire tomber les armes des mains de ses soldats, il les vit s'échapper une à une des mains de la Grande Armée qui s'engloutit sous les neiges de la Russie, et lui, cet astre de gloire qui avait éclairé deux mondes, alla s'éteindre dans les ondes de l'Atlantique!

Depuis, la France a vu bien des fois changer ses destinées, sans toutefois reprendre sincèrement son ancienne mission. Pourtant l'avènement de Napoleon III, qui fut signalé par le rétablissement de Pie IX sur son trône d'où il avait été traiteusement renversé, promettait un réparateur des torts de son royal oncle et présageait à la France et à l'Eglise le retour des brillants jours d'autrefois; mais les bombes d'Orsini vinrent malheureusement le jeter dans les bras des sociétés secrètes, qui le dominèrent ensuite presque entièrement. Ce fut sous leur pression que, le 4 Septembre, 1870, jour qui verra la fin de son règne, fut signée cette odieuse convention qui préludait à l'unité italienne et à la chute de la Papauté; mais aussi le jour où il consummera sa lâche trahison, en rappelant ses troupes de Rome, commencera cette longue chaîne de défaites qui se terminera à Sedan! *Digitus Dei est hic!* oui! le doit de Dieu est ici. Quand la guerre éclata, Napoleon était universellement proclamé le plus puissant des potentats, et le plus habile des diplomates; la victoire lui semblait assurée. Mais voilà que tout à coup elle déserte ses drapeaux, que l'erreur plane dans ses conseils et la France est plongée dans un déluge de calamités. Ah! c'est que Dieu attendait la Napoleon. Les causes premières de ces revers inouis ne sont pas dues au défaut d'organisation; mais c'est que, Napoléon étant devenu un instrument inutile entre les mains de la Providence, Dieu répandit sur lui l'esprit d'aveuglement et de vertige et le précipita dans cet abîme qu'il s'était lui-même creusé.

(à Continuer)

- Send for your swimming suits.
- The after-Easter pull now at hand!
- Deacon is going to join the church.
- John G. is a good sinker, eh Coughlin?
- The Clerics enjoyed a jolly day at the Big Island Easter Monday.
- Miss Patti, of Lafayette, paid Paul Wilstach a visit at Easter.
- Messers Parks and Knox enjoyed a few days' fishing at Momenca last week.
- Some of the retreaters visited the city last Saturday, had pictures taken, then ice-cream, and took a pleasant ride along the shady banks of the fair Kankakee, seeing the sights, and returned home with each a fancy cane.
- The prevailing "mode" of spring hats at the instant is the "Queen's Taste"—"très elegant" indeed!
- The Village Band made a very creditable debut last Sunday at the church. They play remarkably sweet and in very accurate measure. Rev. Fr. Beaudoin appreciated their music very well, and hopes they will grace the fêtes again.
- Rev. Dr. Peborde preached the Easter sermon in Manteno last Sunday.
- Rev. Fr. Moissant, Mr. Shannon and Prof. J. Murphy took a trip to Chicago during the Easter relent.
- The boys looked gay last Sunday in their neat spring suits.
- The minims had their spelling match to-day, a little war of trisyllables. How they rattled off the words as fast as Prof. Lynch could read them out! There was a pound of candy at stake and it was won by "thieves", Johnnie O'Brien and Willie Tinan, each taking his whack at the enemy now putting one *e*, now two *ee*, then *ei*, and other unlucky combinations until Johnnie struck it right and won the applause, and what was sweeter, the candy. Johnnie has many friends.
- Rev. Father Dooling C. S. V., our genial Prefect of discipline preached an appropriate sermon at the opening of the May devotions in our chapel this evening. We hope to hear him often.
- Rev. M. J. Marsile assisted Rev. J. Lesage in St. George last Sunday and preached eloquently on the grand feast of the day.
- The May devotions will commence to-morrow in the parish church. The altar of the Blessed Virgin is being tastily decorated by the Sisters and young ladies of the Academy who will also sing at the evening exercises during this month.
- It is a certainty that we are to have a double track from Chicago to Kankakee. The work is already almost completed, the rails are being laid between Manteno and K. K. K.
- For map-drawing Prof. Dore's boys can certain-

ly not be excelled. The maps by V. Lamare and W. G. Evrard, Ricou, and others are as good almost as the original copies.

— The Easter solemnities were feasted here with edifying eclat. There could not have been a happier combination of circumstances to make the day the grand one it was in every way. As lent was late and spring early, Easter was within eye-shot of nature's fairest "May." The day was a sunny triumph all along—not a cloud to shadow the holy gladness of our little grove. The church services with all the solemn impressiveness of ceremonies and soul-stirring music commenced at 10 o'clock and as customary the students assisted. Mass was chanted by Rev. A. Mainville.

— A full account of the soirée will appear in the next *Journal*.

— This is the time the little boy wants to enjoy his recess barefooted.

— Rev. Fr. Beaudoin was called upon by a committee of the Base-ball League and said: "I will buy Captain Sullivan his suit."

— The Book-keepers had a long *set* last Thursday, from 9 to 12!

— There was a dinner *aux herbes fines* at the Novitiate last Thursday at which some of the Paper men were invited. They cease not since to praise the garden across the way.

— There is need of some practice on the diamond, boys, brace up.

— The Base-ball association for this year had a meeting for the discussion of various questions pertinent to ball and bat; look for a detailed account of same in "Sportive" column of next issue.

— Danneo's team is ready to play any body, any time and for any thing.

— Every-day picnics at the river are fashionable just now.

— By the way when are we going to have our Grand Picnic, and where?

— There are so many preparing for Diplomas that we can't speak of picnics, base-ball, hunting or fishing, or congés any more.

THE GO-AHEAD OF TO-DAY.

This century has been called the age of advancement—; it might more properly be termed the age of impatience. The very idea of Patience plodding along the old historic paths is absolutely ridiculous to the fiery, blas-

tering, hurrying American of to-day. There is haste in everything. We lose temper if we cannot dash along at the rate of forty miles an hour; while a newspaper giving us news two days old is utterly disgusting. At home, at church, on the street, in school, in business as well as in professional life, everywhere, we dash along utterly regardless of the consequences.

The free American air we breathe seems to infuse the same spirit. In less time than it took the Romans to become permanently established in their new city, we have sprung from nothingness to an enviable place among the nations of the earth. Our country has seen but one centennial, yet, in many respects, we lead Europe with her thousand years of growth and experience. Not long ago some of our great western cities were not to be found on maps; to-day they are centres of trades. All these considerations fill the American heart with a restless, bustling activity.

In commerce this spirit is highly desirable; unfortunately its influence is being felt in the school-room. The long years of patient study once thought necessary to develop the faculties of the student are, in the glare of 19th, century progress, looked upon as relics of the days of slow sailing vessels and old lumbering stage-coaches. Modern Blackstones and Harveys consider the unceasing diligence of their forefathers as so much unnecessary labor and think a common school education, supplemented by a two-years special course, amply sufficient to enable them to settle all intricacies of law or diagnose successfully all the "ills that flesh is heir too."

This is not as it should be. The old saying; "There is no royal road to learning" is just as true to-day as it ever was. A student may fly through space on the wings of the wind, yet he will require as long a time to unravel the mystery of the *pons asinorum* as it took the rising generation of a less-favored age. With all the modern aids and appliances, he cannot do away with drag and strain of continuous application.

To-day, more than ever, we need men, trained by rigorous intellectual exercise, to uphold the principles of humanity and justice; minds capable of exposing the thousand sophistries that seek to pass as current truth; hearts schooled to endure trials and bear the brunt of the great struggle between right and wrong. Such minds and such hearts are not formed by the imperfect training usually given to the American youth. All that is great in the world has been effected only after weary waiting. The chosen people of God spent 40 years in the desert before the beauties of the promised land broke upon their gaze. Forty centuries of expectation rolled by before the long-sought messiah appeared, and even then it was only after 30 years of seclusion that he began preaching the glad tidings of the gospel.

And all that is truly good and great in our modern civilization has been gradually and slowly incorporated into the daily life of men. Notwithstanding these lessons of the past, our school-boys chafe under their wholesome restraint and rush into the world with a character half-formed, with a mind untutored and a soul that grows despondent at the first approach of suffering. This is a sad thought, especially when we consider that on the rising generation devolves the stern duty of facing the social storm whose low rumbling is now heard in the distance. And when that whirlwind of socialism and infidelity is upon our country, happy will she be if her national character, deep-rooted in true learning and virtue, stands firm as the oak defying the blasts that strike in vain.

But characters of this mould are not perfected suddenly. Season after season of slow, tedious growth are necessary to change the acorn into the towering monarch of the forest; so, many stages of life must be patiently and studiously passed through before the weak babe becomes the unflinching patriot or the incorruptible statesman.

If then our boys would become men, let them wait and labor unknown until the time for action comes; and when it does come they will then prove themselves the worthy offspring of that glorious ancestry whose unparalleled deeds have given Concord, Valley Forge and Yorktown to history.

S.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ARS POETICA.

LATIN STUDY.

THEME I.

Epistola, vel potius liber, de arte poetica summa est optima omnium ad bene scribendum praeceptorum. Ex similitudine in operis sui initio instituta ostendere conatus est auctor consensum et unitatem tam in litteris quam in sculptura vel in arte pingendi esse prima et praecipua attendenda. Haec praecipit Flaccus ne misceat qui scribit res natura ita dissimiles ut, vel omnibus privilegiis concessis, poemata fiant quorum nec pesnes caput distingui possent. Ne affectet scriptor descriptionem "luci et arae Dianae et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus agros."...Materia una simplexque sit oportet—"Denique sit quidvis simplex et unum."

Saepe saepius nos poetae, aut conentes brevitatem, aut levia sectantes; tam profitendo grandia quam totum variando, quia arte caremus, lectorem fallimus.

Materiam nostris viribus sumamus aequam. Eventoque potenter lecto debentia dici dicantur; omittantur omit-tanda. Tunc enim jucundis virtute ordinis et venere nitebunt poemata.

Praeterea cautus sit auctor apta verba seligendo at-que fingendo, "dabiturque licentia sumpta pruden-ter."... "Licuit semperque licebit signatum praesente nota producere nomen." Nam uti silvarum foliae quo-que mutantur anno, primae cadentes, ita et verba— "multa renascentur quae jam cecidere, cadentque quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula." Usus nos plura docet.

Homerus primus nobis ostendit quo sint numero can-tandi reges et duces; quo scribenda tristia bella. Versi-bus impariter junctis quaerimonia exprimitur; pedem proprium habet tragoedia, suum et comoedia sermonem. Multa haec omnia poesis genera inter se essentialiter differunt. In quocumque istorum genere, tamen, serve-tur semper regula: "singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decenter," i. e. tragicus actor tragicis versibus loquatur; leviora leviori modo dicat comicus.

Praeter quemdam decorem poemata valde oportet ut verisimilitudinem quoque habeant, ut quocumque ve-lint, auditorem rapere possint: "Si vis me flere dolen-dum est primum ipsi tibi" memorandum est semper. Si-bi proprium vocem propriumque vultum singula per-sona aspiat. Si nova in scaenam committitur persona, servetur qualis erat in principio usque in finem, et sibi constet.

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere." Opus est facultatis bene discernendi rectaque legendi scriptori. Nec incipiam tali cum hiato qui "parturiunt mon-tes et nascetur ridiculus mus" revocabit. Sed sic men-tientur: "primus melior, melior discrepet u-num."

H. L.

THEME II

Sequentibus versiculis dramatis scriptorem auctor ipse alloquitur inter alia dicens: "mobilibusque decor natu-ris dandus est et annis." Deinde ejusque aetatis notas explicat: pueri in horas mutationes, impetuositatem ju-venis imberbi ludis gaudens, virilem aetatem opes et amicitias et honores quaerentem; denique, senem multis incommodis circumventum "laudatorem temporis acti se puero."... "Ne forte seniles mandentur juveni par-tes pueroque viriles, semper in adiunctis aevoque mira-bimur aptis.

Sunt quaedam potius per aurem demittenda quam in scaenis agenda. "Digna geri promes in scaenam, multa-que tolles ex oculis". Sit fabula bene proportionata, "Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus inciderit." Cho-rus modestos sapienter laudans, bonis favens, insolentes

regens, omnesque alios suo loco apte restringens actoris partes magnopere adjuvabit. Non fuit semper, ut nunc, chorus. Quo latior murus urbes amplexus est, quo ju-cundior socialitas hominum moribus advenit eo "major accessit numerisque modisque licentia"... "Sic priscæ motumque et luxuriem addidit tibicen".

Seria levibus ita admisceantur ut nullus actorum de proprio loco descendat, Memorandum hoc est: "Effutire leves indigna Tragoedia versus, ut festis matrona mo-veri jussa diebus, intererit Satyris panlum pudibunda protervis". Ego scriptor satyricus vocabulis consuetis non utar. Tale carmen ex notis fingere conar "ut sibi quisvis speret idem, sudet multum, frustra-que laboret ausus idem". Ne offendantur docti, divesque, oportet ut Fanni, vel liberissimi Satyri tantum decencia et sibi propria dicant.

J. K.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Bishop Ireland will sail for Europe soon.

Bishop Cosgrove of Davenport, Ia., has returned home from Rome.

The Christian Brothers have purchased a lot of land on Sherbrooke street, Montreal, on which they will build a new scholastic institution at a cost of \$300,000.

An Eastern paper says: Archbishop Feehan is con-templating the establishment of at least three more par-ishes in Chicago and four or five outside during the current year.

Fresh massacres of Catholics have taken place at Annam, province of Quang-Binh, China. A native pri-est and four hundred and forty-two lay Christians have been put to death.

Peace having been concluded between France and Madagascar, the Jesuits have returned to their missions. Wonderful to relate, they found their congregation united and their church, convent and school intact.

A cablegram from Rome announces the postpone-ment of the Papal Consistory, which was to have been held on April 20th., until May. The Archbishops of Baltimore and Quebec are expected to attend.

All the Catholics of Galena, Ills., recently withdrew their children from the public schools there and pur-chased ground in the best part of the city for a struc-ture for educational purposes and a hall for church so-ciety meetings.

A meeting of the representative members of the differ-ent parishes of Chicago was held on April 16 for the purpose of deciding upon the time and place for hold-ing the farewell banquet to the Very Rev. Vicar Gen-eral Conway. The said banquet will be a most brilliant one and a purse will probably be there and then presen-

ted to the esteemed Vicar General who will soon leave for his visit to Europe.

The entire population of Germany is 45,234,061 of whom a little more than one third are Catholics. The population of Ireland we put down at four millions of whom five-sixths are Catholics. These figures are taken from the new work "Atlas des Missions" by Werner.

King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands has conferred on Mother Marianne, in charge of the lepers at Kakaako Hospital, the decoration of companion of the Royal Order of Kapiolani. There are six sisters under her charge all from the mother-house and novitiate of St. Anthony's Franciscan Convent at Syracuse, N. Y. They were selected from among twenty-four who volunteered to go forth and serve the hopeless sufferers in the distant isles of the Pacific.

According to a calculation of the Linz Theological Review, the number of Catholic missionaries who left Europe last year for heathen lands was: From the Missions Etrangères of Paris 130, most of them destined to fill the gaps caused by the persecution in Tonkin; also 30 Jesuits, 38 Franciscans, 5 Marists, 3 of the congregation of the Holy Cross, and 3 of the German mission House at Steyl. This list is clearly incomplete, as it does not take into account the missionaries who went out from Italy, nor those from the English or Irish Colleges for Foreign Missions.

South America has lost one of her leading prelates, Mgr. Pedro Jose Puch y Solona Archbishop and Metropolitan of La Plata, with see at Sucre, the capital of the Republic of Bolivia. He has died at the age of seventy-three having administered his vast diocese for twenty-five years with zeal and prudence. The metropolitan see of La Plata rules over no less than 2,331,000, the majority being Indians converted to christianity by generations of missionaries. Thanks to the efforts of the clergy very few heathen are left in the country. The Indians are well provided for spirituality. The See of La Plata was founded in 1551, and raised to Archiepiscopal rank in 1608.

The Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Chicago, for the year ending December 31, 1885, shows what good may be effected, in the midst of the turmoils of a large and busy city, by devoted and earnest Catholic laymen. It is cheering to see that this admirable society is in a most flourishing condition, showing a membership of 546, an increase of 80 over the year preceding. According to the report, 1,219 families in distress were relieved; 8,148 visits to the poor and sick were made; and all sorts of other works peculiar to the society, such as diffusing good books and papers, preparing children for First Communion, etc., etc., were most faithfully accomplished by the devoted and zealous members.

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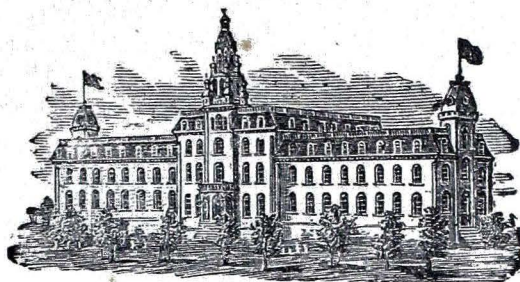
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