

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, July 2, 1887.

No 5

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

MR. J. CUSACK.....'87.
MR. A. GRANGER.....'87.
MR. P. WILSTACH.....'89.

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EDITORIALS.

MAY THIS our last message to you, readers, find you all, not pantingly scaling the unreachable citadel of air castles built in college dreams, but actually swinging to and fro in the real hammock of solid comfort with a cooling breeze to fan you, the music of birds mingling with the rustle of the leaves overhead to recall our classic Grove, and the *Journal*, or a mild romance to coax on gentle sleep. If you give hours to the writing desk, the pitchfork, or other such pastime, let your next be a drive or a promenade, not in the dusty highways of the pushing throng, but along the calm, cool shore where the playful waves prattle to the sands, or through waving fields of green here and there mellowing into golden ripeness. Thus let your God-given days of rest each be a glad-some, thankful, prattling wavelet sent with its foamy freight of laughter into the wide, wide bay of the Past.

* * *

THE PRESENT STAFF waves its adieu to the college world. We are heartily thankful for the enjoyment and the benefit that our acquaintance with our Journalistic brethren has procured us, and, as we firmly believe that academic Journalism, though mere tyro work, is

nevertheless decidedly an advantage, we sincerely trust it will continue to enliven and enlighten the oft-times darksome pathway of collegians. While we confess it is not without regret that we leave the sweets of the editorial board, we with unfeigned sincerity wish our successors all manner of success.

* * *

WE ARE ESPECIALLY sensible of the encouragement bestowed upon the *Journal* during our term of management and would here express our very hearty thankfulness to all our benefactors.

* * *

WE MUST NOT FORGET to acknowledge very gratefully the dainty banquet to which our kindly Director, Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. treated the staff and friends. We also wish to transmit to our successors the valuable information that the annual editorial picnic is a sort of foundation, as ancient and as respected as the birthday of the *Journal*. Be ye therefore mindful.

* * *

OUR COMMENCEMENT display, be it said before parting and between ourselves, is a scene which we shall not soon forget, howsoever brilliantly other lights may shine across life's pathway. The solemn impressiveness of an Archbishop's presence and his wise words of advice we'll remember. The applause of the gay audience as we inclined to receive from his consecrated hands our diplomas, our medals and premiums; our own speeches, our songs, our declamations—all these things will cling to us as dear memories of as happy a day as we may wish to see. Long may we be recalled a day whereon we have tasted such genuine happiness!

* * *

THIS NUMBER of the *Journal* is to contain the addresses—salutatory and valedictory—the discourses French and English, names of graduates, list of medals and premiums and to whom awarded. Of course we heartily congratulate.

* * *

SPECIAL ATTENTION to the account of the Alumni meeting is respectfully requested—especially from former students.

LEO XIII.

MY LORD, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

The last day of the year 1887 will be the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to priesthood of His Holiness Leo XIII. The whole Catholic world prepares for that occasion a demonstration of love and devotedness such as faith and gratitude united together, can alone organize, such also as the world perhaps never before witnessed. Let us not wonder at it. Leo XIII, the 257th successor of Peter, seems to condense in his pontificate all the sorrows and all the glories of the Papacy. He ascended the Apostolic Chair amidst one of the crises of which history furnishes but few examples, and which seems to announce the agony of the Church: Revolution triumphs in France, in Italy, in Spain. The Papacy deprived of its temporal power, has for a kingdom only the Vatican Palace, made its prison, and for budget, the mite of the faithful's charity. Everywhere revolution is become persecution; let it, under the veil of liberty, be called French Republic; or under the mask of constitutional monarchy, be termed Kingdom of Italy, Kingdom of Spain, or based on the unprecedented success of a cruel war, assume the title of German Empire, everywhere it strives to oppress the true Church of Jesus Christ. To these combined forces, Leo XIII can oppose merely the force of right, the strength of his moral authority, and of that wisdom which is guided and enlightened by the one whose power and majesty he represents in the world.

I have said it: Leo XIII condenses in his pontificate all the sorrows and all the glory of the Papacy. All the sorrow: it is sufficient to mention the outrages which the sectarians of Secret Societies address him in the papers of France, Italy and Germany, these persecutions of the most brave servants of the Church, those blasphemies which defile not a few papers and books, and that captivity to which he is condemned by the most unjust and sacrilegious usurpation, all which notwithstanding the bloody wound they inflict on his heart, remains one of the brightest gems in the glorious crown of his pontificate. But I prefer to contemplate Leo XIII as reformer, Leo XIII as restoring to the Papacy its ascendancy over Civil Society, and by the wisdom of his government, the prestige of his moral authority and the power of his genius, reconciling the Catholic Church to Society in its modern form.

Forty seven years ago, a great historian who is also a great statesman, I mean the illustrious Macaulay wrote; "We often hear it said, that the world is constantly becoming more and more enlightened, and that enlightenment must be favorable to Protestantism, and unfavorable to Catholicism. We wish we could think so, but we see great reason to doubt whether this be a well

founded expectation."—Then after acknowledging the wonderful activity of the human mind during the three last centuries and its real progress in natural and exact, demonstrative and experimental sciences, which are essentially progressive, he goes on to show that metaphysics, applied to God and the soul of man, cannot progress more than dogmatic and moral theology which are founded on revelation and with which they (metaphysics) must necessarily agree: and then the advantage remains on the side of the Catholic Church which, under the supreme authority of the Papacy was ever restrained within the bounds of the old traditional teachings. Macaulay was indeed perfectly right, and the few Catholic philosophers who dared attempt to wander from the path followed by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, when they did not fall in formal error deserving the censure of the church did, as Cartesian, Malbranche and Rosmini and many others, open the way to error. Leo XIII awakened to the danger, wrote in the second year of his pontificate the incomparable encyclical, *Aeterni Patris Unigenitus Filius*, in which after having magisterially laid down the office of philosophy in the world, and its necessary connection with Theology, he earnestly urges the necessity of returning to the old scholastic method and teachings, that is to the philosophy of St. Thomas. At his appeal the revival of scholastic philosophy and theology, timidly inaugurated about 25 years ago by Sanseverino, Liberatore, Rosset and many others, wonderfully spread like wild fire and to-day the scholastic method flourishes once more all over through the world in Catholic schools, and as of old, everywhere exerts its fruitful action. The old scholastic works are republished, and new interpreters of St. Thomas, such as Zigliara, Mazella, Franzelin, Satolli, Palmieri, De Augustines and many others, impress the pontificate of Leo XIII with the stamp of true science, and make it the starting point of a new era in which Catholic philosophy bids fair to hold the place to which it is entitled and which it had partly lost by forsaking its old scholastic traditions.

Had not Leo XIII any other right to a prominent place in the glorious list of the successors of Peter, his title of promoter of this wonderful revival would have marked his place besides Leo X; but this is not the only claim of our great pontiff to the admiration of posterity.

In 453, the Emperor Valintian, fleeing from Attila, who at the head of his savage hordes of Huns had invaded Italy spreading everywhere terror and death, took refuge in Rome with his whole army. Nothing seemed capable of checking the barbarian invader who proudly proclaimed himself the scourge of God. A feeble old man having no political authority, without

an army or any human resources, was then seated on the Apostolic chair; but that feeble old man was Leo I and history was to call him *Leo the Great*. Alone he goes to meet the proud and sanguinary conqueror whom Valentinian commanding a numerous army dared not face. With no other arms than the moral authority attached to his title of chief of the Christian Church, the prestige of his virtues and the strength of his Apostolic voice: "Away!" He commands him "thou shalt not advance any farther," and the one whom neither the barrier of the Alps nor the Roman arms could stop, subdued by a superior force, recoils at the command of that man, and makes his retreat to the north side of the Danube. The proud and fierce Attila was conquered.

In our days a man of the north, not a King nor an Emperor but the uncontested ruler of a great Empire that he has created by his unprincipled genius, attempts to impose on the world a new law of nations, not founded on eternal right but on force and fancy. Like Attila he has marshalled the justice of God through central Europe, he has conquered that warlike nation which for centuries was the uncontested and invincible knight of the Church, but now bereft of the sword of Charlemagne which revolution caused to drop from her hand. He remains the unquestioned champion of military force. Then he inaugurates a policy which, trampling on the most sacred rights he bases on such principles as these, "*force excels right*;" "*the end justifies all means*." This indeed reminds us of the policy of Attila. The European nations terrified at the rapidity and splendor of his victories over the then reputed invincible armies of France dare not raise a protestation against such a violation of natural morals. The Catholic Church alone in its chief and pontiffs dared contest these new principles of right, and the Kulturkampf, that code of despotic laws which signifies proscription, persecution and enthrallment is the answer to that passive protestation of Catholics.

But soon was elected to the chair of Peter an old priest, a septuagenarian, who like the conqueror of Attila has only a throne, without states, without human resources. To the innumerable armies of the Iron Chancellor he can oppose merely his weak voice and the prestige of his Apostolic Authority; but that old man is Leo XIII. The splendor of his virtues, the gentleness of his manners, the depth of his genius, the wisdom of his diplomacy, command everyone and everywhere. Bismarck has met his master. In Leo XIII he discovers a superior force with which he must account. And with a shrewdness and good sense characteristic of a real genius, the German chancellor realizes that the Papacy is a power which the mighty of this world must respect and that it is safer to meet it as an ally than as an enemy. He pays it a first homage by calling on it to act as

arbitrer in the difficulty between Germany and Spain about the possession of the Caroline Islands, and by so doing indicates the only practical solution of the great social problem of a general disarming, that is the umpirage of all international difficulties by an enlightened, authorized, independent, and impartial judge, accepted as such by all. The pope alone can fill such an office. But this is not all; he the proud creator of the great German Empire, the haughty Iron Chancellor who despotically presides over its destinies, solemnly acknowledges that in assaulting the Church which recognizes the Pope as its supreme chief, he made a political mistake; that the Papacy is a moral force, necessary to the modern organization of Christian Society; that the Papacy, impersonated in all its splendor in Leo XIII, is called to act as a necessary ponderative force in the transformed political organization of the Christian World. And the world, wondering at its disregarding or forgetting so long that moderative and conservative force which alone can restore to society the equilibrium which revolution caused it to lose, (the world) applauds to the restoration of honor.

Without any doubt, gentlemen, it is impossible not to see a providential action in that work of restoration. But Leo XIII is the providential instrument. To the wisdom of his diplomacy, to the depth of his science, to the gentleness of his manners, to the prudence of his line of action do we owe that unexpected reconciliation of Catholicism with modern society. It is true many as yet remain out of the fold but their mind, rid of prejudices centuries old, will, by a closer intercourse, lead their heart to the feet of the best of fathers. Did we not see in this country with what anxiety protestants as well as Catholics, and perhaps Protestants more than Catholics, awaited the decision of the Chief of the Catholic Church about the Knights of Labor—a decision with which is connected an important social question. We also know with what respectful gratitude that decision was received.—Yes, glory to Leo XIII the restorer of Christian Philosophy! Glory to Leo XIII, the reconciler of modern society with the Papacy! Glory to Leo XIII, in whom the pontificate of Peter assumes all the splendor with which it shone during the most glorious centuries of the Church! Glory to Leo XIII who condenses in his pontificate all the greatness of the Papacy. In the enthusiasm of our filial admiration we will say with Macaulay: "The Papacy remains not in decay, nor a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor, nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of the long dominion of the Church is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments which now exist in the world, and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of

"them all. She was great and respectful before the Saxon set foot on Britain,—before the Franks had passed the Rhine when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch,—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca.—And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul."

Alex. G.

On Thursday June 23rd., the commencement exercises of St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill., took place. The degrees of B. A., were conferred on Mr. Jas. Cusack and Mr. Alex. Granger.

Commercial diplomas were awarded to seven students. Seventeen gold medals were awarded to the students for excellence in various studies. At the conclusion of the exercises the Archbishop praised the students for the work done during the year, and spoke in high terms of the college and its faculty. Situated as it is so near Chicago, and conducted by an able body of professors, it bids fair to become one of the leading educational institutions of the West. Nearly one third of the younger priests of the Archdiocese claim St. Viateur's as their "Alma Mater." Scattered through the various other dioceses of the West are many priests who look back with pleasure to their seminary career at St. Viateur's.

That the college may succeed and add each year, new students to its already large number, is the wish of one who spent many happy years among its pleasant surroundings.

Catholic Home.

Besides the Rev. gentlemen and other alumni of the college mentioned in the columns of the JOURNAL who regard St. Viateur's as their "Alma Mater," the following is list of clergymen and other distinguished guests who were among the visitors at the college on that occasion.

Revs. Walters, Lafayette, Ind., Dorney, Brooks of Chicago, O'Gara, Wilmington, Ill., O'Reilly, Danville, Ill., Paradis and Halbmeir, Kankakee, Ill., Chouinard C. S. V., Manteno, Ill., Fanning, Ohio, Ill., Lecouvreur, L'Erable, Ill., Thomas Keating, Champaign, Ill., Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Bell, Mrs. Powers and Barron, Mr. and Mrs. Gleason, Miss Cahill, Mr. McGurren, Mr. Stafford, Mrs. Rousseau, Mr. Bensfeld, Mrs. McDonald, Mr. Quinlan, Mr. Thormeyer, Mr. Carroll, all of Chicago, Ill., Mr. Duret and Son Louis of Peru, Ind., Mr. Lyons, Champaign, Ill., Mr. Normoyle, Rock Island, Ill., Mr. Walsh, Campus, Ill., Mr. Falley, Lafayette, Ind., Messrs. Tracy, Hatch, Ehrich, Letourneau, Kerr, Brosseau, Mallory, of Kankakee, Ill.

LOCALS.

— Rev. M. J. Marsile will act as Pastor at Lafayette, Ind., during the absence of Fr. Walters in Europe.

— Revs. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. and E. Rivard C. S. V. will visit the students and friends of the college, at Chicago, during the first part of the vacation.

— Studies will be resumed on the 6th. of September; let the old students be an example of punctuality to the new ones this coming term.

— Our esteemed Prefect of Studies Rev. G. Legris left for an extended trip to Canada Tuesday evening July 5th. *Bon voyage!*

— X. Fox, Ed. Collette, Wm. and Dick Bradley, G. Napierre, O. Bernard, V. Lunarre, who are spending their vacation at the college, visited Kankakee to witness the grand display of fire-works on the evening of the glorious Fourth.

— The improvements made in the refectory, minim's recreation hall and the study-hall considerably enhance their appearance.

— Rev. Fr. Daly spends his vacation with Rev. Fr. Clancy at Woodstock, Ill.

— The Chicago Pastors numbering 126 will begin their retreat at the college, the 11th. inst., those of Peoria diocese, on the 18th. inst.

— J. Roach, J. Suerth, M. Carroll, gave us a call on the 4th.

— Rev. Fr. Peborde D. D. preached the retreat at Notre Dame Academy.

— Bro. Champagne will be the organist at the Parish church during vacation.

— Oscar and Viateur are gathering the raspberries for the pic-nic.

— Fred Ehrich, who drew for the gold medal for proficiency in French, was the recipient of a fine gold watch; a present from his brother.

— Mr. Murtaugh made us a pleasant call on his return from Montreal.

— Our genial and beloved Bro. Cregan is working hard to become the champion at croquet. Success, Brother?!?

— Ed. Bennett is still visiting friends in Kankakee, and is pleased with his sojourn there.

— Ed. Collette says cigarettes are sweet on the 4th. but bitter on the 5th.

— Little Eddie Downey bid farewell to his comrades Saturday July 2nd. Our best wishes accompany you, little friend.

— The "devils" after having been pent up for the space of ten months, forsook their abodes except Tee-lare who is initiating Collette in the business.

— We hear our devoted Father Dooling is going to procure many historical paintings during his stay in Chicago.

June 2
1897

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 2 Juillet, 1887.

No 7.

ADIEU.

A RIGAUD.

Il faut quitter l'asile où coula mon enfance.
Là, comme un lis aimé du ciel,
Croissant à l'ombre de l'autel,
J'ai vu fleurir mon innocence :
Adieu, sanctuaire de paix
Où tout me souriait d'ineffables attraits

Adieu, charmant séjour de la montagne,
Salut à tes ombrages frais
Que je ne reverrai jamais !
Salut à tes riches campagnes !
Mes doux plaisirs vont se tarir :
Ils ne seront bientôt qu'un tendre souvenir.

Aimables compagnons, ô mes amis fidèles,
Vous qui fûtes tous mes amours,
Adieu ! sans vous plus de beaux jours.
Salut, mes blanches cascates,
Joyeux échos de mon bonheur,
En vous quittant, lieux chers, je vous laisse mon cœur.

M**.

LES PAPES ET L'ITALIE.

DISCOURS PRONONCÉ PAR P. WILSTACH.

Monseigneur, Mesdames et Messieurs.

Les fils de l'Eglise tressaillent d'allégresse dans l'attente du joyeux événement qui doit marquer cette année l'illustre carrière de Léon XIII, aujourd'hui glorieusement régnant. La terre s'ébranle et les cœurs volent vers Rome. Ah ! dans un pareil jour de joie et de jubilation pourquoi faut-il que le Vicaire de Jésus-Christ soit dans les chaînes ? Pourquoi ne peut-il pas parcourir en triomphe ces rues de la ville éternelle où toutes les gloires sont passées et que la majesté seule du Souverain Pontificat peut remplir ? Pourquoi ne peut-il plus, comme autrefois, des hauteurs de St. Pierre, élever ses mains chargées de bénédictions et les répandre sur l'univers ? L'Italie, croyant voir dans les Souverains Pontifes les ennemis de sa grandeur et de son unité, s'est constituée leur geoliers. N'est-ce pas là un acte d'ingratitude et d'oubli impardonnable ? Du moment que Constantin lais-

sa la Rome des Césars aux successeurs de Pierre, ceux-ci ne s'en montrèrent-ils pas toujours les défenseurs et ne furent-ils pas comme l'âme même de l'Italie dans les luttes qu'elle eut à soutenir pour sa liberté et son indépendance ? On sait quel fut leur rôle, mission toute de paix et de salut, lors de l'invasion des Barbares. Ces hordes sauvages s'ondirent comme un ouragan sur le monde Romain, repu du sang des nations, du sang des martyrs. Pendant plus d'un siècle ils assouvirent leur rage sur tout ce qui s'opposa à leur passage. Qui s'éleva alors pour leur résister ? Les empereurs grecs accoururent-ils au secours de l'Italie envahie ? Non seulement ils ne firent rien pour elle, mais ils la trahirent systématiquement, parce qu'ayant des traités avec les Barbares qui les menaçaient du côté de Constantinople, ils n'osaient pas les inquiéter en Italie.

L'état de ces belles contrées ne peut se décrire et fait pitié dans l'Histoire. Désolée par les Barbares et abandonnée par ses souverains, l'Italie ne savait plus à qu'elle appartenait, et ses peuples étaient réduits au désespoir. Au milieu de ces grandes calamités, les Papes étaient le refuge unique des malheureux. Deux surtout entre tous méritent d'être comptés parmi les héros et les sauveurs de leur patrie : ce sont les deux grands Léon et Grégoire ! Devant eux les légions du Nord reculèrent épouvantées. L'Italie entière leur dut sa délivrance et Rome échappa au sort qui a frappé Tyr et Carthage !

A peine la race de Charlemagne était-elle éteinte que celle qui lui succéda en Allemagne menaça d'asservir l'Italie et de faire des Papes les simples chapelains des empereurs allemands. Othon le Grand obligea le Pape à lui faire serment de fidélité, dit Voltaire. Il ajoute ailleurs encore : il paraît évident que le grand dessein de Frédéric II était d'établir en Italie le trône des nouveaux Césars, et il est bien sûr au moins qu'il voulait régner sur l'Italie sans borne et sans partage. Les divisions entre Frédéric et le Saint Siège n'eurent jamais la religion pour objet.

Ainsi d'après l'aveu même de l'ennemi le plus acharné de l'Eglise la cause des luttes de l'Empire et du Sacerdoce fut surtout une question nationale. C'était la liberté politique de tout un peuple qui était en jeu. Et les Papes, ainsi que l'Histoire le constate victorieusement, furent toujours les premiers à s'opposer au joug de l'étranger, ils empêchèrent l'Italie de devenir alle-

mande ou française; toujours ils s'efforcèrent de garder l'Italie pour les Italiens.

Tous les peuples, a dit un célèbre écrivain, sont convenus de placer au premier rang des grands hommes ces fortunés citoyens qui eurent l'honneur d'arracher leur patrie à la domination de l'étranger: héros s'ils ont réussi ou martyrs s'ils ont échoué leurs noms traverseront les siècles. La stupidité moderne voudrait seulement excepter les Papes de cette apothéose universelle. O Italiens, vous habitants de ces fertiles contrées que les Grégoire et les Innocent voulaient affranchir, "Vos ô! Pompilius sanguis"! Harmonieux héritiers de la Grèce, élevez donc plutôt des autels à ces Pontifes magnanimes qui firent des prodiges pour vous donner un nom!

Mais, Mesdames et Messieurs, les Souverains Pontifes ont un autre titre à la reconnaissance de l'Italie, c'est d'en avoir fait la patrie des science et des beaux arts, oui! à l'ombre de la chaire pontificale ou plutôt aux rayons du soleil de la vérité, le génie humain s'est épanoui avec une merveilleuse fécondité. C'est sur cette terre privilégiée que brilla l'aurore de la Renaissance. Des chefs d'œuvre de tous genres alors virent le jour. La poésie, la musique, la peinture, la sculpture élevèrent comme un trône de gloire à la mère du genre humain, l'Épouse immaculée du Christ. Et depuis les artistes de tous les âges s'acheminèrent vers Rome pour lui apporter le tribut de leur admiration, pour étudier les œuvres des Palestrina, des Michael Ange, des Raphaël et mille autres merveilles écloses sous la protection féconde de la Papauté!

Et, Messieurs, il n'y a que quelques années que les Papes ont perdu ce pouvoir dont ils se sont si admirablement servi—que déjà les artistes et tous les admirateurs de l'antiquité ont laissé échappé un cri d'indignation contre les actes de vandalisme commis par les nouveaux maîtres de l'Italie. Ils enlèvent à la capitale du monde chrétien ce cachet que lui ont donné les siècles et ses ruines immortelles. Que leur conduite diffère avec celle des papes qui ont conservé avec un respect religieux les précieux restes de l'antiquité! Et s'ils ont édifié, ce ne fut jamais pour élever des constructions banales comme celles qui déparent Rome aujourd'hui, mais pour faire sortir de terre les loges à jamais célèbres du Vatican ou lancer dans les airs l'incomparable coupole de de St. Pierre.

Pour se justifier aux yeux de la chrétienté, les spoliateurs du domaine pontifical prétendent que l'indépendance du Saint Siège est incompatible avec l'unité de l'Italie, tandis qu'on sait que leurs injustifiables confiscations n'ont eu pour but que d'amoindrir la puissance spirituelle des représentants de Dieu sur la terre. Encore une fois les Papes ne sont pas opposés à l'unité de l'Italie, c'est ce qu'ils ont toujours voulu dans le passé

en chassant l'étranger de la péninsule. Et de nos jours, Pie IX a déclaré que l'unité de l'Italie échappera à tout danger que lorsqu'un lien d'amour et de fidélité unira dans un même faisceau la force des peuples à la sagesse des princes. Mais l'Italie peut être une sans qu'il faille détrôner ses rois et violer les droits les plus sacrés. Nous avons vu s'accomplir l'unification de l'Allemagne, nous l'avons vu, à l'heure du danger, se lever comme un seul homme contre l'ennemi commun, sans que peuples et princes aient été dépourvus de ce qu'ils avaient de plus cher. Léon XIII, en revendiquant l'indépendance de l'Église, a maintes fois laissé entendre que l'Italie serait la première à bénéficier d'une solution équitable de la question romaine et qu'en mettant fin au douloureux antagonisme, qui divise actuellement le pays, elle s'ouvrirait les voies à une période de grandeur et de prospérité inconnue peut-être dans son histoire. Qui ne voit que le véritable intérêt de l'Italie peut se concilier avec les intérêts de l'Église? A l'Italie de comprendre ces sages et prophétiques avertissements. La Papauté, elle, peut attendre: elle a pour elle les promesses d'éternelle durée. Mais l'Italie le pourra-t-elle longtemps encore? Ne voit-elle pas que plus elle s'obstine dans la situation fautive et violente où elle s'est mise vis-à-vis du Saint Siège, plus cette lutte meurtrière et parricide l'épuise et la deshonne? Puisse-t-elle le comprendre avant qu'il soit trop tard!

TRENTE.

Nous détachons une feuille d'une lettre du Rev. A. Martel qu'il adressait dernièrement au Père Marsile, certain qu'elle sera lue avec intérêt par tous nos lecteurs. Le Rev. Monsieur se repose au château de Henri-Chapelle en Belgique.

De quelle excursion voulez-vous que je vous parle? De celle d'Anvers ou du Canal de Suez? De celle d'Aix-la-Chapelle de Charlemagne ou de celle Nazareth de St. Jérôme? De celle de Brindisi de Virgile ou de celle de Gladbach des Bénédictins? Tenez! Je vous dirai sans phrase un mot de mon excursion de Trente où, à en juger par les démonstrations, j'étais attendu, le jour de l'Ascension.

Trente est poétiquement situé sur l'Étch, qui coule rapidement au pied d'une montagne que couronnent un château, une église et quelques résidences. Une chute ou plutôt un filet d'eau tombe perpendiculairement du haut de cette montagne et produit le plus bel effet. Les montagnes de formes variées et dont la position semble changer à chaque pas donnent à ces lieux un aspect tout à fait pittoresque.

J'ai joui surtout en traversant le pont qui conduit à la vieille église et sur lequel je n'ai pu m'empêcher de cri-

er: "Du Catéchisme du Concile de Trente! Chapitre 1er., Du symbole des Apôtres, Paragraphe 1er., Je crois en Dieu!" Quel beau site! et comme le regard s'attache à la rivière, aux montagnes, aux bosquets, à la cathédrale avec ses souvenirs conciliaires, et comme le son des cloches chantent harmonieusement en montant vers le ciel!

La Cathédrale, où j'ai entendu la messe et Ste. Marie-Majeure, où j'ai assisté aux vêpres, étaient remplies de fidèles recueillis. Tout le monde est bien mis aux jours de fêtes et surtout on va à l'église. Ce jour-là il y avait messe pontificale au Dôme et grande musique orchestrale avec de beau chant. Je fus vivement impressionné. Les cloches de la Cathédrale qui sont avec celle de St. Ursule de Cologne les plus belles j'ai entendues m'ont ravi de *leur son* et non de *leur bruit*. Quant à la cathédrale, elle a de belles parties, comme particularités; mais, comme ensemble, c'est un vieux monument bysantin qui *passé fleur*. L'on voit que ça dut coûter du travail et des sommes considérables. Le mur est assez épais pour qu'à l'intérieur l'on ait pu y pratiquer un escalier en pierre de manière à ne laisser paraître que la rampe qui est à jour. L'on est à restaurer l'intérieur de cette église, si vénérable par les conciles qu'elle a abrités et dont les tableaux, qui représentent ces augustes assemblées couvrent les murs de la sacristie.

Ste. Marie-Majeure est de goût plus récent quant à l'intérieur. Bien décorée, ornée des nombreux tableaux des conciles qui s'y sont tenus et des papes alors régnant, de grandes orgues et de nombreuses statues, etc., cette église m'a inspiré plus de dévotion que l'autre. Le plain chant qu'on y exécutait si bien, avec tant d'ensemble, avec de si belles voix, me faisait oublier les beautés musicales du matin.

Il y a au cimetière de la ville une imitation du "Campo Santo" de Gênes. Les constructions de Trente sont comme celles des villes italiennes, en pierre blanche. Les plus remarquables sont le château, véritable monument d'ancienne architecture, le palais de Justice et la vieille tour de St. Jacques, si la mémoire ne me fait défaut.

Il y a de jolis boulevards et un parc bien ombragé donnant sur ce que je pourrais appeler la haute ville. Au milieu de quelques bosquets s'étale un petit lac d'eau jaunâtre, auprès duquel est une maison où chacun peut se procurer un habit de bain pour deux sous. Une partie du lac est traversée par une corde qui sert à soutenir les moins habiles. On change d'habits sur le rivage, puis après un signe de croix—ce que j'ai trouvé bien beau—l'on se joint les mains comme pour aller servir la messe et l'on prend un bon plongeon!

Mais assez au sujet de Trente. Je vous sais gré de votre désir de me revoir bientôt. Je ne puis cependant rien vous promettre là-dessus, quand il s'agit de santé. Si

quelqu'un voulait *payer mes dépenses*, je voyagerais encore plus: car je m'aperçois que je suis mieux en voyage que lorsque je demeure sédentaire. Mais il faut que ce soit en pays chaud, autrement je ne suis pas mieux qu'en Amérique. Il me semble que si je recommençais mon voyage, je ne serais plus malade, tant ça m'a fait de bien par ce temps passé.

COURONNE D'ÉPINES.

J'ai dans ma chambre, au pied de ma Madone, une couronne d'épines. J'avais tressé ces branches aux pointes aigües par une fraîche journée de printemps, alors que tout était lumière et sourire.

Je trouvais ces ronces au milieu des fleurs et je voulais les emporter avec moi, les cueillir comme des roses afin de me rappeler que tout bonheur ici-bas porte son épine.

Depuis, bien des douleurs se sont mêlées à mes joies, bien des illusions se sont évanouies au contact de la froide réalité, bien des épines m'ont déchiré l'âme, mais la plus cruelle fut l'ingratitude.

Voir ses bontés payées par ceux-là qu'on a aimés comme soi-même, quelle agonie pour l'âme! N'est-ce pas sentir à sa lèvre le froid baiser de Judas? Ah! c'est cette angoisse qui fait que l'homme veut mourir...

Mon Maître, lui dont la face divine éclaire l'éternité, a bien voulu porter à son front une couronne d'épine: je ne refuserai pas celle qui m'est offerte, ô mon Dieu! je la porterai autour de mon cœur.

Lua.

VERITABLE MARGUERITE BOURGEOIS.

Le nom Marguerite Bourgeois a déjà pris place dans l'Histoire à côté des noms immortels des missionnaires, des soldats et des héroïnes qui aidèrent si puissamment à fonder la Nouvelle France. Marguerite naquit à Troyes, France, en 1620. Ayant perdu sa mère dès son bas âge, elle la remplaça avec le plus grand dévouement auprès de ses frères et de ses sœurs. Mais cette âme d'élite n'était pas destinée à demeurer dans le monde. Elle tenta à deux différentes reprises d'entrer en religion, mais vainement: Dieu l'appelait à travailler sur une terre qu'il voulait mouler à l'image de la France chrétienne. C'est alors qu'elle rencontra Mr. de Maison-neuve, le fondateur de Montréal. C'était deux âmes faites pour se comprendre. Il invita Marguerite à

le suivre de par de là les mers pour se charger de l'instruction des enfants. Celle-ci n'hésita pas. Elle sentit que le ciel l'appelait, que Marie, qui lui avait souri si divinement, la voulait dans cette ville qui devait porter en naissance son nom béni, et la voilà qui s'arrache à l'affection de ceux qui lui sont chers pour braver les fureurs de l'océan, qui dit adieu au beau pays de France pour aller finir ses jours sur une terre lointaine et inconnue. Quel spectacle admirable que de voir cette jeune vierge et tant d'autres qui la suivirent, comme de blanches colombes, prendre leur vol vers des rivages souillés par des siècles d'erreurs et des flots de sang! La virginité et toutes les plus belles vertus du Christianisme les suivront et prendront racine pour jamais sur le sol d'Amérique.

Montréal, la ville de Marie, fut le théâtre du zèle et du dévouement de Marguerite. Une étable fut le berceau de sa communauté qui devait dans la suite prendre un développement prodigieux et compter des établissements qui sont de véritables monuments. Mais c'est aussi dans une étable qu'est né ce Dieu-Enfant dont les adorateurs sont répandus par toute la terre. La faiblesse, la pauvreté est le cachet des grandes œuvres, des œuvres de Dieu. A la demande des colons, plusieurs écoles et couvents furent fondés et aujourd'hui ils se comptent par centaines non-seulement au Canada, mais aux Etats Unis, continuant les travaux de la Vénérable fondatrice. L'Illinois seul possède cinq établissements tenus par les Sœurs de la Congrégation.

Marguerite Bourgeois n'épargna ni peines ni sacrifice pour subvenir aux besoins de la jeunesse canadienne. Plus d'une fois, elle traversa les mers pour aller chercher des filles disposées à embrasser son œuvre. On la vit porter sur ses épaules les quelques meubles destinés à de nouvelles fondations. A l'ordre de son Evêque, elle se rend à pied de Montréal à Québec, en hiver, malgré le froid et la neige.

La mortification égalait sa charité. Elle ne semblait vivre que pour châtier son corps. Pendant une traversée, elle se dépouilla de tout en faveur de soldats malades et n'eut pour dormir que le plancher et rien pour se couvrir. Elle portait habituellement une couronne d'épines sous sa coiffure, ne dormait que sur la dure et sans autre oreiller qu'une planche.

Sa piété faisait l'édification de tous ceux qui la rencontraient. Elle avait une confiance sans borne en Marie: c'est ce qui la porta à consacrer sa communauté à la Mère de Dieu et à lui donner le nom de Notre Dame. C'est Marguerite Bourgeois qui conçut, la première, la pieuse idée de bâtir, à Montréal, un sanctuaire à la Ste. Vierge. Notre Dame de Bonsecours est un précieux monument de son amour envers la Reine du ciel et aussi un monument cher à tous les cœurs Canadiens. Combien de faveurs célestes ont été obtenues dans cette

antique chapelle! Quelle foule pieuse s'y donne rendez-vous, du matin au soir, au pied de la Madone! Avec quelle douces larmes dans les yeux les marins, après une périlleuse traversée, saluent l'image de Marie qui du sommet du saint édifice leur tend les bras!

La sainte fondatrice, pleine d'années et de mérites, rendit l'âme, le 12 Janvier, 1700. Sa mort fut un dernier acte d'héroïsme. Elle offrit sa vie pour obtenir la guérison d'une des religieuses qui était à l'agonie. Son sacrifice fut accepté et la sœur, ainsi miraculeusement sauvée, porta jusqu'à la fin de ses jours le nom de religion de Marguerite Bourgeois, sœur du St. Sacrement. La mort de Marguerite fut accompagnée de plusieurs prodiges. Sa figure, qui portait les traces de la mortification et de la maladie, brilla d'un éclat céleste. Plusieurs guérisons furent aussi obtenues par le simple attouchement d'objets qui lui avaient appartenus.

Mr. Leber, le père de l'héroïque recluse, peignit les traits de celle qui venait de s'éteindre si paisiblement. Son visage est plus rond qu'ovale. Sa tête est recouverte d'un voile qui s'attache sous le cou et auquel pend une croix. Ses lèvres sourient légèrement, toute la figure a une expression de céleste candeur et respire l'éternelle jeunesse de l'innocence.

Le corps de la Vénérable défunte fut porté à sa dernière demeure par le Gouverneur Général et le Gouverneur de Montréal et enterré dans l'église paroissiale. Son cœur, qui avait été déposé dans la chapelle de la communauté, fut consumé dans un incendie, en 1778. Il s'en était échappé du sang vermeil qui fut pieusement recueilli et qui est conservé ainsi que tous les ossements avec la plus grande vénération par les dignes filles de Marguerite Bourgeois. Elles attendent avec une respectueuse impatience la décision de l'Eglise pour rendre des honneurs publics à ces chères reliques. Déjà le titre de *Vénérable* a été décerné à leur illustre Mère. Le procès de canonisation se poursuit activement à Rome et tout porte à croire que bientôt le Canada comptera une sainte, la première de l'Amérique du Nord. Quel beau jour sera celui qui apportera cette heureuse nouvelle à nos rivages! De quel bonheur et de quelle légitime fierté tressaille tout les cœurs des fils de la Nouvelle France! Puissent leurs prières hâter ce moment fortuné!

XX.

A MARIE.

Vous régnez partout, ô Marie!
Et sur la terre et dans les cieux;
Partout votre image chérie.
Partout votre nom gravieux.
Après Dieu, c'est vous que regarde
Tout œil élevé vers le ciel;
Car Dieu nous met tous sous la garde
De votre zèle maternel.

L'ABBE ENJELVIN.

— "Bro. Ryan, you never had such amusement before my arrival, did you?!!

— Mr. L. Grandchamp is a regular bookworm; he is not only reading, he is devouring his books.

— Bros. J. O'Callaghan C. S. V. and Wm. Hartwell C. S. V. of Holy Name School, Chicago, came to spend their vacation in Bourbonnais.

— Bro. Gallagher is visiting his parents and friends in Peoria.

— A special class of drawing will be organized this coming September, under the directorship of the artist Bro. A. Gignac.

— In all probability, there will be an excursion in behalf of the College, from Chicago to Montreal, via Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific Rail-Roads, July 21st. to last forty days from date, which is until Monday August 29th. The fare being reduced to \$18.00 round trip brings it within the reach of all who may desire to visit the beautiful and picturesque scenes of Canada. Those wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, will be granted the privilege of stopping over when returning, at any of the following cities: Detroit, Toronto, Ottawa or any city of interest to the tourists through which the excursion may pass.

The excursionists will arrive in time for the celebration of the feast of the great St. Ann; and also to witness the coronation of the statue by His Eminence Cardinal Tachereau, assisted by many celebrated prelates. The Cardinal will be the representative of His Holiness Leo XIII on this occasion. It is said that this shrine has already been visited by over 20,000 persons since Spring.

— Bros. Lussier and Ryan were struck for a buggy ride, the other day. How pleasant and refreshing was the sweet breeze! how sleek the road! and the horse held his head up so nobly! Those thoughts and lots of others of the same stamp together with the enjoyment of the benefit of that almost stolen ride, made them lose sight of the movements above when suddenly came like a shot a most heavy storm which washed clean all the fun and did not leave even a dry stitch about them. Choose a better time for your next, Bros.

— Viateur wants to know why we don't go bathing any more? "Because the water is too wet," says Collette.

— There are rumors floating in the air that a new set of printer's "devils" will be on deck for the next term; "look out old ones."

— Hilaire says that there is nothing sweeter than eating the noonday repast with something sweet; "on the Fourth of course."

The Rev. Father Belanger C. S. V., pastor of the Catholic church in this village, in response to a call from

his superiors, has accepted charge of the deaf and dumb of his church in New York City, whither he goes about August 1st. to commence his new duties. Fr. Belanger came to Brimfield from Montreal, Canada, about two years ago, at which time he assumed charge of this parish. During his stay here, he has won the esteem and friendship of the entire community by his gentlemanly, Christian demeanor and has especially endeared himself to his parishioners by his gentleness and the deep interest he has always evinced in their spiritual and temporal welfare. His congregation deeply regret his move, but as it is an order from a higher source, he has only to obey. Father Belanger is thoroughly conversant with the sign language of the deaf and dumb, and will occupy his time in instructing those unfortunates of the great metropolis. The Rev. Father's health, which has never been good, has been greatly improved by his residence in Brimfield, and on that account as well as because of the attachment he has formed to his charge here, he greatly regrets the move that duty compels him to make.

Brimfield News.

OUIDAS WANDA.

To the victims of my first sketch of Wanda, I beg respectfully to inscribe these few lines of meagre apology. The romance continues so: Bela is the very picture of his father. The child's face vividly reminds Prince Egan (who now visits the Szalras quite frequently) of a companion of his early youth—little Vassia. He had never seen or heard any thing of Vassia since they had been separated, while engaged in a fight in which Egan had inflicted a deep wound upon the shoulder of Vassia. This resemblance in the child Bela was not sufficient evidence, however, to conclude that his father had any distinct relationship to Vassia. The thought that De Sabrans might be Vassia Kasan nevertheless pursued Egan.

One day after a dangerous encounter with bears in the Szalras woods, Sabrans was seriously wounded and Egan had stripped him of his clothes to bathe his wounds when lo! the scar on the left shoulder was there! He whispered in De Sabrans' ear: "You are Vassia Kasan." ...the Marquis with difficulty recovers from the effects of his wounds and the nervous prostration consequent upon his discovery begs Egan who, he knew, was his sworn enemy. Trusting the noble nature of his offended relative De Sabrans wrote to him the whole account of his life since their boyhood duel. He had gone to Mexico where he met and served old Seigneur De Sabrans whose only son had recently died. The old gentleman had entrusted all his manuscripts to his

young servant and engaged him to see to the publication of the "Mexico;" with these he had also found papers by which he established himself heir to the sea-beaten estates of the old Seigneur. With his stolen titles he returned to France where his rank had so far never been doubted. . . . Now this confession of De Sabrans horrible fraud Egan, through magnanimous consideration for his fair cousin Wanda, swore to keep secret. So De Sabrans felt safe. The letter had been burnt.

Some time after that Madame Olga Brancka visited prince Egan and while awaiting him in his study, she found a bit of paper, blackened with smoke: upon it were written the words "Vassia Kasan." Her curiosity was aroused who or what was V. K? She leaves nothing undone to unearth the meaning of these mysterious words. With her womanly instinct she begins to suspect De Sabrans. She goes, unbidden, to the castle, and by means of fine hints and close observation of social movements (of which she was an expert interpreter) she forces the acknowledgement from the would-be master of the Szalras domains that he is only the base-born son of a Russian serf. De Sabrans becomes enraged at the possibility, and indeed the likelihood of his betrayal to Wanda—to the world. What else might be expected from a worthless woman like Olga? What fine sport his shame would be for her! This woman, however, whose score is by no means a clean one, is shut up by prince Egan and sworn never to divulge a word of the secrets she has found out. But while this arrangement was making, De Sabrans in a sort of frenzy, offspring of his burdened conscience—goes straight to his beloved Wanda and discloses all his long pent up secrets. She falls senseless to the ground. When after some months she becomes able to signify her will she quietly bids De Sabrans leave the Castle, not however without giving over to him the village which he had so bravely saved years before.

The exiled husband goes and wanders for a few years in the Austrian Mountains, generally in the vicinity of the Castle. He lived a hunter's life and dwelt in a small cabin on one of the peaks. . . . One morning young Bela is missed at the Szalras Castle. He had always been fond of his father and learning from some of the servants that he was in the mountains, the boy had started off to find him out and bring him home. He meets with many hardships, the poor little lad; but he is an expert climber and makes good headway. His father a vigilant hunter, descries in the distance an eagle about to plunge upon a child—he hastened to the spot, shoots the bird, rescues the boy—his own Bela.

They are far from any human inhabitation, and a snow storm sets in, they loose their way, Bela becomes tired, night comes on, and with it a freezing cold. In

attempting to cross a chasm so as to reach his cabin the father, who now for a good ways had carried the numb boy makes a leap for life and seriously injures his back. The boy reaches the cabin and is cared for; the father is taken in. Word is sent to the Castle. Help arrives, De Sabrans is taken, in a very precarious condition, to the Castle where after a few days he dies in spite of the cares and hopes of the admirable Wanda.

R.

MEETING OF THE OLD STUDENTS.

COMMENCEMENT DAY 1887.

Never before in the annals of St. Viateur's was such a large number of former students seen gathering about their Alma Mater as was witnessed this year. This unusual, not to say unexpected, meeting of so many old fellows cannot have been the mere work of chance; it seems rather providential. A new interest in one another and a natural affection for their early college home seem to have been aroused among the Alumni as if by the magic of contact.

The recalling of familiar names, the recounting of school-day tricks so long silenced, the interchanging of general thought so long pent up, all gushed freely forth during the hours that preceded the opening of the exercises. Really it was regaling to see how immensely the gentlemen enjoyed one another's company.

Towards the close of the day's programme Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. introduced M. J. Maher Esq. who requested all former students present to attend a meeting which should be held in the Study Hall after the distribution of premiums. The call was willingly answered.

When the assembly was seated, Rev. C. P. Foster, of Chicago, proposed Rev. H. Boekleman, of Delphi, Indiana, as chairman, which choice was unanimously accepted. Fr. Boekleman good-humoredly filled the preferred seat and asked that some gentlemen explain the nature or purpose of the meeting; whereupon there was a call for Fr. Foster. The Rev. gentleman pleading that he had only an inkling as to the end that was aimed at, requested that Mr. Nicholas Walsh state more fully what was to be done.

Mr. Nicholas Walsh, a student of the regretted Fr. Roy's time, now resident of Dwight, Ill., stood up and said that, as it had often been suggested something should be done in memory of Rev. Fr. Roy C. S. V., steps might now be taken towards the erection of a monument, or memorial hall in honor of our first director. The "Roy Memorial Hall" seems to have been decided upon, all being in favor.

After the consideration of several propositions brought forward, it was agreed that as this was an affair of im-

portance it should be subjected to no hasty action. So a committee were elected to make arrangements for a larger gathering of old students next year, at which time decisive steps shall be taken for the materialization of the plans now laid out.

The officers of the committee are as follows: Rev. H. Boekleman, Pres., J. Maher Esq., Vice President; G. Legris, Sec'y; Mr. J. St. Louis, Ass't Sec'y; Rev. D. E. McGrath, Treasurer.

Any information as to the whereabouts of any former student will be most acceptable to the committee and thankfully received by them. Communications may be addressed to Rev. G. Legris, St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill., or to Mr. J. St. Louis, Kankakee City, Ill.

The following are the gentlemen who were present at the meeting: Revds. J. Lesage, A. L. Bergeron, F. Reilly, D. McGrath, F. Perry, C. Foster, H. Boekleman, G. Legris, Chs. Peborde, D.D., M. J. Marsile C. S. V., E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Z. Berard, J. Soumis,—Messrs. J. Maher, J. Dore, J. Cusack, Dr. Bergeron, N. Walsh, J. St. Louis, G. Lavery, James Walsh, A. Gelino, A. McMullen, M. Coughlin, W. Quinlan, E. Caron, M. Lancaster, Amb. Granger, A. Granger, F. Reaume, J. Deveney, L. Duret, J. Boivert, J. Finn, T. Hughes, P. Lesage, H. Lesage, H. Darche, E. Grandpré, D. Legris, H. Legris, C. Baker, J. Murphy and perhaps others whose names now escape us.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

DELIVERED BY MR. D. CAHILL, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

Most Rev. Archbishop, Rev. Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

It is with genuine pleasure that we welcome you all who have come to gladden and to grace the most joyful day of our quiet but happy college life.

Be assured you are all as welcome to this the home of our youth, our Alma Mater, as this day itself is to those whose fond dreams it has many a night haunted. Then are you very welcome indeed. . . . The Rev. Faculty welcome you to an appreciation of their efforts, we the students, welcome you to witness our triumphs.

We are especially overjoyed at seeing among our visitors our distinguished and fatherly Archbishop, and we are proud to be able to extend him a respectful and at the same time hearty greeting.

We must, Most Rev. Archbishop, appreciatingly thank you for your kindly attention to us leaving thus your many, arduous and oftentimes pressing occupations to come among us, to encourage us by your presence and your wise exhortations.

We are keenly sensible of the interest which you, by

your presence, manifest in behalf of Catholic education and this favor is the more appreciated as it is an oft-repeated one.

Allow us to express our thankfulness for your patronage, to assure you of our happiness, our sense of safety in your protection—a feeling in us perhaps not unlike the naïve fondness with which the little children encircled our Lord when He smilingly called them unto Him.

Be then Most Rev. Archbishop, very welcome among your own children.

And you also, beloved parents, whom we have so longed to see gladly do we greet you all, for we are rejoiced at having it in our power on this day to make you happy.

There is nothing you have spared to give us a Catholic education and it is only through your repeated efforts and generous sacrifices that we are enabled on this occasion to decorate ourselves with crowns of honor.

Our laurels are yours, your own, believe us, and be pleased largely to share in the glory that is ours to day.

Rev. Fathers, we tender you a very cordial greeting. The many manifestations of your interest in us, as encouraging as they were gratifying, have acquainted us with your appreciation of education, and have made your names household words amongst us. Be assured, then, of our respectful gratitude and of the unfeigned gladness we feel in welcoming you to the fields of our labors and of our successes.

Friends of the students, friends of education, you all who form so large a part of this brilliant assembly, welcome to our feast! And you, our former comrades in the walks of knowledge, as we view this gay gathering with what delight do we not see beaming upon us, as the sunlit dews of the new morning, those familiar smiles of yours! How many pleasing and fondly treasured souvenirs does not your presence awaken from the quietness of the past!

Welcome friends to your favorite places in our circle, and may the present exercises pleasingly lead you back to the green spring-time of your young lives and make you live again those golden hours of youthful felicity, so fleet to flee, they say, as if on angels' wings.

Listen indulgently to our speeches and our songs of gladness; exult with us in our joy, and let it ever delight us, as the old poet says, to remember these things.

Truly this is a day of happiness; of happiness for our Alma Mater who experiences the joys of a Mother on seeing her children once again fondly encircling her; of happiness for our instructors, our parents and for ourselves—all rejoicing in one another's triumph and honors and utter contentment.

Once more we bid you all thrice welcome.

VALEDICTORY.

DELIVERED BY MR. J. CUSACK, OF ASHLAND, KY.

Most Rev. Archbishop,

Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen.

The exercises of our annual commencement are now almost concluded. But a few moments more remain until the word "vacation" will greet the ear of the student. Long and anxiously we have awaited the arrival of this day and now that it is within our grasp our hearts are agitated with conflicting emotions. It comes to us divested of some of the joy with which we, in our youthful imagination, had clothed it and we experience in its possession a verification of the proverb "that distance lends enchantment to the view."

On all sides we witness signs of joy, the beaming eye of those about to depart, the cheerful countenances and still more cheery hearts of loving parents and kind friends who have assembled to witness our triumphs and encourage us in our labors, and last but not least our Alma Mater decked out in holiday attire. And yet amid these joyous scenes we who are about to depart and some perhaps forever cannot rejoice. The utterance of the word which will leave us free to return to the bosom of our parents and the scenes of our childhood will also serve to rend asunder the intimate bond of friendship which has sprung up between us and our foster-mother, and which time has only strengthened and association sweetened.

It has been but a few years since first we bade adieu to our parents willing to become an exile from home and its fond associations and to take up our abode among strangers that we might enjoy the precious boon of a college education. Nor have we experienced aught save kindness and love from our Directors and Instructors since the first day we entered the portals of Alma Mater. They have watched over us with a truly parental solicitude. It has been their constant care to instil into our young hearts sentiments of christian perfection and to inculcate a love for the Good and the True. They have accompanied us step by step while ascending the steep and rugged mount of knowledge, removing the obstacles that obstructed our way, confining within proper limits our ill-directed zeal, shielding us from the trials and temptations of the outer world, and never abandoning us until now sufficiently able to breast the sea of life alone. Is it not but natural then that our hearts should be filled with sorrow when about to bid a final adieu to so kind a mother. Fain would we remain forever, O Alma Mater, within thy consecrated precincts and under the shadow of thy protection, but duty calls us elsewhere. The few years passed under thy

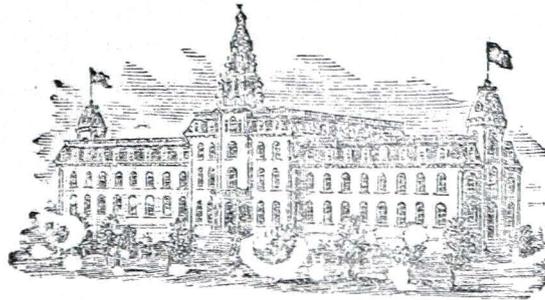
fostering care have been truly an earthly Paradise and it is only in Heaven that we can expect to find its compliment.

A few moments more only are left us to say the saddest of all words: farewell. We must leave behind us our youthful sports, our college joys, our class associations and friendship. The minutes are rushing on and we must tear ourselves away from a spot which has become for us a home as dear as our own paternal hearth. Farewell then to you, dear College home, who hath watched so tenderly over our boy-hood years and who now leavest us fully equipped to meet the stern realities of the unexplored future. Receive our sincere thanks for the many and useful lessons which you, both by word and example, have given us in christian virtue and science—lessons which God grant we may never forget. To you also dear Director and Superiors we must say the last farewell. Your noble and self-sacrificing efforts for the instruction of youth shall find commensurate reward in Heaven alone. May God shower down upon you his choicest blessings and may the lasting affection and deep gratitude of those whom you are educating repay you in some manner for the admirable zeal and pure disinterestedness manifested in promoting their welfare. As a last favor we would ask of thee that while standing daily before God's altar, invoking Heaven's blessings upon this little community, you may have a thought for the absent ones.

But to you dear companions of my early days, friends of my happy years, comrades of my youthful sport, it seems impossible to say the parting word. Associated from early youth, we have long trodden the same road but now our way divides and we must choose our respective paths. Let us hope that when the swift hand of Time shall have led us far from each other, the sweet recollection of those happy years spent together may come softly to soothe the dark hours of trials which the future may have in store for us. Friends we must say the word which reluctantly our lips utter, farewell.

Once more farewell to our Dear Alma Mater, abode of peace, cherished solitude, peopled with our dearest souvenirs—silent walls witnesses of our labors. Farewell to our humble little chapel, where with prayerful souls we invoked the blessings of God upon our youth. Farewell to our halls of study, refreshing fountains where our minds drank deep the salutary draughts of science and learning. Farewell to our hall of recreation and campus, theatre of our youthful sports. A last and a long farewell to all that this dear abode contains, entwined with our undying affections and sweetest memories. Departing from thee, O Alma Mater, we call down benedictions upon thy Venerable Head and breathe a prayer that Time in his onward course may deal gently with thee.

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