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OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY AND OUR GOD.

Were it possible that a series of words would have sprung into existence at the time of creation and continue to multiply in a geometrical ratio through time and eternity, there could never appear three ideal representations sweeter, dearer to the human heart than we find expressed by those forming the subject of these lines. In our serious reflections and meditative moods we may feast our imaginations on the beauties of nature; we may contemplate the picturesque landscapes, the grand sublimity of the boundless ocean, or the illimitable extent of the beauteous firmament "observing how system into system runs, what other planets circle other suns." All these things we may consider; but how little the joy, the rapture, the solace or consolation they bring to our minds when compared with the heaven-born delights which envelop the soul, when, o'er the vistas of by-gone years our spirit takes its flight on wings of love to the days of our childhood, and we see ourselves again seated by the evening fireside; we see the gentle sister on whose snow-white brow sleeps scarce half a decade of summers; we see the brother's playful glance, so like our own; we see the tender smile playing about our dear mother's lips while she gazes fondly on the objects of her love; we see the father's thoughtful, pleasing face, while his heart throbs with anxious hopes and mingled fears as to the fate of his loved ones. This is one of the pictures presented to us and it grows brighter and dearer as Time gradually moves us gently back to make room for the hours which He silently interposes between us and those bright and joyous days. Indeed a moment's reflection upon such a scene as this cannot fail to fill the soul with rapturous delights, to make our hearts yearn, vexationously yearn for just an hour's happiness such as then we enjoyed—and more it oftentimes brings back such sweet memories of our childlike innocence that our lives are entirely, completely changed and our souls directed to nobler, grander, sublimer aims. But oh! what sorrow, what biting anguish, what relentless remorse wrings our very soul if, since we enjoyed that beauteous picture we have by our misdeeds so changed the heart of that sweet sister that she blushes at our

name; changed the brother's playful glance into a look of sadness; changed the mother's gentle smile into a shade of melancholy; frustrated the father's joyous hopes, pierced his heart, and prepared a cloud of sorrow as a canopy for his declining years.

Be this as it may we look around us and conclude "The land that gave us birth the sweetest, wildest spot on earth." We may lose the home; the hearts that beat with joy and the halls that rang with laughter may alike be mouldering in the dust, but the birds continue their carol and vesper songs, the hills and dales are verdant and fresh with aromatic plants and flowers of perfume; the meandering brook relates the same sad song, its gentle whisperings are the same, and once more on the scenes of our childhood all these things speak to us in language the most expressive and we in turn exclaim: "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again."

Our hearts may have become hardened by the cold disregard of an uncharitable world; but there is one chord which vibrates with love when touched by the scenes of our happy, blissful innocence.

The icebergs and snow-mounds are dear to the Esquimaux and Laplander, the French heart beats with joy at the mere mention of sunny France, while the noble Scott or patriotic Swiss declare of his native land that "each word against its honor spoke demands of me avenging stroke." The true American is bound firmly to his "country's vineclad hills her thousand bright and gushing rills." But there still remains a nation whose loyalty to their birthland stands without an equal. Their's is the deepest, strongest, warmest love, and though many of them are severed from their native land by tyranny, misrule and oppression, their true and loyal hearts beat strong and loud with emotion and hope when they hear: "There's a gleam through the gloom, There's a light in the sky, 'Tis the sunburst resplendent far-flashing on high, Erin's dark night is waning, her day dawn is nigh." The love of country is an innate quality of every man's nature and is often as perfect and undying in the peasant as in the statesman.

But when we have lived for a certain period of time, and have noted the changes which take place in all created objects of our love, we understand the fallacy and vanity of all earth-born pleasures and aim for something higher and more worthy of our intelligence.

In our declining years we see that the world in which we dwell will not be ours forever and hence our minds turn to the preparation of the eternal home beyond the grave. This home we decorate and beautify by our good deeds in this life; we fill the garden which surrounds it with fragrant flowers and lovely roses which are nurtured and perfected by the balm of virtue and sanctity and by the dews of christian charity which emanate from our hearts while here below. Thus we pass from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood and from manhood to old age enjoying the delights pertaining to each period of our lives, ripening in understanding as we ripen in years and finally we see that the objects most worthy of our undivided attention are our home, our country and our God.

D. E.

OUR ART GALLERY.

While glancing over our album the other evening how many faces whose outlines were once conspicuous around our college halls arose before us, stood out as fresh and dear as ever, no change save the living presence which the art of photography can never give. Many were there whose photos bespoke the countless pleasures of by-gone days, when partings ne'er were thought of and separations were unknown. While contemplating their faces the long vale of past days spread out before us and with sweet sadness we reviewed every land-mark and revisited in thought every brook and rill in that once familiar landscape. First among the departed who left his "alma mater" one bright day in June to enter that alluring world, which seemed to be decked in all her holiday attire to hail another stalwart, was Thomas Gibbons of Dwight, Ill. That same sweet smile was on his face, those roguish hazel eyes which bespoke another ride to St. George, that herculean frame, Cyclopean stride, merry laugh, and musical voice became realities as we gazed on the portrait while Tom sojourns in Chicago. We saw him not long since but alas! time and society have introduced their innovations and effected a wonderful change. The down of manhood which had scarcely grazed the marble of his hueless cheek when he left us has under the influence of eastern climes flourished and bloomed into a full fledged mustache.

Next on the list came Jno. E. Hogan our "lean man" whose body was often deemed incapable of casting a shadow. Tall, straight, erect, a neck whose longitude towered high over its surrounding neighbors, always "light hearted and airy," not fond of regularity, some-

times an "invincible" but never in ambush, mischief twinkling in his eye, with a "what's-the-news-Tug?" gaze across the blue background, and such was Jno. We dropped a little tear for him who's gone and breathed a little prayer for his success in "kill me quick" which, we understand he is studying in Rush Medical, Chicago. Jno. is no longer the beardless boy of last year, but the happy possessor of a pair of nut brown burnsidcs and an incipient mustache.

Turning over the leaf we come to our "butterfly" C. M. Golden, of epistolary fame. Though years have come and gone since we knew him as a classmate, time cannot destroy the many fond memories which the mention of his name awakens. Standing as he was before the chair, we can see him on that memorable examination day, with one eye on the Prefect of studies and the other on the album, which entered the convent only to taste the sweets of cloister life and be rudely snatched away. But as Charlie was wont to say, "Twould not be always thus" and at present he is a member of the "Humane society" administering to the wants of the "inner man" at Minonk, Ill.

Nor was Mr. Golden the only one on that page. The stately form of O. K. Mooney, *alias* "Woolner" loomed up before us. An expression of desire for a few draws of his old "clay pipe" was plainly marked on his countenance while his eyes instinctively followed the prefect at the other end of the yard. We heard again in his melodious strains as he accompanied his friend "Paddy Grant" around the world or whispered words of tender sympathy to the disconsolate "where the Ivy grows so green." At present Oliver is taking care of "all the little chickens in the garden," down near Mossville, and we understand that *one* of his friends expresses a desire to be a little "chick" under his protection.

P. C. Clifford too lived again in the famous "Dr. Squash" proclaiming the praises of "Aunt Phoebe's sticking plaster." Mr. Clifford is now swallowing jurisprudence in Chicago and fast attaining to that position which his superior abilities and jolly temperament can not fail to merit.

We can by no means let our genial friend "Doc." Grimes pass by without some notice. Hastening on his errand of charity we beheld him loaded with stimulants for his patients whose lives depended on his care. Though his expressive eyes told his solicitude and anxiety, yet his genial smile and sympathetic "what can I do for you to-day sir?" made us speak freely of our wants. How sublime his calling, how great the trust reposed in him, yet with what modesty he performed his duty! Doc. is now stationed at Streator, where his angular features, hair "bien peigné" and closely fitting pantaloons attract the attention of all whenever he appears upon the street.

Among those whom we knew as students appeared one who had been our Prefect of discipline, the witness and in many cases the object of our schemes and tricks. In the middle of a group of familiar faces, sat Mr. Libbert "who if severe in aught the love he bore to order was in fault." We will not mention our many little escapades with our esteemed friend which served to break up the monotony of dull days.

And yet there was another face which blasted all the pleasant emotions which the others aroused and caused a tear to rise unbidden to the eye, and a pang of disappointment to the heart. When he left us two short years ago we looked upon him with pride and admiration for we beheld in him those talents and virtues which promised a brilliant future. But death marked him for his own and all that remains of that massive brow, and honest eye of Alphonse Legris lies in the quaint old churchyard a few paces from our sanctum. Kind friends have erected a handsome monument to his memory, but a more lasting monument of affection keeps his memory fresh in all his schoolmates' hearts. There are a few of our pictures treasured as invaluable, recalling as they do our companions of the past. At some other time when convenient I may let you have a glimpse at some more.

P. C. C.

LOCALS.

- 'Tis done.
- The battle is won.
- Examination is o'er.
- Four months more and then—
- Washington's birthday next "congé."
- How did you come out in your examination?
- Quite a number of promotions took place last week the result of the examination.
- In the next "History of representative men of Indiana" we expect to see the names of our "hoosier" friends, McAuliffe, Maher, Leggette and Devan.
- Prof. McCann is back looking as hale and hearty as ever. We think a little sickness does you good, John.
- Glenn Park has turned weather prophet and judging from the coon he says we will have a late spring.
- To the surprise of all, Herbert's limb recovered sufficiently to stand examination.
- The late war on "Dime novels" proved very destructive to the supply of some of our adventurous youths. If they have any time to throw away on such trash let them use some of it in writing lines.
- Some of our veterans of the examination talk of court marshaling their cowardly brethren. Give it to them, boys, and we'll slap you on the back.
- Mr. McAuliffe says he will be obliged to adminis-

ter a "mind plaster" to those members who are continually getting out of order.

— Paul Wilstach wants to know why our cigarette smoker uses so much iodine on his fingers. Evidently Paul is behind the times.

— Owing to ill health Mr. McGavick has left us for a few weeks. We hope that the bracing air and picturesque scenery along the shores of Fox Lake will have the desired effect and Mc. will return a strong and in better health.

— We understand that Rev. Fr. Hagan of Chicago will deliver a lecture here on Feb. 22nd. on the greatness of Washington.

— The members of the Thespian Association are preparing the "Malediction" a drama in three acts under the direction of Prof. Toomey to be rendered March 16th. No trouble is spared to make the entertainment a success, and we have no doubt that the affair will be superior to anything ever exhibited before.

— Whilst Prof. Murphy was looking through the "Via ventuosa" at Rome one day last summer, he picked up a manuscript which upon examination proves to be the original of that poem familiar to all beginning with the words "Mary had a little lamb." The original commences thus:—"Ariem parvum Maria habebat"—

— At the last meeting of St. Viateur's Cadets four new men were installed to fill vacancies caused by the resignations of Messrs. Sullivan, Morrissey, Fox and Donahoe. After much excitement and some loud talk the following promotions and elections took place. Kniery takes the place of 1st. serg't. Tierney steps into Kniery's boots as orderly serg't. Kelley goes to the position vacated by Tierney and Quinlan does the work left undone by Kelley. Messrs. Nagle, Reaume, Carr and Lancaster are corporals. With such officers backed by Capt. Quinn and Lieut. Park we predict a brilliant future for the company.

— Mr. Moysant prefect of discipline who has been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis since Christmas has returned home to Aurora for repairs.

— The new monument lately erected to the memory of Alphonse Legris is a grand ornament to the graveyard. It is a solid marble column mounted by a cross and crown strikingly representing the reward which he now enjoys who bore with meekness and resignation two years of suffering and agony. Though no more we'll behold the face of him whose ashes repose beneath the marble, we will often repair to his tomb to meditate upon his short but holy life.

— Mr. Franklin of the firm of Thompson & Wetmore came to the college last week to take orders for uniforms. About thirty of the boys will get them this year. There is some talk of making it compulsory to attend the drill

and wear the uniform, and we hope this project will be carried through.

— The great battle for which gigantic preparations have been made by the students for the last five months is at last ended with a complete victory for the boys. In vain did the well trained forces of Horace and Sallust the fiery dragoons of Virgil, the valiant hosts of Euclid Fredet, Blair, and Whately, perform prodigies of valor; they could not face the dashing intrepidity of their adversaries. The siege was a grand one from morning till night; bombshells of lore were hurled into the enemies camp; routing Whately's veterans and demoralizing Arnold's division. The enemy on their part were not idle. The fierce war-cry of Homer could be heard urging his Trojan warriors to do or die, whilst Otto like another Von Moltke led his German troops across the Rhine. Metaphors and similes lit up the air with a lurid hue but fell harmless among the baggage of Blair's command. Even the patriotism of Quackenbos caught from the heat of battle inspired him to enter the lists, but alas! in an encounter with Hughes he fell mortally wounded. At the end of a week the besieged finding themselves hemmed in on all sides, shut off from provisions and reinforcements, signed an armistice for five months and granted a "grand congé" for injuries inflicted.

— On Thursday morning (Feb. 6th.) Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Marsile for the repose of the soul of Willie Reaume who died Jan. 6th. The choir consisted of all the students and the ceremony throughout was grand and imposing.

— The drama "Tarare," a beautiful French production, will be placed on the boards by the French Dramatic Association on Thursday 21st inst. The composition of the piece is about one third musical, which makes it partake strongly of the opera. The Solos and Chorus will be rendered by the students of the house.

The musical portion of the piece is the work of Father Paul, one of the Priests of the Congregation of St. Viateur.

The Philharmonic Orchestra is in nightly practice and will render all instrumental music for the occasion. Taken altogether it will be both a novelty and an innovation and will doubtless achieve all the success and praise due to so worthy an undertaking.

Fathers Marsile, Mainville and Oser have spared no pains to make the production all that could be desired.

TWO FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

Brest is an old seaport town in the north of France. It has a famous military hospital, and its people, cele-

brated in times past for their hardihood and bravery, preserve all the quaint customs of Brittany—wooden shoes, high bonnets, short dresses, broad hats, and hold by the traditions of ancestry with the regularity of unchanging time; not unlike, in this respect, the fogs and mists overhanging the old town itself, which invade it at almost all seasons of the year.

In this old town, in the year 18—, lived a family whose name was De Noyer. The records of the *noblesse* of France, and especially of Brittany, reveal no prouder or more independent name than De Noyer. In the wars of Henri IV. the name figures prominently, and a marshal's baton was the honor awarded one of the founders of this family, whose latest representative became a vagrant in Paris and a refugee in London and New York.

At the period when this story of real life begins, the family consisted of four persons, De Noyer, *père*; his wife, a daughter just merging into womanhood, and the hero of a hundred adventures in the near future, Leon Gustave, who, having completed his twentieth year and at the same time his education in Paris, stood apparently in the full flush of a bright future in the career of the law, which he intended adopting as a profession. Physically and morally the young man was a different being from the unpretentious youth, innocent in heart and slender in frame, who had quitted Brest only six years before to receive at a great university the training necessary for a successful race in life. Time had developed him into a full-grown, splendidly made man. He had been remarkably successful in his studies. Graduated with full honors and at the head of his class, he was determined to conquer a high place in his profession. One thing, however, hung like a cloud over a horizon otherwise cheering to his vision, and with ever deepening shadow seemed to mar the outline of his joyous anticipations. Brest was a good place—his home, it is true; but Paris, with its broad avenues and boulevards, its theatres, its cafés, its gardens, its libraries, its museums of art, its lights, its abodes of pleasure, had won the heart of the young man. Now he was home, "in the quiet nest of the household," as his mother termed it; but the little town, with its narrow streets, its one or two theatres, its dingy, smoke and mist-clouded atmosphere, was more than he could endure.

The family of Gustave De Noyer lived at this time in good style, but without display, in the upper portion of the town of Brest. The house was spacious, and though not affording, perhaps, the largest amount of luxury, yet, was amply provided with conveniences. The De Noyers had always been faithful to the ancient *régime*, and, like many old families of France, had suffered deeply by the frequent changes of government incident to the advent of the First Empire.

❖ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ❖

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

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No. 4

UNE BOUCLE DE CHEVEUX.

A MA SŒUR.

Qu'ai-je trouvé, Lize, ô ma sœur,
En ouvrant ta douce missive?
Comme je baise avec bonheur
Ce cher envoi d'une autre rive!

C'est une mèche de cheveux,
Boucle si soyeuse et si blonde!
Vient-elle d'un ange des cieux,
Ou bien d'un enfant de ce monde?

Ah! me dis-tu, tes tendres mains
L'ont furtivement d.robée
Au plus charmant des Chérubins,
Fleur du ciel ici-bas tombée.

Rien de plus célestement pur!
Pour toi, pas de plus belle chose
Que cet enfant aux yeux d'azur,
Aussi frais qu'un bouton de rose.

C'est ainsi que j'aime à le voir
Embelli par l'eau du Baptême,
Souffle de ton âme, miroir
Où tu te reflètes toi-même.

Quand pour dire le plus doux nom,
S'ouvrira sa bouche vermeille,
Que le mien, suave chanson,
Charme avec le tien ton oreille.

Quand pourrai-je guider ses pas
Sur le vert gazon qui l'attire?
Bercer son sommeil dans mes bras,
En m'enivrant de son sourire?

Mais en attendant, que de vœux!
Pour lui que de saintes tendresses,
De baisers sur ses blonds cheveux,
Dans mes rêves que de caresses!

M**

LES ECOLES PUBLIQUES, (DIALOGUE.)

Eug.— Dis donc, cher ami, quelle vie ennuyeuse nous menons ici! Y as-tu jamais pensé? Nous sommes comme pris dans un réseau de gardiens de toute espèce. Ce n'est pas assez d'être surveillé en classe et en étude; il faut que nous soyons espionnés jusque dans nos jeux. Nos amusements seraient si gais, nos ébats si joyeux, nos éclats de rire si francs, si nous étions libres; mais non! Tous nos pas, tous nos détours sont connus de ceux qui nous entourent. Rien ne leur échappe. L'Argus de la fable avec ces cent yeux était moins vigilant à épier les démarches de l'inconstant Jupiter que nos maîtres ne le sont à découvrir les nôtres. Je le sais par expérience ils s'attachent à nos talons; je suis las d'un tel espionnage.

Il me faut plus d'essor, plus de liberté: et dès aujourd'hui je demande à mon père de me mettre aux écoles publiques. Ah! là on entend les choses. Les devoirs finis, on nous laisse à nous-mêmes. N'est-ce pas juste? Sommes-nous condamnés à une enfance éternelle? Ne pourrions-nous jamais faire un pas sans nous appuyer sur nos maîtres, comme l'enfant chancelant qui s'attache à la main de sa mère? Non, la nature nous montre tout ici-bas grandissant et vivant par soi. La frêle tige, né du gland, bientôt affronte les fureurs de l'ouragan. Je lis déjà dans tes yeux que tu approuves mon dessein, viens et joins toi à moi.

Fred.— Tu te trompes; loin de t'approuver, je te condamne. Comment! tu appelles espionnage une surveillance nécessaire et qui est en même temps si douce et si paternelle? Quel abus étrange de mots! C'est vrai, nos maîtres sont constamment avec nous, mais ce sont de vrais anges protecteurs et non des espions. Ils sont autour de nous, nous couvrant de leurs ailes, écartant les pièges que des ennemis cachés tendent à notre inexpérience, nous montrant la noble voie de la science et de la vertu. Leur présence, loin de glacer notre gaieté et nos joies enfantines, ne fait que les accroître en gagnant leurs regards et leurs sourires approbateurs. Celui qui n'a rien à craindre de Dieu, n'a rien à redouter d'eux; et si le coupable peut échapper à la vigilance de l'homme se soustraira-t-il à la vue de celui qui a fait les ténèbres comme la lumière?

Tout croît et se suffit à soi-même, dis-tu. Les plantes

et les animaux acquièrent leur vie, leur entier développement. Je l'accorde. Il n'en est pas ainsi de l'homme. Il naît, j'oserais dire, plus bête que la bête. Le Créateur a raisonné lui-même les actes des animaux et leur a donné un instinct presque infallible, tandis que l'homme a reçu la raison pour le guider dans toutes ses actions, mais la raison ne peut être développée que par l'éducation; et les facultés intellectuelles et morales n'obtiennent leur perfection que longtemps après le développement des forces physiques. Quand déjà nos pieds se posent sur la terre qui nous porte, nous chancelons encore dans le chemin des connaissances et de la vertu. Acceptons donc avec plaisir la main secourable que nous tendent le dévouement et la religion.

EUG.— Encore, si on prenait les moyens de nous rendre l'étude aimable, mais on dirait qu'on fait tant pour nous en rendre le séjour détestable. Pourquoi nous avoir séparés de la plus belle partie du genre humain? Aux écoles publiques, on fait mieux que cela. La présence de jeunes et riantes compagnes adoucit l'amertume du travail; et puis quel plaisir de se rendre à l'école avec elles et surtout d'en revenir! Par cet attrayant contact, les mœurs perdent leur rudesse, les manières deviennent plus polies et l'homme se fait gentil, élégant, accompli. Si nous restons ici, quand nous en sortirons nous n'oserons envisager celles que nous aurons à peine entrevues; nous serons tout timides, honteux, sans paroles, sans manières, de vrais sauvages en un mot.

FRED.— Ah! console-toi de la perte de ton infallible moyen d'adoucir les mœurs, les jeunes sauvages et les jeunes sauvages se voient à loisir, et n'en sont pas plus civilisés pour tout cela. Les belles manières viendront toujours à temps. Ne crains pas; tu t'apprivoiseras bien assez vite. Ce que tu as à redouter ce n'est pas la timidité, mais l'effronterie. Les manières sont belles, lorsqu'elles sont convenablement appropriées à l'état d'un chacun. Siérait-il à un cultivateur de vouloir faire le beau parleur? Un écolier galant, c'est un je ne sais quoi, qui n'a pas de nom, un véritable hors d'œuvre. D'ailleurs presque toujours la présence des jeunes personnes est un écueil pour les études, comme pour la vertu: leur vue remplit l'esprit de rêves et de chimères; et alors, adieu les livres, la science et les choses sérieuses! Les yeux, le cœur, toute l'attention se portent sur la nouvelle idole; l'étude ne reçoit d'autre encens que le mépris ou l'oubli.

EUG.— Ne faut-il pas que la jeunesse se passe?

FRED.— Oui il faut qu'elle se passe, mais dans la pudeur, le recueillement et le travail et non dans la légèreté et la dissipation. C'est à cette école que le jeune homme se formera aux combats de la vie, qu'il acquerra des habitudes d'ordre et d'économie, qu'il en sortira plein de force et d'énergie. Autrement il entrera dans l'arène du monde, croyant y trouver la réalisation des rêves éblouissants de sa jeunesse, tandis qu'il n'éprouvera à chaque pas que les plus amères et les plus désespéran-

tes déceptions. Ah! que de nobles et généreuses intelligences, couronnées de l'auréole du talent et du génie, mais tristes victimes de la frivolité, sont ainsi tombées, encore à la fleur de l'âge, frappées par le désespoir ou le suicide. Ah! Cher ami, on ne saurait jamais faire contracter à l'enfance des habitudes trop sévères, jamais on ne lui révélera trop d'avance la vie sous son véritable jour.

EUG.— J'admets comme toi qu'on doive retrancher tout obstacle qui s'oppose tout à nos succès dans les lettres. Mais les institutions comme celle-ci ne sont pas irréprochables sur ce rapport. As-tu compté tout le temps que nous consacrons aux exercices religieux et à l'étude du catéchisme? A tout moment nous sommes agenouillés, J'en ai les genoux encore tout sensibles. Le temps est si rapide qu'il faut être économe. Aux écoles publiques, nous n'aurons pas à souffrir une aussi grande perte de temps, nous recevrons une éducation solide plus pratique.

FRED.— Comment tu appelles le temps destiné à la prière un temps perdu! Ne sais-tu pas que c'est l'éducation qui fait l'homme. L'enfant des bois poussera la cruauté jusqu'à se nourrir de la chair de ses semblables parce qu'il aura été élevé par une mère sanguinaire; tandis que le fils de la mère chrétienne, ne recevant que des leçons de douceur et d'humanité, deviendra un modèle accompli de générosité, de noblesse et de toute les vertus. L'enfant qui ne reçoit aucun enseignement religieux, presque toujours perd sa foi et bien souvent ses mœurs.

Quel enseignement te sera donné dans les écoles publiques? un enseignement d'indifférence religieuse. Un Turc, un Mahométan ou un athée peut entrer dans ces institutions sans y voir aucun signe, aucun symbole capable de choquer sa croyance; on a tout enlevé, jusqu'à la croix qui a racheté le monde.

Or je te le demande quels fruits peut porter une semblable éducation? Quels moyens peut-elle donner pour réprimer toutes les passions nuisantes dans le cœur de l'enfant? L'expérience a dû te prouver qu'il est difficile à un chrétien de se conserver, quoiqu'il ait les sacrements pour le soutenir. Que deviendra le jeune homme, laissé à lui seul, n'ayant d'autre force, d'autre lumières que celles d'un enseignement tout à fait profane? Quel rapport y a-t-il entre un chiffre et la chasteté, entre la décomposition d'un sel et la justice! entre la science et la moralité? Aucun! Sache le bien, la science, sans la religion, est plus dangereuse que l'épée dans la main d'un homme sans principe. Quels sont ceux qui sous le règne de la Terreur, ont été les chefs de cette œuvre de ruine et de sang? Un Marat, un Robespierre, des hommes qui, dans leur jeunesse, avaient écouté la parole des philosophes, comme l'oracle de la vérité. Qui, aujourd'hui, en Prusse, en Suisse, en Italie, chasse les religieux, charge les évêques de chaînes, livre les églises aux apostats de la foi? Ce sont des hommes à qui on a

appris à chasser l'idée de Dieu de la société, à considérer le Christianisme, comme une chose du passé. Qui maintenant, dans notre chère République, autrefois si sévère dans ses mœurs, a ouvert la digue à ce torrent de corruptions, de vols, de suicides et de meurtres qui menacent de nous inonder? C'est toute une génération qui a été formée dans ces maisons d'où la religion est bannie, comme l'ennemie mortel de la société! Ah! que de parents pauvres préparent, nonseulement à l'état, mais aussi à eux-mêmes des malheurs irréparables, des chagrins sans fin.

On rapporte que Dyonisus, le tyran, offensé des reproches sanglants que lui avait adressés le Philosophe Dion, résolut d'en tirer une éclatante vengeance. Il fit son fils prisonnier, mais au lieu de le mettre à mort, il le confia à un professeur sans foi et sans mœurs qui l'instruisit dans la débauche et le crime. Quand il fut tout à fait perverti, Dyonisus le renvoya à son père pour lequel il devint un tourment de tous les jours, une malédiction et un opprobre pour ses cheveux blancs. Penses-tu que ton père consente à devenir son propre bourreau? Crois-tu qu'il expose celui qui doit être sa joie et sa consolation à faire la honte et le désespoir de ses vieux jours? Non, il est trop jaloux de son honneur et trop chrétien pour cela.

Les protestants eux-mêmes comprennent que la religion et la discipline ne doivent pas être exclus de l'éducation: aussi envoient-ils en grand nombre leurs fils et leurs filles dans nos institutions; c'est de là qu'ils leur reviendront, portant dans leurs âmes toute la fraîcheur de l'innocence et sur leurs fronts l'auréole de la candeur et de l'intelligence. Ils ne croient pas que le temps destiné à former le cœur soit un temps perdu: car c'est là que gisent tous les trésors de la sensibilité et d'où viennent ces grandes pensées qui font les héros; et c'est la religion seule qui peut opérer cette œuvre sublime. Oui! sa main seule peut pénétrer dans les mystérieux replis du cœur sans le briser et tirer de cette lyre humaine, des harmonies d'une suavité toute céleste.

EGG.— Comme toi, cher ami, je sais que sans religion il n'y a point de moralité, que toute vertu qui n'est point fondée sur elle manque par la base et qu'elle s'évanouira au moindre choc; aussi je ne veux point me soustraire à sa bienfaisante influence. Mais chaque chose a son temps. Les connaissances de la foi doivent nous venir par les lèvres de nos parents et par celles du prêtre: le foyer paternel, le temple du Seigneur, voilà les lieux bénis où sous les regards de nos mères et des anges nous recevrons les enseignements divins. Mais les écoles doivent être les sanctuaires de la science; nous y venons que pour y puiser ces connaissances qui perfectionneront notre raison et embelliront notre intelligence des vérités les plus sublimes.

FRED.— Tu ne fais pas une assez large part à la religion; elle est une mère vigilante qui ne doit point perdre de vue les doux et tendres fruits de son amour.

L'éducation est une œuvre de tous les jours, de toutes les heures, de tous les instants. Quand l'enfant, cet être si faible, tombera, qui le relèvera? qui le détournera des mauvais exemples qu'il aura à tout moment sous les yeux? qui appliquera les remèdes convenables sur les plaies mortelles que de faux amis auraient pu faire à sa jeune âme? Qui? Ce ne seront pas ses parents qu'il ne reverra que le soir et qui sont ignorants de dangers sans cesse renaissants, ni le prêtre qu'il ne verra que le dimanche à peine. Ce sera le maître dévoué qui saura allier à une haute science les principes religieux, et qui, étant à toute heure sur le théâtre où s'engagent pour ses tendres pupilles de si rudes combats, leur montrera du doigt les embûches de l'ennemi et les conduira à la victoire.

Comment voulez-vous que l'enfant ne conçoive pas de l'indifférence et du mépris pour sa foi, lorsqu'ils consacreront la plus grande partie de son temps à l'étude des sciences profanes et qu'il ne donnera que quelques instants à l'acquisition de la plus noble des connaissances? Tout le jour, on lui parlera de chiffres, de géographie, d'histoire, mais de religion, point. L'enfant élevé sous un tel système, considérera la religion comme un habit, bon seulement pour le dimanche et qui doit être mis de côté le reste de la semaine dans les rapports et les transactions de la vie. Peu à peu il en viendra à cette conclusion-ci sociale qu'après: tout la religion est une chose secondaire et de bien peu d'importance; autrement on lui donnerait une aussi large part qu'à tout ce qu'il apprend, comme nécessaire à sa future carrière. Quand il aura grandi ainsi, il deviendra un de ces catholiques de nom, qui connaissent bien mieux le chemin de l'auberge que celui de l'Eglise, qui ne voient le prêtre que deux fois dans leur vie: pour se marier et pour mourir. Quel triste union et quelle triste mort!

Et penses-tu, parce que la religion préside aux études qu'elle les affaiblisse? Détrompe toi, elle ne fera que les favoriser en inspirant aux élèves un plus grand amour pour l'accomplissement de leur devoir. D'ailleurs l'instruction catholique dans aucun âge n'a été inférieure à l'instruction protestante ou athée. Consulte l'Histoire, et elle te dira que dans les temps modernes, il n'y a eu que deux siècles littéraires, les siècles de Léon X et de Louis XIV, deux siècles catholiques qui ont jeté un immortel éclat sur les nations qui les ont produits comme sur l'humanité tout entière. Mais pourquoi donc se montre-t-on sourd à l'expérience de la raison et des siècles? C'est qu'on veut, en dépit de tout, le renversement de l'ordre religieux et social; et l'on comprend que rien n'est plus propre à atteindre ce but pervers qu'en empêchant la religion de pénétrer dans le cœur de la jeunesse.

EGG.— Mais, c'est l'Etat qui établit de semblables institutions, ne faut-il pas les fréquenter? Si l'Etat est dans son droit nous devons lui obéir.

FRED.— L'éducation, comme la procréation des enfants est le ressort seul de la famille et non de l'Etat. La société domestique entre dans la société civile avec la possession de ses droits. Avant que le père devint membre de l'Etat, n'avait-il pas le pouvoir d'élever son enfant? C'est la nature elle-même qui le lui a donné et non l'Etat. Ainsi la famille a institué l'autorité civile pour protéger ses droits et non pour les voir indignement violer. L'Etat est pour le Peuple et non le Peuple pour l'Etat; les enfants sont aux parents et non à l'Etat. Quand l'Etat aura des enfants, il pourra les instruire à son gré. Le Pouvoir civil peut certainement encourager l'éducation comme il doit protéger le commerce, l'agriculture, l'industrie. Il ne lui appartient pas plus de contrôler l'éducation qu'il ne lui est permis de se faire marchand, agriculteur et industriel. Quelles réclamations ne s'élèveraient de toutes part si l'Etat établissait des boutiques et des comptoirs! Quels seraient les individus qui pourraient lutter contre lui. Toutes les branches d'industrie seraient ruinées. L'Etat réclamant pour lui le privilège de donner l'éducation aux enfants, viole les droits les plus sacrés de la famille, de la conscience et de la justice; de la famille en s'arrogant un droit qui appartient aux parents; de la conscience en donnant aux enfants un enseignement que condamne la foi de leurs pères; de la justice en exigeant des taxes pour élever des écoles auxquelles les catholiques ne peuvent en conscience envoyer leurs fils.

EUG.— Si je me déclarais contre le système des écoles publiques je cesserais d'être américain, ce système n'est-il pas une institution américaine? Le titre d'américain m'est si cher que je ne voudrais pas m'en dépouiller pour tout au monde.

FRED.— Avant d'être Américain, tu dois être catholique. Préfèreras-tu un titre qui ne te donnera que des libertés et des droits pour cette courte vie à un titre qui t'assurera une éternité de paix et de bonheur! Mais tu peux être catholique et Américain en même temps. Tu peux condamner les écoles publiques et n'en être après tout cela que meilleur patriote. Ce système d'éducation est l'œuvre de l'Europe protestante et matérialiste; il n'a pas toujours été en vigueur dans cette contrée. Les premières écoles qui furent établies dans l'Union étaient des écoles religieuses. Et les premiers fondateurs de cette république étaient pour le moins aussi bons américains que ceux de nos jours? Washington dans ses adieux ne recommandait-il pas la religion comme la plus sûre garantie des institutions qu'il avait fondées, faisant entendre implicitement par là même que l'enseignement dût être religieux? Et oseras-tu dire que Washington n'était pas américain. Celui qui est véritablement américain, qui aime sincèrement sa patrie, doit rejeter un système d'éducation propre qu'à engendrer dans le cœur des peuples l'irréligion et la corruption des mœurs qui a été la cause et la chute de tous ces empires, autrefois la gloire et l'étonnement du monde.

EUG.— Tu l'emportes, je resterai ici. Tes paroles, com-

me une main amie, ont fait tomber le voile qui me cachait la vérité. Je comprends maintenant que la surveillance que l'on exerce autour de nous se concilie avec nos intérêts, notre bonheur. J'apprécie le rôle bienfaisant et nécessaire de la religion dans l'éducation et qu'il est du devoir de tout citoyen de travailler à abattre un système d'école anti chrétien et anti américain.

CUEILLETES.

— Ouf!

— On respire:

— Les examens sont finis!

— Hervé est retenu chez lui par la maladie.

— Dérie est revenu enchanté du Canada et des *Canadiennes*!

— Le Fr. Bernard se rétablit lentement. L'air natal a failli conduire notre Procureur au tombeau.

— Ed. Caron et Alex. Granger préparent les Costumes qui doivent servir à la représentation de *Tarare*. Ils réussissent à rendre Worth jaloux.

— On jouera *Tarare*, le 21 du courant, la veille de la fête de Washington. On s'attend à ce qu'il y aura foule. La musique, le chant, les costumes, les décors, tout promet d'intéresser au plus haut degré.

— Le Prof. McCa, aidé de Ambroise Granger et de Phil. Lesage, est actuellement à peindre une scène pour la représentation française, un magnifique intérieur de palais arabe.

— Le Très Rev. Vicaire Général Brouillet, Directeur des missions Indiennes, vient de mourir à Washington. Ce zélé Missionnaire nous a honorés de sa visite, au commencement de l'année scolaire. Il fut le continuateur infatigable des travaux apostoliques des Demers et des Blanchet. Un de ses frères demeure à Bourbonnais. Nous offrons nos condoléances à sa famille.

— Euclide Rernard '75 est marchant à commission à Montreal. Il n'a pas oublié le Collège de St. Viateur et se propose d'y amener bientôt l'aîné de ses fils.

Georges '80 suit attentivement les affaires politiques du pays et se prépare à faire partie du cabinet Mercier, qui selon notre ami, ne tardera pas à se former.

— Adelard Roy '81 vient de finir son noviciat chez les Cleres St. Viateur, à Joliette, Canada, et a été nommé aussitôt professeur à l'Académie de Vaudreuil. Il parle déjà, nous assure-t-on de former un club de *Base Ball*. Traversera-t-il la ligne 45?

— Fred. Le Vasseur '69 est en ce moment sous les soins du Dr. Monast, son beau-frère. L'état de sa santé est très précaire. Nous faisons des vœux pour son rétablissement.

— Eddie Perry, '82 alias *Biton*, est venu nous faire visite la semaine dernière. On apprendra, non sans intérêt, que sa lèvre supérieure est maintenant tout à fait à l'épreuve du froid. Il y a encore à craindre pour sa gorge.

One morning, a few months after Gustave's return from the university, as the family were breakfasting, the young man suddenly announced his determination to return to Paris.

"Impossible, my son," said his mother; "you have but just come back. Surely you would not wound your father's heart and mine by leaving us so soon? Besides, your father has made such provision for you as will accomplish all you desire, and we can all of us live together."

"I must go back to Paris, mother, there to finish my law studies, as I did my classics and philosophy."

"You prefer then, sir, the society of strangers to the bosom of your family?" and the father glanced angrily at his son.

"I must go to Paris," replied Gustave.

As he repeated the words, he arose from the table and attempted to leave the room.

His sister, who had been a silent witness of this hasty and ill-concerted scene, threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, my brother, do not leave us; do not leave our father and mother, do not leave our house. Our father has provided to make you learned and happy here. Stay with us, stay in Brest, and our family will be united and happy. Now that you have come back, we do not wish you to go away, we want you home with ourselves."

The only answer the child received for her caressing appeal was a stern "No!" a push from the door into which she had so lovingly intruded, and the young man crossed the threshold. Just as he was about stepping from the door, however, his father rose and seized him violently in his arms. Powerful as was the youth, he made no resistance. Whether it was his father's anger that restrained him, or the impassiveness of a child in a father's strong embrace, it makes no difference—there he stood, rooted to the ground.

"Go you beyond this house to-day, and son of mine you shall no longer be. Now, remember; your father forbids your going to Paris, and if you go—"

Here both mother and sister of the young man rushed between father and son, and the feud was over in an instant.

Gustave left his father's house. He never saw father or mother more. Their quiet way was to the churchyard and oblivion. His way was to the great city, out into the stormy world. (*To be continued.*)

ESSEX, ILL. Feb. 8, '84

DEAR JOURNAL:

Your representative in company with Prof. Maher were the guests of Rev. James Clancy of this town on the 6th. Inst. invited thither to be pres-

ent at the nuptials of Mr. James Reardon and Miss Mary Riley—the latter a cousin of my traveling companion. The ceremony took place in the evening and the concourse of friends that was present to wish the happy couple a God-speed in their new journey of life was large. The Rev. pastor performed the ceremony with the customary solemnity bestowed upon all acts of the church for the welfare of her children, and his after-remarks upon the occasion of such an event were exceedingly appropriate and felicitous. The wedding at the home of Mr. Reardon Sr., was a brilliant affair.

Magnificently laden tables, filled with the choicest delicacies of the season—a rich wedding-cake in the center that would make a small boy smack his lips for a life-time—all were conspicuously notable lit up with numerous jets of dazzling light.

Couples to the number of fifty or more sat down to supper, ourselves, of-course, not forgetting to follow suit.

Dancing, singing and merry-making in general were kept up till the *we sma hours* of the morning and even then the sweet strains of our friend Cavanaugh and his formidable rival were sounding still. Among the notable visitors from abroad were Mr. and Mrs. Whalen of Buckingham, the Misses Maher of Wilmington, Miss Roland of Joliet, Mr. J Cavanaugh of Wilmington, Prof. Riley of Redick, Dr. Baker of Oshkosh and James Merryman the *elite caller* from Union Hill. The nuptial life of Mr. and Mrs. Riley was certainly begun under very auspicious circumstances and we trust that their future career may be as pleasant and as happy.

J. P. M.

To Our Old Friends and Patrons.

BABEL, of the old and widely known firm of *BEAUCHAMP & BABEL*, of the Prescription Drug Store, who, as a compounder of prescriptions, has had Fifteen Years' Experience, and *JOHN M. STAMM*, the well known Pharmacist, have formed a partnership in the drug trade and have opened at J. M. Stamm's old stand at No 52 Court street, Swannell's Block, a *FIRST-CLASS PRESCRIPTION DRUG STORE*, where they are keeping a large stock of all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils. Paint Brushes, Whitewash Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Wall Paper, an elegant line of Toilet Goods. Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Cigars and all kinds of Druggists' sundries.

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OUR EXCHANGES.

One of the foremost champions of Catholicism in the New England States the "Connecticut Catholic" is weekly welcomed to our sanctum. Jno. Byrne Vice-President of the National League fills a few of the columns of the last issue on the "Emergency Fund" the new scheme of Patrick Ford to raise money to thus manifest, as usual his patriotism of self-accumulation. The keynote of the scathing rebuke should be taken up by every Irish Journal in the land.

— The Speculum is as usual bright and newsy. The "Haunted Mansion" is neatly written.

— Arthur Cill and Aunt Matilda two of a kind still fill up the columns of the Carson Index.

— The Philosophian Review for January contains some very good reading matter. That "America will not decay like the nations of antiquity" is our fondest hope—but the basis upon which to build such aspirations is not manifested in the paper. The "Wisdom of the Wise Men" is a good matter-of-fact article.

— The Hamilton College Monthly is, as usual, a welcome visitor. The young ladies that contribute to it show good, sound, practical training. By the way of caution, subjects of too lofty a nature should not be attempted.

— The College Message has lately made considerable improvement in its general appearance and make up. The third paper on "French Revolution" and "Ne Sutor ultra crepidam" are up to the standard of College Journalism.

— For the Chaddock we can't say much as yet except that its columns are exceedingly local. "A King of two hands" is a pretty high strung paper.—The writer should not have tolerated his Pegasus to prance so much. However we suppose it was thought necessary to bear the mind of the observer suddenly across that false statement that—"imprisoned faith was liberated by Martin Luther."

— Among our co-religionist exchanges, the St. Mary's Sentinel holds one of the first places. Its handsome appearance, the distribution of its material—all manifest no small amount of taste—not to speak of the excellent mental pabulum always generously furnished. "Cultivation of the mind" and "Religion" in the last issue that has reached us, were sound, solid, choicely written papers.

— The College Chronicle of Naperville has come out in a new dress—a mark of financial success if not of literary merit. The Chronicle contains too many *locals* and too few essays.

— The Academic of Long Branch, in its last issue, takes objection to our French Supplement. If our New Jersey friends were aware of the fact that our paper is published in a thoroughly French village, and that the study of

that language is a specialty in our institution, and moreover, like true business men, were to consult our advertising columns, they would refrain from such comments. Besides, French is an accomplishment and no college journal should be either afraid or ashamed to show its knowledge of what is universally acknowledged as such, and a becoming and oftentimes necessary acquisition. *Verb. Sap.*

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Twenty-eight Catholics at Derrymane, Le Sueur Co. Dakota, subscribed \$5,000 for building a church at that place.

Bishop Chatard, it is said, will have a classical school in Indianapolis at the opening of the next scholastic year.

Rev. Father Stephen of Jamestown Dak., is visiting New York and Washington in the interest of Catholic colonization in Dakota.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Hostlot, D. D. rector of the American college at Rome, died in Rome the 1st. Inst.

Greeting.

With the advent of the New Year, we take the opportunity of extending to our friends and all the old customers of the business to which we have succeeded, an invitation to call upon us when in want of anything in our line. We shall make it our aim to carry the most complete stock to be found in this vicinity. Having had sufficient experience, and a long acquaintance with the business, we feel no hesitancy in priding ourselves on our ability to please all. We ask for a share of your patronage, at least, believing we can best serve your interests.

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11:00 A. M.	Mail	5:37 P. M.	
10:47 P. M.	Express	5:05 A. M.	
6:55 P. M. (arr.)	Gilman Passenger	(arr) 12:05 P. M.	
1:20 P. M. (lve)	Gilman Passenger	(lve) 7:25 A. M.	

MIDDLE DIVISION.

ARRIVE.		LEAVE.	
.....	Passenger	11:05 A. M.	
5:20 P. M.	Passenger		
11:55 P. M. (north)	Bloomington Pass (north)	12:10 P. M.	
1:20 A. M. (south)	Bloomington Pass (south)	7:05 P. M.	

INDIANA, ILLINOIS & IOWA.

East. 5:15 P. M.	Passenger	8:34 A. M.	West.
" 11:40 A. M.	Freight	11:20 A. M.	"

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