

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Feb. 12, 1887.

No 16.

A. H. PIKE.

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All communications should be addressed "St. Viateur's College Journal," Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill.

EDITORIALS.

OUR READERS WILL probably have noticed that the last page of the *Journal*, which until lately was devoted to advertisements, is now entirely filled with literary matter. We are far from considering as in any way misappropriated whatever space we reserve for Catholic or other notes. The preparation of these always requires a careful reading of papers and a judicious selection of noteworthy matter; again the boiling down of such elements into short and pithy paragraphs is an exercise which calls for an analytic and at the same time synthetic eye. It calls for a readiness of perception and a power of literary digesting not inaptly displayed in College Journalism and indispensibly requisite in the wider fields of the weekly or daily press. We trust moreover that these news-bits may not be altogether uninteresting to the many catholic families our paper reaches.

* *

SO THE EXAMINATIONS are over and therefrom we launch out into the second term of the scholastic year. Let us be encouraged! let us not drift aimlessly, but let us roll up our sleeves and row valiantly for home! No more now must we pull against the stream; we go

with the tide; the stream carries us onward; its banks present such varied and varying scenery that we'll scarcely notice the distance of our sailing. We'll pass the pouring tributaries of thawing March, we'll cast anchor at its Glorious Seventeenth!—then along the steep banks of April, dark at times but illumined too with that ever dear festival, the Pasch. Then we'll arrive at the green and flowery meadows of fair May, which, as all things sweet, is always too short. Already thence we can perceive from beneath June's luxuriant foliage, the smoke wreathing from our cottage in the blithe breeze. Then in excess of gladness the little crew will say a hasty farewell and *that* will mark the end of another year. (From the *Journal* of '86.)

* *

PART I. of Rev. Dr. Peborde's lecture "Eleven years in the French Armies" appears in this issue. It comprises history and anecdotes of the campaign in Africa. In the next issue we intend, if room permit, to publish Part II. of this interesting and instructive speech—treating mainly of happenings during the late Franco-German war.

* *

THE TIMELY REMARKS, or words of encouragement, addressed by Rev. Fr. Marsile C. S. V. to the several singing classes had the desired effect of uniting all the voices in one grand unison last Sunday. The responses to the *Preface* and *Pater* were especially well given. We trust that a like improvement may soon be perceived in other parts of the mass and in vespers.

* *

OWING TO THE FACT that several classes are not yet examined, the averages promised will appear only in our next issue. The results so far seen have been quite satisfactory to the examiners and a credit to the students.

* *

AS EVERY MEANS is taken to inspire a relish for the art of elocution and to encourage its study, it is to be hoped that the students will not be slow to appreciate what is being done in their behalf, and will apply themselves with renewed ardor to the complete mastering of such an attainment.

FAREWELL.

The fair summer flowers are faded and gone
 The woods flame with yellow and red
 A shadow of gloom's on the landscape around
 And darkens the sky overhead.

How fair were those evenings of summer gone by
 When we spoke of friends dearest and best,
 Or sat in the room, such a gay thoughtless pair
 And bandied the story and jest.

But life's like the seasons, the sun cannot shine
 In winter and summer the same,
 And he who to-day was thought of as a friend
 To-morrow may be but a name.

Fair Summer is over, its pleasures are past
 And winter winds blow o'er the lea,
 Still do not forget me, when I too, am gone
 Far away o'er the desolate sea.

'Tis true as the bards say, of all the sad words
 That ever on mortal ear fell—
 Not one is so sad as the word I now speak
 And that is the sad word—Farewell!

H.

LECTURE II.

NINE YEARS AS A MILITARY CHAPLAIN.

PART I.

CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA.

When yielding to a kind desire, I had agreed to tell you in a familiar chat of my nine years experience as a military chaplain in the French army, I asked myself whether it should not be cruelty on my part to grate your ears, even for a few minutes, with a barbarous and inharmonious language in which you would hardly recognize your poetical national tongue. And furthermore is it not questionable whether the interest attached to a few anecdotes from which it would be difficult to separate my personality and to facts interesting only in as much as they are connected with a loved country which is not yours, should compensate for the torture imposed on your ears?

But I soon realized that you are Americans, and that as such you might know the part taken by Frenchmen in the enfranchisement of your country from the tyranny of

England; that my countrymen fought side by side with the heroic founders of your glorious independence as a nation, that French blood mixed with the American blood of the Companions of Washington has cemented your imperishable liberties. I did also realize that you are Catholics and that you know that however great may be her faults in modern times, France was known for centuries as the glorious soldier of God, *gesta Dei per Francos*, as the eldest daughter of the Church, as the apostolic nation, as the pioneer of Christian Civilization; that even to-day despite the impiety of too many of her children she is yet, to quote a recent word of Leo XIII, *the heart of the Catholic Church as Rome is its head*.

In consequence I did conclude that as Americans and Catholics you might take some interest in anecdotes and events otherwise stranger to you, and that at any rate your kindness would make up for the deficiencies of my barbarous English.

The greatest part of my life as military chaplain has been expended in Algeria. When I was appointed, however, the conquest was already accomplished, so that I have no recollection of great battles to tell you for that period. Although I accompanied as chaplain several expeditions in time of rebellion, I could speak only of mere skirmishes which generally lead to the surrender of the rebels. But the country itself, the aborigines of every kind, and the life of the camp, are subjects of description or of narratives which may interest. Of battles we shall speak when telling you of my distressing recollections of the Franco-German war.

ALGIERS AND ENVIRONS.

Algiers, having been for centuries the stronghold of those barbarous pirates, the terror of Christian nations became by conquest in 1830 the gem of the French colonies. I will not attempt to describe the incomparable, land that Tacitus styles the granary of Rome and that Cicero forbade to the proscribed anarchists of his time because they would have sought there a sky even purer than that of fair Italy.—It was in December, one of these fine mornings to be met with only on the African shores of the Mediterranean sea that, as I got on deck, I had a first glimpse of Algiers yet a few miles distant. The sea was as smooth and unruffled as the blue of the immense, cloudless sky spread as a canopy over the landscape that unfolded to our view. Oh! the grandeur of that December morn breaking with all the splendor of a Summer day in the superb bay of Algiers! A tepid breeze freighted with perfumes of orange groves caresses us. We now behold Algiers, amphitheatre-like, built on the acclivities of a steep hill. It looks like a huge, white pyramid whose wide base plunges into the blue water of the bay, and whose summit towers 800 or 1000 feet above level tide. Conspicuous on this elevation

stands the massive *Casbah* or palace of the Deys, in time of Turkish domination. West of the fortifications stretches a chain of bare rocks several hundred feet high but crowned with rich vegetation; and from beyond as its pedestal the basilica rears to the sky its seven Bysantine cupolas. On the east, the smiling hills of Mustapla in the glory of vernal vegetation present to the astonished visitor their thousand aristocratic villas emerging from groves of orange trees, olive, and eucalyptus. The imposing buildings of the diocesan Seminary of Kouba crown the last and highest hill of the chain and in their Oriental architecture form an exact counterpart of Our Lady of Africa which terminates the landscape towards the west.

I shall not describe the interior of the city. I shall not speak of its mosques which raise on their minarets the crescent of the Turk, nor of its churches whose domes and steeples tower above the temple of Islam, showing proudly the conquering Christian cross. I shall not say anything of the monumental street bordered with wide arched sidewalks in the new town, nor of the narrow alleys winding through the inextricable pell mell of mauresque houses of old Algiers.

IN THE CAMP

I hasten to reach Aumale, a modern town built on the southern declivity of Mount Atlas, where a column of 10,000 men has been formed to enter the Sahara in pursuit of rebel Arabians commanded by a fanatic *Muphty*. I reached the camp on a Saturday, soon after the setting of the sun. This was my first experience of a military camp. It would hardly be possible for me to tell you my impressions. That escort of five *Spahis*, Arabians and consequently Musulmans, to accompany a catholic priest; the formalities before entering camp, the mystery of the password, the bivouac fires illumining the whole camp, those long straight, parallel lines of tents forming wide streets, those long rows of horses tied by one foot to the same rope stretched on the ground, the stacks of muskets raised in front of every second tent, the sentinel walking silently around, and the gay chatting of the camp: all these ~~were~~ to me very strange, impressive.

Immediately after my arrival I notified headquarters that I had come, and I was then informed that the military mass would take place at 8 o'clock next morning. I thence returned to my quarters to pass my first night under a tent in a military camp. At nine o'clock the drums and bugles sound for retiring; from that moment the most perfect silence reigns over the camp; only from time to time the night watches are heard crying "Sentinelle, prenez garde a vous!" which corresponds to the English "All's well!"

MILITARY MASS.

The next morning at 8 o'clock, our whole little army was formed into a perfect square just outside the camp.

In the middle of the square a canopy of white and blue shades the altar raised on cannon-carriages and ornamented only with trophies of arms artistically disposed by the artillery men. The color bearers of the several regiments are ranged to the right and left of the altar, and behind these, in the very immobility of statues, stand the guards of honor. At eight sharp, a flourish of trumpets announces the coming of the General-in-chief who with his staff, on horseback, takes position inside the square in front of the altar; at the same time a hundred or more drummers disposed in a row in rear of staff beat a roll to announce the beginning of mass. As soon as the priest at the foot of the altar makes the sign of the cross, the commanding general orders "Carry Arms;" the infantry obeys the command, while the cavalry, artillery, and all officers of the staff unsheath their swords. A military mass is indeed an imposing spectacle. Imagine this perfect square formed by 10,000 men as silent all and immovable as statues; the horses themselves as motionless as the riders, the bands playing at intervals, etc. But how can I express what one feels at the moment of elevation! The general loudly commands "Attention! Present arms! Kneel down!" As one individual the whole infantry kneels; horsemen and officers lower their swords and heads covering their eyes with the right hand in adoration; ensigns and colors bow and drums, bugles, and trumpets give forth a royal salute, while the artillery fires nine guns. I do not think one can witness a more imposing scene on this earth.

MARCHING THROUGH THE SAHARA.

Next morning the reveille was beaten at 3 o'clock, and a few minutes later the signal for breaking up the camp caused a wonderful bustle all around. In less than twenty minutes the army was ready to march off; the tents had been pulled down, folded, and fastened to the knapsacks of their tenants together with blankets and other camp utensils, the horses had been groomed and saddled and the stores laden on dromadaries hired for stores purposes; every soldier had taken his place in ranks. Nothing remained of the camp but the dying embers of the bivouac fires. You can hardly realize the picturesque aspect of an army taking the field for an expedition in the desert. Infantry-men, cavalry men, artillery men, the stores, ammunition, carried by upwards of 1,000 dromadaries, the field hospitals with their long rows of mules carrying *cacolets* (kind of chairs hanging on each flank of the mule) the military surgeons and chaplain. The chaplain wears a broad-brimmed hat adorned with a violet and gilt cord and tassel, a long black coat, and a large enamelled cross, and he rides on a spirited Arabian horse. Imagine now the aids-de-camp and orderly officers galloping in all directions to carry the orders of the General-in-chief. At last the trumpets of the general's staff blow the order "Forward", immedi-

ately repeated by the bugles of all the regiments. Then by a rapid movement each corps takes its assigned rank of march, the cavalry gallops to the front and wings while some of the battalions are obliged to take the gymnastic pace (kind of trot) to take their position in good time—Thus the army followed by its stores, field-hospitals under the guard of a battalion of Zouaves and a squadron of *Spahis*, makes its entry into the desert at about 5 o'clock by a splendid moonlight. Now the great Sahara unfolds before you its shifting waste, its endless horizon, the deep blue of its sky, its clear and diaphanous atmosphere, the wonderful and oft-told phenomena of its mirage, etc. Shall I pass unnoticed its green oasis with their groves of tall date palm trees? I shall not enumerate the monotonous succession of breaking up camp, struggling in the wilderness, and the fatigues consequent upon their marching through the great sandy plains. A thing which in all these hardships is quite surprising is the sprightliness of the French soldiers. I will not mention the several unimportant skirmishes of outposts, the campaign set on foot for quelling an insurrection, resulting in the surrender of Bou Waza, its instigator.

Now that you have some idea of an army on the field I shall not any more follow the order of events, but merely narrate a few anecdotes characteristic of the Arabians, or of the French soldiers.

AMONG THE BEDOUINS

You have no doubt heard a great deal of the fanaticism and cruelty of the Arabians, and in fact it must be acknowledged that they are often cruel and fanatic; but it must also be conceded that not seldom they are capable of generosity, of noble gratitude, and of fidelity. The following experience which I shall briefly relate will prove it. During an insurrection caused by the famine of 1867 I was chaplain of a column sent to the release of Laghouat, an Arabian town situated in an oasis of the Sahara, 400 miles from Algiers, where a garrison of 200 men and 600 European colonists had been besieged for several weeks.

I had received instruction from the Bishop of Algiers to inquire after the resident priest of Laghouat who was reported to have been taken prisoner by the insurgents. As our General, however, decided to pursue a different course and go southward to another oasis where, so he was informed, the chief of the insurrection was posted, I asked the general to allow me to cross the insurgent's lines and visit the priest before it would be too late. He laughed at my request and answered, "Why, my dear Monsieur, do you want to give these barbarians the pleasure of making you walk without your head? You would be going to a certain death"!...As, however, I trusted in the frankness of the Arabians I insisted and the general at length, though refusing to

give me a written permit, consented to ignore my absence. I started immediately with my interpreter galloping fast toward Laghouat eight miles distant from our camp. We had scarcely proceeded two miles when my *Spahis*, (arab orderly) approached me saying coolly, "We shall have our heads cut off."....Why? said I—"The Bedouins are after us; listen, put your ear to the pommel of your saddle, you can hear them coming, they are not far." And almost simultaneously he showed me about half a mile away a party of insurgents galloping towards us.

Flight was impossible as they could cut us off from the French lines. I thought it would be the best policy not to appear having noticed them and to slacken pace as soon as they were within musket-range. Directly we heard the war-whoop and saw them adjusting their long muskets. I stopped and awaited their coming. They came upon us at full speed and made a sudden stop, one of them took me roughly by the arm; I then showed him my cross and through my interpreter told him I was *Marabout* (priest) and that if they injured us in any way God would certainly punish them. "But you are an enemy," said they. I explained that no christian marabout could be the enemy of any one on earth; that the religion of which I was a marabout was a religion of peace. Then the chief invited me to eat *cons-couscous* (dish of peace) with him, gave me a pass on condition that I should enter the *douar* blindfolded. I objected to this ceremony and on promising to reveal nothing of what I should see or hear in their quarters, I was accompanied to the outskirts of the town where we entered without any difficulty.

After ascertaining that the pastor was not a prisoner but was seriously ill, I visited him, heard his confession and started to return. The same Arabs who had overtaken us in the morning awaited us outside of town, and escorted us within sight of the bivouac fires and towards midnight after answering the challenge of 8 or 10 sentries we entered our quarters. The next morning I related my adventure to the general and he could scarcely realize that my head was still on my shoulders and wondered much at the unwonted lenity and generosity of the Arabs.

A LION STORY.

Arabians are not the only inhabitants of Algeria; there are other aborigines more dreaded, and I must add, more formidable than the Bedouins. Allow me to narrate an unlooked for, and indeed quite unwished for, meeting with one of these African denizens. In one of our expeditions, as we were marching along the skirts of a celebrated forest said to grow Liban cedars, I was very desirous of seeing these famous trees, the giants of the woods, and I applied for a half-day permission. I started with my *Spahis* who assured me he knew exactly

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 12 Fev. 1887.

No 3.

MES POETES.

Que je vous aime, ô mes poètes,
Et vos chants dérobés à la lyre des cieux!
Ah! comme vos bonheurs et vos peines secrètes
Résonnent dans mon âme, échos harmonieux!

Comblen de fois j'ai fui la foule
Afin de me trouver seul à seul avec vous!
Pour entendre longtemps votre voix qui roucoule
Mieux que l'oiseau des chants si pénétrants et doux!

Vainement le monde frivole
Cherche à me captiver: toujours vers vous j'accours,
O doux consolateurs, plus vite que s'envole
L'hirondelle légère au nid de ses amours.

Et comme se roule l'abeille
Sur le velours des fleurs en s'enivrant de miel,
Je berce mes ennuis, quand votre voix s'éveille,
Sur des flots d'harmonie et crois ouïr le ciel!

Il fait si bon de vous relire
Dans quelque retraite où rien ne vient me troubler,
Si ce n'est que le vent qui se plaint et soupire,
Et sous l'ombre des bois semble vous appeler!

Au monde vous prêtez une âme.
Tout vit quand vous parlez: la nuit verse ses pleurs
L'étoile au ciel bleu ceint sa couronne de flamme,
Et la terre s'endort sous ses berceaux en fleurs.

Au gai réveil de la nature,
La brise épand sa joie en suaves accords,
L'oiseau bénit le jour sous la verte ramure
Et la vague des mers vient caresser ses bords.

Car toute chose prend une âme
Par votre doux génie, étincelle des cieux;

De l'homme vous rendez la pensée immortelle
Quand vous la cadencez en sons mélodieux.

Vous touchez à peine la terre.
Aux célestes concerts, vous mêlez votre chant.
Comme l'aigle emportant sa victime en son aire,
Vous m'enlevez aux cieux, éperdu, triomphant,

Prêtez-moi votre voix sacrée
Pour exhaler mon âme en éternels soupirs.
Comment rendrai-je sans votre langue inspirée
Tout ce qui dans mon cœur n'est que vagues désirs?

Mais vos glorieuses phalanges
Nous conservent encore un reste de ce feu
Dont la flamme là-haut embrase les archanges
Et qui faisait frémir le barde devant Dieu!

Oh! vous ravissez la pensée
Dans le monde enchanté des songes et des ris;
Mon âme que de fois par vos hymnes bercée
S'endormit en rêvant à ses rêves chéris!

La colombe mystérieuse
Des célestes hauteurs semblait descendre encor
Et seconer sur moi son âle harmonieuse,
Plus douce que l'écho lointain des harpes d'or.

De l'esprit la flamme divine
Sur mon front s'allumait en un profond sillon
Et, Moïse nouveau que le ciel prédestine,
Comme lui me marquait d'un immortel rayon.

Songes dont je suis encore ivre,
Que vos rians espoirs à mon âme sont doux!
O poètes aimés, que je voudrais vous suivre,
Ne fut-ce que de loin et chanter comme vous!

L'ETUDE FAIT L'AVENIR.

Rien n'est plus vrai que cette devise. En effet l'étude a pour objet l'instruction, et l'instruction est un trésor si précieux qu'on peut regarder son avenir, comme assuré, dès qu'on en est possesseur. Le jeune homme en qui réside l'amour de l'étude fera infailliblement son chemin dans le monde. Quelque médiocres que l'on suppose ses talents, s'il est studieux, il finira par vaincre toutes les difficultés qui s'opposent à sa bonne volonté. Il fera honneur à tous ses devoirs, et fournira sa carrière avec distinction. Il y a deux mille ans Virgile écrivait : "Labor improbus omnia vincit." Personne, je pense n'oserait contester la vérité de cette assertion, qui d'ailleurs est appuyée sur l'expérience de tous les siècles. Qui ne sait que dans le domaine de l'étude, les grands efforts ont été toujours couronnés de grands succès. Comment les Descartes, les Pascal, les Buffon, et tant d'autres sont-ils parvenus à l'immortalité? C'est en se condamnant à de grandes et laborieuses études. Frayssinous, dit-on, ne dormait que deux heures par jour; il consacrait le reste de la journée à l'étude.

De nos jours c'est le seul chemin qu'on puisse prendre pour arriver aux honneurs, aux dignités, aux emplois lucratifs; je ne veux pas dire en cela que ce soit le seul but que le jeune homme doit se proposer dans ses études, bien loin de moi une telle pensée. Non, le Chrétien porte plus haut ses regards, ses sentiments sont plus dignes de lui. Personne n'ignore la parabole des talents. Nous y trouvons l'obligation où nous sommes de faire fructifier les talents que nous avons reçus, de cultiver notre intelligence. Autant les intérêts de l'éternité l'emportent sur ceux du temps, autant le chrétien doit s'attacher avant tout, aux devoirs que sa religion lui impose. Je dis donc que le talent perfectionné par l'étude est la seule aristocratie reconnue des temps modernes, car ce n'est ni l'or ni l'argent qui élèvent l'homme et le rendent estimable, mais bien les richesses intellectuelles, sur lesquelles les caprices de la fortune n'ont aucune prise.

L'étude fait non-seulement l'avenir des individus, mais aussi l'avenir des sociétés. Lorsqu'on voit la jeunesse animée du noble désir de s'instruire, on peut sans témérité présager des jours de gloire pour l'avenir de son pays; car c'est au sein de l'étude que l'adolescent puise les principes d'ordre, cet amour du beau, cet esprit de patriotisme qui plus tard le mettent en état de servir utilement sa patrie. Pourquoi la France est-elle parvenue à un degré si élevé dans l'échelle des peuples? Pourquoi a-t-elle produit et produit-elle encore aujourd'hui tant d'hommes illustres? C'est que le Français naît avec le goût de l'étude joint à une grande aptitude pour les sciences et les arts. C'est cette nation qui la première, donna au monde civilisé l'exemple de ces instituts

littéraires dans lesquels se réunissent des hommes studieux; c'est dans ces sénats de la république des lettres qu'ils se communiquent leurs pensées, leurs lumières, leurs connaissances. Les étudiants de cette maison en s'enrôlant sous le drapeau d'associations analogues marchent sur les traces de ces grands modèles et assurent leur avenir.

V. T.

CUEILLETES.

- N-i
- C'est fini!
- Qu'on respire bien après les examens!
- Bonhomme se plaint de ses examinateurs.
- Albert nous apprend que Pitou doit être bientôt de retour.
- Jules est tombé malade dans le bon temps et est revenu à temps.
- Georges soutient qu'il peut en faire autant que Tilaire *à la chaise*; on est curieux de savoir comment il s'y prendrait.
- La paroisse de Manteno a fait un bazar au profit du Rév. P. Chouinard. Les recettes nettes ont donné \$606.45. Un pareil résultat fait l'éloge de la paroisse aussi bien que du Pasteur.
- On a célébré dans la même paroisse, le jour de la St. Ignace, un service anniversaire pour le repos de l'âme du très regretté Evêque Bourget. Le Rév. P. Chouinard officiait, assisté des RR. PP. Langlais et Beaudoin comme Diacre et Sous-Diacre. Les RR. PP. Poulin, Maugé, Rivard C. S. V., et Mr. Thérien étaient aussi présents.
- Rév. M. Gonant doit retourner en France, vers le vingt du mois. Nos meilleurs souhaits l'accompagnent au pays de ses pères.
- Allons! amis qui cultivez la langue de Racine, ne pensez-vous pas que quelques revues et journaux écrits dans notre idiome national auraient leur place dans la nouvelle salle de lecture? A vous de prendre la chose à cœur.
- Les RR. FF. Groc et Cregan quitteront bientôt la France: le premier pour revenir au Canada, et le dernier pour se rendre à Bourbonnais. Nous souhaitons la bienvenue à ces deux dévoués fils de St. Viateur.
- Une lettre du Rév. N. Gosselin au Rév. P. Marsile contient d'intéressants détails sur la mission de notre excellent ami; nous en publions avec plaisir quelques extraits. Cette lettre contient aussi un joli billet de banque, généreux don offert pour l'érection des autels latéraux de notre chapelle. Grand merci!
- "Je me rends bien volontiers à votre prière touchant Jellico. Heureusement pour vous et pour moi, la description ne sera pas longue, le village étant si jeune: il n'a que quatre ans d'existence, le cher petit! On parle rarement du passé de Jellico; quelques uns déplorent

son état présent, plusieurs nourrissent de grandes espérances, qui, selon ces derniers, devront se réaliser dans un futur peu éloigné. Actuellement le village de Jellico couvre de très modestes fractions des territoires des états du Kentucky et du Tennessee, et se trouve presque perdu dans les flancs des montagnes dites Cumberland. Plusieurs de ces montagnes atteignent une altitude de 1,200 pieds au-dessus de la ville naissante, ce qui donne à cette dernière un aspect sauvage et piquant. Jellico possède une population de 600 habitants. Il y a une église Catholique, deux temples protestants, une école, et sept ou huit *stores*. C'est ici aussi où se rencontrent deux lignes de chemin de fer: le Louisville et Nashville qui fait le service entre Louisville et Jellico; et l'East Tennessee Ta., et Ga., qui nous mène à Knoxville Tenn., en trois heures.

Nous avons aux environs de Jellico quatre grandes mines de charbon, donnant de l'emploi à près de 1000 mineurs. Ces derniers reçoivent en moyenne \$2.50 par jour. Nous aurons bientôt une immense tannerie qui donnera de l'ouvrage à 50 familles. Jellico, quoique jeune, sait déjà lire et écrire. Il vient d'acheter une presse à imprimer et la semaine prochaine on veut répandre par tout l'univers le premier numéro du "Jellico News." Nous avons ici une église, petite, mais tout-à-fait coquette. Elle mesure 60 sur 22 (pieds) avec sacristie qui me rend le service d'une maisonnette pour le présent. Grâce à l'initiative et au patronage de notre évêque, Mgr. Camille P. Maes, ainsi qu'au zèle et au dévouement du Rév. Paul Volk, missionnaire bien connu du diocèse de Louisville, l'Eglise Catholique n'est plus une étrangère dans les montagnes du Cumberland. Nous sommes peu nombreux ici, mais la population nous semble sympathique et assez bien disposée. A part d'une trentaine de mineurs catholiques, nos familles sont très dispersées, ce qui fait que je ne manque pas d'exercice—je ne manque pas d'appétit non plus. J'ai six missions à visiter, quelques unes tout près de Knoxville, Tenn., d'autres à quelque quarante milles dans le Kentucky. Je rencontre partout des Irlandais, des Allemands, des Italiens, des Français et même des Canadiens. Tous me semblent bien disposés."

ENTRETIEN

SUR

LES ORDRES RELIGIEUX.

Le Président.

MM. Depuis plus d'un siècle un cri de haine, un cri de proscription et de mort retentit de l'un à l'autre hémisphère contre des hommes qui ont consacré leurs vies à la prière, leurs lumières à l'instruction de la jeunesse, leurs membres au soulagement de toutes les misères. Dans cette guerre implacable qu'on leur a déclarée, toutes les forces, toutes les énergies semblent s'être réunies pour les écraser de leur poids et les balayer de la face de la terre. Les hommes de lettres les ont accusé de perpétuer l'ignorance, le peuple de favoriser ses oppresseurs, les diplomates de prêcher la révolte, les républiques comme les monarchies se sont entendues pour les anéantir. La catholique Italie, la Suisse, cette terre classique de

la liberté, ont donné la main à la despotique et protestante Prusse dans l'accomplissement de cette œuvre inique.

Peuples et gouvernements, tous ont proféré contre eux ce "Tolle" que la nation juive, il y a dix-huit siècles, élevait contre l'Homme-Dieu, le Sauveur de l'humanité. Et l'écho de ces vociférations infernales n'a pas expiré sur les rives du vieux monde où se sont perpétrés de pareils actes d'injustice. Non! Son souffle impur a franchi les mers et souillé ce sol de la libre Amérique! Oui, les jeunes républiques du Guatemala et du Pérou n'ont pas voulu rester en arrière de leurs aînées et elles ont chassé sans pitié les descendants de ceux qui, dans des siècles de barbarie, apportèrent à leurs ancêtres, le code sacré de l'évangile et de la civilisation.

Pourquoi une fureur un déchaînement aussi général contre les ordres religieux? Sont-ils coupables des crimes dont on les accuse? Ou bien auraient-ils failli à leur mission et mériteraient-ils d'être ensevelis, comme tant d'autres institutions humaines, sous la poussière des âges? Nous ne le croyons pas, et nous voulons autant qu'il sera en notre pouvoir, vous présenter, au flambeau de l'histoire le tableau de leurs bienfaits, les merveilles de leur charité et de leur héroïsme, et vous verrez qu'au lieu des ineptes accusations qu'on leur lance, ils ont mérité et méritent encore d'être appelés les apôtres de la foi, les protecteurs des lettres, les bienfaiteurs des peuples!

1er. ORATEUR.

MM. Le flot toujours envahissant des barbares avait fini par miner le colosse de Rome. Cet empire que les légions victorieuses des Césars avaient formé des dépouilles de toutes les nations était tombé, ébranlant la terre du bruit de sa chute. De cette puissance autrefois gigantesque et redoutable, il ne restait plus que des débris et des ruines. Les Barbares avaient bien su détruire, mais ils étaient incapables d'édifier un nouvel ordre social sur les dévastateurs dont ils avaient marqué leur passage. Déjà ces races jeunes et vigoureuse commençaient à perdre leurs forces et leur vitalité au contact d'une civilisation corrompue.

Qui donc utilisera cette puissante somme d'énergie qu'elles dépensent follement dans des courses vagabondes? Qui adoucira leurs mœurs encore sauvages sans les énerver? Qui leur dévoilera l'art suprême de vivre et de gouverner? Qui leur apprendra à fonder des royaumes et des sociétés? Ce sera l'Eglise, mais l'Eglise à l'aide des ordres religieux. Ils surgiront de toutes parts par milliers; ils viendront des sables brûlants de l'Afrique et des campagnes embaumées de l'Italie, de l'aurore et du couchant. Et quand aura sonné l'heure d'accomplir leur œuvre civilisatrice, ils accourront se ranger sous l'étendard de l'illustre St. Benoit, qui

porte dans ses plis l'amour du travail, le secret de la continence, les principes du droit, l'avenir du monde!

L'Empire Romain sous les Barbares, dit Montalembert, c'était un abîme de servitude et de corruption. Les Barbares sans les moines, c'était le chaos. Les Barbares et les moines réunis vont refaire un monde qui s'appellera la Chrétienté.

Ils commencèrent d'abord par fixer au sol ces hordes guerrières, qui n'avaient vécu jusqu'alors que de pillage et de massacre, dont les seuls titres de noblesse étaient la rapine et l'oisiveté. On vit des monastères sans nombre s'élever sur les cimes superbes des montagnes ou se cacher dans les frais abris des vallées. On les vit surgir des déserts et des forêts, sur le bord des torrents et des grands fleuves. Bientôt des routes s'ouvrirent au milieu des bois immenses, les forêts disparurent, les déserts se fécondèrent, les marais furent desséchés, les landes et les savanes se couvrirent de moissons dorées.

Subjugués par de semblables exemples, les Barbares déposèrent la framée et leurs mains, qui n'avaient su que rougir la terre du sang des peuples, s'employèrent désormais à défricher son sein pour y faire germer l'abondance, la richesse et la vie. Peu à peu ils se groupèrent autour des maisons religieuses, formèrent des villages, des bourgs, puis des villes. Que de cités grandes et populeuses ont eu pour berceau quelques cellules de pauvres solitaires! O vous, Lucerne, Zurich, St. Omer, Mons, Domfront et vous toutes, nobles filles de ces héros inconnus à qui aujourd'hui on ne voudrait pas laisser un coin de terre pour refuge, ouvrez vos portes toutes grandes et accueillez avec transport ceux à qui vous devez le jour! élevez des arcs de triomphe sur leur passage et que vos mains leur tendent des palmes et leur tressent des couronnes, car le dévouement qui vous a faites ce que vous êtes était trop grand, trop généreux pour qu'il ne puisse trouver aujourd'hui un asile dans vos enceintes.

Les prodiges que les Religieux accomplirent pour le monde ancien, ils les renouvelèrent pour le nouveau-monde. Quand les Européens, qui les premiers foulèrent les rives de ce continent, traquaient les indigènes comme des bêtes fauves, et qu'ils courbaient leurs fronts libres et fiers, sous le joug abrutissant de l'esclavage, ce furent eux qui firent entendre des paroles d'humanité à ces malheureuses victimes d'une sordide cupidité, qui les suivirent jusqu'au fond des forêts, jusqu'au plus haut des monts; qui les fixèrent malgré leur inconstance et polirent leurs mœurs malgré leur cruauté; ce furent eux en un mot qui leur donnèrent tout à la fois une morale, un culte, une patrie!

Et si vous ne m'en croyez pas, lisez l'histoire ou plutôt l'épopée des merveilleuses réductions du Paraguay; de cette fleur vierge de la civilisation chrétienne

épanouie au sein des déserts et de la barbarie, de cette société de saints et de héros auprès de laquelle les Républiques de Sparte et d'Athènes ne sont que des jeux d'enfants! Et vous, Canadiens, revoyez la Nouvelle-France et vous ne ferez pas un pas sans admirer les traits sublimes de leur dévouement qu'ils ont écrits en caractères de sang depuis nos grands lacs jusqu'à l'embouchure du St. Laurent.

Les moines avaient réussi à attacher au sol des nations jusqu'alors errantes; mais ce n'était pas encore assez. Quand les terribles enfants du nord fondirent sur l'Europe, comme un ouragan, qui sauva du naufrage universel les trésors de l'antiquité? Ce furent ceux que l'on proclame aujourd'hui les ennemis de la science. Leurs monastères étaient comme autant d'arches providentiels où furent recueillis ces écrits qui font l'admiration du monde. C'est là que ces infatigables ouvriers de la pensée multipliaient à l'infini les copies de ces chefs-d'œuvre où devaient venir s'éclairer les générations futures; c'est là que s'écrivaient, au jour le jour, ces mémoires précieux avec lesquels les peuples modernes ont composé les annales de leur Histoire. C'est là que se préparaient les secrets de ces découvertes nombreuses dont nous sommes aujourd'hui si fiers! C'est de là que partirent ces architectes qui, inspirés par la foi seule, lancèrent jusque dans les nues ces flèches superbes des cathédrales gothiques, dignes et glorieuses rivales du Panthéon. C'est de là que surgirent ces génies qui, comme autant de flambeaux lumineux, dissipèrent les ténèbres de l'ignorance! Qu'il nous suffise de nommer St. Thomas d'Aquin: et les ordres religieux n'eussent-ils produit que ce seul homme, ils mériteraient la reconnaissance éternelle des siècles.

Elle est belle, n'est-ce pas, elle est admirable la mission que les ordres religieux ont accomplie dans le passé! Si je ne craignais de lasser votre patience, qu'il me serait agréable de dérouler devant vous le panorama sans fin des bienfaits actuels des ordres religieux! Je vous les montrerais encore hardis pionniers de l'agriculture dans la personne des Trappistes qui fécondent de leurs sueurs le sol brûlant de l'Algérie; je vous les montrerais vainqueurs de la barbarie dans la personne de ces zélés missionnaires des régions glacées du Nord-Ouest, vainqueurs pacifiques, mais autrement puissants que nos armées exterminatrices; je vous les montrerais éducateurs infatigables des peuples dans la personne de ces trois cent mille Religieux qui distribuent, à cette heure, et sur tous les points du globe, et à toutes les classes de la société, le pain de la science, de la religion et du véritable progrès. Mais je sens qu'il est tout à fait inutile d'appuyer auprès de vous sur des faits dont la grandeur et l'héroïsme sont encore tout vivants dans vos souvenirs et je laisse la parole à mon estimable confrère.

(A continuer.)

the spot where the largest of them were to be found and that it was only some 6 or 7 miles off of our way. We rode several hours through the woods, saw superb oaks, beeches, pines, but not the merest shadow of the looked for cedars. My *Spahis*, though he felt confident these could not be very far off, acknowledged that he knew no longer which way to turn; in fact we were lost in the woods. The sun had disappeared in the thick forest and the shadows gathered fast. Our horses were tired; I made up my mind to camp for the night under a splendid weeping-beech. We unsaddled our horses, fastened them by the root of the beech and provided them with an abundant supply of young branches; and determined as we were to sleep off our appetites, we lay on the bare ground not at all apprehending to be disturbed by those distressing nightmares which visit the slumbers of those who partake of too succulent suppers.

But after an hour or so of fruitless efforts to persuade myself that sleep would be an adequate substitute for a substantial lunch, I was suddenly startled by the unusual kicking and snorting of our horses which were trying to get loose. I got up and tried in vain to quiet them by kind words and caresses. I noticed that they were trembling all over. I called my *Spahis* who was sound asleep. As soon as he saw the horses he told me, "the Lord is not far," and almost at the same time a tremendous roar apparently confirmed the statement of my Arab guide. The lord of the desert was indeed too near us. Our horses became wild and we were obliged to fetter them. Hunger, sleep and all left us to make room for other feelings. Happily I had a box of matches; we hurriedly gathered up fagots and started a good fire so as to keep the lion at bay. Again and again we heard the blood-curdling roar apparently nearer. At last daylight broke upon that night certainly the longest of my life. Without a thought of breakfast we quickly saddled our horses and were off trying to find our way back to the camp.

We had scarcely proceeded 200 yards when my horse began to prance and to rear. I spurred him sharply, but he only made a bound sidewise and looking ahead I perceived about 50 feet in front of me a splendid Numidian lion, lying lazily with head on his fore paws, looking at me with apparent indifference and even contempt. But notwithstanding his magnificent royal mien I did not stop very long to contemplate his beauty or sublimity, but vigorously urged my mettlesome Arabian pony and 45 minutes later I was in the camp narrating my adventure.

With the permission of the general a hunting party was immediately organized by Colonel De Sonis then the best marks-man in the French army and afterwards a brave leader on the battle field of Patay. We (after breakfast of course) stealthily retraced our steps toward

the forest and found our lion in the same place and attitude; however the uniform or perhaps the number of his visitors seemed to interest him. He slowly raised his magnificent head and began a roar which was interrupted by the report of a rifle; the head sank back heavily to its former position no more to rear itself so proudly and spread terror over the desert and forest wilds. A little conical steel bullet admirably aimed by Colonel De Sonis had been lodged between the two eyes of king lion and he was dead. A few feet from where he was comfortably couched were the yet reeking remains of about half of a young steer: this was the reason why he so contemptuously refused to make a light breakfast out of us when we passed him by so tremblingly that early morning, and received us so meekly on our revisiting him. The gloated beast was satiated and lay meekly digesting.

(We interrupt the interesting lecture at this point, purposing to give in our next issue the remaining part which treats of the war of 70 between France and Germany.)

LOCALS.

- "Ye men of Hoopston!"
- "Oh! Roach, here's a little marble."
- "We can't be with you always Tim."
- "Shakespeare" now studies by candle light.
- The four o'clock walks have again been resumed.
- Dan has taken three partners in the smile business.
- Alex G. now towers as president of the "Big four."
- Paul now manipulates the base-drum stick in the "College Band."
- O Ye Gods! The latest intelligence is that Joe has become a musician.
- Who owns that little dog that was barking in the Study-Hall the other day?
- Rev. F. Dooling C. S. V. sang high Mass in the parish church last Sunday.
- Some one ought to lend a helping hand to the Billiard club or else it will sink into oblivion.
- Paul has a part in the play. He was seen in the Recreation Hall the other day copying his *lines*.
- Mr. Ballinger's Lecture on "Oratory and how acquired" is expected this evening; all are very anxious for the hour.
- John says if Roach don't like these boots he can turn his head when the representative of the "Ice-Palace" passes by.
- Rev. Fr. Berard, of St. Anne, Ill., paid a visit to his father and mother, and spent a pleasant afternoon with us last Thursday.
- Rev. Fathers Marsile C. S. V., Bergeron, Legris, and Perry enjoyed a healthful ride and a pleasure evening at Rev. Fr. Lesage's at St. George last Wednesday.

— Mr. and Mrs. Baker, of Chicago, Ill., are visiting their son Francis who has been unwell for some time. We hope Frank may soon join the ranks again.

— The register of the "Hotel St. Viateur" announces the following late arrivals: Eugene Graham, of Chicago, Mike Prendergast, of Streator, John Golden, of Minonk, and John Halloran, of Ranslear, Ind.

— We understand that a Latin class is being organized at the Holy Name School, Chicago, with a view to preparing those who contemplate a college course. We hope the undertaking may prove a grand success.

— A very spirited debate took place at the last meeting of St. Patrick's Society. The subject was, resolved "That the American Sports are more pleasure giving than were the Olympic Games." The participants were Justin Ricou as the upholder of the "affirmative," and Samuel Saindon as the defender of the "negative."

— Rev. Fathers Bergeron and Perry, of Chicago, agreeably spent a few days with us this week. They assisted at the orchestra rehearsal last Tuesday evening and considered it quite a musical treat. Fr. Perry was invited to the piano and regaled the musicians with his brilliant morceaux.

— Thursday morning the first elocution class pealed forth in presence of the examining board. Fr. Bergeron who was present complimented the students on their speaking and hinted at the indispensableness of at least "a pleasing way of saying what we have to say." Fr. Marsile C. S. V. added remarks which, it is hoped will be remembered—"Earnestness, Forcibleness, Variety—"

— The programme of last Sunday's entertainment consisted of an overture by the band, a declamation by C. Harbour, a piano and violin duet by L. Falley and Mr. P. Sullivan, a song by D. Cahill, the Lecture by Rev. Dr. Peborde, song and chorus by quartet, violin and piano duet by H. O'Neil and J. Suarth and closing remarks by Rev. Fr. Marsile C. S. V. The evening was a very enjoyable one. We all thank the Rev. Doctor for the pleasure and instruction he furnished us.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Bailarge's late and already world-famous geometrical work, *The Stereometrical*. The great merit of this book consists in its being short and practical. The whole system for the measurement of an infinitude of solid bodies revolves on "one rule!" This new rule, of Mr. Baillarge's own invention, is as follows: "To the sum of the parallel and areas (of the solid or vessel whose cubical content or capacity is required) add four times the middle area (half way between the ends of bases) and multiply the whole by one sixth part of the length or height of diameter of the body, perpendicular to the ends or

bases." A stereometrical tableau and necessary explanation for the application of the rule make up this interesting work. It is adopted as the best of its kind in all countries even the remotest, such as Russia, Japan, Brazil—all over Europe, and here in many places. For the practical bent of the American nothing could be better calculated. We thank the author very much and hope his work will soon be universally adopted throughout the States.

Patrick Kennoek in *L'Etudiant* of Joliette College, Canada, treats the Irish question very intelligently. He considers it in a triple point of view, the *political*, the *agrarian*, and the *religious*. Here follows a translation of the development of the first point. "The *political* question would be this: to grant two millions of Catholics the same privileges and powers of administration as are actually in the hands of one million of Protestants. The Emancipation Act gave the Irish the rights to all these powers but the present organization debars Catholic Irishmen of the enjoyment of them.

The Judiciary administration, that of the Council Chamber, the direction of local affairs, all these are the monopoly of a Protestant body. Orangist candidates besiege Dublin Castle, obtain the posts they seek and rule over the most Catholic departments of Ireland. Notwithstanding their talents, the 85 Nationalists are not heard, not understood in the English Parliament; the vote of a hostile majority crushes all questions; whereas a single Ulster magistrate, by means of Protestant influence may obtain from the local administration the most tyrannical powers.

These political situations truly apply to all Ireland but especially to Ulster, where the Catholics are actually most oppressed. There the Emancipation Act is a farce.

Imagine a jailer saying to prisoners: 'By order of the Queen you have the same liberty that I have' and then closing with double lock the iron gates! To this day this has been and is the picture of Irish liberty"...

R.

"HUGUENOTS AND OTHER FRENCHMEN"

At a banquet given in Paris not long ago by Gen. Pelissier to the United States Minister. Mr. McLane, and the French delegates to the Ceremony of the dedication of the statue of Liberty Enlightening the world, our Minister in the course of his response to the General who expressed deep emotion over the kind reception accorded to the delegates by the people of the United States, is reported as having spoken at some length of the great obligations of America to "Huguenots and other Frenchmen." Now it may be that that was a Hugue,

not banquet, and that Mr. McLane in recounting the services rendered us by France was influenced by the nature of his audience, or, in other words, that he simply applied the old saying, "when you are in Rome do as the Romans do," and therefore when you are among Huguenots speak like a Huguenot. This may do in some cases but assuredly not in all. If France is to be lauded for the good she has done to America, why is all the praise to go to Huguenots and not other Frenchmen?" Why not say simply Frenchmen; or if religious castes are to be mentioned why not give every caste its due? Does America acknowledge no obligations to the Catholics of France? Certainly she does; and our Minister beyond the sea does not represent the feeling of the people who sent him there when he lauds the Huguenot and has no words of praise for the Catholic.

It is strange that at this day there still are some even in high places, in whom religious bigotry is not yet dead, and who, when occasions present themselves, do not scruple to publicly manifest it. It would have been easy for Mr. McLane to speak of Frenchmen in general, without alluding to their religion, which we think he should have done; but when he makes special mention of the Huguenots and has no praise for the Catholics we naturally conclude there is an implication that the Catholics of France are not deserving of praise. Now our Minister knows better. He and all the world knows that in the history of America there are many pages bearing bright and glowing tribute to the noble, generous, brave Catholics of France. Look at the early pioneers of the West, those truly great souls who first penetrated the deep dark forests of the Ohio, the Illinois and the Mississippi, who made the first perilous journeys into the wild interior of America, the home of savage beasts and still more savage men, discovering and exploring rivers, establishing trading posts among the Indians, and, in many instances, laying down their lives in the endeavor to christianize and civilize the barbarous natives,—look at these and see how many of them are Catholic Frenchmen. Will history ever forget the names of such men as La Salle, Father Marquette and Father Hennepin? The soil of many of our rich, western states is hallowed by their footprints, the first of civilized men; the banks on many of our large western rivers, which to-day carry on their bosom a nation's merchandise, is consecrated to Catholicity by their blood and bones.

In the days of the Revolution, the din of battle no sooner echoed on the shores of Europe than Catholic Frenchmen girded on their swords and hurried across the sea, ready and determined to risk their fortunes and their lives in the cause of America. Pre-eminent among them stands the gallant Lafayette, "the hero of two hemispheres," "the tutelary genius of American Independence," who at his own request served without pay and

as a volunteer. In the Spring of 1778 when our prospects were gloomy indeed, and our soldiers at Valley Forge where dying of hunger and cold, the heart of the nation was cheered and its hopes brightened by the generous action of the Catholic sovereign of France Louis XVI who concluded with us in that hour of need a treaty of defensive alliance, binding himself and his country never to lay down arms until our independence was secured. An eloquent pleader for us at that time in the French court was the Catholic Maria Antoinette.

From that day forward the cause of France and America was one, a whole fleet and a large army were sent to us and loans of money granted. We can easily judge what part of the army was Catholic when it was commanded by a Catholic general, Count de Rochambeau, when it was led through the streets of Boston by Catholic priests bearing in hand a crucifix, and when upon its arrival in that city all the ancient burgesses, turned out and went to the Catholic Church in compliment to the French.

But why say more? Let us close with the closing scene of the war. Look to Yorktown. Who are they who stand by Washington's side when the sword of Cornwallis is presented to him. They are Lafayette and Rochambeau. Who are they whose names free America shouts, whose memory will ever be associated with the last solemn scene of the war which gave us liberty and independence? They are Washington and the French Catholics Lafayette and Rochambeau.

Now what have the Huguenots done for us? One thing they helped to do—to their disgrace and the injury of America. It was to deter Canada in a great measure from joining the colonies in the struggle for Independence, by the bitter manifestations of their bigotry and their bitter denunciation of the law, known as the *Quebec Act*, which granted religious liberty to the Catholics of Canada. But for them and their bigotry Canada might be a state of the Union.

These facts with many others, so palpable in American history, Mr. McLane no doubt knew, and we cannot see how anybody will excuse him when he comes out in public and thanks the Huguenots for their kind services without a word of thanks for Catholics. America undoubtedly is under great obligations to France; but it is to France and not to the Huguenots. Her services to us in the days of our national infancy when perils beset us on every side and when manacles and chains seemed our inevitable lot will not soon be forgotten by those who enjoy the liberty which the war of the Revolution secured; the gallant generals of France who fought side by side with Washington will ever have their names side by side with his emblazoned on our country's history.

M.

EXCHANGES.

St. Mary's Sentinel is always welcome; in its January issue it contained such elegant selections, that we anxiously look for its next coming. The article on Self-Education is replete with solid thought and sound instruction. The rhetoric is such as betokens a thorough knowledge of our language. Such an article alone is sufficient to satisfy the exacting and critical mind of any ex-ed unless he be a confirmed chronic. The poetry is also good. "And Then?" pleased us most for its strength of ideas. Our Kentucky friend will always be gladly greeted.

The "*College Index*" in an article on "Johnson and Voltaire," says: "Voltaire was indifferently educated at the hands of the Jesuits, at the college of Louis-le-Grand," now there is equivocation here. Voltaire had been indifferently educated—this is beyond doubts—but not at the hands of the Jesuits. To him alone is to be ascribed that indifference, for he was essentially an indifferent man. So totally indifferent did he become later on, that he plowed into scepticism, the next pit below in *Scott*. Don't be so careless, then, in the essay of expressions; nothing like exactitude in details. You are all right aside from this little break. However we object somewhat to having Cicero given us as a model, as D. C. H. would wish. Yet his article is deserving of praise.

We do not quite agree with the writer of "Scepticism of our day," in the *South Carolina Collegian*, some of his ideas are rather turgid, others a little too extravagant. We do not wish to tear them apart in order to expose them, but we can not read and pass them unnoticed. In the sentence: "The scepticism of the French revolutionists was more a revolt from the depravity and rapacity of the Church as exemplified in the conduct of its priests than from the truth of the religion which those priests disgraced rather than represented," we have here a mere assertion whose supposition is entirely false; and such a sentence savors of ignorance. But enough of this! There are many other redeeming features—in fact this is the only one worthy of blame—to be found in our contemporary of the South. The article on the "First novelists" is filled with strong thoughts. That on the "Poetry of to-day" is of a like nature. We admit with the writer that the Southern poets are far more emotional than those of our colder North; but poetry does not wholly consist in emotion. On the whole the number under notice is an interesting one, and its very appearance and title rather prepossesses the reader. But it is purely Southern, and breathes the balmy air of that sunny land.

The *North Western Chronicle* contains several interesting essays, among which that on the "influence of great men on history" pleased us exceedingly. The

criticism of the men of "Locksley Hall" by Zeta, is in judgement pointed and true. Critics have expected too much from the old man on the brink of the grave. But if they look well into the poem, they will find there still alive the fire of the Poet's youthful emotion; even though it begins to flicker and wane. The *Chronicle* deserves especial notice for its neat and practical editorials.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A little less than one-fourth of the people of Australia are Catholics.

The Pope has thanked the Canadian Catholics for their adherence to the views expressed in his recent encyclical letter.

Congress has appropriated \$11,000 for a Catholic church, a Catholic school-house, and Priest's house, at Forth Leavenworth, Kansas.

One hundred and fifty-seven conferences of St. Vincent de Paul Society were founded last year, being thirty-six more than those founded in 1884.

The United States Catholic Historical Society, of New York, have established a quarterly to be known as the United States Catholic Historical Magazine.

In 1886 the deaths of four cardinals were recorded. In the United States three bishops passed to their eternal reward and 107 priests ended their earthly labors. 52 sisters and 11 brothers also passed away.

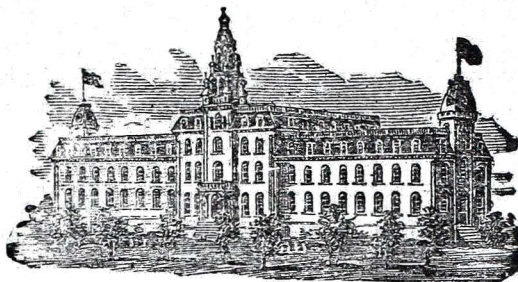
The sacred Congregation of Rites is now deliberating concerning the beatification of the learned and virtuous Father Liebermann, one of the converts from Judaism who have most distinguished themselves in their earnest, sincere love of the Church.

The German College, at Rome, founded in 1555 by Pope Julius III, has since given to the world 5,580 priests, among whom one Pope, Gregory XV, 27 Cardinals, 28 Archbishops, 27 Bishops, 68 Vicars General, 62 Abbots, 64 Chapter Deans, and 1,306 Canons.

Mgr. Robert, of Marseilles, has sent a letter to his clergy in which he recommends them to adopt the Roman collar instead of the *rabat* of Jansenistic origin. Other dioceses in France have given up the *rabat* already and no doubt their example will be followed.

The brave Charette, General of the Pontifical zouaves, has lately received a tangible proof of the love and gratitude of his former soldiers, who, by means of subscriptions among themselves, have bought and transmitted to him the estates of Basse-Motte, where he actually resides. In response the General said he intended to make the chateau the depository of the archives of the regiment, and to build a chapel in which the banner of the Sacred Heart shall be placed "until the day when the Church and France have need of the assistance of the Pontifical zouave."

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