

St. Viateur's College Journal.

MEMORIAL YEAR.



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FOUNDER AND FIRST DIRECTOR

OF

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Kankakee County, Illinois.

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# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. VI

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Dec. 15th., 1888.

No 8

## ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,  
BY THE STUDENTS.

### EDITORS.

PAUL WILSTACH.....'89.  
CHAS. H. BALL.....'89.  
A. J. FRAZER.....'91.

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All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

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

Entered at the Post Office at Bourbonnais Grove, Ill., as second class matter.

### EDITORIALS.

THE MOST IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION, after extensive and intelligent reading, is writing. In attempting to write an article, on a given topic, we are forced to collect our thoughts, to weigh our ideas and select these, which are most weighty and appropriate, for our present purpose. In so doing, we not only recall facts, which we knew before, but many new ideas and suggestions arise.

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\* \*

WE MAY BE ABLE to speak intelligently on a subject, our views concerning it may appear very strong, and our reasoning most cogent; but we never acquire that wonderful power of reflection, that accurate, that concise manner of expression which we obtain from writing. In writing, we are more careful to arrange our ideas so that the connection can be readily and clearly perceived. Our words undergo a more minute examination, none but the most worthy are selected. Shades of difference, in meaning and harmony, are sought.

TO AN EDUCATED MAN, skill in writing is indispensable. It is often necessary for him to present his views on paper, and if he has not acquired the requisite perfection how embarrassing and profitless it will be to his reputation!

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\* \*

FREQUENT WRITING, not only enables us to improve in composition—but while reading, we are induced to critically examine the synthesis of the work in hand, and notice where its strength and weakness lie. By this means we prevent ourselves from committing like errors.

\*  
\* \*

HENCE, we strongly urge more of the students to write essays for our JOURNAL. We are ever ready to assist and encourage the student, and publish his articles. Nearly all of our old students, that are to day prominent journalists, have received their first instruction, in the art, while at their "Alma mater."

\*  
\* \*

IT IS NOT NECESSARY, that you should write much at a time; but what you do write, write it with care. Do not be afraid to revise your composition, never fear to cut out or to insert. Remember that all the great masters, in writing, have labored most assiduously on this point. Think earnestly, over your subject, before penning your ideas. If you think faithfully, other things being equal, you are sure, in time, to write so that people will cheerfully receive and most willingly and carefully read and retain your productions.

\*  
\* \*

IT IS RELATED, that Goldsmith, Scott, Milton and others, were advanced in years—ere they acquired that perfection so willingly attributed to them. We are told that Cardinal Wiseman wrote that, well known and highly appreciated work, the Church of the Catacombs, during the spare moments he could snatch from severe missionary labors.

## ANNIVERSARY POEM.

BY LOUIS FALLEY.

There scarce in all this world so vast and wide,  
 Exists a church or nation that aside  
 From any other day throughout the year,  
 Has not one day which is to it most dear.  
 One day upon which all cares to forget,  
 One day on which to do nought but to let  
 The heart rejoice o'er all the blessings brought  
 It by the past; to honor those who've sought  
 To do it good; to honor even more  
 Those of its members who have gone before  
 And shown the pathway to be followed now  
 Through life, just as the guide who through the snow  
 Of Alpine heights the traveller leads, and from  
 The pitfalls warns him lest one prove his tomb.  
 Though we're but few, we too have our feast-day;  
 And glad we are all, for a time to lay  
 Aside our cares and rejoice as but the young  
 Can, joyful more than has been said or sung.  
 The year, revolving, round, has brought once more  
 To us, the anniversary of our  
 Society's birth; half a score and three  
 Bright years it is since this society  
 Was formed; and as we proudly count those years  
 The progress we have made in them appears  
 More manifest, and gives us courage anew  
 More zealously our studies to pursue,  
 To-day we pause a little while to think,  
 To call back all the memories which link  
 Our hearts to those who've been here and who've gone  
 And now, perhaps, pursue this earth upon  
 Their various callings or perhaps, above  
 Are happy in their home of eternal love.  
 To-day we pause, and backward look along  
 The road of Time stretching far off among  
 The shadows of the past, and marked by bright  
 And happy anniversaries, which like white  
 Mile-stones follow its course and bring us back  
 To past deeds which perhaps our memories lack.  
 And as we thus the pleasant course review  
 Of our society we see few,  
 With our imaginations' eyes, who stand  
 Above the others, and whose names the hand  
 Of History on Memory's tablets has  
 Inscribed in glowing, vivid letters, as  
 The founders of this organization  
 Or benefactors of it; few or none  
 There are here present who have found it hard  
 To honor, to almost love a Berard,  
 A Foster, a McKune, a Galligan,

A Reilly, or a Toomey, a McCann.  
 A Hunt, or a McGrath, or a Legris,  
 A Ryan, or a Shannon, a Murphy.  
 But more than these, a Walsh, a Canavan,  
 Standing with them a Condon, a Scanlan  
 Claim our attention, our highest esteem.  
 Indeed it must to all natural seem  
 To think with grateful, loving memories  
 Of those few who were our society's  
 First founders, and in its first struggling years  
 Expended upon it so many cares  
 And strove to make it powerful and strong,  
 That it might live and thrive through many long,  
 Long years. O fellow-members, how should swell  
 Our hearts with pride we feel in those who well  
 Their parts have acted; how we love their famed  
 And worthy deeds to be admired and named!  
 O! Let us strive to in the foot-steps tread,  
 Of those who have such glory round them shed.  
 O! Let us strive, our young society  
 To make grow as the gospel mustard tree;  
 To give to it a name truly worthy  
 To be handed down to posterity,  
 A name of which we ne'er will be ashamed,  
 A name for which we never will be blamed.

## AMERICA'S ULTIMATUM.

BY PAUL WILSTACH '89.

In these days of political developments and vast intellectual growth of America, we often ask ourselves in regarding these wonders, "What has the future in store for us?" It is a weighty question; one worthy of our most thoughtful consideration;—a question of fact and speculation,—a question of interest and instruction. In studying America's past there is exposed to us a record which appeals most eloquently to the love and endearment of her citizens. And on their part, be it said, that in the hour of need their heroism has never been wanting; thousands and thousands have sacrificed their lives that their country might live, and in exchange for the crown of victory they have given her, she encircles their brow with the hero's laurel.

There are three ingredients which enter into the civilization of every nation. One is politics, the science of government; another is æsthetics; the science of the refined arts,—music, painting, sculpture, belles-lettres, and mathematics; a third ingredient is religion. That nation which will amalgamate these three principles is the one that can be properly termed civilized. To find out in how far America has realized this union, will be to find out in how far she has attained her ultimatum. For Brownson says every nation has her end, and

America's is the perfection of the Græco-Roman system, which will be the perfection as expressed above, for that system was the first to introduce the proper idea of a sovereign, one ruling by the will of the people and exercising his functions as a public trust.

If the Romans did not possess the most correct suffrage, America has grasped the idea transmitted by the Ancients and in 1776 a perfect suffrage was proclaimed, which was fought, bled, and died for, and now supports itself as the only true and perfect system.

Slavery another glaring defect of the Ancients remained a bugbear to our national prosperity and grandeur, but like bad blood which congregates into a boil, comes to a head and bursts, so Slavery was eliminated by the late war of '63, a striking proof of the truth of another of Brownson's pet theories: That each succeeding revolution helps to do away with whatever traces of barbarism there may exist in the contesting nation's system.

These two elements eradicated, we may safely say, that politically, America is civilized. She embodies in her constitution the complete idea of what a civilized government should have, a ruler who holds his power as a public trust. Our system of general and state governments are ideal, balancing each other into perfect harmony. To-day the United States teaches politics to the world; it is a part of her mission.

Time is the great generator and, no doubt, in its fullness America will accomplish in æsthetics what she has so successfully achieved in politics. Our nation is still young, and polish and refinement have been nearly forgotten so far in the question of existence. But that fact of existence once firmly established, we can now look forward for great things in the future. Yet in the hurry and heat of the past two centuries the sciences, arts, letters, and commerce have obtained a strong footing in our Republic. We are justly proud of our Morse, our Edison, our Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, and Irving. The products of American soil and American manufactories fill every foreign market. Behold the thousands of miles of telegraph, listen to the snort of the iron horse, heard continually and everywhere from ocean to ocean, and Lakes to Gulf. In the Arts, although no predominating genius has been acknowledged by the *connosseurs*, there are scores of aspiring scholars who give promise of great works for the anxious world. Millions of money are spent in their cultivation, as well as of the sciences, and the wonderful application to each.

But this is all of the past and present. We have been so far dealing with barren facts; what of the future, the theme of speculation? But a third of our territory is yielding its possible, the great West with its soil of gold-dust is only beginning to be known. Gaze for a moment at our noble universities, what have we not to

expect from the scores who annually issue from these temples of learning, led by Harvard and Yale, successful rivals of their elders in the old world? Only to-day there is growing up the great Catholic University which is another indication of the bent of the American minds.

The third element which enters into the make-up of a truly civilized nation is religion. The absence of it would destroy all moral harmony and national rectitude. To day if some of our leaders in politics, commerce, and finance are fraudulent it is because they have not, or at least do not practice any religion. Infidelity and Atheism are showing the world of what terrible calamities they are capable by their ravages on France.

Church and State are really separate and distinct bodies each acting in its own sphere, still there is a certain co-relation in their conception. Here is where we have failed in this country to catch the idea. In the United States the true relations which religion should obtain in a perfectly constituted government are not in their fullness developed. Yet if such is the case it is because the present state of affairs could scarcely have been otherwise. While making our constitution, the framers beheld a dozen or more different religions extending their *Credos*, each claiming the one undivided truth. They thought the wisest way out of the difficulty was to admit all into our national fold as equals; and they radically divorced church and state. It was around the word *Liberty* they were forming a government, and struck with their ultimate motive, they were blinded by the breadth of its sweeping signification; for it is "a word as generally employed as little understood."

In conclusion then we are forced to admit that America has not reached her ultimatum,—not until she has added to her political government, the final perfection of her æsthetic possibilities and a more perfect relation of church and state. Till then as for centuries before will the torrents of Time go on washing away nations, throwing their fragments to support the foundations of others with whom she dabbles, until she finally sweeps them away in her inevitable flood. But America withstands all onsets from without, and within she increases and prospers and develops until she reaches that ultimatum marked out for her by Providence, then will she stand greater, nobler, grander than it ever entered into the mind of dreamer to dream or of Utopian schemer to plan.

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#### A TALK ON ELOCUTION.

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No one, I think, will deny that words, however appropriately selected, if spoken or read without due feeling and expression, are mere lifeless sounds that will

scarcely affect the understanding of the hearer in general, and most assuredly will never awaken a single passion or emotion in the soul. When we pore over the silent pages of an eloquent book, are not our minds excited and rendered alive to the full beauty and significance of the thought and language, only as far as we imagine the sentences rendered with an appropriate delivery? And when we come to consider language spoken or read aloud, is it not essentially imperfect unless accompanied by purity of intonation, distinct articulation, appropriate inflection and modulation of the voice, due observance of prosody and the great physiological law of poise, the right discrimination of degrees of emphasis, and when suitable to the occasion, proper expression of countenance and gesture. All this is elocution. No more complete idea of this science and art can be given in fewer words. Why then is this beautiful art so highly recommended by the brightest lights of antiquity such as Demosthenes and Cicero, so little appreciated and studied in our times. Why is it that elocution of late years should have been disregarded as part of our education, and yet music, singing, drawing and other accomplishments have all received their due share of attention? Why is it that elocution should have fallen from the position it occupied in other days and circumstances? Well, the only reason, I believe, is to be found in the fact that the very word has been made a bugbear of, and has frightened away many persons from its study, through a completely erroneous interpretation of its meaning and character.

Some persons of taste fear the study of elocution, on account of the danger which they say of acquiring a pompous, bombastic, and pedantic style. College boys fear Elocution, because they are afraid of being laughed at by their fellow students, if they try to acquire a correct delivery. How absurd! Elocution instead of giving a pompous and pedantic style, corrects it and students who give the excuse of being laughed at will in time dispel the laughter and by their progress will induce others to follow their example.

It must be conceded that elocution is an art which requires much study to develop it in its full power and beauty. Are we then sufficiently rewarded for the time, thought and study, we give to the acquisition of this art? I think we are, both in regard to public and social life. Let us glance at those spheres of life which we may term public, under which head we shall take as illustrations, the minister of religion; the advocate before the bar; and the speakers in our houses of senate and congress. The aim of all these is, when engaged in their professional duties, to convince the judgment of their hearers of the truth or soundness of the views which the speaker is enforcing, or else to persuade them to a certain course of conduct or action. The preacher more-

over has to excite the feelings of his congregation. And through what channel are these ends to be attained?

Through words spoken by the living human voice with all its powers of intonation, inflection, and modulation, strengthened by the expression of the countenance and gesture. Some object to this by saying that the preacher is reduced to the level of an actor, and that although the tragedian should study the part he has to perform, the minister should not so treat the word of God. In answer to this let me ask. How is the singing of hymns and masses managed in our churches throughout the land? Do not directors and singers meet, and there, rehearse over and over again the different parts of the service? Why? Simply because they wish to warm and excite as much as possible, the devotional feelings of the congregation. Now then, are hymns, canticles and anthems a less direct appeal to God than the prayers and the word of God himself? To read the gospel well and to preach a sermon well requires just as much study, as the singing of the praises of God.

Well what advantages will the lawyer, lecturer, or public speaker derive from the knowledge of elocution? The advantages are numerous and apparent. He will learn the manner in which the speaking voice is formed, so as to fill easily a court or hall in which his duties have to be performed; he will learn the secret of combining distinctness with audibility, so that nothing shall be lost of what he has to say to his hearers; and he will acquire the means of delivering the most important words and passages, in the most effective manner. He will obtain too, such a mastery over his voice as to be able to control it from the loudest tone, down to a little more than a mere whisper and be able to properly inflect and modulate it, according to the results he wishes to produce on his hearers. These are I think, no small advantages.

They are also necessary. How many clergymen, lawyers, and public speakers suffer from throat troubles? Why is this? Because they do not use the vocal organs properly. The membrane that lines the throat is inflamed, it often reaches to the bronchial tubes, and finally comes a chronic sore-throat. All this could be entirely avoided by learning to use the various organs of voice and speech in their right sequence of action, so that proper respiration, vocal utterance, and the law of poise be all duly and harmoniously carried on. Then an hour's speaking or reading aloud will be, not fatiguing but merely a healthy and beneficial exercise. Is this any exaggeration? We have the testimony afforded by the experience of many public speakers, who by proper exercises, have entirely recovered the voice they had lost, and have acquired the power of speaking or preaching with an ease to which they were previously entire strangers.

# LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, Dec 15, 1888.

No 17.

## CONSOLATION.

Consolez, Seigneur, ceux que j'aime  
Ceux que j'aime plus que moi-même.  
Si sombre pour eux est le ciel:  
Qu'une étoile là-haut s'allume!  
Et dans leur cœur plein d'amertume  
Versez quelques gouttes de miel!

La mort parfois est bien cruelle:  
Elle s'abat à tire d'aile  
Sur les objets de notre amour,  
Et c'en est fait de toute joie!  
Notre espérance est une proie  
Qu'emporte cet affreux vautour!

Alors, adieu, faces aimées,  
Dans la froide tombe enfermées!  
Adieu, sons connus de ces voix,  
Qui, plus tendre qu'une caresse,  
Nous faisaient tressaillir d'ivresse,  
Quand ils résonnaient sous nos toits!

Mais maintenant tout est silence.....  
Le pendule qui se balance  
Ne tinte qu'un glas de douleur  
Pour ces âmes à jamais veuves.  
Seigneur, regardez leurs épreuves:  
Leur vie est un éternel pleur!

Aux durs labeurs se sont lassés  
Leurs tremblantes mains; pensées,  
Soucis sont gravés sur leurs fronts.  
Oh! couronnez leur tête blanche,  
Qui déjà vers la terre penche,  
Fraîche auréole d'enfants blonds.

A leurs jours, vous, derniers restes  
De réminiscences célestes,  
Donnez un rayon de soleil,  
Une main à leur corps qui ploie  
Pour qu'ils goûtent repos et joie  
Avant l'heure du grand sommeil!

## ANALOGIE ENTRE LA FORMATION DE L'EGLISE ET LA CREATION DU MONDE.

Deux hommes cheminaient un jour à travers les campagnes de la Judée. Partis de Galgala, il s'arrêtèrent successivement à Béthel et à Jéricho, puis ayant repris leur route ils arrivèrent enfin aux bords du Jourdain. L'un d'eux frappa de son manteau les ondes du fleuve: les flots se divisèrent et tous deux, comme autrefois Israël, passèrent à pied sec ainsi que le voyageur qui traverse les sables desséchés du désert. Ils marchaient tous les jours, s'entretenant comme s'entretiennent deux amis qui vont se dire adieu peut-être pour jamais quand tout à coup apparut dans l'espace un char de feu que des chevaux rapides comme la lumière emportaient. Elie disparut enlevé dans les cieux et laissant à Elisée son manteau avec une double part de l'Esprit divin qui l'anima.

C'est là souvent un peu l'histoire de l'homme sur la terre. Pèlerin de l'éternité l'homme est voyageur ici-bas. A peine a-t-il traversé le fleuve de la vie que l'Eglise l'emporte dans les cieux s'il a été chrétien et digne de Jésus-Christ. Le monde ne le voit plus; rien ne nous reste de lui, si ce n'est l'incorruptible mémoire de ses vertus, quelquefois aussi de son génie, et le manteau de ses dépouilles mortelles, que la terre environne de respect et que l'Eglise expose parfois sur ses autels à l'amour et à la vénération des peuples.

L'Eglise! Quelle mère tendre et dévouée! Quelle œuvre admirable de sagesse et de grandeur! Les âmes nobles et élevées ont toujours éprouvé un sentiment irrésistible d'admiration en contemplant les merveilles et les beautés de la création. L'Eglise est plus admirable encore. On dirait vraiment une seconde création, car comme l'univers et plus que lui encore elle nous étonne et nous confond à la fois par son étendue, son harmonie, sa profondeur, sa sublimité et sa magnificence. Société divine et surnaturelle, elle surpasse tellement la dignité, les exigences et les aspirations de toute nature créée qu'il semble que le Créateur ait dû commander au néant pour l'en faire surgir et nous la montrer planant glorieusement au-dessus du monde naturel comme pour le couronner.

Dieu accomplit toutes ses œuvres d'après les mêmes

lois de sagesse et de simplicité. Aussi remarque-t-on entre la première et la seconde création, entre l'œuvre des six jours et la formation de l'Eglise, une merveilleuse analogie. Nous connaissons tous cette page à la fois simple et sublime qui commence nos Saints Livres et où Moïse nous montre l'univers sortant des mains du Créateur. En méditant quelque peu ce récit du poète inspiré il est facile d'y reconnaître avec le Docteur angélique trois époques et comme trois œuvres distinctes dans l'œuvre générale de la création: la création elle-même, la distinction, l'ornementation. Rappelez à votre esprit ce premier chapitre de la Genèse; vous vous en convaincrez facilement. Au commencement Dieu crée le ciel et la terre. La terre est informe et nue; tous les éléments sont confondus: c'est le chaos. Mais l'Esprit de Dieu plane au-dessus de cet abîme immense. L'œuvre de la distinction commence. Dieu distingue au premier jour la lumière des ténèbres; au second, le firmament ou les eaux supérieures des eaux inférieures; au troisième la terre d'avec les eaux, qui reçoivent le nom de mer. Puis vient aux trois derniers jours et dans un ordre parallèle l'œuvre de l'ornementation: ornementation successive des cieux, de l'espace et de la terre elle-même dans la création successive aussi des astres, des oiseaux, des animaux et de l'homme.

Cette triple gradation de l'opération divine, ce triple travail de création des distinctions et d'ornementation on le retrouve encore dans l'établissement et le développement de l'Eglise.

## I

C'était à la suite du lamentable drame de l'Eden. L'homme tombé et banni franchissait pour jamais les portes du céleste jardin. Reportant alors sa pensée sur les biens qu'il avait perdus, il sentit pour la première fois son âme tourmentée d'une douleur grande comme la mer. Lui le roi du monde visible et le chef-d'œuvre du Très-Haut; lui à qui la nature entière souriait et qui nageait dans le bonheur au sein de cet Eden, son séjour et son berceau; lui à qui l'immortalité tendait les bras et qui devait un jour voir et posséder Dieu, il devait désormais pleurer et mourir; puis, comme l'a si bien chanté le poète:

Mesurant d'un regard les fatales limites  
Il s'assit en pleurant aux portes interdites.  
Il entendit de loin dans le divin séjour  
L'harmonieux soupir de l'éternel amour,  
Les accents du bonheur, les saints concerts des anges  
Qui, dans le sein de Dieu, célébraient ses louanges;  
Et s'arrachant du ciel dans un pénible effort,  
Son œil avec effroi retomba sur son sort.

Il se consola cependant, car il entrevit dans le lointain des âges un Libérateur venu du ciel et lui ouvrant de nouveau les portes du bonheur. Le Seigneur en le proscrivant lui en avait fait la promesse. Dès lors il y

eut une société qui plaça dans ce Libérateur promis sa foi, ses espérances et sa consolation. L'humanité désormais avait le regard tourné vers lui. C'est ainsi que l'Eglise, œuvre d'amour et de miséricorde, commença avec l'homme au jour même de sa chute et de sa condamnation pour consoler son malheur et réparer ses ruines.

Suivez sa marche à travers les siècles. Le monde vient à peine de naître et déjà l'homme est plongé dans les ténèbres, assis à l'ombre de la mort. Seuls les patriarches gardent, avec le souvenir de leur dignité, celui du Rédempteur futur. Par eux l'Eglise marche à ses immortelles destinées et trouve sous leurs tentes un asile assuré contre les profanations délétères de l'humanité corrompue. La voyez-vous traversant avec Noé les eaux du déluge? La voilà avec Abraham dans la vallée de Mambré, avec Jacob et Joseph sur la terre d'Egypte; la mer Rouge s'ouvre devant elle; le désert retentit du bruit des ses pas; elle s'avance vers la terre de promesse: les peuples infidèles fuient à son aspect et la montagne de Sion tressaille de ses chants d'allégresse; les fleuves de Babylone voient ses harpes silencieuses suspendues aux arbres et ses larmes couler; Israël enfin, Israël dépositaire et gardien des promesses divines, instruit à l'école du malheur par une longue et pénible captivité, revient Jérusalem, relève les murs de son temple détruit. L'Eglise plus que jamais le réjouit de l'éclat solennel de ses pompes religieuses, et les harpes de Sion réveillées retentissent sous les voûtes du temple nouveau, qui fut moins grandiose mais plus glorieux que le premier parce qu'il reçut dans son enceinte le Rédempteur du monde.

Et qu'on n'aille pas croire qu'à l'exemple des institutions humaines l'Eglise avant Jésus-Christ ait subi les flétrissures du temps et semé sur la route des siècles les lambeaux de sa vérité, de sa force ou de ses lois. C'était l'esquisse d'un tableau vaste comme l'espace et la durée, gigantesque élaboration de l'Artiste divin et où la main du temps elle-même semblait dessiner la grande figure du Christ. Voyez en effet: domestique d'abord sous le nom de religion naturelle ou patriarcale elle existe sous la tente des patriarches sans lois positives, sans culte déterminé, sans sacerdoce régulier. La simplicité des faits, l'unité de langage persévérant jusqu'à la tour de Babel, la longévité des hommes, leur âme pour ainsi dire toute chaude encore du souffle divin de la révélation primitive suffisaient avant la dispersion pour préserver le culte et conserver intact le dépôt de la doctrine et des promesses divines. Les hommes du reste pouvaient en quelque sorte entendre la vérité dans cette nature immaculée qui semblait avoir conservé plus distinctement l'accent du Verbe Créateur; ils pouvaient en quelque sorte la contempler vivante dans les patriarches, ces vieux soleils à la marche plusieurs fois séculaire qui répandaient sur le monde

une lumière plus pure encore, plus douce et plus caressante avant de disparaître à l'horizon.

Mais les ténèbres de la corruption se répandent toujours et le Christ s'avance. Voici Abraham; le Seigneur le sépare de tous les peuples du monde et contracte avec lui une alliance qu'il scelle d'une marque sensible: la circoncision, le sacrement de la foi, le baptême de l'ancienne Loi. Des lors la foi au Rédempteur ne serait pas écrite seulement dans la mémoire des générations mais en lettres de sang dans la chair d'un peuple tout entier. L'Eglise jusque là domestique devient nationale avec le peuple d'Israël, descendant d'Abraham, en attendant qu'elle soit universelle avec le Christ; car la race d'Abraham, père des croyants, doit être nombreuse comme les étoiles du ciel et les sables de la mer.

Mais écoutez: Israël gémit sous le joug de l'oppression; de la terre de Gessen des rives du Nil s'élèvent des pleurs et des gémissements.

«Ne gémis plus, Jacob, sur la terre d'exil;  
Ne mêle plus tes pleurs aux flots impurs du Nil:  
Le Jourdain va t'ouvrir ses rives;  
Le jour enfin approche où vers les champs promis  
Gessen verra s'enfuir, malgré leurs ennemis,  
Les tribus si longtemps captives.

Sous les traits d'un enfant délaissé sur les flots  
C'est l'Élu du Sina, c'est le roi des fléaux  
Qu'une vierge sauve de l'onde,  
Mortels, vous dont l'orgueil méconnaît l'Éternel,  
Fléchissez: un berceau va sauver Israël,  
Un berceau doit sauver le monde.»

J. L.

(à continuer.)

#### CUEILLETES.

- Noël.
- Vacances!
- Aurons-nous de la neige?
- Le Rev. P. Beaudoin a invité les paroissiens à charrier la pierre de la chapelle du Collège. Espérons qu'on répondra avec empressement à son appel.
- Les nouveaux chassés de l'église paroissiale sont un bel ornement; ils sont le don de plusieurs généreuses familles.
- Les élèves français donneront une séance dramatique et musicale la veille de Noël au bénéfice de la chapelle du Sacré Cœur. Ils représenteront *L'Education au village*.
- Le Collège de Joliette a contracté pour trois ans avec la corporation relativement à l'éclairage par le moyen de l'électricité et paie \$300,00 par année pour l'usage de 200 lampes dont on ne pourra allumer que 100 à la fois.

*Gazette de Joliette.*

#### NOTES LITTÉRAIRES.

Nous terminons aujourd'hui la publication du rapport du Rév. P. Chouinard, C. S. V., membre de la délégation du comté de Kankakee. On a dû remarquer avec quel soin scrupuleux le patriotique curé de Manteno s'est acquitté de sa tâche de rapporteur. Son compte-rendu est rempli d'observations judicieuses et toutes d'actualité. Nous regrettons que le manque d'espace nous ait empêché de les signaler au lecteur au cours de l'impression, mais nous réparerons cette omission involontaire en les résumant prochainement dans un article à part.

Il nous a fait plaisir d'apprendre que le Rév. Père, cédant aux instances de ses amis du comté de Kankakee, a résolu de faire mettre ce rapport en brochure. C'est un travail remarquable qui mérite d'être conservé dans nos archives nationales. Nous prions son auteur d'agréer ici le témoignage de notre plus vive admiration, ainsi que nos remerciements réitérés pour la prière qu'il en a accordée à notre journal.

*Le Travailleur.*

#### CHATEAUBRIAND.

La France, par la Révolution de '89, s'est précipitée dans un abîme de confusion et de ruines. L'ordre civil, intellectuel et moral, tout sombre dans ce terrible naufrage. Cette grande nation, qui avait donné, pendant douze siècles, un si bel exemple de concorde, d'esprit d'union et de force, s'est vue soudainement en proie aux divisions intestines les plus déplorables. Le Génie même de la nation en fut troublé. On commença à redouter le gouvernement, la religion, et même la science, de sorte qu'un adepte du temps put s'écrier: "Le barbare, c'est l'homme qui pense!"

A d'autres la tâche ardue d'expliquer ce phénomène historique, qu'il me soit permis seulement de signaler aujourd'hui le premier de ces grands hommes qui ont si noblement essayé de relever la France de sa chute et de la rétablir dans l'enviable position qu'elle s'était faite parmi les autres nations de l'Europe, au temps de sa prospérité et de son bonheur.

A Chateaubriand appartient l'honneur d'avoir levé la voix pour défendre la Religion après les désastres de la Révolution. Napoléon vint ensuite avec son pouvoir de géant. Plus tard, Lamennais sembla pour un temps être destiné à compléter l'édifice si bien commencé par ces deux prédécesseurs. Cependant, Napoléon, aveuglé par

la gloire et par l'ambition, outrepassa les bornes de sa sublime mission. Le Cyrus Français devint un autre Nabuchodonosor. Et nous n'aurions guère le courage de dépeindre ici la chute de ce génie qu'on s'était trop hâté de nommer "Le Dernier des Pères de l'Eglise."

René François Auguste, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, naquit à Saint Malo, en Brétagne, le 4 septembre, 1768, près d'une demeure où devait naître, quatorze ans plus tard, l'infortuné abbé de Lamennais. Il était le dernier d'une famille de dix enfants et son père le destinait à la marine. Cependant comme il montrait quelques dispositions pour la prêtrise, il commença dans ce but certaines études. Il fut détourné de cette sainte vocation par la lecture de certains ouvrages impies qui laissèrent de fort-mauvaises impressions dans son cœur. Il devint mélancolique à l'excès, le désespoir s'empara de son âme, et il était un jour sur le point de se suicider lorsque la rencontre d'un serviteur l'en empêcha. Telle était la condition de cette intelligence supérieure au temps de sa jeunesse. Jean-Jacques Rousseau avait empoisonné ce jeune cœur.

La Révolution survint, les nobles furent dispersés aux quatre vents du ciel et Chateaubriand quitta la France, découragé. Pour chasser les sombres pensées qui le troublaient il résolut de voyager et s'embarqua pour les Etats-Unis, pays d'avenir et de liberté, dont il avait tant entendu parler pendant son jeune âge. Il dina un jour avec Washington, à Philadelphia, et remporta un souvenir touchant de ce grand homme. Il visita les villes de l'Est, les chûtes de Niagara, les forêts et les plaines virginales de l'Ouest. Mis en rapport avec les enfants des bois, il recueillit les notes qui servirent plus tard à la composition d'*Atala; ou les amours de deux sauvages dans le désert*, ouvrage d'un style admirable, mais dangereux par les passions qu'il excite.

Il retourna en France en '92. Après avoir embrassé sa mère à Saint Malo, il s'en alla joindre l'armée des Alliés. En '97 nous le trouvons expatrié en Angleterre, souffrant de la pauvreté, et employé à son *Essai sur les Révolutions*, qu'il publia à Londres cette année-là. En '98 il reçut la triste nouvelle du guillotinement de son frère, de sa belle-sœur, et de son ami Malesherbes à Paris. Sa propre sœur, sa femme et sa mère étaient en prison. Quelques jours plus tard il recevait une lettre de sa sœur lui annonçant la mort de sa mère et les derniers sentiments de cette pieuse femme envers son fils errant. En effet sa mère était morte priant le ciel de le ramener à la vertu et à la religion de ses pères. Il n'avait pas reçu cette lettre que sa sœur elle-même se mourait en France.

Tous ces malheurs firent une vive impression dans son âme sensible. Il se livra à une douleur salutaire. Le souvenir de sa bonne mère le hantait partout, et sa voix d'outre-tombe semblait le supplier continuelle-

ment de revenir à ses devoirs de chrétien. Il pleura et cru.

Abjurant les erreurs de sa jeunesse, il résolut de consacrer désormais sa plume au service de la religion et de la vérité. Il conçut alors le plan du *Genie du Christianisme*. En 1802 cette ouvrage apparut en France et y produisit une sensation extraordinaire; il devint bientôt l'admiration de l'Europe. Napoléon, qui songeait alors au Concordat, s'empressa de témoigner le bonheur que lui avait causé l'apparition de cet ouvrage en nommant son auteur à l'ambassade de Rome. Cependant cette amitié entre l'Empereur et l'Ecrivain ne dura guère.

*Le génie du Christianisme* est une apologie de la religion. La grandeur et la sublimité de la foi catholique, la beauté de son culte et de ses cérémonies, qui la rendent si poétique: l'inspiration presque divine au moyen de laquelle elle transforme les peuples, les civilise et les polit; les riches monuments de littérature et d'art qu'elle fait naître partout où elle s'implante; surtout les vertus héroïques qu'elle suscite dans ses martyres, ses missionnaires, ses religieuses; le sentiment de liberté et d'honneur dont elle anime les individus et les nations; de plus, la satisfaction qu'elle donne aux aspirations du cœur humain: tout est présenté au lecteur dans un style inimitable, avec un enthousiasme qui se soutient du commencement à la fin de l'ouvrage.

Il serait impossible d'apprécier l'influence que ce livre a produit sur notre siècle. Il est certain que le mouvement de réaction qui se continue de nos jours en faveur du Christianisme, en France et ailleurs, peut être en grande partie attribué à cet ouvrage immortel. Les beaux génies qui font la gloire de notre siècle, tels que les Lacordaire, les Ravignan, les Gerbet, les Montalembert, les Ozanam, les Veillot, etc., n'ont fait que continuer l'œuvre commencé par Chateaubriand et inauguré dans son *Génie du Christianisme*.

Chateaubriand écrivit maint autres ouvrages, entre autres ses *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, *l'Itinéraire* d'un voyage en Terre Sainte, et les *Martyres; ou Triomphe de la religion Chrétienne*. Il vécut quarante-six ans après l'apparition du *Génie du Christianisme*, fut le témoin de son immortalité et de sa gloire universelle. Partout on le considérait comme le premier homme de lettres de la France et de l'univers.

Sentant approcher l'heure de sa mort, il reçut les derniers sacrements avec ferveur, en 1848, dans l'Infirmierie Marie Thérèse, hospital qu'il avait fondé lui-même pour recevoir les prêtres vieux et infirmes. Le gouvernement lui fit de pompeuses funérailles et éleva à sa mémoire un monument sur un rocher du port Saint Malo, en face de l'océan. C'est là qu'il dort aujourd'hui, dans cette ville où il vit le jour. Sainte-Beuve l'a nommé l'Homère de son siècle.

Now then as regards elocution in its relationship to social life. I hold, that when properly understood and practiced, it is worthy of taking rank as one of the fine arts. Some may say it is preposterous to place elocution as a fine art. Well what are fine arts? You will say, music, vocal and instrumental, the dramatic art, painting, drawing, sculpture, architecture etc. Why are these called fine arts? No doubt you will answer: "We call them fine arts, because all of them are arts that give beauty and grace to civilized life: or they are arts which combine in a high degree, the gratification of pure and refined taste, with the exercise of an enlightened intellect and an exacted imagination." If this is a true definition of the fine arts, then I think that elocution as I have defined it may be ranked in the category of fine arts. Let us take the instance of some simple, though beautiful poem, read aloud in the family or social circle; and there, if it has been rendered with parity of intonation, and all discrimination in emphasis, and all the other elements requisite to convey the true meaning and expression, let me ask whether it is not one of those arts which imparts a charm to social intercourse, and lend a grace to ordinary life—in a word, whether it is not one of the fine arts?

When all the requisites that form a really good reader or speaker are taken into consideration, I think we may well wonder, not so much that the accomplishment is far to generally neglected but that it does not form, with all who look upon education in its true light and meaning, the drawing out of all our best faculties, an important means is early—nay, in all stages of life as well as in all classes of society, for refining and elevating the mind, for cultivating true sympathies, and for quickening and developing those habits of preception and appreciation of the beautiful in all arts, which, when once acquired, generally endure throughout life, and are so precious in themselves, and so valuable to us and our fellow creatures.

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LOCALS.

- H. T. I.
- What is it ?
- Christmas next!
- Take out that gum!
- "Now, is that so?"
- All-aboard for home!
- Be back on time. Sharp!
- "Say, can you dance, G—?"
- Enjoy to your heart's content.
- Dec. 21st. is the important day.
- We will soon date our letters, "1889."
- Look ye out for our "Holiday Number."
- This is the time for the *Christmas Trees*, eh Harry!

- "I guess I know where the Court House is."
- Don't come back until next year, boys,—Jan. 3rd.
- Mr. Math. E. Matician please state how many more seconds?
- Read the opinions of the Pickwickians in another column.
- First Junior: "What's the matter with Ricou?" 2nd. "His name is Denis."
- The dancing class is making *rapid strides* Just ask—well, you know whom.
- Harry B. speaks of putting a little "Crystal Slipper" in Gus R's. stocking for Christmas.
- Who is it in repeating the "Our Father" says "Thy *shall* be done?" Let him step forward and receive the cake.
- Master Fred. Westney was baptized on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, by Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V., Rev. Ambrose Granger stood as god-father.
- "Now you quit." And he turned over his sheet and slept on the dry side. Nobody threw any more water for they had laughed themselves to sleep.
- Music is certainly flourishing amongst us, with three such brilliant organizations as the Battalion Brass Band. The Philharmonic Orchestra and the Cecilian Quintette.
- It was most edifying to see the large numbers who approached the Holy Table on the first Friday of the month and the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception.
- Mr. Hotchkiss the Photographer, in kindly appreciation of the patronage of the students, and to secure its continuance has again reduced his price for cabinets. You can get the very finest for only two-dollars a dozen.
- Although we were threatened with very severe weather some three weeks ago, the charming days we have since had are most remarkable for this season of the year. The cadets are jubilant; none expected open-air drills at this late date.
- We were requested to write them *up* about *that night*. All the writing our whole force could do would not get them *up* any farther. They woke *up*, got *up*, were *up* for punishment next day;—all except Sam and he slept and snored through it all, without once *rising*.
- The Orchestra was recently augmented by the addition of Mr. Martineau first violinist, the brilliant artist who so often delighted us when here before. Messrs. Kerr and Dillon have "signed" to manipulate the drums, triangles, cymbals, bells and the specialty points.
- Revs. Dr. Laberge and Fr. Rivard C. S. V. last week conducted a most successful retreat for the Young Ladies of Notre Dame Academy. The religious exercises closed on the feast of the Immaculate Conception by a general Holy Communion.

— The celebration of the feast of the Immaculate Conception just past will long be remembered by the students. Preparatory to the feast a novena was made which terminated by a general reception of the Most Holy Sacrament on the feast itself. The altar of the Blessed Virgin was one bank of flowers and tapers and the high as well manifested the delicate taste of Mr. John Kelly. A solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. President Marsile, Rev. M. A. Dooling, assisting as Deacon, and Rev. Mr. Dore sub-deacon. The choir sang Dumont's Mass in B. flat. In the evening Rev. Father Dooling chanted Solemn Vespers after which the members of the Immaculate Conception Society were consecrated. The society assisted at vespers in the sanctuary vested in scarlet cassocks and lace surplices.

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### THE PICKWICKIANS.

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The readers of our COLLEGE JOURNAL have no doubt read in our society column of the organization of the Pickwick Club. Although its members are not at present as immortal as the genuine Pickwickians of Dickensian fame, the opinions of some of its prominent members as given below will no doubt be treasured as words of wisdom by our many patrons. We give the words of those interviewed *verbatim*.

President M. Pickwick Murray on being approached said: "The object of our society is the mutual enjoyment of each member. Yes, I smoke a great deal lately and to tell you the 'straight-cut' truth I really prefer the penny clay pipe. As to tobacco I haven't any choice, anything from '*tabac Français Bourbonnais*' (with a delightful French accent) to Durham's best will do me. Can't I introduce you to some of the gentlemen? Mr. JOURNAL this is our esteemed Vice-President R. Winkle Pratt."

Mr. Pratt proved a pleasing conversationalist and gave us the following: "I am delighted to see the JOURNAL evincing such an interest in our little organization. So you want my opinion on smoking material. I have but this to say, give me a cigar and a Republican paper and I'm happy. No, I have decided not to enter the Cabinet, but intend to apply for the Bourbonnais Post-Office and think with that and the interest of my election bets, I can live in luxury for the rest of my days."

We found across the club-room wrapped in his own thoughts and others' tobacco smoke, Stephen Carrol, the "Fat Boy of the club." "Steve?" we cried, but Steve gave no signs of recognition only puffing the harder on his *corn-cob*. "Steve?" we cried with redoubled lung-power, and added "Have a cigar!" In an instant he was on his feet and giving us a most cordial welcome. After passing a few remarks on the weather and *baton*, he said, "No, the military company does not engage all my

time, I occasionally have a few moments to spend here, smoking my favorite "Gold Block."

We had to leave Steve rather hastily or we would have missed the genial D. Weller McNamara who was gliding out towards the "H. T. I. Hall." "What another reporter? Why I've been doing nothing but holding interviews ever since I assumed the character of James Brown Potter. Sweet Caporal? Much obliged but can't take it, strictly against the rules of the Pickwicks to smoke cigarettes. Here's my mascot," and he drew from his pocket a sad wreck of an antiquated *dudine*. As he pulled it out there appeared peeping over the slit the corner of a red bandana trimmed in crape. To our query as to how the election had effected the Pickwicks,—and himself, he answered: "Don't mention it. But I suppose we'll have to make the best of it, and do not think it will effect our club materially. Myself? I still hold undisputed possession of my *dudine*, bandana, and a perfumed toothpick. Fare-de-well, Brudder Watkins; give us a good write up, and send in the bill. Won't you come into the H. T. I."

We accepted of his courteous invitation and left behind us the Pickwicks of '88 whom we pronounce the princes of good fellows; and we have before us what we expect soon to try, a sample of each Pickwickians favorite smoking materials.

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### AN AMERICAN POET.

Dear Editor:

I take upon myself the very pleasing task of answering the question you have asked in the last issue of your JOURNAL.—America beyond a doubt, can well boast of having produced many great men in every field of noble fame; at the head of the list of her poetical writers, we place H. W. Longfellow, who, says Jenkins, was not only the most popular poet of America, but perhaps, in a more marked degree the most popular poet of Great Britain.

Then it is very possible for us, when we listen to such a learned Catholic as Cardinal Wiseman, speaking with the voices of the people of England, in the most favorable terms, and the non-Catholics say nothing of him to pronounce Longfellow a genius worthy to be ranked as you have said among the "Thirteen English Immortals." "There is no greater lack in the English literature than a poet of the people," says the wise Cardinal, "one who shall be to the laboring classes of England what Goethe is to the peasants of Germany. He was a true philosopher who said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws." There is one writer who approaches nearer than any other this standard; and he has already gained such a hold on our hearts that it is almost unnecessary to mention his name."

The conception of Longfellow's mind was not as sublime as that of Milton, nor as tragical and manifold as that of old Shakespeare, but it was of a more practical use in life than either of theirs; Milton and Shakespeare are read and enjoyed only by the profound in learning: whilst Longfellow is understood by the people of minor education, and yet he fails not to be admired and relished by the most cultivated and refined tastes.

Yours Truly.

L. Mason.  
Chicago Ills.

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### BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *Swiss Cross*, is one of the neatest and most interesting and scientific papers published. It is always bright and readable, but the December issue seems especially fascinating. Its scope of investigation being wide it is consequently of serviceable to a vast number of readers. Students would find it very instructive and highly entertaining. Price \$1.50 per year; in clubs of six \$1.00. N. D. C. Hodges Publisher, 47, Lafayette Place N. Y.

The *Science* for Dec. 7. contains a very interesting article on "Garbage Cremation." This is a difficult problem in most of the large cities at present, but the Engle Furnace, a good sketch of which is given seems a means destined to overcome this great problem. There are also many other readable and important papers in the same issue. On the whole *Science* must be considered one of the live papers of its kind. It is issued weekly by N. D. C. Hodges, N. Y. Price \$3.50.

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### EXCHANGES.

The *Georgetown College Journal* for Nov. is an exceptionally good number. "Dictionaries — their Makers and Devotees," is a spicy article reviewing the history of dictionaries from their earliest days. The writer shows in a very clever manner, that the absurdities of the old lexicographers are not more inconsistent than are some of the points on which even our "standards" differ today. It is no strange thing to see two contestants condemn each other on a certain pronunciation and sustain themselves by their favorite "standard". But when a language shows the glaring inconsistencies manifested in our English tongue we can hardly expect that the dictionaries will be faultless; but as the writer shows us how the crude works of former ages developed into the better books of to-day so we may hope that time will effect still greater and better changes.

The *Scholastic* in a late issue has a very interesting article on the "Yellowstone Park and Surroundings." Beautiful in its descriptions of mountain and landscape it is well worthy the perusal of every reader. A duplicate by the author would be a treat to his readers.

In one of our last Exchange columns the following typographical errors occurred: In the first article, the first line should read *University Monthly* instead of *University Reporter*; and in the criticism of the *Sunbeam* Miss. Ninlock should read *Miss Mulock*.

Many of our exchanges give notice of a Christmas Number of their respective journals, a capital thing and we hope to be among the number of those who see fit to honor the beautiful feast of Christmas and the pleasant and happy holidays in this appropriate manner. To our contemporaries we extend our hearty wishes for their success and hope the venture will justify future endeavors in the same direction.

The *Crescent* filled its columns last month with prize essays and locals. The two successful essays are fairly good nicely written and showing some originality; but the locals, prized (?) or otherwise, are about as sickly a collection of nonsense as could be gathered in a school. If from these flashes (?) an estimate of the place is to be formed, there is left little room for favorable impressions. In one of the locals (*prize*) a sub-teacher is criticized for snubbing some of the *gush* noticed among the pupils. Of course the people of such a "dude-factory" could not brook the impudence of a *sub-teacher*. Oh no! *Cholly* wanted blood. Well we hope you will not get another spasm for some time, as we have grave fears of your recovery if you suffer a relapse.

Says the *Kalamazoo College Index* in a recent number; "We cannot dabble in politics for the politics of the country do not suit us." And the writer gives some reasons why he cannot enter the various parties before the people of this country. Continuing he adds: "As to religion we are orthodox, slightly inclined to be liberal but in no sense denominational in our ideas" . . . "We do not expect to please all but in avoiding extremes we shall try to benefit all and injure none." To the political part of this announcement we take no exception. College papers should not be political organs. But in the exposition of its religious tenets the *Index* shows a wavering principle which if it means anything, means that there is no religion at all behind it. When there is question of *pleasing* people by our religion it then becomes a sham and like all shams soon appears in its true colors. When a school loses its religious influences it loses its greatest help and its power to do good is lessened to a great extent. To a want of such influence in our schools and Colleges can be traced the innumerable evils among the young and the loss of faith among the older people of our country.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Catholic population of the United States in 1776, was 100 and now it is at least 12,000,000 showing that it has increased about 240 times the number it was a century ago. All Paris mourns the death of the venerable Abbe Crozes,

famous chaplain of La Grande Roquette Prison who, on the date of his appointment to that office, some 50 years ago, has administered spiritual consolation and attended to the scaffold not less than 200 convicted murderers.

A Milan paper announces that the Pope, whose fondness for journalism is so well known, is about to start a large popular penny paper for the people, with sound Roman Catholic views, with many leading articles which will be written at the Vatican. He has given 1,500,000 francs for the purpose and suggested that fifty copies of the forthcoming copy be sent to every parish priest in Italy for distribution.

Very Rev. M. A. Walsh, Vicar General of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, and Pastor of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, died a short time ago. Father Walsh was born in County Waterford, Ireland, in 1833, and was ordained priest in 1855, he then being 23 years of age. He held, during his career in the sacred ministry, many important positions, the principal of which was that of Vicar General to which he was appointed in 1878 by Archbishop Wood.

The odious Penial Case has sixty-seven opponents in the Italian Chamber and a proportionately large number in the Senate. It is to be hoped that M. Crispi, the father of this measure which deprives the Catholic clergy and Catholic people of their just rights, will meet with defeat. He deserves to be checked in his madness. Italy will gain by his overthrow and the Catholic world will be gladdened to see that his unholy course is not sanctioned.

Even in Greece the press and people are waging war on irreligious text-books and teachers. A Catholic paper of Asia Anatolye has spoken against the rationalistic errors which have crept into the schools. The Primacy of the Holy Father has been attacked in the text used. Historical errors have been sent forth as the truth, and an author, a Protestant, tried to mislead the students in his writings. However, warning has been heard and ought to set matters in their right light.

The *Observatore Romano* states that it is unable either to confirm or deny the report that the Pope is to leave Rome in the event of war. It thinks, however, that he would leave, with regretfully, if the Italian Government, further contracted the iron circle that confines him, and deprived him of all freedom in respect to his acts and communications with the Catholic world, or if his Holiness had reason to consider that Rome was no longer a secure residence, either from a material or personal standpoint.

The following Syrian Catholics have been permitted to use a Syriac liturgy because like the Latin it is unchanging; the Arians, converts from Nestorianism, (Maronites, originally Monotholites), and converts from the Jacobite or Monophysitic Church in Syria. The United Greeks, who follow the Greek rite, use a Greek liturgy; they acknowledge the authority of the Pope; there are about 80,000 in Italy and about 10,000 in Hungary and Siebenbuerge.

In reply to the address of the Bishops of Germany to the Emperor, expressive principally of the hope that the peaceful relations between Church and State would be continued,

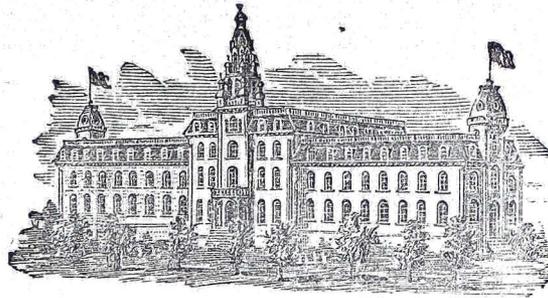
the Sovereign returned the following reply: "I have received with pleasure the address that the Archbishop of Cologne and his brethren in the Episcopate have forwarded from Fulda, as in the counsels of God, a double affliction has visited my house and country, a sorrow noted so touchingly in your address, which among all the testimonies of this kind has been particularly acceptable, I have been most deeply moved by the blessings invoked on my advent to the throne, my life and strength belong to my people, and to guard their happiness is the most agreeable task of my sovereignty. I have a firm confidence in the lasting preservation of religious peace, knowing that the right of law assures liberty of faith to my Catholic subjects. Sincerely thanking you and your brethren who have signed the address for loyal sentiments, I am, your Grace, your very grateful, William."

On Nov. 11th. was inaugurated in the Cathedral of Orleans, the monument erected by public subscription in honor of the late Mgr. Dupanloup. The ceremony, which also commemorated the tenth anniversary of the eminent prelate's death was one such as has not been often seen of late years in France, and recalled the magnificent celebration which had attended Mgr. Dupanloup's obsequies. The episcopacy and clergy of the whole of France were numerously represented, there being present not less than 30 bishops and archbishops of whom three were Cardinals, and nearly 500 of the inferior clergy. Those dioceses of which the bishops were unable to attend were officially represented by their Vicar-Generals.

The Holy Father has been gladdened in his prison home by the addresses of many representative bodies in the Catholic world. The principal of those conveying expressions of the deepest regret that Italy should sacrilegiously deprive the Sovereign Pontiff of the territory that centuries have consecrated to the use of the Popes, and which is so necessary for the freedom of action of the spiritual ruler of 300,000,000 Catholic subjects spread over the globe, have recently come from the Bishops of Spain, the Austrian Catholics, the Louvain Artisans, the Dutch Catholics. To each of these the Holy Father has responded in words full of hope for his children and thanks for their out-spoken utterance on behalf of the Vicar of Christ: The Congress of Catholic Austrians received this kind message from the imprisoned Pontiff:

"It is indeed an excellent resolve, dear son, which has induced these eminent men of Austria, animated by a true and filial love towards the Holy Church, after having received authoritative approbation, to call together in the capital of the empire the second Congress of Catholic Austria. The more hotly the struggle against religion and society rages in our day, the more absolute is the necessity for Catholics to spare neither time nor effort in warding off such hostile attacks. For this reason we have rejoiced to receive the missive in which you announce to us this undertaking with the programme of the matters which you intend to handle at the Congress—matters at once so important and opportune. We consider all who intend to labor for this work most worthy of praise, and we are sanguine that the Congress will be supported as largely as possible through the length and breadth of the land. For this end we ask the special help of the Almighty, and we grant with heartfelt joy to each and all as a pledge of heavenly favors and in proof of our particular affection, the Apostolic blessing." (Cath. American.)

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