

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. MONDAY, May. 31 1886.

No 5.

A. H. PIKE.

JEWELLER.

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No 5

## ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,  
BY THE STUDENTS.

### EDITORS.

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

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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.

## EDITORIALS.

FAREWELL SWEET MAY! you speed into the great past with all our deeds. We dash into the future with our bright hopes. We will not however, leave your fragrant bowers without culling a bouquet of living forget-me-nots. May the echoes of your dear joyous lays ever remind us of this our youthful gladness. May the sweet perfume you so abundantly shed in our hearts so embalm our departure that we may long long preserve the wholesome dispositions in which we now live and learn and have joy.

\*\*\*

ROSY JUNE, we salute thee! June with us is eventful. Such this year will be the programme of festivities: first the Ascension, the First Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the Competitions, the Ordinations, the Picnic, the Base-ball, Corpus Christi, First Communion, the Retreat and lastly the crowning—Commencement Day! May is passed, hurrah for June!

\*\*\*

THE TWENTY SECOND of June shall be our last

and our first this year, unless some unforeseen obstruction prevent the sun from illumining our prospected joy. So, everybody be ready—we await you to our feast. It is to be hoped that as large a number as possible will take advantage of the 22nd. to make it the occasion of a happy reunion of "old chums."

\*\*\*

THE JOURNAL, it is encouraging to say, is receiving very favorable notice from the confraternity of amateur Journalists. We are thankful to any of our exchanges who judge us fairly, as thankful for considerate advice as for encouraging praise.

\*\*\*

DECORATION DAY, the memorable day of the veterans, another mile-stone of our college wayfaring, is just passed. Rev. Fr. Marsile in some well chosen remarks at the chapel reminded us our duty to the heroes who won for us the blessings we are now so proud of. It should not be, he said, a day merely of thoughtless rejoicing but one, such as it was in its beautiful origin, of prayerful remembering. As bereaved mothers and children and spouses strewed the graves of their dear dead with tears and prayers and flowers, so we, we should gratefully commemorate the glorious deeds and soldierly death of our nation's braves and cheer the veterans who are still in our midst to recount the history of the war.

\*\*\*

CHOICE CATHOLIC books by the leading catholic writers of the day have been sent for and will be added to the college library. We can but very strongly urge the students to read sane and instructive literature which is as essential a nutriment for a healthy state of the mind as is wholesome food for the body.

\*\*\*

THE LATE CONTEST for the Hagan elocution medal evidences the success of the instructors and the proficiency of the learners. It was a treat throughout and we say "bravo" to every one.

\*\*\*



## A PETITION.

Confiding in you, my dear Mother,  
 I kneel at your altar to-night  
 To beg of you aid and assistance  
 In choosing my pathway aright.  
 For you can obtain of your Jesus  
 The grace which I now ask of Him  
 Implore Him, oh Mother most tender  
 To brighten the way now so dim.

Since shadows around me have fallen  
 The path I deemed clear seems so dark  
 To whom shall I turn, oh, my Mother,  
 If you will refuse me—but hark!  
 Methinks! I hear soft as a zephyr  
 The words “None have asked thee in vain  
 For succor, for help, consolation  
 In trifles or heart’s deepest pain.”

Remember then, let it not, Mother,  
 Be said that there died at your feet  
 The child who now craves your assistance  
 Through life that my work be complete.  
 Oh! help me, and send through the darkness  
 One glimmer, though faint, of thy light  
 ’Twill shed on my soul peace, contentment,  
 And change into day this dark night.

G. M.

## READING EVERYTHING.

Many things have been, and are daily being, said about the frightful effects of bad reading in our country. The honest and the good often raise their voice to condemn the impiety and crime that stalk about in our land, and among the first causes of such a pitiful condition of things they mention bad, unscrupulous and indiscriminate reading. This they hold to be the primary cause of our impending ruin. We are aware that this subject has been ably and frequently treated before; but we can not refrain from giving salutary advices to young

minds who are ready to follow the right path in everything if it be but pointed out to them.

Nature has given to man an intellect to know, a heart to love, and a will to guide and direct both intellect and heart in their respective functions of knowing and loving. Now each of these faculties has its proper object for the knowing or loving of which it has been created. As the Creator is goodness itself he could not have created anything bad, nor could he have given as the object of these noble powers, anything evil. So we conclude and say with reason and truth, the object of the intellect is the good and the true, the object of the heart is the beautiful, which arises out of the union of the good and the true.

We know from experience how distinct are these faculties of our soul, as well as their actions, which we notice every day. Our mind craves for knowledge; it would like to know everything, and it shows itself in bold relief in youth’s wondrous curiosity. Our heart we know, loves all that pleases it and calls all that it loves beautiful, pretty, nice. And if we notice our will it manifests itself even more plainly than the other faculties in the very words we utter so often: I will, I will not!

Just as we are perfectible beings, so our faculties are perfectible, and we may improve our intellect, our heart, and our will by exercising each in its proper sphere. Our will we exercise in our daily actions; but as it is a blind faculty, depending entirely upon the intellect for its information, it is only through our intellect that we can reach it, and hence the more properly developed the intellect is, the more properly shall the will perform its functions, for the more clearly shall it then perceive in everything the good it has to follow. Our intellect we perfect by the acquisition of true knowledge, our heart we develop by the study of all that is beautiful in nature and art.

Now the great means which we possess for acquiring knowledge and developing our heart is that of reading. The learning of centuries is collected and kept as a sacred deposit in the millions of volumes that now swarm the earth. The vast libraries and the crowded stores of the book-sellers all over the world are so many branches of the tree of knowledge from which every one is invited to pluck and to eat that he may become learned and wise.

Unfortunately for us, we live in an age when honesty is almost an unknown virtue. We find in book-sellers as a rule a class of men intent on making money at whatever cost. They scruple not to abuse of the sacredness which that fruit of knowledge possesses in the eyes of all men. In order to fill their coffers, they dare sell as the true fruit of knowledge abominable falsification which, instead of imparting learning and wisdom to the buyer, will inevitably blight those noble faculties the germ of which was implanted into every heart.



The book-seller goes further. Knowing the passions by which fallen nature is apt to be swayed and enticed, he buys with his gold the talent and often the genius of the land that it may employ all its powers to write sensational works that will bring a large sale. Then he distributes this poisonous fruit broad-cast throughout the world in the shape of books finely bound and attractively decorated, with inviting and promising titles. Sometimes, even merchants and business men in general, in their anxiety to advertise, disperse hellish indecencies and publications which wind up with an invitation to visit their firm or open trade with them.

Such being the sad condition of things; the bad and the false being so maliciously mixed with the good and the true, and the false being so often circulated under the guise of the true, it is with reason that we are warned to be careful in selecting our reading matter. Our care in this respect should indeed be great, for once the poison shall have been introduced into our mind, it will be hard to counteract or destroy its pernicious effects, harder by far than the task of counteracting poison introduced into our very blood. Unhappily we are generally very careless about the matter and we read almost anything, provided it be print. And this brings us to speak of the arch-evil of our day, which is the craze for reading everything.

"To-day," as was well said by Dupauloup, "we read everything and at every age." We read as circumstances and fancy will favor. We have no method, no order in our readings; we never take a note, we never reflect or think over what we have read, and the consequence is that we lose our time and spoil our mental faculties. Shall we perfect our mind by piling into it, topsy-turvy, whole volumes at a time? Shall we nourish our intellect by stuffing it with every dirty story picked up from the newspapers? Shall we strengthen that brain of ours by burdening it with a disorderly amount of words and thoughts, good or bad, sordid or chaste, collected from ever scrap of print that falls under our eyes? Ah! surely not. We should be more reasonable. We should better understand our good, see our danger.

What would we think of a person who, under the plea of improving his health, would eat indiscriminately of everything presented to him and in such a quantity as to render himself incapable of moving from the spot? We would consider this man unwise and we would be right. We would say: this man will inevitably damage his health and cause his ruin. His digestive organs will be overburdened and entirely impeded in their work, and no good whatever will result to him from what he eats; on the contrary, his organs will become incapable of any work whatever and he will be lead to the grave. Such would be our verdict in regard to the rash and foolish conduct of this individual.

And, I ask, what do we do for our intellect when we cram our mind with all sorts of notions and thoughts picked up on the high-way, in the street, or in the gutter? Are we wise when we bend over blood-curdling tales inspired by, or depicting, all that is lowest and vilest in human nature, reading and devouring these till our eyes become dazzled and our head reels in a fit of madness? Are we wise when we inhale the impure air of the sensational novel, when we tarry in the corrupting atmosphere of the crimes and shames which are recorded or related in trashy literature such as is known under the name of the *Dime Novel* or the *Detective Story*? Ah! surely it is a pity to think that men will drag so low the noblest gifts of nature, their intellect and their heart. That intellect which has been created to know all that is good and true, that heart to love all that is chaste and beautiful.

Let us be practical. Would we for one moment have for bosom friends such persons as are depicted to our excited and mislead imagination in most of the novels of to-day? Would we like to live with high-way robbers, with thieves and murderers such as are glorified in the cheap trash exposed on all book-stands? Would we like to have for sisters or mothers, for brothers or fathers, the sensual, voluptuous and good-for-nothing-but-to-disturb-every-one persons that compose the heroes of mostly all novels non Catholic? Surely not!... Yet we give them access to our very heart in our every day readings. Should we not rather be able to say with Eugenie de Guérin: "I hate to meet with what I do not chose to see, and this makes me close many a book"?

From these few promiscuous remarks let us conclude by saying, that those who intend to become good, honest citizens, lovers of order and virtue, should have nothing to do with the bad examples of vice and corruption glorified in novels, in trashy literature, and in all bad works in general. The healthy, strong and vigorous man is the one who is temperate, who selects his food and stipulates the amount and the diversity to be used, who marks out his hours of work and his hours of rest, and who never at any price departs from that rule of life. The healthy, strong and vigorous mind will be the one who shall select scrupulously and conscientiously its reading matter, who will mark out and observe its hours of study and its hours of recreation, who will be temperate, never over-charging its brains, who will be orderly and methodical, without which nothing but confusion and chaos would ensue.

And we say with confidence, the one who shall have observed all these wise measures will not delay to profit by them. His intellect, his heart, and his will, shall all gradually develop into perfection until he shall have the pleasure, the happiness of one day finding himself a good and solid man, with sterling qualities of heart and



mind, the admiration of all who have the pleasure of knowing and loving him. "And as the hares of the mountains in winter become white from seeing and eating nothing but the immaculate snow," so this man's heart and mind will be pure and chaste from seeing and taking as their food nothing but what is good and true in knowledge, chaste and beautiful in nature and art.

A. D. G.

### ST. VIATEUR'S, BOURBONNAIS.

In 1865 the building for the above institution was commenced, the only available means being a loan of \$6,000 furnished by Mr. Joseph Legris without note or mortgage. The building is now quite a stately edifice, and the prosperity of the college is attested by many patrons, residents of different states. It has an able corps of professors, Father Marsile at the head. The land upon which the institution stands consists of fifty acres adjoining the town of Bourbonnais, and is skirted by a lovely natural forest, by which runs the Kankakee river. Around the building stately trees dispute with lawn and walks in elegance and variety. Artful eyes, overshadowed with love for educational facilities, selected this spot of loveliness to build men, great and good. Kankakee does not half realize the jewel she has in her little sister Bourbonnais. The fruit from Father Marsile and his co-laborers in the work is ripening. We should all look upon such an institution with pride and do what we can to build it up and make it more useful. Last Wednesday evening, through the courtesy of Father Marsile, we found ourselves in the fine college parlor gazing out upon the campus where the smiling moon was peeping through limb and leaf, as if to say, "I'll share a part of this beauty too." In a distant room the band struck up sweet strains of music, and at this instant Father Marsile entered smilingly and says, "Come, the Hagan gold medal is to be contested for to-night, and there are twelve contestants from our young grammar classes. You three are to be the judges." We soon entered the hall filled with students with happy faces. We were given seats near the platform, and after the very excellent musical introduction the contest commenced. We shall give only such parts of the programme as seemed the more striking. Our attention had scarcely been taken from the music before William O'Day, of Chicago, made his entrance upon the platform, evidently worked up into a rage of apparent passion. "He was not mad," but his selection required such exhibition of feeling, and he performed his part well. He was followed by Thomas Normoyle, of Rock Island, Ill., in "Grattan's reply to Curran." This young man made a fine appearance, well proportioned, strong, vigorous, with excellent voice. If he will cultivate modulation, gracefulness, an easier

style and better articulation, he will make a finespeaker. Louis Grandchamp, a lumberman from Alpina, Mich., the oldest of the class, certainly did himself credit. His was a comic piece, a law-suit of the Pickwick order, and the fun rolling from his lips was overwhelmed in applause. The next was James Barry, of Chicago, who was followed by Walter Quinby, of Bourbonnais, reciting the "Sword of Bunker Hill." Mr. William Quinlan, of Chicago, in "Cataline's Defiance," was well delivered, and then Mr. Samuel Saindon, of Hopeston, in "Socrates Snook," played the comic well. We liked his independent nonchalant style. William Mohr, of Shoals, Ind., has good articulation and a natural easy manner. Frank Moran, of Indianapolis, Ind., a small boy, not over nine or ten years old, spoke well, and so with the next, Denis Ricou, of Shreveport, La., a very graceful natural speaker, and good articulation, a small boy of great promise. Walter Evrard, another little fellow from Chicago, impressed us very much, and his delivery was fair; for one so young it was excellent. James Bigham, of Indianapolis, was very good in "Roger and I." It is a difficult piece, but was well executed. We must not say too much or we will give it away (?) but we trust we can keep the secret up to the time when Father Hagan comes down and delivers the prize in person. Mr. J. Gelino and son were in attendance from Kankakee, to whom we return thanks for a moonlight ride. *Kankakee Chief.*

### BASE BALL.

On Thursday last our "Champions" made a visit to Wilmington to test the strength of the Blues. To say that we received a rousing reception, expresses is too feebly. All that's necessary to constitute a good time was prepared and the boys enjoyed themselves as never before. After partaking of an excellent meal at the hotel we adjourned to the club room where we donned our uniforms and prepared for the contest. We were somewhat pleased to learn that our friend Mr. McVey was not to pitch as his puzzling curves badly fooled us on our own grounds. The boys found no difficulty in finding Moran, each one taking his turn at a safe hit. For the home team Quigley played an unexceptionally fine game at second; the base running of Walsh and Bennett were noticeable features. A one hand catch made by Krause in the sixth inning elicited much applause. Shields played his usual good game on first stopping some poor thrown balls in good style.

As for ourselves we did well, most of the work was confined to the battery, and they deserve credit for their fine playing. We hope to cross bats once more this year with the Wilmingtons if possible. The score:

Wilmington	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	0—5
Bourbonnais	1	0	5	0	0	1	0	2 0—9

Quinlan, Umpire

J. O. Kelly, T. G. Carroll, Scorers.



# LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Lundi, 31 May. 1886.

No 18

## ELEGIE

A LA MEMOIRE DE CHARLES O'REILLY

*Dédiée à sa Mère.*

Charles, ô Charles bien-aimé!  
Vois, le joyeux printemps est éclos sur la terre!  
Le gazon est tout parfumé  
Tout fleurit même au cimetière;  
Au cimetière, où la douleur  
Déposa ton cercueil et sa blanche couronne.  
Quand tu tombas, ô frère fleur,  
Avec les feuilles de l'automne!  
Mais depuis qu'un rayon des cieux  
Descend sur ton tombeau, doux gage d'espérance,  
Brillent-ils encore tes yeux  
De leur éclair d'intelligence?  
Lorsque sur ta fosse une fleur  
Entr'ouvre sa corolle où le zéphyr se joue,  
Dis, les roses de la pudeur  
Fleurissent-elles sur ta joue?  
Quand un oiseau mélodieux  
Se pose sur ta croix pour exhaler sa flamme.  
Le souvenir des jours heureux  
S'éveille-t-il en ta belle âme?  
Quand pour pleurer notre malheur  
Les larmes de la nuit mouillent ta froide pierre,  
Des pleurs de joie ou de douleur  
S'échappent-ils de ta paupière?  
Quand la brise errante du soir  
T'apporte les parfums des suaves parterres,  
De ton cœur, brûlant encensoir,  
S'exhale-t-il quelques prières?  
Et lorsque de joie et d'amour  
La nature tressaille—harmonieuse lyre!—  
Ta bouche au gracieux contour  
S'entr'ouvre-t-elle pour sourire?  
Est-ce que le soleil en vain  
Sur ta tombe répand ses torrents de lumière.

L'aube, les perles du matin,  
L'ami, l'encens de sa prière?  
Sous les rayons dorés de Mai,  
Ne fleuriras-tu pas, aux lieux où tu reposes,  
O cœur si pur, lis parfumé!  
Avec les lilas et les roses?  
Dans les étreintes de la mort,  
Ta grâce, ta beauté se serait donc flétrie,  
Ainsi que sous les coups du sort  
Se fane la fleur de la vie?  
Le sombre séjour des tombeaux  
Ressemble-t-il autant à l'insondable abîme  
De ce lac maudit dont les flots  
S'ouvrirent pour punir le crime?  
L'azur du ciel s'égale et rit,  
La rive tout autour de pourpre se nuance,  
Mais en ce gouffre tout périt:  
Il n'est que mort, deuil et silence!....  
Quels que soient maintenant tes traits  
Dans le lit du trépas, toi, ma joie et ma gloire!  
Ils sont encor tout aussi frais  
Qu'à ton aurore, en ma mémoire.  
Ah! je n'ai pas voulu te voir  
Tel que la mort t'a fait: froid et pâle cadavre,  
Plus morne que l'ombre du soir,  
Dont le terne regard vous navre....  
Non! je te conserve en mon cœur  
Tel que je t'ai connu: ton œil plein de lumière,  
Ton front tout riant de candeur,  
Tes lèvres ne sachant que plaire!  
Quel vide depuis ton départ  
Dans les rangs de ceux dont tu fus l'ami, le frère!  
Et quel impitoyable dard  
Dans le cœur aimant de ta mère!  
O Charles! depuis bien longtemps  
Nous n'avons plus senti ton aimable présence!  
Ne viendras-tu pas au printemps  
Revoir tous tes aïeux d'enfance?



Saluer encore une fois  
 La lumière du jour si riante, si belle,  
 Et répondre à la tendre voix  
 De celle qui toujours t'appelle?  
 Ne reviendras-tu pas encor  
 Reprendre tes ébats sur l'herbe reverdie,  
 Ou te bercer sur les flots d'or  
 Au doux bruit de leur mélodie?  
 Que le ciel doit donc être beau!  
 Puisqu'il peut retenir captive dans sa sphère.  
 Comme en sa cage un faible oiseau,  
 Ton âme qui nous est si chère!  
 Oh! viens, pur esprit, apaiser  
 D'un regard nos soupirs, notre douleur amère!  
 Ange d'amour, viens d'un baiser  
 Essuyer les pleurs de ta mère!

M\*\*

## JEANNE D'ARC.

(Continué)

En effet, il est vrai que dans le cours ordinaire des choses, l'action de Dieu est silencieuse et cachée et ne se montre qu'à ceux qui la cherchent avec sincérité. Mais parfois Dieu se révèle aux yeux de tout le monde d'une manière particulière soit par des actes de justice ou de miséricorde. "Tantôt, dit Bossuet, il arrête les passions, tantôt il leur lâche la bride et par là il remue tout le genre humain. Veut-il faire des conquérants il envoie l'épouvante devant eux; il inspire à eux et à leurs soldats une hardiesse invincible. Veut-il faire des législateurs? Il leur communique un esprit de sagesse et de prévoyance; il leur fait prévenir les maux qui menacent les états et saper les fondements de la tranquillité publique. C'est lui qui prépare les effets dans leurs causes les plus éloignées et qui frappe les grands coups dont le contrecoup porte si loin."

Mais dans quel pays et à quel temps cette intervention divine s'est-elle manifestée aussi clairement que dans la France, au 15<sup>ème</sup> siècle? Faire quelque chose de rien. Refaire une nation en ruine par la main d'une faible bergère dépasse les forces humaines. La France est épuisée par de nombreux désastres. Pour remplir une condition d'un traité, Charles VI perd la moitié de ses Etats. La France est à deux doigts de sa perte. Est-ce qu'elle va succomber? Non! Dieu ne le veut pas; il la sauvera et afin que son intervention soit évidente, il se sert d'une jeune vierge pour accomplir ses desseins miséricordieux.

Jeanne d'Arc remplit sa mission avec une fidélité inviolable; elle manie l'épée avec une admirable habileté; et elle conduit des armées avec la plus grande sagesse; mais chose remarquable, en devenant une si vaillante guerrière, elle ne change pas de caractère elle est toujours l'humble pucelle de Domrémy: elle pleure pour un rien, pour une légère blessure, pour un mot qui offense sa modestie: elle est simplement un instrument dans les mains de Dieu pour protéger les Francs.

Les Anglais, honteux de se voir vaincre par Jeanne, s'écrient: "Comment voulez-vous que nous reculions devant une femme? Ils essaient à la braver, mais leurs efforts sont vains, car vraiment ce n'est pas devant une femme qu'ils reculent, c'est devant un pouvoir surnaturel. En quatre jours elle dégage Orléans; par trois coups décisifs, elle arrive à Rheims où elle fait sacrer le roi Charles VII.

Après de tels prodiges, pourrait-on refuser de croire à la céleste mission de Jeanne d'Arc. Elle affirme elle-même qu'elle est "la servante de Dieu, une pauvre fille." Sur le bûcher, elle répète ces braves paroles; "Vraiment si vous me deviez détruire les membres ou me faire partir l'âme du corps. Je ne dirais pas autre chose." Et dans son angoisse suprême: "Non, je ne me suis pas trompée; mes révélations étaient de Dieu. Rien donc n'est plus douloureux que l'attitude de l'historien sceptique en présence de cette grandeur surnaturelle.

C'est la pitié, disent les uns qui a fait Jeanne d'Arc. Comment se peut-il que la pitié ait allumé de tels dévouements dans un cœur si timide, dans une fille dont l'enfance s'est écoulée auprès de ses troupeaux? Comment peut-il se faire que la pitié ait armé son bras d'une force si redoutable que tout succombe et se brise à son approche? Eh bien! disons-le avec nos adversaires c'est la pitié qui a fait Jeanne d'Arc, mais la pitié d'en haut qui a voulu sauver la France.

Hallucinée! disent les autres. Cette assertion tombe d'elle-même. Une hallucinée, cette enfant si saine d'esprit et de corps, qui tient la victoire dans ses mains et restaure un peuple! S'il en avait été ainsi, comment aurait-elle pu reconnaître Charles VII, qu'elle n'avait jamais vu, parmi une foule d'hommes à laquelle il s'était mêlé à dessein? Comment aurait-elle pu prédire avec une si exacte précision les victoires d'Orléans, le sacre de Rheims, le nombre de ses blessures.

Oui! reconnaissons le hautement, tout est prodigieux dans la vie de Jeanne d'Arc et elle n'a pu accomplir sa tâche que par l'assistance d'en haut. Victorieuse jusqu'à ce que sa mission soit finie, elle meurt comme une sainte sur le bûcher allumée par la rage et le fanatisme de ses ennemis. Aux lauriers immortels qui couronnent son front virginal, il ne manque plus que le nimbe des bienheureux.

Phil.



CUEILLETES.

- Vacance!
- 22 Juin!
- Adieu! ou mieux au revoir!
- Moïse va au Canada.
- Si l'excursion au Canada a lieu, elle promet d'être patronisée.
- P. Houde est sous les ordres de Tilaine
- Le Rev. P. Poulin est arrivé à Manteno après un séjour de plusieurs mois au Dakota. Tous ses amis se réjouissent de son retour.
- Le Rev. M. Letellier doit faire ses adieux, le 10 Juin, à ses paroissiens d'Alpena qui, si la rumeur ne nous trompe pas, lui présenteront un agréable souvenir.
- Ed. est attendu pour tourner les crêpes au grand pique-nique.
- Céleste déclamera "L'épave" de F. Coppée, à la séance de la fin de l'année.
- Les jeunes élèves du sanctuaire doivent étrenner leurs jolies soutanes blanches, le jour de l'Ascension. Merci aux bonnes personnes qui ont bien voulu les faire!
- Le Rev. P. Hudon, le dévoué assistant de Notre Dame, vient d'être admis dans le diocèse de Grand Rapids et sera selon toute probabilité bientôt nommé curé de Manistee.
- Le Rev. P. Beregeron bâtit un magnifique presbytère en briques de Milwaukee: ce nouvel édifice fera honneur à la paroisse de Notre Dame.
- Le Rev. P. Chouinard donnera une médaille d'or à la classe de Belles-Lettres Françaises.
- Les différents portraits pris au Collège par la maison Doumet de New-York sont admirables de ressemblance. Ils comprennent ceux de la Faculté, du Cours classique et commercial, de la société de St. Patrice, de la fanfare et de l'Orchestre.
- Le Rev. P. Legris a donné le sermon de la clôture du mois de Marie, à Kankakee.

PIERRE MENARD.

Le Canadien éprouve un sentiment de légitime fierté lorsqu'il se rappelle que ses pères ont été les premiers explorateurs de la plus grande partie de ce vaste pays que nous nous appelons aujourd'hui la République des Etats-Unis.

La fin du dernier siècle et le commencement du nôtre virent des milliers de Canadiens quitter la province de

Québec pour aller parcourir en tous sens les belles vallées de l'Ohio, du Missouri, et du Mississippi. A cette phalange de braves pionniers, qui plantèrent les premiers jalons de la civilisation en Amérique, appartient le sujet de ces quelques notes biographiques, Pierre Ménard, premier Lieutenant Gouverneur de l'Etat de l'Illinois.

Pierre Ménard naquit à Québec, en 1767, d'une respectable famille, originaire de la Normandie. Ayant reçu une assez bonne instruction, il partit pour aller tenter fortune au "Pays des Illinois" qui comprenait alors l'Indiana, le Missouri et l'Illinois. Il arriva à Vincennes, en 1787, âgé de vingt ans seulement. Deux ans plus tard il eut le bonheur de rencontrer Washington dans la Pennsylvanie, où il était allé avec le colonel Vigo, Italien, qui venait maintenant consulter Washington sur la question des Sauvages.

L'année suivante, Ménard vint à Kaskaskia où il commença à faire la traite avec les Indiens, ce qui demeura la grande occupation de sa vie. Il montra beaucoup d'aptitude et d'adresse pour le commerce et devint très-populaire parmi les Sauvages, ce qui lui valut d'être nommé agent des Indiens par le gouvernement Américain auquel il rendit de grands services en concluant plusieurs traités importants.

En 1809, le Territoire de l'Illinois fut formé et divisé en six comtés, et Ménard fut élu au Conseil Législatif par le comté de Randolph. Le Conseil se réunit et Ménard fut nommé à l'unanimité président de l'assemblée, position qu'il retint jusqu'à l'époque de la formation de l'Illinois en Etat, en 1818.

De président du Conseil Législatif du Territoire de l'Illinois, notre brave Canadien devint, par l'élection du peuple entier, Lieutenant Gouverneur de l'Etat et il garda ce poste élevé jusqu'à l'année 1822. Comme Lieutenant Gouverneur il présidait le Sénat de l'Illinois et, au témoignage d'un historien Américain, il inspira plus d'une des sages lois qui ont contribué au bien-être et à l'avancement de l'Etat.

En 1822, M. William Kennedy fut choisi lieutenant Gouverneur. Depuis cette date jusqu'à sa mort, le colonel Ménard refusa toutes les charges politiques qui lui furent offertes et s'occupa des affaires de sa famille, au milieu de laquelle il s'éteignit en 1844, après avoir reçu tous les secours de la religion catholique qu'il avait toujours fidèlement pratiquée. Le seul poste qu'il voulut accepter fut celui de commissaire des Sauvages qui lui donna l'occasion de conclure plusieurs traités importants, ainsi que nous l'avons déjà mentionné.

C'est en reconnaissance des services signalés qu'ils rendit à son pays qu'on donna, en 1839, son nom à un des comtés les plus florissants de l'Illinois, situé sur les bords de la rivière Sangamon. C'est pour donner cours au même sentiment de gratitude qu'il est maintenant



question d'ériger un monument public à sa mémoire au centre même de la métropole commerciale de cet état qu'il a tant aidé à former et à faire marcher dans la voie du progrès. Maintenant que l'Illinois est grand et prospère, il ne doit pas oublier la dette qu'il a contractée à son égard. C'est donc un acte de justice de la part du peuple de l'Illinois que de concourir à l'érection de ce monument qui servira à perpétuer le souvenir de leur premier Lieutenant Gouverneur.

Pour nous, Canadiens, c'est un sujet de gloire que de pouvoir compter parmi nous des hommes tels que Pierre Ménard et ses nombreux compagnons de découvertes. Ce sera un sujet de gloire pour nous que de rencontrer dans nos grandes villes américaines des monuments élevés à l'honneur de nos pères qui fondèrent ces cités au milieu des plus grands périls et souvent au risque de leur vie. Déjà la reconnaissance publique a érigé un monument au père Marquette, sur les bords du lac Michigan, à la pointe St. Ignace. A l'heure qu'il est, les journaux américains annoncent la prochaine inauguration de la statue de P. Ménard. Ce monument en bronze coûte \$25,000 et représente Pierre Ménard faisant la traite avec un Indien qui est assis sur un morceau de fourrures, entouré de ses chiens et de ses armes. L'Indien présente une peau à l'habile négociant qui la considère avec attention. Nous devons remarquer que ce monument superbe est le don de M. C. P. Chouteau, de St. Louis, à l'Etat de l'Illinois. Le père du généreux donateur était jadis associé avec Ménard pour faire la traite des fourrures dans l'Ouest et c'est à l'instigation de l'honorable E. B. Washburne que son fils daigna faire ce digne présent à la ville de Chicago.

Des préparatifs se font pour rendre l'inauguration du monument aussi solennelle que les circonstances le demandent et tous les pionniers de l'Illinois se feront sans doute un devoir d'être présents pour témoigner de leur respect envers un homme qui le mérite à tant de titres.

Amb.

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### LE ROLE PROVIDENTIEL DE LA FRANCE. (Conclusion)

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Dans les œuvres divines rien n'est laissé au hasard tout est coordonné avec une sagesse infinie, tout tend à l'accomplissement d'un plan formé par Dieu de toute éternité. Les nations comme les individus concourent à sa réalisation. Dans l'antiquité, un Cyrus est suscité pour délivrer le peuple d'Israël et un Alexandre pour le protéger, comme un Sennachérib et un Nabuchodonosor pour le châtier. Plus tard, le Peuple-Roi établit

par toute la terre l'unité de domination pour faciliter la diffusion de l'Evangile. Parmi les peuples modernes, Dieu en choisira tout particulièrement pour travailler à l'exécution de ses immuables desseins.

Aujourd'hui en consultant l'histoire, nous avons cherché à connaître quelle part avait été assignée à la France. Nous n'avons pu entrer dans une infinité de détails; mais, dans cette course rapide, nous nous sommes arrêtés aux faits dominants, et, comme des sommets des montagnes l'on découvre toute la plaine, de ces hauteurs, nous avons embrasser l'enchaînement des causes qui ont élevé ou abaissé la France dans l'admiration des peuples: et toujours la protection qu'elle a accordée à l'Eglise et à la vérité nous est apparue comme l'élément essentiel de sa vitalité et de sa grandeur. Elle est la protectrice-née de notre mère, la sainte Eglise, telle est sa mission, telle est sa fin.

Quand elle y est fidèle, son nom brille d'un éclat incomparable: c'est alors, comme sous Clovis, Charles Martel, Charlemagne, Philippe Auguste, Saint Louis, Louis XIV, qu'elle exerce une influence universelle en dévouant son bras et son intelligence au service de la cause de Dieu. Mais quand elle s'écarte de cette voie, soit qu'elle ne songe qu'à ses intérêts matériels, soit même qu'elle aille jusqu'à se tourner contre la religion, Dieu la rappelle à son rôle en lui infligeant d'effroyables châtimens: c'est ainsi qu'elle s'est attiré les humiliations de Crécy et de Poitiers, les sanglantes rivalités des Bourguignons et des Armagnacs, les guerres de religion et surtout ces révolutions qui la bouleversent, depuis près d'un siècle.

O France, Dieu t'avait faite belle et grande; sur ta tête il avait posé une couronne éteincelante de foi et d'amour; à tes flancs, il avait attaché une épée superbe de vaillance; il t'avait parée avec plus de splendeur qu'une reine, parce que tu étais la fille aînée de son épouse sur la terre, mais tu as trahi ta mère, tu t'es fiancée à la Révolution, cet irréconciliable ennemi des sociétés; tu as versé à pleines coupes l'incrédulité à tes enfants et à toutes les nations de l'Europe; tu as prodigué tes applaudissemens aux contempteurs de la Divinité. Qui dis-je? Tu as poussé l'infamie jusqu'à leur élever des statues! Aussi l'heure de la rétribution a sonné terrible, implacable. Toi, qui portais la tête si haute, tu as été broyée sous les talons d'un vainqueur impitoyable; il s'est moqué de tes larmes, il t'a ravi et tes trésors et tes enfants. Ah! Pauvre France, puisses-tu enfin comprendre les dures leçons de l'épreuve et redevenir pour jamais la fille docile de l'Eglise. C'est alors seulement que tu verras la fin de tes malheurs, que tu reprendras ton ancien ascendant parmi les nations, et que l'on pourra dire encore de toi, comme en ces jours d'immortelle renommée: *Gesta Dei per Francos!*

FIN.



Kankakee, Ill., May 23—A game of ball for the championship of Kankakee County was played between the Kankakee Browns and the St. Viateur's College nine. Eleven innings were played; no runs scored; game called on account of rain. *Chicago Tribune*.

### OBITUARY.

The sad intelligence of the death of Rev. John B. McKune has just reached us. The information is as unexpected as it is sorrowful. But a few short years ago he bade his home and college friends good bye, to enter upon the exhaustive and laborious duties of a missionary priest in a newly opened field in God's vineyard. Endowed by nature with the strength and proportions of an athlete, and blessed, beyond the usual fortune of men, with every evidence of mental culture and intellectual attainment, which two point out and bespeak the man of talent and education, he gave abundant promise of many years of useful labor, and every assurance of successful issue in the work to be accomplished. But his zeal outstripped his strength. The fearful nature of the task before him left him no rest, and the responsibilities it imposed granted him no ease nor respite until at last his bodily strength broke down under so severe a strain, and left him an easy prey to the sickness which brought him to his grave.

Father McKune was sent from the Cathedral at Leavenworth to, probably, as hard a mission as the state contained. The constant laborious duties conscientiously performed, together with the privations endured while ministering to the spiritual wants of a people scattered over a vast range of country thinly settled, told at last upon a constitution powerful even as his was. The frequent and dreary rides of fifty and sixty miles over wild and lonesome stretches of prairie solitude in attendance upon the sick, exposed to the fearful inclemencies of Autumn rains and winter severities stretched him upon a bed of sickness and suffering which for sixteen weeks he never left save when they carried him to die amid the scenes of his first labors and among a people who so fondly loved him. Never in the history of Leavenworth was reverence and love so universally and publicly shown, never was worthier veneration manifested towards the memory of the dead than was evidenced by the genuine sorrow of the whole city at Father McKune's funeral. Irrespective of class or creed, they thronged to bear testimony to the hold he gained upon their affection and gratitude. They remembered how, only a few years back, he came among them, in all the strength of a vigorous manhood and with all the holiest qualifications of a priest of God. They recollected his happy and genial disposition, his winning traits of character, his urbanity and gentleness exhibited under all circumstances even the most trying. They looked around and saw the proof of his love for

children and his anxiety for their improvement in christian education demonstrated by the erection of a magnificent school-house built and paid for through his efforts. They beheld the evidence of his ardent charity—of that sympathy always extended to the wretched and the out-cast—in the sacrifices which he underwent in erecting the orphan asylum and starting to a successful completion the hospital in which he died. No wonder then they assembled to pay him a tribute of thankful remembrance. No wonder that they draped the city in mourning—that they felt the loss of him who was not only a friend but also a benefactor. Nor are the good people of Leavenworth the only mourners. All who knew him lament his loss. And we especially mourn him who were blessed with a closer friendship, whose acquaintanceship commenced under the happy influences of college life; who daily witnessed the unfolding of those virtues which afterwards blossomed so beautifully in the garden of God.

May his soul rest in peace and may the labors and sufferings endured in the cause of God bring him that eternal happiness, that immediate possession of God, which here upon earth was his ardent desire.

### PHASES OF THE SPRING POET.

Don't be alarmed, dear reader, we are not bitten by the rabid monster—spring poetry; we are not going to pester you with that worst of all evils, a spring poem, such as indeed is apt to make you spring from your chair and walk off in utter disgust. No! we are not going to indulge in the sport. We only mean to trace up a few of the hard passes of that most miserable of mortals, the Spring Poet. Poor fellow! We cannot be entirely without some pity for him.

If it be true that poets are born (and not made) it is especially true of spring poets. Their disease is a chronic one, a real defect of nature—incurable leprosy. They say you can tell a boy who will develop into a spring poet: he is generally of a sullen disposition, distant, ill-fed looking and often even in early youth inclined to contemplate the moon for hours. I don't believe it for if the egg were thus known from which will spring the poet he would certainly be killed in the shell.

But years pass on and the promising(?) boy grows up with impunity. His in-born dispositions soon declare themselves. The inspiration draws him on. His muse dwells in the dark forests, flowering vales, etc. etc. It is there he retires to spin the web that is to ensnare so many innocent victims. Now 'tis consummated, he has signed his *nom de plume*; he leaves his retreat. See him plodding along through the country village, on the busy streets of the large city. His step is light, his heart leaps with joy. His manuscript is carefully rolled and tied up that none of its precious jew-



els may get lost. The curs of the street bark at him as he passes, but he heeds them not.

On he goes on his mission of good, alas! how soon turned to evil. At length the dream of his life is realized—he reaches the editor's office! The door is opened the same door through which he is so soon to beat a double-quick exit. The "devils" within interpret at once the object of his visitation. Ere the fruit of many days' toil is unfolded, "rats" "chestnut," and such like expressions are thrown at him from all sides. The angry and hardhearted editor brushes back his hair and moves himself in a "Saint Anthony's dance"—sort-of-a-way. Forgetting all kinder feelings he calls for the shot-gun and dog, and, in the twinkling of an eye, the poet, manuscript and all are most unmercifully ejected. There he lies, poor fellow, thrown out on the cold cold world and still colder pavements—minus the greater part of a pair of pants and meditating as to how he will get to Paris for inoculation. Pasteur secures another patient, but the world has lost a poet. Oh! ungrateful world. Is this the way in which you encourage genius? Perhaps, under more favorable circumstances the name of this same individual whom you have treated so *coldly*, might have been added to the great roll of English poets.

Oh! poets of spring, your lot is, indeed, an unhappy one. You sing of "the little birdleth in the tree-toppeth"; "the bull-frogeth in the pondeth"; and "the flowers that bloom in the spring tra—la—la"; and of all that is beautiful in nature. And for all this, what is your reward? . . . Ah consult if we would know, the premature old man and the raving maniac. They will speak to us of the cruel disappointments received at the hands of "Cranky" editors, shot-guns, bull-dogs, and the waste-basket. Would that these latter could speak! What strange stories would they not tell! Again, you who would know the sadder fate of this son of the muses betake yourself to some country church-yard. There read the "hic jacets"—and drop a tear over him who might have been a benefactor to his race. We have often thought that the lot of the book-agent was fraught with many sore disappointments; but his superabundance of cheek soon makes him rise above them, and forget his receptions of dish-water and a hurl down three flights of back-stairs. Not so with the poet! His warm nature, strong passions, and tender feelings prevent him from forgetting cruel and harsh treatment.

Down-cast and broken-hearted, the mighty pen, so powerful an agent in the conquest of right over might, is cast into "innocuous desuetude", and he 'eventually' meets an early grave or becomes a conductor on a street-car. One reason why we feel for the spring poet so much is this: the poor fellow seriously believes in his heart of hearts that Shakespeare himself never wrote

such verses (which, by the way, is true enough—in a sense), and that he is going to take his place amongst the very few immortals whom Fate has selected from the countless millions who have lived and died and been forgotten,

J. M.

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### RESIBILITY.

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A WORD WITH FOUR I'S HAVING EACH A BLACK SPOT AND ONE *y* WITH NO DOT. IF YOU WANT *ibility* TAKE OF THE FIRST. CANCEL FIRST AND LAST YOU'RE LEFT WITH A *Sibil*. DROP *si* AND YOU HAVE YOUR *bil*.

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To those foolish mortals who are not so decidedly phlegmatic as turn college butter in summer into ice cream, nor so fiery as to scare a travelling agent when a joke is perpetrated—but to those who are comfortably situated just betwixt and between these senseless extremes this essay is respectfully dedicated.

Come my good natured fat man and you too jovial skinny—let's sit on the front stoop and watch passing humanity. Remember this is a moveable stoop and we are not stationary either. In spirit, you know, we travel so fast and so . . . rapidly.

As I'm the oldest I'll take the floor. To laugh, honestly, no joking, is the most universal peculiarity that has stuck to fallen man; *Cujusvis est ridere* just as well as *humanum est errare*. What's the matter with your jaw, you facetious insinuating skin-flint? Don't understand latin? I was saying then, that every man, woman, and child is rigged with a full set of muscles, called risibles with which he, she or it may so contract his, her or its face and so manage the vocal arrangements of the larynx as to effect the physico-moral action termed—a laugh. Now these anatomic attachments are universal, i. e. everybody (*humanum compositum* of course) has them. I have a real school-master's defect of falling into my latin! Well that last: *humanum compositum*, means the human mixture which excludes *ipso facto* . . . there it is again! every other animal make up. That is perhaps a little deep; I see you are rolling up your pants intending to wade through it. Your heroism must be rewarded; what do you say fatty?

"That's just what I say; buy the boy a banana for here comes *Italy*. Now talk about your smiling and your laughing apparatus in every body. Did you ever see the faintest semblance of a smile on the foot-and-a-half long face of any of these fruit venders. They seem ever the impersonation of misery's most *crying* want. The only one of them I ever saw sport an occasional



smile was a grayhaired old orange seller who just before making his will and signing the dismemberment of his *compositum* as you say, had caught in to the bliss of a grin. I am sure most of their customers buy of them more through compassion than real need. If they appeared cheerful every one would pass them by as other happy mortals. See this fellow how starved and ragged he looks. Here Jimmie, get you a few bananas."

I say, look at that crowd of children, Arsene, jumping for joy and all lit up with gladness that beams from every feature. They are just out from school—a just cause to rejoice! But moreover tomorrow is free day and they are no doubt, busily scheming parties to spend the time all in fun. Well, well, just look at that little one! how he gesticulates and talks walking backward, and laughs at the secret thought of strawberries and the green grass in the park. He has the whole group alike illumined with the same childish glee. On they pass... How sweet to catch their merry laugh tinkling like silver chimes and their gay prattle of: Yes: tomorrow! Ice-cream! First swim! etc. There is nothing more charmingly innocent than childhoods easy joy. It springs almost spontaneously from the young who as yet have not tasted the *bitter* of the sweets of life. There are children of peculiarly happy dispositions whose fair open faces are a perpetual sunshine... See this little fellow, left behind, not of the picnic he!

"He didn't know his lesson" says Jimmie, "and de master kept him after de rest to give him a pointer or two. Of course he cried to make believe he was very sorry and would not miss a lesson again. See now he runs. He'll soon have caught up wit de rest! He'll go to de picnic! I've been dere before."

"Say, Pete", puts in Arsene "was that a clap of thunder? Din't you hear it?"

I heard something roar, whether it's thunder, or noise from the rolling mills or the engine house I can't tell... There it explodes again! What infernal noise can it be?

"Don't you see it's dat nigger," says Jimmie, "he just turned de corner; you can see his shining feet from here. Ain't he feelin' awful jolly dough? He is just after winnin' a bet or he is startin' on a water-melon tour with dat grinnin' fellow wid him."

"Well that's a just cause for splitting the air in this style and arousing people's fears," says our fat man who had got up to make sure there were no signs of stormy weather. "Well, by jove!" he continued, "if risibility argues humanity, the abnormally developed risible *bump* in the negro surely places him (if nothing else does) within the category of things human."

The negro has a characteristic facility for laughter. But his is a laugh of the coarsest kind, though a hearty one. It wouldn't fit in the dudified society of to-day

where it's a crime to laugh louder than the conventional key. That's the work of civilization! I am not an advocate of the horse-laugh, but I hate that senseless, restrained grimace—the would-be-polite laugh; the obstreperous, noisy laugh of the after-school room shall endure as long as boys wear pants. As for the fawning smile of sycophancy, it is entirely out of date... Here big B. give me a light, and let's walk. Come Jim—We'll be back soon.

Laugh on to-day.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

The late Thos. Horan, of Philadelphia, bequeathed \$40,500 out of an estate of \$70,000 to Catholic charities.

On Sunday, May 2, Archbishop Corrigan of N. Y., confirmed 119 men and women in Blackwell Island prison.

The late Dr. Nebinger of Philadelphia, bequeathed several thousands of dollars to various Catholic institutions.

The fourth general assembly of the society of St. Vincent de Paul will meet at Washington, D. C., on June 8, 9, and 10.

Monsignor Farley of New York is mentioned as the candidate that will be selected as Bishop of Syracuse, N. Y.

It is officially announced that the archbishops of Rennes, Rheims, Sens, Baltimore and Quebec are to be created cardinals on June 10.

The bishop of Southwark, England, said mass a few days ago in the Fitzalan chapel at Arundel, for the first time since it was closed to Catholic worship 300 years ago.

The Flathead Indians, who are almost entirely Catholics, have forwarded a petition to Pope Leo XIII., asking the canonization of the Iroquois Virgin Catherine Tegakwita.

Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., attended the Provincial Council held in Milwaukee, Wis., the last week in May and it is supposed that he will now soon sail for Europe. Rumor has it that St. Paul is to be made an archiepiscopal See.

The General of the Jesuits has published the statistics of the order showing that it now counts 2,500 missionaries, and that it can boast of having had 248 saints, 1,500 martyrs, 13 popes, 60 cardinals, 4,000 archbishops and bishops, and 6,000 authors.

The French Academy has awarded the Montyon prize for merit to Sister St. Gauthier, a religious who has passed over thirty years of her life in ministering to the wants of the sick and dying in the hospitals. Her devotedness has been specially conspicuous during epidemics.



The Louisville Courier-Journal says that Father Ryan, the Southern poet priest, who has just died, was a musician as well as a poet. He would frequently go to the house of one of his parishioners, and, telling the servant not to call any one, would take his seat at the piano. He would play and improvise for hours, and upon coming back to the things of this world would be surprised to find that he had spent four or five hours in perfect ignorance of his surroundings.

The memorial church to Father Tom Burke at Tal-lagh, Ireland, is being rapidly pushed forward to completion. Already about fifty thousand dollars have been expended on it, and fifteen thousand more will be required to put on the finishing touch. The latter part of the present month a bazar will be held in the Mansion House, Dublin, to raise funds. The mayor of Dublin will give his patronage.

A meeting of the board of directors of the Catholic University was held in Baltimore lately. It was attended by Archbishops Gibbons, of Baltimore; Williams, of Boston; Corrigan, of New York, and Ryan, of Philadelphia; Bishops Keane, of Richmond; Spalding, of Peoria, and Marty of Dakota; Mgr Farley, of New York; Fathers Foley, of Baltimore, and Chapelle, of Washington; and Messrs. Eugene Kelly, Michael Jenkins, E. N. Ferren and Thomas E. Waggaman. The selection of a rec-tor was left to the four archbishops their choice to be announced at the next meeting. Ten plans for the building were submitted, and three were selected from which the final selection is to be made.

Faith and fervor are not on the wane in Europe, though many have formed the contrary opinion from

reading in secular journals of the apostasy or impiety of individuals. The Paschal Communion this year at Notre Dame, Paris, is spoken of as an admirable spectacle. It lasted two hours, during which four priests were engaged in giving Holy Communion. The profound recollection of the vast congregation was deeply impressive. Nor is good example of strict observance of religious duties wanting among those who rule. On the morning of Maunday Thursday the King, the queen and their unmarried daughter, publicly made their Paschal Communion in their parish church at Laeken.

(Ave Maria.)

We subjoin an example of a truly religious family. Rev. John Redman, S. J., of St. Beuno's College, who was ordained priest at Holt Hill convent, Brikenhead, England, celebrated his first Mass at the church there on Sunday, April 11th. His elder brother, J. Redman, D. D., of the immaculate Conception, Liverpool, being deacon, and his younger brother, Rev. Charles Ignatius Redman, S. J. Sub-deacon. His two sisters—Sister Clare and Sister Monica, of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul—and his father and mother were also present; and while they witnessed the first Mass of their second son, they commemorated the golden jubilee of their marriage, which took place at St. Michael's church, Haworth, Yorkshire, on April, 11th., 1836. This family was received into the Catholic Church in 1864, and the three sons have chosen the priesthood, while the two daughters have chosen the life of the Sisters of charity. The Holy Father sent his Apostolic blessing to the whole family assembled together on that occasion (Connecticut Catholic.)

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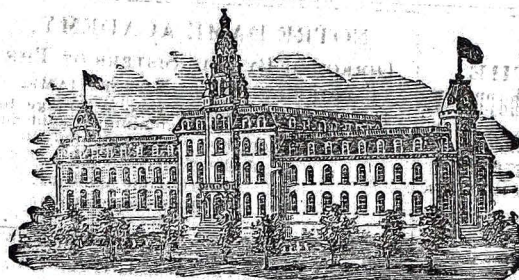
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