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No. 9.

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MAY-DAY AT THE CAVE.

The rosy-finger'd Eos did her part,
Guiding the light to Phoebus' golden gates,
Who swift tight curbs his span of plunging start,
That winds in speed outrates;

And courses 'long the azure curving vault,
Emitting beams from out his burnish'd car,
That tinge his sister's tears to sparkling malt
On hills beneath so far.

'Twas May-Day, and the beaut'ous morn presaged
A charming noon to roam in woodland dell,
And chase the gopher just by spring uncaged,
Or nimble tawny squirrel.

Ere long we sat upon the green hill-side,
At base of which the lordly Kankakee
Rolls slowly, silently—a river wide—
Through sylvan scenery.

The robin sweetly carolled on the bough
Of aged oaken bole, the rabbit shy
Tripped lightly o'er the lea, or topped yon brow
Of hill at faintest cry.

All nature seemed to live again and be,
Risen once more from Winter's frozen tomb,
The blade of grass, the daisy, flow'r, and tree,
Put forth in vernal bloom.

"Heed not the chase to day that we may cull
Some flow'rets sweet along the dark ravine,
Where murm'ring stream winds down 'mid shadows dull,
And rocks below unseen;

For 'tis but meet that to the Queen of May
We give some token of respect and love,
Her altar deck with bouquets fresh and gay,
Or wreath the arch above."

Thus my companion spake, anon we hied
Toward the grim chasm, with its beauties wild,
Its rude-cut boulders frowning o'er the wide
Abyssal yawn lay pil'd.

Its dizzy, dangerous heights in close array
A bosage held, with prickly arms entwin'd,

And far on either side extends its sway,
Huge elms and oaks behind.

We thrid the tangled warpings of this brake,
Unto the brink where blue-bells sweetly grew,
And cowslips pale, and daffodils that wake
So rathe, March winds to woo.

But there the beaten path an op'ning gave
Along the awful gorge; and forth with care
I crept to pluck a pansy, but a cave—
"The cave," I cried—was there.

And there it was! of which we oft heard told
Stories romantic, tales fanciful and weird,
A grotto in the rock, but cheerless, cold,
We entered, and we fear'd.

And yet the trace of human hands was there,
The indentation is the work of man,
They say a hermit given much to pray'r
His earthly course there ran.

"Methinks he was a cynic crabbed, cross,
A crank, of old Diogenes a peer,
His absence from society no loss,
His death not worth a tear.

That he should shun the social walks of life,
And quit his kind, this wretched hole to keep—
A burrow'd covert, fit, when storms are rife,
For mottled owls to sleep—

Proved him a heartless misanthropic dolt,
E'er whining with rheum, catarrh, and cold,
A shiv'ring wretch penned up in this dank holt,
A miser, perchance, with gold."

"What have you said? uncharitable thought!
Which should forthwith be spurned, 'tis thus we go
Judging from day to day, yet knowing naught
How life's strange currents flow."

'Twas thus young Ernest, my companion chid,
While still beside the grot we stood to view
The scene sublime beneath, those gray walls hid
'Mong ferns that clust'ring grew.

"Mayhap he was a saint," he thus replied,
"Whose vesper hymn was wed to angels' song,
As fitting through th' expanse ethereal, wide,
They heard, and round did throng.

A Jerome neglected, and unknown to fame,
He may have been; and here where now we stand
Is sacred from his footsteps, while his name
Would honor this great land.

When at the midnight hour the stars shone bright,
And Cynthia's beams upon these cliffs reposed
In mellow beauty, as on Latmus' height
To Endymion disclosed;

He may have held deep commerce with the sky,
Viewing Orion on his west'ren march,
The Pleiads rising, and those fixed on high
Throughout the spangled arch.

When howling winds along the chasm moaned,
And swept with wailful tone the woods around,
Riving the sturdy elm that bended, groaned,
And dying smote the ground;

Or when the lightning flashed with brilliant glare,
And burst the pealing thunder from his cloud,
The flood-gates opened, thro' the sicken'd air
A tempest patt'ring loud;

And down the gorge with cataractic roar,
The torrent rushed foaming o'er the rocks below;—
He saw and heard, and still conversed the more
With nature, his God to know.

Oh! what a home for Muse, or bardic child,
In which to sing, while ravish'd to the skies
He sweeps the strings, and 'long the lonesome wild
The echoing strain replies.

Sweet, blest retreat! for him who shunned this cold,
This hard, hard world, to reign in solitude
Over his rock-bound realm, a warrior bold,
Subduing passions rude.

Removed from cares and temptings of the crowd,
He passed a righteous life, unknown, uncar'd,
In pray'rful silence, save when torrent loud
Or falcon's shriek was heard."

"I yield a penitent, but let's away,
For ev'ning's lengthy shadows 'gin to fall,"
I thus, nor will I e'er forget that day,
The flow'rs, the cave, and all.

F. C.

ON THE BEAUTY AND EXCELLENCE OF PSYCHOLOGY.

Virgil, of undying memory, represents Queen Dido, in her well known address to Aeneas, as making use of these words: "*non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*," and the famous commentator, Heyne, commenting on them, advises that the youth who does not ling-

er with a feeling of delight upon this beautiful line, should be excluded from a further reading of the poet. "*Nae*," he says, "*illum a poetae lectione statim abigas suadeo*." We too, participating in a like feeling regarding the beauties of Psychology, would strongly recommend that he, who does not dwell upon this branch of Metaphysics with pleasure and with a lively sense of happiness, ought to be forthwith debarred from further perusal and study of Philosophy.

The beauties and excellence of Psychology become at once apparent from the fact of its being, properly speaking, the science of the soul—the science which enables us to penetrate into, and sound to its very inmost depths that secret spring which is the principle of all our thoughts and actions. Compared with this, other metaphysical investigations and discoveries become of trifling significance and mere relative triviality. This it is that transcends them all in importance and interest, in beauty and utility, and which nobly demands of us our most fixed and undivided attention. This it is that introduces us to that Diety, who weighs in his hand the universe, who was, who is, who will be forever through the limitless aeons of ages which will form eternity. It introduces us to Him who produces the sublime conceptions of the poet; who bears him aloft from earth like another Ganymedes, and allows him to taste the heavenly sweetness of the divine nectar—to Him who elicited the heroic acts of will of the martyrs, and inspired their minds with a fearless, undaunted courage, a calm nobility in their hour of trial, that enabled them to brave the taunts and torments of their cruel persecutors, and to behold with dignified composure the ravenous panthers bounding towards them in the arena. Psychology it is that asks and answers the questions, what are we? whence come we? what have we to do? what is there to hope for? It proves to the Materialist, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he has within him a rational responsible soul, which will never die, but will be immortal, living after this life in a state of happiness or misery. Can there be aught then more worthy and deserving of our most attentive study, than the science which unfolds the nature and essence of that wonderful efficiency, that vital power which is within us, vivifying, and enobling us—the soul—the science which investigates and peers closely into every immaterial spiritual faculty and activity belonging to that soul, and to all the questions connected therewith gives an answer?

Is there a soul? What is the soul? Whence comes the soul? Where is the soul? What does the soul? And what becomes of the soul? These are all very

interesting questions and of great moment—they have always been, and were never moreso than at the present time—to the answering of which let us see what Psychology has to say.

Is there a soul? This same question troubled Hamlet in no small degree, when soliloquizing he uttered these famous words: "To be, or not to be,—that is the question." It is evident, as he develops this thought at greater length, that he would be in favor of suicide were he not in "dread of something after death," "the undiscover'd country," the thought of which caused his boldest resolutions to grow faint. The Materialist of to day with all possible impudence and sophistry exclaims that there is no such thing as the soul, and with empty, false arguments goes on to show that besides the body and its materiality nothing else exists. This he explains either *mechanically*, that is, by reducing all things to mere atoms and their various motions; or *dynamically*, by reducing all things to atoms and their natural, mechanical, physical, chemical, powers; or *physiologically*, by reducing all things to material organism. All this we simply deny, and we hold in common with Plato, Aristotle, and all the Scholastics that there exists in man a vital principle, essentially distinct from the body, which is called the soul.

There are in man immaterial, spiritual faculties, for example the intellect, the will, the memory; but such activities as these suppose the existence of a vital principle which is essentially distinct from physical organism. It is hardly necessary to prove the major, since each one is well aware that his intelligence or intellect has a knowledge of things which make no impression on a corporeal organ; that it can by a reflex act look in upon itself; that it can exhibit objects in an immaterial way; and that by understanding things immaterial, it becomes assimilated to immaterial things; this an organic faculty cannot do. Respecting the minor it might at once be urged that a *spiritual activity must proceed from a spiritual substance*: but besides, it may be argued that immaterial faculties either subsist in themselves, and are already the principle of which there is question, or, they inhere in another principle which is proportionate to them, such as the material body cannot be. Let one other proof be added to convince the incredulous. If there were no soul in man, but all his actions were reduced to the various motions and vibrations of matter, there would then be no moral difference between that which would be free and that which would be necessary, between good and bad, between merit and demerit; but, according to the unanimous

consent and acknowledgment of men of all times and of all nations this is an absurdity. There is, therefore, a soul, and the Materialist must admit this in spite of himself, even though the surgeon's scalpel cannot detect one.

The soul may be defined as the subject of our mental life, the ultimate principle by which we feel, think, and will. It is moreover a substantial principle, that is, subsisting in itself without being necessarily dependent upon the body as an accident thereof, and constituting that ultimate source of the operations independent of matter. It is essentially simple too, nor is it composed of integral parts. This is proved from the power it possesses of conceiving things as abstracted from all composition. The human mind or soul is capable of forming numberless abstract ideas, such as those of unity, eternity, truth, being, universality, all of which in their nature are simple indivisible acts, and it is only a simple being which can be thus endowed with such a faculty. Such a faculty must be simple, for if it were extended or composite, it would then have to understand by means of an extended image or *species*, to use a philosophical term, and an extended species can represent only an extended thing which has location. Now, a simple faculty cannot be unless in a simple subject, for faculties follow the nature of their subject. Hence it follows that the soul, which is the subject or vital source of these abstract ideas, of thoughts, judgments, volitions, acts of memory, in a word, because it is the subject of the intellect, will, and memory, is simple. Moreover, the soul possesses that wonderful power of entering into, of looking upon itself by the reflex operation which it performs in an act of self-consciousness. In this act there is a perfect reflexion of an indivisible agent back upon itself. I am perfectly aware of the absolute identity between myself thinking, for instance, about Ulysses and his companions boring out the eye of Polyphemus, and myself reflecting on that thinking self. The Ego thinking and the Ego reflected upon is the same. It is at once subject and object, agent and patient. Such an act conflicts with the most radical, fundamental properties of matter. The eye cannot look upon itself; the atom, though it may attract and be attracted, possesses not the power to act upon itself.

The soul is spiritual. We must not confound the simplicity with the spirituality of the soul. There is a distinction which must be well attended to. When we say the soul is simple we mean that it is not the product of parts or composing factors. By saying it is spiritual or immaterial is meant that in its existence and to some extent in its operations it is independent

of matter. The brute soul, according to the schoolmen was simple, but not spiritual; because it absolutely depended upon, was completely immersed in the material organism. Though there is a distinction to be made, yet the proofs and arguments above cited are quite sufficient to prove its spirituality. Since man possesses spiritual faculties, the subject of these must be spiritual, and besides, he is *free* and capable of determining himself, as we have proved in another place; but an organic faculty cannot determine itself, such an act as well as that of complete inward reflexion, being repugnant to the very nature of matter.

The origin of the soul has been a very vexed question. In this brief essay we cannot, nor do we intend to enter at length into any thing like a full exposition of the many erroneous opinions and groundless hypotheses advanced on this point. We have at once a clear and true solution of the question from revelation, beyond which even the greatest geniuses whom the world has ever seen have erred, and disgracefully too, respecting its origin. But apart from revelation let us see how far reason itself can go in settling the dispute. And first, we assert that we do not agree with the philosopher of Samos, even though it is said that he had a golden thigh, was present in many places at the same time, and had his ears soothed with the music of the spheres. The doctrine of Pythagoras respecting metempsychosis or transmigration of the soul from one body into that of another is replete with error. In the first place it supposes the existence of the soul previous to its entering the body; but a soul, existing anterior to its union with the body, either has an existence in itself sufficient to perform its own operations, or it has not, but has a natural need of the body. If the former, then the soul of itself would be a complete substance, without any necessary bodily relation, and hence it would follow that the union of soul and body would not be substantial but accidental. If the latter, then the soul would be in a state insufficient to perform any action whatever, either vegetative, sensitive, or intellective (for it would not be possessed of a phantasm); and the consequences would be that it would exist in a violent, useless state; it would be a being good for nothing, in truth it would not be a good, it would not be a being. Again the pythagorean opinion that the human soul is something produced from divine substance, an *emanation* therefrom, is untenable, conflicts with the simplicity and absolute perfection of God who is a pure act, is without imperfection, and cannot enter into, as their subject, various differences. If this opinion be held it leads to Pantheism.

Even the Divine Plato's doctrine respecting the

origin of the soul must be rejected. He held that the human soul formerly dwelt among the gods in a celestial sphere, a genuinely *real* world, from which it was expelled for some unknown crime, and was incarcerated in the prison-house of the body. This is a fanciful, but gratuitous hypothesis, which must suppose, not only pre-existence of souls, but also atonement for a fault of the previous life; a new course to be entered upon; the body to be a prison for the soul; and forgetfulness of the old crime; all which are false and absurd. Of this unknown fault there is not even the faintest recollection, but an invincible oblivion; and certainly it would be very cruel and unjust to inflict punishment for a crime of which there is complete ignorance. It would be a useless, uncalled for correction, and it is quite probable that even Plato's soul with all its *divineness* would resent such an injustice. Besides, in this new state of probation there would be no moral sanction of law, but the certainty of happiness to be attained at some time or other, after the soul had dwelt in a certain number of bodies, which would not be a punishment of sin, but a new occasion for sinning. And if the body be a prison for the soul, the consequence is that there is no substantial union between them, but only an accidental and violent one which we know to be false from experience. Why, it may be asked, is there such a horror and dread to the soul when about to separate from the body at the hour of death? Lastly, there is no reason why, or cause by which, there should be a total oblivion of this supposed past crime, if there were such, for, images formerly impressed upon the intellect become spiritual qualities and inhere in the spirit, so that it would be not only very difficult to obliterate their impressions, but they would be lastingly conserved. Originating his groundless hypothesis of *innate ideas*, he maintained that our present cognitions are mere hazy reminiscences of the mental acts by which in that heavenly land the soul contemplated the real ideas—*real universals*,—such as truth, beauty, goodness, the sublime, etc, but why has it not even a faint cloudy notion of that terrible sin, whatever it was, which deprived it of its Elysian home? These arguments still more clearly disprove the doctrine of metempsychosis.

To be continued.

Caraher.



BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

 CAESAR'S GALLIC WAR.

Caesar's Gallic War, as edited by Harper and Tolman and published by the American Book Company, (Chicago) combines all that is desirable in a text book of this kind. Handsomely bound and profusely illustrated; it is highly attractive, and while the maps serve to assist the teacher in the explanation of the text the table of idioms will familiarize the classical novice with the subtle shades of difference between his own language and that of ancient Rome. The notes, though concise, are yet sufficiently copious to help the beginners to surmount all the little obstacles which he will inevitably meet. While other editions excel in one or two points this excels in all. We can safely predict for it the popularity it deserves.

* * *

The latest addition to our exchange list, is the *Academia* from St. Patrick's Academy, Chicago. Although an infant in existence, it has already assumed an air of development peculiar to maturer years. The articles contained in the May number are well selected, very interesting and nicely written. What we like about *Academia* is, that it is the pupils' own paper, and we feel sure that the young ladies of St. Patrick's are really interested in their journal and if we are a judge we feel certain that there is not a scholar in the institution that is not anxious to have her name appear in the columns of the *Academia*.

The fact that the paper comes from an institution conducted by the Sisters of Mercy is a guarantee of its high moral tone and excellent literary merit. *Bon succes.*

* * *

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* * *

SHRINE OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.
HISTORY OF THE SHRINE.

BY

MRS. ANNA T. SADLER.

There are few Catholics who have not heard of St. Anne de Beaupré. But then there may be many who are not thoroughly posted on the subject and with this thought in mind the writer has published the above tract, in the hope of spreading devotion to St. Anne.

The writer first describes the real pleasure there is in making the trip from Montreal to Quebec, which may be done either by boat or rail. But it would seem that the journey by boat along the St. Lawrence, is far more preferable as it is a greater help to one who would enter into the spirit of his journey.

It is really astonishing to hear related the wonders which take place at this humble shrine of St. Anne. All the wonders of the Apostolic times are again renewed: "the blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk." The pious and graceful people of Canada have attested their gratitude by the erection of a beautiful Church, which has been raised by his holiness the Pope, to the dignity of a Basilica. Here relics of St. Anne are kept and are exposed on solemn occasions for the veneration of the faithful.

We would like very much to print the history of this famous shrine, did space permit, but must content ourselves with these few remarks and give instead some figures to show the devotion that is manifested by the people of the United States and Canada towards St. Anne de Beaupré:

"During the last ten years there have been at this shrine 984 organized pilgrimages; 777,694 pilgrims; 675,445 Communions, and 25,014 Masses.

The number of pilgrims during 1890 was 105,672, and of these 20,000 were from the United States. In the same year there were 108,575 Communions and 3,696 Masses.

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Editorials.

The Shamrocks return sincere thanks to the kind patrons, who generously donated money for the purchase of the new baseball suits. Great credit is due Rev. Bro. Oregan for his untiring zeal in gathering the funds; as also for the good taste he showed in selecting the color, and material of the suits.

We dare say that it is almost impossible to surpass these beautiful outfits purchased for the Shamrocks. The material is of the finest flannel, a rather dark green. The pants are of the loose pattern, adding greatly to the appearance of the suit, while detracting in no way from their utility. The caps are trimmed with white flannel. The belts are white web. On the breast of the shirt are the letters S. C. V. and a fine shamrock the emblem of the club.

We saw, with great pride, our boys leave for Wilmington, the first time they put on their new clothes; but when we heard that they had won the first game, in which they appeared in their new outfits, we actually wept—for Bud, who was struck by a whirl wind when he came here—and drowned when the

shamrocks went to see him.

Again we extend our thanks to our generous friends and hope every one of them may have the pleasure of seeing our suits before the year ends.

THE SPECIALIST.

It is the experience of mankind that success confines itself to narrow spheres. Man, although limited in power, is capable of the greatest efforts; we can hardly conceive the extent of his power, but this does not mean that such power is universal in him or that he could succeed equally well in several pursuits,

Time, if nothing else, demands that he confine himself to a certain branch because life, so short and fleeting, will not permit of extended efforts in many works.

But there is danger in pursuing one thing to the exclusion of everything else, because by such a course man narrows his views, cultivates but one side of his brain, so to speak, and renders impossible that full unfolding of his mental powers.

Now what is necessary, it would seem, is that a man should take a thorough course; not skim lightly over the surface of things, but aim to be deep and well grounded in his acquirements, as a preparation for his chosen calling, for that which he prefers and for which he seems best adapted, and which he is sure to find out as he progresses in mental training. Having completed such a course, one that embraces the languages, mathematics, history and philosophy, then it behoves him to seek his chosen field for which he again must make a special preparation.

But to many this seems to be simply a waste of time, a loss of mental force that we ought to bring to our profession. It may seem such to those who have not yet learned to appreciate a full education or who see nothing greater than the almighty dollar. But to the scholar, to him who knows the glory and transcendent power that accrue to the learned; to him who has at heart the bettering of his fellowmen, the advancement of science, art,

virtue and whatever goes to make men noble and great, to such a one no time spent in preparation can seem long, because he realizes the important work there is to be done and the short space of time given to accomplish it.

We are aware that this theory does not meet the approval of the average student, who sees in college only a prison, which separates him from the world of pleasure beyond. But we know too how lofty is the ambition of such young men and it is not hard to see how common place will be their lives and what a faint mark they will trace on life's page.

Another class will object that, to wait so long, is to lessen our chance of success, since men with small attainments, and little education succeed in life. It is true that many have attained renown by force of their native genius, and without the help of a good education. But how few they are when compared to the countless ones who have been swallowed up in failure. How few have the energy and perseverance to overcome the obstacles which beset the path of one who has to fight the battles of life unprepared? Few, very few. On the contrary with a thorough education we can go forth armed for the conflict, hence with greater self reliance and with far greater assurance of success.

Now of course due allowance must be made for such as are not able to take a proper course. We speak for those who have favorable opportunities and who do not appreciate them.

But why plead for specialists; what advantages can be brought forward for them? Starting from this principle that can best succeed in one branch we hold that the best results come from devotion to one occupation, provided a man has first prepared his mind by long and proper training in the leading branches.

To devote oneself to a certain branch, without knowledge of any other, may perhaps do for some, but there is too much danger of producing the genus crank, a creature never desirable.

We want men who will be leaders, men who will do honor to our land; men who will follow true principles in the affairs of government, be honorable at the bar, skillful as doctors, and high in the literary scale. We need men who have higher aims than the acquiring of wealth, in the race for which so many precious lives are crushed out, in which peace finds

no place and all the nobler faculties of man become dimmed and lost.

We need such men to take a leading place in the world of science and thought, that we may demonstrate our capabilities in higher pursuits as we have shown them in mechanical skill. A nation which has made such progress, which has so many resources, proves that there is plenty of latent forces, plenty of superior talents, which need but a guiding hand and directing thought to bring them to the highest perfection.

Men then who meet our requirements must devote themselves exclusively to a chosen profession; they must give their time and talents to their work, in other words they must make a specialty of what they consider best suited to them and pursue such a choice with an energy that must be second only to their lofty aims.

Our progress as an intellectual people must be retarded till we shall have become impressed with our need of eminent men, and the means required to form them. With the dawn of this ideal period, which must inevitably come will begin an age of prosperity, then will men earnestly pursue the noble exalted paths of human endeavor, thus joining material advancement to that true progress, which alone leaves lasting traces of its presence among men.



CHARACTERISTICS OF IRISH WOMEN.



In viewing the sky wherein all that is fair and good upon the earth is reflected, we are attracted by a star of surprising beauty, a star whose mild lustre pleases more than the too dazzling brilliancy of the greater planets. This star is not the reflected loveliness of childhood, it is not the crystallized beams of motherly love, it is not the enshrined heroism of strong manhood, it is not the humanity and faith of the Saints exalted and rewarded in heaven, it is not in a word, the reflection of science or of generosity alone, of heroism or of purity alone, but it is the concentrated rays of all these fair qualities of heart and mind, of body and soul found in these angels who tread the earth, the Irish women. It may be allowed us to be partial, and as we pass through a world studded with

gems of beauty dropped from heaven, we may be pardoned, surely, for stopping to admire the noble grandeur, the excellence of Irish womanhood.

Let us then see some of the more remarkable traits of the Irish woman. She surpasses the matrons of other nations in purity and generosity. Then bravery, wit, and beauty are not to be forgotten as they constitute an element which is peculiar alone to the daughters of Erin. They are ever innocent, their great desire being to bring up their daughters in purity and love. The children of the Irish are watched over by their mothers who realize that they are taking the place of God in providing for their welfare.

The daughters are taught a strict sense of purity which is so highly loved by all—even by the lowest of their class. They are taught what pure girlhood should be and by this training, they are instructed into the lives of noble women and watchful and patient mothers.

They are taught the obligations and duties of their religion and as they live among women who are almost saints they seldom forget to put into practice their lessons of piety. The piety, patience, and love of these women command the respect of not only their own but all other nations. Indeed if virtue has deserved recognition and admiration it is the steadfast faith of these who, like the martyrs of old traversed not only three but eight centuries of cruel persecution.

It is natural that the weak should succumb when exposed so long to the rack. But they have stood firm and have given the world another example of religious heroism such as was witnessed in the early ages of the Christian era, when faith was new and fresh from the mouth of the Apostles and strong enough to make martyrs. In our day and country our good Irish mothers teach us to say our prayers and show us the way to church by going there themselves. They have a faith that lives and makes fearless of comment, makes them fit educators of their children. From them let us learn to love the faith and to respect like them those who seek to support it.

Struggling for their daily bread in the lowest of neighborhoods, surrounded by all temptations and inclinations to vice, or occupying the first places in society—they are always the same. The generosity of the poor servant girl who sends the greater part of her hard-earned wages to the support of an aged father or helpless mother, or the more bountiful donations of the women of better means show that there is indeed imbedded in the Irish heart a great spirit of gratitude and charity.

The bravery of these women is not exhibited alone in their family circles, but, as the rest of their good qualities, it is used for the benefit of all mankind. Who has ever read the history of our own Revolution without remarking the bravery of Irish women who amidst the shot and shell of battle took the part of their dying husbands? In the battle of Limerick we also find a glowing example of their bravery. The women seeing the danger to which their city was exposed, rushed in great crowds to the scene of conflict and there, regardless of the dangers to which they were exposed, fought the opposing forces with stones and other missiles which they hurled at the enemy with such an effect that their foes were soon compelled to retreat with great losses.

My sketch of Irish women would be incomplete if I did not speak of another characteristic, which is the consequence of their wit, that is their talkativeness. They love to speak—and it is natural—all women do. It's woman's besetting sin—to talk. Biddy Moriarty is a one of this type of Irish women, who, however, are sometimes downed by such formidable adversaries as Daniel O'Connell.

All in all there is much as you see, to be admired in the subject I have presented to you and I feel that you will agree with me in saying that Irish womanhood is not far from the ideal type of perfect christian womanhood.

Frank FitzGerald.

(First Grammar)

XX

THE ELOCUTION CONTEST.

The regular elocutionary contest for the "Hagan Medal" came off Wednesday evening May 20th. There were fourteen contestants, who strove for the prize, and without flattery we can say that every-one distinguished himself, as he also did credit to his professor.

The judges were Mr. Alexis Granger; Mr. H. Legris and Mr. J. C. Gieseler. The two former were chosen by the faculty with the right of choosing a third person. They had chosen Hon. W. R. Hunter of Kankakee State's Attorney for Kankakee Co. but owing to sickness in his family the gentleman could not attend. Mr. Granger read the following letter from him which expresses the noble sentiments of this worthy man who owes his success in life to his energy and to his putting in practice the advice he gives the student.

We gladly give his letter space for this reason:

Friend Granger:

I very much regret, at this late hour, to disappoint you, and our friends at Bourbonnais, but circumstances over which I have no control, make it absolutely impossible for me to attend the exercises to-night. My wife was taken sick to-day noon, and I owe my first duty to her. I should very much enjoy, a talk to the boys of the class, and hope that at some future time, I may be able to serve them.

You may tell those boys who are struggling up the hill, that they should remember the words of the immortal Burke. "The road to eminence and power, from obscurity, ought not to be made too easy. The temple of fame ought to be seated on an eminence—only to be gained by some difficulty and some struggle". Say to them, not to be discouraged; that they must pass through this crucial test in order that they be fitted for the great battle of life, where the unprepared must give way to the man who is duly and truly prepared. Remind them of the fact that "He who wrestles with us, strengthens us" and that there can be no great victory. Except by a great struggle; objects easily attained as a rule, are of little value to the possessor. If there be any of the boys struggling along life's rugged pathway, with but little financial aid, tell them to be of good cheer, for to my mind, in such cases, poverty is a blessing in disguise. Some men succeed by great talents, some by high connections and influential friends, some by accident, but the great majority succeed by commencing life without a dollar. No man should consider himself poor, who can by any honorable means, take a course in Bourbonnais College. Surrounded as they are, by every influence which goes to mould and perfect both the mental and the moral man. Watched over and guided by men whose example is worthy of emulation, men who have abjured their homes and given their lives to the world for the betterment of their fellowmen.—

Tell those boys that the young men of today, in a few years, will occupy the high places of trust and honor in this great republic; that in the dissolving processes of things, duties of State may fall upon them; that the golden opportunity for preparation is now at hand, and if they do their duty, as well as their teachers will do theirs, in the near future, the voices of some of them will be heard in the halls of congress, while others will adorn the bench and grace the altar, but don't get vindictive, friend Granger, and advise them to run for the Legislature.—

Hoping that this disappointment will not mar the pleasure of the occasion, I have the honor to remain your obt. servant

W. R. Hunter.

A DELIGHTFUL DAY.

On Thursday May 7, The "Picked Squad" and Band visited Manteno Ills. about eight miles from the College when they were hospitably received by Rev. F. X. Chouinard C. S. V.,

The boys arrived at Manteno about 10 A. M. and after the salute by the Company and a piece by our justly celebrated Military Band all hands went to Mass. During Mass the "Squad" assisted in military style, a treat which the people of Manteno never enjoyed and one which they appreciated most highly.

Mass was sung by Father Chouinard, assisted by Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Deacon; Rev. A. Desjardin, C. S. V., Subdeacon and Bro. Williams, Master of Ceremonies.

A fine sermon was delivered by Father Rivard, who made some practical points from the feast itself as well as from demonstration given by our students.

It was noon when the Mass ended and all hands about forty-five in number gathered around the festive board of Father Chouinard who was there as usual with his kind word and welcoming smiles, full assurance of generous hospitality. To say that the boys enjoyed the dinner and made sad havoc among the delicate viands served up, would be superfluous.

If you know the extent of a student's appetite we need offer you no explanation of the destruction they can do at the table—if you are unable to measure the extent of their digestive capabilities, go and watch the consuming powers of the gentle sawmill or the sweeping effects of the hustling torrent and you will gain some idea of the devastation that forty or fifty of this *genus* can accomplish. It may take a student some time to realize that he is not sitting down to college fare but when the spell is broken, the after effects are something terrible. Being as we have said an ideal feast, it was appreciated in a most practical manner. After dinner the Band began to chase the wonted quietness of the staid old town. The first notes brought forth the urchin from his lair, pursued by the relics of bygone days. They all seemed to like the music and as the band marched onward to make its calls the admirers increased. They came, staid and seemed satisfied.

Mr. Marceau, himself a distinguished musician, was called on and when he showed his appreciation of the boy's efforts we knew that the music was good. Several other persons of note were serenaded and they showed their delight in a most substantial way.

And now the boys turned towards headquarters. After vespers, during which several of the party made their

mark as singers, the Squad, the Band and singers prepared to return home.

The journey homeward was no less pleasant than the morning trip. There was plenty to talk about, and with an occasional song, the way was made short and the time enjoyable. A happy, smiling crowd of boys reached the college at 5.30 after a day which will be recalled with pleasure long after 90-91 shall have dropped into time's unfathomable abyss.

X—

BASE BALL.

AT WILMINGTON.

Thursday May 14, at 7 A. M. the Shamrocks started for Wilmington. Never before did the team leave with such determination as was noticed this time. Every man wanted the game, so as to recover the laurels so long lost. For the last five years the Shamrocks suffered defeat in Wilmington and consequently the boys were aware that victory meant work. A few hours drive found the crowd in Wilmington and a call was made on Fr. O'Gara. He received the boys with his usual hospitality. The time spent with him was most pleasant. At twelve o'clock dinner was had at the Wilmington hotel. Shortly after we were taken to the Club Rooms of the Wilmington Athletic Club and donned our neat new uniforms for the parade. Soon the two clubs were behind the Wilmington Brass Band and a street parade was in order. Crowds of people and many carriages were in line and all went to the baseball park. It was a great day for Wilmington. Such a crowd had never been assembled to see a ball game in that city. At three o'clock game was called, by Umpire Durkin.

The Wilmingtons went to the bat, something unusual for the home team and were retired without a run. In the last half of the first inning the college boys made one run and in the second made four.

Wilmington was unable to hit the ball at the proper time. Twice they had three men on bases, but one man out, and Dorsey kept them there. The game was most interesting throughout, both clubs exerting every effort for victory. The Wilmington people applauded their players wildly, but failed to get the Shamrock players rattled. On the other hand the coaching by the Shamrocks had some influence on the Wilmington players, particularly the catcher and to some extent the pitcher. Carroll, for the Wilmingtons, pitched his best game and utilized every bit of strength he

possessed.

In fact the whole team played well. Dorsey pitched a great game. His record in this game is about equal to Carroll's but his ability at critical parts of the game gives him the honors of the day.

But one clean hit was made off his delivery. The others recorded against him were safe, but such owing to the unevenness of the ground. Only two balls went into the out field on him. His support was excellent. The new uniforms gave the boys a new vim and errors were few. In the ninth inning when the Wilmingtons had been retired in one, two, three order the college boys with happy hearts ran to the home plate and gave the shamrock yell with three rousing cheers. Words cannot express the joy felt and soon the news was sent to the college where it was received and great cheers went up for the champions of 90-91. After the game, the teams went to the club rooms where the Wilmington boys showed their good spirit by royal treatment. It would be a hard matter to find a more gentlemanly and hospitable crowd. The Shamrocks will ever remember the treatment received at their hands. Before seven o'clock the boys were homeward bound and made the trip a pleasant one. Songs to no end were enjoyed and perhaps the most delighted crowd that ever returned was this one.

Frs. Beaudoin and Marsile, were at the gate on our return and complimented the boys on their hard fought victory. The orchestra played a triumphant march for the victors and then the Shamrocks repaired to the refectory where an elegant spread was served and all anxious to learn about the game. The long cherished hope was realized and now Faculty, Students and Shamrocks are happy. Following is the score

Wilmington	0 1 0 2 0 0 1 1 0—5
Shamrocks	1 4 0 1 0 1 0 0 X—7

Base hits Wilmington (6) Shamrocks (8) Double plays Wilmington (1) Bases on Balls off Carroll (1) Dorsey (2) Struck out by Carroll (7) by Dorsey (8) Batteries Carroll and Keeley—Dorsey and Condon—Umpire H. Durkin—Time 1 hr. 50 min.

AT KANKAKEE.

The following is the score of the second game, played with the Kankakees on their own grounds, Tuesday May 19:

Kankakee	4 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—6.
Shamrocks	2 2 1 1 0 5 1 1 0—13.

Base hits Kankakee (8) Shamrocks (8). Errors Kankakee (8) Shamrocks (6). Base on balls Ingersoll (8) Dorsey (2). Passed balls Kuntz (7) Condon (2). Batteries (K. K. K.) Ingersoll and Kuntz; Shamrocks Dorsey and Condon.—Umpire, H. Durkin.—Time 2 hrs.

LOCALS.

- 1st.
- Ab.
- Out.
- Quit.
- Cives.
- Racing.
- Calumet.
- Mustache.
- Town pump.
- Hello, Oscar.
- He is so cute.
- Luthan! itheri!
- This is unlucky.
- Give me a kodak.
- Buds and Blossoms.
- Did it hurt your arm?
- Who is your favorite?
- Who stole the lobsters?
- Green suit and red hair.
- One more issue, then adieu.
- A hole in the bottom of the sea.
- Say, Frank has your visitor been around yet?
- Who is that young man with the beautiful hair?
- If the supt. of streets saw you he'd hire you for a street sprinkler.
- The Hagan elocution contest came off the 20 inst. the Oratorical contest took place May 27th.
- Didn't say any thing against the Chicago's they are the boss team in the league.
- Say, brother, I don't want to score anymore. That's the way he resigned.
- Take that baseball crank off and lose him some where and you can have the freedom of the whole town.
- The second competition has just been finished, now boys, prepare for the third and last.
- Mr. John Suerth spent a few days in Chicago visiting his friends.
- Col. is jealous over the success "Bud" achieved with his mustache and is now trying to cultivate a growth of hair upon his own lip.
- A chance for some bright genius to win fame and immortality.
- Wanted a name for the new addition.
- Mr. John Cleary visited his sister, Miss Alice, of St. Patrick's academy Chicago, and was very well received. Mr. Cleary speaks in the highest praise of St. Patrick's.
- We regret to announce that "our young and talented editor" will be unable to attend the closing exercises. (F. M.)
- Joe. Carlon and Hugh Duffy were recently pro-

moted to the senior department.

— Commencement will take place on Thursday June, 18th. The exercises will open at 1 P. M. Parents and friends of the students are invited to be present.

— I think that man is a voter, and he thought thusly 15 times, but the Doctor, where was he? New pills....

— A new addition of 12 rooms, has been made over the refectory, they are well lighted and ventilated and fitted up with all the modern improvements.

— Bro. Cregan says that the graduating class is hard at work. Keep it up boys. Hope you will succeed.

— Some fiend put the place in an uproar by springing this: If your father's father is my father's son—If you are tired of life ask some victim to solve this riddle for you—and get riddled.

— Messrs. Nawn, Cleary and Moody, have decided to enter the dramatic field, their first attempt in this line will be the production of a three act comedy, entitled, "The Eminent Agriculturist." The scene of the play is laid in a northern city, the principle character, C. Homer Bradi, becomes enamored of the beautiful black haired "Pretty", who has been reared amidst luxury and refinement, who reciprocates his affections but is totally averse to passing a monotonous existence in the capacity of a milk-maid. The cast, an exceptionally strong one, is made up of eight characters, the first production promises to be a great success. For further information apply to room 00 Rue de Jacques.

A new addition made to the Society Hall has been devoted to the museum. Rev. Bro. Beucler, C. S. V., who has charge of it has given us the following very interesting list of donations received from our kind friends, Rev G. M. Legris, Credentials from Archbishop Feehan, countersigned by all the Bishops of the Eastern world. Rev. F. Martel, number of very rare European coins, specimens from Mammoth Cave, and facsimile of monogram of Charlemagne. Rev. A. Belanger, C. S. V., a bronze medal bearing the likeness of Pope IX. Mr. R. F. Flynn facsimile of First Insurance Policy ever issued. Prof. A. F. Didier, beautifully mounted rooster, and miniature bale of cotton. Mr. H. Gurney, Wilmington, Ill. two splendid specimens of glass snakes.

Notwithstanding the warm weather some very interesting games are witnessed daily upon the several ball alleys. Each department boasts of a number of good players, and we suggest that a series of games be arranged between a senior three and a junior three. we feel confident that the games would be both interesting and exciting. What do you think of it boys? The Croquet club is flourishing and some good games are the order of the day and many visitors have been seen handling the mallet of late. A benevolently disposed gentleman who wishes his name withheld has offered a prize for the champion player. Whoop 'em up boys!

SPORTS

Oh! the bat.

Jay complains of a lame arm.

We have met the Wilmingtons.

The result was 7-5 in our favour.

S. V. C.—Kankakee—Shamrocks—Rah!

The first time in five years. Bravo, Boys.

We have had a large audience at every game.

When I went to look for the bat, I found that another fellow had it. Oh!

N. B. You are requested to observe Norton's coaching, also Mac's yell.

The leagues are in good running order and playing good ball.

The Maroons, after having lost two games with the Shamrocks, are still determined to win and have challenged the boys for another game.

Dorsey pitched a great game at Wilmington, striking out many of the best batters, and keeping the hits scattered. McCarthy at first was remarkable, nothing passed him.

The Shamrocks desire to return thanks for the substantial favours received from their many friends, at present we recall: Revs. M. J. Marsile, G. M. Legris, O'Gara, Foster, Walsh. Messrs. Byron, Houde, Gear, Maloney, Kelley.

The Shamrocks made their first appearance in their new suits at Wilmington. The suits are of a dark green color trimmed in white and on the front of the shirt is S. V. C. with a Shamrock. They are very neat uniforms and greatly enhance the appearances of "our" boys.

McCarthy, who was in the box for the first Maroon game, exceeded any of the expectations that his friends had for him, not having pitched a game in a year or more, and with a lame arm he pluckily went to the box and mowed the K. K. K'S. down one after another.

May 12th. the Maroons of Kankakee crossed bats with the Shamrocks on college grounds, the game resulted in a victory for the latter, the score was 20-8. The game was exciting up to the fifth inning when the Shamrocks made a couple of runs which discouraged the Maroons, after that the game was devoid of interest. McCarthy the twirler for the Shamrock's did some very good pitching as also did Ingersol for the Maroons but the latter did not get the support that the former had. The features of the game were Nortons left field catch, Condon's back stop work and the steady team work of the Shamrocks. Ingersol would undoubtedly have done better if Kuntz was able to hold him.

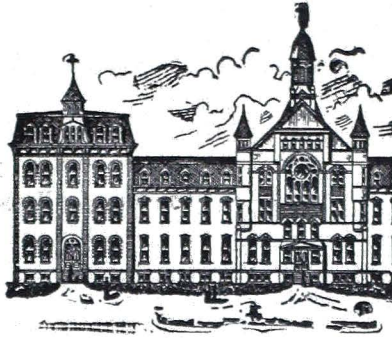
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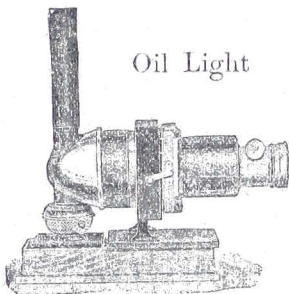
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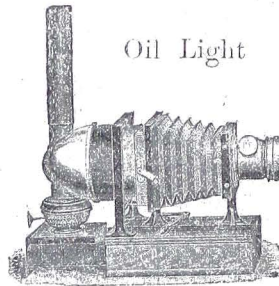
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