

ST. VIATEUR'S

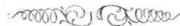
COLLEGE ❖ JOURNAL.



ROY

MEMORIAL

YEAR



BOURBONNAIS GROVE,

KANKAKEE ❖ COUNTY ❖ ILLINOIS

VOL. VI.

JUNE 15 ❖ ❖ 1889

Nº 20

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

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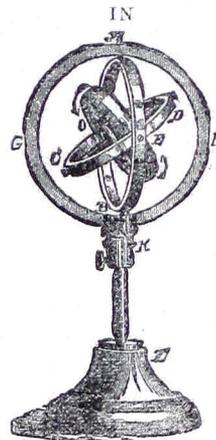
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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

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VOL. VI

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, June 15th., 1889.

No 20

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

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

TERMS.	{	One year - - - - -	\$1.50.
		Six months - - - - -	\$0.75.
		Payable in advance.	

For advertising, see last page.

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

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EDITORIALS.

THE COMMENCEMENT or closing exercises of the present scholastic year, will take place on Monday, the 24th inst., at 2 p. m. On this occasion all the old students and friends of St. Viateur's are most cordially invited to be present. The reunion of the old students will take place on the 25th. The exercises of the day, will be opened with Solemn High Mass at 9 a. m. And a grand banquet will be given at 1 p. m.

* * *

"NO GAIN IS SO CERTAIN as that, which proceeds from an economical use of what you have." We observe the effort put forth by the zealous mercantile man, to obtain a complete knowledge of his business, to win the esteem of men and to amass a vast fortune. In the acquisition of all this he is apt to look, too much, to the procuring of things and neglect the skillful use of what he possesses.

* * *

By such a proceeding it frequently happens that he loses as much as he gains or procures so much that it becomes unwieldy; and instead of being a pleasure it becomes a burden. Often have we seen this verified. Many an energetic business man toils long and earnestly, to increase his capital, and all things conducive thereto, at the sametime failing to use, to the best possible advantage that which he already has. He continues making money in one part of his enterpaise, while he is losing quite as much, and sometimes more, in the part which he neglects

* * *

THIS DEFECT IS NOTICEABLE, not alone in the business man, but in the artist, the lawyer, the physician, the mechanic, the agriculturist and the athlete. They do not, always, utilize and manipulate their forces in the most efficient and profitable manner. If they devoted more time to examining and reflecting on their previously acquired treasures they would secure greater, grander and more lasting results.

* * *

AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION, with the thoughtful student, now should be how he will spend his vacation. Each one should mark out some particular way of passing the Summer months. While we do not deem it best to apply oneself all the time, to deep and continued study, yet we feel that much knowledge can, easily, be acquired during the coming vacation. To devote a portion of each day, or at least a part of their spare time, to useful reading will serve as an agreeable recreation and afford much benefit. We trust that every student will avail himself of this means and continue to practice and profit by the instruction which he has received while here.

IN MEMORIAM.

WILLIAM G. TYNAN.

DIED JUNE, 11TH. 1889.

'Tis sad to part from friends we love
Whom time has made so dear,
How then we long for bliss above,
When earth has naught to cheer.

How sad the hour, that bids us go,
How deep the grief we feel,
What vivid recollections flow
As these thoughts o'er us steal.

Yet this hour comes, with all its pain,
Who has not felt the steel
In throbbing heart, in pulsing brain
Affliction makes us feel?

When ocean's billows roll between
Friends dear by kindred ties,
Our mem'ry keeps affection green
For forms denied our eyes.

But death destroys our only chance,
On earth again to know,
The loving ones, his blighting glance,
Removes from earth below.

We too have felt the cruel sting,
Death from us took a flower;
No more shall Willie's laughter ring
In field or shady bower.

We picture now his spirit bright
Mid Angels more to dwell
Such soothing peace, such calm delight
No human tongue can tell.

The cross laid down, the crown is won
He lives among the blest
May we too, when our life is done
With Willie take our rest.

IS THERE A DISTINCTLY AMERICAN
LITERATURE?

This question was put before the Blair Rhetoric class last Monday and twenty minutes were given for the class to write their ideas on the subject. The following were among those handed in.—ED.

It can hardly be said with truth that we have developed a literature distinctively American. But from prospects it seems that ere many years have rolled down the vista of time, we shall have a literature distinct from any other. As yet American writers, with few exceptions, are loathe to venture upon a sea of thought and expression totally new.

The American people are noted the world over for their energetic strides in arts and sciences and now it is just dawning upon the rest of the world that the Americans are awaking from their lethargy in literature, and have already started to remove the surrounding obstacles which stand in the way leading to a new, well-promising and already healthy literature, viz. the American. As America has competed with and is distancing the world in the arts, sciences, and perfection of civilization why should she not make a like experiment with literature? Even now she has too long aped and relied solely upon the English. 'Tis true the seeds of American literature were sown a century or two ago by George Sandys. Those seeds which he has sown while dwelling upon the banks of the James River, have been generated by its beautiful waters and cooled by its breezes, but such was the strength attained that the seeds have grown into plants, and the plants have borne flowers, the fragrance of which is not only spreading over this broad expanse of land but reaches far over the seas into distant climes, charming and attracting men by its sweet fragrance. No, America has not as yet developed distinctively American literature of her own, but will soon have one as renowned as the Grecian, as pure as the Latin, as lasting as the English and more beautiful than all yet, combining a property of each.

Martin Murray.

When the Colonies of America decreed themselves "free and independent" they severed the chains which bound them to Europe. That is, as far as ruling power is concerned. Since then, as the country has riches and is more populous, America has been able to compete successfully with her European sisters in the sciences and manufactures; but as yet Europe holds one claim on America. She has produced more literary men of merit, and her literature is the literature of our own country. America is yet too young. One hundred years are not enough to develop the literature of a nation. America

has possessed few men of great literary note, and even their works are decidedly European in tone. She must find models in the great lights of the other worlds. Another thing which renders American Literature less distinct from that of England, is that the language of the two nations is the same. No, America has hardly a distinct literature of her own.

Louis Folley.

I think that one may safely answer yes. To be sure we have as yet produced no mirror of nature, as was Homer; no poetry as inimitable as Virgil; no "thousand souled" Shakespeare; no essayist such as Macaulay; no critic such as Samuel Johnson. Such names have appeared but once in history; and most likely the respective ties were broken in the casting; but who will say that the literature of but one century which can boast of a Longfellow, a Poe, a Bryant, and a Whittier in poetry; an Emerson, a Franklin, and a Brownson in essay writing; and a Cooper, a Hawthorne, and a Wallace in fiction is not deservedly a distinct literature. Again we may fitly challenge the world in that grave and learned species of composition, known as history. I need but name the elegant, poetical, and pictorial Prescott or the lucid and attractive Irving to establish this solidly. In oratory we can vie with any of our sister nations. A Patrick Henry, a Clay, a Webster, and an Adams are names which will be green, in memory "when some traveller from New England, shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul."

Now have these which I have mentioned followed in the beaten paths of their European brothers? The works of a Longfellow, of a Poe, of a Cooper, and of a Brownson are as original as any of which our tongue can boast.

Perrie Parker.

In this, the centennial year of our national existence, men of different studies and professions have retraced the highway of the century to find out how their several professions have kept pace with the marvellous material growth of our country. Physicians point with pride to their progress in the arts of medicine and surgery, and attorneys rejoice over the high standing their legal profession has attained. So it is with nearly all the professions. Literary men, however, cannot look back upon the century just past with much joy for it has not marked out for them a national—a distinctive literature. The reason why we have no distinctive literature seems strange when we consider the nature of our government. It is a fact held by rhetoricians that free government gives an impetus to the elegant as well as useful arts, but our country proves an exception to

this rule. That we have poets, essayists etc. of no mean standing in the literary world is only too evident. But they are not distinctively American. The elegant simplicity of Irving and Mitchell charms us, the sympathetic pictures of Bryant's nature afford us great pleasure, while the songs of Longfellow, the weird tales of Poe, the wisdom-filled words of Emerson will never be forgotten but still we find in the writings of each of these traces which point to writers of the mother country.

The nearest attempt thus far made towards a national literature is the poetry of Walt Whitman. These poems are truly American in subject, matter and in style. No measured lines that obstruct the flow of genius are found, every thing in these poems is as natural, free and simple as is our country itself. But one book is not a literature. Why we have no distinctive literature has been assigned to different reasons. The thirst for the almighty dollar, the general activity of the people, affording them no time for literary pursuits and the desire of learning much with little study are probably the real reasons for our not having a national literature. These hundred years just past have, however, formed a foundation, small though it be, for a national literature to be erected and the future holds out prospects not very brilliant but when the second century of our national existence dawns upon us no doubt we will have a national literature.

Geo. E. Donnelly

COLLEGE LIFE.

John Dostal.

In viewing the different stages of a man's life, from "the schoolboy, with his satchel and smiling morning face", to the venerated silvery haired grandfather,— "the lean and slipper'd pantalon—," we find his youth to be associated with the most joyful recollections. Ask the hoary old man of his life and he will dwell with fondness on the sweet recollection of his youth and will delight in relating his boyish freaks. He will dwell with pleasure on the happy moments spent by the glowing fireside, perchance listening to the fanciful tale of goblin or fairy and still more earnestly will he linger on the happy days spent moulding his character and developing his mind under the guidance of his professors. The portion spent by a student in a college is indeed the most advantageous and happiest period of his life. On entering he leaves the world at the door, subjects himself to the rules of the institution and from that time is under the care of his Superiors.

College life has its joys and sorrows. You will find

the student wending his way to the different exercises, his face beaming with happiness and contentment as he is pondering over some difficult task or tries to solve some intricate problem, his mind is distracted with the thoughts of that beloved home he so lately left but looking back, he is encouraged in his labor by viewing his good beginning and the days of the future full of hope and promise for his young ambition. See him at recreation, light hearted, wrapt in his games, without care or responsibility, pursuing the various sports to divert his mind from the class room task and give it fresh thoughts and inspire him with courage to battle bravely in the struggle for knowledge. The monotony of his life is broken by the occasional visit of some relatives, or by the variation of some entertainments.

As the year rolls onward the youth is anxiously anticipating the eve of reunion and as his heart swells with emotion he pours forth a prayer of thanksgiving. He entered, a youth thirsting for knowledge, full of the brightest hopes, and returns to his blissful home having accomplished the most ardent wishes of his dear parents.

He has but a few weeks more to strive for a reward. As those happy thoughts of home flit before his vivid imagination, he forms a resolution to carry away some trophy however humble it may be. He has been a student well worthy of the praise of his professors and on the day of leaving his college home he receives his well deserved reward and as he glances into the future, the brightest hopes are before him. His sojourn in the college had been a happy one, never to be forgotten. Many are the long sleepless nights he has spent in dreaming of the future. When the time of parting has arrived and he bids farewell to his beloved companions, some of whom he is never to meet again, the tears of sincere affection and emotion come to his eyes and his throat fills as he bids a fond *Adieu*. Ties of friendship which bound him to some chosen companions must on that day be severed,—no, not broken, for though we be separated, our college associations will live on with us. He leaves that happy abode full of gratitude, full of love for his superiors and as he is folded in the fond embrace of his parents he forgets his trials and dwells only in the joy of the past. Many are the happy evenings he spent around the fire side relating his College experiences. He often thinks of his companions and professors as he sits dreaming over the past, and never will he forget the happiness he has had in the innocent joyous hours of college days.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books we know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastimes and our happiness will grow."

LOCALS.

- Au revoir.
- Camp Ford!
- Just one week.
- Commencement!
- Last of the "exs."
- Just half a point.
- The Prize Drill was a great success.
- Sheepskins will be the order next week.
- "Dont be afraid of that" says Prendergast.
- Who was the sleeping beauty "by the fence?" Eh Juniors?
- Co. E's exhibition brought rounds of applause for the "ponies."
- Master Freddie Carlton writes he will be here for Commencement.
- The JOURNAL extends its heartiest congratulations to the class of '89, and wishes them every success and happiness in their respective avocations. In bidding good by to the students we trust it is not final but that many with us now will be back in the fall.
- The Juniors with their genial prefect, Rev. Bro. O'Callaghan C. S. V., drove to Kankakee for an afternoon's ride last Tuesday, and had a magnificent time.
- Rev. P. A. Sullivan was ordained priest Saturday last by Archbishop Feehan in Chicago and sang his first Holy Mass in St. Stephen's Church, Sunday. Father Dore assisted as Deacon.
- Rev. Father O'Dwyer of Merna, Ill. visited the College on Monday and generously subscribed \$50.00 to the Memorial Fund.
- The retreats for the priests of the Peoria and Chicago dioceses will be preached here during the first and second weeks of July respectively.
- The Pickwickians accompanied by Rev. Father Dooling C.S.V. visited the famous Payne Horse's Home at Chebanse, last Tuesday; they report Mr. Payne a royal entertainer and extend thanks for the many favors received.
- The contest for the Solon Elocution Medal came off June 9th. and was in every respect a most creditable entertainment to Professor and pupil. After the contest Prof. Solon entertained the judges and a number of the Faculty with choice refreshments.
- On Tuesday the 5th. inst., the Knights by invitation spent the afternoon with Mrs. Kerr of Kankakee. The time was spent in song, music, and social converse; at about four o'clock the host led the Knights out to a deliciously spread table where ample justice was done to the generous hospitality. The Knights of the Sword extend their sincerest thanks to Mr. & Mrs. Kerr, not only this afternoon of enjoyment but also for the manifold favors shown them in the past.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. III.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, Juin, 15, 1889.

No 3

LA BRISE

Le soleil, en s'éteignant, d'or
Enveloppe toute la terre;
Sur la nature qui s'endort
La nuit descend avec mystère.

Elle vient, comme le sommeil
Se pose sur chaque paupière;
Comme aux lèvres, autel vermeil,
S'abat le chœur de la prière.

Et dans cette heure de repos,
D'inexprimable jouissance,
La brise du soir aux échos
Annonce sa douce présence.

Elle murmure sur les eaux
Qui courent au fond ds vallées,
Folâtre parmi les roseaux,
Soupire sur les mausolées.

Son souffle, séchant mes sueurs,
Avec une harmonie étrange,
Est plus parfumé que les fleurs,
Plus doux qu'une caresse d'ange.

Mais pourquoi n'ai-je pas frêmi
En sentant l'haleine embaumée,
Tel on tressaille quand d'un ami
On entend la voix bien-aimée?

Ah! c'est que malgré ta douceur
Tu n'es pas, ô brise légère,
Le tendre baiser d'une sœur:
C'est l'air de la terre étrangère!

Au courant du fleuve royal
Tu n'as pas, comme l'hirondelle
Qui rase son flot de crystal,
Rafatchi le bout de ton aile.

Non! jamais ton rapide vol
N'a, comme les chastes abeilles,
Effleuré le sol natal, sol
Où fleurissent tant de merveilles!

C'est bien vainement que tu veux
Me baiser au front: joie amère!
Que n'as-tu touché les cheveux
De mon unique amour, ma mère?

Pourquoi chercher à m'enivrer
Des frais parfums de la prairie?
Oh! passe sans rien murmurer:
Tu ne viens pas de la patrie!

M**

LE GENIE ET LE TRAVAIL.

Pour qu'on puisse dire d'une œuvre: elle vient d'un homme de génie, il faut que le souffle puissant de l'inspiration l'anime tout entière. L'écrivain ou l'artiste a dû concevoir une idée grandiose, être ému d'un noble sentiment, pour qu'il se détachât de son imagination une œuvre qu'il n'eût plus qu'à réaliser. Ainsi Corneille, créant le *Cid*, voyait se dessiner le drame qu'il méditait, il voulait le reproduire, communiquer à d'autres l'émotion à laquelle son âme était en proie. Mais comment faire? Bien des imaginations rêvent aussi des œuvres sublimes, mais sans pouvoir les fixer; les contours fuyants de l'image leur échappent, elle n'apparaît un instant que pour se dissiper aussitôt. C'est qu'il leur manque la faculté essentielle qui fait le propre du génie: concentrer toute leur attention sur le rêve flottant et vaporeux qui les obsède.

Pourquoi Homère, Shakespeare, Corneille méritent-ils le beau nom de génies? Précisément parce qu'ils se sont appliqués tout entiers à l'œuvre qu'ils méditaient; des lignes grandioses se sont détachées peu à peu de leur imagination et se sont coordonnées pour faire les chefs-d'œuvre que tous admirent: l'*Iliade*, *Hamlet*, le *Cid*.

La concentration a fait son œuvre; tout est-il donc fini? Ce travail, qui est là tout entier, restera-t-il tel que l'artiste l'a créé? Non; c'est maintenant que la définition de Buffon trouve, en partie du moins, sa justification; c'est au travail patient du ciseleur que l'œuvre devra le fini du détail, la correction. Elle est encore à l'état de diamant brut; une main intelligente doit la perfectionner pour qu'elle brille enfin de tout son éclat. Malheureusement bien des artistes croient pouvoir s'en dispenser. Lamartine, par exemple, se laissa trop aller à son inspiration. Vous lisez ses œuvres, vous êtes enchanté, ravi, quand tout à coup une phrase incompréhensible vous arrête; le musicien s'est laissé entraîner par l'harmonie de ses vers, il a négligé la correction? c'est ce qui empêche d'admirer sans restriction, comme en face d'un véritable chef-d'œuvre.

Il ne faut pas cependant exagérer: mieux vaut certainement une œuvre créée d'un seul jet, toute brûlante encore de l'émotion de l'artiste, que ces écrits bien limés, polis et repolis sans cesse, où pas un mot ne choque, mais où aussi rien ne vibre, rien ne touche, qui nous laisse insensibles et froids. On pardonne quelques incorrections à un poète vivement ému, dont les œuvres sont pour ainsi dire écrites en traits de flammes, tant leur âme s'y révèle; mais on dédaigne les ouvrages insignifiants, tels que ceux qu'a produits le clacissisme de la décadence, ceux d'un Arnault, d'un Fontanes, d'un Lebrun. D'après Buffon, ce seraient pourtant là les vrais génies.

Il préférerait donc, lui, Voiture à Corneille, Pétrarque au Dante, et dans une autre sphère Breughels à Rubens? Si sa théorie était complète, il en arriverait infailliblement à cette conséquence.

Bien plus il arriverait même à confondre une chose innée, le génie, ce don que bien peu d'hommes ont reçu en naissant, avec le résultat du travail, d'une longue patience, qui peut être tout au plus le talent. Chacun pourrait, d'après sa théorie, acquérir le génie. Non, non encore une fois, cette théorie est incomplète. Le travail est quelque chose, mais rien ne remplace le génie, et ils sont rares les hommes dont le front est marqué de ce signe auguste, ces hommes que la postérité contemple avec respect et admiration, et dont les œuvres vivront tant qu'il y aura une âme capable de les comprendre.

V**

LA CLOCHE NATALE.

Jette aux vents du soir ton hymne si doux, ô ma cloche natale! Ta voix est une prière qui élève l'âme, un chant qui fait battre le cœur, un souvenir qui met des larmes dans les yeux. Sonne l'angelus qui porte au recueillement et ravive l'espérance; sonne la fin du

jour qui nous fait penser au soir de la vie; sonne les morts, ces chers absents qu'on oublie à mesure que le temps s'éloigne. Conduis nos pas dans les jardins des sépulcres, et rappelle-nous qu'il y a là des amis qui reposent jusqu'au réveil des tombeaux. Mystérieux sommeil qu'on dort sous la terre. . . a-t-il quelque rêve quelque image qui lui retrace les temps passés? Dans cette nuit obscure, revoit-on quelque lueur du jour éteint si vite? Dans ce silence de la tombe, entend-on quelque parole aimée?

Ah! quand je songe à tous ceux que la mort m'a pris, à ces cœurs qui m'étaient si tendres et qui ont cessé de battre, à ces yeux que j'aimais tant et qui sont éteints, à ces douces voix qui ont fait le silence autour de moi. . . Il me semble voir flotter leurs ombres légères avec les vapeurs du soir; il me semble entendre leur voix dans les sons de la cloche qui a sonné leur joie et leur naissance et leur mort. . . Oui, je les reconnais, ces soutiens de mon enfance, ces amis de ma première jeunesse. Je leur rappelle les temps écoulés et ils me parlent du temps futur où nous devons nous revoir au-delà du seuil de cette tombe et où nous serons réunis dans la paix des cieux sans orage.

STATUES.

La manie est aux statues. Danton a eu la sienne à Paris; aujourd'hui c'est le tour de Bruno à Rome où il fut exécuté par l'ordre des Espagnols, alors tout puissants même dans la ville éternelle. L'Inquisition pontificale, qui n'a jamais versé une goutte de sang, n'est pas responsable de la mort de Bruno. Cependant c'est la seule signification que l'on puisse donner à la démarche des italiens qui se sont rassemblés le 9 juin au champ de Flore. Elle constitue un insulte inexplicable à l'adresse de Léon XIII.

Bruno était un panthéiste et comme les manichéens et les Abligeois, l'ennemi de la société et de la vraie liberté. Est-ce que l'on permettrait aujourd'hui aux confédérés d'élever la statue de J. Davis en face de la maison blanche? Les anarchistes de Chicago pourraient-ils mettre la statue de Parson à la place de celle du défenseur de l'ordre public? On sait ce qu'est devenue le monument élevé à la mémoire du major André. Et cependant le chef de 200 millions de catholiques est outragé de la même manière dans la ville qui fut autrefois sa capitale, avec l'assentiment tacite de ceux qui ont solennellement promis de défendre sa dignité, et les gouvernements européens, complices des spoliations de l'Italie, ne se sont pas émus! C'est un oubli des convenances les plus élémentaires.

Ceux qui ont civilisé l'Europe n'ont-ils pas autant droit à un territoire indépendant que le pouvoir exécutif des États Unis qui jouit de la possession du district de Columbia? Le grand Constantin l'avait ainsi compris, lorsqu'il échangea Rome pour Byzance; mais de nos jours on ne veut donner au vicaire du Christ d'autres palais que les Catacombes d'autres indépendance que celle du martyr. Quelle abaissement du sens moral! Les Catholiques de tous les pays semblent comprendre la position faite au Saint Père par la révolution italienne; des congrès se sont assemblés dans toutes les grandes capitales du monde pour protester contre ces derniers attentats: les protestations sont les triomphes de l'avenir!

Lua.

COURONNE SUR LA TOMBE DE VIATEUR.

(Fin)

ROME, 7 JUIN 1885.

Mon cher Viateur,

Je t'ai négligé depuis quelque temps. Mais aussi tu fais la paresse j'aurais bien aimé recevoir une lettre de toi à Rome. J'ai reçu celle que tu m'as adressée à Paris. J'espère que pendant la vacance tu auras beaucoup de temps pour m'écrire. Envoie-moi une petite lettre toutes les deux semaines. Tu pourras m'écrire ainsi jusqu'à la moitié d'Août, temps où je serai prêt de me embarquer pour revenir au pays. J'ai eu le bonheur de voir le Pape et de l'entendre lorsqu'il reçut les cercles catholiques d'Italie. Il est entré dans la salle accompagné de dix sept cardinaux et de plusieurs évêques. Il est passé tout près de moi. J'ai bien vu ses beaux yeux où brillent l'esprit et l'intelligence. Il a fait un long discours et parlé avec beaucoup de feu et gesticule beaucoup. Il est couronné lorsqu'il marche, mais se relève avec majesté quand il parle. On sent à le voir que c'est le premier homme de la chrétienté, et il paraît bien paternel quand il donne sa main à baiser. Pendant la cérémonie, j'ai visité quelques uns de ses appartements ainsi que sa chapelle; j'ai obtenu sa bénédiction pour ma famille avec l'indulgence à l'article de la mort. Tu te trouves compris avec les autres.

J'ai visité bien des belles choses depuis que je suis ici. J'ai surtout vu avec intérêt les corps des Saints. J'ai visité les chambres où St. Louis de Gonzague a vécu, celle où St. Stanislas est mort. J'ai dit la messe sur leur tombe: j'ai pensé à toi d'une manière toute particulière afin que tu imites ces bons petits saints. Nous irons demain à Tivoli en excursion. Nous serons neuf Canadiens, presque tous prêtres. Tu diras au P. Supérieur que j'ai rencontré ici les Messieurs du Canada arrivant de Jérusalem et que je lui écrirai bientôt. Il

devait y avoir un beau feu d'artifice, ce soir, mais la pluie a tout arrêté.

Nous partirons de Rome mardi pour visiter Assise et Lorette. On regrette de laisser Rome où il y a tant à admirer, mais il est trop tard maintenant pour visiter. Il fait une chaleur accablante et les puces nous dévorent. Je finis cette lettre en te recommandant bien d'être bon pendant la vacance. C'est le temps le plus dangereux pour toi, et si tu n'es pas courageux tu perdras le fruit des bonnes leçons que tu as reçues de ta mère. Va à confesse toutes les semaines, comme pendant l'année; ne fais amitié avec personne. Sois toujours seul à ta chambre ou bien avec tout le monde. Etudie un peu, pratique et rends quelque service quand on te demandera. N'écoute que les avis de tes supérieurs et non ceux des autres. Rappelle-toi qu'Eve a été perdue, parce qu'elle a préféré écouter le serpent plutôt que Dieu. Si je te trouve changé, ce sera parce que tu auras écouté de mauvais amis. N'enaie aucun. Dieu et tes parents, c'est assez pour ton petit cœur. Allons! Je finis en te demandant de m'écrire comme je te l'ai dit. Je n'ai reçu qu'une lettre depuis deux mois que je suis parti. Prie bien le Sacré-Cœur et sa bonne Mère. Présente mes saluts à tout le monde et mille tendresses pour toi

Ton Oncle.

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VOURLES 19 JUIN 1885.

Mon cher petit Viateur.

Que fais-tu donc? Je pense presque que tu m'as oublié. Il n'en est pas ainsi de moi. Je pense souvent à toi et je serais très heureux de recevoir de tes nouvelles. J'ai vu avec plaisir que tu as remporté plusieurs prix à la fin de l'année. Cela me donne à croire que tu as continué à bien travailler. Remercie le bon Dieu qui t'a béni dans tes études: à lui toute la gloire.

J'ai assisté à une grande revue militaire, le 14 Juin. C'était bien beau de voir défiler près de dix mille soldats. Ils inclinaient en passant leurs drapeaux devant le Général. Et les fanfares retentissaient tout le temps. Le soir il y a eu un grand feu d'artifice et une splendide illumination.

J'ai visité dernièrement à Lyons l'église de St. Irénée qui est mort martyr ici avec 19 mille chrétiens: tous les ossements sont entassés les uns sur les autres, c'est comme des cordes de bois. Ne manque pas d'écrire à tes bons parents.

J'espère que tu es toujours fidèle à mes recommandations; relis mes lettres afin qu'elles te les rappellent, si tu allais les oublier! que la Sainte Communion et la fuite des mauvais amis te gardent de tout danger. J'ai bien hâte de te revoir avec la douce espérance de te retrouver, toujours le même, obéissant, humble, pur et aimant la prière. Prie pour moi et reçois les plus affectueux embrassements de

Ton Oncle.

Vourles 29 Juillet

Mon bon petit Viateur,

J'ai reçu ta bonne petite lettre j'espère que tu dois en avoir une autre en chemin. Ecris-moi avec le P. Supérieur. Je ne savais pas que tu avais perdu ta grand' mère; pense à elle dans tes prières et demande-lui de te garder de tout danger et surtout du péché. C'est une sainte; aie une grande confiance en elle. J'ai reçu une lettre de Georgette; elle me dit qu'il y a de la maladie chez vous. Tu n'es plus là pour aider à ta bonne mère; aide-lui en priant et communiant pour ta famille; fais quelques visites au St. Sacrement et à la Ste. Vierge dans ce but. La prière est forte et toute puissante quand elle vient d'un cœur pur.

Je suis heureux d'apprendre que tu as commencé à étudier. Les commencements sont difficiles, mais sois sûr que l'étude te procurera les plus grandes jouissances quand tu seras plus avancé, Il faut avoir aussi de l'ambition et chercher toujours à connaître d'avantage. Comme tes parents seront fiers de toi si tu les honores par tes succès et Dieu te récompensera si tu fais valoir les quelques talents qu'il t'a donnés.

Je n'ai pas beaucoup de nouvelles à t'annoncer; Je ne suis pas sorti depuis que je t'ai écrit. J'assisterai demain à une distribution de prix. Les écoliers ne font que commencer à sortir des collèges ici. Je mange de magnifiques prunes et de bonnes pêches dans le jardin de la communauté. J'ai mangé des cerises tous les jours pendant que j'étais en Italie. Nous aurons bientôt du raisin. Mr. le Curé Lesage te donnera bientôt de mes nouvelles. Il doit être rendu chez lui vers le 15 d'Août. Relis mes lettres de temps à autre et sois fidèle à mes avis je t'embrasse bien et te bénis,

Ton Oncle.

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VOURLES LE 21 Aout 1885.

MON BON PETIT VIATEUR.

J'ai reçu ta belle petite lettre. Je suis heureux d'apprendre que tu persévères toujours dans tes bons sentiments. Quel bonheur pour moi de te retrouver tel que je t'ai laissé! tu me dis que tu grandis: il faut que tu fasses comme a fait le petit enfant Jésus qui en grandissant en âge, grandissait en vertu et en sagesse. Sois meilleur, cette année, que l'année dernière: tu comprends mieux: il faut te servir de tes connaissances pour aimer Dieu d'avantage et faire le bien et remplir tous tes devoirs avec plus de fidélité. Au commencement de l'année, tu vas faire connaissance avec de nouveaux

compagnons: ne va qu'avec ceux qui ne te donnent que de bons exemples; et fuis les méchants avec plus d'horreur que s'ils étaient des serpents, parce qu'ils donneraient la mort non à ton corps, mais à ton âme, ce qui est le plus précieux en toi.

Laisse-moi te dire que depuis que je t'ai écrit, j'ai visité le Sanctuaire de Paray Le Monial où Jésus-Christ est apparu à la bienheureuse Marguerite Marie pour lui dévoiler l'amour de son divin cœur. J'ai dit la messe où il s'est montré: j'ai bien prié pour toi et tous mes autres enfants. En revenant, je suis arrêté à Cluny qui a été autrefois une maison religieuse célèbre, la plus grande peut-être de l'Europe; il y a beaucoup d'intéressants souvenirs. Je me suis arrêté à Mâcon où Lamartine, un des plus grands poètes du siècle, est né. Je suis allé à St. Point où il a vécu; j'ai vu son tombeau et suis entré dans son château. Je finis. Je partirai lundi le 29 de ce mois et j'aurai bientôt le doux plaisir de te revoir: en attendant, je t'embrasse bien affectueusement.

Ton oncle.

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Septembre 10 1885

Mon cher petit Viateur,

Je ne sais comment t'annoncer la grande épreuve qui vient de frapper ta famille. On t'a dit que ton bon père était dangereusement malade. Après avoir souffert des fièvres pendant trois semaines, il a rendu sa belle âme au bon Dieu. Tu n'as plus de père sur la terre; il est au ciel! Tu perds, cher enfant, un affectueux protecteur; mais du haut du ciel, il continuera à prendre soin des enfants comme il le faisait lorsqu'il était près de vous tous. Il a parlé de toi, à ses derniers moments. Il était si content d'apprendre que tu réussissais bien dans tes études et surtout que tu te conduisais en bon enfant. J'espère que tu prendras cette épreuve en chrétien, c'est la volonté de Dieu, il faut s'y soumettre. Notre découragement ne changerait rien aux choses. Et ta pauvre mère a déjà assez de peine sans qu'elle apprenne que tu de décourages en apprenant la mort de ton père. C'est bien ton devoir de le regretter, de prier pour lui et ta mère, mais toujours en te soumettant à la volonté de Dieu qui est le meilleur des pères et sait mieux que nous ce qui nous convient. Ne t'inquiète pas de ta mère; on prend bien soin d'elle; elle est chez nous maintenant avec tous ses enfants. Elle ira l'année prochaine chez ton oncle Léon.

Je t'écris à la course. Je te reverrai bientôt et te donnerai tous les détails qui t'intéresseront. Ta mère t'embrasse ainsi que toute ta famille.

Au revoir bientôt.

Ton Oncle.

— The loss of the remainder of the manuscript of Mr. Ball's Paper on the "Origin of Ideas" continued from the last issue, with that gentleman in Chicago, places the JOURNAL in the awkward position of having to omit the remainder of the essay.

— The Juvenile Zouaves and their bright attractive uniforms were the subject of much comment at our Prize Drill Day. Adj. Schultz is a capable little officer and captivated every one. Lieut. O'Callaghan also made many friends and we would not only be pleased to see these again, but hope Fr. Mahoney will bring many more. Plenty of room, Father and the fresh air will do them good.

PERSONALS.

Meath—The many old friends of A. H. Meath '81 will be surprised but delighted to hear that he is practicing medicine in the great city by the lake. Visitors will find his shingle at 322 and 324 Blue Island Avenue.

Danahy—Dan Danahy, '78 sends us a neat catalogue of his justly famous stock and breeding farm on the Geneva road about two miles west of Aurora. He has some great stock and it is with pleasure the JOURNAL records his success.

Shanaghy—Mike Shanaghy '82 is engaged in an extensive grocery business with his brother in Chicago.

McMahon—We record with pleasure the following from the Catholic News of Dr. McMahon, who made his classics with us; he will deliver the address on behalf of the alumni at Commencement to the graduates.

Rev. Dennis J. McMahon, D. D., of St. Gabriel's Church, has been appointed pastor of a new parish, which includes West Farms and Hunt's Point. The Catholics of those places attend St. Augustine's church, Mott Haven. In a short time Dr. McMahon will take charge of the new district. He has been stationed at St. Gabriel's church nearly eight years. Dr. McMahon is about thirty-three years old. He was ordained at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Montreal, eight years ago. Before his appointment to St. Gabriel's he was stationed at St. Bridget's and St. Stephen's. He enjoys the distinction of being one of the very few Americans who have received the Doctor's cap at the famous Sulpician Seminary.

ROY MEMORIAL NOTES.

Let the good work go on.

Let there be a strong attendance at the Roy Annual meeting.

Father Legris, Secretary of the Association has sent

circulars to all old students, requesting their presence at commencement.

A generous Rev. Friend has just sent nearly two thousand dollars for the purchasing of a marble high altar for the new chapel. Soon after a box arrived containing three pairs of beautiful alabaster vases, each standing about three feet high and of exquisite delicacy. Accompanying these was a gold plated censor. We cannot thank the Rev. Father too much for his timely generosity, but we beg the blessing of God on him and trust the students will remember him in their prayers.

The work on the new building is prospering wonderfully. Already two floors are laid and by Commencement Day the walls of the remaining story will be well up towards the roof. The cut stone about the front door will be of exquisite delicacy.

THE PRIZE DRILL.

The Second Annual Prize Drill for the Mahoney Military Medal, took place Thursday afternoon, June 13. This Medal is donated each year by Rev. D. S. A. Mahoney of the Chicago Newsboys' Home, and is awarded to the non-commissioned officers, who has the highest average in the theory and practice of military tactics.

The drill took place on the College campus and everything was most favorable for successful competitors. The judges selected were, Capt. T. J. Ford, Lieuts. Fleming and Case, all of the world renowned "Chicago Zouaves."

The contest was begun by competitors for the Mahoney Medal, fifteen in number. The young gentlemen were put through a severe manual, which they executed with great skill, and for the majority there was little scoring done. These contestants did admirable work and well deserved the hearty applause they received at the close of their exhibition.

The next on the programme was the drill for the "Rowan Medal" presented to the Commissioned Officer who stood highest in theory and practice. In this contest there was remarkable skill shown. Only five went out to compete and these, the younger ones of the staff: their ages ranging from 12 to 16 years. Strange to say the youngest one was far the most skillful, going through a long and difficult manual with only two scores against him. He was only defeated by the failure in the theoretical examination.

The third part of the contest was a company drill for the Pennant, only two of the five companies competing: A and C. The pennant was won after a

close contest by Co. A. which was found to have beaten its adversary by only half a point.

This concluded the competition, which lasted one hour and thirty minutes, in which time two Medals and a pennant were fought for and won.

A dress parade was now given by the Battalion, 120 strong and Major Grandchamp, commanding, assisted by Adjutant Chultz of the Polish Zouaves of Chicago. The boys executed this with their old time precision to the admiration of the distinguished officers and the large crowd of visitors who had gathered to witness the drill.

After the Parade had been dismissed, Lieut. Case gave one of his fancy drills and with a skill that seems almost marvellous. He has the reputation of being the finest drilled man in America, and certainly his exhibition goes far to prove such an assertion. He handles a nine pound gun with more ease and with a greater variety of movements than an ordinary man could handle a cane. It was a rare treat for the boys and it is to be hoped that we shall be favored again by our skillful friend, Lieut. Case.

In the meantime squads were detailed to pitch the tents which the officers and visitors intended to occupy during the night and the row of white tents together with the general military display presented a picturesque scene, not however entirely new to our College grounds.

The hour and a half thus spent had been greatly enjoyed serving no less for amusement than for practical instruction to those who had assisted by their presence at the beautiful display made. It was already past the usual hour for supper and now that the demonstration was over, we naturally turned our eyes toward the refectory where we soon found ourselves and our supper being disposed of we returned to the campus, to rest a short time preparatory to the musical programme which Rev. Father Sullivan had arranged some time previous and which was to be called at 8 P. M. At the hour appointed we repaired to the music hall where we listened to the fine music rendered by the orchestra as well as songs sung by Capt. Ford and his brother officers for which they seem to have no less ability than for Military tactics.

After an hour thus spent in music, songs and social chat, those who intended camping out went to their respective tents and so ended one of the most pleasant days St. Viateur's has seen for some time.

Friday morning, Rev. Father Dore announced the result and it was found that the "Mahoney Military Medal" had been won by Private Martin Lennartz; the Officers Medal by Lieut. J. J. Condon; The "McCann Medal" by Serg't John Howland; the "Bergeron Medal" by Private Ambrose Boylan. After the thundering applause which this announcement elicited had subdued

Rev. D. S. Mahoney, Capt. Ford and Lieut. Case made short speeches all speaking with wit and finesentiments. Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. Pres. then closed the seance with words of thanks to our distinguished visitors and able Judges.

An informal reception was tendered the visitors at Rev. Dean Beaudoin's elegant parsonage at 10 o'clock. Shortly afterwards these gentlemen were invited to the Notre Dame Academy where Lieut. Case gave an exhibition drill which called forth hearty applause and wonderment.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *Traveler's Record*, always a bright and spicy little paper is now a gem. The May issue is full of good reading matter, is beautifully illustrated, and has many charming features, well calculated to recommend it to all. We take occasion to thank the *Record* for its regular appearance.

The Pittsburg Catholic comes out in a full new dress. It has lately changed hands, the former proprietor M. Jacob Porter being still retained. The *Catholic* has earned an enviable reputation for itself in the past and it is to be hoped the change will not lessen but rather add to the good of the paper. We extend our congratulations, wishing the *Catholic* success. The paper is published by the Catholic Publishing Co., Pittsburg Pa. \$2.00 per. year.

The *New York Freeman's Journal* is tracing, at present, in its columns, a list of all the converts made to Catholicity during the past Century. The list will prove long no doubt, and includes some of the most famous names in the history of our country. This is only one of the interesting features of the *Journal*; it is a well written and ably edited paper as well as an authority in Catholic matters.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of "The Washington Centenary," a pamphlet issued by H. O'Neil & Co. New York. The book contains a full account of the three days celebration and is a beautiful souvenir of America's great demonstration.

EXCHANGES.

With this issue we close the present scholastic year. The object of this column has been that of friendly criticism to which we have generally adhered. We have received many flattering notices as well as many severe criticisms. Whatever may have inspired the former, the latter were too often the result of egotism. But we rest not on praise nor do we let go all that was pointed out in no friendly way. Whatever merit our paper may

have it has always been *by* the students, not *for* them, a hint some of our exchanges might note before they begin to prate about their own superiority. We despise especially the growlings of those who when they get their paper filled by the help of friends, take advantage of that circumstance to criticise others; of another kind who believe that a college paper should be a light for the world rather than a field for students' practice. Who read college papers after all? Very few. And who goes to them for models of style, or the solution of great problems? No one. Who would impress people that they should be such? Those who developed only one of their bumps: that of self-esteem. Monomaniacs have never done anything good for mankind and the rule will hardly change in the future. We bid adieu to our friends of the College world in the hope that those who fill our places shall endeavor to improve in the light of past experience and with the hope that friendly criticism may be the *Ex. Editor's* motto.

The spleeny critic of the *College Message* takes occasion of the monthly appearance of our French supplement to bestow upon us a lesson of American Patriotism. It would seem that to be a patriotic American, one must cease to study French, or for that matter any foreign language, and be satisfied with knowing English alone. *Message*, mark our words! Your estimate of Americanism is narrow and ignorant. We believe in that broader and truer Americanism which admits of all the accomplishments of the most highly civilized life. It is high time for you to be told that a knowledge of the languages does not lower or weaken the patriotic sentiment of any man worthy of the name and capable of higher things; but it gives a stamp of true and high culture to the land, and shows that we are not all altogether absorbed in rail-roading and in coining dollars. Think not, therefore, that our monthly supplement in French is a menace to American Institutions, or that it stifles American patriotism in our young hearts. The JOURNAL, we think, has often enough expressed our truly and thoroughly American sense; useless to demonstrate evidence.... Here we do not do things by halves. We are not satisfied with learning a few detached phrases from text books; we learn something that, while it may be truly refining, will also be useful to us. So we learn to speak and write French. Hence our French Supplement. If we and others take so much time and spend so much money in acquiring a little knowledge of French, how can you blame those whose language it is, for cultivating it? Our fellow students here, whose mother tongue is French, are few in number and are not foreigners, but Americans, born right here in the midst of all that is American. They are proud of the country of their father's adoption—but

think it no crime to remember the land and the language of their ancestors. They are not ashamed of Lafayette, nor of his sweet accents. Talk about nasal twang! Can anything be more twangy than the Yankee twang? Depew, speaking of the Americans says that when their throats are tired they speak through their noses—a resource, which, he adds, a Frenchman (Max O'Rell) has not. We have little faith in the competency of the *Message* critic.

In the CERCLE FRANÇAIS there were articles entitled: Genius is Patience, André Chenier and Chatcaubriand. How could devotional feelings find in them their way. Some articles were merely reproductions from the *Journal de Bruxelles*, but they have been mercilessly enveloped in the general massacre. The *Message* does not agree with the *Collegian*—the Universal Review of college papers which says: "The *St. Viateur's College Journal*, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill., is a thoroughly interesting semi-monthly. Combining happily local intelligence with solid literary worth, it ably represents the undergraduate literature of a powerful sect. Perhaps the striking feature of the *Journal*, certainly a unique thing in the college world, is its *Cercle Francais*. We would heartily recommend the reading of the articles written under this head, and in the French tongue, to all who chance upon the paper."

The *Emory Phoenix* of a late date, in a criticism of an article which appeared in the JOURNAL: "Why Catholics should rejoice at the Inauguration Centennial," seems to appreciate the sentiments contained therein, but fears that we have committed ourselves by a too liberal doctrine. If our friend of the *Phoenix* had read closely, he would know that the sentence quoted by him was directed to Protestants. Honest Protestants acknowledge that there is salvation in the Catholic Church; Catholics know that there is no salvation outside the pale of the same Church. This does not mean that only those who are active Catholic will be saved, but applies as well to those who lead good lives and are *earnestly in search of the true religion*. That is Catholic Doctrine. About the oath of allegiance that Bishops and Archbishops take, you are entirely mistaken. These make a profession of faith and also declare that they will oppose any heresy or schism that arises in the Church, in other words they promise to oppose *error* and it would seem that all men should do as much. Your authority(?) has no foundation for the declaration he made. When you wish to be informed on Catholic matters consult the proper authority, not people or books as poorly informed as yourself. In the Roman Pontifical can be found the ceremony of the consecration of Bishops and the profession they make.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

An Italian Dominican, Padre Alberti Guylielmoth, has published a dictionary of naval and military terms the result of forty years of the chronical studies.

It is announced that Abbe Hogan, of Brighton Seminary, Boston Diocese, will be director of the Sulpitian Fathers in the new University at Washington,

The Princess Stephanie, wife of the late crowned prince of Austria, after Pentecost will be presented with a golden rose given annually by the Holy Father to some distinguished lady.

We learn with regret that the improvement recently manifested in the health of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco was but temporary. A private letter from that city describes his health at present as wretched.

On June the 9th. the Pope held a conistory, and made the occasion important by the creation of seven new Cardinals and by the creation of several bishops. Of the new cardinals there were two for Italy, three for France, one for Austria, and one for Belgium. The full number of cardinals in the christian world, is now seventy.

Among the first to assist the sufferers of the late Pennsylvania calamity were the bishop of Pittsburg, the priests and good sisters. Their timely and sacrificing efforts have relieved many poor unfortunate beings. There were nine Charity, seven Franciscan and seven Benedictine Sisters. Among the priests were Rev. Father Guido, Geobel, Cosgrove, Gallagher, Trotivein, Rosenstreet, Doren, Corcoran, Derlin, Boyle, Smith, O'Connell and Lambury.

From Valanza, in Spain, comes the news of the foundation of a new religious order, which has for its object the assisting the condemned in the prisons and the galleys, and looking after released prisoners. The founder of this new Order is Father Suigi Gaardian, of the Franciscans of the Modelena in Valanza, who is much assisted by the governor. Recently fourteen young men of good families took the modest habit of the Order, when the ecclesiastical, civil and military authorities of Valanza, assisted at the interesting ceremony.

A remarkable story is told about the sisters of the Catholic convent of Johnstown. When the mother superior saw the wave coming from the South-Fork dam, she at once called the sisters to the chapel. Here the dozen nuns began to pray for protection against the water which was fast approaching. When the heavy mass struck the building it shattered the entire structure, and every room except the one where the sisters knelt in prayer. Another miracle in the same place has caused a great sensation. In one of the Catholic churches where devotions were held, the water rose fifteen feet, badly damaging the interior, yet the decorated statue of the Blessed Virgin, only three feet high, was not sullied by the liquid. The flowers, the wreaths, the lace veil were undisturbed and unsoiled.

A recent decree of the Sacred congregation of Rites has declared the validity of the process instituted in Paris by Apostolic authority, with regard to the sanctity, virtues and miracles of Mother Barat, the foundress of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. The same Sacred Congregation, has also decided the case of beatification and canonization of the venerable servant of God, Father Lorenzo du Tridillo, a Cupuchin priest. It has also confirmed the custom practiced in Amcey from time immemorial in honor of the venerable servant of God, the Abbe Benoit.

The same Congregation has granted an Office and proper means for the Feast of Blessed John Fisher, Blessed Thomas Moore, and the other English martyrs.

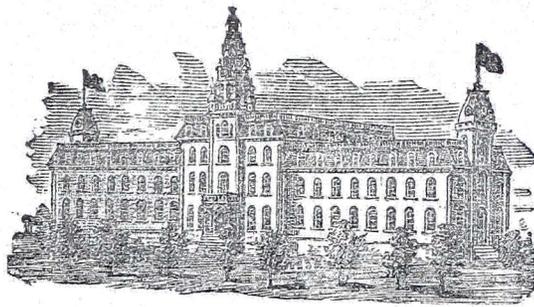
The first work of Archbishop Sighers after being consecrated Bishop of of Vancouver Island and Alaska, was the opening of the west coast of Vancouver Island; by establishing missions and dedicating them to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The zealous Bishop on his initiatory voyage baptized 884 little children and shortly afterwards sent a priest to Hesquiat to reside permanently. And now the whole coast is in care of four priests who are sacrificing their lives for the conversion of the poor savages. A letter was recently received by Bishop Semmens of Victoria, from Father Brabant, who was one of the pioneer missionaries of Bishop Sigher's band and who in the first year of his labors was attacked and almost mortally wounded by a savage chief and left for dead in the woods. The Rev. gentleman still bears the marks of the terrible encounter.

The London Telegraph thus comments upon the death of Father Damien, the leper martyr; "The news, sad as it is, cannot be regarded with the feeling ordinarily excited by the death of a public man. The departure of that pure and noble soul forbids altogether the usual language of regret, and inspires instead something like gladness at the release of a friend of heaven and of a man in whose ears, if ever in those of any emancipated spirit, will be surely heard the celestial greeting, "well done, thou good and faithful servant!" In an age of incredulity and cynicism there was one simple priest who, by his perfect love for his kind and absolute devotion to a terrible self-chosen duty, fixed upon himself the admiring grateful gaze of all civilization."

The anti-slavery crusade is still vigorously pushed by Cardinal Levigerie. His Eminence has just written a letter of invitation to the members of the anti-slavery committees to the International Congress to be held at Lucerne, Switzerland, on August 3rd; next. The delegates will comprise representatives from England, Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Holland, Hayti and West Indies. The Congress will last a week closing August 10th. The Cardinal appeals to the colored free men of Siberia, of Hayti and the United States to send delegates to this gathering. His Eminence addresses those "in the name of Africa and of Europe, which," he says; "will not hear them without being touched. They should seize this opportunity to plead in behalf of their brethern and to receive the friendly greeting of the assembly." The Congress will no doubt be a great success, as the Cardinal has enlisted all Europe in the work.

A young Indian lady has just been received into a Benedictine Order at Zell Dak. This young lady is a typical Sioux, no blood of the white man coursing through her veins says the Dekota Catholics. Five years ago, at the age of twelve, she was placed under the care of the Benedictine Sisters at Fort Yates, where for four years she diligently pursued her studies. The last year of the five was spent in the same manner with the Sisters of the Holy Childhood, at Aurca, Murray county, Min. At length having shown a marked vocation to the life of a religious, she was brought by Rev. F. Craft to Zell, the place of her choice, where having served the customary time as a postulant she received from Rev. Father Bunning the holy habit, and became a novice of the Order of St. Benedict. She is the first full-blood member of the Sioux tribe to enter the religious state.

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