

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. TUESDAY, May. 17 1886.

No 4

A. H. PIKE.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

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

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

EDITORIALS.

BLOSSOMING MAY and its dear lays, its sweet devotions to Mary, once more return to rejoice us, to subdue us to their wholesome influences. How gladly we welcome this month always peculiarly a happy one for the students! It seems to absorb all the harshnesses of unfeeling winter; it knows but to sooth, to heal, to give new life.

THE USUAL DAILY EXERCISES as proposed by our Rev. Director for this month are being observed with proper and edifying attention. We should thus jealously guard these old established customs which are safeguards for ourselves during our college career and can only tend to develop in us that christian fortitude so much needed in the riper years of manhood so often encompassed with many many vexations. Therefore let us now be glad, let us pray and let us sing!

EVERYTHING PORTENDS a happy, a brilliant crowning of this scholastic year: a goodly number of

"Sheepskins" the "Grand Gold Medals" already glittering before the contesting gaze of worthy competitors, these dainty columns of red lined and gilet-edged "Premiums" with the festive blue ribbon tied, the "Discours de Circonstance", the "Farewell Speech", the "Commencement Songs" already preparing; and to crown all, the "Alumni Banquet!"

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for securing the presence of a Bishop who would confer Holy Orders on the deacons and other members of the Theology class, and would in the afternoon preside at the Commencement exercises and address the students. This would not a little enhance our fête.

IT WOULD BE VERY DESIRABLE that the prize essays written for the "Foster" and "McKune" Gold medals were kept for the last issue of the Journal which appears after date of commencement. These together with the Commencement speeches, addresses, and general doings would form an interesting number, one which every student would delight in reading over. Then, ye rhetoricians court your muses, take up your ink and pen and make the poetry as you make the prose!

FIRST COMMUNION DAY, a day ever of joy untold, of sunniest purity, that day, cherished by the great exile of St. Helena as the happiest of his life, will soon again shed about us that same gladness so pure so ineffably pure that it seems as if the angels themselves, guardians of innocence, brought it from heaven. Oh happy children, you cannot too well appreciate your first feast, the grandest by far of your young prime; and may you cherish it ever as most sacred and dearest of grateful memories.

OWING TO necessary preparations made for the publishing of the catalogue there will be but one more number of the Journal forthcoming besides the Commencement Number which will thus be the only June issue.

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Down where the willows so gently are waving,
Fanned by the winds that float o'er the lea
Down where the wild grape so profusely is trailing,
Rude crosses stand—marks of mortality:
Mid them at morn oft strayed in sweet childhood
A flaxen-haired youth with cheeks like the rose,
No fragrance of rosebud, that scented the wildwood,
Was sweeter than he, in that peaceful repose.

When weary and tired of the butterfly chasing
Amid broken tombstones that crowned the fair dell,
Wild flowers he'd gather, and his footsteps retracing,
Would sit on a green mound to him beloved well.
Still little he dreamt there rested a treasure,
Whose value to him would never be known,
Little he recked of the love beyond measure,
That there lie implanted sunless and lone.

Often at eve on this soft mound reclining
Only a few rods removed from his home,
He'd linger, he'd watch in sadness repining,
Waiting fond footsteps, he fancied would come;
Oft when the shadows were on thickly creeping
Chasing the sunbeams that feign would delay,
He'd tarry, he'd sprinkle the wild plants now sleeping—
His joy and his hope by night and by day.

One cheerful evening, the dews they were falling,
The faint winds were uttering their sweet melody—
The songsters their young to their shelter were calling—
He slept, slept profoundly in youth's ecstasy;
He heard the sweet words of a fond mother singing,
Singing those songs whose notes were fresh still,
Fresh in his memory in harmony ringing,
Fresh as the dewdrops, that fell on the hill.

On still he slept his head at times turning,
His face warm glowing, fixed on the sky,
He spoke and he raved, some inner spark burning,
He grasped at some phantom that flitted him by.

Startled—"my mother, for you I've been longing!"
These were the words he most lovingly said,
Whilst the bright stars the blue vault were thronging
And nature laughed on—that sweet boy was dead.

J. P. M.

THE POET PRIEST.

In the death of Father Ryan, American Poetic literature has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the South, one of the most zealous advocates of its cause. He was born in Virginia in 1837 of Irish parents. Having finished his classics, he went to a seminary at Cape Girardeau, Mo, and the commencement of the civil war finds him applying for the position of chaplain in the confederate camp. His brother also enlisted in the same cause, and his death has furnished the material for one of his finest poems. Since the war Father Ryan has been actively engaged in clerical labor in various southern dioceses. He gained for himself, however, quite a reputation by his lectures and sermons while in Mobile, Ala. But his exquisite poems have placed him first among the singers of the South, of which he wrote so beautifully as to gain for himself the epithet of the poet of the "lost cause," or as he is more commonly known, the "poet-priest of the South." His verses are as he says "incomplete in finish, but true in tone," having been written "just as the mood came, and always in a hurry."

"Thro' his very grandest rhymes

Moved a mournful monotone—"

His style all through is marked by a plaintiveness and beauty which does not fail to elicit the attention and admiration of the reader.

The productions of Father Ryan were never gathered together till about six years ago, when a young friend offered to share the cost of the publication. Bound, they form a most entertaining volume of some one hundred and eight selections. Among the more popular poems are "Erin's Flag" in which he evinces a true Irish spirit; "The Conquered Banner," and "The Sword of Robert Lee" are war lyrics written with surpassing sweetness and tender sadness. "Their Story Runneth thus" is claimed by some to be a leaf from his own life.

His last few days were spent with the Franciscans at Louisville, whither he had repaired for a spiritual retreat; he intended after that to complete a book on which he was at work. Shortly after his arrival however he was taken sick with heart disease. His last hours were most pitiable; he imagined himself now on the battle-field, now in the pulpit addressing a congrega-

tion. Finally in spite of the tender care of the kind Franciscans and the ablest physicians, death, the agent of Heaven, claimed his weary spirit. Most impressive ceremonies were held over his dead body at St. Boniface's church in Louisville, whence it was transported to his old home at Mobile. Although Father Ryan was but forty six years of age at the time of his death, yet during those few years he gained for himself a brilliant reputation as a poet, priest, and patriot.

P. W.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

All the nations of the civilized world stand impatiently watching a struggle for liberty which a nation down trodden for seven hundred years has almost accomplished. Exiled sons and daughters look from every country and every clime on the noble efforts of their fond Mother struggling to be free. Universal literature, the magazines and newspapers both of the Old and New World relate her glory and her praise; this nation is Ireland.

Up to the year 1172 Ireland was a free, independent and prosperous nation. Ruled by her own kings and protected by her own armies she was for centuries the cradle of literature and sanctity and all that was great and noble. But being at the latter date invaded by the English who unjustly took possession of her shores, driving the natives from their homes and lands which they handed over to their own followers who still hold possession of the soil and are well known by the name of *landlords*. Unable to cultivate the land themselves they rent it at a very high price to the Irish peasants, and being absolute masters of the land they overwhelm with taxation the helpless poor. They are tyrants of the darkest hue—the weapons of English greed and English hatred for Ireland. They fix, bound or restrained by no law, the amount of rent which the tenant must pay; the tenant if he dare utter a word of complaint, would be flung out upon the road-side and all he possesses handed over to some other man who would be found willing to take his place.

The soil of Ireland is rich, but a plentiful harvest depends more upon the Seasons. If the summer is dry and warm the fall brings a plentiful supply to the tillers of the land, but if the rains of summer are frequent it gives indication of a poor harvest and the farmers will be unable to pay their rents for which even their scanty furniture, and cattle, all are sold by the landlord to the highest bidder. In this way several thousand families are made homeless and as a natural result a famine takes place in the land.

It was a famine in the year 1876 brought about in

this way that led Parnell, aided by the Bishops and priests of Ireland, to form the Land League which soon spread its branches throughout the whole world. It is judged treason against the crown of England for an Irishman to love his country; and Michael Davitt while paying the penalty of such a crime was the first who planned in an English prison the organization of the Land League. It was soon taken up by Parnell who in turn was aided by the clergy of Ireland with Archbishop Croke at their head; thus the Church and State combining with united efforts have almost succeeded in making Ireland again as prosperous a Nation as she was before.

The legislative body of England is divided into two houses—the house of Commons and the House of Lords. The members of the former, unlike those of the latter, are elected by the people, but the representatives of the people can frame no law without the consent of the Lords. In the House of Commons alone there are 670 members, including 105 chosen representatives from Ireland. These 670 members representing England, Scotland and Ireland are divided into three great parties of whom their respective leaders are Gladstone who leads the Liberals, whose number is about 300; Salisbury the Tories who reckon about 265; and Parnell the Nationalists whose number is 89. On every legislative question the two former parties vote one against the other, and as they are almost equal in number, Parnell with his little band of 86 holds the balance of power and he has by this means hampered England in such a manner that she cannot make a single law—either for herself or for any of her colonies without his consent and his vote. Thus is England compelled to grant Home Rule to Ireland, which means the power of making her own laws. Seeing this and hoping to gain for himself a name, Gladstone espouses the Irish cause, who a few weeks ago, speaking in the House of Commons, in the name and with the authority of the English Nation declares that England during the last 700 years has unjustly persecuted Ireland “Truly” he says, “there is no other alternative but to give Ireland her own government or to send Cromwell again”

T. L.

OUR TABLE.

This is the place which the literary gardener must visit with hoe and pruning knife, for at this season wild fancies spring up with as much effervescence of life as do weeds in a garden. These wild fancies assimilate themselves principally into spring poetry. Spring poetry is of rather suspicious growth and unless it bears the stamp of sterling worth it must feel the weight of the

gardener's sceptre, the hoe. The task, though, is not one of sempiternal weeding for there are fair flowers and fragrances to delight the gardener and substantial pabulum to nourish him as well. Let us walk, sceptre in hand, in the garden of our exchanges and we will cull and prune at the same time.

From the picturesque banks of the Hudson hails the *Trinity School Record*, an unostentatious, but all the more worthy, publication. We read every word of it with much zest. The article on "The Poet Shelly" is admirable. We rarely saw anything more to our taste in college papers. Such studies should principally characterize college Journalism. This essay is not a feeble attempt such as is often made, words at hazard which it is a loss of time to read. We can see here that the writer has read Shelly and has read him enough to be able to say something interesting of the subject. The article is tastily written as these lines for instance, prove: "And yet, the waywardness, the sorrow, the suffering of former years all breath through his wondrous lines, even the most ecstatic of them. It is like the great bell, whose tones were found not merely by the gold, the silver and the jewels the people had thrown into the furnace, but by the fetters and chains torn from subterranean dungeons, and by the prayers written on perishable paper, and by flowers, withered instantly in the furnace's fiery breath." So is Shelly the great bell of Nature, "the interpreter of her very soul." The *Record* contains interesting notes, especially those of "The Lounger," and with the exception of a few repetitions in the editorials of the expressions "We are glad," "We are sorry" "We are delighted," etc, the paper is almost faultless.

The Courier, a literary and musical visitor comes monthly from the great music centre of the West, Cincinnati. It speaks of the great "Masters," of "The Beautiful in Music," of "The Philosophy of Music," of musical recitals in the City and environs, and various renditions of musical chef-d'œuvres; also it gives a peep into books and periodicals of the day. In all, *The Courier* is a relishable paper and we welcome it always.

The Normal Monitor, of Tennessee, has fair editorial paragraphs, but no literary matter of any interest to general readers. The exchange column consists of clippings from other Journals—no comments.

The Georgetown College Journal for March opens up with a translation in verse of Horace's fourth ode as good as a spring poem, the best. T. L. deserves credit for his philosophical essay. The Local, Editorial and Exchange departments are interesting. *Jam Lates* of "De quibusdam rebus" is a wit. The paper is neat and well written.

Hello Kalamazoo, from Michigan, Bad Man!... Yes this is Bourbonnais.... Well, we would a word with thee, worthy Sir of the *Index*. Allow us to ask you a

question or two. Did you read our article on "Prejudices" wherein we said something of the *Hamilton College Monthly* which seems to have displeased you? Did you read it? If not, evidently you cannot criticise it. If you read it, you probably noticed on the same page our refutation of certain opinions expressed in the *Index* with regard to Spain. It is strange enough you should attempt to defend (if that's gallantry) the female institute and never say a word of like remarks passed upon yourselves. Charity, it seems, begins at home here. Your chivalry is a trifle Quixote-like.... We always read at least once, and sometimes twice, papers we intend to judge, for though an editor, we have a conscience. We doubt whether you follow this guide... Again, are you the tolerant, wide-souled we would take you to be??... For a Frenchman, (the author of article in question) bred to Parisian customs and manners your manner is anything but polite. If we were Irish we would not be ashamed to own it. In Paris it is more becoming to call attention to a lady's mistake in the way our little Frenchman did than by calling her straightway a bigoted Puritan old maid, and other such ungallant names to which you are perhaps better accustomed. Our French way of saying instead "feminine sensitiveness" is better adapted to our manners and to our conviction. Read over carefully "Prejudices," page 206, of *St. Viateur's College Journal* and see if you haven't made a sad mistake. We find in this number a very neatly written essay entitled "Here and There," discussing questions of interest to college readers. The other matter, though well handled, is only of local interest. Of the essays in a later number, that on "The value of Fiction" pleased us most. This sentence is found in the exchanges: "There is enough channels by which the country is inundated with light literature without prostituting the College paper to this base use." That is probably a slip of the pen.... As for your advice, we don't think it sincere; given in the heat of excitement, it sounds like boy's talk. "Come out once a year!" Well, we are sorry to say we won't profit by it. It shall be lost; better with draw it and fasten it over the door of your sanctum or ship it with "handle carefully" to...

The Torch, a monthly luminary, we believe. *The Torch* sports a classic air, very suggestive name, an elegant design on a neat cover, but only four pages of literary matter which includes school notes, quotations, etc. *The Torch* almost reminds us of a certain fable which speaks of something under a lion's skin; of course we refrain from indulging in the reminiscence for we found a page which quite interested us. "Successful Work" is a good essay in three points which demonstrates that the success of labor consists in (1) pecuniary consideration, (2) the excellence of the work itself, (3) the elevating influence which labor exerts upon charac-

ter. Articles such as this would make the Torch a veritable light. . . . The little boy of 11 who wrote this sentence on the old proverb; "The boys soon found out that under Frank's fine clothes was a selfish heart and a bad disposition and that the poor boy was thoughtful and kind" must be a *petit prodige*; he will shine.

The High School World, of St. Paul, Minn, comes every time, like Nero, attired in a new coat. "The Dude Hunter" reminds us a good deal of our own Nemrods, and the poetry about him also recalls to us poetic sentiments we ourselves thought of writing but didn't write. The essay on Napoleon begins with too many prepositions: but it is otherwise fair and winds up with especially happy effect. We are of your opinion that a truthful historical novel is a valuable addition to the literature of the day. More essays like these would improve the *World*.

Probably through a want of classic taste we have never been enamored with any thing in the Greek character. In the last number of the *Boston Stylus* we read the "Decidedly short trip to exceedingly ancient Greece" and did not feel repaid for the time it took us to read it. We enjoyed, though, the poetry, all, as well as the "Experiences of a Sub-Editor" which fairly made us laugh at ourselves, and "The Literature of the Augustan age," giving a very correct *aperçu* of that period and in a style fitting the *Stylus*. The *Stylus* evinces able management, and carefulness in the preparation of matter as well as in the general appearance of the paper. We ever much welcome the monthly visits of our Boston friend.

The Niagara Index abounds with an interesting variety of subjects. The studious like to read essays on "Shakespeare as a Historian," "Baron Tennyson," "Oliver Wendell Holmes," "Charles Lever." The Educational notes and the essays on "Tides," "Partiality," "Dawn" delight the youthful rhetorician. The lovers of the humorous will read with pleasure "Loquacity," "Spring Poetry," etc. Besides there are always many interesting local and personal notes. The *Index* is a good sample of College journalism as far, at least, as literary excellence is concerned.

Our other exchanges have been very assiduous in their visits and though we would like to cull more from their inviting walks we must for the moment be content with thankfully acknowledging their receipt. Among others come (*The Musical Record*), (*The Current*), (*The Crescent*), (*The Ave Maria*), (*The Emory Mirror*), (*Chion Messenger*), (*Northwestern College Chronicle*), (*The Blackburnian*), (*The Adelpian*), (*The Delphic*), (*The Comet*), (*The Sunbeam*), (*The Chaddock*), (*The Penmans Art Journal*), (*The Hamilton College Monthly*), (*The Connecticut Catholic*), (*The College Message*), (*Le Progrès*), (*L'Avenir National*), (*The Swarthmore*

Phoenix), (*Michaels Advocate*), (*Le Propagateur des bons Livres*), (*Mirror of American Sports*), (*The Locomotive*), (*The Guide*), (*The University Monthly*), (*The School Bulletin*), (*The Echo*), (*Journal of Stenography*), (*The Notre Dame Scholastic*), (*The Normal Herald*), (*The Kankakee Chief*, *Times*, and *Gazette*), and also French Canadian papers.

PERSONALS.

Gallet—Ed. Gallet, '84, the well remembered amateur of sports and of news-papers, is rail-roading in the far off territory of Idaho. He holds an office.

Killeen—Tom Killeen, '84, is engaged in the typo business in Chicago. We remember Tommy as a good type-setter and all our "devils" still mourn his loss.

Worrel—We were not a little surprised to meet James Worrel, '83, on the college grounds the other day witnessing a base-ball game. He has just returned from Indianapolis, where he has stayed for a couple of years, and will now live the quiet life of the country.

Therriault—We hear of late that Stephen Therriault '83, the swift pitcher, is settled down to business in Kansas. He is married and runs a good drug-store.

Shanagy—Michael Shanagy, '82 of Twelve Miles Grove, is now at the head of a good grocery-store in Chicago. May success crown the efforts of his enterprising mind.

Meath—We remember what pleasure and surprise we experienced a year or so ago on hearing that Augustus Meath, '81, had fallen heir to a most honorable fortune. We now learn that he is pursuing a course of Medicine at the Rush Medical College, Chicago.

Dougherty—John Dougherty, '81, (bro. of James) recently joined the *benedicts* (?) and is now happily located amid the agricultural scenes of Piper City's surroundings.

Monahan—Charley Monahan, '81, (bro. of John) has followed Dougherty's example and is settled near his former home, Chatsworth, Ills.

McCabe—It was a pleasant surprise for us to recognize, amid the crowd of spectators who thronged to witness the famous base-ball game, John McCabe, '82, who has now grown to be quite a man. If we can judge from appearances, John is doing splendid work as a traveling agent.

Powers—Our readers will be pleased to hear that John Powers, '81, of jocose and pleasant memory, is now buried in a monastery in the Emerald Isle, studying for the church.

Fay—By later news we learn that Charles Fay, '84, whom we mentioned not long ago as being yet at home, is now book-keeper for the Spring Valley Coal Co, Spring Valley, Ills.

SPORTIVE.

Hurrah for the "Mugwumps!"

The "petit" nine of villagers defeated the Minims last Tuesday; score=16-8.

Messrs O'Day and Carroll of the Chickanous make a strong battery.

The champions appeared in their new uniform of gray and red, last Saturday and after giving three royal cheers for the Thespians and Club Molière, indulged in a short practice game with the Mugwumps.

The boys worked well last Tuesday and the result is, a beautiful diamond instead of the old one. The diamond needed a thorough overhauling, which it received. The bases were raised, new lines marked, the back stop repaired and everything is in readiness to receive our visitors.

There is talk of forming a league of the small clubs. It should be attended to at once. No doubt very interesting games would result from a division of the best of the small boys into several clubs, and surely it would create a little excitement.

We clip the following notice of our last (& lost) game with the Kankakee Browns:

"The Kankakee Browns tackled the college nine at Bourbonnais Sunday afternoon and secured revenge for their unmerciful drubbing of the Sunday previous by defeating the collegians in a ten-innings game 15 to 10. The Browns presented a strong nine, including Charley Eden, the professional, and Meeney and Van Sickle, the former a semiprofessional formerly connected with Ohio clubs, and the latter a former member of the American league. Eden's pitching was terrific and demoralizing to the batter. He was caught by Van Sickle in fine style. The other members of the nine were Jolly, Knecht, Alpinier, Walker, Feagin and Sharky. This is said to be the first defeat the college nine have suffered on their own grounds in seven years." (*Kankakee Gazette*.)

At a meeting of the C. S. V. Base Ball association last week, following officers were elected—Rev. Fr. Rivard, Pres, and manager; Rev. Jos. Moysant, Sec.; Mr. Glenn Park, Treas.; Mr. P. Sullivan, Capt.; Mr. John Dore, Umpire; and Mr. Joseph Kelley, Scorer. Mr. Dan. O'Neil was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Shannon and Mr. Wm. Quinlan was elected substitute. A vote of thanks was tendered to the Dramatic Associations for their kind assistance at the soirée. Arrangements were made to play several of the neighboring nines, after which the meeting adjourned.

On dit Bro. Lauzon is to build a boat; we should like to see him do it.

The artist swimmer Mr. Gallagher will give swimming lessons on Thursdays afternoon at the river.

The Billiard table is still much patronized these wet Days.

Yesterday's game with old friends from Wilmington was in every respect a beautiful game. At half past one already it was cheering to see the lively "White & Blue" and "Red & Gray" skipping lightly about the grounds preparing to play the most interesting contest that was ever fought on the college diamond. The audience gradually increased to unusually large proportions, several hundred of strangers being present. From the minute that the game was called and the boys took the bat till the last ball was caught, it was almost one breathless suspense of intent attention with only one occasional cheer. The game was very orderly and good humored all through. The Wilmington boys are as gentlemanly as they are expert players and *vice versa*. The errors were few on both sides. The best playing was done at the latter end of the game by P. Sullivan, our catcher, and J. Murphy, our pitcher. In the last inning he pitched 9 balls and struck out 3 men, a feat quite phenomenal. The following score speaks for itself.

S. V. C.	R	B	P	A	E	WILMINGTON	R	B	P	A	E
McGavick, 1b	1	0	6	0	1	Nutting, C	1	0	16	1	0
Parks, c. f.	0	0	0	0	1	Shields, 1. b.	0	0	6	0	1
McMullen, 2. b.	0	0	2	1	1	Walsh, 1. f.	2	0	0	0	0
Cusack, s. s.	2	2	0	1	1	Bennet, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Legris, 3. b.	0	0	0	0	1	Quitgley, 2. b.	0	0	2	3	0
Sullivan, C.	2	0	17	3	0	Krouse, s. s.	0	0	2	0	0
Roach, r. f.	2	1	1	0	0	Thompson, 3. b.	1	1	0	0	2
O'Neill, 1. f.	1	1	0	0	0	Hall, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Murphy, P.	0	0	1	17	1	McVey, P.	1	0	0	20	1
	8	5	27	22	6		6	1	27	24	4

Two base hits: Sullivan, O'Neil. Left on Bases: College Nine 5, Wilmingtons 6. Double play: Sullivan—McGavick. Struck out—By Murphy 17—By McVey 18. Bases on Balls: College Nine 3, Wilmington 2. Passed balls: Sullivan—0. Nutting—6. Wild Pitching: Murphy 1, McVey 1.

Umpire, Flanders.

After supper the Band marched out in triumphal procession; they took their stand first on pitcher's box with the hero of the spot in their midst tossing a ball to their quick measure. Thence they moved to home plate and played another air to the catcher, and then and then and another again. They "marched" around

the diamond and everybody was glad and said hurrah for this and hurrah for that one, and—"may we see the dandy Wilmingtons again!"

The Kankakee Browns were assistants at yesterday's great game and anxious, it seems, to play again. They are coming next sunday if report be true.

We thank our manager for those handsome foul flags.

The new bases were sadly needed.

The hand-ball alley can boast of players as in the times of Baker and other artists.

The ropes did grand dispatch at last game, and we see that they are almost indispensable for a quiet orderly game.

The Kankakee juvenile conducted by Jack O'Malley give our Juniors battle, and are satisfied to be walloped every time.

The Mugwumps! if *they* had suits, where would C. S. V's B?

The C. S. V's are intending to get pictures taken in full dress.

Jacko the veteran fisherman is always of the same luck, the suckers fairly cling to his hook.

The raft or flat-boat or row-boat or steamboat that Bro. Lauzon is going to build will be very convenient not to say immense and almost indispensable, for crossing the river to bathe on the sand bank opposite the little ravine.

EXCUSE.

For many reasons too numerous to mention there have remained in this issue many sad typographical errors. There is a new devil in the type and he seems to be possessed of such happy disposition for mistaking, so means the proof reader. Be indulgent then, readers dear, in the name of... our apprentice.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

GOLD MEDAL.

H. Legris.....Gold Medal.
Silver Medal equally deserved by J. Kelly, Lamarre and Meehan; drawn by J. Kelly and Meehan.

DISTINGUISHED—P. Parker, Fitz Gerald, Deveny.

Composition.....J. Kelly

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

GOLD MEDAL.

W. Quinlan.....Gold Medal.
Silver Medal equally deserved by W. Mohr, Grand-

champ, F. Brosseau, J. Murphy, and E. Bennett; drawn by W. Mohr, and L. Grandchamp.

DISTINGUISHED—G. Parks, S. Saindon, McHugh, W. Roach, Tynan, O'Brien, A. Dory, G. Evrard, M. Fortin, Kennedy, O'Day, E. O'Connor, Naughton, Umbach, A. Brosseau. Bigham, Duffy, Bernier.

CONWAY MEDAL.

Equally deserved by W. Quinlan, E. O'Connor, and W. Tynan; drawn by W. Quinlan.

SCISSORINGS.

Fashion in music, like fashion elsewhere, is changeable as the clouds. (The Courier.)

There is one fault with which foreigners charge us, which it is impossible for us to deny. This is an affectation of independence, insubordination to superiors, an entire want of reverence for the aged and of deference for those who possess more wisdom and more prudence than ourselves. (N. D. Scholastic.)

It is difficult to shake off loose and careless habits when they have once obtained a strong hold on a person. For this reason we, as students, should be careful not to acquire any while at college, or they will be a serious impediment to our success in after life. (Swarthmore Phoenix.)

To the lover of nature no pastime is more enjoyable than to wander through woodland and pasture in search of the first product of spring May flowers. (The Eclipse.)

Be familiar, but by no means vulgar. The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with looks of steel. (Hamlet.)

An essential qualification of a good speaker or a writer is a command of language, the acquisition of an extensive and readily available vocabulary. Now, an important means of acquiring this valuable requisite is the habit of taking notes in the course of one's readings. (N. D. Scholastic.)

The love of noise and harsh dissonance is a trait of childhood and barbarism, which is the childhood of the race. We are explosive and noisy naturally in moments and eras of high exaltation, when the physical system asserts itself and reflection and thought are dim. But the slow process of culture changes the love of loud manifestations. It tones down high and flagrant colors, and softens disagreeable and sharp sounds. As the nerves and mind become sensitive, music increases its spell. (The Current.)

NATURE'S CONVERSE.

The dreamy, starlit silintness of midnight's holy hour, listen! . . . what does it say? . . . The changeful tints of early dawn, waking morn, the first salute of the glad birds from their blossomed tree-tops to the rising sun, do these not thrill the minutest fibres of the soul . . .

The grand sun-light shedding heaven's smiles upon the earth, which in turn laughs to heaven's bright caress with its millions of dew-drops sparkling like gems, with its blossoming flowers sending up sweet fragrances, with its merry-voiced birds hymning their own gayest chirrups in melodious accord with all nature's tuneful praises, does not this ineffably enrapture the soul? . . .

How can poets, *they* of keener sensibilities, help singing in song divine the wondrous mysteries that nature in its converse reveals? . . .

The winds that sigh and melancholy moan, the breezes gay that laugh and smoothly sooth and endearingly caress, the mad gales that whistle and howl and make the tempest terrible, all these are nature's breathing speech; they speak.

The soft white cloud that lightly floats across the azure of heaven, playfully chasing others as gayly flitting by, the clouds of the sunset with their exquisite display of colorings, the dark storm-cloud which says:

"I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder,"

they tell us all of the heaven where they roam liberty not earthly.

The mountains that rear their huge masses to the welkin's blue, speak of a mighty power. The humble valley that in its lap holds the grazing herds, its busy stream that to the mightier ocean hastens, these are full of suggestiveness, of salutary lessons for the honest swain himself who dwells amid such. Very true are the words of the poet:

"To sit on rocks o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not main dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude. 'Tis but to hold

Converse with Nature's charms and view her
[stores unroll'd.]"

All things in nature, if we in our daily rush after worldly things only would listen, speak grandly the glory of the One on high. We too should join this universal canticle and with all our souls repeat in thankful gladness "Bless all His works the Lord!"

SOCIETY DOINGS.

Wednesday evening, May 12th. the Thespian Association held its closing meeting. After briefly congratulating the society for the successful work of the year, the Rev. Moderator stated the purpose of this our last assembly to be the adjusting of certain matters of some interest for all. In default of our former secretary, Mr J. Meehan was appointed by society vote to the vacant office.

As manager of the base-ball club, Rev. Fr. Rivard presented the thanks of the S. V. C's voted at a recent meeting to the Thespians for their services on May-Festival. These, on motion, were unanimously accepted by the dramatists.

Our Moderator then proposed to the society's consideration the best way of disposing of the fund remaining in the treasury from St. Patrick's day's entertainment. After due considering, proposing, and voting, it was decided that books be bought for St. Patrick's library, allowing of course use of same to Thespians not of St. Patrick's society. By formal vote it was agreed that the Rev. Moderator appoint a committee for examining catalogues of books and making a judicious choice of works. The gentlemen on committee are Messrs Alex. McGavick, James Meehan and Philip Lesage.

After a short chat the prayer bell was the signal for adjournment.

The "Cercle Molière" held their closing meeting under the old elm by the little ravine on Monday, May 3rd. The "Cercle" received with pleasure the vote of thanks tendered them by the base-ball association. They decided to send three representatives to the Montreal celebrations on the 24 of June; These *heureux mortels* are Messieurs Alex Granger, Moise Roy, and Alex. Rivard. After these resolutions and many others of minor import they "Cercled" around a picnic dinner altogether *à la Molière*. The meeting after that adjourned for pleasant walks through the ravines and woods. . . .
Aurevoir, Camarades!

LOCALS.

— Suits!
 — Pictures!
 — Red and Gray!
 — Broken smiles!
 — Capt. Sullivan in shorts!
 — New back stop; thanks, Bro. Lauzon.
 — Filio has our days numbered to a second.
 — The musical picnic was much enjoyed last Wednesday.

— So instantaneous was the process of our late artist that some did not have time to "finish their smile."

— The Base-ballists thank their friends for their attendance at the May Festival given Sunday the 2nd. inst.

— Rev. M. A. Dooling preached in St. Mary's last Sunday.

— The button hole bouquets brought from the woods the other day were the most enormous we have ever seen in that line of goods.

— Found on the river bank near ravine: a shoe-book extra size, now in possession of A. G. Apply at this office.

— Bro. Mainville has secured new and elegant designs for printing this year's catalogue.

— Rev. Fr. Towner, of St. Eugene, Canada, a traveling companion of Rev. Fr. Marsile during his trip to Europe, visited the college last week with Rev. Fr. Chouinard of Manteno.

— Rev. Fr. Hudon, who has been assisting Rev. A. L. Bergeron at Notre Dame's Church in Chicago, and also travelling for his health, made a farewell visit to the Grove before returning to Canada.

— Rev. J. Moysant has been assisting at Wilmington since the late change of Rev. O. McShane; Father Moysant speaks well of Wilmington and the out mission.

— It is finally settled that the grand elocutionary contest for the "Hagan Gold Medal" shall take place next Wednesday evening the 19th inst. There is a great deal of practicing going on and it is encouraging to see how much interest is taken in the contest by the students. All favors should be thus appreciated.

— Prof. Murphy has just translated into blank verse the French of our Commencement song which promises to be the most beautiful yet heard.

— A thomas cat sat on a fence,
 And sang the same song always.
 A brick bat knocked him off from thence,
 And the wind blew through his "Gulways."
Contributed.

— A little party were on a vacation (from Lat. vaca=milking-the-cow) tour (French for *trick*) at the lower end of the yard, and had appointed a committee-

of-one "not to tell." The committee-of-one was detected and through him his confrères. They were still busily, very busily engaged in drawing the plentiful draughts from the patient cow, when a *gendarme* came upon the boyish fraud. Surrender was the only alternative. The boys did the right thing and promised, never, no nevermore—to be caught again!

— The Happy Hunting Grounds south of the Big Ravine is one field of blossoms, wild flowers of all kinds with birds and sweetest perfume.

THANKS.

We sincerely thank Prof. J. Lyons, of Notre Dame, University, Indiana, for a complimentary copy of "The Miser", his translation of "L'avare" by Molière. We are already acquainted with the translations and various publications of Prof. Lyons and we are not surprised at finding "The Miser" so well adapted by him for the College stage. The comedy retains a great deal of its original esprit and does inspire a sovereign contempt for the typical avarice of Harpegon. We will not write for a better farce to humor up our next soirée. Once more, many thanks.

The Editors.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.

This May Fête, unusual as it is, will perhaps appear to the old students as an innovation on our ordinary routine of college festivities. So changeable are things human. This however is only a gem, it seems, added to the cyclic crown of the school year, another bright light that illumines the occasionally darksome warfaring of a college lifetime. Hitherto our May congé consisted of an ordinary free day without any extraordinary demonstrations of joyousness. This year thoughts so far silent prompted the organizing of a grand fete which we appropriately called our May Festival. The base-ballists wished to purchase playing uniforms and for that purpose requested the service of dramatic and musical societies of the college who unanimously agreed to give a public entertainment, the proceeds of which should go to base-ball fund. The plays were rehearsed under the directions of Rev. E. Rivard C. S. V. and the day appointed for the event was Sunday, May 2nd. Advertising bills headed "Fun! Base-Ball! Music!" were spread far and near in plentiful profusion. The audience was consequently one of the most numerous that ever assembled in the Hall. The stage was dressed with green festooning and flowers, in front were the ensign of the Base-ball club under whose auspices the soirée was given. Two bats were crossed surmounted with wreath and flowers from which hung the cat-

After that opened the *shaking* scenes of the "Nervous Man" closely tracked by the invincible "Man of Nerve," his plague, his leech, his curse. This battery (as it were) was excellent. The rest of the players acquitted themselves equally well of their secondary but non the less amusing roles. The play itself is an admirable study of characters—clear in their respective delineaments. Even Mr. Clackett in characteristic in-Keeper's style, would praise up his country butter and fresh eggs, "everything of the best." The performance was much relished and almost constant applause accompanied the *nerve* force of Corney McShane as well as the irritabilities of Mr. Aspen. In all, it was a success as well as the farce of the "Cercle." I hear some people said they had not assisted at a better representation at the college for years. People *will* talk. Lets suppose it's so. Anyhow the "Home Sweet Home," a very difficult composition by Mr. Mazurette, was well executed by our pianist M. A. Roy. Some one said he had dropped three grace notes. Let's suppose it's so. Eddie O'Connor's "Resignation" was played not only without a fault, but with a remarkable expression, and certainly our young soloist deserves encouragement. Of the many complimentary notices given of the concert in the Kankakee papers we clip the following from the *Gazette*: "The large chapel (Hall) of St. Viateur's college was filled Sunday evening to attend the musical and dramatic entertainment given by the students under the designation of a May Festival. The large and well-trained orchestra and choir gave a number of selections supplemented by several piano solos and duets. A French and an English farce were given with spirit and furnished great enjoyment to the audience." As customary we subjoin the

COMEDIE FRANCAISE

END.

L'AMOUR D'UNE MERE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CLARA LESDEBAIS,

By MASTER F. C. H. OF THE "CLASSE SYNTAXE."

Two angels watch at the cradle side of childhood: the strength of a father, the love of a mother. The latter alone, a mother, so angel-like indeed, preserves her power to the last, she knows how to stem the overflowings of passions, she buries all chagrin within the mysterious folds of her own heart, and at the same time spreads happiness on all whom her dear influence reaches.

A mother's heart is an abyss which no human affection can fill, or exhaust. God has given this creature, naturally so weak, with the power of accomplishing the most heroic sacrifices. It is through her that tenderness, compassion, and love in all its degrees and in all its shapes, are entertained in the family and in society.

However unfeeling be the heart of a child, he will ever cherish the fond caress of his mother, of her who since his very birth and during all his life has only proved how much she loved him, and what sacrifices she would be ready to make for his happiness.

A mother's love shrinks before no sufferings. Many are the nights that this living providence has watched by the cradle of her infant, when sickness hovered about it! and even when at length she herself, fell exhausted and care-worn, we have seen her calm and smiling, for she had vanquished death!

What pangs, though, she must have endured to arrive there, what sadness must have pierced her heart during these long nights of sleeplessness? That secret is hers, no one knows it, no one shall ever know it.

As long as the danger lasted, her vigilance did not fail one instant, but at each slight move of her dear patient she felt the point of a sword entering deeper and deeper into her heart.

The child grew and he waxed strong—the hour for marriage rang. Poor mother, it is now she has need of all her courage; the cup has become a chalice, and she must drink it to the lees. Again she does this with a smile on her lips; would she not give the last drop of her blood for the happiness of her child?

An example comes back to my memory; it will show the tenderness of mothers.

One day a woman sees her only child leaving her, he goes beyond the seas in quest of happiness which seems to flee from him. Twenty years after, the child, now become a man, returns to his native home; he finds his mother weeping before a crucifix in a well-known room;

this spectacle draws from him a deep sigh—at once a voice responds:

My son!

She has not seen him the poor mother, but her heart has recognized the one she was awaiting so long, so long.

What incomparable bliss is mine! she exclaimed. Oh call me: "My Mother!" For twenty years this name so sweet has not echoed in my ear; the world has seemed to me empty, for I did not till now feel the endearing caresses of my son.

See how from weeping my eyes have become for ever closed... Oh! call me again my name!

O maternal love, of all the blessed sentiments sent us from heaven, thou alone keepest ever strong thy almightiness when all others fade away or die! May thy souvenir forever preserve from all stain the heart of the child when he becomes a man, and then aid him to walk, calm and proud to the end of his career!...

CATHOLIC NOTES.

It is said that the diocese of Albany, N. Y., is to be divided and Syracuse is the chosen city for the new See.

The twelfth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union will be held in the city of Philadelphia, on the 19th. and 20th. of May.

It is stated that the King of Abyssinia, Africa, has consented to allow Bishop Rouvier to return to Abyssinia and to reopen his Lazarist mission at Keren.

Miss Constance Edgar, step-daughter of Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, who a year or more ago entered the Sacred Heart Convent at Baltimore, took her final vows and assumed the black veil on May 5th.

The conversion of Wilhelmina von Hillern, an authoress who has gained a high reputation in Germany, as well as that of her daughter Erminia, who is also a writer, is announced from Turin, Italy.

The young Sioux chief, Fintan Mantogna, a nephew of Sitting Bull, whom the Rt Rev. Bishop Marty, of Dakota, had sent to St. Meinrad's, Ind., to be educated for the priesthood, died recently at St. Mary's hospital, after a lingering illness.

The Catholics of Cleveland are taking definite measures to raise money for the purpose of erecting a monument to Bishop Rappe. The present intention is that the monument shall be a life-size statue of the Bishop, with mitre and crozier, to be placed in the vestibule of the cathedral.

The diploma of Merit of the North, South and Cen-

tral American Exposition has been awarded to the schools of the Sisters of Mercy, of New Orleans, for their educational display in the collective educational exhibit. A special diploma has been presented to the same for needlework, plain and artistic.

Father Rioux, of St. Monique, Canada, who has, given during the last few years, much remarkable evidence of talent as a painter, and whose efforts have found place in several churches in the Dominion, has gone to Rome where he will spend the next two years with the best masters of the Eternal City.

It is stated that the celebrated artist, Franz Lenback who painted the portraits of Leo XIII and Prince Bismarck, has been summoned to Berlin to take the portrait of Emperor William, who has ordered three copies, the first of which is to be presented to the Holy Father. Emperor William has also sent the Pope a costly gold cross mounted with jewels as a *souvenir* of the late arbitration. May these friendly sentiments of the Emperor and his Chancellor last.

It is announced that the Minor Capuchins of Spain have accepted the arduous task of going to evangelize the Caroline Islands. Owing to the late services of the Pope in the arbitration of the difficulties between Spain and Germany, the latter country seems disposed to allow the missionaries all the liberty they require to bring the work to a successful issue. The first band of religious have already set out, with true apostolic joy, having received the special blessing of the Holy Father before their departure.

In the reply to the greetings of the Bishops of Australia to the Bishops of America is read: "Four bishops only, whose mother tongue was ours, sat in the Council

of Trent; at the Council of the Vatican 120 shared in the deliberations. At this moment they number 160, and we may, without rashness, venture the prediction that before the century closes they will exceed 200. Moreover, doctrinal and devotional works in English, which fifty years ago were scarce indeed, are now to be found in almost every Catholic home. Our noble language, which for three centuries has served by voice and pen to spread abroad so much of religious error, is now, thank God, as the vehicle of truth to the nations, and as it is to-day the great medium of intercommunication in trade and commerce, so may it be more and more the channel for conveying the blessings and consolations of the Gospel to the hearts of men."

An Italian priest had unhappily abandoned the Catholic Church to join the sect of the Baptists. He now returns to the fold after twelve years wandering. Among other things, he says: "I throw myself at the feet of the sovereign Pontiff, who represents Christ on earth. I return as the wandering sheep to the fold. I deplore and abjure all my errors, my falling away and perjury, hoping through the divine Mercy, and through the intercession of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, the pardon of my sins and that peace which I sought in vain during twelve years. I deplore my past errors, and let this my letter be as a public, solemn and irrevocable retraction of all my errors and heresy; and as a public solemn and irrevocable declaration that I accept no other Church but the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, no other head than the Sovereign Pontiff, no other doctrine and truth but that which the Church, by means of its infallible head proposes to the belief of the faithful."

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