

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Nov. 27, 1886.

No 11

A. H. PIKE.

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No 11.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

MR. J. CUSACK.....'87.
MR. A. GRANGER.....'87.
MR. P. WILSTACH.....'89.

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

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

EDITORIALS.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS from the grammar and rhetoric classes are, *caeteris paribus*, very creditable essays. For the encouragement of these "budding geniuses" rather than the entertainment or enlightenment of our readers, we publish these virgin efforts without making any correction or further apology.

* *

WE WOULD ADVISE our fellows, and general college readers to peruse the lecture by Prof. Swing, of Chicago, on the genesis, or rather manufacturing, of "Literature." It is full of very common, but very true and very useful hints for young men who, as ourselves, are endeavoring to shape their "shapeless pens."

* *

TO BE GRATEFUL is a lesson which we must learn while yet very young and which we must put into practice every day. Gratitude should be inborn in every child, a part of every man's nature. Nothing is so revolting, so monstrous as ingratitude and that especially in the yet guileless heart of a child! We have all received blessings for which we should every day thank heaven. But such signal favors are sometimes showered upon individuals, families, nations, that it

seems fit to recognize these favors by a public and enthusiastic display of the more than ordinary grateful sentiments which then fill the soul. We Americans have received and are still receiving our large share of the gifts of an all kind Providence, and on our Thanksgiving we gratefully acknowledge as gifts from on high our dear independence, and the universal prosperity with which our land is so bounteously filled.

* *

THERE IS ONE THING for which we must feel grateful, as Rev. Fr. Marsile remarked at the last reading of the notes, and that is the conscientious interest our professors manifest in encouraging our diligence and in correcting our indolence. Should we students be reminded of our dutiful regard toward our instructors by a pagan general, the great Alexander, who thought himself as much indebted to Aristotle, his preceptor, as to Philip, his father?—"For," said he, "one gave me the life of the body; the other, the life of the mind." Indeed the one who moulds the heart, trains the mind, guides the soul, unquestionably makes "the man." We cannot gainsay that. As we are counselled, then, let us ever act, viz, study, play, read, practice, as if under the vigilant eyes of our parents and we shall not fail to acquire healthy life of limb, and of mind, and of heart—the wherewith to be useful members of society.

* *

HEALTH, as Harvey so strongly upheld in his spirited eulogy on "The Farmer," and as Charlie also proved in showing the indispensableness of "The Physician,"—health is a very great boon. Much of our mental work and success depends upon our physical condition. We ought, then, to make it our concern to keep our muscles well strung, our cheeks well flushed, our nerves in equilibrium; gay spirits and a clear mind will result. Contentment everywhere will reign, and success be our easy prey. For that, exercise, open air sports, the boisterous, obstreperous, vociferous games of the campus are the best recipe. Roll foot-balls, or snow-balls, or hand-balls; when the weather is too inclement (and it is rarely ever so) then, swing the dumb bells, the indian-clubs, try the rope-ladders, the horizontal or parallel bars, etc. Be healthy, boys, and you can be hard students.

A RETROSPECT ON THE "DARK" AGES.

As we follow back the course of tradition we find in the centuries immediately preceding this, an untiring activity, an unparalleled vigor in all branches of industry, commerce, learning, and invention. Truly well has this period been called the *Renaissance*; for now the seemingly wasted energy of centuries has been again vivified. One step farther along the course of time, we find another period and apparently the opposite of the preceding. Here all vitality seems to be extinct; whereas it is really only dormant. Commerce, for the most part, is neglected; learning is confined to the few; and invention, that external expression of genius, is all but unknown. This is the famous Middle Age of history; an age sadly misunderstood by most historians, viciously attacked and maligned by some, shown in its true light but by a few. On this epoch we will chiefly dwell. But, for a moment let us take one step more in order to ascertain the condition of nations prior to the Middle Age. One step, and we behold the splendor of Rome in power. 'Twas a glorious epoch; and though the vitals of that powerful fabric were eaten to the core, its magnificence ever remained till the last. A step beyond and we may catch a glimpse of the glory of Greece, her Athens encircled with the halo of wisdom, strength, and beauty. Scarcely had the splendor of Athens waned, when from Rome there burst forth a dazzling beam whose rays ere long illuminated the western world. And yet, this glory too was to dim and flicker, and in the fall of Rome the last spark was extinguished. Ancient pageantry is no more; Roman magnificence has ceased; and the history of new nations begins.

But, let me ask the reader, following this long era of magnificence and splendor, could you expect an equally glorious and splendid epoch? Were the ruins of the pageantry of full ten centuries to be replaced by the piles of a yet unformed nation? Why should not the centuries immediately succeeding the fall of Rome be *dark*, for the light of the West waned with that fall? Did that germ of decay which had for centuries been producing such dire effects on the energy of Roman power, cease its work when its victim crumbled?

Let us not wonder then, as some would-be historians if we find in the five centuries succeeding the fall of the Empire, literature somewhat neglected and commercial energy wasted. In this way has the mediæval period of history been misunderstood. Some historians however, have gone farther, and by profligate statements induced people to believe that for the space of almost ten centuries barbarism, ignorance, and all their accessories, were the lot of that middle period of

our history. How unjust such endeavors are, may be judged from the sentence of Mr. Hallam, certainly not one of the most partial of historians, concerning this matter. He considers the Middle Age as embracing ten centuries, viz: from the invasion of Clovis into Gaul, A. D. 486, to the taking of Naples by Charles VIII, A. D. 1496. According to him the first moiety of these ten centuries may be justly styled the "Dark Ages." This term would not be equitable if applied to the second moiety; and would be exceedingly untrue if applied to the last three centuries thereof. But let us not go even so far as to admit that immediately following the fall of Rome there existed a period of total darkness.

The history of nations that were, that flourished and decayed; of men who wrought unexampled deeds of heroism far back in the gloom of antiquity; of states and republics which, for a moment, shone as meteors in the fields of war, of arts, and of letters, and meteor-like disappeared, is traced, not to the energy of our own day, but to that of ages preceding. And though the history of ancient times be not the literary work of the Middle Ages, to them however, it owes its present existence: for by them it has been preserved, and handed down intact. Does the preservation and propagation of such tradition, especially at a time when the great boon of printing was unknown, argue a state of total darkness, one of barbarism and ignorance? "Literature" says Frederick von Schlegel, "may be considered not only as the embodiment of the artistic productions of genius, but also as the medium not only of transmitting the knowledge of the past to coming generations, but even of preserving, and in due course of extending and projecting the acquisition." Now if this be true the "Dark Ages" were not void of a literature, for they were the means not only of preserving, but also of projecting the acquisition of the knowledge of ancient Rome and Greece. The numerous tomes of parchment, highly adorned and artistically embellished in various manners as only the monks of the Middle Ages, knew how, which now grace the shelves of the famous libraries of Europe, and which date as far back as the fifth century, are proofs conclusive of the art and learning of mediæval times. The Amiatine Bible in the Florentine library, and the Book of Kells in Trinity College, works of the sixth century, claim the admiration of the greatest art-connoisseurs of these latter centuries. And such are the productions of an epoch, styled, either through ignorance or prejudice, the "Dark Ages!"

It has ever been a great and very common fault with historians to gauge the quality of nations and times by their fertility in literary productions. Hence, as they find this middle portion of history non-productive of great literary works, they jump to the conclusion that

it must have been plunged in utter ignorance. This is both unjust and unnatural. For we cannot exact an equal degree of literary excellence from all countries and times. In the whole range of history we find no period of regular artistic culture which was not preceded by a term of inertness, it might be styled, but which was, in truth, a time of inventive fullness and poetic wealth. Thus, prior to the days of Solon there existed a period replete with heroic legends and mythological lore, but not prolific in literary productions. Prior also to the Augustan age, there flourished a time rich in lofty and victorious achievements, yet not renowned for artistic and refined literature. And who will deny that the Middle Ages served in lieu of such a poetic pre-existence, when he reflects that these were the ages which fostered the martial spirit of the Crusades, the ages of chivalry, whence have been drawn the themes of the many master-pieces and various love songs of modern literature?

Why then, some one may ask, is the history of mediæval times made the butt of so many unjust attacks? Listen, reader, to admit that the Middle Age was one of prosperity, of culture; that it possessed advantages which we of the Reformation period enjoy, would be a pill too bitter for the ordinary weak-minded Protestant historian to swallow. Hence his chief aim is to brand that age in which Catholicity swayed the whole of civilized Europe, the age which owes all it possessed to the influence of the Church on the State, as one of utter ignorance, and comparable only to the condition of the savage. According to him we would have begun to live only since the Reformation. Since then we have been regenerated, reformed; and the brilliancy, the glory of the nineteenth century is the result of the noble workings of Luther's intellect.

But away with the ravings of such weak brains! He who ponders well the cause of our present prosperity will place it in something more stable and permanent than Protestantism. And he who reflects seriously will perceive in Catholicism the germ of true power, and the pollen of real intellectual growth. Let us for a moment review the work of the Church during the so-called "Age of Darkness," and we will thereby perceive that she lays a great claim to the present intellectual and material progress of the age.

Even as far back as the reign of Trajan faint traces of decline were noticeable in the Roman power. These traces appeared even in the literature of the age. There are germs of decay apparent in every department and section of the Empire; and at last these germs had assumed such proportions as to denote an already total decadence. Then came the fall of Rome, the Rome of power; and with it fell the Rome of literature. Ruin, devastation, rapine succeeded; and amid the general corruption

the taste, the language, and the nature even of the Romans were tainted. In this lamentable state of affairs there was need of a mighty hand to raise this fallen, degraded, nationless people from the depth into which they were precipitated. The Christian Religion, that religion heretofore persecuted by these very people was the one to proffer her aid; and by raising her potent hand terrify the Goth, and rescue the Roman from the cruelty of unmerciful captors. She now concentrated all her power in raising them to the intellectual station whence they had fallen; raise them to power she could not. Hence began that work of literary regeneration in which the Church has so well succeeded. First however she had to curb the fiery and restless spirit of those warlike nation that were now blended in one with the Romans. And then followed the task of imbuing them with principles of religion, according to which and not to those of nature, they might be governed. This was a grand work, a superhuman effort! How well the Church succeeded in it, the different nation of Europe converted from barbarism and paganism, attest. And, methinks, this is a place of culture on which historians of the Middle Ages have laid little or no stress. The performance of her chief aim has never hindered the Church from spreading the seeds of learning with those of religion. Nay rather, she has ever understood that religion and knowledge are not only wholly compatible, but likewise eminent auxiliaries. Hence in the past as in the present, the propagators of the Gospel were also propagators of learning. Impartial, unprejudiced history tells us of the past; incontrovertible facts convince us of the present.

When therefore, Christianity began to spread over all Europe, and became rooted in family and state; when the propagators of the Gospel had sown the seed of knowledge, and carefully reared the plants sprung therefrom; and when, by the labors of energetic missionaries the minds of the people were purged of the dross of pagan and nature worship, and raised to something more grand and sublime; then indeed we might expect a marvellous outburst of genius. It came; and with it a great epoch in Literature. Yet had it not been for the intervention and aid of the Church, we might be but on the dawn of this great epoch, which even is now at its close!

J. S. F.

THE DIVER.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below."

These are the words of a curious king as he hurled a golden goblet into the dangerous Sicilian whirlpool, and offered it as a reward to the rescuer. Again the

request was repeated, and again, but no response; the dreadful thought of the peril to be undergone, together with the sight and sound of that restless, howling world of the deep, cowed and whitened the braves and most ambitious of the witnessing knights.

But soon there was seen emerging from amongst the crowd a young lad with a fearless yet gentle aspect, and dffing his clothes, while the crowd gazed with inexpressible wonder, stepped to the verge of the shore and placing his trust in God gave a leap into what seemed to be the arms of death.

The splash which arose from him striking the water so forcibly, resounded in the ears, and called fourth a shriek of horror from the crowd which encircled the shore, but to no use, the boy was out of sight, and the waters were rolling and tossing as heedlessly as ever, uninterrupted by naught save the spectators lament which passed thrillingly from lip to lip, "Gallant youth fare thee well."

The few ensuing moments were spent in almost breathless anxiety during which the dread suspense grew more and more, and the king began to fear that his curiosity would not be satisfied, but, God knows, that even if the prize was the crown of a king that a crown, at such a hazard would be too dearly valued. For human minds shall never be sufficiently enlightened to dream of revealing the great terror, which lies concealed in the depths of the ocean. Full many a bark, with its cargo of human-beings, has gone down to that fearful and fathomless grave with its keel and masts crushed together, to be seen no more, unless tossed aloft by the sport of the waves.

The rapidly increasing uneasiness of the spectators was, only vividly prompted, by the seemingly louder and clearer sound of the gulf which seemed to be ever rising nearer and nearer, roaring and kissing and throwing its spray in all imaginable directions.

Thus hurries unceasingly on flood after flood and a sound like that of distant thunder, rushes roaringly fourth from the heart of the gloom. But suddenly, like the wing of a cygnet, an arm and a neck glances hurriedly up from the fathomless tomb and began steering stalwart and shoreward, while the left hand, triumphantly uplifted waved the golden goblet the too poor reward for the boy's dangerous feat. After spending some minutes in recovering his breath he advanced, and in a kneeling posture presented himself to the king, who calling his daughter, from amongst her friends, ordered her to pour some wine to the boy, who showed his greatness by exclaiming,—“Long life to the King!”

He then related his adventure in the following manner. “I had no sooner touched the water than I was seized by a current and hurled down with lightening rapidity to the depth of a fathom where I was again

seized by another which with double the velocity of the first, and in spite of all my efforts, spun me round and round.

It was then, in the dread of my need, that I called upon God; and he heard me, and vouchsafed to my eye, a rock, which projected out of the side of the grave that interred me, to which I sprang and clung, and, lo! right before me was the goblet which had been saved by a coral reef from the far Fathomless. While there awaiting the full restoration of my breath and new courage, I beheld the Salamader, snake, dragon and unspeakable swarms of reptiles clumped together in mere shapen masses, also the slow moving hammar-fish, and, with its white grimming teeth the terrible “shark,”—the hyena of ocean.

The next thing I saw was what seemed to be, a hundred limbed creature slowly advancing in my direction and springing from the rock I was again seized by the whirl of a wave which dashed me to shore.”

The much marvelled monarch had, all this time, been staring vacantly at the youth, when at length after somewhat recovering himself he requested the youth to venture again, for the purpose of furnishing him with fresh tidings of the great mysteries which lie concealed in the innermost main, offering him as a reward a ring of the most precious jewels that was ever dug from a mine. In vain did the much agitated princess intercede for the youth, gently reprimanding the king for his wild thirst, and asking leave that the knights put to shame the exploit of the squire, but the king observing her confusion siezed the goblet and again hurled it into the roar of the tide, then turning to the boy promised him, if he would but again expose the goblet, his most trustworthy position and the hand of his daughter.

The intrepid youth stood, with heroic hope shooting flame from his eyes, gazing spellbound on the blush in that beautiful face, which suddenly pales, and she lies, fainting at the feet of her father. Then, as one thought of the value of the guerdon flitted through his mind, illuminating his eyes with radiant hope, he again, stepped to the verge of the shore, and inhaling a short breath plunged head-long to life and to death. The coming and sweeping back of the loud surges is still proclaimed by the same thundering sound, and numerous fond eyes have since wandered over the place where he fell.

“They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng.
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave brings the lost youth to the shore!”

J. M. 1st. Gram.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

Last Tuesday we were agreeably surprised by a visit from Rev. Father Lacasse, a member of the order, of

Oblates of Mary Immaculate, of Montreal Canada. He is one of those zealous missionaries who devote their lives in the conversion of the Esquimaux, and savage tribes of the far north.

In the evening the students tendered Father Lacasse a reception in the study hall. About 8 o'clock while the orchestra was playing the "Marche Pontificale" he was ushered into the hall and escorted to the pulpit. After a fitting introduction by Father Marsile, he began to recount us, in real, current Anglo Saxon, the diversified story of his adventures among his seal-skin-clad parishioners.

Father Lacasse is not only a consummate narrator, but a very wit, with a keen sense of the ludicrous. He so interspersed his narration with the serious, the novel the comic, the true, the wonderful, that the students were literally spell-bound at times, and again wild with outbursts of laughter and applause. We followed the missionary and his guides anxiously along the rivers, through the snows, and forests; saw them "boiling the fish in the water for breakfast, the water in the fish for dinner, and the fish and water together for supper," their only bill of fare. We saw the rough northern indians welcoming, with many a simple exclamation, the return of "the black gown;" there we witnessed an indian mission. There is really something edifying in the simple, strong faith of these Christian Indians.

Again we shift northward, till all vegetation disappears; perpetual winter here holds her sway supreme—snow and ice only and not a fagot. Here we find the fat, greasy Esquimaux. The "Medicine Man" is conjuring; a sick girl lies in her death agony in a tent hard by. In wild excitement and with fierce accents the "Medicine Man" comes forward and asks the Missionary his business. The guides take to their heels and paddle away leaving the priest to his fate. The Father then answers: "I come to show you the road to heaven." "What!" howls the medicine man, "you must have two guides to grope your way down here and you want to show me the way to heaven? Away with you!" More parley. The squaw requests the missionary to do something for her dying girl; and it is the consolation of God's minister to instruct and baptize the child before she dies. Did she believe? "Yes" she said "you could not have come from so far to deceive me." The Esquimaux are instructed; we dwell amongst them for some months.

Thanks to the untiring efforts of the black gown they even learn to sing. But what a subject of annoyance, too, for the weary priest to hear ever and anon some dull savage come to his tent in the middle of the night and call out "Father, Father, are you asleep, if you are I don't want to awake you—but please, what is that word after "wa-shroo?"—Then we witness, again at

mass the edifying devotion of the newly converted—their virgin effort in choral music, etc.

We regret that our space does not allow us to relate more at length the interesting episode so adroitly weaved by Fr. Lacasse into his recital. When he had done speaking of the Esquimaux, he was requested by Fr. Marsile to tell his "First appearance in high society" which subject was treated entirely *à la Mark Twain*. His attire was ludicrous, he was gawky, clumsy, "ill at ease," always as on pins; not stuck-up, but stuck together;—and they, the Mrs. and Miss Sheen, the cream of the cream of æstheticism, professing high life on Sherbrook street, Montreal. It was in their company that our "Lataste" fell one day with his elongated satchel and three dollars in his pocket. His ride with the alarming pins, his reception and presidency at the swallow-tail banquet, the conversation, gum-drops, the escorting, the dinner, the "Belvedere," the sensation, and his safe return are the principal elements of that interesting chapter of his life. While the audience was still under the powerful influence of this laughing gas, the orchestra struck the "Anvil Chorus."

Fr. Marsile then thanked the Rev. Speaker who in turn wished the students well, congratulated the musicians and left behind him many merry, light hearted boys who will always gladly recall his well told pleasantries, and his interesting and instructing "Indian stories." May God ever bless his arduous labors. May he again visit St. Viateur's College where a warm welcome ever awaits him.

Carl.

LOCALS.

- Blizzards!
- Thanksgiving *fuit*.
- Where is the snow-fort?
- Hurrah for the gymnasium!
- Who is going to Belvedere?
- Stafford vs. Sullivan next!
- Where is he that Dandurand?
- Say, Wilson, tell us all about it.
- Athleticism is on the ascending!
- Have you got any prospects yet?
- J. Ricou promises to rival Pedee at the clarionet.
- Did you catch that idea, Convey?—Yes "Throw it here."
- Calvin, Houde, and Knisely are the most sportive Juniors.
- John O'—. asks when is there going to be another "reversal?"
- Calvin, alias "shortie," is a very wizzard on the turning-pole.
- Shark thinks we ought to eat those two hams before Christmas: Big & Graham.

— Last Saturday the beautiful afternoon was enjoyed in foot-balling.

— This is the time boys begin to dream of snow banks, sleigh bells, and oceans of smooth ice.

— Of the minims Frank Moran is yet the best performer, but others are following him closely.

— J. Roach, J. Bigham, R. Fitzgerald, H. Legris, T. Normoyle, F. Lesage, are amongst the more promising senior gymnasts.

— Jos. Desplaines made a spirited oration in front of the church last Sunday announcing two auction sales in different parts of the parish.

— Bro. J. Gallagher, of the Holy Name School, the gymnastic artist, arrived here last Thursday evening, with a view to offer a few suggestions in the further equipping of our gymnasium, and also to show the students how to use the bars, ropes, rings, etc. His performances on any and all the appliances are surprisingly dexterous. The ring acts are especially elegant and difficult.

— Foot-ball is the favorite outside game.

— The minims' two teams played three very hot games of foot-ball last Thursday.

— The Professors and Students indulged in a contest for the foot-ball championship last Saturday afternoon and the Profs. were beaten in four very hotly contested games. The playing of Mr. Sullivan and Jim Roach was especially fine. The umpires were Messrs. Ball, and O'Neil, and Wilstach as referee.

— Pat. Kelly is dangerous when he starts on that trot—Pat is an indefatigable player, and rivals Teelare in *carrying* the ball.

— The most dangerous man on the other side, in foot-ball, is Fred. Lesage; his position is invariably near the enemy's goal.

— Fred. Dandurand, alias Peeno, is the best kicker among the Juniors; next come Rajotte, Houde, Knisely, J. O'Connor, Calvin and Kelly.

— The Billiard table is not receiving as much attention this year as last. Will Cutsinger holds the best cue.

— The quiet sports of the tables are becoming very fashionable on wet days.

— The Profs. played the Students two games of hand-ball also last week. The third and decisive game remains to be played. At scores of 19 to 21 hand-ball is interesting.

— Henry Granger, our former classmate, was married to Miss Ada Caron on Thursday, 25th. inst. Our best wishes to the new couple.

— Last Sunday, after a short and very beautiful sermon by Rev. Fr. Dooling on the feast of the Presentation, the ceremony of blessing the statues of the Sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Conception took place. Rev. Fr. Marsile officiated, attended by acolytes and torch-bearers. As it was so aptly said, the study-hall is

now placed under the watchful care, the maternal vigilance of our Blessed Mother. Each one of us should ever feel as in the presence of his own parents and be reminded by these significant symbols that heavenly eyes are ever indeed upon him.

ROLL OF HONOR.

LATIN COURSE.

Gold Medal drawn by J. McGavick.

SILVER MEDAL.

J. Suarth, J. Ricou, F. Dandurand, P. Wilstach, W. Convey.

Distinguished—G. Roy, L. Falley, T. Lyons, S. Saindon, V. Lamarre, J. O'Callaghan, T. Normoyle, H. Lingle, J. Golden, D. Cahill, R. Fitzgerald.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold Medal drawn by J. Bennett.

Silver Medal E. Bennett, J. Moore, T. Burns, E. Graham.

Distinguished—G. Evrard, O'Connor, Belton, F. Moran, A. Letourneau, Ehrich, F. Lesage, A. Muehlenpfordt, W. Tynan, E. Adams, M. Conlan, E. Harbour.

GUILFOYLE COMPOSITION MEDAL.

P. Wilstach, C. Ball.

CONWAY MEDAL.

J. Moore, T. Belton.

Senior Department.

P. Granger, Conduct Medal.

E. Graham, Politeness Medal.

Distinguished—J. Suarth, T. Whalen, R. Fitzgerald, T. Burns, L. Grandchamp, G. Brosseau, P. Saffer.

Minim Department.

Distinguished.—L. Fally and Jos. Tierney.

THE MASTODONS.

As promised, the "United Minstrels" appeared in-bright, shining array last Wednesday evening, Thanksgiving's eve. On the programme circulated were announced the musical director, manager, and accompanist, respectively Rev. A. Mainville, Mr. J. Dore, and

Mr. M. Roy. At 7 sharp the doors were unlocked, and the audience was allowed to enter. It had been anticipated that the hearers and laughers would be ourselves alone, but somehow or other, the secret of "Minstrelsy" leaked out and visitors began to pour in. Among them were the following: Dr. Letourneau of Chippawa Falls, Minn., Philip Lesage of Bourbonnais, Mr. Kerr and son, and Mr. Ehrich of Kankakee, Revs. J. Lesage and D. Dionne, of St. George, Rev. A. Lauzon of Osseo, Minn., Rev. Z. Berard of St. Anne, Rev. F. Chouinard of Manteno with friends and relatives from Canada; ladies and gentlemen of the Grove, and the following gentlemen from Chicago, Messrs. J. Russell, J. Gilmore, W. Barron, J. Barron, W. McCarthy, M. Deering and S. Stafford.

To do the Mammoth Minstrels justice, we must say that they were hardly prepared to entertain such an audience. Had they expected the attention of outsiders, they would have prepared in consequence and could have satisfied the most exacting, and even converted the most obstinately serious, or constitutionally gloomy, into confirmed laughers. Such as it was, however, the entertainment was fairly enjoyed both by visitors and home listeners.

The musical part of the programme was very diversified and, with rare exceptions, well rendered. The Band overture, Marengo, a baritone obligato, is a *morceau* which could have graced our most brilliant soiree. Harvey deserves credit for the spirit, the *sufflatus*, or even *inflatus*, he poured into the sounding brass. It was remarked, and perhaps with some truth, that of all the songs, "I'm so shy" by C. Harbour sounded the best. Mr. Cahill also has a pleasing voice which he can cultivate to some advantage. But he must not "lose time."

The jokes were plentiful, various enough and well chosen. The most towering was the "educated flea." J. Bigham will make a good endman, but he must speak more intelligibly, nigger though he be.... The way they "turned out" was a clever, very original trick, and it had the desired effect of clearing off the stage for the next play.

The "Furnished Apartments" was not *side-splitting*, as marked on the programme. Oh no! A lack of practice was abundantly apparent. A mere recitation it was, and that without even the merit of declamation. The whole made the effect of a school boy's first effort—it had been better omitted. Moreover, since none of the characters could assume the negro parlance, it would have been more relishable in white than in black—hands and faces.

At the end of this *farce* the orchestra, led by Prof. Therien, played "Nights in Venice" and that was a relief. In the absence of Alex. Granger, Mr. Sullivan resumed the big bow which he wields so well. "Nights

in Venice" is a real *Morceau de concert*, and, notwithstanding the absence of some members, it was well played. The flute and clarinet make a remarkable effect. The McNamara and Collette act, by way of interlude, did not do justice to these generally interesting little performers. Very tame.... The lecture on oratory, was one of the best things on the programme. That was funny, and well done. Come again Professor Bigham.

"The Interviewers" was comparatively a redeeming point. Mr. Dore was there. Napoleon Sarauni, artist, a real Parisian Frenchman, "wis ze French accent," was played to perfection by Mr. Dore, who is at home in any role. The reporters had about all the importance and general consistency of newspaper men. Mr. Finn, the Hinglish actor, you know, was much perplexed at the imposing manners of these 'orrible Hamericans. To say that this play was pretty fair is by no means wasting the adjective.

The college band played again and that was all. Refreshments were passed to the company and while the chit chat was going on, the Chicago Trio, Messrs. Russell, Gilmore, and Barron, on request, sang some of their excellent (that's the word) songs, which were encored again and again. The gentlemen graciously satisfied our listening propensities, until on a motion by Father Dooling, we all retired.

Vidi-

ELECTION DAY IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

Americans enjoy a privilege which scarcely any other nation confers upon her citizens: it is the right of choosing their sovereign ruler, their president, as well as all his subordinates. What a grave responsibility rests upon the American voter! No wonder election day causes such a stir. The urban gent leaves his counting-house to spend the day talking politics, and the disciple of Ceres hies to the nearest town to vote for "his man."

It was my fortune one Autumn to spend a few days at my uncle's farm in Judson County, Iowa, and it happened I arrived there before the election. The nearest town, Spiderville, was four miles from the farm. Every day of the first week I was at the farm, my uncle would go down to the fence—for the house and barn were on a hill—to talk the situation over with neighbor Clark, or Squire Buck, or Brother Doublebower, or some other neighbor, squire, or brother with a strange name and a still stranger physiognomy.

I never listened to but one of those parleys and that chanced to be with Squire Buck. It was the evening before the election, uncle Dick was going down to the fence to nail a board on an opening, and I went along to be of what assistance I could. We had just gotten to the bottom of the hill when, what hove in sight but

Squire Buck's sorrel mare and behind was the two-wheeled gig with the old Squire on the seat. I don't think I saw him walk a step while I was in Judson County.

—"Hair yo'?" grunted the Squire.

—"Tolerble, replied my uncle.

—"Spouse yo'll be on hand to-morrow?"

—"Sartin," and with that Dick and the Squire set to work "praisin" this candidate and "dod-gastin" that one till I got tired hearing them and wandered back to the house. I went to bed quite early and the last thing I heard my uncle say was—"Squire Buck for road supervisor."

The next morning, election morning; we got up at half-past four. The chores, such as milking and feeding were soon done. After a hasty breakfast we hitched the old gray mare to the buggy, if the concern we rode in might be so called, and drove to town. Although the mare was blind in the left eye, lame in the right-hand leg, and had rounded her twentieth mile-post the previous spring, we made our entry into the burg of Spiderville at about ten o'clock. Spiderville has a church, a general store, two flourishing saloons, and is one of the strongest prohibition towns in Iowa. The polls were in the store and here were congregated the voting element of the country for several miles round. We stood around till noon, nothing important taking place, and returned in the afternoon after partaking of a lunch put up for us by Aunt Sal. I slunk into a corner conveniently near the ballot boxes and at the same time I had a chance to view the crowd.

There seemed to be none in the store but farmers: farmers, young, old, middling; some voting for the first time, some perhaps for the last. And such a Babel of voices. Everybody hustled and shuffled, hurrying first to this one then to the other praising in loud tones the merits of this candidate and denouncing in still louder terms the faults of his opponent.

As I turned my eye from this busy crowd it rested on two agriculturists in the corner opposite. One was a middle aged man and the other was nearly twenty-two, about to vote no doubt for the first time. The former was evidently trying to convince the latter of the merits or the demerits of a certain candidate. He would lay the fourth finger of his right hand on the palm of his left, and at the same time let shoot a stream of tobacco juice at a crack in the floor, which aforesaid crack had from all appearances been the target of many streams prior to this. The hands would then betake themselves to the dark depths of the owner's breeches pockets, who would throw his head on one side, rest upon his left foot and send forth another squirt of tobacco juice. This continued for about fifteen minutes when the youth of twenty-two winters seemed pretty well convinced of the man to vote for and was about to move for

the boxes when a bell was rung, the polls had closed, the dye was cast.

Now the electioneering ceased and the betting and the swearing commenced, and the more they bet the more they swore. We stayed till about six o'clock and as no returns were announced my uncle concluded it would be prudent to return home and wait till Squire Buck got the returns on the morrow as he went to town every day. About half a mile out from the village just as we were crossing Wild Cat creek some old people came out on the road and wanted to know the results, but we could only disappoint them. When we got about a quarter of a mile from home I distinguished a light about a hundred yards ahead of us in the middle of the road. As we approached I descried three female forms. They were Aunt Sally, Cousin "Marian" and the baby, and were like the many parties we had met before anxious to know the results. But we had to disappoint them too. I got into bed as quickly as I possibly could that night and I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. So ended the election day. I did not leave my uncle's for about a week. Every evening he would wait patiently for Squire Buck and the minute he would heave in sight, down to the fence went my uncle and the Squire would grunt a lazy "Whoa?" There they would stand frequently for an hour at a time talking over the election.

It is many years since I was at my uncle's Judson Country farm. I have never heard whether Squire Buck was made road supervisor, nor even who was the lucky candidate at that election; but I do know that until I want a political office, I will ever steer clear of country elections.

P. W.

EXCHANGES.

The *Boston Stylus*, the æsthetic, à la *pompadour* college paper, wears new boots; or better perhaps, a whole new attire reminding us of the characteristic one-eye glass, kid gloves, button hole bouquet, skin-tight pants, and high collar. It has thus traversed all the Ohio, Indiana and Illinois mud and sweeping blizzards, and lands, at length, in our newly carpeted sanctum with a clean face and boots immaculate. There is still about it a smell of oil, not the midnight oil—infandum . . . The hair oil then? Perhaps . . . (How we must seem very *western* to you of the Athenian centre of our refinement!) Well, how would it do to call it the sleek oil of the famed Grecian athletes, and by association of ideas intimate that you are intellectually agile, graceful? Good! . . . There is unmistakably a classic flavor to the *Stylus*. At its *noms de plume* one is reminded the savant of the Palatine academy of Charlemagne. The story, telling of the rickety condition of Gibraltar rock "a pretty pebble" is a start-

ling (!) and well told revelation. The scheme of the letters to Homer is bright enough; it is an original and commendable affair, and entertains well.—One wants to read them all. The first by "M. S." and that by "Wellum" are the best. In "Cycling under difficulties" the first sentence makes us laugh—the rest is a somewhat strained. The poetical description of the October morning is a relief. Jerry Jones, you are the coming Mark Twain. The tone of the *Stylus* is too preponderantly the sportive, humorous, and sometimes, would-be-funny. The article "Tales of the days of old," however, is no such, and claims a higher merit. It tells beautifully and truly how the ancient legends are the groundwork of much of the beautiful in poetry. The stories of the "Golden Fleece," "Roma Condita," "Troja Capta," "Arthur and the Round Table," "Hiawatha's wooing," the tales of the "Chivalrous Crusaders" are aptly brought to substantiate that these legends of the days of old are "the trickling rills whose gentle murmuring is far more pleasing to the ear, more soothing to the soul than the turbulent war of the mighty streams that bear upon their bosoms the tale of the fateful past." The "song sung" could have been more happily expressed. We would prefer an increased proportion of such articles in the *Stylus*, and would also suggest an exchange column. Excuse, pray, our idle prattle on shaking hands with you: we did not want to speak of the weather, you know.

Judge Merrick in the *Georgetown College Journal* gives the law tyros of Georgetown College some timely hints on the great social and political questions of the day. "Decision makes the man" is a pretty safe doctrine, Teak. We believe the "Letter to the Journal" was really written by a small boy. The sentences are short and easy—just the little boy's light hop-step-and-jump talk. If it is *not* written by a small boy, the big boy is pretty adroitly concealed. You have an exchange column that means something. When we look for *criticism*, we do not hunt for insipid praise; we want criticism, some kind of literary appreciation, and your exchange page generally contains that. The "Oh!!!" thrown at the "well gotten-up exchanges" of the *Index* has triple brass!

Tennison, in the *Fordham Monthly*, is made to resemble Browning, in the *Supplement*, for a certain "felicitousness and condensation of experience," and in a quaint obscurity at first sight. Though not a finished piece, "The characteristics of Tennison" is a well worked paper, for a student of '87; the quotations are apt and the expressions of eulogy, happy. "Wiggins in Hades" lost some of its savor travelling to our western prairies. The "Wrothy Epistles" are crushing—your reply is comparatively tame. We were tempted to read the "History of an Idea" thinking it was something serious—funny again! Don't give up Mac, though only the embryo author of an unfinished novel. The "Stars"

of our literature have been *workers*. Pluck is all you need, the real American article. The repetition of "in my desk" in your last paragraph is probably a slip of the pen. The Exchange Editor needs make no apology and, *Salva humanitate*, of course, needs not ever wear kid gloves. We are all students. So make your bow and say what you have to say.

The glossy *Portfolio* comes back, a casketful of good things. The most readable and entertaining pages are the talk about "Mrs. Browning" and the essay on "Music." We should not grant that music has not as yet had fair play as an element of education when it has so long and so universally been the appendage of a college, and especially an academy, education. With the exception of a few little sweeping, unrestricted assertions we are of an opinion with "Louise" that "the presence of good music is the presence of a good spirit."

A NEW CATHOLIC PAPER.

The Fathers of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore laid special stress on the necessity of having good and cheap Catholic papers to defend our Religion and explain its manifold beauties. We are happy to see that this wholesome advice of the Council is not entirely unheeded. A new Catholic weekly, of eight pages, ordinary form, hails from the City of New York, bearing the name *The American Catholic News*. In our humble estimation it is a good paper, replete with instructive reading matter and thoroughly Catholic in its tone. Its subscription price is the lowest we know of in the Catholic press, it being only \$1.00 a year. Many families hitherto complained of the high price of Catholic papers and thus excused themselves for not receiving them and for admitting non-Catholics in their stead. That objection can not be hurled against the new paper at least and we hope that it will receive many subscriptions and live a long life. We recommend the paper to our readers with the conviction that it will satisfy them and more than repay the money expended. Address: THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC NEWS, 13 BARCLAY ST., Post Office Box 1513, New-York City, N. Y.

We intend to give notices of other excellent Catholic papers in the future, so as to make them better known to our readers.

LITERARY PURSUITS

BY PROFESSOR DAVID SWING.

The towns of the nation and even the farms of the west are rearing a large army of youths who desire to become authors and thus reach wealth and fame. Their letters read about as follows: "I find my mind to

be unfitted for this village. I love books and have some skill as a writer, and am full of hope that you may find me a place on some of the great "dailies" in your city, or may tell me what magazine would probably accept my article, which I enclose for your perusal." Sometimes a photograph accompanies the model essay, as though to add to the testimony of the essay the evidence of physiognomy. Not unfrequently the paper is marked by imperfect grammar and spelling and taste, thus showing how the wish to be literary surpasses the qualifications for such a form of life. Such an extensive tendency toward the literary field must have some adequate explanation.

The causes are many, chief among which is the spread of education and the consequent love of books and thought. To love anything deeply generates the wish to produce it. In youth, when we hear the violin or flute or piano, if the deep love of music springs up, it is soon followed by the purchase of some instrument, be it only a drum or a mouth harp. If there is no money for purchasing such soundmakers then comes an effort to make an æolian harp out of a board and silk thread—an effort which proves how willing old brains have always been to impose upon the credulity of children. The number of music-struck youths is large, but their passion lives and dies unseen and unknown. A few days or weeks of noise on drum or fife or fiddle, and all is still.

The number of stage-struck youths is also great, because the universality and charm of the theater awaken many slumbering souls, and out of this awakening comes a longing to be upon the boards. The girl of some beauty and grace sees a Miss Nelson or a Miss Anderson, and soon resolves to take a few lessons of some elocutionist and try whether she too may not be a third Juliet.

But inasmuch as nothing of the beautiful is more widespread or powerful than literature, it remained for this one art to surpass all its sister arts in the power to create that mental unrest which hungers for the office of writer. This passion is not as wild as the stage-madness, but it attacks a much larger number of persons. The malady is more endemic. There are tens of thousands of youth in our land who wish to become writers—a fact which has a bright side, showing as it does that education and the love of books are penetrating the village and even the farm-life of the nation. The young girl who milks the cows and who washes and irons in the lonely farm-house reads prose and sweet poetry, and then wonders whether she too might not take a few steps up this hill of thought, and leave her cow and bucket far away in the valley.

Perhaps she might. Factory girls have become authors, bootblacks have become philosophers, and all dreams in

this field are honorable. The difficulty lies in the fact that the school house and college have created more writers than the world requires. The power to speak and write the English language with propriety has outgrown the need of the newspaper office and the wishes of the book-publisher. These attainments are valuable that we may all read and talk and enjoy the continent of thought, and not that we may become authors. Unable to make a world, we are to enjoy one and become better in it. When, lately, a young lady sent this verse as a specimen of her poetic ability—

"O moon, dear moon,

You sink too soon!

Can I persuade you to stay

And be in sight all day?"

she reveals nothing except a power to extract much happiness from the poetry of others, and in this she should rest contented. For her to write poetry because she loves it would be as absurd as for all who love a vocal solo to attempt to render one in a church. The most of us must recite our poetry and sing our solos to our own heart. We are always sure of that local approval.

A young man's model essay began thus: "If I mistake not it was remarked by Lord Bacon that," etc., beyond which opening of things not one reader in many would ever pass. Without knowing exactly why, the reading world has outgrown that form of attack, and, with "malice toward none," it permits the thoughts which might follow such an exordium to await the perhaps greater leisure for to-morrow. That kind of writing is not wicked, but writers are so numerous, books so countless, that the public taste has become very fastidious. A Greek in Persia wrote back home that the "figs which we eat at Athens they throw away here." Thus our country has become so well supplied with good literature that it throws away to its pigs the literary fruit our grandfathers would have put on their table.

What are all those youth to do who are hoping to become editors or book-makers? Some of them will secure their wish, but only those will be selected who shall be found to possess some peculiar ability—some form of thought and expression not already worn out. The public does not seek what it already has. The man who says "I take my pen in hand to inform you," came to our world long ago. We have him, and now have our hearts set upon some other kind of person. The man who says "Emphasize honesty" and "Voice public opinion" and "could hear a pin drop" is already on hand. The world has him, and is now thinking of new goods for a new trade.

It would seem that many thousands of those who dream of a literary pursuit must wait patiently for one of two results—the dying out of a youthful passion or

the development of a style of thought and language which the public may appreciate and need. Of persons who can write accurately and easily, perhaps not one in fifty possesses any call as book-maker or editor or essayist.

Chicago Evening Journal.

PERSONALS.

Shubert—John Shubert, '75, who had of late years conducted a most successful business in his native city of Kankakee, has now abandoned his beautiful drug store to his brother William, '78' and gone to pursue his course of medicine at Rush Medical College, Chicago. May success ever attend our old and true friend.

Carney—It is with pleasure that we learn that Thos. Carney, '79, has already become an Alderman of the city of Chicago. He controls a large trade in coal and is on the way to wealth and distinction.

Caron—Edward Caron, '84, continues in drugs in Chicago. He follows the druggist's course with the intention of graduating at the end of this year.

Bergeron—We learn that Jos. Bergeron, '81, is now beginning a course of studies at Rush Medical College. His brother George, '84, is clerk and druggist for his brother Victorien in Michigan.

McClellan—Guy McClellan, '82, is pursuing a course of Chemistry at Allin's Academy, Michigan Avenue, Chicago. He is grown to be quite a man. He promises to visit us ere long.

Singer—Arthur Singer, '82, attends the Harvard Academy in Chicago, a school preparatory to Harvard University.

Murphy.—What a surprise was it not for us to hear that Henry Murphy, '86, of long and oratorical memory, is now amid the inspiring western prairies, altogether given up to the study of law in O'Neil, Nebraska. Among his many occupations, he still remembers St. Viateur's, and when he finds a chance to lay aside his Blackstone revels in the memories of the past. He has our best wishes.

Brosseau—Arsene Brosseau, '85, the "fatty" *par excellence*, is now acting as clerk and book-keeper in Frazer and Blain's grocery store, Ashkum, Ills. We are told that he enjoys good health as usual and excellent spirits.

Healy—Daniel Healy, '83, brought his young brother George to college early in September and seemed quite as of old, with the exception of his upper lip which now supports a beautiful moustache. After a sojourn in the far West, "Dan" has settled to work at home again in Chicago.

Quirk—There seems to be among our Alumni a great movement to study medicine. We notice that John Quirk, '82, is also pursuing a course at Rush Medical College along with those whom we already mentioned. May success crown all their efforts!

Brosseau—From latest news, Fred. Brosseau, '86, was yet resting his mind from the terrible diploma strain of last June. He has secured a position as assistant cashier and book-keeper in the National Bank of Doland, Dakota, and will soon get to work in earnest.

Golden—Charles Golden, '82, of pleasing memory, spent last Sunday among us visiting his brother John, of the classical course. He finds our home quite improved. Though few of his old school-mates still remain yet he found pleasure in recalling to the mind boyish sports of former years.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, constructed the first pianoforte in 1711.

Blaine's nephew, Gillespie Walker, has entered the Jesuit Noviciate at Santa Clara, Cal.

Prince Joseph de Broglie, eldest son of prince Raymond de Broglie, has taken Holy Orders.

There are some 2,000,000 Catholics in England, Scotland and Wales, out of a population of 30,000,000 souls, a far lower percentage than in the United States, or Canada.

Monsignor Straniero, after a visit to America of four months, lately sailed from New York for Europe. This prelate's memory, along with that of Mgr. O'Bryan, also papal ablegate, will long be cherished by the Catholics of the United States and Canada.

A French bishop, in a pastoral letter to his flock, expresses the opinion that the religious difficulties of France will perhaps before long become more serious than ever. He warns the people of the dangers now pending and exhorts them to pray with even greater fervor and perseverance than heretofore.

Great hopes are entertained that friendly relations will soon be re-established between Holland and the Pope. The former's dissatisfaction arose on the occasion of the definition of the Infallibility in 1870. About the middle of last month His Holiness gave audience to a Deputation of Dutch Catholics and encouraged them with most paternal words, bestowing his apostolic Benediction upon them.

Rev. Henry Shamberg Kerr, S. J. has been designated first Archbishop of Bombay. The new Archbishop is son of the late Lord Henry Kerr, a brother of the Marquis of Lotham, and in early life was a captain in the Royal Navy. He abandoned the sea and became a

Jesuit. He was chaplain to the Marquis of Ripon when the latter was Governor General of India.

The grand Requiem in commemoration of the death of his Eminence Cardinal Guibert of Paris was sung at Notre Dame church on the 17th. inst. The panegyric of this saintly prince of the Church was pronounced by Mgr. Perraud Bishop of Autun and member of the French academy. On the next day took place the annual meeting of the bishops of France, and on the 19th., was blessed the National Church of the Sacred Heart, on Montmartre.

It is said that the three daughters of F. A. Drexel have now nearly \$4,000,000 each, the income of which they dispose of in works of charity. They are now in Europe visiting educational institutions with a view to perfect the noble works of charitable education which they have already begun in Torresdale. When some one expressed surprise at the thought that they could dispose of their immense revenues entirely in favor of the poor and needy, they replied that they could indeed dispose of much more if they had it.

America was discovered by a Catholic and colonized by Catholic co-operation. "I will pawn my jewels to support Columbus, if the sum in the Treasury be found inadequate," said the illustrious queen of Spain, Isabella the Catholic. In Canada and the United States we count in round numbers 15,000,000 Catholics. At the South of us, 45,000,000 of American, Spanish, and Portuguese Catholics hold a continent; and yet a few ignorant bigots pretend to ignore the faith of Columbus, the faith of Rome.

In a divorce suit tried before judge Sennism, in Detroit, it appearing from the evidence that both parties

were Catholics, the judge adverted to the fact that the Catholic Church did not recognize absolute divorce, and in consequence he refused the divorce prayed for, granting instead a separation from bed and board for two years and expressing the hope that before the expiration of that time the parties would consent to live together again.

(Western Watchman)

Father Tom Burke's Memorial Church at Tallaght is now practically completed. The consecration of the edifice took place on October 24, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin officiating. This work of gratitude and respect has been going on quietly, but no one lost sight of it. This beautiful monument will hand down to future generations the memory of the eloquent Dominican. It is built in the early English style of architecture and of black stone coming from Candalkin. There is nothing gaudy, no showy ornamentations about the exterior, but it possesses a chaste beauty in keeping with the spot where it stands, close to the Dominican Monastery.

The Catholic population of our Diocese is estimated at 430,000. Of these there are 264 priests, 82 of whom are members of religious orders. There are 34,000 children enrolled in the parochial schools. The Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M. teach the greatest number. They have 11 houses, 115 Sisters, and over 7,000 children in charge. The sisters of Mercy rank next. They have 12 houses, 174 Sisters, and are training 4,100 children. The Franciscans have 7 houses, 106 Sisters, and teach 3,000 children. There are altogether of the various religious societies, 860 Sisters and 215 Brothers or Priests of religious orders, mostly engaged in teaching.

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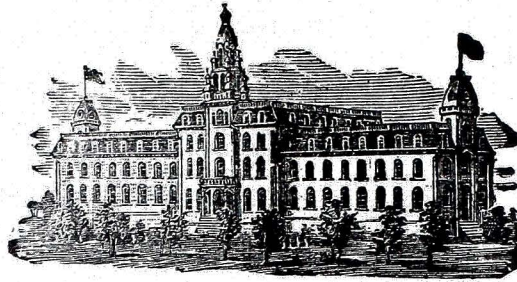
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