

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, April. 17 1886.

No 2.

A. H. PIKE.

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

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

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

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

EDITORIALS.

THE FRENCH SUPPLEMENT very kindly grants us right of way over its paper and type in the monthly issues it does not appear. The favor is a courteous one; the notion of asking the favor was not a bad scheme either. We will now have room enough for an exchange column every month, also space for more detailed sporting and personal notes. The remaining columns will be filled with contributions from our friends of the little Corridor and of the Third Floor. if we cannot as we would wish make the Journal better looking and more *consistent* we will try to give it more variety.

* *

AN INVITATION is tendered in to-day's Journal by Professor Joseph Murphy to the graduates of the three last courses to make arrangements for a commercial alumni reunion and banquet on commencement day. The idea is a most happy one, and could it be realized, as it is to be hoped it will, there would be another bond to unite together the children of our Alma Mater. All those who still love St. Viateur's, and who

would like to leave for a day the care-worn faces of the busy world and see the glad smile of youth should by all means come here on the—23 (?)—when vacation begins. Read the Card and tell us you'll all come.

* *

THE ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST will soon be at hand; already a certain animosity, a declamatory enthusiasm possesses our youths. The prize is one well worth the efforts that are being made to secure it; besides, the advantages derived from merely *preparing* for the contest and declaiming in public amply compensate for the trouble of learning by heart and rehearsing a few times, without mentioning the medal.

* *

EVERY SCIENCE has in its inner depths beauties which the superficial student will, and can, never taste. It is only a thorough, an earnest search that will unveil these treasures, the delight of a mind that *loves* the beautiful, the grand, the eternal true. By dwelling upon these such a mind becomes possessed of, almost enraptured with, the science it pursues; this it assimilates and makes one with itself. Every *procédé* which tends to develop in the student that *desire* for research or else creates the *necessity* for thorough investigation, is a potent lever and can effect wonders. The frequent theses, the disputations, public declamations, are all in this line and, as incentives for deeper study of the various subjects treated, they are unsurpassed.

* *

BUSINESS HANDWRITING is an accomplishment that all commercial students should strive to acquire, as a good hand is now in itself a recommendation. Not only it speaks well for the writer but it also spares the reader the ordeal of deciphering. Once acquired the habit of plain, legible and elegant penmanship is an almost inamissible good. But it requires in the first place patience, not necessarily a natural aptitude for the art; a practical course of lessons from an apt instructor, ordinary diligence, time and practice. Your opportunities, boys, here are grand and it is yours to improve them.

* *

SHADOWS.

Have you noticed how a shadow
 Clouds your path, when e'er you feel,
 That for you, life holds some sweetness—
 Then t'will o'er your spirit steal,
 Robbing you, perhaps of pleasure
 When you deemed the cup just filled;
 Or perchance, the heart most valued
 Most on earth, in death is stilled.

"Why is this"?—You asked in anguish
 When this shadow crossed you first,
 But as time rolled on, full knowledge
 Of the truth upon you burst—
 "Whom He loveth He chastiseth."
 Blessed be His holy will!

In this thought seek consolation
 And calm peace your heart will fill.

Yes and though the shadows deepen
 O'er your life, obscure from sight
 All life's pleasures—all your loved ones,
 All you deemed would make life bright.
 Do not murmur! Just that shadow
 May have tempered sunligh's glare—
 May have—this way proved a blessing
 Which, perhaps, had been a snare.

Do not murmur! In His wisdom
 God who doeth all things well,
 In His own good time, will give you,
 Reasons, why these shadows fell.
 Do your best. Be not impatient,
 If you ask strength from above,
 T'will be given, to sustain you
 Proving to you—"God is love."

G. M.

THE LEGENDS OF LIMERICK BELLS.

On the summit of the Alban hill in Italy there

stands a convent whose walls rear high their heads, so that from afar they are an object of remark to the traveller. 'Round their base the olives grow in wild profusion. The tangled lemon trails along their sides, covering them with a coat of green. All is wild and grotesque in and around these once sacred precincts. Below, along the brow of the hill lies the quiet little town of Albans. Still lower down the fields of the Campagna spread out for miles, with here and there the relic of a ruin to break the monotonous evenness. Far in the distance the crosses of hundreds of cupolas glisten in the slanting rays of the rising sun, while in the background the gray mist of morning was changing to that indescribable blue of an Italian horizon. One cross stood high above the rest, and at such a distance seemed to pierce the cloudlets that hovered o'er it. 'Tis a sight which only one spot in the world can present and that spot is Rome!

Such was the scene that presented itself to my view as one September morn I was standing at the foot of those convent ruins. I had found the scene so enchanting that the morning hours slipped quickly by, and now the noontide heat of an Italian sun forced me to retire into the shade of the sombre ruins. As I was refreshing myself under the branches of a gnarled olive which grew all alone in the middle of the courtyard, I heard the sounds of footsteps proceeding from the interior of the building. Presently a venerable looking ecclesiastic appeared at an entrance just opposite where I was seated, and seeing me came toward me. I rose at his approach, and having saluted him, told him that I came to look at these majestic ruins, which seemed to have a history well worth knowing.

"Ah! Signore", said he, as he turned down the corner of a leaf in his breviary which he had been reciting, "there is a history of these walls and their past inmates, and the quiet people of the little town below, have handed it down religiously from generation to generation. If you would wish to hear it, it will be my greatest pleasure to recite it to you. I come here each day to spend a few hours in this solitude reciting my breviary, and to-day I will bestow these few hours to your pleasure and instruction." Having expressed my desire of hearing the story of the convent, the old priest sat down by my side and began: "Centuries ago these walls were reared by masons who were celebrated in the art throughout all Italy. Their names and the date of erection were carved in different parts of the edifice but the mould and moss have long ere this entirely covered them, and now no one troubles himself about them. Once in a while some traveller comes here and offers the shepherds money to take him through the ruins to discover these names and dates, but there is none among them to gratify his curiosity. They look

SPORTIVE.

Put her to third.

Joe made a very successful debut behind the bat last week.

Don't forget to read the challenge of the "Stalwarts".

Prof. has been hired by the Philosophers at a salary of \$35,000 for the coming game with the Theologians.

What shall we do for a right fielder? The Deacon has refused to play.

The harmonious (?) sounds of "go it", "you got to go", "now you're off" etc. make it rather pleasant (?) for those who like to take a quiet walk on the Campus.

It is about time steps were taken for framing the League if we are to have one. A meeting should be called this week to appoint a committee, to take action on the purchasing of our new uniforms.

I witnessed the first game of the year and noticed that the boys were somewhat rusty; but a little oil, in the way of practice, will obviate that difficulty, and although not a first class judge of Ball-tossers, I think I can safely say that we will put nine men in the field this year, who will equal, if not surpass, our champions of '85. Challenges will soon appear from all sides and we must be prepared to answer them on the diamond. Let not our wreath of victories be broken; and as one of our enthusiasts remarked to me the other day "seven years have we got there and let this be the eighth". This thought alone, that we have never suffered a defeat in seven years ought to encourage us. With the kind assistance of the Thespians we will enter the field this season with new uniforms. The grounds need a little repairing but with a good manager, and good will on the part of the players we will have a good nine.

The famous fishing excursions have already begun and lovers of this pastime are busy preparing their tackle with which to haul in the trout and pickerel so plentiful in the river. The first fish of the season, a sucker, was captured from the Kankakee, Thursday, April 8th, at 3.30 in the afternoon by Glenn Parks, of Troy, Alabama. Size of animal 3 oz. The season promises to be an exceptionally fine one for the tackling sport.

In the departure of Mike and "Party" a sudden fall in hunting stock was felt. The words were scoured this Winter and we indulged in many a day's sport, especially the "chien" hunt. Our hoosier marksmen have given it up probably on account of the close shave one of their party had with that dog during the last trip.

Billiard club to the front! Where is your annual tournament? There is the "Deacon" anxiously awaiting to cross cues with any man in the club; and our friend "Slosson" claims he "can't be beat." The only way to settle these difficulties is to have a tournament. Arise ye Schæfers and Vignauxs and give us a week's sport; it is not too late. Have it by all means.

Are we going to row? or drift....? Give us the oars! where are the locks? here boys lets launch the old canoe!

A very popular game of the moment is the after supper "Spanish Fly" captained by J. Roach, which winds up with a couple of whirls of "Crack the Whip."

The sporting editor received the following in his box the other day;

St. Viateur's College, Apr. 9th., 1886.

We the undersigned, challenge the first nine of St. Viateur's College to a game of Base ball, to be played on the 25th. of May, 1886 for \$25.00. The game is to last for nine innings without interruption and each player is obliged to do his best, otherwise the money will be forfeited by the nine that does not comply:

O. F. Knox	Catcher.
Sam. Umbach	Pitcher.
Arsene Brosseau	1st. Base.
Perry Parker	2nd. Base.
Eugene Dory	3rd. Base.
A. Muehlenptordt	Center Field.
W. Prendergast	Right Field.
August Dory	Left Field.
Sam. Saindon	Short Stop.
Dr. McGrady	Umpire.
Mr. Dum	Scorer.

BY ORDER OF

O. F. KNOX. Capt.

One of the strongest nines that will enter the field this year will be the celebrated "9 of Clubs." The material of the nine is excellent in every respect. They present a first class battery, are exceptionally fine in field, and the out field contains three well known players. At a meeting held by the above nine the following officers were elected; Pres. Wm. Mohr; Field Capt. Wm. Quinlan; Treas. Wm. Convey; Sec. Thos. Normoyle. They are awaiting any challenges from the clubs of the college as well as from any outsiders that will give them a game. The positions of the men are as follows. E. Bennett C.; Wm. Quinlan P.; D. O'Neil 1st. Base.; Wm. Mohr 2nd Base.; Thos. Ryan 3rd. Base.; J. Roach S. S.; Wm. Convey R. F.; Thos. Normoyle C. F.; T. Walsh L. F.; All communications can be addressed to Thos. J. Normoyle,

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE,
ILL.

NUNC TEMPORIS.

This is *ex professo* on the weather, not strictly, though, an astrological treatise, only every day reflections handy for all. This premised, I begin—"How long, O dire Winter, wilt thou trifle with our patience? When art thou going to leave us for good? Cannot powerful Sol, the new moon, the wishes of all us good boys move

thee? What more canst thou do with thine array of blizzards, unwelcome frosts, stale snows and chilling aquilons but make the small boy put his hands in his pockets? Dost thou not feel that thy conspiracy is seen through, that thou *must* go? banished, banished from Bourbonnais Grove!"

One might well exclaim, O tempora, O the slush!... To resume within the narrowest space the story of our thralldom, here I will subjoin a weather score for the last decade or so—

Sunshine.....	one peep a day, some day none.
Blizzards.....	3½
Snow.....	too much.
Frost.....	" "
Rain.....	some.
Hail....	a few tons.
Mud.....	a foot and a half.
Total.....	disagreeable.

Such is the weather which elicited the following very just remark from one of our exchanges: "this is the season when a hen, put on guard over fifteen eggs, either smashes every egg in the nest getting off to cackle or else brings out a solitary chick that appears to have every ailment mentioned in a patent medicine almanac." It brings the old man his rheumatisms and makes the little boy cry, for he can't spin his top in the house, the floor!

The birds had made an appearance; already the busy robin hopped around, the swallow sought the eaves, the voicy blackbirds swarmed the buddy tree top, the jays of pronounced verve played their graceful curves across the dull meadows, even the harmonious crows, and other modest birdlets had come, we thought to stay, when one of the blizzards arrived unkindly to tell them they came too soon. They went. The crows alone remained—consoling!

The early little violets had already put forth their beaming faces from between the mossy crevices of the "rocky" cave and gladly laughed in the warm sun, some tiny blades of grass had ventured from their turfy couch, the little boy clapped his hands in wild glee and bought a new top, the big boy batted high flies and organized the nine, chickens cackled gaily and the farmer was bitching up for a good "plough" when indian, I should say savage, winter which we thought gone for good, came back like the bore that comes but never goes." It's still lingering at our threshold not knowing whether it should go now or torture us another week. As it is spring poets are left with unfinished poems and with nothing to console, to feed their aesthetic souls but the faded flowers on their old slippers.

I trust that ere this compliment comes forth our visitor will have left. Already it seems to clear up and with this little bunch of violets culled under a snowbank I

am somewhat softened. I must admit, yes a trifle mollified. Nevertheless it is with a distrustful hope that I view the easterly beak of the weathercock. That however, only means April showers which bring out the grass in all its verdant glory; they soften the willow tree, and the boy may make his annual whistle; the flowers, too, will strike for "fresh air" and we will welcome the grand reveille of Nature.

Wait.

PICTURES.

A REMINISCENCE.

When I was a boy (this is a true story, not *to be continued*, but whole in one chapter.) I say when I was a boy, a little fellow to be amused with toys and picture-books and strange stories, I remember once sitting in the warm sun as it peeped gaily into a large room we used to call the "front room." I was carelessly going over the pages of an old magazine which had dropped from behind a long "french glass" it served to hold at a right i. e. correct, about right, angle.

There were many pictures in that book, and it was a busy *quart d'heure* I spent in scanning its interesting pages; the horses were very nice, I thought, and the ponies looked real smart, and the dogs, Oh! that little one looked so like my own little Dickie. I loved the book just for that picture; I was young then you know and my fancy that day was on dogs... But the story? you'll ask. Here then, let's begin. That magazine had a last page as all books have, and it was that last page which in spite of the other pony, fishing and dog pages, made a most lasting impression on my mind.

There were on that same last page three little pictures with some writing interspersed. The first one at the top represented a room, nicely furnished and comfortable looking; some persons sat reading, others chatted and laughed cheerily: a couple of younger ones played pony—there was a hobby horse. There were also a rosy full cheeked little baby and a little dog and playful pussy—in all, it looked so homelike, you could not desire more to form a picture of perfect happiness.

Right opposite this was the second picture, one which I shall never forget. I'll describe it you just from memory, for it lives there as fresh yet as the day when, a prattling boy, it amused me with its strange expression. The picture was one of those effective, I was going to say happy, combinations of colors, light and shade, etc. which are so life-like, their delineaments so clear, they strike. Such was the artistic, or if you will, the material make-up of this picture. What *was* the picture though? A man in savage mien, wild staring eyes, ragged coat, was brandishing a three legged stool, not only menac-

WITH OUR EXCHANGES AGAIN.

It affords us not slight satisfaction to be able to resume this desirable department of our JOURNAL which we had been obliged to suppress for want of space and of time. Many are the times that we have in our quasi compulsory silence gladly clapped our hands at reading some good essays; we applauded projects in the interests of education, the progress of the arts, the improvement of letters; sometimes we frowned at certain opinions, discountenanced certain *modus dicendi*, etc. this was all to ourselves. Now, though, that our hands are loosed we would in cordial friendliness shake with all the visitors of our table, and with our restored speech welcome them a thousand times.

When we come to examine closely the pile m le little group that has crowded at our door we gratefully notice some of the old, old and constant friends who first extended an amical hand to the "Journal's" infant steps. We thank them all for their pleasant visits. But how many absent ones too, that we seek in vain! We will in our next notice mention such of our exchanges as have not been received so that we may not in the future be deprived of the pleasure we ever took in reading them.

Of the Journal's literary friends the *Notre Dame* publications are the most regular coming. The *Scholastic* is lively, newsy, well written, and acknowledged on all sides as at the head of college Journalism. Its several well-filled departments evince the activity of the university. In one of the late numbers a study on the English poets by Mr. Hagenbarth was interesting. The *Scholastic* also adorns itself with French and Spanish poetry, and Latin and Greek compositions. Such variety necessarily makes the paper an interesting one and satisfies all tastes.... We remember the time when the *Scholastic* used to uphold the "exchange-system" and how its appreciation of college journals was prized. This department is the only one wanting to make the paper complete. There are papers which might drop their exchange column without defrauding their readers of any advantage, but with the *Scholastic*, to which we can look for fair criticism, not mere flattery, nor coarse ridicule, the want of the exchange page is, we think, a loss.

The *College Message* is an assiduous comer and the more it comes the better it comes. Surely it is first to be commended on the marked improvement made in its typography at least in the last few issues. Nor does it depart from the level of literary excellence which should be the first aim of a college journal. The last numbers are filled with accounts of their celebration of St. Patrick's day which, we see, is feasted at the Cape much

after our own fashion. It is a good idea to accustom the boys to write up the local events and clothe them in good style, "Necessity the mother of Invention" is a true article. We like "Messages" and always anxiously open the *Message*.

In a recent arrival of *The Current* we found the writers wrestling with some of the most momentous questions of the moment. On the first page the labor and capital trouble is treated in a really original style; the author does not pretend to solve a *question* which will perhaps long remain a question. He speaks of a new word which threatens to overrun the literary as well as the political world and that word is "the hybrid laborocracy, or its synonym—the government of the people not by the people but by the laborers—the men who work in their shirt-sleeves".... We see the question treated diversely in all papers, from the humblest college courier to the large, million-tongued dailies. Some cry against the extravagance of the working classes, others against monopolizing, dishonesty, etc. The *Current* says: "The ethics of business for a generation has been enough to make a Gomorrah of this nation." There is a sore need of reform. Will a compromise effect it? In this as in all social problems policy, we think, may go a certain ways, but if more christian ideas were brought to bear upon the question it could be more easily solved.... The essay on "Popular Education" expresses sound ideas on the subject. We will reserve further quoting for some future opportunity. The writer holds that popular education which merely develops the intellect without cultivating the moral sense is a failure, and by a train of consistent reasoning he comes to the conclusion that "teaching in State schools does not include this essential element of education (i. e. of moral sense) to any beneficial extent." We hope to see the *Current* often.

In the last *Peddie Institute Chronicle* the essay entitled "The evils of impure literature" contained in a nutshell the bad results accruing to the victims of trashy, sensational, immoral reading. Had the writer enlarged more on the various *evils* he enumerated the treatment would have been more proportioned to the subject. All that is there, however is true, as v. g. the following: "A young man or woman whose only reading has been the dime novel or weekly story paper will find themselves in company without any thing to say. They can talk of "Tiger Charlie," or "Dick, the Indian Shooter," but refined and educated people know nothing of the wonderful exploits of these supposed characters. Hence, the reader of impure trash must, by his silence, show very little real knowledge he has acquired, or make himself odious by displaying his ignorance." The "Hair Pin" essay was very amusing. The different departments

of the *Chronicle* are well filled. If it only had an exchange table!

The *Mirror of American sports* come here a few times, and though not a college or a literary paper we are always interested in reading of the sportive doings of amateur as well as of professional sportsmen in the length and breath of the country mirrored all in the *Sports*.

The *Michael Advocate* is a new comer. It shows graceful curves that remind us of our own Professor's elegant blackboard examples, and the principles taught in the advocate—rapidity, muscular movement, free hand, practice, plainness, legibility, business form etc, are all things that sound familiar. "Sacrifice form from the very beginning for correct movement and proper speed," no "ideal position" are mottoes of the *Advocate* which, with the rational method it advocates, will succeed in teaching practical, rapid legible, business handwriting. Come again *Michael*.

The *Phoenix* sports a new staff. The retiring editor did the square thing. In looking over the subjects treated in this number our attention was naturally enough arrested by the heading, "A Pure Heart"—We read, and to our surprise discovered a tobacco lecture. The vile weed is unmercifully assailed.... That smoke and drink go hand in hand, that's true in many, many cases, though by no means is it universally so. Although we do not smoke, we are not such radicals on the quid or cigar question as to believe a man who smokes, or even chews, may not have a pure heart. A pure heart, what a gem! yes, how priceless a gift! But do you hold that a pure (of course morally pure) heart is incompatible with tobacco? It seem so. You ask, "What pure-minded man can use tobacco?" "Dont you know in all the range of your acquaintances a man who smokes and yet wears in his breast a pure heart? You don't? Well then, yours circle of friends must be rather limited or else they must all (no very many) according to your private opinions, be rotten to the core—We think that the use of tobacco by the young is always an abuse; the abuse of it by men is, like all abuse, harmful. The *Phoenix* is interesting, well printed and well bound

LOCALS.

- One half of April gone!
- A civil ball for the Prof!
- Read "Sportive" in this issue.
- Where is the boy whose only defense is a smile?
- Bread and water and the tombstones for the re-treaters next week.

— For Telephonic attachments address Mr. P. Sullivan, Agent for the New System of Telephonic Conglomeration, room 3, Via Ventuosa.

— Following inquiry remains unanswered at this office: "Is it proper to write professor Sam. with a small p?" "... Please answer soon Telephone No. 2.

— The Novices have been gardening extensively, planting flowers, vegetables etc; every thing looks bright.

— It is rumored that we will have band recitations in the campus during the summer night recreation. How very desirable the fulfillment of that rumor! We would all enjoy that once or twice a week as well as once every six month; come ye tooters out!

— The Grove, our little solitude, which we love to call our classic shades, it will soon again put on its glorious luxuriance of fresh leaves and fragrant blossoms as yet captive with their prison buds. The birds, too, will more merrily sing, as they nestle in our friendly bowers amid the sun's brightest beams, heaven's own smile to earth. The boy already yielding to these softening influences rolls on the law, the dandy grass and catches what? spring fever!

— The spelling-match between members of Rev. J. Moysant's class came off as promised Thursday, the 9th inst. All the ologies and the isms in the dictionary, including all the big words that Dan. O'Connell fired at Mrs Moriarty, were thrust at the young combatants. Some were easily enough crippled; gradually the ranks thinned, though not without come hard shots, almost cruel shafts, being aimed—with desired effect. The two last rivals were Masters E. Bennet and G. Evrard. The latter finally sank an Apoca... what? Apocalypse. The contest was one of the most interesting of its kind we have witnessed in a long time. The boys deserve credit for being "not so easily undone" after all.

— The speakers have been chosen from the several elocution classes to compete for the Hagan medal. The contest will take place on May the 18th.

— "The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve" a comedy with Mr. Dore in it, and the farce *des farce* "Le départ pour la Californie" are being prepared for our next soirée. The music will be unique and our May Festival will be a grand one.

— Masters Justin and Dennis and their sister received the unexpected visit of their mother from Shreveport, Louisiana. Mrs Ricou was delighted with our little hamlet and our institutions and intends coming here to stay during the summer.

— The 5 o'clock study on congé days will soon be a thing of the past.

— Data: "Kelly Knox Kennedy on one side of the table"—how many must there be on the other side to hold'em up?

— P. S. Monday April 19th. As this sheet is just

going to press we cannot help telling you what happened yesterday. None else than the KanKaKee Browns themselves came to play us yesterday. The score was 22 to 0 in favor of the boys. The college team did not make a single error. The Browns retired with vengeance in their eyes.

— By to day's mail we hear that Mr. Jos. Soumis has received subdeaconship last Friday and deaconship Saturday and is to be ordained priest soon. Our congratulations to our former Prof.

— It will soon be time for every body and every thing to put on a spring suit. We'll go to John G. Knetch, and nature, she'll just warm herself in the sun and her fine hangings, her daisy grass, the leaves, the flowerets, the birdlets, all will come forth to completely saturate our poetic souls.

— *L'Avenir National*, a new and interesting french paper published in Chicago, gives a biographical sketch with portrait of Rev. A. L. Bergeron now pastor of Notre Dame Church, Chicago. Rev. A. L. Bergeron was born in Bourbonnais Grove; after persueing his classical and theological studies at the college, he filled the positfon of Assistant at St. Stephen's and the Immaculate Conception, Chicago. Thence he came to Manteno which was badly involved in pecuniary difficulties; these he cleared. Soon he was recalled to the city to take charge of the french canadian parish. The zeal and activity he has displayed in these various fields are well worthy of the success he every where reaps as also of the appreciation of his countrymen in the *Avenir National*.

— The "Cercle Molière" is rehearsing one of its most laughable comedies for our May soirée.

— The repository for the Blessed Sacrament will be prepared in the music hall.

— The Home Rule speech of the Grand Old May made quite a sensation in our little world.

— Mr. George Franz our génial sacristan, extends thanks to all for generous contributions which will enable him to provide the altar boys with handsome suits.

— Mr. Wm. O'D—hereby notifies the public that he has no more taste for the classics and he'll try to serve the world in some way more congenial to him than by a profession built on latin roots and such miseries.

— George Bergeron who has been for some time in Chicago doing business in Jos' store is at home on a short vacation. George looks well as ever.

— John Golden has lately returned from a visit to Minonk. John has improved.

— Oh! Juvenes of close shorn locks, and of dusters checkered, how freshy you look!

— We hear of Base Ball nines organizing all around; that means We'll have a lively season. Wilmington has a nine, Manteno one, Cagwin also, and Kankakee City

will have one (a good one) if the Chicagos come down.

— O! Bro. Lauzon do you see that back stop?

— Holy week is at hand and with its significant and touching ceremonies the lenten season terminates. The silence of the bells and the hushing of all music remind us of the gloomy silentness of the tomb, which will again break forth in glad alleluias of triumph on the day of the resurrection.

— Billy Caron is learning the drug business at Bonfield's in Kankakee. Bill makes us regular weekly visits and still likes a game of hand ball, though he is getting a trifle fat.

— There is a good deal of shooting going on; also lovers of the angling sport avail themselves of the nice sunny days to coax out the suckers. Still the birds sing their gayest chirrup and twitter about in wild merriment, even that fox plays his capers with impunity; nor does the finny tribe leave the purling waters of the Kankakee. Sportsmen, practice on the—Ball alley big enough?

— We ate the first rhubarb pie last Thursday; when are the radishes coming?...and the strawberry short cake!?

— The town elections are to take place soon, great excitement prevails.

— Mr. Lynch's minnims are on deck for a spelling match; next will come Professor Dore's Fifth Reader class and last but not least the grand general spelling tournament at the beginning of June.

— The reign of codfish is at an end; now for ham and eggs!

— Mr. Sullivan is to go to Chicago shortly for examining and purchasing base ball suits.

— J. Morrisson, of last year, has just returned for the purpose of preparing for his first communion.

— Bro. Bernard is very busy gardening, and improving the grounds with new plantations, fences etc.

— Alex. Granger has been obliged once more to seek the healing atmosphere of home and its soothing influences.

— The sound of the small boy's willow whistle is again heard. That settles it; spring is here this time.

— All the offices of Holy Saturday, Good Friday and Holy Thursday will take place in the college chapel.

— Boys, brace up with your roles! We must be ready for next week.

— P. S. is about in this attitude: "Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call *him* chief who for seven long years has met upon the diamond every shape of muffer or catcher that the broad county of Kankakee could furnish, Base-ballists of K. K. K. and other counties if ye are not prepared, brace up! if ye are ready, come along!"... Captain.

PERSONALS.

Quinn—Frank Quinn, '84, whose parliamentary tactics are still remembered by St. Patrick's society, is now studying law in his native city of Peoria, Ills.

Baker—Charles Baker, '84, whose loss the baseballists still mourn, has engaged in the drug business in Chicago.

Rh  aume—Frank Rh  aume, '85, is in business with his father in Indianapolis, Ind. He has control of one of the business departments of his father's house.

Rafferty—The charm of that beautiful study of Jurisprudence, which to-day tempts so many young men, has brought Jos. Rafferty, '85, into the Garden City, where he is now busily at work.

Desjardins—Arthur Desjardins, '83, who visited us a few days ago, is now travelling agent for Bremner's and Co., Syrup dealers, of Chicago. May Arthur be as successful at this work as his father has been for the past years.

Gibbons—There are rumors abroad to the effect that Thomas Gibbons, '83, of jovial memory, is now given up, heart and soul, to the study of law in Chicago, whither he has removed of late.

Henderson—J. D., J.E. and W. J. Henderson, all three of '85, are now buried in business in their native town of Troy, in the sunny land of the Alabamas.

Lebrun—We are informed that Joseph Lebrun, '84, is doing fine business with his father in Menominee, Mich., where both are engaged in the Lumber-trade.

Fox—We are happy to hear that Edward Fox, '84, from Chicago, is now pursuing his classics in St. Mary's, Kansas.

Hughes—Thomas Hughes, '84, who visited us not very long ago, is busy infusing knowledge into the young minds of his rural home Sumner, Ills. All success to his efforts!

Bernier—We have the pleasure of meeting quite often our young friend Eugene Bernier, '85, of Kankakee, who now clerks with his father for Hanna, chief grocer of the city.

Carr—We have noticed before Robert Carr, '85, who paid his Alma Mater a visit last fall and who is now engaged in the Stock-business with his brother in Troy Grove, Ills.

Fay—Charles Fay, '84, of "famous" pitching reputation is doing business for his family in Lacon, Ills.

O'Connor—William O'Connor, '85, the phenomenal curver is employed in the Chicago Board of trade.

Caron—Edward Caron, '84, after lingering for a few months in Kankakee as a druggist, has also taken his flight to Chicago, where he continues in the same line of business.

Metty—News just reach us by which we learn that George Metty, '83, is becoming quite enamored of St. Paul, Minn., where he is a most successful clerk.

A CARD.

All of the graduates of the Commercial Department during the past four years are requested to correspond with me as soon as possible concerning the advisability of having a reunion and banquet in Commercial Hall at the close of the scholastic term.

Yours truly,

Joseph Murphy A. M.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Gold Medal awarded to J McGavick, H. J. Legris and J. Ricou drawn by H. J. Legris

1st. Silver Medal.....J. McGavick.
2nd. " "J. Ricou.

Distinguished—V. Lamarre, A. Frazer, W. Convey, P. Parker, J. Meehan, F. Dandurand, T. Normoyle, P. Wilstach, C. Harbour, T. O'Day.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold Medal } E. Bennett
 } D. Ricou Drawn by D. Ricou.

Silver Medals deserved by W. Mohr, E. O'Connor, J. O'Connor, G. Parks, H. McHugh and J. Duffy; drawn by G. Parks and W. Mohr.

Distinguished M. A. Roy, F. Brosseau, D. Carrol J. Dupuis, M. Dupuis, P. Kelly, J. Roach, J. Smith, J. Kennedy, C. Ball, T. Ryan, M. Naughton, M. O'Beirn and J. Altman.

COMPOSITION MEDAL.

Deserved by } P. Parker
 } H. Murphy drawn by H. Murphy.

CONWAY MEDAL.

Deserved by J. McGavick, J. Meehan J. Ricou, J. Kennedy, E. O'Connor, G. Parks. Drawn by J. McGavick.

Conduct.....J. Mullenfordt.
Politeness.....G. Park.

upon these walls as something sacred, and wish to keep them from the curious gaze of travellers. These walls, though ruined they be, afford the poor shepherds shelter from the rains in Autumn, and snows, quite frequent here upon the mount in winter. But come, this is a poor site from which to view the beauty of these holy ruins. I will find a more favorable spot". Taking the lead the good priest brought me through the entrance at which I first saw him, and thence through an interior corridor. As we walked along he pointed out to me the various features of the architecture of the building. Here the pointed arch, there the light clustered pillars; the beautiful windows with their mullions, delicate foliations and light, graceful tracery, all indicated that most beautiful of species—the Gothic. At last we arrived at another door which led out to what might have been long since a promenade. Now the olives and briars had grown in such wild disorder as to obliterate all appearance of a walk. Pushing our way through these we at length gained a knoll from which we could view the entire building.

"There" said my guide, "you see not only the massive walls moss-grown and ivy-covered, but also the great bell-tower which forms the principal subject of my story. When the walls had been reared and the bell-tower finished, there remained but one great want to render perfect the stately convent;—no bells could be had which would match the grandeur of the tower. Hearing of this, a workman of the town, by name Ginseppe, offered his services, and promised that in six months he would make some bells which would even surpass the tower in gravity and beauty. Night and day he toiled, till at length the months had rolled by, and he gave order for the bells to be carried to the convent. Seven there were of most rare and curious device, varying in size, yet all in proportion, bearing graven lilies twisted up and down around their rims. All who saw them, pronounced them marvellous. But the moment came when they had all been assigned their place in the tower, and the first peal was given. The peasant stood in mute astonishment, the shepherd knelt in wrapt admiration, and as the melody was wafted over Campagna, its dying tones broke on the enraptured ear of the Roman, as the chords of the Angelic choir upon the dull ear of the shepherds of Bethlehem. Oft at sunset would the peasant await that heavenly sound calling him to hail the Queen of heaven.

In the meantime, Ginseppe the poor workman was spoken of far and wide. Many were the offers he received for bells of the same kind and quality. But he had resolved to forsake the world, and enter the walls o'er which his bells ever and anon sent forth their charming peals. There he wished to spend the remainder of his days. He laid aside his workman's garb and donning

the monk's habit, dedicated himself to solitude and prayer.

But those were dark and stormy days for poor Italy. The spoiler came down from the North, and desolation was cast over the face of our smiling land. Homes were sacked, the inmates driven forth; and even the convents and the altars were prey to the despoiling hands. These sacred walls, rearing high there heads from afar caught the eye of the invader, and ere the sun sank into the Mediterranean, the stately convent, the dwelling of hundreds of pious souls, was laid bare, and its inmates cast into the dreary world of which they knew naught. Those walls which had oft given back the echo of divine praise, were now doomed to desolation and gloomy silence. The bell-tower was robbed of its pride and glory. The sacred peals were no longer heard on the Campagna, and naught remained of the grand convent but these bare walls, which have bravely withstood the blasts of centuries. The poor monks were scattered far and wide. Some rested by the far off banks of the Danube; others found refuge on the hallowed soil of Spain; a few were sheltered by those convents which escaped the hand of the despoiler. The Abbot, aged and feeble, found rest on the banks of the Loire, in the "Great Monastery" of St. Martin. Here he peacefully ended his long life; and an old brother, who had faithfully attended his footsteps to these foreign shores closed his eyes in death.

This old brother was he, who in his little town on the Alban hill cast and chased the bells for the grand and lofty bell-tower. Old and reverend was he now, with four score and ten years weighing heavily upon him. His beard had silvered, and over his yet sparkling eye a snowy lock might be seen. The "Great Monastery" held him dear, and trusted him in all cases which called for consummate prudence. Now it happened, that in the far off isle of Erin the sons of St. Martin had been transplanted, and the "Mother" house looked for great success in this distant yet sacred isle. By the river Shannon the off-shoot had been planted, and great was the anxiety at the "Monastery" until the first joyful tidings would come, that the plant had taken root. They came not; and consternation filled the convent on the Loire. The old man, he who had been Ginseppe was called and entrusted with a message to a patron in an Irish court, who had been instrumental in the introduction of St. Martin's sons into the emerald isle. Away the old brother went, across the heath and the shining sand, until he saw the leaping billows that were to bear him around the Cape of Brittany into the Irish sea. Here he took ship, and under laboring sail crossed the waters, till far in the distance his keen eye could view the pale gray mist, under which lay the Isle of the Saints. Soon the vessel bore him through

the low banks of the river Shannon up the stream. Soon too the towers of Limerick rose before his gaze, and hark! a sound of music that floats on the air, music that seems to come from regions not earthly. 'Tis the sound of olives swaying in the breeze, musically murmuring to the winds. The heart of the old man beats fast and loud. The sound carries him back three score years, to the stately convent on the Alban hill.

Could these chimes be his? How could it be possible, and in this far land? But they must be his! Had not those sounds oft times broken on his fancy in sleep? How could he be deceived? As the white-sailed vessel glided up the stream the old brother lay with hands folded on his heart. The Shannon glistened in the sunset beams, and the bells shook music from each lilled rim. But the old man lay at rest! When the vessel moored beside the quay, there he lay as a child lulled to sleep by song. Tenderly they took him from the ship, and buried him among the wild flowers and the grass. Above his grave the chimes still ring out their merry music. Thus ended the life of the good brother.

The bells had been preserved by the spoilers; and angels guided the hands that bore them to the lovely Isle of the Saints. There in the Limerick towers they sound the praises of the Almighty, and by their soft southern melody waft the soul heavenward."

P. M.

A TALE OF KILLARNEY.

A tourist visiting the Lakes of Killarney cannot help observing a small island, placed like a gem upon the bosom of one of those most beautiful sheets of water which, when ruffled by the wind, kiss the pebbly shore; upon its highest elevation are seen the remains of what was once a stately monastery which in centuries past was the refuge of numberless recluses, but now, thanks to the love of learning and piety of Cromwell's brutal soldiery, has become a crumbling mass of ruins. At present its walls are overgrown with ivy and trailing vines which seem as though they were endeavoring to protect them from the rude attacks of Father Time. It is now the retreat of such animals as love to haunt old ruins. If asked at what time it would be best to view this relic of by-gone days, I would answer in the words of Scott: "At the silent hour of midnight when the moon's pale rays are falling around its sacred precincts. Then indeed, is the scene truly picturesque."

There is a legend, treasured up among the peasantry concerning one of the religious of this monastery which I will now endeavor to relate though assured that it will lose some of its freshness and simplicity by my recital. As the story goes, some hundred years before a monk by name Patrick, wearied of the trials and temptations of the world, had come thither in order to

hold a more intimate communion with his creator and prepare himself for death. When not occupied with his religious duties he passed his spare moments in painting pictures of saints, martyrs, virgins, and especially of Christ crucified. Many moments he stood entranced before the productions of his industry, viewing with complacency his different sketches, but still something appeared lacking. He could never depict upon his canvass in all their beauty and freshness the ideals as they existed in his mind.

The Abbot in consideration of his diligence and perseverance granted him permission to adorn the walls of his cell with his rude drawings. But the monk however, was not satisfied with this mere privilege: he desired to produce something worthy of his heavenly subject and deserving of being handed down to posterity. He desired the genius and skill of the old masters for whom a few strokes of the brush were sufficient to make their canvass breathe forth life and beauty. But fate seemed to conspire against him: he yearned for that which he could not accomplish. Each succeeding picture far from improving appeared inferior to the preceding.

In this condition of affairs, he sat musing one evening while from a small window penetrated the last rays of the descending sun bathing his little cell in a flood of mellow sunshine. Soon, however, the room regained its former appearance in consequence of the sun sinking below the horizon. The monk still sat in silence thinking if he could ever accomplish that which he so much desired—the worthy representation on the canvass of his thorn-crowned master. Suddenly a bright light illumines his apartment, and he perceives in the middle of his cell that heavenly model that had so long haunted his mind, and which in vain he had so many times endeavored to sketch. There in truth was He who many centuries before had climbed the hill of Calvary bearing upon his shoulders the heavy cross, upon which He was to immolate Himself for the redemption and regeneration of mankind. Upon his brow he wears the crown of thorns which men in their ingratitude had presented him. On his lips played that heavenly smile which we ever associate with his sacred image.

The monk's rude sketches present no longer their uncouth appearance: they appear to have partaken of that ineffable beauty and radiance that characterize their sacred visitor. Soon the vision departed as these consoling words greeted the ear of the monk: "I scorn no work that's done for love of me." Never afterwards was good Patrick disturbed by the thoughts of his ill-success, the words of the vision kept resounding in his ears that nothing, how humble soever it might be, was valueless when performed for the love and in the service of his holy master.

J. C.

ing but actually going to kill his miserable wife who, in most pitiful helplessness, lay cringing at her drunken, beastly husband's feet. She held in her poor arms a half clothed little thing, while an older little girl in poorest garb also, was heroically, I must say heroically, exposing her life to intercept the mortal blows from reaching her starved, defenceless mother.

I remember how I was almost afraid of the villainous face of the wretch when I saw it, though I'm sure I did not then fully understand the picture. The house too was a low roofed little hovel, a scene of utter want, of misery most crying. I was soon disgusted at this picture and I looked at the last a little lower down. That one, I did not understand it at all. It was a confused group of doubtful looking figures; they sat at tables; there were glasses, and a bottle here and there.

I did not of course understand the connection between these three pictures explained by the writing that filled the space, I could not read. I ventured one more look at the horrible man with torn coat, scattered hair, brandished chair; he looked more wildly cruel, more furious than before. I hated him. Again I looked at the first and most soothing picture; it looked more lovely. I liked everything in it....

I then cast the book there and ran out to meet little sister May returning from school. The old magazine was picked up and put at its old function of holding up the glass... I grew big enough to go to school and very often, as I sought the pictures of my text books (for I was always fond of pictures) I remembered that page of the magazine and especially the beastly man with menacing air. Now I'm a little older; I've finished all the readers and almost my school days too, and I've learned to know the lesson of these pictures.

You have perhaps already guessed what is coming. Perhaps even you have said in your heart "Pooh, some old fogey trying to sandwich us a temperance lecture".... Gently, friend. I do not wish to become a moralizer of my school fellows; but that page is in itself a moral. Let me explain, for perchance 'tis not so plain to you after all as it is to me. The first picture is a family where the father is temperant—the home is cheerful, the family happy. The second shows the effects of intemperance. The painting is alas! but too true. Our age does not allow us to grow very old before these dreadful pictures in all their naked reality are exhibited to our youthful eyes. The third, that's the saloon, the gambling house where the unfortunate victims of their wasting vices ruthlessly squander the bread of famished wives and children... If you had seen that page would you not gratefully remember it for the lesson it gives? would you not cherish its impression as a powerful preventative against the fiend of drunkenness?... I do.

Aye.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

There are 2,576 Catholic priests in England.

A new Franciscan province has been created by the Holy Father with headquarters at Cincinnati.

Prince Bismarck expresses his gratitude to the Pope in warmest terms, and promises to satisfy all the Church's demands provided the Holy Father will assist him in repressing Socialism.

More masses are offered at Lourdes than in any other sanctuary in the world. In 1884, notwithstanding the panic caused by cholera, which notably diminished the pilgrimages, as many as 33,000 were celebrated.

General Rosecrans says that the late Senator Miller of California, sent every year a handsome check to the Sisters of Charity who found him on the battle-field with his eye shot out, and nursed him so carefully that he was soon again at the front.

The holy Father has been pleased to raise the Rev. J. de Concilio, of St. Michael's, Jersey City, to the honor of Monsignor, Private Chamberlain of his Holiness. Mgr. de Concilio is widely known as one of our most powerful and lucid writers on theological and philosophical subjects.

Rev. Father Damien, who twelve years ago voluntarily went as a missionary among the lepers of the isolated island of Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Isles, has at last fallen a victim to the foul disease, and a terrible death awaits him. He fears not however, and simply asks his friends to pray for him. Thus the priest of God gives up the comforts and pleasures of life to save souls knowing full well that he is to sacrifice health and life itself.

There are hopes of St. Peter's Church, the future cathedral of Montreal, being completed at an early day. The work is arduously pushed. This church is a *fac simile* of St. Peter's in Rome, on a scale of two fifths. It is 330 ft. in length by 220 in breadth. The portico will be 110 X 30. The height of the cupola will be over 200 ft. and each of the four towers surrounding it 110 ft. When completed it will be the most interesting piece of architecture in Montreal and the grandest cathedral in Canada.

The Czar of Russia having ordered that three Dominican Fathers should be imprisoned for administering the sacraments against his wish, the faithful of the place resisted to the execution of such a tyrannical order and a sorrowful scene followed when the soldiers were commanded to enforce the bidding of their cruel Emperor. They fired with reluctance at the people, three persons were shot dead and ninety wounded. Four of the latter have died since. All is now quiet, but it is the quiet of the cemetery.

Catholic priests have been civilizers and educators of the world. They are the first to explore dark countries,

the first to master outlandish languages, the first to introduce improvements into their missionary fields. A recent proof of the world's indebtedness to them is furnished by the French Academy of Sciences, which has granted its grand prize of 15,000 francs to father Zotoli, O. S. F., for the best work extant on Chinese literature.

In consequence of the Encyclical of April 20, 1884, against Freemasonry, the President of Bolivia has taken all possible precautions to preserve the army from the contagion of the sect. *La Patria*, of that country, describes the grand manifestation that was made in the capital to congratulate the head of the Government, who declared his resolution to adhere to the religion of his ancestors, and to bend all his powers to its support, protesting that he and his people, the governing and the governed, would always cling to sound doctrines. (Ave Maria.)

What is known as Les Cercles Catholiques have just held their Fourteenth General Assembly in Paris. The object of these circles is a very laudable one. It is to lay hold of the workingmen and promote their "social" regeneration on a truly Christian basis. In the discussion which took place great stress was laid on the importance of the priesthood studying social questions and placing themselves at the head of Christian social reform movements. It was announced that much atten-

tion had already been given to these subjects in the seminaries and conferences of priests convened for that purpose: One of these conferences was held lately in Lyons and proved a great success. It was attended by 200 priests.

The *Catholic Universe* says: At the death of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson the Universe proposed that the Catholics erect by public subscription a monument to his memory. The Catholic press very generally favored the suggestion, but nothing practical came out of it. We feel certain the money can be raised if the Catholic press will urge it. The memory of such a man should not be let die. . . .—Let the ambition of our young men be excited and inspired by the monuments of our heroes. Let the pen be not forgotten in the gleam of the sword. Brownson deserves a monument at the hands of the Catholics of America. Who will head the list?

The *Kankakee Gazette* says: The Catholic archdiocese of Chicago is the youngest in line of establishment of any in this country, and yet the directory of that church shows it to be the most progressive of the twelve. This archdiocese includes Chicago and that portion of the State north of the south line of Whiteside, Lee, De Kalb, and Kankakee counties. The Chicago Archdiocese has 198 churches—22 more than New York—,270 priests, and 30,000 children attending parochial schools. The Catholic population is 425,000.

CHAS. RIETZ BROS.

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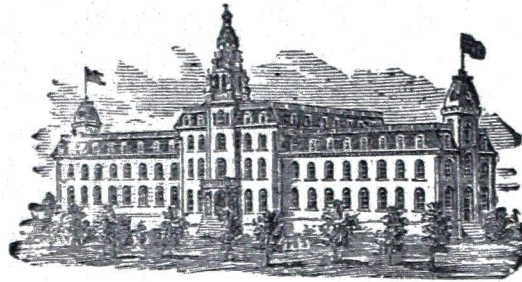
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