

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE. ILL. SATURDAY, April 9. 1887.

No 20.

A. H. PIKE. JEWELLER.

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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.

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EDITORIALS.

WITH THE PRESENT NUMBER we close Vol. IV of the JOURNAL, trusting that its varied contents—the faithful chronicling of traditional observances, the signalling of new landmarks, the essayings of our juvenile pens upon subjects old and new, may not have proven too wholly uninteresting to those who have left us their fields, and too utterly unappreciable for the general college reader. As one who has just finished a difficult, but not disagreeable task, with a satisfaction somewhat justifiable, jocosely writes in large capitals on the margin: FINIS CORONAT OPUS! even so, would we despatch the present *opus* by flourishing here an elegant *Finis*.

THE COURSE OF LECTURES is to be resumed shortly after Easter. Of the lecturers engaged for this season there yet remain Rev. C. P. Foster, of Chicago, who we hear, is to speak on "Gerald Griffin," and Rev. F. Rielly, of Gilman, who will treat of "Novels and their Influence." We are listening. We are anxious to be given those literary treats which cheer us on in our college course and break up the monotony of the habitual routine.

WE FEEL CALLED UPON in this closing number to say a word of "heartfelt thanks" to our subscribers and to all who have given us encouragement by word or deed. Thanks.

WE WISH our readers a plentifulness of Easter blessings and the traditional fanciful eggs.

FROM THE SUN-LIT heights of our editorial throne we watch the tiny leaves of grass pop up their curious little heads as if anxious to know if it is safe to come out so soon? Gradually the campus becomes greener and the genial heat-waves dance in their own sunshine over the fields. We clap our hands and gladly laugh in approbation of the early awakening and wild capers of the sportive genus, hitherto confined or perched upon the turning poles. The national sphere rolls in lively curves and the indications are for an amusing, excited health-giving season of outdoor sports. Welcome Spring!

THE COMPOSITION MEDALS are soon to be contested by the Rhetoric and Grammar classes. According to plans arranged by the Rev. Prefect of Studies, we learn there is to be three competitions set at intervals from April to June.... The unusual amount of reading which has been done, and which is always in some way available, makes us think that the prizes will be sharply contested and won by really deserving papers. To wear the glittering gold on commencement day, and that with the consciousness of merit, is unquestionably an enviable distinction, one well worth the effort of every honor-loving boy.

THE CEREMONIES of Holy Week with their solemn significance and their holy and wholesome impressiveness have again been enacted, recalling vividly the tragic denouement of the drama of our redemption ages ago. Now the glorious resurrection is at hand. Power divine will triumph over death wrought by man. We are on the eve of the alleluias, let us in advance rejoice!

EASTER DAY.

Oh! day of days! shall hearts set free
No "Minstrel rapture" find for Thee?
Thou art the sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays:

Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year;
Sundays by Thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week:

And week-days, following in their train,
The fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light thine altar fires:
The World some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day:

Or, if she think, it is in scorn:
The vernal light of Easter morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.

"Where is your Lord?" she scornful asks:
"Where is his hire? we know his tasks;
"Sons of a king ye boast to be;
"Let us your crowns and treasures see."

We in the words of Truth reply,
An angel brought them from the sky,
"Our crown, our treasure is not here,
"Tis stored above the highest sphere:

"Methinks your wisdom guides amiss,
"To seek on earth a Christian's bliss;
"We watch not now the lifeless stone;
"Our only Lord is risen and gone."

Yet even the lifeless stone is dear
For thoughts of Him who late lay here;
And the base world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.

No more a charnel-house, to fence
The relics of lost innocence,
A vault of ruin and decay;—
Th' imprisoning stone is roll'd away:

'Tis now a cell, where angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,

And in the ears of mourners say,
"Come, see the place where Jesus lay:"

'Tis now a fane, where Love can find
Christ every where embalm'd and shrin'd;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet,
Where'er she sets her duteous feet.

Oh! joy to Mary first allow'd,
When rous'd from weeping o'er his shroud,
By his own calm, soul-scothing tone,
Breathing her name, as still his own!

Joy to the faithful Three renew'd,
As their glad errand they pursued!
Happy, who so Christ's word convey,
That he may meet them on their way!

So is it still: to holy tears,
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears:
In social hours, who Christ would see,
Must turn all task to Charity.

Keble.

THE "CRANK."

The diversity among men is great when it is a question of race, but, far more marked is the difference in relation to talents and character. Some are gifted with genius; while others are but little elevated above the brute: some are endowed with qualities which make them loved, honored and successful; others are as thorns in the body social, whose presence is tolerated but not desired. To men of this class whose minds are narrowed to and governed by some one absorbing, though perhaps, ignoble thought, the name of "crank" has been universally applied.

Yet it must not be thought that they are all "cranks" on the same subject. For there is the social crank, who breaks in upon the circle of wit and intelligence and destroys the pleasure of the evening by his senseless talk about the latest fashion of wearing a neck-tie or the most correct style of a coat. There is a crank whose wealth enables him to intrude upon your business whenever it pleases his whim and cannot understand the polite hints by which it is shown that his absence is far more desirable than his presence. The political crank is full of the idea that the country is going, as one of Dicken's characters would say, to the "demnition how-wows" and all this for listening to this modern Solon.

Many too are the cranks who would reform the social fabric and preach a Eutopia of human happiness.

Numerous also are the cranks who give up lucrative and honorable positions, and, though nothing but the garret and poverty for themselves and their families stare them in the face, yet attempt the impossible task of solving the problem of perpetual motion.

Nor must the æsthetic crank, whose breath smells of roses and whose conversation is gush and sentiment, nor the female crank who weaves quilts as crazy as their owners, be excluded from the list. In fine, it may be said of this vice as an author once said of greatness: Some are born cranks, others become cranks by their own efforts, while others have this vice thrust upon them by the injustice of which they are the victims.

But, it may be asked, are they an unmitigated nuisance? Can they be productive of nothing but evil? It cannot be doubted: for in the order of the world no useless thing can be found. Some things, certainly, have an appearance of evil when they are looked at in relation to particular circumstances and to particular objects. But if they are considered in their relation to the whole, they conduce to its harmony and beauty. It is from the contrast which we perceive between their imperfections and those of nobler and more perfect beings that we obtain the idea of beauty and receive those pleasurable sensations which this diversity arouses. What gives beauty to a stream but its serpentine banks bordered with dense foliage twining itself among the hills? If on the contrary, it wended its slow course, like the sluggish canal, with undeviating directness between plain and regular walls, what attention would it receive from the spectator or what sentiments could it excite in his breast? It is by the contrast of his deformity to some more perfect ideal that the crank can be said to be not without his use.

Besides, if the subject is well examined, even among cranks, distinctions must be made. For if the meaning of the word is considered in a more favorable sense, it will be seen to contain a force not perceived at the first glance. Very probably the word derives its origin from an attachment by which a wheel is turned and which has obtained the name of "crank." Herein is its Source. For how useless would be the wheel without its aid. It could be revolved; but only at an expenditure of much greater power than if the crank were to lend its aid. A crank therefore represents a force which, where the question relates to man, means Character and ideas. A crank then in its best sense means a man of character, a man of ideas. And as it is by the power of the crank that the wheel is put in motion, so it is the man of character and ideas who rules the social, the moral and political world.

It is true, as we know from the histories of nations and the practice of all who would move others to action, that the exemplification of ideas exerts more in-

fluence on the mass of mankind than the cold and naked presentation of an idea itself, no matter how noble or exalted. And this after all, is but natural; for an idea may sometimes be too exalted to be grasped and appreciated by the generality of men, but an example strikes their fancies forcibly, as it is not above the level of their daily thoughts.

Orators, statesmen and warriors have availed themselves of this truth, and made it the vehicle of inciting their auditors to receive those thoughts, and to adopt that line of action which they wished them to follow. Spartacus, appealing to the gladiators, makes use of ideas, certainly, but he gives them force, the recital of his own and their grievances. Napoleon might have urged the justness of his cause, when addressing his soldiers on the eve of battle, but he was careful to speak of their former deeds and the brave doings of their forefathers against the same enemies.

But though it must be admitted that the force of example is a powerful incentive to action and although even the highest minds are not free from its influence, yet these latter have a source within their own breasts that impells them almost irresistibly to achieve something that will raise them to a level or even place them above the models which were the objects of their admiration.

To such the term "crank" may be justly, but in its best sense, applied. They are men, whose minds fully taken up with one predominant idea, fix their gaze on some determined goal to be reached. If the object is distant, they do not relinquish their design; if obstacles bestrew their path, they either see them not, or see them only to push them aside; if toil must be its price, it is willingly undergone.

Such must be the man who would succeed in any walk in life: from their ranks come the world's great men, its heroes. Why do so many make failure of life? They have talents equal and perhaps superior to those of others; they have friends perhaps whose assistance gives them the first impulsion on the road of success: birth also may give them help over less fortunate rivals, and yet another bears off the prize.

They wanted energy: they dallied with fortune until their opportunity slipped by them; they preferred rather to wander in pleasure's bower with unoccupied hands than to burden their delicate shoulders with honorable and profitable toil. These occupy the lower and overcrowded planes of every occupation and profession, while the others, starting indeed from the same standpoint, but diverging betimes from the paths of their more easy-going companions, rise to higher levels, where greater freedom of action is obtained, and wider fields of enterprise and success lay expanded to the eye.

The next may, possibly, enjoy for a short time the

life which inclination and a love of ease urges them to adopt, but yet, in the midst of pleasure, they cannot avoid casting a side glance at former comrades who by their energy have escaped from their circle, and climbed to heights, which they themselves wanted the force of character to reach. Envy may gnaw their breasts, and disappointment may rankle; but yet they are forced to admit to themselves the truth of the adage "it might have been."

Even should this quality of energy be united to others less enobling or even, it may be, degrading, yet the more noble casts into the background what is defective, and elicits the admiration of beholders. Take Napoleon I for example. We may doubt the sincerity of his motives for re-establishing religion in France and attribute his action to reasons of state policy: and many call him selfish and hard-hearted: we may censure his harsh treatment of Christ's vicar; we may condemn his unbounded ambition, his nepotism, and the sufferings he brought upon France; but the brightness of his genius, his statesmanship, his warlike talents causes his defects to be forgotten and swallowed up by the consideration of what was great in his character.

Endless would be the task of enumerating the examples which the pages of history reveal; all going to prove in what estimation force of character, singleness of purpose and clearness of ideas are held and what great things they can and do accomplish. Let a people even be filled with an idea, a purpose; let them be swayed by it, and then will be seen what dangers they will encounter, what sacrifices they will make, and what obstacles they will overcome in order to defend a principle or obtain a good.

If on the contrary a nation has not this fixed object to be attained, or has not a leader to rouse it from its lethargy, it may exist indeed, but it does not live; its name may be handed down in history, but only as the dependency of another and more enterprising race.

What but the idea that taxation without representation was unjust aroused the indignation and patriotism of the American Colonies and urged them on, notwithstanding their inferiority, weakness and poverty, to attempt and obtain their independence? The same may be said of Ireland. Defeated again and again, deceived repeatedly in her hopes, friendless and alone, she has risen after every disaster; and dared to throw down the gage of battles; and at last light and peace seem about to dispel the gloom and despair that have for so long a time hung over that liberty loving land.

In our condemnation of "cranks" therefore, let us not forget to make those exceptions, which reason and justice demand and "to give honor to whom honor is due."

LOCALS.

- Alleluia!
- A happy Easter!
- Retreat!
- Easter Eggs!
- April showers!
- Side-galls are all the rage.
- March went out like a lamb.
- The Minims are lying in wait for the eggs.
- Have you seen Mr. —'s curiosities yet, Sam?
- The contestants for the Hagan Elocution medal are chosen and at work learning their pieces.
- James and Walter Tierney have gone home for a few days.
- Young Master Mallory, of Kankakee, enters the minims' ranks this week with Master E. Lawler, of Chicago.
- Rev. A. Belanger of Brimfield, paid us one of his rare calls last week and took Bro. Lauzon with him to sing Holy Week services.
- James Deveney was with us a few days this week and has returned to Manteno, Ill., where he successfully conducts one of the district schools.
- Revds. M. J. Marsile C. S. V., Chs. Peborde D. D., will give Holy Week sermons in St. Roses, Kankakee, Ill.
- Mr. John Tierney of '85, now reporter for the Associated Press stopped at the college on his way to Chicago—from Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Tierney looks hearty and feels and talks likewise. He seemed much interested in the old place and after inquiring about the McKune medal, promised the prize which good Fr. McKune ever so kindly gave. We thank Mr. Tierney for his thoughtfulness and the interest and kind remembrance he so substantially manifests.
- The Composition Medals are soon to be contested for by the Rhetoric classes. According to plans arranged by the Rev. Prefect of Studies, we learn that there are to be three contests at different intervals from April to June. The unusual amount of reading which may be made use of in the coming out bids fair to result in some able papers; to wear gold with the consciousness of merit is certainly an enviable distinction and one worth the efforts of every boy who is honor-loving.
- Rev. A. Mainville while in Chicago will purchase base-ball outfits for the several nines of the league.
- Mr. P. Torpey, late from Cork, Ireland, takes a seat in the class of Philosophy.
- Our Rev. visitors this fortnight were Fr. F. X. Chouinard C. S. V. of Manteno, Ill., Fr. F. Rielly, of Gilman, Ill., Fr. Maugé, of Fowler, Ind., Fr. Crossan, of Oxford, Ind., Fr. Z. Berard, of St. Anne, Ill., Fr. Lesage and Bro. Dionne, of St. George, Ill.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 9 Fev. 1887.

No 5.

LES PRINTEMPS.

O doux printemps de la nature!
Saison du renouveau, des charmantes primeurs!
Ton souffle parfumé, plein de vagues rumeurs,
Rend aux sources des bois leur ravissant murmure.
C'est toi qui mets l'encens dans les coupes des fleurs
Et fais chanter les nids au sein de la verdure!

O riant printemps de la foi!
Tu ramènes le jour d'ivresse et d'espérance
Qui de l'humanité sonna la délivrance.
La terre gémissait frémissante d'effroi;
Mais le soleil divin de la tombe s'élance,
Et le monde revit en revoyant son roi!

O suave printemps de l'âme!
Où tout aussi renaît après un long sommeil,
Chante et s'épanouit comme aux feux du soleil
Où que le cœur joyeux te salue et t'acclame!
De l'aube de la vie éblouissant réveil,
Tu nous rends le passé, son bonheur et sa flamme!

Mystérieuse Trinité!
Du ciel et de la terre ineffable harmonie!
Quand sur le monde luit cette aurore bénie
Du temps et de la foi, quelle sérénité
S'épanche dans nos cœurs! Et l'âme rajeunie
Semble se rapprocher de la Divinité!

M**

EDITION DU MONUMENT DE VICTOR HUGO.

A Paris, un jour que j'errais sous l'immense colonnade du palais Royal, examinant gravures et volumes, je fis l'acquisition de "L'Œuvre Complète de Victor Hugo" ou "Edition du monument." Cet ouvrage contient des extraits de toutes les productions littéraires du grand maître. On peut ainsi d'une manière sommaire, il est vrai, avoir une idée de chacune de ses œuvres, soit en vers ou en prose.

Permettez, amis lecteurs, que nous le feuilletions ensemble. Au frontispice est le portrait du célèbre écrivain avec son autographe, les dernières lignes de son

testament: "Je demande une prière à toutes les âmes. Je crois en Dieu." Pourquoi faut-il que ces belles paroles soient déparées par d'autres qui expriment son refus de recevoir les secours de l'Eglise. Comment n'a-t-il pas compris que la mère des nations et des grands génies était celle qui devait recueillir son dernier soupir et ajouter à sa renommée quelque chose de l'immortalité qu'elle a reçue d'en haut?

Sa figure porte l'empreinte de la force et de l'intelligence: cette tête titanesque a, c'est à ne pas s'y méprendre, remué le ciel et la terre. Ses profondes méditations ont labouré ce large front, comme le fer déchire le sol. Sa barbe et ses cheveux blancs comme la neige encadrent majestueusement son visage; mais le regard est sombre et désespéré. Oh! que la foi l'aurait radieusement illuminé aussi bien que l'âme! Quel éclair elle eût mis dans ses yeux et quel sourire sur ses lèvres!

Victor Hugo naquit en 1802. Il n'avait pas quinze ans quand il publia ses premiers vers. Il écrivait son *Moïse sauvé des eaux* pour les jeux floraux et recevait de Chateaubriand, alors le roi des lettres, le titre glorieux d'*Enfant sublime*. C'étaient les beaux jours. Le jeune barde était chrétien et royaliste. Ses inspirations se puisaient aux sources les plus pures. Les cieux entrouvraient leurs portiques étoilés à ses regards et le fils du roi-martyr lui disait des chants de triomphe. En tête de ses œuvres apparaissent (1818) les "Odes et Ballades," chants enthousiastes et qui vibrent comme un cuivre.

J'ai des rêves de guerre en mon âme inquiète;
J'aurais été soldat, si je n'étais poète.
Ne vous étonnez point que j'aime les guerriers!
Souvent, pleurant sur eux, dans ma douleur muette,
J'ai trouvé leur cyprès plus beau que nos lauriers.

Enfant, sur un tambour ma crèche fut posée.
Dans un casque pour moi l'eau sainte fut puisée.
Un soldat, m'ombrageant d'un belliqueux faisceau,
De quelque vieux lambeau d'une bannière usée
Fit les langes de mon berceau.
Les "Orientales" (1829) semblent emprunter au ciel des Pyramides leur éclat et aussi leur fraîcheur.
Hélas! que j'en ai vu mourir de jeunes filles!
C'est le destin. Il faut une proie au trépas.
Il faut que l'herbe tombe au tranchant des faucilles,

Il faut que dans le ciel les folâtres quadrilles
Foulent des roses sous leurs pas.

Toutes fragiles fleurs, sitôt mortes que nées!
Alcyons engoutis avec leurs nids flottants!
Colombes, que le ciel au monde avait données!
Qui de grâce et d'enfance, et d'amour couronnées,
Comptaient leurs ans par les printemps!

Quoi, mortes! quoi, déjà, sous la pierre couchées!
Quoi, tant d'êtres charmants sans regard et sans voix!
Tant de flambeaux éteints! tant de fleurs arrachées!...
Oh! laissez-moi fouler les feuilles desséchées,
Et m'égarer au fond des bois!

Puis viennent "Les Feuilles d'automne" (1831) considérées comme le chef-d'œuvre de Victor Hugo. La plus belle des pièces de ce recueil, *Prière pour tous*, n'y est pas. Le sentiment est trop imprégné de foi religieuse peut-être. On a reproduit cependant l'éloquente supplication en faveur des pauvres dont il a voulu que le char funèbre le porta à sa demeure dernière.

Donnez, riches! L'aumône est sœur de la prière.
Hélas! quand un vieillard, sur votre seuil de pierre,
Tout roidi par l'hiver, en vain tombe à genoux;
Quand les petits enfants, les mains de froid rougies,
Ramassent sous vos pieds les miettes des orgies,
La face du Seigneur se détourne de vous.

Donnez! afin que Dieu, qui dote les familles,
Donne à vos fils la force, et la grâce à vos filles;
Afin que votre vigne ait toujours un doux fruit;
Afin qu'un blé plus mûr fasse plier vos granges;
Afin d'être meilleurs; afin de voir les anges
Passer dans vos rêves la nuit!

Donnez! pour être aimé de Dieu qui se fit homme,
Pour que le méchant même ens'inclinant vous nomme,
Pour que votre foyer soit calme et fraternel;
Donnez! afin qu'un jour, à votre heure dernière,
Contre tous vos péchés vous ayez la prière
D'un mendiant puissant au ciel!

"Les chants du Crépuscule" (1835) dont nous détachons cette délicieuse harmonie, aussi suave que la brise embaumée du soir.

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:
—Ne fuis pas!

Vois comme nos destins sont différents, je reste,
Tu t'en vas!

Pourtant nous aimons, nous vivons sous les hommes
Et loin d'eux,
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes

Fleurs tous deux!

Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne.
Sort cruel!
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine
Dans le ciel!

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens, puis tu t'en vas encore
Luire ailleurs.

Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore
Toute en fleurs!

Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles,

O mon roi,
Prends comme moi racine ou donnes-moi des ailes
Comme à toi!

"Les Voix Intérieures" (1837) nous font connaître ces causeries du poète avec ses rêves tour à tour gracieux et sublimes. Dans l'ode "A l'arc de triomphe" la pensée atteint les plus hauts sommets.

Toi dont la courbe au loin, par le couchant doré,
S'emplît d'azur céleste, arche démesurée;
Toi qui lèves si haut ton front large et serein,
Fait pour changer sous lui la campagne en abîme,
Et pour servir de base à quelque aigle sublime
Qui viendra s'y poser et qui sera d'airain!

Non, tu n'es pas fini quoique tu sois superbe!

.....
A ta beauté royale il manque quelque chose.
Les siècles vont venir pour ton apothéose
Qui te l'apporteront.

Il manque sur ta tête un sombre amas d'années
Qui pendent pêle-mêle et toutes ruinées
Aux brèches de ton front.

Il te manque la ride et l'antiquité fière,
Le passé, pyramide où tout siècle a sa pierre. Etc.

Et dans l'esprit du penseur les siècles fuient comme les jours. Paris se couche dans la tombe où dorment aujourd'hui Thèbes et Babylone. Seul l'Arc de triomphe reste avec la colonne de Vendôme et les tours de Notre Dame formant un triangle éternel!

Des "Rayons et des Ombres" il n'y a que la "Tristesse d'Olimpio" C'est plus que suffisant pour donner une idée de cette tendre mélancolie dont l'âme déborde à certaines heures, chants voilés ayant toute la douceur d'un demi jour.

L'automne souriait; les côteaux vers la plaine
Penchaient leurs bois charmants qui jaunissaient à peine;
Le ciel était doré;

Et les oiseaux, tournés vers celui que tout nomme,
Disant peut-être à Dieu quelque chose de l'homme,
Chantaient leur chant sacré.

Il entendait frémir dans la forêt qu'il aime
 Ce doux vent qui, faisant tout vibrer en nous-même,
 Y réveille l'amour,
 Et remuant le chêne ou balançant la rose,
 Semble l'âme de tout qui va sur chaque chose
 Se poser tour à tour.

"Oh! dites-moi ravins, frais ruisseaux, treilles mûres,
 Rameaux chargés de nids, grottes, forêts, buissons,
 Est-ce que vous ferez pour d'autres vos murmures?
 Est-ce que vous direz à d'autres vos chansons?"

Avec la publication des "Châtiments" (1853) date une nouvelle ère dans la vie intellectuelle de Victor Hugo. Comme Lamartine, le poète veut se faire tribun. Il a son mot à dire dans les destinées politiques de la France. Mais l'Empire se fait et Hugo prend volontairement le chemin de l'exil. L'île de Guernesey sera le trépied d'où le prophète tonnera contre le nouveau Maître que la France s'est donnée. Quelques unes de ses philippiques atteignent à la plus haute éloquence. Mais la haine l'aveugle parfois et son langage, à peine français, devient incompréhensible. Il se fait alors en son esprit une transformation inexplicable, comme un mélange monstrueux de la lumière et des ténèbres, et plus il ira, plus il semblera se mettre au-dessus des règles fondamentales de la langue et du goût. Ses idées religieuses et sociales subiront aussi une profonde éclipse. De chrétien, il devient simplement déiste. Le chantre de Louis XVII et de l'Empereur rêve la république universelle.

"L'expiation" a les proportions d'un poème et forme la plus belle partie des "Châtiments." Moscou, Waterloo, Ste. Hélène sont trois terribles châtements qui fondirent sur Napoléon le grand, mais l'expiation ce fut d'avoir pour successeur Napoléon le petit...

Stupéfait du désastre et ne sachant que croire,
 L'empereur se tourna vers Dieu: l'homme de gloire
 Trembla; Napoléon comprit qu'il expiait
 Quelque chose peut-être, et, livide, inquiet,
 Devant ses légions sur la neige semées:
 —Est-ce le châtement, dit-il, Dieu des armées?—
 Alors il s'entendit appeler par son nom
 Et quelqu'un qui parlait dans l'ombre lui dit: Non;

Et cette plaine, où l'on rêve aujourd'hui,
 Vit fuir ceux devant qui l'univers avait fui!
 Quarante ans sont passées, et ce coin de terre,
 Waterloo, ce plateau funèbre et solitaire,
 Ce champ sinistre où Dieu mêla tant de néants,
 Tremble encore d'avoir vu la fuite des géants.
 Napoléon les vit s'écouler comme un fleuve;
 Hommes, chevaux, tambours, drapeaux:—et dans
 l'épreuve
 Sentant confusément revenir son remords,

Levant les mains au ciel, il dit:—Mes soldats morts,
 Moi vaincu! mon empire est brisé comme verre.
 Est-ce le châtement cette fois, Dieu sévère?
 Alors parmi les cris, les rumeurs, le canon,
 Il entendit la voix qui lui répondit: Non!

Son âme palpitait, déjà presque échappée,
 Un jour enfin il mit sur son lit son épée,
 Et se coucha près d'elle, et dit: c'est aujourd'hui!
 On jeta le manteau de Marengo sur lui.
 Les batailles du Nil, du Danube, du Tibre,
 Se penchaient sur son front; il dit: Me voici libre!
 Je suis vainqueur! Je vois mes aigles accourir!—
 Et, comme il retournait sa tête pour mourir,
 Il aperçu, un pied dans la maison déserte,
 Hudson Lowe guettant par la porte entr'ouverte.
 Alors, géant broyé sous le talon des rois,
 Il cria: La mesure est comble cette fois!
 Seigneur! c'est maintenant fini! Dieu que j'implore,
 Vous m'avez châtié— La voix dit:—Pas encore!

L'horrible vision s'éteignit.—L'Empereur,
 Désespéré, poussa dans l'ombre un cri d'horreur,
 Baissant les yeux, dressant ses mains épouvantées;
 Les Victoires de marbre à la porte sculptées,
 Fantômes blancs debout hors du sépulcre obscur,
 Se faisait du doigt signe et, s'appuyant au mur
 Écoutait le titan pleurer dans les ténèbres.
 Et lui cria; Démon aux visions funèbres,
 Toi qui me suis partout, que jamais je ne vois,
 Qui donc es-tu?—Je suis ton crime, dit la voix.—
 La tombe alors s'emplit d'une lumière étrange
 Semblable à la clarté de Dieu quand il se venge;
 Pareils aux mots que vit resplendir Baltazar,
 Deux mots dans l'ombre écrits flamboyaient sur César;
 Bonaparte, tremblant comme un enfant sans mère,
 Leva sa face pâle et lut: *Dix-huit Brumaire!*

Le poète tombe tout à coup du sublime au burlesque fidèle à l'axiôme des Romantiques: le beau, c'est le laid. Aussi prodigue-t-il les termes les plus bas et qui semblent empruntés au langage des halles. La poésie a, nul doute, le droit de flétrir le crime. Que ses paroles brûlent le coupable comme avec un fer rouge, mais qu'elle évite un langage comme celui-ci tout au plus digne d'un Arlequin:

Te voilà dans leurs rangs, on t'a, on te harnache.
 Ils t'appellent tout haut grand homme, entre eux, ganache
 Manpas vous tape sur le ventre.
 Entre Troplong paillasse et Chaix-d'Est-Ange pitre.
 Toi, spectre impérial tu bas la grosse caisse! Etc.
 Le "Revenant" des "Contemplations" (1856) est la charmante élégie d'une autre Rachel qui ne veut pas être consolée, pas même par la venue d'un nouvel ange.
 Hélas! et songeant moins aux langes qu'au linceul,
 Elle disait: cet ange en son sépulchre est seul!

—O doux miracle! ô mère au bonheur revenue!—

Elle entendit, avec une voix bien connue

Le nouveau né parler dans l'ombre entre ses bras,

Et tout bas murmurer: C'est moi. Ne le dis pas.

“La Légende des siècles” (1859) touche plusieurs sujets historiques avec des idées préconçues. “La conscience” représentant Caïn fuyant en vain l'œil de Dieu est une peinture frappante de l'âme en proie aux remords.

Rien ne me verra plus, je ne verrai plus rien,—

On fit donc une fosse, et Caïn dit: c'est bien!

Puis il descendit seul sous cette voûte sombre

Quand il se fut assis sur sa chaise dans l'ombre

Et qu'on eut sur son front fermé le souterrain,

L'œil était dans la tombe et regardait Caïn.

CUEILLETES.

— Pâques!

— Bienvenue aux oiseaux!

— La cour reverdit à vue d'œil.

— Les billes font fureur. Il faut voir comme les minimes s'en donnent.

— Edouard Caron a reçu de superbes bouquets, le jour qu'il a pris ses degrés au Collège des Pharmaciens, à Chicago. Succès.

— F. Sénéac s'est remis à l'étude avec un nouveau courage. Il fait aussi partie de l'orchestre.

— Rév. J. A. Bélanger nous a fait une agréable visite, cette semaine. F. Lauzon l'a accompagné à Brimfield où il passera la semaine sainte.

— On annonce le décès du Rév. P. Léon Lévêque, Prieur de la Trappe, à Tracadie. Il fut directeur au Collège de Joliette, pendant plusieurs années. Ses nombreux amis ne l'oublieront pas dans leurs prières.

— L'Eglise de la paroisse a reçu deux belles statues de la Ste. Vierge et de St. Joseph ainsi qu'un riche tabernacle. Les trois ont été donnés par de généreux paroissiens.

— “L'Étudiant” publie une correspondance littéraire de premier mérite et en promet une semblable à ses lecteurs à chaque nouveau numéro. Ces correspondances écrites de France ont pour but de tenir les abonnés de cette intéressante publication au courant du mouvement littéraire du vieux-monde. C'est une heureuse idée et qui ne saurait manquer d'être appréciée par nos jeunes étudiants.

— Les reposoirs à la paroisse et au Collège pendant la Semaine sainte étaient tous deux élégamment décorés. Les sacristains ont fait preuve du meilleur goût.

— La Retraite des “gradués” et des Rhétoriciens a commencé, comme de coutume, la veille du Jeudi-Saint et se terminera Samedi par la Communion générale—Les retraitants sont entièrement séparés des autres

élevés et passent leur temps libre au cimetière. Leur conduite fait l'édification générale.

— Nous apprenons avec le plus grand regret la mort du Dr. Paradis de Chicago, neveu du curé de Kankakee; Ce jeune Docteur, gradué de l'Université Laval, avait un brillant avenir devant lui; mais la mort est impitoyable—Nos sincères condoléances à la famille.

CAUSERIE.

On veut que j'écrive pour le “Cercle Français.” C'est bien vite dit, mais pas si tôt fait. Je voudrais trouver un sujet: je ne sais à quoi m'arrêter. Ma tête lasse s'épuise sur ma main. Ma plume se plonge dans mon encrier sans rapporter une idée—O muses, inspirez-moi. Envoyez Pégase, le coursier ailé, car je ne puis gravir la colline où votre roi a fixé sa cour. Que j'aimerais, ne fut-ce que pour un moment, à errer avec vous dans les sacrés vallons! Mais vous êtes sourdes à ma voix.

Je suis donc laissé à mes propres forces. Si j'osais je parlerais bien du printemps. Son sourire est si doux dans l'azur épuré; une lumière étincelante l'entoure comme d'une immense auréole; l'herbe a déjà reverdi là où il a posé son pied timide; sa voix est affectueuse comme une caresse: c'est elle que j'ai cru, ce matin, entendre chanter dans les haies. Mais tout cela, à ce qu'il paraît, est trop vieux. Il n'est beauté qui ne se fane. Pourtant, ô nature, j'aurais cru que la tienne était toujours nouvelle.

Il y a bien la fête de Pâques qui s'approche joyeuse, solennelle. Saluerai-je ce jour où le soleil de l'éternité a chassé celui de l'erreur? Quel triomphe incomparable! La mort est vaincue et les âmes vivent en celui qui est la vie! La résurrection de l'Homme-Dieu a été la résurrection des peuples et des sociétés. Un pareil sujet me siérait mal: outre son caractère essentiellement religieux ne sera-t-il pas traité dans toutes les chaires de la chrétienté?

Si je m'écoutais j'aborderais quelques événements du jour. Ils sont tous pleins de gravité: cela ne manque pas. Il y a sur son île, l'émeraude des mers, l'Irlande qui se débat, haletante dans ses fers. De l'autre côté de la Manche, la France, la chevaleresque France, en proie au vilennies d'une foule d'histrions. Dans Rome, la Papauté captive qui apparaît, aujourd'hui comme autrefois quand elle sortit des Catacombes, après trois siècles de persécutions, victorieuse de ses mortels ennemis, la force et l'espoir du monde. Certes! ce sont là autant de questions dignes de fixer l'attention de maints lecteurs. Je craindrais pourtant d'en fatiguer plus d'un. Comme il le prend de haut dirait-on! Il ne lui manque que le manteau et... l'esprit du philosophe, car il en a tous les airs. Allons! je vois que je ne sais que dire et qu'il vaut mieux se taire.

— The Orchestra and Choir are preparing Lambillotte's *Alleluia* for Easter Sunday.

— Hiram Lingle and Eugene Graham are spending Holy Week at home.

— The Seniors and graduates finished their retreat this morning.

— The members of Mr. Dore's table would like to know where the Mormons live. All communications should be addressed to Philip Saffer, Sec'y.

— On last Wednesday the usual annual *congé* was enjoyed by the "retreaters."

— St. Patrick's Literary Association held its last regular meeting on Wednesday, March 30th. Mr. Jos. McGavick was elected to the office of Librarian caused by Mr. Golden's departure. Adjournment *sine die*.

— Mr. Suerth's Repository is most beautiful and excels that of any previous year.

— On the 31st ult. the elections took place in the various classes for the contestants of the Elocution Medal. The following are to declaim: Messrs. Philip Saeffer, Wm. Prendergast, Tim Lyons, James Roach, L. Grandchamp, F. Moran, D. Carroll, H. Lingle, S. Rivard, H. Culver, and Wm. Deering. Brace up, boys, and give us some good speaking!

— Revds. A. Mainville C. S. V., Chas. Peborde D. D., and E. L. Rivard C. S. V. were called for assistance at the Holy Name Cathedral, Notre Dame Church and St. John's, Chicago, Ill.

— With pleasure we learn that Louis Duret, '86, is plunging headlong into business in partnership with a Mr. Griswold of Peru, Ind. We wish him all success. His "General Feed Store" on 20 H. Broadway, Peru, is organized and set up in all taste and commodity and cannot fail to attract a large number of customers. Our best wishes.

— It is a charming sight than to witness the grave and earnest demeanor of our "retreaters." The beautiful weather, the soothing zephyrs of spring, the spouting grass, the warm genial sun; all these things naturally lead one to meditate, to raise one's soul above to the Giver of all good, the Source of all beauty. If we add to this the Holy Time in which we are, the anxious expectation of Easter with its religious rejoicings, we must acknowledge that indeed no better time could be desired to recollect one's self in God, to think of the all-absorbing question of one's salvation. Happy retreaters, to be able to profit by all these blessings!

— What thrilling and touching strains, what moving sentiments in the *Stabat Mater*, as sung the other night in presence of the repository.

— Notwithstanding the work to be done in the fields, the parish church is quite filled with people during the exercises of the Holy Week.

— We sympathize with A. Cyrier, one of the town

black-smiths, in the cruel accident that befell him. He is now better and there is hope of his recovery.

— We have to chronicle the sad intelligence that Alphonsus Marcotte, of the Juniors, is getting over his sickness but very slowly. Fears are yet entertained as to his being cured of the sickness which afflicts him.

— George Bonfield, of the Juniors, met with a bad fall the other day and sprained the ankle of his left foot. Eddie Moran, of the Minims, is also detained in the infirmary. It's too bad to be held inside the house in such beautiful weather.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Verdi has decided not to publish the full score of "Othello." He fears that in the absence of the international copyright, American managers, will perform it without remuneration to him.

The "*Musical Record*" has secured the able pen of Max Eliot for a weekly "musical melange;" this will be a great addition to that already splendid journal.

The National Opera Co. is head over heels in debt. Some of the principals are its creditors to the enormous amount of six thousand dollars.

Jules de Pstrokonsky, a famous Polish musician, is dead.

If a name will carry a man through Franlein Ans Der Ohe, an Eastern pianist, ought soon to reach the "acme of fame."

Dr. Mackenzie will wave the baton over three thousand musicians at the Queen's Jubilee Festival at Crystal Palace in June.

ROLL OF HONOR.

LATIN COURSE.

Gold Medal: equally deserved by John O'Callaghan, S. Saindon.

Silver Medal equally deserved by J. McGavick, L. Grandchamp.

DISTINGUISHED—R. Fitz-Gerald, P. Granger, F. Dandurand, W. Convey, C. Harbour, Cleary, J. Rivard, T. Normoyle, L. Falley, V. Lamarre, J. Ricou, H. Lingle.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold Medal deserved by Alf. Lesage.

Silver Medal equally deserved by J. Burns, E. Graham, J. Belton, A. Kerr, E. Bennett, E. Harbour, J. Kehoe, W. Tynan, Pallissard, G. Rivard.

DISTINGUISHED—J. Bennett, C. Ball, J. Culver, J. Smith, W. Prendergast, J. Duffy, T. Walsh, M. Fortin, A. Fontanel, J. Tierney, E. Adams, M. Conlan.

CONWAY MEDAL.

Equally deserved by John O'Callaghan, S. Saindon.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Suerth.....POLITENESS MEDAL.

DISTINGUISHED—P. Granger, P. Saffer, A. Granger,
L. Grandchamp, T. Burns, J. Ricou.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

L. Legris.....CONDUCT MEDAL.

DISTINGUISHED—W. Lehman, A. Lesage, V. Cyrier.

MINIM'S DEPARTMENT.

DISTINGUISHED—L. Falley, V. Lamarre, Ed. Smith,
Jos. Kehoe, G. Mallory, A. Granger, A. Fontanelle, R.
Adams.

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

I find myself very small indeed, in taking my pen to trace an outline of the progress which America has made. To-day she holds the first place among the nations of the world. I think it is useless to enumerate one by one all her possessions; of the great geniuses she has produced, Washington alone is enough to perpetuate her name as being truly great and famous; her unbroken chain of distinguished writers, orators, statesmen and patriots is second to none. She has, as all nations, countless numbers of children which she won by the kindness of her leaders and not by the sword; while other nations have subjected men by means of war, she has won the affection and allegiance of thousands of foreigners solely as I have said by her goodness. I do not mean to say that her soil has not been reddened with the blood of her sons; on the contrary no nation has ever sent to the field of battle more courageous, more patriotic soldiers.

Look back upon 7,700 men commanded by Washington, who were unused to warfare, opposing 30,000 well disciplined British veterans who were inured in the art of war. When the Declaration of Independence was announced, inspired with zeal by the magnanimity of Washington's great soul, they considered the hardship which they were obliged to undergo a relaxation from the tyranny imposed upon them by the laws of George III. The two causes for which they fought were indeed sublime and were supported accordingly;—the one was to crush that tyrannical power of England, which was endeavoring to do with young America as it had done and is still doing with poor Ireland, and to gain liberty for all mankind, whereby America as a good and kind-hearted mother has opened her arms to all the nations

of the earth; the other was to preserve the noble institution she had established and sealed with the blood of her sons nearly a hundred years before.

In these struggles she was victorious even beyond what was expected, but we know it cost her most dearly. And now that she has by her industry raised herself to an almost incredible height of splendor and glory, some men dare say she cannot long exist for as in all nations there is in her the element of decay. The tiny flower redolent with perfume opens its blossoms to-day and perishes beneath the morrow's sun. The mighty oak struggles with the storms of a century but it too finds an end. Mortal man is not an exception to the law of destiny. He reaches manhood only to find that time has silvered his locks and that he must lie down to sleep. It is very true nations have died, but it is because they have placed false ideas in their constitutions and have subdued to form their nation, a few tribes which often were taken from a home of liberty to a strange servitude. Finally these wrongs have died swimming in blood on the battle field of civil revolution.

But a nation founded on principles of right and true to its fundamental ideas, as America is, will continue to the "last moment of recorded time." To-day the world, in looking back along the course of history, beholds the wreck of dynasties and empires that once were; the traveller removes the dust of centuries from the gilded halls of Babylon and from the streets that once echoed to the tread of Caesar, and asks this question; Will our light go out in the obscurity of this night? The intelligent American may inquire into the cause of national decay. He reads of the dark deeds that have been enacted and there he beholds civil dissension; he with troubled look exclaims; then we shall die! But in his reverie he sees the lighthouse of humanity the christian Church sending its rays on our beautiful American land and illuminating the path for her citizens to pursue. Some say her growth is too great, that is she admits too many foreigners. But out of Europe's best men we have built a nation whose genius is unequalled. Foreigners have proven their loyalty for the republic on the battle-field, for to-day many of foreign birth are sleeping in their coats of blue, side by side with Americans: their blood has flown in a common stream with that of American's own sons for the same noble cause.

One of the causes of Roman ruin was the influx of foreigners. But why? As a large amount of food that cannot be digested is taken into the body the entire system will suffer, so it was with Rome. She admitted all foreigners into her walls and said,—a stranger thou art and stranger thou shalt remain. Little by little vast crowds of disinterested men increased until Rome became a slumbering volcano. Finally the people fearful of the result left their homes in sunny Italy to find their

abode with strangers. there are two reasons why this will never happen to us. Firstly we are quickly Americanizing the foreigners; the exile coming here finds a country and a home; here he tastes freedom; here are his children educated, and here he truly learns what it is to be a man. Secondly emigration will soon change its course. South America and Africa are opening the doors to civilization; they are surrounded with a cordon of European flags.

A century will perhaps suffice to turn the tide of emigration. The mutterings that are troubling the civilized world are those of the anarchist and communist. They have tried to plant the seed but it has failed to germinate; it is not natural to our soil. The Americans have destroyed slavery through their love for Justice and freedom. This shows that the personal rights shall be protected, that the Christian religion, the guiding star of humanity, shall be guarded. Catholic schools are springing up everywhere for people are demanding moral training as well as intellectual. Ignorance is departing; none with outstretched arms yearn for her. This is the forenoon of the educational day. The old South is passing away and the new one with the hum of business has driven the last remnant of slavery off our shore. Already the old hatred has died away and a new love, as a gentle South wind, is gaining its sway and soon we shall know no North no South but one grand brotherhood of American citizens. The nineteenth century is about to close with a development second to none; the goddess of progress has woven a network that extends to every portion of our land; our commerce is on every sea; our name is everywhere respected and loved. But when the world shall have forgotten right; when mankind shall hate free government, when Christianity shall not be supported, then we shall vanish from the earth and leave no trace as many nations of old. Fear not O Columbia! Your voyage has just begun, a mighty hand is at your helm and peace is your port. When the angel standing one foot on land and the other on the sea shall roll and place away the list of centuries, the names of nations that have passed, and proclaim—let time be no more—then will the Great Captain say—you have fulfilled your purpose, your voyage is o'er.

L. G. 1st Gram.

EXCHANGES.

The last number of the *Hamilton College Monthly* is excellent in all respects. The articles are varied and for the most part well handled. Its fair editors deserve great praise for the able manner in which they support and conduct the *Monthly*.

The *University Monthly*, hailing from Fredericton, N.

B., has put in an appearance. Its contents are varied and interesting. Not a few of the articles evidence more than amateur skill in their treatment. The exchange department is ably conducted.

The *Blackburnian* is one of our creditable exchanges. It begins another year of usefulness under the auspices of a new editorial board. Judging from the present issue, the new editors are no tyros in the journalistic art.

The *Torch* still continues to illuminate the college world, notwithstanding the numerous attempts to quench its flames. However don't become discouraged and succumb to the shafts of criticism, *Torch*, but console yourself with the thought, that very often an humble spring has been the source of a great river. By industry and pluck you can win for yourself a creditable position in the ranks of college journalism. Enlarge your paper and devote more space to original literary articles.

The *South Carolina Collegian* is a regular and welcome visitor to our sanctum. The March number contains a well written essay, entitled "Self Help." The writer considers application, perseverance and the possession of a good moral character as the *sine qua non* of success. By the way don't you think that your journal is too voluminous for the amount of original literary matter contained? College journalism has a distinctive sphere of its own and outside the limits of which it should not endeavor to proceed. You should discard, or at least condense, some of your departments. We wish the incoming editors all possible success in the management of the *Collegian*.

The *Academian*, in one of its late numbers, chides us for our untidy appearance. There is an old saying, *Academian*, so old, indeed, as almost effaced from our memory: it imports something about people who do not live in marble castles or brick houses, etc. you surely do not judge a man from the habillements which cover him, or the merits of a book by its binding. Why not criticize the literary matter of the "JOURNAL," praising what is deserving and censuring what is reprehensible, instead of trying to discover how its pages are held together? Such should be the object of an exchange column.

The last number of the *Boston College Stylus* arrived at our sanctum in due time. As usual it contained many well written essays, among which the *Limits of the Imagination in Fiction* is especially worthy of mention. The author shows, indeed, a marked study of both ancient and modern writers, and were his ideas carried out by our modern novelists, then could their works be said to be of profit to their many readers. One thing we noticed, however, in the *Stylus* was the absence of an Exchange column, which without doubt is the best medium of assisting and encouraging sister journals, by gentlemanly and just criticisms.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Christ is truly risen!

A new impetus is given to the movement demanding the canonization of Mary Stuart of Scotland.

It is reported on some authority that Bishop Keane of Richmond will be the rector of the new Catholic University in Washington.

Crime is contagious. Sacrilegious robberies of all kinds are chronicled in the papers of these days as having happened in New-York, Boston, Vermont, etc.

Among the preachers of the Lent in Rome was Father Gambetta, of the order of St. Dominic, a cousin of the late impious French statesman.

The Sovereign Pontiff, in hearing of the disasters suffered by the poor people from the recent earthquakes in Italy, immediately despatched 20,000 francs to relieve them.

German American Catholic writers and publishers recently held a meeting in Cincinnati to discuss social questions and to determine upon having a German-American Catholic Congress in Chicago by next September.

Among the many presents intended for the Pope's Jubilee is remarked the "Golden Book" which will be published in Belgium and composed by the most illustrious Catholics of that country. The Pope will there be considered as a literary figure, as a Philosopher, as a poet, and above all as the great Pope that he is.

Among the distinguished Catholic laity of the hour Herr Windthorst deservedly attracts the greatest attention. His masterly conduct in the late difficulties of his country and his wonderful career as a true Catholic statesman have won for him imperishable fame. He is now in his 76th year and the most noted man in Germany after Bismarck.

The American Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau have taken possession of their respective churches in Rome, the one of Santa Maria della Vittoria, the other of Santa Maria in Trastevere. Both Prelates were highly favored at the occasion of these feasts and will no doubt remember with pleasure the kindness of their Italian subjects.

At the intercession of Bishop Ireland, the Pope granted audience to about 40 American ladies and gentlemen on the 26th ult., more than half of them being Protestants. As His Holiness entered the room, where they were expecting him, he said smiling "So all these are our good Americans." He then spoke in French expressing his satisfaction to see so many Protestants and also alluding with interest to the projected Catholic University and the new Catholic College in Rome.

The imprisonment of Fathers Keller, Ryan and Moreney in Ireland by the English authorities, has roused

the indignation of the Irish to a pitch that threatens to become serious. The English seem to make these arrests in order to test the feelings of the people or perhaps to drive them to open rebellion in order to impose their Coercion measures. A powerful meeting was held in New York the other day to protest against such foul endeavours.

The Montreal Catholic Theological College and the Polytechnic school have affiliated with Laval University in Quebec. The Seminary of St. Sulpice will give to the university the largest faculty of divinity in the province, while the Polytechnic School will supply the material for a faculty of applied science. The Rev. Fathers of the Seminary of St. Sulpice also purpose allying themselves with the university and will act as professors in the faculty of arts. The new buildings for Laval University in St. Denis street are to be begun this spring.

(Catholic Standard)

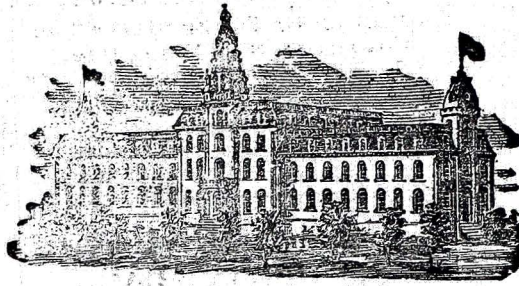
St. Mary's training school at Feehanville, near Chicago, is succeeding immensely. It has existed for only five years and already many well-trained boys have gone forth from it with grateful feelings towards its distinguished founder, Archbishop Feehan. The institution has a school department, in which the common branches are taught, and an industrial department embracing a farm of 440 acres with its dairy, poultry and cattle yards, the shoe-making, tailoring, carpentering, blacksmithing, and steam-fitting shops. 237 boys attend the Institution.

Padre Carlo Passaglia died recently in Rome. His career was an agitated one indeed. The beginning of his life, his entering into the Society of Jesus, his great success as a Theologian, and the help he gave to Pius IX to prepare the great Encyclical declaring the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception 1854: all this had endeared him to Catholic hearts generally. His subsequent mistakes however, his abandoning of the Society he had embraced, his dashes into a Political movement condemned by Catholics, had quite estranged him of late from the same Catholics who always prayed fervently for his conversion. At last the happy moment came and in 1882 Passaglia retracted his errors and lived afterwards in retreat and penance till death came to him in the 84th year of his life. *R. I. P.*

Gladstone, in his "Studies of Homer," says of the Catholic Church "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization, and has harnessed to its chariot, as the horse of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world: its art, the art of the world; its genius, the genius of the world, its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of."

(Ave Maria)

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