St. Viateur's College JOURNAL.

NO. 4.

HOLIDAY NUMBER.

December, 1890.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE,

KANKAKEE COUNTY,

ILLINOIS.

VIII 4

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

INDIANA, ILLINOIS & IOWA.

East.		West
2.30 P. M	Mixed	11.30 A M
11.10 A M, 3.55 P M	Freight	1.30 P M

GENERAL BLACKSMITH.

MACHINIST.

All kinds of farmer's implements, repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

S. Tetreault

Bourbonnais Grove.

Something Interesting

If you have School Books which you do not care to keep, I will take them in exchange for books you may need. Please send me a list of those you would like to exchange or sell. Also send for list I have to sell. Orders solicited for cheap School Books, and for miscellaneous Books. Send your orders to ☞C. M. BARNES, 75 and 77 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LOUIS GOUDREAU, JR.

Successor of Noel Brosseau,

INSURANCE

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT.

Conveyancing & Notary Public

REAL ESTATE.

No. 11 & 13 Court St., Kankakee, Ill

Depot of the Celebrated "GOLDEN CROSS," Fine Cut. Established 1856.

S. ALPINER,

Manufacturer of FINE CIGARS and dealer in Smoking and Chewing Tobaccos and all Kinds of Smokers' Articles.

No. 22 East Ave. Kankakee, Ill.

ED. F. RIETZ.

DEALER

In LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES

POSTS, WINDOWS, DOORS,

BLINDS AND SALT.

Kankakee, Ill.

Opp. Ill Central R. R. Depot.

JOHN G. KNECHT,

Merchant Tailor,

READY-MADE **Clothing**

Hats and Caps.—Gent's underwear.

Trunks, Valises, Furnishing Goods.

Wilson Bros' Fine Shirts.

NOS. 2 AND 4 COURT STREET.

Kankakee, Ill.

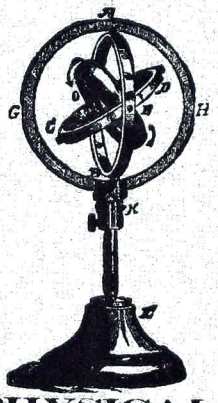
GREG. VIGEANT,

ARCHITECT.

Rooms 5 and 11,

45 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

LATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN



PHYSICAL

AND

CHEMICAL APPARATUS

FOR

COLLEGES, ACADEMIES

AND

SCHOOLS.

Educational Aids in Every Department of the Sciences.

COMPLETE SET IN

Physics, Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology,

Botany, Geology, Astronomy, etc., etc.

SPECIAL OUTFITS IN

Projection Apparatus, Microscopes and Accessories.

Astronomical Telescopes, Barometers, Thermometers, etc.

Everything for Schools and Colleges.

Correspondence Solicited. Descriptive and Priced Catalogues FREE to Teachers. Address

NATIONAL SCHOOL FURNISHING CO.

141 & 143 WABASH AVE.,

CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A

MOSES A. ROY,

Music Teacher.

588W. Taylor St.

Chicago, Ill.

A. Ames,

DENTIST.

Kankakee, Ill.

Round Trip Rates to Southern Resorts Via Illinois Central R. R

The Illinois Central Railroad are now selling round trip tickets to Jackson, Tenn., Aberdeen, Durant, Jackson and McComb city, Miss., Hammond and New Orleans, La., the Gulf Resorts Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi, and Ocean Springs, Miss., Mobile Pensacola, Jacksonville and other Florida points; also to Jennings and Lake Charles, La., Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston, and El Paso, Texas, City of Mexico, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Tickets good to return until June st, 89", excepting Mexico and California tickets, which are good to return within six months from date of sale. The Illinois Central R. R. run solid trains of elegant day coaches and Pullman buffet sleepers without change between Chicago and New Orleans, where direct connections are made with through car service to points in Florida, Texas, Mexico and California. For through rates, tickets, etc., apply to D. Lavery ticket agent, Kankakee, and for further information and pamphlet descriptive of the Gulf Resort, apply to F. B. BOWES,

Gen'l Northern Pass Agent,

Illinois Central R. R.,

194 Clark St., Chicago.

ARE YOU GOING TO NEW ORLEANS OR FLORIDA?

If so, you can go by the Monon Route via Louisville and Mammoth Cave, or Cincinnati and Chattanooga, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile and the gulf coast for the same that will take you through the dreary, uninhabited Mississippi swamps; we are confident you cannot select another line to the South enjoying half the advantages that are possessed by the Monon Route and its southern connections.

No one should think of going south without visiting the Mammoth Cave, the great natural wonder of this continent. So much has been written of this world famous wonder that it is impossible to say anything new in regard to it. It cannot be described; its caverns must be explored, its darkness felt, its beauties seen, to be appreciated or realized. It is the greatest curiosity—Niagara not excepted. Or, Florida-ward pass en route over the old Historical Battle Fields along the line of the W. & A. or the F. T. V. & G. Railways. From Mobile to New Orleans (11 miles) the ride along the gulf coast is alone worthy of the entire cost of the whole trip. In full sight of the way, past Ocean Springs, Mississippi City, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis and Beauvoir, the home of Jeff Davis.

When you decide to go south make up your mind to travel over the line that passes through the best country and gives you the best places to stop over. This is emphatically the Monon Route, in connection with the Louisville and Nashville, and the Cincinnati Southern Railways. Pullman palace sleepers and palace coaches, double daily trains. The best to Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans or Florida. For full informations, descriptive books, pamphlets, etc., address James Barker, General Passengers Agent Monon Route. 183 Dearborn stree Chicago.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. VIII. BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. December, 1890. No 4.

THOUGHTS OF BETHLEHEM.

See! the snow-flakes fast are falling,
While from yonder belfry calling
In their sweetest silv'ry tones,
Merry Christmas bells are pealing,
Wafting thoughts of old that stealing,
Softly, enter happy homes.

Thoughts of Bethlehem so dreary
To the pilgrims, weak and weary
From the lonely, toilsome way;
Where no door admits the strangers,
To give refuge safe from dangers,
And the raw, inclement day.

Of the grotto cold and cheerless—
Shelter for a Virgin peerless
'Midst the Seraphim on high—
Covert for the ox retreating
When the raging storm is beating
On the bleak expanse hard by.

And the manger-crib so lowly,
Cradle of a God! so holy.
Ah! behold the smiling child,
Little Jesus, there reclining
Sweet, suffus'd with lustrous shining
Of the Star's light lone and mild.

O'er him Mary softly bending,
Whisp'ring love, a mother tending
To her infant newly-born;
And good Joseph, careful, tender,
Loving father, sure defender
Of the babe, adores till morn.

Hov'ring round are angels singing,
Praises to their God are ringing
On the stilly, midnight air,
While upon the vale descending—
Where their way at twilight wending,
Shepherds tend the flock with care—

Others bring the heav'nly message,
Happy errand, blissful presage
To the sons of fallen Eve;
"Tidings of great joy and blessing,
Swains, we bring you," thus addressing,
Bade them fear not, but believe.

"Go, you'll find your Saviour sleeping
In the crib, his Mother keeping
Faithful watch beside her love,
The fair rose-bud and the flower,
Springing fresh in that lone bower,
Fed with dews from Heav'n above."

Thoughts of how the East'rn Sages
Trod their long and dreary stages,
Guided by the Star's bright ray,
To the rude and darkling stable,
Bringing gifts, those Princes sable,
To the Christ-Child where he lay.

Sweet, glad thoughts! may ne'er that chiming
Cease, the happy hours timing
Of this morning yet to be,
Calling friend and wayward stranger,
To gift Jesus in the manger
With pure hearts from passion free.

F. C.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

There is no land under the blue canopy of Heaven to-day, in which Christmas is celebrated with so much joy, with so much of that heart-touching fervour and gladness, as in Ireland of "the fair-flowing river." I don't care if every other day in the year is clouded in darkness and misery, on Christmas Day the sun of the Irish is bound to shed his warm, glowing beams upon the land, dispersing their clouds of troubles and of sorrows, or changing them into fresh, pure, bracing air to reinvigorate and gladden their hearts. It is only the Irishman who can thoroughly realize the all-absorbing, joyous feeling which that day brings along with it in its course, and which the proclaiming of the heavenly words, "peace on earth to men of good will," inspires.

On the day before, there are great preparations of every possible description. The chimneys are cleaned down; the "street" or yard about the house is swept clean; everything is arranged in good order; and the whole is made to look tidy and neat. Inside, the house is being decked with holly and evergreens, among which there is interwoven some ivy leaves. The holly is the greatest favourite, and is considered as an allegorical symbol of Christ's mission on earth. There is a busy, hurried air about everyone on this evening; some cleaning, scouring, brightning; others plucking fowl or baking rich cakes and puddings; while others run to the shops to procure the necessaries for the following day, and to receive a good, substantial Christmas box, if they have been dealing there during the past year. The men are busy, and so too are the women.

There is a beautiful and graphic description of this evening given by William Carleton in his "Midnight Mass."

The religious ceremonies of Christmas are observed with the greatest devotion, and really they present an imposing spectacle. In most Catholic families it is the custom to remain up all night, and when the clock tolls the midnight hour, all the members form in one grand chorus, and sing in sweet, touching harmony that beautiful English version of the "Adeste Fideles." The effect produced, as the last strains die away in the distance is simply marvellous; and when during the silence that ensues the dying notes are taken up, as it were, and renewed in sweetest warbling by the goldfinch perched in his little cage up among the evergreens, the contrast is striking.

By this time every window in the house is lighted up with candles. Gerald Griffin, alluding to the Christmas candle, says:

"The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,
And many a cottage rings to-night
With many a merry strain."

But, perhaps there is a midnight mass, which there is generally, in the parish chapel, and if so, things present a different aspect. About an hour before midnight the people start out from their homes with lighted fir torches and lanterns, to guide them on their way to the chapel. This is one of the most impressive sights imaginable. Heavens! with what vividness can I see at this moment the country for miles around studded with flaming lights. From every lane, and by-way, and mountain path, I see them issue along, flaring and glaring in the pitchy darkness, like a thousand streams of fire, all converging towards the one principal highway that leads to the parish chapel. And what a sight! the way is now densly crowded with the midnight congregation, nearly all of whom carry in their hands a lighted torch. From their midst can be heard at intervals that ringing, merry, Irish laugh that comes so straight from the heart, as it echoes far away along the the lonely valleys. The flood of light rolls along, and scon disgorges itself into the village. The lights are there extinguished, and in silent adoration, I can see the throng assisting at the divine ceremony, raised aloft, as it were, upon the wings of harmony as the last thrilling notes of the organ, which accompanied the Christmas anthem, rolls away into silence. Religion scarce presents us with a grander or a more sublime picture.

During the day Christmas-boxes are exchanged of every conceivable nature. The meaning of the word "box" here takes its origin from the little, red-stained, wooden boxes given to children and dependants with some coin, generally coppers, to rattle in them. I remember a few old verses which are now before my mind, and which are illustrative of what I say. They run thus:

"Gladly the boy, with Christmas box in hand
Throughout the town his devious route persues;
And of his master's customers implores
The yearly mite; often his cash he shakes,
The which perchance of coppers few consists,
Whose dulcet jingle fills his little soul with joy."

The good old custom of hunting the wren still lives in many parts of the country. Charles J. Kickam gives a vivid description of this species of chase in one of the opening chapters of his "Knocknagow," where he describes "Wattletoes" as declaring that he knocked the full of his hat of feathers out of the bird. The wren is merely a little "bit" of a dark-gray bird, about one half the size of a common canary, and of very poor

flying abilities). On the day following, which is St. Stephen's day, numbers of young people go about, having the dead wren which was captured on the day preceding, or an imitation of the bird, perched upon a little stick, which is made fast in a small wooden box, or wicker cage, the inside of which is neatly strewn with moss, and tastily decorated with ribbons. These little urchins present the box or cage before you with the solicitation, "plase Sir, something for the wren." The meaning is that they are going to bury the wren and they wish you to contribute a share to the expenses of the pious work; and really, if you had a penny "between you and death," you could not refuse it for the decent interment of his feathered Majesty. The real object in view, though, is to procure some money wherewith to get up a merry-making at night time. In going about from house to house they sing:

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze
Although he is little his honour is great.
Rise up, landlady, and give us a treat.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
A penny or twopence to bury the wren—
Your pocket full of money and your barrel
full of beer.
I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy
New Year."

The wren in connection with Saint Stephen, and as being "king of all birds," involves two well known stories, which my subject, and the very limited space at command will not permit of narration. I may remark that the wren boys are rapidly dying out. The youngsters of the Ireland of to-day are becoming too shrewd and knowing to indulge in such simple pastime.

As a rule, on Christmas Day, especially in the evening, when the usual sports at foot-ball, throwing the sledge, jumping, etc. are over, a number of neighbours and friends assemble in some one house, and there enjoy themselves to their heart's content. There is singing, there is dancing, there is story-telling, there is laughing. They amuse themselves with that hearty, gushing, fervid hilarity peculiar to their race alone, and prolong the evening with wit and wasail, with congratulations and kind good wishes. Especially does the mirth run high, if from some part of the house the "mistletoe bough" is suspended. I suppose every one is acquainted with the rules and privileges belonging to the mistletoe, and I therefore deem it unnecessary to go into further description.

But with all this merriment and joviality, the Irishman at home in Ireland does not forget on this night to think of those who once shared in his merry-makings, and who are now far away. He does not forget to think of those absent from the festive board, exiles, perhaps, in a foreign land. On the wings of imagination he speeds across the world to bid a happy Christmas to his old friends in whatever clime their destiny may be placed. Here are his feelings most beautifully and pathetically expressed:

"When round the festive Christmas, or by the
Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured, wine,
melody, and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low-toned,
their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips
meet lips once more,
Oh! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some
woman's voice would say,
'Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor
exiles, far away'."

Ah! no, we are not forgotten; nor do we "exiles, far away," forget to think of old Ireland, and old friends. No, the thought is sweetly and lovingly reciprocated. Our souls, happy friends, are with you that night. We roam in fancy round the cherished home, and the cherished haunts of childhood, and with trembling hand we raise the old, familiar latch, walk in, and wish the merry Christmas.

F. C.

THE MEMORY

God, in creating man, placed within him a mind endowed with many ennobling and elevating faculties, which in its combination with the material body, forms that grand masterpiece, that most exalted specimen of workmanship, the human being. Of these many faculties belonging to the mind, and constituting the complicated machinery of which it is made up, there is, perhaps, not one more important, more necessary, and more worthy of deep attention than memory.

In almost every moment of our natural existence, no matter in what sphere of life we are moving, we are making constant use of this faculty; and it is of the utmost importance that we should endeavor, as far as we are able, to have it in a good, healthy, well-ordered, and well-cultivated state. On it much will depend. Without its proper training, supposing we are not gifted by nature with one of great power, we can never, as a rule, excel, never rise above the crowd in our journey through life. With a well-trained

well-ordered memory we can lay the foundation whereon to erect a noble edifice that will through all ages be proof against the decaying influence of time.

And, now, as we journey along in the course of our subject, it would be well, perhaps, to make a few divisional or resting points, that we may the more easily see our way, and thereby attain the end for which we are starting. And, first, let us take a look at the nature of memory, in the second place we might consider its uses, and third'y, let us see how it can be improved.

We naturally enquire on setting out, what is memory? In the words of a profound philosopher, it is a faculty of the mind by which we can recogn'z: our past affections and intellectual cognitions, as our own, and as past. From this definition we can see that memory is of two kinds, sensitive and intellectua'. The first directly represents affections formerly had; indirectly, the objects perceived through these sensations, and implicitly, the relation of the connection between the sentient being and these objects and their perception. The second preserves the intellectual images, by means of which it recognizes the objects formerly known, and, of course, past, for when we speak of memory at all, we always understand it as connected with, and relating to, what is past. In other words, memory is that by means of which we retain in the mind, and reproduce at will, acquired knowledge or ideas, the recollection of past events, the time place, circumstances, in fact every thing connected with the producing of the past sensations which affected the mind through the senses as a medium, and on it made their impressions. This is memory properly so called.

The initial impression on the brain is in proportion to the attention which we give to the external object; and just as figures made in the strand at ebb of tide, on wood, and on marble differ in distinctness and permanency, so too, impressions made on the mind differ in depth, in vividness, and in durability. It is not an unusual thing to see men sometimes when they wish to, and cannot, recall something of the past, tap their fore-heads, throw out their hands, and declare that their memory has failed them on the point; and it is of daily occurence with all of us, when we want to reproduce in our minds some ideas, some dates or events of history, or the names of some men, often to look and search in vain for the missing impression which forsooth was once there. There is a complete blank, a vacuum; the castle of Aladdin has vanished into thin air; the mind seems enclosed in a cave of darkness and doubt, and the open sesame is lost; it gropes amid an infinite mist, but cannot catch anything which is tangible; and if perchance there remain any traces, they are so vague and obscure that it is as difficult to connect them and take them up as it is to decipher the hieroglyphics on an Egyptian monument. This results from want of attention paid to the first impressions; they were fleeting, therefore they impressed slightly, they were mixed with others, therefore they were indistinct.

A vivid recollection depends to a great extent on the intensity of the previous cognition; if the perception of it affects so deeply that we spontaneously concentrate thereon all our mental powers, we will find that there is an impress made on our memories which will not be soon effaced. How vivid through life is the impression which our minds received on beholding for the first time the dead body of a human being; or when in the darkness and gloom of some shady, lonely, haunted glen, overtaken by night, we imagined we saw a ghostly spectre peering with flaming eyeballs from out the dark recess, or hanging from the branches of some fairy tree? Such sights cannot be easily forgotten; and we can readily imagine that the interview which took place on the platform before the castle was not in a year or two wiped out from the mind of Hamlet, when the ghost of his dead father appeared, and conversed with him, and when at the approach of morning, on departing, he enjoined upon his son to remember him. No, such a scene was impressed too deeply in the mind of the prince, as he himself declares when he exclaims:——

"Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while *memory* holds a seat
In this distracted globe."

Again, there are some impressions which will fix themselves in our memories whether the mind is willing to admit them or not. These we might designate as painful, in contradistinction to sweet, pleasant reminiscences, of which we will speak later on; and it would seem that the all-wise providence intended such as one of the greatest punishments to be inflicted on the guilty heart. What must be the dreadful, overwhelming intensity of the murderer's impressions? What blood-stained hands, what reeking blades, what deadly groans and struggles must haunt his mind by day, and his dreams by night? What a war must he be constantly waging with imaginary images, and phantoms? This is surely punishment commensurate enough with his crime, even if he never were brought to justice by his fellow man. These are thoughts which make such a terrible impression on the mind, and hold their place there so tenaciously that they soon form the man into a trembling Cain, or a raving Macbeth.

It is said that that which is stamped on the memory in childhood is of longest duration, and we believe this is so. In the season of childhood the imagination is much more fanciful, and the child is guided rather by the imagination than by reason or experience. We can all well remember, when children, into what state of mind we would be thrown when, for instance, we were left alone in a dark room. How we would crouch and cower through fear, as if the room were filled with hobgoblins and bugbears. We can all recollect how we felt on reading for the first time some fairy tale, or some exciting Indian story. How vividly we could see Sinbad the Sailor tying himself to the roc's claw, and being carried aloft from the lonely island by the monstrous bird; and again, how we could imagine him being choked almost to death by the old man of the sea who got astride his back, and who would have killed him only that Sinbad set him drunk. How we could fancy ourselves present on the spot where Robinson Crusoe left prostrate in death the other savages, and captured his faithful Friday. Well, just as the imagination is very active in childhood, so too, the memory is then very impressionable; and this follows as an actual consequence of the great imaginativeness of youth, for imagination and memory are so allied, and the latter depends so much on the former, that when we have a real vivid imagination of something we have of it an undying memory. This is why the memory of childhood is so tenacious; this is why we remember so well, and so clearly, those unhappy occasions, on which the maternal lash of correction was applied, with all that cold and dignified ceremony which characterizes such unpleasant scenes; thus it is that we retain so vividly, and recollect so accurately, what we saw, and heard, and read in childhood. Therefore, we see of how great importance, and how necessary it is, if we wish to have in the mind a lasting remembrance of anything, to rivet thereon the attention, and consequently the imagination, so that the initial impression may make its mark deep and permanant. The true art of memory, says Dr. Johnson, is the art of attention.

What is the utility of memory? The answers to this question are so numerous, and we see so many of them rising up before our mind, "thick as leaves in Volambrosa," that we hardly know where or how to begin with them. But, let us take the youth at a primary school, and see of what use is this faculty to him. If he has a good memory he can without much difficulty commit his tasks, and retain the important points, the answering of which at an examination will place him first in his class. Years roll on, and we see him enter college. Before he can settle down there he must pass an entrance examination. A Latin or Greek author is placed in his hand; around the table sit half-a-dozen "big guns" deeply versed in classic lore, philosophy, theology, and what not? The solemn ceremony begins; but the version is familiar, he remembers how the translation runs, the rules for this and for that; and he rises unscathed from the fire-like ordeal, having passed through with flying colours, to be duly appointed to his place in the College. Watch this same young man during his collegiate course, and you will find him making his mark at the end of each year; and when at length the final test rolls round, his memory is still standing well by him to the last; he is victorious, and he is joyful. Keep an eye after him as he works his way along in the world, as he journeys through life, whether as a preacher, an advocate, or whatever else you like, and you will always see his efforts crowned with success. He will be an honour to himself, and to his friends.

Let us now return to the primary school, and take one of this young man's companions there whose memory is a failure, or, at any rate who is lacking in even a mediocre one. We will suppose that though he has a bad memory, nevertheless his reasoning powers are good, and he can reason well. Now, in his final examination at the primary school he has failed and failed woefully, simply because his recollection has failed him, but in consideration of his sound reasoning abilities his master advises him to take his chance, and enter college; which he does, and we can see him seated at that learned table with a book before him. But, alas! silence reigns supreme, and all listen with attentive ears to catch the longed for words. As usual he has forgotten all about the subject at issue, and his fine reasoning avails him naught. No, not if he reasoned as well as Socrates, and distinguished as well as St. Thomas; not even if he could discriminate accurately between the north and the north-west points of a hair. Let him tell the learned faculty around the table that though his memory is bad still his powers of ratiocination are good, and his judgment sound, and we can just imagine the sarcastic grin that immediately appears on each face. It is of no use. They know well that depth of thought, sound judgement, and intelligence, can exist only in unity with a clear memory, that they go hand in hand, for it is by it that the vast store-house of knowledge and ideas is being constantly replenished, kept in order, and even in existence. They are well aware that all great men had great memories, and that the opposite case is like the angel visits of the nineteenth century. That is about as far as ever that young man can go, or if he goes farther, well, we cannot envy him his happiness. His will be a hard time.

(To be continued.)

F. C.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

BY THE STUDENTS.

TERMS. { One year - - - - - - $1.00. Six months - - - - - $0.50. Payable in advance.

For advertising, see last page.

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.

Entered at the Post Office at Bourbonnais Grove, Ill., as second class matter.

EDITORIALS.

NO SEASON is so suggestive of beautiful sentiments, so replete with lofty ideals, as the beautiful feast of Christmas, which is just upon us. If we really entered into the spirit of the day, how fruitful would be our meditations. How many do so? How few of us, who have anxiouly awaited the coming of this first of festivals, have pondered seriously on its sublimity? Yet the day speaks of devotion, love and sacrifice: all that is great and noble in this world. Shall we allow this feast to pass us as unconcernedly as preceding ones?

***

VACATION—The Students leave the College for home Tuesday Dec. 23rd. Chicago boys leave by special train on the Illinois Central, leaving Kankakee at 7. 30 A. M. Students for Cincinnati, Indianapolis and the South leave at 11.00 A. M. All students leave on the same day and are expected to return Monday Jan. 5th. 1891, Those from Chicago leave at 2.30 P. M. Students not returning at the appointed time forfeit all right to medals at the end of the year. This holds good for all medals. Do not miss your chance of a medal for an extra day's vacation.

Rev. M. J. Marsile
President.

***

THE WANT of reflection leads us into many errors. We speak hastily, say unkind words, wound sensitive hearts and cause innumerable evils, because we act without reflection. We often see grave men hesitate before giving an opinion, before offering a criticism or venturing a hasty reply, because they know the danger of speaking rashly and without proper reflection. No doubt they have made their mistakes as well as others, but they have profited by the lessons learned and so choose their words and wait their time. On the contrary the youth who has never left the home fire side, or who perchance is passing his time in a school or college, will speak out without thinking, will talk when he should listen and speak without any consideration as to what his words will do, who may be offended, or entirely regardless of the effect of his words. Every one who hears him puts him down for a silly person who must be endured when ever he chooses to inflict himself on one's good nature. The thoughtless speaker may one day reform and learn to weigh well whatever he says, but it will not be before he has fallen into many pits, made many enemies and made himself generally hateful. There is a time to correct this fault and it is before it has grown too strong. See if you do not often speak hastily, without reflecting; think for a moment how you have felt afterwords, what sorrow you have caused, and you will take the necessary precaution for the future.

CHRISTMAS.

What joy fills the heart at the sound of this word! For nearly nineteen centuries, it has been heralded down the ages and the nations, bearing untold pleasures to the most lowly, as well as, the mightiest in the land. Where is the one, unless unfortunately weighed down

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. IV. BOURBONNAIS, ILL. DECEMBRE, 1890. No 4.

NOUVELLE ANNEE.

Que de fêtes touchantes vont bientôt réjouir les cœurs fêtes religieuses, fêtes de familles!

Noël nous apparait comme un rêve du ciel. Les hauteurs célestes s'abaissent et le Verbe fait chair nous sourit de la crêche qui fut son berceau. Cette solennité ramène les pompes de la *Messe de Minuit*, les vieux chants de la nuit mystérieuse, ces noëls tout empreints de la piété et la naïveté de nos pères.

Et le premier de l'an, quel beau jour pour les familles! C'est l'ère des souhaits et des étrennes, l'heure d'intimes réunions sous le toit paternel. Qui, en saluant cette nouvelle aurore, ne se sent encore enfant? Une bagatelle vaut un trésor. Tous les déplaisirs se fondent dans un baiser. On est tout à la joie du moment tout à l'espérance, tout à l'avenir!

Avant peu, le cours du temps nous aura ramenés a ce jours qui marquent une date dans notre vie. Ce sera pour chacun de nous comme une halte sur le chemin qui conduit à l'éternité. Un instant nous oublierons la poussière de la route et l'ardeur du soleil. Nous nous reposerons à l'ombre des ailes maternelles; nous boirons à la source des plus pures délices et, fortifiés par les bénédictions d'un père, nous reprendrons notre route, remplis d'espoir et de courage.

Conservons précieusement ces traditions qui doivent nous être doublement sacrées. Elles seront pour nous un point d'appui au temps des défaillances, car elles s'inspirent des deux plus grandes forces sociales: la famille et la religion. Combien ont été arrêtés sur le bord de l'abîme par le seul souvenir de ces joies sans mélange éprouvées à ces époques solennelles au coin du foyer ou au pied des autels! Que rien ne vous efface de notre mémoire, o douces souvenances de nos plus beaux jours, et soyez pour nous, à l'heure sombre des découragements, ce qu'est pour le voyageur l'étoile au milieu de la nuit!

J. V.

ADIEU.

Par un riant matin, je me promenais seul.
Mon âme, abandonnée à la mélancolie,
Me présentait partout l'image d'un cercueil:
Je me sentais mourant, fatigué de la vie.

De l'aurore, naissante au coin de l'horizon,
J'aperçois tout-à-coup la brillante couronne,
Et bientôt sa lumière, inondant le vallon,
Parait de diamants l'éclatante anémone.

Un chant pieux et doux, résonnant au saint lieu,
Venait en ondulant caresser mon oreille;
Dans ses joyeux transports à l'honneur de son Dieu,
Philomèle chantait se bercant dans la treille.

Et malgré ces splendeurs, je pleurais à l'écart.
Tous ces charmes laissaient mon âme à la tristesse.
Je songeais, chers amis, au grand jour du départ....
Cette heure est enivrée: il faut que je vous laisse.

.....

Adieu, je pars pour ne plus revenir
Dans le grand monde, une voix me rappelle;
Mais qu'en partant, amis, le souvenir
Conserve encor notre amitié fidèle.

Quand le soleil s'incline à l'horizon,
Sous d'autres lieux, il resplendit encore;
Que ma mémoire en vos cœurs, ardent rayon,
Brille toujours comme l'éternelle aurore!

A. E. L.

L'ETUDE.

Jours de travail! seuls jours où j'ai vécu!
O trois fois chère solitude!
Dieu soit loué, j'y suis donc revenu,
A ce vieux cabinet d'étude!
Pauvre réduit, murs tant de fois déserts,
Fauteuils poudreux, lampe fidèle,
O mon palais, mon petit univers,
Et toi, Muse, ô jeune immortelle,
Dieu soit loué, nous allons donc chanter!

C'est ainsi que Musset, le poète des Nuits, épanche sa joie en revoyant les lieux, témoins de ses travaux. Les délices qu'il y goûta lui font oublier des plaisirs qui bien des fois ne laissèrent que le vide ou l'amertume dans son cœur. Ses aveux ne pourraient-ils pas tomber des lèvres de bien d'autres?

Ah! l'étude est la source de jouissances incomparables. Il faut les avoir goûter pour les comprendre. L'âme, qu'elle éclaire, se sent alors illuminée de lumières que ne peut donner la terre. Elle recouvre sa liberté et prend son vol vers les sphères du vrai, du bon, et du beau: elle vit, elle voit, elle comprend!

Quel triomphe pour l'intelligence qui soulève un coin du voile qui couvre tant de mystères. Quel bonheur quand elle produit une œuvre qui répond à son idéal! La mère n'éprouve pas plus de tendresse pour son enfant que l'écrivain pour le fruit de ses meditations: cette œuvre c'est le fils de sa pensée, l'être d'une mystérieuse et sublime création. L'homme se sent presque l'égal de Dieu.

Et les lieux où l'ange de l'inspiration daigne descendre ne sont-ils pas sacrés? C'est là que tel ouvrage a vu le jour; c'est là que l'esprit s'est entretenu si souvent avec un auteur chéri; c'est le sanctuaire où l'étude a évoqué tous les plus grands génies et remplit l'âme des plus pures délices. Qui ne s'y attacherait pas? Qui n'aimerait pas à y revenir s'il a pu le quitter. Tout s'y trouve: repos, contentement et souvent la fortune et la gloire.

Ce cabinet de travail n'est pas seulement un temple, c'est aussi un asile contre tant de dangers qui menacent la jeunesse. L'oisiveté ouvre la porte à toutes les temptations. Ce n'est pas celui que l'étude retient à sa chambre, qui ira se briser contre les écueils de l'ivrognerie et du deshonneur. Non! l'étude le protège comme une vigilante sentinelle et le conserve digne de lui-même, de sa famille et de la société.

Aimons donc l'étude, jeunes élèves: elle tient dans sa main la clef de tous les succès; faisons lui une part de tous nos loisirs. Aimons ces salles où elle nous

invite à rencontrer toutes les célébrités des siècles passés et, plus tard, quand nous serons emportés par le tourbillon du monde, ayons un petit coin pour étudier; qu'il soit paré de fleurs et de livres: et si nous sommes fidèles à l'y visiter nous y trouverons le délassement après les heures de travail et qui sait, peut-être un jour, les richesses, les honneurs, la renommée.

LUA.

CUEILLETTES.

— Noël!

— Le jour de l'an!

— Pas encore de neige.

— Jos et Pitou promettent d'être des violonistes.

— Nous sommes heureux d'apprendre que P. Fortin est hors de danger.

— Les pantalons sont plus chauds que les culottes pour l'hiver, dit plus d'un minime de l'an dernier.

— La société St. Jean Baptiste prépare le *Médecin malgré lui* de Molière pour la veille de Noël. On jouera aussi l'opéra bouffe *Quand on Conspire*. Cette séance promet d'être très intéressante.

— On chantera la messe de minuit à la paroisse. Il y aura représentation des Bergers avec musique et chant.

— Rev. E. L. Rivard visitera son frère, le Docteur, à l'Assomption pendant les vacances de Noël. Le Dr. Laberge doit aller à Aurora, chez le Rev. J. Coté.

— B. LeRoux étudie actuellement à Paris au collège des Hautes études Commerciales. Il va nous revenir véritable parisien.

— Rev. Lactance Tremblay a passé une journée avec nous. Il est maintenant résident à la cathédrale de Salt Lake. Il s'est rendu à Chicago pour s'entendre avec les directeurs de l'exposition universelle à laquelle les Indiens de l'Utah veulent être représentés en 1893.

LE DEPART DE JACQUES-CARTIER.

Par un beau jour du mois de Mai, 1535, la petite ville de St. Malo était dans une sainte allégresse, car c'était le jour solennel de la Pentecôte, et ce jour-là, à la cathédrale, devait avoir lieu une touchante cérémonie.

La nature semblait elle aussi prendre part à la fête: les arbres exhalaient le parfum de leurs premières feuilles, les fleurs s'épanouissaient aux bords des champs, le zéphire était plein de tendres caresses et les oiseaux modulaient leurs doux ramages.

Mais quel était ce tintement qui s'envolait dans l'air? c'était la cloche de l'église qui invitait les fidèles à se rendre à la messe. Tout le peuple sans distinction se dirigait vers le lieu saint. La foule, en entrant, aperçut dans le sanctuaire une centaine d'hommes humblement prosternés et que l'on reconnaissait aisément pour des marins, priant dans le receuillement devant le Djeu qui fait le calme et la tempête.

Parmi ces hommes braves se trouvait Claude de Pontbriand, Garnier de Chambeaux, Philippe de Rougemont, ayant a leur tête Jacques-Cartier. La messe commença, l'orgue fit entendre sa délicieuse harmonie et l'église retentir les chants antiques. Au moment de la communion tous s'approchèrent de la sainte table. La messe finie, Cartier et ses compagnons s'agenouillèrent devant Mgr. Bohier qui les bénit solennellement et les plaça sous la protection de Dieu.

Le 19 Mai 1535, trois petits vaisseaux, la "Grande Hermine," la petite "Hermine et l'Emerillon," montés par des hommes intrépides, et commandés par un hardi capitaine, allaient quitter le port de St. Malo. Elles étaient bien frêles ces nefs aventurières, mais le maître des eaux et des vents veillait sur elles.

Quel ne devait pas être le courage de Jacques-Cartier! Ce n'était pas une petite tâche qu'il entreprenait. Il se confiait à l'océan qui à été la tombe de tant de navigateurs, il se séparait de ses parents et de ses amies, peut-être pour ne jamais les revoir; cependant rien ne pouvait ébranler cette âme forte.

Tout a coup le signal du départ est donné, il fallut partir. O moment solennel pour ceux qui partaient et ceux qui restaient! On versait des larmes, mais déjà la flotte cinglait vers l'ouest, ses voiles tendues au vent comme l'aile des blanches mouettes. Adieu, ville natale! adieu frères et sœurs affectionnés! adieu pères et mères bien-aimés qui prierez continuellement pour le retour des absents! Tels étaient les adieux que soupiraient bien des cœurs.

Longtemps les yeux ne virent que le ciel et l'eau; les vaisseaux furent séparés par de violentes tempêtes. Enfin les navires réunis remontèrent le St. Laurent! le Canada était découvert! Bientôt Cartier, suivis de ses compagnons, débarqua et se jetant à genoux ils embrassa la terre qu'ii avaient si longtemps désirée; puis, se relevant avec majesté et déployant l'étendard de la croix à côté de celui de la France, il offrit les premiers fruits de sa découverte à Dieu.

Voilà la première page de l'histoire du Canada. Elle n'est pas rougie de sang, mais rayonnante de foi et de patriotisme. Que d'autres feuillets glorieux allaient être ajoutés à une préface aussi belle et faire de notre histoire une véritable épopée.

A. LESAGE.

LETTRE D'IRLANDE.

Je suis à Dublin depuis hier. Après une heureuse traversée sur le *City of Rome*, le plus grand *steamer* qui traverse l'Atlantique, Je suis débarqué à Queenstown, le 15 Avril. Il me tardait de fouler le sol de la verte Erin si fécond en héros et en martyrs.

Queenstown est Québec en miniature. Le port est considérable et peut abriter, dit-on, au besoin, tous les vaisseaux de guerre de la marine anglaise. Les maisons sont échelonnées sur les côtes qui s'élèvent à une grande hauteur. La cathédrale catholique, magnifique monument de style gothique, couronne l'éminence. De là, la vue embrasse un superbe horizon: de vertes campagnes, des collines gracieusement ondulées, le port avec ses îles flottantes et ses mâts nombreux, l'océan avec son immensité. Tout s'unit pour enchanter le regard.

J'ai voyagé de Queenstown à Cork en bateau sur la rivière Lee. Sur l'une de ses rives est la tour élevée en l'honneur de Father Mathew, le grand apôtre de la tempérance, et l'un de ces vrais réformateurs tels que sait en susciter l'Eglise catholique. Cork est la seconde ville de l'Irlande et contient quelques édifices remarquables, au nombre desquels sont la cathédrale, le Marché et le Queen's College. Je tenais à voir la tour qui renferme les cloches de Shandon chantées par Father Prout, le Rabelais de Irlande, et j'eus le plaisir d'entendre la douce musique. Cork est le centre où s'est fait le moins sentir l'influence protestante et l'on y voit des types de la race irlandaise conservés dans toute leur pureté.

Les ruines du fameux château de Blarney ne sont qu'à six milles de Cork. Rien ce plus agréable que de faire ce trajet en *jaunting car*, petite charrette dont les sièges sont de chaque côté et tout à fait propre au pays. La campagne est bien cultivée et offre les paysages les plus variés; seule la pauvre chaumière irlandaise—*Irish cot*—jette une ombre sur ce riant tableau. Sous prétexte de demander un verre de lait, j'ai pénétré dans un de ces asiles de la misère et de la pauvreté. Mes yeux se sont mouillés de larmes. Figurez-vous une petite bâtisse, dont les murs n'ont pas cinq pieds de haut, couverte de chaume; il faut s'incliner pour en franchir le seuil; pas d'autre plancher que la terre nue; la lumière n'entre que par une seule ouverture formée par quatre petits carreaux; dans un coin, sur le sol, flambe un feu dont la fumée s'échappe avec peine par l'unique cheminée; un lit et une table forme tout l'ameublement; la vaisselle et quelques ustensiles de cuisine gisent ça et là. Une femme en haillons et pieds nus me reçoit et s'excuse de ne pouvoir m'accorder ce que je demande. Ah! quand on voit ces masures, ces petits champs dont les produits ne paieront que difficilement la rente exigée, ces femmes et ces enfants à demi vêtus, ou s'appitoie sur une race qui a promené ses malheurs dans tous les pays du globe et l'on se sent prêt à maudire les persécuteurs, qui lui ont tout enlevé, si ce n'est sa foi.

***

Le château de Blarney, tant de fois chanté par les poètes, est situé sur les bords de la rivière Martin et fut construit par les McCarthys, princes de Desmond, vers l'an 1446. On prétend qu'une de ces pierres avait le don de rendre éloquents et flatteurs ceux qui la baisaient. C'est pourquoi l'on dit en Irlande de quelqu'un qui sait flatter qu'il a baisé la "Blarney stone." Cette pierre est en haut de la tour et d'un accès très difficile. Pour pouvoir l'atteindre, il faut consentir à se laisser pendre par les pieds: c'est vous dire que je n'ai pas voulu tenter l'aventure, quoique j'eusse là une fameuse chance de devenir éloquent.

Les ruines de cette habitation féodale sont assez bien conservées et nous donnent une idée de ces constructions du Moyen-Age. Tours et créneaux, souterrains secrets, dongeons et cachots où ne pénètre aucune lumière; tous les souvenirs d'un autre âge sont là devant vous. Que n'est-il en notre pouvoir de faire revivre les terribles chatelains et les douces chatelaines pour nous dire les secrets que cachent ces pierres silencieuses!

Je quittai les ruines de Blarney et leurs épais ombrages pour me rendre à Killarney. Cette localité possède les plus beaux sites de toute l'Irlande. Ce qui lui donne sa renommée ce sont surtout ses trois lacs encaissés dans les montagnes dont l'une a plus de 3,000 pieds de hauteur. Elle étaient encore couverte de neige. Les principaux points qui excitent l'intérêt du touriste sont le Gap Dunloe, étroit passage entre deux pics escarpés, les cascades étincelantes de Torc et de Sullivan; la chaîne dentelée des montagnes qui semblent être les bleus piliers du ciel, les îles innombrables qui parsèment comme d'autant de brillantes émeraudes la nappe limpide ces trois lacs. Il y a une ressemblance frappante entre ceux-ci et notre lac Memphremagog qui dort au milieu de ses cimes verdoyantes. Mais les ruines ajoutent ici une couleur poétique dont manquent nos sites les plus justement célèbres. J'ai visité avec intérêt les ruines de l'abbaye de Muckross, fondée en 1440 povr servir de sépulture aux O'Sullivan et aux O'Donoghue et celles d'Innisfallen fondée en l'an 600 par Saint Finian et que Moore a chantée:

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well," etc.

M**

(a continuer.)

by adverse circumstances, that does not long for the approach of the queen of festivals and its manifold pleasures? The child whose reason is just dawning and about to take its flight to the noon-day of intelligence, asks in babbling tones, about the time when its little heart shall be made happy with the bright gifts that come only at this season of the year. The youth, looks with zest towards it, because he shall be the recipient of special favors. The old and decrepit, whose silvered hairs bespeak the journey of many years, is no less anxious for the day on which his cup of joy was ever filled to overflowing. He seems to live again his youthful days, and feels as though the evening of life is yet far distant. The student, long before, feasts his imagination on the anticipation of being again united with the dear ones at home, when, sitting around the family hearth, he listens with boyish eagerness to the venerated tales, which, from time immemorial, have entwined the Christmas festival.

The poet sings,—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This, is my own my native land;"

and where is he who does not yearn for his own fire-side and festive board at this precious season? It is the time for family reunions. Distance may seperate one from his home, but that is no obstacle, when a visit to the scenes of early days is the object in view. He knows it will be a solace to the declining years of his parents, who ask no greater earthly gift, than the presence of their children on Christmas day. He recalls the many favors bestowed by friends and parents; the fond associations of school-day companions; the good old times when he was a truant lad, and thought of naught, but how to enjoy life to his heart's content. These, indeed, were halcyon days! It was then the heart knew no pain, and old time in his rapid flight, sped on, unnoticed, by guileless youth. Who of us that has grown to manhood, cannot recall the times when, he leaned upon his mother's knee, looked up at her face, and in all child-like simplicity, asked her, what would Christmas bring her child?

The poor who have not, perhaps, wherewith to clothe and feed themselves during the year, find enough to gladden their hearts, and cause them to understand more fully that they are the chosen ones of God, who, has given them on this day, only a taste of the delights, of which they are soon to drink to satiety, in the bright hereafter.

On this day all nature seems satisfied. The marts are crammed with edibles, and the shop windows sparkle with gifts, destined for young, and old, and Cupid's heart-sick victims. Plenty, the "smiling daughter of peace" fills every home, and the poor man's cabin, is, for at least one day in the year, transformed into a palace.

Many beautiful stories are associated with the feast of Christmas. But there is, especially, one, not indeed a story, but, a reality, the recital of which, should cause every soul to leap for joy. You have often heard it, but each repetition, grows more interesting. It runneth thus: about nineteen hundred years, back through the vista of ages, on a cheerless December night, some shepherds were keeping vigil over their flocks on a bleak hill near Nazareth. Night mantled the earth. All nature wrapped in slumbers, was unconscious of the glories of the coming dawn. A strange fear began to possess the poor night sentinals; they looked towards Heaven and saw a light more brilliant than the combined electric forces of the universe, surrounding, with a halo of glory, one of Heaven's choicest inhabitants. And who was he? Gabriel, it is said. Little wonder the shepherds were awe-stricken, for, such is human nature, especially, when the greatest of events had happened. The angel bade them not to fear, and he said to them,—"I announce to you great joy:"a joy not for them alone, but, for all nations. A stable in Bethlehem sheltered the new born King. Behold the fitness of Gabriel! it was he who first announced the coming of the Savior, when, that most wonderful inscription: "Et verbum caro factum est," was first stamped on the hearts of men. What were the shepherds to do, and whither were they to go, to witness the realization of the glad tidings? The angel pointed towards Bethlehem, and, "as a sign," he said, "you shall find the child wrapped in swaddling clothes." Thither, they hastened, and saw, and adored, the Redeemer of the world. Their joy was unbounded, when they heard the Heavenly Halleluiahs resound through that humble abode and thence wafted to all nations.

When we visit the church on Christmas morning, we behold the same Infant, and kneel to adore Him; we hear the same Halleluiahs chanted, and the same *Venite Adoremus* sung, as did the shepherds of old. With what joy should we not hail the day on which we received the boon of our salvation! How we should be filled with love and gratitude towards Him who has thus honored, beings so unworthy as we! *Venite Adoremus*, then, on Christmas morning, lay our humble gifts, sentiments of sinless souls, at Bethlehem's shrine, and he who is King of kings will reward us an hundred fold.

J.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Rev. J. Ryan, C. S V. prefect of discipline, was completly taken by surprise last Sunday evening the 21st. The Students, before departing for their Christmas holidays, were anxious in some way, to manifest their appreciation of their devoted prefect.

After due consideration it was decided that an evening entertainment, consisting of music, songs and recitations, be held. The Rev. Prefect with many of the faculty, fully enjoyed the entertainment. The first intimation he received that the programme was solely to do him honor, was at the close of the exercise when he was requested from the platform to accept, in behalf of the Students, a beautiful seal skin cap and an exquisite toilet set, as a slight token of their esteem and affectionate regard.

The zealous and generous master of discipline, has endeared himself to the students, professors, and to all those who aid him in discharging his onorous duty. He was completely overcome by the way in which the proceedings were conducted, and was deeply moved by the gratitude and kindness of the students, who it must be said to their honor, did not wish to be out done by any one, not even by one of their superiors, in acts of kindness.

The entertainment was, pleasant and fully enjoyed by the students and faculty. At the close, the most difficult thing to decide, was whether the receipent or the doners were the best satisfied.

A. STUDENT.

THE STUDENT'S CHRISTMAS.

At this time of the year, but one thought occupies the average college boy: viz. Christmas. It may be due to one of many reasons, either to love of the great feast; or a desire to meet the beloved ones at home or, in a general way, to have a good time. The last motive will, perhaps, cover most cases.

Christmas vacation for the College boy, is a sort of drama and can be divided into three acts. The first act discovers the hero in a state of *Anticipation*. Day and night he dreams of the happy hour that will usher in the great moment of departure; that will free him from the bonds of discipline and bring to him the delights of liberty. He counts the days, hours and minutes; perhaps the seconds. He pictures to himself the fond greetings to be exchanged with loving parents and kind brothers and sisters; he sees the long lists of presents; the grand dinners, the jolly sleighing parties; he selects the plays he would like to see, in fact he lays out a program for the himself that he could hardly fill up in twice the length of time given for vacation.

Thus he builds his air castles and longs for the moment that will see them become realities. We all know the pleasures of anticipation, hence we can form an idea of the blissful realm in which the christmas-struck boy dwells.

Time at last brings the desired day and now the dreams of past weeks are to become realities. Already the student is prepared to go; he has bid goodbye to college and a few hours find him in the second act of this drama: *Realization*.

He has reached home, and received the congratulations of kind friends; the presents, useful and otherwise, with which indulgent parents overload him; he has met the ancient turkey and made it his; he has demolished the wonted cake and put to rout the impregnable pie. Still he feels his powerlessness to fill up the desire of pleasure and he longs for more.....pie.

He goes over the program of visits, rides; attends the sleighing parties and theatres; begins at the top and goes down and then goes up again, and the end is not yet. Life, vacation life, is too short to satisfy his craving for fun and freedom. He cannot make realities of his anticipations and the end draws nigh. He finds that he has not had all the fun he expected, or at least it has not brought him that satisfaction he hoped for. There are many friends to be seen, lots of places to visit, and a pile of cake still extant and when shall he see *cake* again? But *tempus* continues to *fugit* and the last day comes. Night, a rather late one, throws her friendly shades around him and sleep comes to ease the aching heart of the poor unfortunate who for six long months will be doomed to keep regular hours, have regular meals and who will get only *digestible* food to keep alive the spark of life that vacation has left. Poor boy! A victim of circumstances, which he cannot control, how pitiable is his condition.

The last sad parting is over and our victim arrives at the College, the third act is put on. It is a scene of *demoralization*. The actor is impressed with the part he is to represent and is about as demoralized as a respectable man can be who has had little opportunity of practicing his part. But his case is by no means chronic and good nursing soon brings about his recovery and in the quiet of his soul he thinks that Christmas vacation is rather a funny thing after all With cool reflection comes repentance and led by his own experience and the testimony of other victims he solemnly promises that he will never do it again; and if there were no more returns of Christamas, he would keep his promise.

U–No.

ST. PATRICKS SOCIETY.

On Thursday Dec. 11th. St. Patrick's Literary and Debating Society celebrated its fifteenth Anniversary. The society, as is customary, enjoyed a free day. The celebration was begun with Mass, read by Rev. E. L. Rivard Moderator of the society. All the members approached holy communion in a body.

After breakfast the society started off for a stroll to the woods, where they spent the morning. Dinner was taken at the College and during the afternoon all necessary preparations were made for the evening's pro-

ramme, for the exercises proper to the day, were to be held then.

At 3 P. M. Rev. Chas. O'Brien of St. Patrick's Church Peoria Ill. arrived at the College. He was the orator of the occasion. At 7. 30 P. M. the doors of the lecture hall were thrown open and the Priests and professors filed in and occupied the seats prepared for them. The evening's programme was opened by the Orchestra; then a vocal solo by our young prodigy, Master Reynolds followed by a Piano solo by Mr. A. J. Boylan. After this Rev. E. L. Rivard rose and introduced Father O'Brien who spoke on St. Patrick.

It was the aim of the orator to show that all the good we now enjoy, is the fruit of sacrifice, endured by such great and heroic men as St. Patrick. Men who were willing to leave all they held dear in this life, break every tie of affection that they might like their Redemer give their lives a "redemption for many." To this self immolation the speaker very justly traced all the good we enjoy in modern times and he as ably showed that paganism, Mohometanism could not enjoy any of the blessings we do, because their systems were not founded on that permament basis, peculiar to christian morality.

The Father following in this train, showed the enduring faith of the Irish, which he traced to the zealous labors of St. Patrick. Father O'Brien is a very pleasing speaker. His reasons for all his assertions are strong and eloquent and to this he adds a style at once beautiful and expressive. It is useless to add that Father O'Brien received a hearty applause, or that the students long for such another treat as that furnished by this speaker on his first appearance as an orator. This part of the entertainment closed after a second selection from the orchestra. Then the society and invited guests repaired to the banquet hall where a dainty spread was awaiting the onslaught soon to be made. After the siege was successfully ended, Mr. J. J. Condon President of the society, acting as toast master, proposed "Our Faculty" which was answered by Rev. M. J. Marsile; "College societies" was responded to by Mr. J. Solon; Mr. Jos. Lamb answered "Our Honary Members;" and Rev. E. L. Rivard held for "Our Society, The Diamond in the Crown of St. Viateur's"

After the speechmaking a smoke and friendly chat were indulged in after which the happy party broke up well contented with the successful ending of the day's doings. We earnestly hope that St. Patrick's Society may ever continue to do credit to the College and to prepare for the combats of life, so many worthy young men who, like those that have preceded them, may fill positions worthy of them and the Society whose pride it is, to see her children progress.

Ben.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CONDUCT AND POLITENESS.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal equally deserved by J. Betsner, T. Bowman, J. Cleary, R. Crumwell, D. Desberger, R. Duddleston, G. Fortin, M. Fortin, H. Frazer, A. Freeland, J. Gordon, W. Granger, F. Greene, G. Kerns, T. Kreuser, J. Lenert, M. Lennartz, C. Mc'Cabe D. Murphy M. Martel, J. Nawn. Drawn by T. Bowman.

DISTINGUISHED.

C. Brady, W. Clune. F. Coyle, E. Childress, F. Fitzgerald, T. Ford, L. Legris, D. Mc'Carthy, L. Oddou, A. O'Laughlin. D. O'Neill, C. O'Reilly, J. Quinn, J. Stout, D. Sullivan, M. Shea, D. Walsh, G. Walsh, E. Webb.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal equally deserved by A. Bertrand, L. Eberle, J. Doheny, A. Granger, F. Graveline, E. Huber, W. Larkin, L. Legris, L. Lesage, F. O'Reilly, T. Pelletier, F. Riley. Fortin Richard, Fred. Richard, drawn by H. Ruel.

DISTINGUISHED.

J. Betsner, A. Boisvert, J. Barry, W. Crimp, F. Enters, G. Mallory, A. Rivard, D. Shea.

CLASS HONORS.

Medal of Excellence in Classical Course awarded to M. Lenartz.

Silver Medal awarded to J. Concannon.

Distinguished: D. Sullivan, C. Brady, J. Doheny, J. Heberer, J. Laplante, J. Nawn, L. Oddou, T. Pelletier, M. Ryan, F. O'Reilly, H. Shea.

Medal of excellence in commercial course awarded to M. O'Connor.

Silver Medal equally deserved by Ad. Brosseau and Wm. Larkin.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Medal of excellence awarded to H. Sullivan.

Distinguished W. Sullivan, P. Darche, A. Crimp, J. Leclair and W. Lennon.

Conway Medal equally deserved by D. Sullivan, J. Nawn, M. Lennartz, J. Concannon and J. Heberer.

LOCALS.

Merry Christmas
Happy New Year

TO ALL.

— Go study out!

— Thanks be to—

— Electric lights!

— Well thats wat I say.

— He says lies was modest.

— You scandalize me John!

— Mr. President, I second that *motion.*

— What is the meaning of *umquay?*

— You should trade off that club for a pen.

— Hello, central connect us with the *Boss waiter.*

— No one is sick, it's too near vacation

— Say Professor, do I look like a towel?

— What's about the book? The cover, eh, ha, ha.

— The frost broke his cuff, he had a new one made.

— The "subject for a novel" rented his "understanding" to a Kankakee River firm for a life preserver.

— Hold that or I wont be able to take it away from you.

— Did you get your pictures taken? Give me one.

— "There are two men in our town and I am one of them.

— Black Hair thought he would leave the infirmary .....and he did.

— He wanted the banquet *to be continued* like the stories in the weekly papers.

— He said the cake was two feet long and a *foot square."*

— He says he would have his room frescoed but that there is no room.

— Oh, yes it was a swell affair–Yeast.

— Our sympathy Flavian but you must remember these turning poles have no feeling. He came; he turned; he got hurt.

— I think I will wait and go home on the 23rd.

— Dave and Tom—are out, they tried to get even with each other and failed.

— It has been moved and seconded that during vacation the students indulge in turkey and cranberry sauce. All in favour manifest by the usual sign. There was not a single nay.

— Henry says he guesses he will take a trip home on the 20th. he decided to go before, but for some reason which we have not found out, he has decided to wait.

— A feature of the entertainment given on the *31st. of November* was a cymbal solo by the manipulator of those instruments.

— Special attention is called to the letter from our Rev. Director regarding the holidays.

— "Let us *mark* our books and the prof. will think we have been looking up the subject."

— Messrs Bowman and Durand returned from a few days visit to their homes, Chicago and Manteno.

— For good, general, all around sprinting, we respectfully refer you to the recreation hall after supper every evening.

— Somebody threw a sour krout cutter at him which occasioned the loss of his curls, this however did not prevent him from eating the usual four loaves.

— Our popular orator, has at last consented to deliver a lecture upon. "The forlorn hope, or why I spent my vacation at the college."

— The Ed's. return sincere thanks to our business manager. Rev. J. A. Cox, C. S. V., for his consideration of us in having fitted up a more commodious sanctum; we are also indebted to a friend for a set of office furniture.

— In the last two exhibitions the "Picked Squad" displayed their great tact for fancy drilling.

—We have a Lieut. Case now in private Murphy of Omaha. Jim handles a Co. C. gun with great ease, and for fancy and swift movements he is very good At the first entertainment he intends to give the drill of his life. Private Daniel McCarthy of Co. A. is gaining many admirers in his new drill. Continue the work in this line and the annual competition in fancy drill will be exciting.

— Sergeant Cunningham now wears the gold and Private Babin the silver stripes.

— It is to be hoped that work will be resumed after the holidays with the same good spirit of the past three months.

— Cadets beware! Remember you forfeit the beautiful medals, by not reporting on Jan. 5th. They are jewels and should be watched with eager desire.

— The officers are requested to be very careful with their swords and epaulets during vacation.

— The large picture of the battalion of 90–91 will add to the beauty of the armory.

PERSONALS.

RIVARD — Rev. E. L. Rivard will spend the holidays at Assumption Ills. visiting relatives.

***

CULLITON. — We are glad to hear that David A. Culliton, '88 is now filling a position of trust in the office of the Sante Fe R. R. at Chicago. Dave is a worthy boy and the JOURNAL wishes him success.

***

FOSTER. — We are pleased to learn that Rev. C. P. Foster is entirely recovered from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Father Foster is a zealous laborer and his flock would feel very much any extended absence of there worthy pastor.

***

MAINVILLE. — We regret very much the late illness of Rev. A. D. Mainville. The gentleman has been under medical treatment the past few days. We are glad to say however that he is now entirely recovered

***

WALSH. — Mr. James Walsh '80, Wilmington Ills. made us a pleasant call lately. Jim used to be one of the ball players and still plays a strong game. He is at present traveling for a Chicago shoe firm.

LABERGE. — Rev. J. Laberge spent the first Sunday of the month with Rev. F. Kirsh at Ravenswood Ills. assisting at Foury Hours Devotion. He was accompanied by Messrs J. F. Solon and J. P. Suerth of the College.

***

TREMBLEY. — Rev. F. Trembley, Salt Lake City Utah, spent a few days at the College during the month. The Rev. gentleman is compelled to quit his field of labor for a much needed rest. After an exhibition drill the Father witnessed, he spoke a few words to the boys which were warmly received by the delighted students.

***

GRANDCHAMP, — We are highly pleased to learn of the gratifying success which our friend Major Louis A. Grandchamp '89, is having at St. Thomas' Seminary St-Paul. Mr. Grandchamp has formed a military organization at that place and as we know the skill the gentleman possesses in military tactics, we predict unbounded success for him. This speaks well for St. Viateur's Cadets; they are becoming extensively felt. Our best wishes for your success Major.

***

CUSACK. — We learn with pleasure that our old friend, Mr. James Cusack, was raised to the priesthood by Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes of Covington Ky. on Dec. 20th. Father Cusack completed his classical course at St. Viateur's and graduated here June 1887. He then went to Baltimore where he finished his Theological studies. He was a former editor of the JOURNAL and the present staff extends its congratulations to him, wishes him success in the holy life he has begun.

ST. LOUIS & MATTHIEU.

Choicest Groceries of all kinds, with full satisfaction guaranteed, may be had in our store. Give us a trial.
Remember No. 25 Court St.,
KANKAKEE Ill.

HAND-MADE Pure Wax'Candles per lb. 45 cts
Moulded Wax Candles, " " 38 cts
Stearic Wax, " " 20 cts
Special Prices to parties buying in large quantities.

Catholic Prayer Books 25 cts. upwards.

CATHOLIC FAMILY BIBLES.

With two large clasps and Fancy Edge $9.99 Sent free to any part of U. S. on receipt of price.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Importers of Church Goods, Jobbers in School Books and Catholic Booksellers.
113 S. Desplaines St. Cor. Monroe, Chicago, Ill.
Correspondence sollicited.

J. K. EAGLE.

LUMBER.

A large and complete assortment of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Posts, Sash, Doors, Blinds and Mouldings always on hand.

Filling large orders for Dimention Lumber a Specialty.

Yards, on East Avenue, Kankakee, Ill., 2nd. Yard North Court Street, and at Momence, between C. & L. I. and River. Address,

K. EAGLE. KANKAKEE, ILL.

WALTER S. TODD.

HARDWARE.

Stoves, Iron, Nails and Wagon wood stock
Tinware and Tin work of all kinds.
No 3 Court Street,
KANKAKEE, ILL.

HOTCHKISS
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
18 Court Street, Kankakee, Ill.
ALL WORK FINISHED IN BEST
—STYLE—
BY THE MOST APPROVED PROCESSES AT
REASONABLE PRICES.

BENZIGER BROTHERS,
Publishers, Manufacturers of Church Goods, Regalia, &tc.
Just Published.

ENGLISH MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY. Edited by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J. 12mo, cloth.
1. LOGIC. By Richard F. Clarke. S. J. at $1.25 net.
2. FIRST PRINCIPLES OF KNOWLEDGE. By John Rickaby, S. J. Professor of Logic and General Metaphysics at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. net, $1.25
MORAL PHILOSPHY (ETHICS AND NATURAL LAW). By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. net, $1.25
4 NATURAL THEOLOGY. By Bernard Boeddar, S. J., Professor of Natural Theology at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst. "Nearly ready."
5 PSYCHOLOGY. By Michael Maher, S. J., Professor of Mental Philosophy at Stonyhurs College. "Preparing."
6. GENERAL METAPHYSICS. By John Rickaby, S. J. "Preparing."

178 MONROE ST. CHICAGO ILLS.

FOUNDED 1869, CHARTERED 1874.

St. Viateur's College,

THE COLLEGE affords excellent facilities for study, and the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of MODERN LANGUAGES, MATHEMATICS, CLASSICS, MUSIC, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, and THEOLOGY. Most careful attention is paid to the business training of young men, and a thorough practical knowledge of BOOK-KEEPING and COMMERCIAL LAW is imparted by skilled Professors.

The best authors and most approved system of teaching are adopted in all grades of the College. Students may enter at any time. Term and tuition will begin with date of entrance.

Terms for board and tuition $200.00 per annum.

Catalogues, and any desired information will be carefully given on application to the Director.

REV. M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.
St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill.

J. Gelino.

No. 182 COURT STREET,
KANKAKEE, ILL.
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic
FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, DRY GOODS.

Volkmann & Wambach,

JEWELERS.
190 Court Street - - Kankakee, Ill.
SUCCESSORS TO
A. H. PIKE.

C. WOLFE.
Barber Shop.
Under Umbach's Harness Store, Kankakee, Ill.
First Class Work guaranteed.
Students especially invited.

PETER WALZEM,
Grower of
PURE ALTAR WINE.
Warsaw, Hancock Co., Ill.
REFERENCES.
Rt. Rev. Jos. MELCHOR, Bishop of Green Bay
Rt. Rev. M. Fink, Bishop of Leavenworth.

C. P. TOWNSEND.
East Ave. 1 door south of Knetcth's Block
KANKAKEE ILL

SCHOOL BOOKS. LEGAL BLANKS.
D. L. Durham,
STATIONERY,
Books. News, Music,
BASE-BALLS and BATS, FISHING TACKLE.
KANKAKEE, ILL.
TOYS, CROQUET. BABY CARRIAGES.

R. J. HANNA,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
43 Court Street,
KANKAKEE, ILL.

BRAYTON & CHRISTIAN
DEALERS in Men's, Women's, Misses' and children's fine and medium Shoes: also all sizes and grades of Boots. Special inducements for Students.
Two doors north of Post office.
Kankakee, Ill.

THOS KERR,
HARDWARE, STOVES, IRON. STEEL, TINWARE, NAILS, Etc.,
Job work done in any part of the County.
Cor. Court St. and Schuyler Avenue.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

L. Babst
DEALER IN
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware,
IRON, NAILS and WAGON STOCK.
No 13 EAST AVENUE, KANKAKEE, ILL.
Jobbing Done to Order.

COMPLETE LINE OF FURNITURE
CHEAPEST AND BEST HOUSE IN THE CITY
J. H. SPEICHER and Co.
Special attention paid to undertaking. Black and white hearse.
No. 64 East Ave.....Kankakee, Ill.

J. W. BUTLER PAPER Co.
Wholesale Paper Dealers.
A full line of Cards and Wedding goods kept constantly on hand.
Nos. 183 & 185 Monroe Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Kankakee Stone and Lime Company.
INCORPORATED FEB. 23rd. 1867.
Proprietors of the Celebrated Kankakee flat Lime stones Quarries.
Fresh Wood burned Lime always on hand.
KANKAKEE, ILL.

J. W. SCHUBERT.
PROPRIETOR OF THE
German, French and American Pharmacy.
Cor. East. Ave. & Merchant St. KANKAKEE, Ill.
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
DRUGS. MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS ETC, ETC.
Also a fine line of Toilet Articles of all kinds.
Fine Cigars and Tobacco.
CALL AND SEE ME.

MUSIC FREE!
Send 15 cents
For mailing, and, in return, receive
$3
Worth of Music.
Comprising from 5 to 8 pieces, the latest of our publications, for the purpose of introduction.
Address: Kunkel Bros., 612 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,
DIRECTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME.
This Institution affords every advantage for Young Ladies desirous of obtaining a solid and finished education. For particulars apply to
Mother Superior,
Notre Dame Academy,
Bourbonnais Grove,
Kankakee Co., Ill.

SCHOOL BOOKS. LEGAL BLANKS.
FRANK E. BELLAMY.
DEALER IN
STATIONERY.
Books, News, Music,
Wall-Paper, Window Shades.
KANKAKEE, ILL.
TOYS PICTURES. BABY CARRIAGES.

E. D. BERGERON, M. D.
BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL.

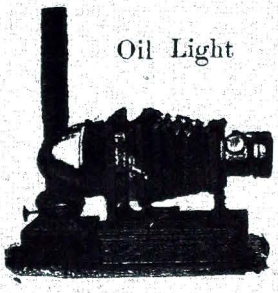
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED DAY OR NIGHT
Patent Medicines on Hand.
WALL PAPER AT COST!
OTTO C. KURRASCH.
5, Court St. Kankakee Ill,
Toilet Articles, Combs, Brushes, Soaps, Perfumes, Paints, Oils, Glass, Lamps.

WORK BROTHERS & CO.
Manufacturers of
FINE UNIFORMS
For
Military Schools and Colleges
Clerical Suits made to order.
CHICAGO

A. Ehrich
EAST COURT STREET
KANKAKEE.
Dealer in choicest Groceries, choicest brands of Flour. Keeps on hand constantly a large assortment of Feed and Produce. Please call and see me before going
any place else.

DR. A. M. HUDSON,
DENTIST.
GRADUATE CHICAGO COLLEGE DENTAL.
SURGERY OFFICE, OVER SWANNEL'S DRY GOODS STORE.
Kankakee, Illinois.

Oil Light
PARABOLON No. 25,
PRICE $25.00.


Oil Light
PARABOLON No. 35,
PRICE $35.00.

PATENT PARABOLON MAGIC LANTERNS and STEREOPTICONS.
For use with KEROSENE OIL or LIME LIGHT.
A wonderful source of *AMUSEMENT, INSTRUCTION* and *PROFIT*.
May be used at home or in large rooms seating hundreds of people, for illustrating SCRIPTURE, ART, SCIENCE, TRAVELS, and to AMUSE CHILDREN.
BEAUTIFUL PICTURES, in colors or plain photographs, four to thirty feet in diameter, may be shown on the screen.
PRICES OF PARABOLON OIL LIGHT MAGIC LANTERNS,
No. 18—(For family gatherings).....$18.00 each.
" 25—(For audiences of 25 to 100).....25.00
" 35—(" " " " " ").....35.00
" 50—For audiences of 25 to 300).....50.00
COMPLETE OUTFITS.....$13.00 to 50.00
These Lanterns are extensively used by Amateur Photographers for making enlargements from small negatives and for showing slides of their own make.
No GLASS CHIMNEYS required for PARABOLON Lamps.
Catalogue of Oxy-Hydrogen Apparatus, Views, etc., Free.
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
J. B. COLT & CO.,
16 Beekman Street. New York City.
"Please mention this paper when ordering."

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
Steel Pens.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1889.
His Celebrated Numbers,
303-404-170-604-332,
and his other styles may be had of all dealers throughout the world.
Joseph Gillott & Sons, New York.

The "*ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL*" is a first class medium for "ADVERTISING." Special attention paid to the printing of
BUSINESS CARDS,
BILL HEADS, ETC.
Terms reasonable.
The STUDENTS, *Editors-Prop.*