

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Feb. 18, 1888.

No 14.

A. H. PIKE. JEWELLER.

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VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Feb. 18, 1888.

No 14.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

HARVEY LEGRIS.....'88.
PAUL WILSTACH.....'89.
CHAS. H. BALL.....'89.

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

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

EDITORIALS.

THIS ISSUE of the JOURNAL is made the official organ of the Quinquennites Association, whose rule it is that the members communicate to one another their whereabouts and doings through the JOURNAL. By thus becoming the vehicle of interesting news concerning present and former students of the college the JOURNAL answers its own purpose: to be a medium of communication between alumni and actual students.

THERE HAS been developing of late a laudable interest in vocal music, both among the seminarians and the students. The regular lessons as well as grouping together of the singers into one place in the chapel promises splendid results. Singing is one of the fine arts and an attainment which everyone who has aptitude thereto should strive to master.

THE LATE examinations in the elocution classes have given evidence of high abilities in the refining art of oratory.

FOR THE encouragement of our military boys we reprint the Chicago Herald's account of the brilliant doings of our brothers-in-arms, the Holy Name School Cadets.

CONSEQUENT upon the late examinations several important changes have been made in the classes. Among the more note worthy promotions is that of several brilliant members of the Cæsar class to the Virgil class.

THROUGH the obliging kindness of our Holy Name School friends we are enabled to state a few facts relative to the late splendid fête of the young zouaves. The "HERALD" counted 1500 people whereas there were not over 1200; instead of 100 zouaves in uniforms there were 150; not Miss. Fitzpatrick, but Miss. Becktin read the presentation address. Great interest in behalf of the boys was manifested by the Rev. Clergy, and the Rev. Brothers in charge of the Holy Name School. Besides His Grace the Archbishop, several priests were present among whom were Revds. M. J. Fitzsimmons, F. N. Perry, N. J. Mooney and F. O'Leary. The musical part of the programme, which had been under the able management of Rev. F. N. Perry, was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening, and showed that the boys were not less skilled in using their vocal than their military powers. The faultless, and excellent exhibition of military manœuvres by the cadets reflects great honor upon their painstaking instructor Rev. Fr. Mahoney, and the young soldiers cannot do too much to secure both his affection and his services.

OBRIEN'S IMPRISONMENT, an original melodrama by authors of IT, etc., will be played by the Thespian Association St. Patrick's eve, March 16th.

CADETS OF HOLY NAME.

PRESENTED WITH A STAND OF COLORS.

Archbishop Feehan Also Rewards the Little
Temperance Zouaves with Silver Medals
—Songs by the Girls and Enter-
taining Drills by the Boys.

More than fifteen hundred persons crowded into Feehan Hall, 79 Sedgwick street, last evening to witness a very pretty ceremony and entertainment connected with the presentation of a pretty new Star Spangled Banner to the Cadets of the Holy Name, an organization in the parish of the Holy Name Church that is preparing to challenge the Chicago Zouaves at a muster drill before the year is over. The organization is so enterprising and worthy a one, that his Grace Archbishop Feehan consented to be present at an entertainment at the school hall, at which, very appropriately, the girls of the Holy Name Parish exhibited their interest in the cadets by presenting them with a stand of colors of their own making, which could not, aside from a labor of love, be reproduced for less than \$300. The cadets mustered 275 strong, and fully one hundred of them were decorated in their attractive new uniforms. A deputation of fifty cadets was present from St. Stanislaus, the Polish parish, and were honored with reserved seats, but the cadets of the Holy Name were massed upon the broad stage and constituted the object of attraction of the evening. The boys looked very gay in their brilliant uniforms and were manifestly proud of the fine showing which they made. Their trousers are of scarlet after the zouave pattern, with dress jackets of blue, decorated with heavy gold braid, over a white vest. Their caps are of a new design, having been made from a common sense pattern somewhat after the Turkish smoking cap with its heavy silken tassel, but with an arch of purple silk extending over all from side to side. They looked very neat, and bore themselves as genuine soldier boys.

The programme was varied to suit the circumstances. After the hall had been crowded the grand entrée of the cadets excited the audience to prolonged cheers. The little fellows marched in, in time, military style, with their short rifles, stepping to the measured beat of the gorgeously dressed drum corps, and formed in parade on the stage. After half an hour devoted to singing, about fifty little misses from the girls' school of Holy Name marched in, headed by half a dozen young ladies of the Sodality, carrying the colors. The boys formed a hollow square to receive them, and the move-

ment was executed without command, but upon a signal given by Captain Burke.

The presentation address was made by Miss Fitzpatrick, a teacher in one of the public schools and the response by Captain Giblin, a boy soldier of about fourteen years, was heartily applauded. Some fifty of the girls were dressed as gypsies, and entertained the audience with a gypsy song and dance, with tambourine accompaniment. The girls also sang "The Monastery Bells" with good effect; and a little Miss of not more than ten years provoked much laughter by her old fashioned rendition of "Barney O'Hea."

The cadets marched past Archbishop Feehan and received each a beautiful badge, emblematic of Holy Name. The badges were pinned to their left breasts, and provided an additional decoration to their bright uniforms. The Archbishop was assisted by Fathers Agnew and Conway. After resuming their positions on the stage with their badges the cadets renewed, orally, their obligations to teach and practice temperance until twenty-one years of age. For this they were heartily applauded. The feature of the evening was the picked squad drill, in which the entire squad went through the manual movement like clock-work, without a word of command. The audience were delighted, and loudly cheered them. The cadets presented Father Mahoney, their preceptor in tactics, with a valuable gold-headed cane, and the programme was ended by a pleasant address from the archbishop, with his blessing for the cadets.

Chicago Herald

'87

'92

QUINQUENNITES.

Chicago - - Feb. 4th. 1888.

To Fellow members.

I, a constant reader of the COLLEGE JOURNAL, was pleased to see in its last issue this short but pleasing notice.

Quinquennites 87—92:

"Please forward the letter prescribed by the rules of our association, etc." I said pleasing notice because it reminds each member of said society (as also outsiders) that he or they would read something exceptionally diverting and interesting in the next paper.

Now in order that this epistle may not be too tedious to its readers, I will do just as I was asked, write a short and formal epistle, containing my doings since I left college. After leaving my "Alma Mater" last June, I enjoyed myself for two successive months as much as one could desire, viz., going to divers shows, to theatres,

parties, excursions, etc. In fact I could be seen wherever pleasure was to be obtained.

Then came the time of labor and I am very happy to state that I, in my first attempt to work for others, was very successful. My first experience as an employee was had in an auditor's office of the Wabash Railroad Co. Well it is novel and very fatiguing for what the Yankees call a "greenhorn" in the business. For instance send a boy of thirteen to college and let him stay till he reaches the age which makes him endeavor to please all the young ladies in his "ward;" then put him to work for others and told, "Young man you must earn your own living," and after a week's experience he will be heard saying "Hem! this is a horse of another color."

He's right.

Although I was steadily at my work at the railroad office that did not keep me from watching my chance for something better, which I found after very little labor, and now I consider myself as having as good a position as any of our members.

I have entered into an attorney's office with the intention of studying for the Bar or, as my former and beloved director has expressed it, I am "definitivement entré dans l'antre de la clicane." Here a bright and independent future looms up before me, because there is no man of any profession or trade who is more independent or more respected (except a clergyman) than an advocate, and if you don't believe me, consult our secretary he'll give you a pointer.

Fearing to tire you and to waste time and ink and hoping you are all in good luck,

I remain.

Your's &c.

A Quinquennite.

H.

Bourbonnais Grove

Feb. 10th. 1888

Quinquennites:

Fellow Members:—Already the year has flown and the time presents itself for the fulfillment of a duty prescribed by our society, a duty, which I am sure is a most pleasant one. Yet were it not for the motives for which I perform it, it might prove unpleasant for when was composition not an unpleasant task for a student?—and such I still remain up to this first anniversary of the *Quinquennites*.

I, no doubt do you all, look forward anxiously for the coming of '92 when we will meet in reality, as these letters unite us only in spirit. Tell then my hearty well-wishes for good luck and prosperity to every member.

Fraternally Yours,

Paul Wilstach.

St. Viateur's College, Feb. 15th. 88.

Dear Quinquennites.

I have always been very happy in receiving letters from different friends but I shall be delighted in reading over the long list of communications that have been received from the members of our society.

I have very little to tell you, for my life, since last year, has been quite unchanged. I spent an agreeable and joyful vacation at home and then returned to this college where I am still pursuing the classical course. Perhaps it may be of interest to mention that I have joined the military organization and that I am getting to be quite an "Old Veteran." As for my studies, I am succeeding quite well, for I have been promoted to a higher latin class thus being afforded the chance of shortening the time of my course.

Having no more to mention that is worthy of your attention I close with my best wishes to you all,

Your Confrère

Sam Saindon.

St. Vincent's College,

Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Jan 29th, 1888.

Quinquennites;—

In thinking over the many happy days at old St. Viateur's my mind wondered to the eventful afternoon on which we besieged that K. K. K. camera and oh how happy was the thought. Now already we Quinquennites are mostly scattered all over the United States, but though far apart we all remember the meeting and gladness of years ago and the obligation that we then assumed.

As you see I am at College and trying to study, if not doing so, but next year I intend to go to work. . . . I am very anxious to hear of the whereabouts and doings of "The Friends" and will read with much interest the next issue of the *COLLEGE JOURNAL*.

As time is fleeting and other duties call my unmerited attention, I gladly sign myself,

Your constant Friend,

Hugh O'Neil.

75 So. Morgan St.

Chicago, Illinois,

Feb. 3rd., 1888.

"Quinquennites"

Fellow members:—

It is with pleasure that I comply with the rule of our society, agreed upon by all of us, before our last farewell at St. Viateur's College.

No doubt, the most of us are scattered far from our

Alma Mater, but I hope we all retain the same spirit as we had at the time of organization. Often times have I thought of my College days, of the pleasant hours I used to spend pouring over the poetical verses of Virgil and Horace, beneath the shady bowers; often times also has it occurred to me that I would like to be again under the vigilance of my kind Director, and ever worthy teachers, but it all seems a mere reverie now.

After being tossed about a considerable through the ups and downs of this ambitious world, I have finally reached the desk, where I am correspondent for a wholesale house. Hoping to have the pleasure of reading each of your letters published in "The Literary Journal," I am as ever one of the

"Quinquennites,"

W. J. Convey

St. Viateur's College.

Feb. 11th., 1888.

Sec. of Quinquennites:

Dear Friend:

Herein and through you do I bid a kindly greeting to all my fellow quinquennites.

Several are here yet but many are now out in the broad field.

Of these at present is my mind most thoughtful, for a year has passed and many changes may have met them. Not to speak of upper life and other changes in personal appearances,—wrinkled brows and care-worn countenances, I imagine many of my now worldly friends who spent several years behind the "old oaken desks" have by this time found some difference between college and real life. No doubt they now and then find occasion to put into practice some rule or maxim they had learnt, or maybe some fact or figure has made them feel quite prominent.

Also a few lines of their favorite poet may have helped to make sweet the evening hours and even by a lucky accident to some one a life's partner.

Now there comes to my mind a scene that places you all before me. You will all remember a year ago our full assembly in Class-room No. 3. Remember too, how our souls did fairly swim in smiles and how we glowed with the happy thought of what our little society purposed to do in the future, our promises to write annually and, though oceans divide us, to meet in '92 at "Old St. Viateur's." You will remember too that our good John S—n smoked a cigar, or rather a part of one, that evening in honor of the venerable father of our Country.

As you may have already inferred, I am still a toiler in the "old diggings", and have a hat-peg in the room whose walls you may have helped blacken.

I spend a good part of my time reading a book that was written by a man named Q. Horatius Flaccus. I refrain from criticizing his works as 'tis said I'm prejudiced against him. I attend quite regularly at Blair's lectures this year, as well company and battalion drills in which I take much interest. By the way, if the high military spirit that reigns this year continues as it has been nursed by our skillful drill-master, Mr. J. P. Dore, cannons will be ordered to salute our arrival in '92. With thanks to the Almighty for what he has done for me in the past year, and hoping for many blessings to come, I conclude,

Quinquennites,

Thos. J. Normoyle.

St Viateur's College,

Feb 12, '88.

Dear Quinquennites:

I am still pursuing my studies at St Viateur's. I take pleasure in reading carefully all our correspondences transacted through the medium of the JOURNAL and will be glad to read about the history of our absent Quinquennites since the eventful day about a year ago. My history has been rather a monotonous one. Having spent a pleasant vacation, I again retraced my steps to St Viateur's. My admission to the orchestra perhaps would be something noteworthy, as it would perchance excite a little surprise; but wonders often happen now-a-days. As all the other members at the College except myself belong to the military company, a very exciting feature at present, I will have to lament the misfortune of standing a very poor chance of ever becoming distinguished as a soldier. I hope I will steer clear of such calamities in future, and with pleasure will subscribe myself,

Yours Truly,

Joseph McGavick.

LOCALS.

— Sam may find consolation in the following statistics plucked from one of our city dailies, "An elephant lives 400 years, a whale 300, and a camel 40, and a candidate for office never dies."

— The drum corps will not be the only corpse in the house if spring does not come soon and let the battalion out-of-doors soon.

— When M— recently read out of the Punster Co. Times that Kansas had a post office called Zero, Joe Mc only woke up long enough to say that was nothing. — Lent!

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 18 Fev. 1888.

No 11.

JE VIS.

Je vis! ô quel réveil que cette heure première!
Je vis! et l'univers pour recevoir son roi
S'ouvre ainsi qu'un païs inondé de lumière,
Dois-je en croire mes yeux? Tant de splendeurs pour moi!

Déroule, firmament, ton dais semé d'étoiles
D'où le rêve sourit à mon calme sommeil;
Bercez-moi, flots des mers, à l'ombre de vos voiles;
Comme une lampe d'or, resplendis, ô soleil!

Dressez vos blancs sommets, monts couronnés de neige:
Alpes n'êtes-vous pas les colonnes des cieux?
Entre vos bleus piliers—majestueux cortège—
Que l'aigle m'accompagne en son vol glorieux!

Fleurs, frais trésors auxquels il ne manque qu'une âme,
Répandez dans les airs vos parfums enivrants;
Pour chanter, doux oiseaux, le bonheur qui m'enflamme
De vos gosiers versez l'harmonie à torrents!

Et cependant qu'es-tu, nature inanimée?
Quel écho as-tu donc pour répondre à ma voix?
Je vis! je veux trouver, dans un image aimée,
De moi-même un vivant miroir où je me vois.

Salut! regards d'azur où le ciel semble luire,
Où tout est rayon, joie, ineffable plaisir!
Epanouis-toi, rêve, à mon premier sourire,
Comme s'ouvre la fleur au baiser du zéphyr.

Faut-il qu'ainsi sur moi la jouissance pleuve!
Ah! l'amitié me donne une âme pour m'aimer
Et, quand se lèveront les sombres jours d'épreuve—
Oreiller de l'amour—un cœur pour reposer!

Je vis! Je ne suis pas ce qu'au jour est la rose
Qu'effeuille le toucher de l'automne cruel:
Non, non! je vis et je sens en moi quelque chose
Qui ne saurait mourir, comme un souffle immortel!

Dans le chœur d'ici-bas, c'est ma voix qui domine,
Souveraine, audessus de tous les éléments;
Et, céleste flambeau, ma raison illumine
Cette terrestre nuit de ses rayonnements.

Des êtres je comprends l'harmonie éternelle,
Le lien étroit qui tient l'homme à l'ange uni.
Je gravis, ô transports! cette sublime échelle.
Qui part de la matière et touche à l'infini!

Et ces merveilles dont le spectacle magique
M'élève, nuit et jour, sur des ailes de feu—
Cieux et terre—ah! ne sont encor que le portique
De la gloire d'un monde où se révèle Dieu!....

Quand tous les maux fondraient maintenant sur ma tête,
Je te bénis, auteur de ma félicité!
Malgré ses pleurs amers, la vie est une fête:
Oui! je te bénirai toute l'éternité!

M**

DEUX DATES.

Il a plus de dix-huit siècles, dans une nuit immortelle,
une nuit plus brillante que le jour, des voix angéliques
éveillèrent les échos endormis de Bethléem; une étoile
jaillit dans les cieux; et des bergers laissèrent leurs trou-
peaux et des rois leurs trônes pour répondre à l'appel
de ce nouvel astre, dont l'apparition subite annonçait
une naissance plus qu'humaine. Guidés par cette lumi-
ère mystérieuse, ils entrèrent dans une étable où reposait
sur la paille un enfant au sourire divin.

Pourquoi les bergers lui offrent-ils leurs blancs ag-
neaux? Pourquoi les rois lui apportent-ils de l'or, de
l'encens et de la myrrhe? Pourquoi les têtes couronnées
aussi bien que les têtes nues des pasteurs s'inclinent-elles
devant ce frêle berceau? Ah! c'est que ce faible enfant
n'est pas un enfant de la terre. C'est l'enfant-Dieu,
le désiré des nations, qui brisera les idoles et recevra à
leur place les adorations dues à la divinité; et ce monde
qui, aujourd'hui le rejette, un jour, baptisé dans le
sang des martyrs, portera son nom, s'appellera le monde
chrétien.

Depuis cette nuit d'où date une ère nouvelle, une ci-
vilisation incomparable, bien des siècles ont passé, bien
des événements se sont accomplis; mais voilà que de
nouveau la terre s'éveille comme d'un divin songe, aux
bruits d'hymnes de victoire! Une lumière a paru dans
le ciel: "Lumen in cælo," et, de tous les points de l'ho-
rizon, des pèlerins s'acheminent vers la ville éternelle
où brille le nouvel astre. Non seulement d'humbles fi-
dèles, mais les souverains de tous les continents lui
envoient des présents, lui adressent des félicitations.

Pourtant c'est un vieillard débile, captif dans son pro-
pre palais, et un anniversaire, sacré dans sa vie sacerdo-

tales, a suffi pour ébranler l'univers. Pourquoi donc cette émotion universelle? C'est que Léon XIII est dans sa prison le vicaire de celui qui naquit dans une crèche, c'est le prince de la paix, l'étoile de Juda dont les rayons éclairent encore nos ténèbres. Il paraît dénué de tout secours; mais sa faiblesse est la force de Dieu, et, comme celui qui vainquit le monde, il a soumis de nos jours les plus fiers conquérants.

Ah! battez longtemps des mains, peuples de la terre! Voûtes et dôme de St. Pierre, conservez l'écho des acclamations qui vous firent frémir d'allégresse! Ombre du Pontife Suprême, planez comme une apparition céleste sur l'autel du Pêcheur de Galilée. O souvenirs envivants de cet immortel Jubilé, soyez comme une goutte de miel dans la coupe d'amertume que l'iniquité offre aux lèvres de Léon XIII, notre père commun! Puissiez-vous, ô fête inoubliable, être le prélude de celle qui saluera le triomphe de la Papauté sur ses implacables ennemis!

Lua.

BETHLEEM.

Bethléem, qui rappelle au chrétien de si consolants souvenirs, est à une heure et quart de bonne marche de Jérusalem. Le chemin un peu serpentant qui y conduit devient de plus en plus beau, et la tristesse que la malédiction a répandue sur la ville perfide disparaît presque subitement en allant à la *maison du pain* (Bethléem.) La route est égayée par des collines verdoyantes et de magnifiques plaines.

De temps à autre s'étalent de belles plantations d'oliviers au feuillage bleuâtre, des vignes chargées de fruits et des jardins riches en végétaux de mille sortes. Il est vrai qu'après les impressions d'une Semaine-Sainte passée au Calvaire, le brillant soleil de Pâques était pour quelque chose dans l'éclat du panorama et nous faisait trouver beau ce qui n'aurait pas été remarqué dans une autre circonstance.

Bientôt j'entrevis Bethléem, la ville des épreuves de Marie et de Joseph, mais aussi de leurs consolations! Une espèce d'auréole de bonheur semble planer sur cette ville par la gaieté sereine que l'on y trouve. Autant est triste la ville du tombeau du Sauveur, autant est gaie celle de son berceau. Elevée à 772 mètres au-dessus de la Méditerranée, cette "ville de Juda, qui n'est pas la moindre" non plus, vous apparaît sous la forme assez rapprochée d'une demi-lune. Elle semble aussi construite en amphithéâtre à cause de ses deux collines, l'une à l'Orient et l'autre à l'Occident. Au Nord et au Sud s'étendent de gracieuses vallées dans lesquelles vous voyez encore des troupeaux et des ber-

gers comme en l'an de grâce 4004. Les constructions de la ville sont blanches en général et plusieurs d'entr'elles ont des jalousies ou des contrevents verts. Comme partout dans ce pays, les toits plats et le petit nombre de fenêtres donnent aux maisons une certaine apparence de boîtes. Les rues souvent étroites font quelque fois une courbe pour rejoindre un autre chemin.

L'ensemble de la ville, qui paraît à distance bâtie en demi-cercle, perd beaucoup de cette forme lorsqu'on y arrive. Les gens que vous rencontrez ont pour la plupart assez bonne mine, paraissent bien faits et mieux *proportionnés* que leurs habitations! Les Bethléémites s'occupent avant tout de troupeau et d'agriculture. Ils cultivent avec avantage au nord de la ville les figuiers, les oliviers, les amandiers et les vignes. En ville, la grande industrie consiste à fabriquer des chapelets, des croix, des médaillons, etc. que les pèlerins toujours assez nombreux achètent avec avidité. Ces articles sont faits de noyaux d'olives et de dattes, d'olivier, de nacre, etc. On fabrique aussi de jolis groupes en asphalte de la Mer-Morte. Chose étonnante pour nous qui sommes habitués à voir changer les modes tous les trois mois, beaucoup de filles portent encore le costume toujours nouveau de la Sainte Vierge: voile blanc tombant jusqu'au bas des épaules, manteau couleur de *pietre bleue* et aussi long que la robe blanche qu'il recouvre presque entièrement et sans beaucoup de plis. Ainsi on voit que la mode de l'an 4004 est aussi celle du dix-neuvième siècle de l'ère chrétienne! Assurément l'on ne pourra nier que les filles de Bethléem n'aient l'*esprit conversationnel*. Il est à remarquer en outre que le voile de la Ste. Vierge, conservé à la cathédrale de Chartre, semble avoir les mêmes proportions et être de la même étoffe de laine fine que celui dont on vient de parler; seulement il est jauni par le temps.

Après donc avoir traversé la ville entière, qui renferme 5000 âmes dont environ 3000 Catholiques et le reste schismatiques ou mahométans, comme Marie et Joseph nous arrivons à la dernière habitation. Ainsi vous voyez que les révélations de Catherine Emérich sont assez justes concernant ce qu'elle dit de Bethléem, bien qu'elle n'entre pas dans les petits détails que je mentionne. Mais je me figure vous entendre dire: "parlez donc de l'Etable!"—"prope est ut veniat tempus ejus," Traduction libre: *oui, oui, ça viendra!* Cependant, comme St. Joseph ne l'a pas trouvée tout de suite *ni moi non plus*, prenez patience à votre tour! D'ailleurs qui dirait où est l'Etable lorsque tant de constructions s'élèvent sur les lieux? Le meilleur parti à prendre est de s'adresser au couvent des Franciscains, frères de St. Antoine, qui, comme lui, doivent avoir des rapports intimes avec l'Enfant-Jésus et connaître mieux que personne le *réduit* où il naquit pour l'amour des hommes. Nous frappons alors à l'antique monastère et, conformément à l'Evan-

gile "l'on nous ouvre aussitôt!" L'espace compris entre l'épaisseur des murs à la porte suffirait pour faire une entrée, et il faut voir la manière dont sont faites les clenches des portes du deuxième étage pour convenir que *l'on se moque bien des modes* à Bethléem. Une réception cordiale nous est faite en français, puis l'on nous conduit par de longs corridors au pavé de pierre et aux murs blanchis de chaux! Il fait si sombre que ce qu'on rencontre, comme tableaux, etc. sont à peine visible, ce qui fait que je passe par une église sans le savoir! Et, comme dans les contes d'enfants, "marche, marche, marche: aperçois une petite lumière" que je distinguais mieux que le gros Franciscain! Nous arrivons à un escalier en marbre gris dont les premiers degrés posés en cercle présentent l'aspect d'un entonnoir. Cet escalier tourne un peu et n'est pas sans danger, car ses degrés *ébréchés* pour un bon nombre sont si usés qu'il font une pente invitant délicatement à une glissade dont on peut aisément se passer. *Heureusement* que le soldat qui fait la garde au bas de la descente *pourrait* nous recevoir... à la baïonnette, car il est là pour maintenir l'ordre!

Enfin nous voilà dans l'Etable même où s'est accompli le grand mystère de l'Incarnation! L'émotion de chacun est visible dans ce sanctuaire faiblement éclairé par le jour qui vient des deux escaliers et par la douce lumière que répandent de nombreuses lampes aux verres colorés. Cet aspect religieux joint à l'impression qui nous gagne, le désir de tout voir à la fois avec celui de découvrir tout d'abord le lieu sacré font qu'en arrivant l'on ne voit *rien du tout*! Peu à peu les formes se dessinent; le pavé étale son beau marbre, les murs leurs riches tapisseries bordées en soies de toutes nuances et représentant des scènes appropriées, la voûte soutient une multitude de lampes d'argent toujours allumées. L'appartement a trente-six pieds de longueur et douze de largeur, tandis que sa hauteur n'atteint guère plus de neuf pieds. Finalement réalisons bien que nous sommes dans l'étable de Bethléem. Le premier soin du guide est de nous faire remarquer une espèce de niche arrondie dans le pavé de laquelle est encadrée une grosse et riche étoile en argent. Autour de cette étoile se lisent les paroles suivantes "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus-Christus natus est." Nous tombons à genoux à cet endroit même où selon St. Jean, "Et verbum caro factum est." C'est ici qu'un jour l'on voyait Dieu "face à face et sans voile"... Les impressions ne se traduisent pas.

Tel est autant que j'ai pu voir l'état actuel de l'Etable Bethléem. Elle est très fréquentée et la foule y est souvent si grande que l'on ne peut y avoir accès. Il m'a fallu une fois entr'autres faire ma visite du haut de l'escalier qui lui-même était encombré. Ces jours-là sont des jours de triomphe pour Bethléem, et c'est en union avec

la belle fête de cette ville que l'on se réjouit dans toute la chrétienté. Chaque pays témoigne de sa foi selon son usage, ce qui fait une grande variété. En Amérique comme aux Iles Britanniques, c'est la *Christmas box*. En France comme dans bien d'autres contrées de la race latine, c'est la *Messe de Minuit et le réveillon*. Les Allemands et tous ceux de leur race ont le *Christbaum*. La Suède a ses *Cadaux d'intrigues* et Rome a ses *Petits prédicateurs*.

Un Pèlerin.

CUEILLETES.

- Déjà plus de neige!
- On commence à jouer à la balle!
- Les examens qui ont commencé le 26 Janvier se sont terminés le 2 Février.
- La santé de la communauté est excellente. Aucune maladie grave jusqu'à présent.
- Mr. L'abbé Ouimet a fait dernièrement une courte visite au collège.
- Le Fr. Lucier est de retour au collège et à l'œuvre.
- Gus... nous promet une pièce de poésie pour le prochain numéro: les muses et lui font bon ménage ensemble, paraît-il?
- Nos jeunes militaires ont trouvé un moyen facile de transmettre leur souvenir à la postérité: tous posent, qui avec une épée, qui avec un fusil, etc. Sam. cependant, à porté plainte contre l'artiste qui n'a pas fidèlement reproduit son air martial.
- F. a déjà perdu trois casquettes, s'il y va de ce train il en perdra... quoi?
- Le Rev. P. Lajoie et le Fr. Saulin quitteront le Canada le 20 Février pour visiter l'obédience de Bourbonnais. Les Zouaves de l'école de la Cathédrale donneront une séance, jeudi prochain, en l'honneur des distingués Visiteurs. Ici il y aura aussi, vendredi soir, soirée publique donnée par les différentes compagnies militaires du Collège, avec orchestre, fanfare, déclamations, et présentations d'adresses. La séance dramatique est remise au mois prochain.
- Rev. P. Clermont est en visite à Kankakee où il a été appelé par la maladie de ses parents. Qu'il veuille bien accepter nos sympathies.
- Les membres des diverses ambassades aux Etats-Unis lisent le français et il est de bon ton dans les grands salons de Washington d'avoir un livre français ouvert sur la table d'attente. Nombre d'hommes d'Etat consacrent leurs loisirs à la littérature française.
- Robert Lincoln ne manque pas d'acheter plusieurs

livres français chaque fois qu'il passe à Washington. Endicott, le député Aitt, le colonel Hay, Bob Ingersoll, le sénateur Edmunds, le sénateur Sherman, le juge Gray, sont tous lecteurs passionnés de livres français. Le sénateur Sherman lit aussi le français, bien qu'il ne le puisse parler.

La haute société américaine ne pense donc pas comme ce fanatique du Haut Canada qui honnit la langue française et méprise sa littérature. Ignorance et fanatisme sont donc de même famille.

HISTOIRE D'UN ANGE.

C'était la nuit de Noël. Les étoiles brillaient à travers un ciel bleu et glacé, et la neige couvrait la terre de son immense manteau blanc. Les cloches carillonnaient joyeusement au milieu du mugissement des vents de l'hiver. Oh! comme cette nuit verse la joie dans tous les cœurs! Le vieillard courbé sous le poids des années croit voir reflourir sa jeunesse. Les vieilles injustices sont pardonnées et les amis depuis longtemps séparés se réconcilient.

Cependant quand la gaieté régnait ainsi dans toutes les âmes il y avait une maison où la tristesse et la maladie habitaient: car un enfant, le seul espoir de ses parents, était à l'agonie. Des rideaux de soie entouraient son lit; des jouets de toutes sortes gisaient autour de lui sans pouvoir l'égayer; ses cheveux aux boucles dorées flottaient épars sur de moelleux oreillers.

La mère, qui seule avait la force de sourire, était agenouillée auprès du lit de l'enfant et tâchait de le ramener à la vie. Elle murmurait à son oreille de suaves chansons et lui redisait de merveilleuses histoires.

Mais soudain il sourit et quelque chose d'étrange attira ses regards. Ses yeux semblaient être fixés sur quelque vision mystérieuse. Il regardait un ange qui voltigeait en souriant audessus de son lit et une clarté illumina le visage du mourant. Ce fut avec un tendre amour que l'ange se pencha vers le petit malade et l'enlevant dans ses bras, le plaça sur sa poitrine. Des pleurs et des lamentations annoncèrent que la mère avait perdu son enfant.

La maison en deuil parut un moment resplendissante, c'était l'ange qui s'envolait au ciel avec le nouvel élu; puis plaçant une rose à ses côtés, l'ange lui dit: "Sache, toi qui me ressembles, que les joies de l'homme sur la terre trouvent au ciel un écho. Il y avait, dans la ville au dessous de nous, un petit orphelin malade, abandonné, rejeté de tous, trop faible pour prendre part aux plaisirs de ses petits camarades; il passait de longues heures, sa petite tête souffrante appuyée sur ses mains faibles et tremblantes.

Un beau jour d'été, il parvint à se traîner hors de son

pauvre réduit et se mit à suivre la grande voie. Il arriva bientôt à l'entrée d'un jardin entouré d'une haute muraille. Il s'arrêta et contempla à travers les barreaux de fer les fleurs dont les fraîches couleurs le réjouissaient et vit un charmant enfant courant au milieu d'allées au sable d'or. La servante, qui veillait sur l'enfant, s'impatienta de la présence du pâle orphelin et, lui jetant dédaigneusement un sou, lui ordonna de se retirer. Des larmes amères coulèrent sur ses joues amaigries, mais vous, pour le consoler, choisîtes une rose, la plus belle du jardin, et lui en fîtes présent, en lui disant un doux adieu.

Plein de reconnaissance et respirant l'arôme de la fleur embaumée, l'orphelin monta à son pauvre gîte... Pauvre? oh! non! mais riche et maintenant tout radieux; car le bonheur, la paix et l'espérance entraient à son foyer avec cette fleurlette. L'enfant, fatigué de la longue course de la journée, s'étendit sur son grabat et posa la rose sur son cœur; mais avant l'aurore la rose et l'enfant étaient morts.

Apprends, cher petit, que Dieu n'a pas voulu laisser ta charité sans récompense: l'amour commençant sur la terre vit encore dans le ciel. Mais l'enfant ne comprenait pas ce que l'ange lui disait; alors le messager céleste ajouta avec un ineffable sourire: Dieu m'a chargé de t'aller chercher, car j'étais autrefois ce petit orphelin auquel vous donniez une rose.

Frédéric.

Syntaxe.

LE TEMPLE DE LA VERITE.

Bel enfant, où vas-tu? regarde ce rivage;
Fuis les pays lointains inconnus à ton cœur;
Vois, admire ce temple: il s'ouvre pour le Sage,
Il te promet, un jour, la paix et le bonheur.

Laisse-moi te guider vers la belle patrie,
Oui, cher enfant, suis-moi, ne crains pas la douleur,
Contemple ces rayons, l'étoile de Marie
Conduit l'âme fidèle, lui donne la ferveur.

Elle dit: et soudain l'enfant se recueillit;
Puis gravissant le temple où le silence calme,
Il entra pour prier celui qui descendit
Pour bénir le martyr, lui donner une palme.

L'aimable vérité, trésor de l'Eternel
Du cœur pur de l'enfant devint la nourriture
Une grâce puissante, divin rayon du ciel,
Transforma son cœur faible, en changea la nature.

Céleste vérité, vers toi donc je m'incline,
Prends les cœurs des mortels, tourne-les vers les cieux
Seule splendeur du vrai, ô charité divine,
Sois leur paix, leur soutien, l'appui des malheureux!

— Valentines and Mardi-gras—pleasant memories!
 — Washington's Day Wednesday! Rouse ye sons of Liberty and honor your noble sire, the Father of your country!

— Master John Wagner, late of Lafayette, Ind., is an expert violonist and will be a welcome and valuable assistance to our already fine orchestra.

— O ye Gods! Sam has a sword!

— Well then what's next?

— W. S. should like to find out who put in that local about him. He would make him sing Washington Carols.

— Thomas Maloney will con a benefit on any one that will send him an extra dish of oyster soup.

— Messrs. Gross, Wagner, Leroux, Hagenberger, and the brothers George, Jos., John and Fred Carlon are among the late arrivals.

— Cecil says we would have no *Fourth of July*, only for the Declaration of Independence.

— Somebody seems to have been kept out of Catechism.

— Many have put blossoms on their faces by the use of the *bottle*; Dan is trying to scare his off, with the same *instrument*.

— Oh! that Valentine!

— If you want any information, as to who the "Eye of Posterity" is, ask Will Conway.

— Knisely has had his photographs taken and we are happy to say that he did not break the camera.

— Who is the sleeping beauty?

— Coffey says the drums are the best he has ever seen.

— Prof. Harry D., our self-made elocutionist, will start a class next Thursday, first lesson free of charge. We wish him success.

It is refreshing to see on all our Canadian exchanges lengthy reports of the brilliant receptions every where given Rev. Fr. Lajoie, C. S. V., who is now visiting the colleges of the Viatorian Order in Canada. The Rev. Visitor's arrival in his former home, Joliette, was the occasion of a public demonstration which was altogether an ovation. *L'Etandard* gives an account of the doings at Joliette college, *The True Witness* tells us that His Grace Archbishop Dnhamel of Ottawa, Canada, visited Rigaud college in company with Fr. Lajoie, where music drama, addresses, etc., entertained the Rev. guests. Fr. Lajoie is to be in Chicago next Wednesday where he will be entertained for a few days by the Rev. Faculty and the students of the Holy Name School. The Cadets propose giving the Father an exhibition of their military abilities, Friday evening Fr. Lajoie with Rev. Bro. Saulin will be with us and we will not be less enthusiastic than our Canadian fellow-students in tendering our visitor a warm welcome. The reception will consist of

music, exhibition drills, address in French and English, declamations, etc.

Grand Exhibition Drill Friday evening in honor of our distinguished guests Rev. Fr. Lajoie, C. S. V., and Rev. Bro. Saulin C. S. V. of Vourles. France.

We delight in reproducing the fine sentiment expressed in the address by the young cadets at their late grand feast: "Among the many things our Sodalists are striving to grow perfect in is quickness in discovering, and sincerity in acknowledging any kindly act done in our behalf. And there are those who deserve and have won our lasting gratitude, Father Fournier and the zealous Brothers aiding him in the glorious task of educating and virtuously influencing the young boys of our parish. Much of their time and kindness has been expended on our Sodality, and we take this opportunity of publicly thanking our benevolent and self-sacrificing Director, Father Fournier, and his Brothers. To you, most Rev. Archbishop, the uniformed members of our Sodality return their most heart-felt thanks for the kind support you have given them and the encouragement your patronage of company A has given the whole Sodality. To our devoted pastor, Father Conway, we likewise tender our sincere thanks for his patronage and support of Company B. And we are happy to say that Company C has found a patron in Father Agnew, and Father Fournier takes part of Company D.

But we shall never be able to thank you Father Conway for all you have done in promoting our well-fare. This much we assure you of, that the young Cadets of your parish shall ever endeavor to learn a virtuous and ready compliance with every enactment of your benign rule and to grow up strong, useful, helpful, members of the parish you so eminently govern and adorn." *Catholic Home*.

— The Holy Name School will give a grand reception to the Rev. Visitors Thursday evening, Feb. 23. The exercises will be musical, literary, and military.

— The roles for our St. Patrick's Day drama are already given out and partly learned; rehearsals will now soon be in order. The play is entirely an original one, the plot, as the name (O'Brien's Imprisonment) indicates, consisting of the experiences of the now world-famous Wm. O'Brien. There is in it an abundance of Irish wit and high patriotism.

FRAGMENTS FROM GLENN'S LETTR.

Through the kindness of an interesting friend of ours who corresponds with Mr. Glen Parks we are enabled to furnish our readers the following interesting bits of news concerning "Genial Glenn:"—

"You can see by the hailing of my letter that I am in the far western state at last, and that is the reason I did not receive your letter sooner. I have a splendid business here, and I hope will make some money some time. Have only been out here five months; but am very much pleased. I am in business with my Uncle and another young friend, Mr. Hutchison, from Ala. This place three years ago had only 300 inhabitants. Now it boasts of 3,500 and is still on the boom. Only one R. R. here at present, but we expect another next fall.

The country here is just lovely, that is in some places; in others it is wholly grand.

I went deer hunting during christmas times about eleven miles from town, where there is some of the grandest scenery I ever had the pleasure of looking at. It was among the mountains. Some times when I was on top of some of the highest mountains I thought of Dear Father Marsile, telling us of his trip across the waters among the snow Mountains. Once, while out, thinking of those past days, (I was on my horse and the other boys driving for the deer, so I was alone), and the happy times I had had at St. Viateur's, I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a terrible rattling of leaves and brush (for it is terribly thick with scrub oak) wheeled my horse around, (for it was behind me that the fuss was made) and the prettiest sight I believe a hunter's eyes ever rested on, was presented to me: for then about 30 steps from me and coming towards me were 13 large deer. Well it so surprised me that I did not think to shoot until they had seen me and started the other way. But I did manage to shoot before they got out of my sight, and succeeded in hitting one for I saw his tail drop, which is a sure sign of one being hit: But I did not have the pleasure of getting him. I heard three days after that a man found a very large buck dead the day after I had shot this one about a quarter of a mile from the place I had first shot him. I just wish I could have you out here some time. I know you would enjoy a romp highly. I wrote to Father Moysant some time ago: what has become of him? Are there not some of the old Profs. that are now priests, stationed somewhere in Texas? If so, wish you would send me their addresses."

ROLL OF HONOR.

RHETORIC.

C. Carroll 97, F. Cleary 82, G. Donnelley 93, F. Dandurand, 88, A. Fraser 91, McGavick 92, Normoyle 92, Ricou, 91, Saindon 90, L. Falley 90, L. Grandchamp 88, V. Lamarre 89, F. Lesage 92, J. O'Connor 92, T. Carney 90, M. Murray 91, J. Pallisard 92, J. Suerth 90.

1ST. GRAMMAR.

H. Baker 80, J. Barry 87, J. Bonfield 85, Condon 85,

Creighton 82, J. O'Callahan 94, H. Donnelly 78, Gallet 85, M. Fortin 87, Lennertz 92, D. McNamara, 76, McCarthy 87, P. Granger 92, H. Parker 78, W. Prendergast 93, W. Stafford 77, Wheeler 81, D. Ricou 84, E. Moran 83,

2ND. GRAMMAR.

E. Adams 78, R. Adams 82, F. Baker 87, Bissonette 85, Bradley 86, Besse 86, Colette 80, V. Cyrier 88, Cox 78, W. Cleary 85, W. Conway 88, M. Conlan 79, Coffey 83, Dorsey 88, M. Dowling 87, Dillon 83, G. Fortin 76, E. Fraser 85, Fournier 79, A. Grandpre 77, Graveline 76, Hartwell 61, Hemmerling 82, A. Kerr, 81, Kuisely 83, A. Lesage 82, L. Legris 86, McCann 81, T. Maloney 81, F. Moran 78, J. O'Callaghan 82, M. O'Connor 90, B. O'Connor 91, Quinlin 87, J. Rivard 84, V. Rivard 78, W. Shea 90, G. Scott 79, Sampson, 84, Tierney 78, Letourneau 82, Roach 83, Whalen 85, Tyman 95, Fosse 78, Lyons 83, Duranleau 86.

3RD. GRAMMAR.

R. Bradley 85, Drolet 91, Clair 86, A. Cyrier 81, Delaney 87, Bernard 80, Giroux 77, Granger 86, Healy 80, T. Legris 83, Maher 89, T. O'Connor 79, O'Keefe 80, G. Rivard 87, Sexton 85, Tormeyer 91, Lawler 85, Frechette 78, Palin 86 R. Keer 79

4TH. GRAMMAR.

Boisvert 78, Brouillett 86, D. Granger 88, P. Moran 82, M. Moran 84, Napierre 82, Richard 81, R. Kerr 79, Monast 83.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Treasure Island (Boston, Roberts Bros.) by R. L. Stevenson. Among the many works that have been written by Robert, L. Stevenson, "*Treasure Island*" is indeed one of his greatest. His characters are well drawn and substantial. His invention is marvellous and his whole story is written in the crisp and nervous style of which he is thoroughly master. This work may be compared to the "*Captain Kid's Stories*" of Edgar Poe and the "*Robinson Crusoe*" of Defoe. The story of the piece runs as follows. Early in the spring time a sea adventurer visits an inn and there having killed *himself* from continual drinking of rum, the master of the inn searches his trunk in hope of finding money to pay for his lodging and meals. In his research he discovers a bundle of papers, and he goes to the neighboring doctor's house and shows them to him. It is found out that these papers are the maps of certain islands where considerable sums of money are buried. Glowing with great prospects they resolve to build a vessel and sail for those islands. A

mutiny arises, several are killed, and they return with the money. The story is interspersed with several other men, characters which also add to the interest of the narration. The only fault that can be laid to the work is that there is not enough of it.

We thank Rev. Fr. Bonaventura, O. S. F., of Lafayette, Ind., for a fine copy of his elegant German translation of the deservedly popular novel "Ben Hur." We must say, after reading it, that the work is quite an acquisition to German literature. The exceedingly large sale which this translation has had argues the excellence of Fr. Bonaventura's taste and ability. We understand that Italian and French translations of this superb novel are soon to be published, if they have not already appeared.

Narka, The Nihilist (Harper & Bros.) by K. O'Meara, is going the rounds of the reading circles with no little favor. The style of this book is refined and the tone of the story wholesome. The workings of the plot are well interwoven and the interest never flags. The chief merit of the novel is the remarkably well-drawn character of Sister Margarite, who is really an interesting and a real personage. One gathers a good deal of the nature and effects of Russian nihilism from the story which, even for this alone, repays perusal.

The Fair God (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The reading public is not unacquainted with the author of this beautiful novel—on the contrary we have all been so taken up with *Ben Hur* that it is with a thrill of surprise at once and of anxious expectations that we open this new casket which we naturally suppose must contain wonders of all kinds. And so it does open to our eager gaze, in Wallace's own bright coloring, things wondrous strange. The book, though not equal upon the whole to "*Ben Hur*," abounds with brilliant descriptions of luxuriant Mexico, and tells of the amazing religious practices and the noble daring of the early Mexicans.

Vol. VI. of the *Narrative and Critical History of America* (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has been received and is as attractive and interesting as the other volumes of this great work. The present vol. treats largely of our struggle for independence. There is a copiousness of editorial notes and comments appended to the essays, with numerous and curious illustrations, old manuscripts, maps, liberty songs, etc., which much enhance this volume.

The Musical Record (Oliver Ditson & Co.) continues to interest us with everything that is interesting in the line of musical gossip and to delight us with the elegant airs which every number is always sure to contain. "*A Maiden's Dream*," by Max Mueller, in the current number of the *Record* is a piece of much sweetness.

"The advantages of a Protective Tariff to the Labors

and Industries of the United States" is a fine competition essay written by Crawford D. Herring. In this essay the writer shows the advantages which arise from the manufacturing of our own goods instead of depending upon England or any other foreign country, and how these great advantages could be realized only by the Protective system. He compares the condition of the workingmen a century ago with their conditions at the present day, and thereby shows that at that time, the laborers enjoyed few of those comforts that are regarded as necessities to-day. He proves many other like advantages which we enjoy on account of the Protective Tariff. Throughout the whole composition we can judge the common sense of the writer. Speaking of the labor under free trade he says; "In the early period under free trade the condition of our labor and industries was miserable in the extreme, and had free trade continued their condition doubtless would have improved but little. But this condition would be prosperous in comparison of that to which they would descend if we returned from Protection to free trade." Again, speaking of the uncertain consequences of free trade, he says "Is it, I ask, rational to exchange for the vague and fictitious advantages of free trade those real and manifest advantages of a protective Tariff to the Labor and Industries of the United States?"

EXCHANGES.

The Normal Monitor, is given principally to local and personal. Two pretty good articles on *Labor* also grace its pages.

"The Ideal Students", is the title of a well written and practical article in the Feb. No. of the *North Western Chronicle*. It is full of good sense and we could wish to see it read and remembered by every student.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* is always a model of neatness and the Feb. numbers is no exception. The Ex. Column is given principally to the man who alleged the obscurity of the *Monthly*, a timely correction and woman's forbearance saved him. Well done girls. We hope your light shall never grow dim.

The "*Illini*" has many interesting articles, both *Literary* and *Scientific*.

Art is an elegant article in the *Scholastic* and ably treated in all its details.

The *Fordham Monthly* is certainly the most picturesque of all our exchanges and this together with the high standard of its literature makes it a very desirable friend.

The *University Monthly* takes plenty of room for its ex business.

We also acknowledge the *Niagra Index*, *Emory Phoenix* and *University Reporter*, etc.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

We have entered upon the holy season of Lent.

"Memento homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris."

The Catholics of this country now support and manage 472 charitable institutions.

The death is announced of Marie Rose Dumas, sister of the elder Dumas, the French Novelist. She had been a devoted Sister of Charity for over forty years.

It is rumored that the Irish Church will soon be honored with a Cardinal and the name of Archbishop McEvilly is prominently mentioned in connection with the proposed elevation.

Mgr. Adams, of California, recently presented to the Pope a photograph of an Indian Catholic named Gabriel who is supposed to be 140 years old. Mgr. Adams asked a special blessing for Gabriel, which his Holiness granted.

Three hundred Americans were present at the special audience granted by the Holy Father on the 28th. of last month.

A magnificent altar was lately placed in the Catholic Church at Ellsworth, Minn. It is twenty feet high and considered the best in the state. It was purchased by Mr. John Butler and placed in the church in memory of his mother.

Collections will be taken in the Catholic churches of this country on the first Sunday of Lent for the Indian and Negro Missioners of the United States and also for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, whose head is in Paris, France. Money cannot be more charitably spent than in encouraging such benevolent Institutions.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Church in Rome on the 1st. Inst. The Archbishop of Philadelphia, the golden-tongued orator of America, preached and made the old gardens of Salust ring with his eloquent words. Thus Ireland and America join hands in sympathy and love in Rome the land of Christian Faith.

A special thanksgiving service was held Sunday the 23rd. ult., in the Catholic Cathedral of Sydney, all the Archbishops and Bishops of Australia being present. The occasion was the celebration of the centenary of New South Wales. Well may Australia thank God, for it is most prosperous and receives the choicest blessings at his hands.

The Roman Catholic Board of Missions operating among the North American Indians has now under its control thirty-five boarding and twenty day schools, the first having an attendance of 2,190 scholars, the latter 870. It is reported that these scholars receive \$231,800 from the United States government, which also furnishes clothing for 400 boarding pupils at a cost of \$30,000.

Alton has a Bishop at last. The Rev. James Ryan pastor of St. Columba's church, Ottawa, Ill. has been chosen by Rome to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop Baltes. Father Ryan was born in Thurles, Ireland, in 1843 and came to this country when a mere child. He studied in Burgetown, Kentucky, and was a professor at St. Joseph's Seminary for a time. He came to the Peoria diocese about ten years ago.

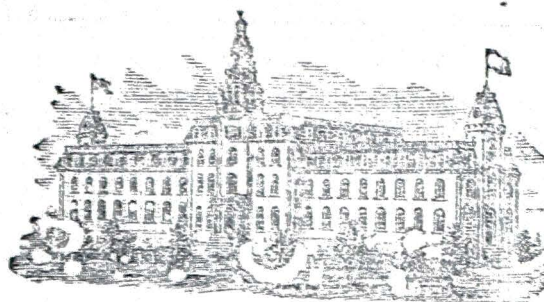
Nothing is more touching than the manner in which Father Dumen, of Molokai, speaks of his pitiable condition among those poor and relegated lepers whom he continually endeavors to relieve from their horrible sufferings. He himself is now a prey to the foul disease these last three years, and yet he ceases not to work and toil for his forsaken children. The heroic priest has no other prospect now before him than that of dying a martyr of his noble zeal. Who doubts that his crown in heaven will be a glorious one.

The Rev. John Janssen, for ten years administrator of the diocese of Alton, has been elected First Bishop of Belleville, Ill. Father Janssen was born in Keppelen a town of the Rhine, in the diocese of Munster. He is now 53 years old. He came to this country in 1858 the 23 year of his life, at the call of bishop Junker, then Bishop of Alton. He was ordained the same year in the Cathedral of Alton where he said his first mass. In 1880 he visited his native land, Germany, and had the happiness of being present at the celebration of the golden Jubilee of the marriage of his father and mother.

A most noble undertaking is that of the Rev. John R. Slattery, for years past a missionary among the colored people of our country, who now sets about organizing a Seminary where priests may be trained in a special manner and in community for the purpose of Evangelizing those abandoned members of our country, the Negroes. The Seminary, under the protection of St. Joseph, is located close by St. Mary's Seminary of Baltimore so that the Seminarians of St. Joseph's may follow the same courses as the students of the Sulpician Fathers. Every Christian in the land wishes all possible success to Father Slattery in his courageous enterprise. There are 7,000,000 Negroes in the States and hardly 100,000 are Catholics. What a field for Apostolic labor!

Work in the great Catholic University at Washington will begin at once and be pushed rapidly. No debt will be contracted. The buildings will be used as soon as finished. The faculty of the University will consist of ten professors, three of whom have already been secured—Pastor, the great German historian, from the University at Tyrol, who will be lecturer on history; and Verdat, from one of the Universities in Rome, as lecturer on Assyriology and Egyptology. The name of the third professor has not been made public, but he is an eminent man of letters. (*The Catholic Home*.)

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