

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. WEDNESDAY, Jan. 29. 1887.

No 15.

A. H. PIKE.

JEWELLER.

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

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MR. A. GRANGER.....'87.
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All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

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

EDITORIALS.

THE LAST ISSUE of the Journal flew and without putting on its stitches. The sewing machine suddenly got out of order, and could not be persuaded to do its work without a new spring. The arrangements are now made, and we trust our striker will give us no further occasion of annoying you with our looseness.

* *

ACCORDING TO arrangements made by our provident Director, Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. we are to spend fortnightly an evening in listening to some entertaining and instructing lecture given before the students and Faculty, by Alumni and friends of the College. These lectures with proportionate accompaniment in the way of music, declamation, etc., will much enliven our winter evenings. The idea is a capital one. We regret not to be able to publish the list of lecturers. Be it reserved for a coming number.

* *

"NO ONE GIVES what he has not" is especially true of one who writes. He must possess his subject. He must have made himself familiar with its every point of view. If he has gathered his information from observation, he must be a keen observer; if from books, he must be a careful reader. It is not the amount he has read that

will avail him in writing, but what he has assimilated and made his own; *this* he can easily fuse into his own language and present as his own, though it be as old as the moon, as indeed most great subjects are to-day.

* *

WE FEEL CALLED UPON to say a word of encouragement and of merited praise to the singers and singing masters, as there seems to have arisen of late a laudable enthusiasm for that hitherto comparatively neglected department, the choir. It seems now a settled fact that we will have some good singing, such as which all will enjoy, because all will sing. Already from what we have heard, we can judge what we may be most sanguine to expect. How very edifying to hear the whole chapel, that commingling of silvery young voices with the more manly and deep-toned ones joined in the *Cor Jesu*, or the triumph-like *Laudate Dominum!* We hope the singing classes will soon be able to render some hymns at the community Mass as well as at the evening exercises of the months of March, April, May, and June.

* *

IT IS A NOTEWORTHY fact that there is, in many instances, a tendency among our later writers of overthrowing off all quasi-barriers which check their unres trainable freeness of expression, notwithstanding the strong protest of grammarians against the innovation, and their plea for established usages. The liberties thus taken have the effect of giving the style of these written much freshness and suppleness. Walt Whitman, for instance, whom for his advanced notions [and practices in manipulating speech, discarding mechanical trammels of versification, etc., we might call a literary "George," writes of a "hitherto book." *Hitherto* was never used as adjective before, and it certainly is here. It recalls "The *then* secretary," a well received expression. Whitman writes: "This was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary form and uncompromisingly my own physical, moral, intellectual, and æsthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days and current America—and to exploit that Personality in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto book," a sentence otherwise quite peculiar, yet not disagreeable. And again "and though if I were asked to name the most precious bequests to American civilization from all the hitherto ages, I am not sure etc." Custom alone will sanction or condemn this use.

HEART'S-EASE.

I heard it last night in the stillness
 A song which I heard in the past—
 It brought to my mind recollections
 Of days far too happy to last.
 It brought back a scene long-forgotten,
 A pathway, and growing near by
 Sweet heart's-ease, which then I scarce noticed
 'Tis now dear as life. Years rolled by.

So swift since that bright summer morning
 I gathered it first, when I thought
 If Death would but come, oh! how welcome!
 This flower then a sweet lesson taught.
 It taught me that first resignation
 Must come, ere this cross I could bear
 Humility, patience would follow
 Dispelling all shadows of care.

My life seemed a garden where roses
 Most lovely were blooming the while
 And hope with bright colors had painted
 The future. Oft did I beguile
 Hours weary by fanciful dreaming
 Of things that might be—I ne'er thought
 How easy it was to blight roses!
 How soon we discover dreams naught.

Discover dreams naught? Well, it sometimes
 Is worse e'en than that for we find
 The false where we looked for the perfect
 E'en Love must then cease to be blind—
 'Tis hard after raising an idol
 To find, after all, 'twas but clay
 And bitter indeed the awak'ning
 But darkest hours just precede day.

And sooner or later, we find that
 All hearts this dread knowledge must gain
 The sooner we heed the stern lesson
 The easier conquered the pain.
 The roses were blighted, and never
 Again may their bloom gladden me—
 The dreams—all so fanciful—ended
 I know now they never can be.

And though I perchance mourn my roses
 And wish that some dreams had been true
 No life could be calm without heart's-ease
 Though roses in plenty should strew
 The pathway; for if it grew dreary
 By reason of shadows dark pall
 The heart's-ease of comfort, sweet blossom
 Would make e'en large troubles seem small.

While roses when strewn o'er our pathway
 Will gladden our hearts with their bloom
 Will shed on our hearts their sweet fragrance
 The contrast will deepen the gloom:
 When some ruthless hand will destroy them
 And scatter their leaves to the wind
 'Tis then we will value the heart's—ease
 Which down in the valley we'll find.

I found it, I know, in a valley
 All sparkling with morning's bright dew
 Its color—God-given—inspiring
 Fresh hopes, while its eyes of deep blue
 Were brimming with tears for my sorrow
 ('Twas after the roses sad blight)
 When life seemed so wearisome, tiresome
 And dreams could no longer delight.

'Twas then that it brought me those lessons
 So lovely that since have sustained
 And helped me to bear my cross bravely
 Although I find thorns have remained,
 Which prick when my heart in its dreaming
 Recalls these lost roses to mind—
 Then quickly I reach for my heart—ease
 A soothing balm there do I find.

The song that I heard in the stillness
 Last night, brought this scene back to me,
 The roses, Hope's pictures and even
 A dream of what yet I might be.
 And thoughts of the heart's care ah! truly
 The scene had been naught without them
 Because now this blossom I cherish
 More prized than earth's costliest gem.

G. M.

LABOR — PAST AND PRESENT.

No other question is so unsettled, no other question of the present day, perhaps, claims and has obtained such close attention both from the statesman and the man of thought as that of labor in its relation to capital and to the well-being of the laborer himself.

Books have been written on the subject, theories have been advanced and warmly defined by its friends, politicians have declaimed themselves hoarse in discussing it, laws have been established for its benefit, but notwithstanding all that has been said and done, the cause of labor has advanced but slowly, if it has advanced at all, and the question remains one which perhaps only a revolution will or can settle.

That all who labor are fully awake to the injustices of which they are the victims, that they are dissatisfied and are seeking to right their wrongs, is a fact so evident that he who can may read. In what other sense can the terms Socialist, Anarchist, Nihilist, Communist, be understood than as so many mottoes expressing grievances, and the desire and determination to better the condition of labor.

But has there not been a time when the relations of labor and capital were more friendly, a time when the worker was contented with his hire? 'Tis true such a period once existed and this too during an age which modern civilization is accustomed to refer to with contempt and to call falsely "the dark ages." In that age, when the Catholic faith was the guide and monitor of Catholic people the wealthy possessed their good without fear of disturbance and the poor were not forced by long continued wrongs to cry out for justice. The men of those days indeed, knew almost nothing of the science of political economy, were little versed in the question of "supply and demand," but deep down in their hearts was a strong sense of justice, a living, ever present sentiment of charity and an acknowledgement of a common brotherhood.

In our day the phrase "live and let live" are mere sounding words, but then it was a living active principle. The employer did not amass wealth at the price of the unjust sufferings of others but wished those who served him to share proportionately in his prosperity. Moreover not only did the balance of public opinion not incline towards the wealthy, as is too frequently the case in our day, but both it and the law itself were directly and explicitly in the interest of the lower classes. That the case is such may be easily discovered by any one who will take the trouble to consult the statutes of Edward and Alfred, or the historic romances in which the customs of that age are described.

Not only were public opinion and the laws favorable

to the rights and causes of labor, but all who lived in cities or villages whether they labored at manual labor or were engaged in some one of the trades, all were united in organizations called "guilds" in which also the employer and manufacturer had membership. To-day the very proposal of such a thing would be treated as a jest, yet we see that it was not only possible but a reality in those "dark," unlettered times.

In these all the opposing questions which must necessarily arise between the divergent interests of the employer and his employees were peaceably and satisfactorily arranged.

If the employer had any complaint against any of his workmen; if one thought the hours of labor too long, or the other too short; if the former considered the wages demanded as too high, or the latter contended for better wages, the grievances were discussed at the meetings of the guilds, and whatever was decided upon was accepted as final.

Not only these questions were amicably settled but another one also which is such a source of dissension now-a-days between the mechanic and his employer, the question namely of the number of apprentices to be permitted to a shop employing a certain number of men, was regulated to the satisfaction of both parties.

Among manufacturers also the principle was not cheap goods for a low price, but substantial wares for honest prices; not which could produce the cheapest but the best article of merchandise.

Nor were these all the advantages which the workmen then enjoyed. For the factories were built for the most part not in crowded cities, but in small villages which often derived their origin and names from the proprietor of the factory. Each workman also possessed his separate dwelling with a garden attached which he could cultivate in leisure hours.

Did he or any member of his family fall sick, did he meet with any misfortune, did he strive to better his condition, he was certain to find in his employer a friend desirous of his welfare, one who did not stop at good wishes and advices, but extended more substantial aid. In truth the employer lived among his workmen as a good father of family, who considers it his duty to look after the temporal and moral well-being of those engaged in his service.

What has been said of those occupied in trades is true also of those who tilled the soil. Proprietorship of land was not so common then as it afterwards became; yet although the lands cultivated by them were for the most part held under the title of rentals, nevertheless the rents demanded were such that the tenants could look forward to their payment without that anxiety, which shortens the life, and destroys the energy of the tenants holding lands in European countries to-day, and

could hope with certainty for a comfortable living as the result of their labors. Land was obtainable at reasonable rent for the reason that many religious orders of the Church, which were scattered throughout the various countries of Europe, either possessed land granted to them directly by the crown, or had purchased them from the original owners, or held them as bequests, bestowed by the donors perhaps in expiation of past sin, or in furtherance of some pious object.

These religious men and women, belonging to religious orders, being by their mode of life free from all ambitious desires, desiring spiritual rather than temporal riches, devoted directly as many of these orders were to works of charity, it is not to be wondered at, if their tenants found them to be easy masters, nor that they would choose rather to rent land from the monastery or abbey than from other landed proprietors. But were not these latter proprietors of land inclined from self-interest to keep up the price of land and obtain from the renters of it the highest prices? Perhaps: and they might have attempted to do so, if they were the only owners of land. But from the very fact that there were other and lenient landlords they were compelled by the competition of rents to conform theirs to that established by the monasteries.

But there is also another reason for the leniency of the secular land-owners and that is, the bond of faith common to tenant and landlord and the principle of clanship, which was not yet extinct, and which united the master and the vassal by the ties of fidelity and affection.

The men of those days were indeed men of strong passions, but not less strong was the power of faith and consequently, it is not wonderful that, if at times they were inclined to oppress their subjects, they gave a ready ear to the voice of the minister of religion when he preached mercy and clemency. But if we read the history of that period, we scarcely find a record, except in some few individual instances, of any desire, or attempt to impose unjust burdens on those who could ill bear them. On the contrary, as has been said, there existed a deep feeling of devotion and affection on the part of the serf towards the master, who in turn, while he thought little of devastating the territories of his enemy and equal, not only did not act tyrannically towards those who were under his dominion, but looked to their welfare in time of either peace or war.

If the serf took up arms to defend his master's cause, during his absence, the lady of the castle mingled among those who were left behind, saw to their comfort, healed their ills, (for sometimes she was the only doctor in the neighborhood), prepared the lint and dressed the wounds of the soldier, and, if the father or son should fall in battle, supported the survivors of the family, until they were able to care for themselves.

And it was this protection of the persons, and consideration for the welfare of their vassals which gave rise to that devotion, and fidelity which the vassal exhibited to his lord. At no time and in no land except where the Catholic faith prevailed, can there be found such confidence and humble submission on the one hand, and such sympathy and affection on the other; nowhere do we discover similar mutual charity and brotherhood prevailing.

It cannot be said to owe its existence to the political conditions of the times, nor did it take its rise from ties of blood; for though, no doubt, the latter was not without its influence, yet we know that wherever protestantism has obtained the control this charity and brotherhood quickly disappeared. It owed its origin then to the influence of the Catholic Church, and it is only where that religion has never lost its hold on the people, that any vestiges of sentiments so conducive to the peace and prosperity of a people, have escaped the ravages of time. Where but in Normandy and Brittany, of France (Catholic races) do the rich live in the midst of their tenants on such a footing of equality and love? Who that has read of the war of the peasants of La Vendee has not been struck by their devotion, amidst the severest trials, to their masters? And, on the other hand, who does not know of the uprisings of the peasants of the Netherlands against the nobility at the very first appearance of Protestantism?

But to return from this digression. This was the happiest period for the peasantry and the artizan. It was then that England obtained the title of "happy England," "merry England." But a change came gradually over the spirit of the times. As men's faith cooled, self interest grew stronger, the landlord and the employer of labor became more exacting, and the condition of labor more straitened.

The vassals, 'tis true, were bound to the soil which they cultivated in so much that they could not leave it without the knowledge and consent of their lord. But were they less free than those who now delve in the bowels of the earth for wages which are uncertain and scarcely sufficient to sustain life? Neither could they acquire those comforts which modern machinery and cheap labor places within the reach of the vast majority of the people, but they possessed that without which even riches is a curse: they possessed contentment, something which, as experience daily proves, is a total stranger to the modern workman. But it was not until the "blessed" and "glorious" Reformation of Luther gave loose rein to man's natural selfishness, that the condition of the artizan and in fact of all who were forced to obtain their livelihood by labor, became really serious. For, although the Church cannot change the nature of its followers, yet she has always had the power of res-

training it within the bounds of justice: an influence which Protestantism has never been able to exercise on the masses of the people.

When therefore the Reformation appeared above the horizon, the guilds in which employer and employee discussed and arranged their differences, ceased to exist, and the bond by which the tenant and the landlord were united, was broken never again perhaps to be renewed. Then it was that the monasteries and abbeys, the constant friends of the poor, were leveled to the ground and their inmates cast adrift on a world to whose usages they were strangers. Then it was and only then that the chilling alms of the state took the place of spontaneous christian charity; then it was that the poor house, now the forced and last refuge of the old and friendless poor, usurped the place of that care which formerly was freely and bountifully bestowed by kindly neighbors or charitable masters.

The law also added its burden. Statute after statute, all favoring the rich and the employer, followed each other in quick succession; the public stocks, the branding iron and the whipping post, (modern inventions) then first came into vogue; and all who refused to toil for the wages which the law established no matter howsoever unjust, were forced to undergo the degradation and pain of the first, or the tortures of the others.

But the law, either fearing the growing intelligence and power of labor, or weary of settling private disputes, gradually abandoned its coercive measures and left the battle to be fought out by the parties interested in the contest. But although it no longer forces the workman, willing or unwilling to accept the wages which the manufacturer determines, yet it has never ceased to favor the prejudice of the other. As a result, the laborer, who is by no means unconscious of the injustice imposed on him, is dissatisfied with his condition and is determined no longer to endure it.

He may be deceived as to the means by which he may obtain what is justly owing to him; but who can blame him if goaded to desperation by indifference and selfishness of capital, and with no guide but his reason, he adopts the principle of force to obtain this end? The law gives him but little protection, is frequently abortive, and is easily put aside by the possessors of wealth. Or can fault be found with him if he accept as true the principle of his employer, "everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost?" This is the question which makes the ruling powers of Europe tremble and is beginning to disturb the money holders and political men of this country. How it will be settled, whether by law or revolution, (for to that issue it may come) who can prophesy?

O'B.

LOCALS.

— All hail!

— Jos Tuffy's emancipated!

— To the little red round table!

— These juniors are constantly learning new tricks on the rings and off the rings.

— Is there or is there not a giddy five? Answer that now.

— The results of the pending examinations will be published in the next issue. Score a high mark, boys.

— Messrs. John Geer and Dennis Carroll, after an absence of six months, are with us once more.

— We forgot to mention before the much appreciated acquisition of a fine instrument, a new Fischer piano for the parlor. It is just the thing we needed, and is a veritable "daisy" in touch, tone, and every way.

— Alex Prof. Granger scored such a success last Sunday as manager of the "Juvenile Troupe" that he is thinking of going on the road.

— Dannie wants to know who it is puts in all these "smiling" locals. Professional secret, Dan.

— The Singing Classes were reorganized last Thursday under most favorable auspices. Ye local Editor views with untold satisfaction, exultation, the re-awakening of "The choir," and chimes in with the chorus of its lauders, who with one accord proclaim the singers a source hitherto unavailing of edification and of enjoyment. The several classes of the collegiate department use as a text book the "Roman Hymnal." The class of the theological department taught by Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. use the Roman Missal. Prof. Therien and Prof. Brouillard teach the senior classes of classical students. Prof. Dore drills the juniors and minims.

— Joe has traded his billiard table for the turning pole; and now they say he has a peculiar "turn of body" instead of mind.

— Mr. R. A. Ballinger, of the *Kankakee Chief*, has accepted an invitation from Rev. Fr. Marsile C. S. V. to lecture before the students on Saturday Feb. the 12th. We have it for certain that Mr. Ballinger will discourse on "Elocution," a subject which will not fail to interest and instruct all who will have the chance to hear the gentleman. We respectfully invite our Kankakee friends to the treat.

— Mrs. Geo. Letourneau, the estimable lady of one of Bourbonnais' early settlers, and mother of Messrs. George, Robert, Philip, Oswald and Arthur Letourneau, all former students here, died in Kankakee, Wednesday Jan. 19th., and was buried Saturday Jan. 22nd., in the Grove Cemetery. Her funeral obsequies took place in the Village Church; all the students assisted. All the members of the numerous family were present, some from very distant homes. We tender the bereaved our sincere condolences.

— C. Harbour takes a trip to Chicago this afternoon.
 — Sam wants to know if that St. Paul Ice Palace won't melt in summer.

— Rev. Fr. Marsile made a business trip to Chicago the forepart of the week.

— Among the many visitors to the college during the past two weeks were Mr. and Mrs. Powers, Mrs. McDonald, and Mrs. Tierney, all of Chicago.

— It was all a joke about those three breaking the camera last Thursday.

— Mr. John Suarth, our new chapel organist, executes very nicely.

— An elegant Webster's unabridged has been placed in the reading room. The Scientific American will be on file next week.

— The Altar Society thanks Mr. Suarth for a handsome gift of artificial flowers, consisting of a wreath of roses, two large bouquets, lilies, etc., they grace our humble altars well.

— Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. has in his cosy room a very beautiful painting, gift of a Chicago lady. The picture is a bunch of flowers executed with much naturalness, art, and taste.

— The Examinations are going on. Sensations are common.

— The case of Celeste H., accused by Justin R. and other school fellows of serious breaches of reading-room and society etiquette is still pending, and will probably culminate in H's being deprived of pie and cigarettes for a month.

— Aug. Muehlenpfordt received yesterday a letter calling him home. He had the happiness of passing his examination before the news reached him. We trust nothing serious will delay his speedy return to the second fiddle stand.

— Rev. A. L. Bergeron, and Rev. D. B. Toomey, of Chicago, Rev. J. Lesage, and Bro. D. Dionne C. S. V. of St. George, visited the College during the past week.

— Charles H. Ball, we regret to say, has been detained home on account of the late demise of his father, Mr. Owen Ball. We offer our heartfelt condolences to our sorrowing classmate and the family.

— The Devils had a strike last week for lower wages. The following are G. R., P. H., V. R., E. M., C. M., and E. G.

— The latest arrival amongst the devils is Weeds.

— At this late hour we are informed that the coming lecturers are as follows; Rev. C. P. Foster, of Chicago, Ill., Rev. F. Rielly of Gilman, Bev. C. Péborde D. D., and Ill. Prof. Finn, of the Faculty, and Mr. R. A. Ballinger as announced above.

— Some time ago we heard Tilaire say that he was devil no more; since he stood his examination he has changed his mind altogether.

ROLL OF HONOR.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCT.

R. Fitzgerald, T. J. O'Donnald, T. Burns, P. Saffer
 J. Suarth, P. Granger, and A. Muehlenpfordt.

DISTINGUISHED—L. Grandchamp, T. E. O'Donnald.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Lehman.

DISTINGUISHED—T. Maloney, O. Bernard, A. Marcotte.

MINIM'S DEPARTMENT.

L. Falley, Jas. Tierney, J. Bell.

DISTINGUISHED—H. Lingle, H. Culver, T. Friedman,
 E. McDonald.

MUSIC AND LITERATURE.

It is still undecided as to where the remains of Abbé Liszt will be finally removed.

Rumor has it that Gladstone made more from his essay on Locksley Hall than Tennyson on the poem itself.

M. Renan's late drama, *L'Abesse de Jouarre*, was recently hissed off the Parisian stage on account of its extreme licentiousness.

Musical papers all agree that Wagner's music is constantly growing in popular favor in spite of the ridicule cast upon it by many.

The last work of Cardinal Manning, *The Eternal Priesthood*, has been translated into no less than eight different languages: German, Dutch, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Flemish, Italian, and Hungarian.

Gen. Lew. Wallace hopes to have his new novel in the hands of the publishers by March. Rev. B. Hammer O. S. F., of La Fayette, Ind., has just finished a German translation of Wallace's *Ben-Hur*.

Gilbert and Sullivan's long looked for opera has been put on at last. The name is *Ruddy-gore*, and the scene is layed in England. It does not exactly please the critics, but many of them admire the *Overture* and *Entr'Acte*. The prospects are very poor for a sensation such as the *Mikado* produced.

The latest Parisian musical craze is Salvayre's opera of "Egmont." The work is a translation and an adaptation of Goethe's poem by that name.

Gounod will soon leave for Rome by orders of Pope Leo XIII to set to music some of the latter's poems. The Pope is a great admirer of Gounod's *Faust*, and has often expressed a desire to have religious words set to the cathedral hymn in *Faust*, but thinks the music too theatrical for the sanctuary.

P. W.

A SINGULAR CASE OF BOYCOTTING.

In two villages of western France the opposition to the new law for secularizing instruction manifests itself very openly. The new instructors, who have come to stay, are treated to many broad intimations that they are not wanted. In one of these villages there is a prohibition to the butchers to sell the "meat of the new law" any meat. So Master and family must live on imported viands at their own cost.

The thorough French republican who writes these notes to *L'Univers* of Paris, adds: one thinks he is dreaming when he reads these things; well, these things are nevertheless occurring in 1886 in a department of the West which is certainly a part of the republic one and indivisible.

In the same place the agreement is also that no barber will shave the too liberal teacher.

At Frossay a sort of interdict as it were is upon the *laicized* school, or school-house we better say, for not a child has as yet frequented it. It is looked upon as a "Leper-house." *Madame Obligatore* here the head Mistress, and her Monsieur, are on very spare terms with the public functionaries of the locality. The municipality refuses everything like the butcher, so the board must supply its own feeding, lighting, furniture, books, groceries, all by importation, and on no salary.

THE LECTURE.

FIRST OF THE SERIES—ON VENICE.

By REV. M. J. MARSILE, C. S. V.

On Sunday evening last, the students were treated to a most enjoyable entertainment, the first of the series of winter lectures. The band faithful to its place at the head of the list opened the programme with the Gavotte "Gleam of Gold." Master Ricou was next in order with a declamation. Dennis proved to us as he has so often before, that he is a splendid speaker.

"The Carnival of Venice," yes, that was the next, and to say that Rev. Frs. Mainville and Rivard sang admirably is by no means wasting the adverb. This was a fitting introduction to Rev. Fr. Marsile's lecture which followed. As he had promised, he spoke of Venice, and the following is a resumé of what he said:

The Rev. Speaker opened his lecture by glancing over the early history of the Republic of Venice. He told us how in the fifth century a handful of people from the North of Italy, fleeing before the hordes of Attila, settled

in the many islands of the Adriatic, and how in a short time Venice, young and fresh, arose from out of the waters as Venus from the foam of the sea.—

During the Crusades she developed her naval force and commercial influence; and it was under one of her Doges that Constantinople was conquered. The discovery of a new way by sea to the East Indies was a blow to Venetian power, and from that time began her decline which was consummated by her annexation to Italy in 1866.

After this preamble, the Rev. Fr. told us of his first experience of the gondolas whose balancing is like the easy swing of a hammock,—and of the principal monuments of the floating city. He spoke of the famous piazza of San Marco, one of the most beautiful places in Europe, with its long colonnade, its superb cathedral, the marble palace of the Doges, etc., not forgetting its pigeons with their poetical legend.

We afterwards roam with him in gondolas visiting successively the churches of S. Maria del Salute the San Giovanni à Paolo, the Westminster of the Doges, etc., the grand Canal on which we were called to admire the palaces of Desdemona, of Othello, of Mocenigo in which dwelt Byron, etc. Finally we were taken to the Lido, the famous summer resort of Italy.

Returning by the setting sun we admired in the distance Venice clothed with the dying glory of the day's monarch, enthroned as a queen on her hundred islands; but the more we moved forward, the halo that crowned Venice faded, and we saw her as she stands to-day with but a rest of her past splendour. Such was Venice once the queen of the seas, the rival of Tyre, the bulwark of Christendom, against Mahomet's invading army. "O for one hour of blind old Dandolo!" but Dandolo is dead and Venice lies in the grave!

The Rev. Lecturer added that he had admired the commercial spirit of London, the beauty of Paris, the immortal souvenirs of Rome; but in none of those cities had he enjoyed himself as in Venice. There when tired by a long voyage, he found what he had not seen anywhere, a shelter from dust and noise, an island of peace on the cool waves of the blue Adriatic, something pleasant as the realization of a dream.

After a piano selection, Overture to Little Tycoon from Mr. Wilstach, which was also very well relished, the minims under the direction of Prof. Granger, produced their sketch entitled "Tried for Bragging." The Manager deserves a great deal of praise, and it is sure that said judge, said witness, said Arthur, said policemen, and said jurymen acquitted themselves splendidly. The band gave as the finale the baritone obligato, "Marengo." After a few moments of chatting, we retired delighted with the evening's entertainment.

Who is next on the list?

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Father Coppen's "Introduction to English Rhetoric" has the merits of being short and at the same time sufficiently comprehensive. It is therefore practical, a very valuable quality in our age. The work is especially estimable in that its tendency is to educate the heart of the student, "to throw his affections aright." It should be adopted, for its admirable adaptation thereto, by our Catholic schools, Academies, and Colleges.

We sincerely thank the editors of the *Penman's Art Journal* for a handsome collection of "Ames Copy Slips for Self Instruction in Writing" which are certainly elegant, and, as Professor Frazer has pronounced them, almost as good as a teacher. The slips, some 40 in number, are moveable, and may be obtained from D. T. Ames, 205 Broadway, New York. They are sent as a premium to subscribers to *Penman's Art Journal*.

We received with compliments of Prof. Lyons of Notre Dame Indiana, the *Scholastic Annual* as usual full of amusing and instructive reading. We return Prof. Lyons our sincere thanks.

It would repay any young student to read the article on "Nature Worship" in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* and learn thence how to be on his guard against the dangerous tendency of modern literature and of modernized art of the so-called "cultured" school. Zolaism, or naturalism, in a word the worship of the *bête humaine*, has become the newest ideal.

This modern ideal, modernism, does away with ancient Greek classicalism, and mediaevalism, discards the deity altogether, or rather Deifies everything. Emerson would substitute instead of established creeds the sentimental belief that we are "clouds, the air serene, etc." Renan advises the youth "to eat, drink, and make love; The rest is not worth a snap!" . . . Can any thing more rotten, poisonous, be instilled into the minds of youth than such doctrine, presented, too, under the fair mask of literature? If corruptors of youth were still made to drink poison, surely many of our modernists would be presented their own potions.

We must not allow ourselves to be duped by these insincere writers who often despise in their hearts their own pages and those who devour them. They present the gilded fruit and know well that its emptiness will starve us. They laugh inwardly at our increasing appetite! they take nature's God away and make us adore nature. The sun-worship of the Persians becomes poetical, and so the onions of the Egyptians, the majestic oak of the druid Celt . . . What we must do is to seek the true, the good, the beautiful, the grand ideals of Catholic Art and Catholic Literature. These subjects have been the source

of inspiration for the greatest minds of Christendom, and they are not yet exhausted. Let Catholic literature, then, with its heaven and its earth, its God, and spirits, the Christian hero, etc., be our vast field.

In the same Review "The Monks and Civilization," "History of Christian Art," "Condition of Woman under Pagan Civilization" and other articles on topics of the day are replete with interest.

Besides the above *The Donahoe's Magazine*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Scientific American*, and others have lately entered the reading room.

—GOLDSMITH—THE POET—

Westminster Abbey has been the last resting place of many a glorious character in the annals of English history. Poet and artist, statesman and orator, quietly sleep, the "sleep that knows no waking," side by side, under the dome of that memorable structure. 'Twas fitting that the scene which had opened the well-spring of so much genius should be the monument of its past and present greatness. But he who visits these tombs of the men who made England the land where dwelled the "lords of mankind," will sadly miss the name of him who gave to a country not his own a brighter halo of glory than any trio of poets of more modern times. No, I forget! He will see the name of Goldsmith, he will behold a monument erected to his memory, but the "Traveler" lies not beneath it. Wanderer in life, he was destined to mutation in death; for what remained of his once restless being *was* to be entombed within the walls of the stately abbey—but he died a debtor! He to whom human kind acknowledges an unbounded debt of gratitude, to whose spirit three generations of minds both of swain and noble, have owed the inspiration of a cheerful contentment and a high order of philanthropy, he died with a debt of a few thousand pounds, and this effectually debarred him from a last repose among his kindred spirits! Paltry sum! when weighed in the balance with the infinitely precious gifts the Poet bestowed on mankind.

But let us not mourn the change! Where'er the body of that unfriended lover of human nature lie, it matters little! His soul still lives in all his writings, and these are his only fitting tomb, the monument alone worthy of his memory. O Poet of human nature! thine is the honor, thine the glory of having preached a philanthropy unknown to antiquity, not understood by modern times. Though once thou couldst not claim one spot of all the world as thine, now thou art truly "creation's heir," and all the world is thine! Humanity claims thee as its

friend and benefactor; and the sentiments which ever upheld thy wavering, wandering spirit, which have found expression in thy writings, are the treasured possession of the millions who ponder them. O humble Poet! who didst confess thyself as not sharing in the luxury of doing good, and yet amid the ceaseless shifts of thy short career, ever didst "pursue the good though it did fly thy grasp," thy humility has raised thee far, far above the wildest ambition of the human mind. O most mild Poet! mild amid the tempestuous tossings of adversity—mild in thy judgments of men, though troubled in thy inner-self—thy after life, thy career of glory, has shed over thy name such an atmosphere of the good, the touching, and the beautiful, that, shielded behind it, the faults and the sins of thy earthly career are lost to the eye that would condemn!

There is a pathetic meaningness in the words of Johnson, uttered in fitting rebuke to the man who could be so heartless as to mention the wildness of Goldsmith ere the Temple-earth had well closed o'er his remains,—
 "Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir, but he is no more." Goldsmith had, indeed, been wild; through thirty years of recklessness, amid the harassing wants of poverty; now making his way through the crowded towns of Flanders, with but a pittance in his pocket, now charming the music-loving swain of France with his lute, thus securing his scanty meal, now revelling in the gaudy scenes of Paris and throwing himself with the madness of youth into the vortex of its seething pleasures, until after a short sojourn in the sunny clime of Italy we find him pensive and sad among the Alpine summits pondering on the social condition of nations, and scarce do we recognize the wandering Irish lad in the staid philosophy of the "Traveller." He was wild; but his was not the libertine wildness which characterized the genius of a Byron, and which cast a permanent gloom over that otherwise brilliant career. Goldsmith's wildness was not the expression of his nature; it was the effect of strong pre-disposing causes. His was an impulsive, ambitious nature, and brooked not insult. But poverty is the loadstone for insult, and the more refined the character of the poor man, the deeper and more lasting the pang. We can understand, in a manner, the terrible emotions fanned into flame in the breast of young Goldsmith, when struck by his tutor. We can conceive the cause of that utter disregard of the conventionalities of society, when we consider the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," the frowns of his colleagues and the cold disdain which the uncouth and brogue-speaking lad encountered on all sides. Add to this his ambition which was the guiding star of his wandering steps, and we can forgive the errors of a character which under more favorable circumstances might not have left to posterity the thoughts which shed solace on

the heart-sick, and render pensive the gay.

To one who analyzes it well this character is truly a paradox. That the libertinism of a Byron should burn deep into almost every page of his writings, is a matter of no wonder; for "Don Juan" and such like are but faithful counterparts of their designer. But that amid the wanderings, reckless wanderings too, abroad, and in the midst of gaming and the bowl, at home in the crowded metropolis by the Thames, there should gleam forth the rays of a splendid philosophy, of humane gentleness, of an unexampled charity,—a charity which extended itself to the struggles and the sorrows and the errors of mankind,—here is the paradox, here is a mystery which seeks its explanation only in the various springs of the human heart, and which depends for action on a mightier than human hand. Here we face two Goldsmiths; the one revelling in the fleeting pleasures of sense goaded on by the emotions of the hour, sinking himself to that level where the line of distinction between brute and man is almost obliterated; the other diving deep into the heart of man there to search its wondrous workings, guided by the love of truth, until he reaches that point where the human blends with the divine. The one is the Goldsmith that was to die and be forgotten with all his frailties; the other lives and perpetuates himself in the minds of millions.

The poetic works of Goldsmith are not bulky, but they contain a mine of thought and abound throughout in that spirit of good-humor which was so great a characteristic of the man. As an observer of men and manners he ranks second to none among English poets. In the art of contrast in heightening the effect of his pictures, he has never been excelled. Who that has read his master-poem, "The Traveller," has not been carried along in spirit by the lively imagery of the poet, now resting among the Alpine solitudes "looking downward where an hundred realms appear," now following the search for happiness among the sons of fruitful, torrid Italy, passing on to the rougher climes of the bleak Swiss, to the kindlier skies of France where gentler manners reign, on to where an amphibious world smiles beneath the pent ocean, until he approaches the shore of Britain where "stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state," and forcibly yet willingly is he finally brought to admit with the Poet that

"Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find."

This poem may well have elicited the warm approbation of Johnson who pronounced it the "finest since the days of Pope." His other great poem "the Deserted Village" completed that long and toilsome march onward to Fame which the Poet had entered. Often had the poor "Traveller" felt faint and overcome while drearily plodding along that rugged path, but his great, full soul was

not to be subdued by exterior difficulties though at times it seemed to give to the weight of melancholy and despair. Despite the criticism of Macaulay the "Deserted Village" has ever been recognized as one of the most popular and effective poems in the language, and its passages once learned never quit the memory. In the "village School-master" the school-boy finds the theme of his delight. The more sober and sensible man of years loves to ponder o'er the picture of the "village Preacher;" while youth revels in the delineated joys of the once happy village. But these are gone; and the learned man, the economist, the philanthropist may gainsay the reasons adduced by the Poet, yet the heart of man will ever echo the emotion of Goldsmith, who seeing the dreary waste, hearing the bitter'n's cry where once all was teeming with healthy life, and filled with sweet-sound, he was forced to exclaim:

"O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee;
How so thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse these pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown.
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe—
Till supped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round."

J. S. F.

PERSONALS.

Kehoe.—Rev. Father James Kehoe, '80, has been appointed Pastor of St. Ann's Church, West Covington, Kentucky. Prior to this he had been assistant pastor in Lexington. Our congratulations to the new pastor.

Kehoe—O'Neil—At this same time we hear also of the appointment of Rev. Father Thomas Kehoe, '85 brother of the former, as assistant pastor in Newport, Kentucky. Father Tom had thus far remained at the Cathedral in Covington. He now changes position with Father James O'Neil, '82, who had lately been assistant in Newport and who is now at the Cathedral.

Goulet—With pleasure we learn that Father Charles Goulet, '76, has been appointed pastor of a new French parish in Pullman, Illinois. We are told that there are now about one hundred families in this new city who intend to build themselves a church in the near future and retain among themselves a resident pastor who may thus be enabled to help and console them. May God bless their good works.

McCann—Jennings—At the Christmas Ordination in Baltimore, Messrs. John McCann, '84, and J. Jennings, also '84, both advanced to Deaconship. We rejoice with

them at their approach to the goal of their holy ambition, the priesthood.

Sadlier—With great pleasure do we learn of the ordination to the priesthood of Mr. Richard Sadlier, '84, who was suddenly called from Baltimore last Christmas, by his Lordship, Mgr. Borgess, of Detroit, and stationed at Marshall, Mich., assistant pastor. We wish all success and happiness to the new priest.

Mooney—It will afford pleasure to his many friends of former days to learn that Oliver Mooney, '83, is still living the quiet life of the country at his home near Peoria, Ill. He finds many occasions to enjoy himself there and takes time easy as it is dealt to him by Providence.

Mosset—Gus Mosset, '84, "all the way from Kentucky," is working manfully with his father in the boating business on the Ohio. He has grown up to be quite a man and would surprise his former college friends if they were to meet him now.

Gillespie—Charles and Andrew Gillespie, '84, are pursuing their studies in St. Mary's, Dayton, Ohio.

Hegler—We learn that George Hegler, '85, is now employed as second clerk on his father's boat which runs from Cincinnati to New Orleans, on the Mississippi. He finds this a most pleasant job.

EXCHANGES.

A home ruler, where we had hardly expected him, writes an enthusiastic "Plea for Ireland" in the *High School World*. He argues the Irish to be a naturally gifted people whom the penal laws have crushed, an oft repeated but none the less a too long abiding truth. The page is written in a lively style. The indignant writer in one place exclaims—"Why! tongues of fire should recount, and pens of blood inscribe the horrors of England's dealing with that island." But the end of enduring wrongs is near. Soon we can take the silent harp from Tara's wall... The "Heaven's Gate" jokes are not in good taste. The editorial thoughts on the new year and the old are put quite tastily. The student who replied that he sought education "because educated men make the best citizens" gave the shrewdest answer. The *World* seems to us improved and more interesting than heretofore.

Who is guilty of writing that little French "Romance" for the *Illini*? "Ils s'endormissent" is not a French tense. The last two stanzas seem an attempt at blank verse which, you know, is not French either.

The Kankakee Chief publishes an interesting war story entitled; "At the Front." We understand that the Chief intends adding a French supplement to its weekly issue running daily issues also. The idea is a capital one and can easily enough, it seems, be carried out. No doubt a French page would be much

relished by the great proportion of its French readers. We look for early realization of this goodly scheme.

The *Kankakee times* has become a daily and proves as newsy and well filled, as the weekly. The rustic correspondence is especially characteristic and relishable for its truly rural flavor.

We are not a little surprised at finding what appears to us (from the given extract) a bigoted and lying article: "The Church of Quebec," from the *Acta Victoria*, praised by an otherwise ably edited paper, *The University Monthly*. The Church is blamed for the power and particular privileges she possesses, and is made responsible for the pretended poverty and ignorance of the population of Quebec. The blind enlightener who wrote this article tries to soothe his infirmity by singing the old tune, ages old, but enduring, as everything that goes with a crank. Ever since the unjustly called reformation was able to turn a crank, and it hath turned many, it played among others this false air "The Church is the cause of Dark Ages." Bystanders, the whole world, cried out to the indefatigable music churner—"It is not so! The Church was even then civilizing barbarians and moulding the nations of Europe!"... It is to no purpose: the "box" will play no other tune, and the churner still churns the same; bad luck to our ears.

In the first place the Catholic Church does not enjoy more privileges in Canada than the Protestant Church does; each has equal privileges in its own sphere. Secondly, whatever wealth the pilfering English have not confiscated, not to say stolen, that she still has, that she makes to produce as any corporation may; she acquires vaster means as legitimately as the Grand Trunk Company for instance; and this increase she uses in building Colleges and maintaining asylums, etc., which mostly owe their foundation to the generous zeal of the Catholic ministry... Non Catholics receive their goodly share of the allocation from the Jesuits' confiscated property, and do not object to it.

To say that the Church is the cause of the alleged poverty and ignorance of Quebec is just about as true as what is reproached Ireland after the enriching and enlightening treatment of motherly England. Rob the nation and close her books and then say she is poor and ignorant! How magnanimously truthful! After the deportation, exportation, banishment, expulsion, or extermination if you will, of the Acadians—naturally came the turn of the tame Canadians. Who does not know that after the conquest all those, naturally so circumstanced as to be leaders in the political, material, and social advancement, left, despairing, for France with their means and their talents; England, in the meantime, pouring in her men and shining silver upon the shore of the new conquered country! All means seemed good to crush the French, to take all influence from them, to

deprive them of rights guaranteed by most solemn treaties. She thought of changing their language as she did Ireland's and also their faith—for with the Anglo Saxon religion, truth is a matter of little importance; a change in this matter is much akin to casting off an old coat: precisely what the English did to please the great Henry so that he could change wives as often as he would fancy it.

What an efficient civilizer, too, she has since been for the luckless nations who have been made tributaries to her exchequer! Call her a civilizing agency? Look at the idol-adoring Indians to whose worship England, for a very moderate compensation, furnishes godlets.

Everywhere hers is a *grabbing* agency. But the wary Kennock knew well the decisive moment when he should assert his nationality, his religion. The Church warned him of it. The clergy at once set to the arduous task of educating men who would fight for the preservation of what they meant to make a national inheritance, their language, laws, and religion. This is a fact undenied and undeniable. Now, our university friend, if the French Canadians have not as much wealth as their Anglo Saxon neighbors precisely for the reason that Capital, the mainspring of all commercial activity was taken from among them, and also because the great sum of their energy, instead of being devoted to commercial pursuits, was used to defend their most sacred rights, they compare with advantage on the respect of intelligence. To-day they have as many schools and colleges as the English, and their men of letters, such as Garneau, Casgrain, Frechette, Chapleau, Routhier and a score of others are ample proof for the assertion.

The Church uses her spiritual authority only in things pertaining to religious matter, not material or political matters. To-day those 50,000, whose grave England hoped to dig, have after the lapse of a century increased to two millions who are disposed to take that part of national affairs which rightly belongs to them and in things political the French are actually the keystone in the arch of the Confederation. Their co-religionists may build railroads, etc., and the Church is far from discountenancing such works in fact these are only an out-let for the spirit of colonization of which she is the most powerful instrument... To see what we can call poverty one need only go to the by-streets of London... That freedom of thought, and breath of mental training claimed for non-sectarian education, we know well what it amounts to: a desert waste of godlessness, infidelity and its accompanying effects already too abundantly apparent in our midst. The great geniuses inventors, discoverers to be found within the pale of the Church are proof that she does not enchain intellectual freedom; she only preserves fundamental truths from the foolish attempts of other Erostrates.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Cardinal Gibbons has founded a scholarship in the American College at Rome.

One hundred negro converts in Uganda, Africa, were burned alive by their pagan king Monango because they were Christians and studied their catechism in spite of his will to the contrary.

A project is on foot to raise \$100,000 with which to build a house for aged priests in Missouri. The intention is to erect a suitable building for \$25,000, and the balance to be invested so that the revenue will support the home.

Switzerland is to have a Catholic University. The lucky spot of that fair land which will have the honor of possessing such a treasure is Fribourg, a city of about 10,000 inhabitants, almost entirely Catholic. 2,500 francs have been voted for the work.

We read that Cardinal Gibbons is writing a book in which will be exposed the true sentiments of the Church in regard to the many questions which excite the American Catholics to-day. The Knights of Labor and all Labor Associations, will there be considered with maternal solicitude and given the proper advices to keep in the path of Justice and Truth.

Herr Windthorst, supported by his devoted Catholic party in the German Reichstag, inflicted a severe wound on Bismark's authority by defeating his military bill which demanded for an increase of the army's means of defense. Bismark in return dissolved the Reichstag and new elections must be resorted to. The question at issue is: Shall the Reichstag be counted anything in the government. Elections will be extremely earnest and noisy.

The number of baptisms of Catholic children in New York City for the year 1886 is 22,000 out of a total number of births in the city of 31,319 for the same year. Over two-thirds of the children born in that city are then Catholic. What is the cause of such a disproportion of births if not the greater morality of the Catholic parents in general?

A Catholic Book Club has been organized in a parish of St. Louis which might serve as an example for many other parishes to follow. An assessment of five dollars is made at the beginning of the year upon each member so that a respectable sum is obtained with which the best periodicals of the day are purchased, and also the most noted literary or controversial works, and circulated among the members according to their tastes and dispositions. This produces the best effect desirable and raises the moral standing of all the Club in a most perceptible manner.

The rumor is once more afloat, this time credited to a private telegram received in Baltimore from Rome, that

St. Paul Minn., is to be raised to the dignity of an Archbishopric, with Bishop Ireland as the first Metropolitan, having for suffragans St. Cloud and two new dioceses to be erected, the one at Mankato the other at Winona. Dakato is to be divided into two Vicariates, a Northern and a Southern, of which latter Bishop Marty will retain the government.

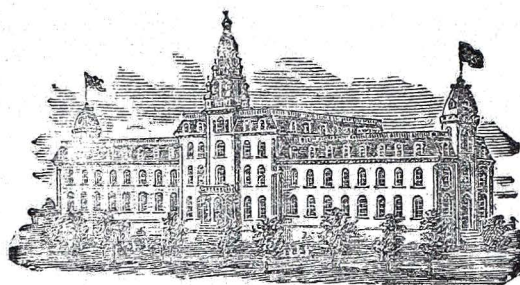
It is said that one of the Misses Caldwell, who gave \$300,000 to the new Catholic University at Washington is to enter the religious life. On the 17 ult., Miss Lena Caldwell gave a dinner to celebrate her twenty-first birthday. Besides bringing together the legal guardians of both sisters whose trust has ended so felicitously, the occasion was honored by the presence of the highest dignitary in the Catholic Church, Cardinal Gibbons, and of Bishop Spalding, Peoria, Ill, who is foremost in the university to which Miss Caldwell has been so munificent. At the conclusion of the dinner, Cardinal Gibbons expressed very beautifully a few words of congratulation. (Union and Times)

A miraculous fact is recorded as having lately taken place in Philadelphia. The Temple Theatre of that city was burned down and nothing remained of it but smoking ruins. The firemen began to search among the wrecks wondering at the strength of the fire when it had melted pieces of iron and left nothing but ashes of the largest beams in the edifice. The third floor of the building had been a Museum, and there was found in all its beauty and freshness a crucifix on which was represented in wax the dying Saviour. The men stood in awe and reverence and other persons soon followed to view the miracle and returned no less impressed with what had met their gaze.

The following touching and striking account of a confession *in articulo mortis* has lately been brought under our notice. A French army officer told a religious that one day after a battle he had found among those left for dead a soldier, holding a Scapular in one hand and a Rosary in the other, and asking for a confessor. His forehead had been pierced by a ball, which had come out on the other side of the head; the brain could be seen through his fractured skull; in fact, he was in such a condition that nothing less than a miracle could have kept him alive for a moment. Assistance was brought to him; he arose, made his confession to the chaplain with great piety, and expired after having received absolution. (Ave Maria)

The Pope has found proper to declare the English martyrs, whom we mentioned in our last issue, worthy of the title of "blessed," so that we can pray to them with all security. As they are the victims of Protestant England, it is most appropriate to pray to them for the conversion of that their own country, as well as for the conversion of this which is, in regard to religion, the offspring of England.

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