

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Oct. 16, 1886.

No 8.

A. H. PIKE.

JEWELLER.

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No 8.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

MR. J. CUSACK.....	'87.
MR. A. GRANGER.....	'87.
MR. P. WILSTACH.....	'89.

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

EDITORIALS.

ANY ONE henceforth not receiving the JOURNAL regularly, i. e. every two weeks, is respectfully requested to notify this office.

THE READING OF THE NOTES, a new thing for the new boys, an old one for the old boys, but for all a mighty good thing, is to come as a rule bi-monthly. Every earnest student ought to do his utmost to head the list and wear a medal. Medals are badges of honor, distinction and merit, glittering emblems of the wearer's own brightness and genuine worth. As such they are to be sought earnestly, and when obtained, worn with a noble, becoming pride.

IT WERE A GOOD AND WHOLESOME THOUGHT to remind the readers of the JOURNAL and through them all the present and past students of St. Viateur's, of the important fact that they are one and all most cordially invited to favor this sheet with some contribution. So, you of the present roll who must be fairly burdened with thoughts either of the great historical characters, or of some intricate mathematical problem, or of metaphysical subtleties, be not stinted; give

out to the world your young ideas and make the world better! And you, our Seniors, now in the busy ranks of active life, outside in that wide, bustling world, how many precious gems of thought might you not note down which, were they only gathered, would prove so interesting and no doubt beneficial to us. For mutual entertainment, then, and betterment we should write to one another and for one another. We will not make use of the very literary expression; "shoulder your quills," but we would plainly intimate our pleasure at receiving communications in the form either of correspondence, articles, poetry; personal notes, newsy scraps from your diary, anything which you think another would be pleased to read. Rates for insertion very reasonable!

WE AMERICANS ARE A CENTURY BEHIND, says Governor Oglesby, in the question of languages: "We have always flattered ourselves with the delusion that our native language, the English would swallow up all other tongues and that before long nothing but English would be spoken the whole world over. The English, once, thought so themselves, but they have long since abandoned that hobby and taken to learning foreign languages, and we are just beginning to wake to the fact that other languages, in spite of our absorbing American, are continuing to exist. In fact outside the limits of Uncle Sam's domains, the beautiful French, the rich German, the sprightly Italian flourish in undisturbed prosperity. We need not hope then to swallow up the foreign languages, but if we want to figure as an enlightened people and to become acquainted with and taste the great minds and the literary riches of other nations, we must study their languages." These very apt remarks of our late honorable guest are surely worthy the attention of young men who are building their future and who have such excellent facilities for perfecting themselves in these special attainments: the languages. Be up then and doing, manfully to the task; the pleasures of tasting these languages and their ready use will soon be your reward. Learn then diligently principles, rules and declensions, the dry mechanism, and besides converse in German and in French and read books. Association especially will be conducive to happy results.

LOST PEARLS.

How strange is this fact—thoughts seek shelter
Within us when most we need rest!

And, though we, at times, bid them welcome,
Again if the truth be confessed
Away, far away we would wish them
Beyond even Memory's reach
To 'scape her reproaches for leaving
Ungathered, choice pearls on the beach.

The pearls Mem'ry chides us for leaving
Have lain, perchance, right within grasp
But scorned—for the gem that was purest
Was held in the roughest shell's clasp.
But seeing the shells in such numbers
Around us—and so many kinds
To choose from—'twas hard—but 'tis harder
To think that whatever one finds.

Within the shells that is our portion
This path we can never retrace
If we, in our haste, spurned gems costly
Some other brows now they will grace—
So, to, will the friends we neglected
In youth thus to cherish, to prize
Be gathered by those woe less foolish
Do not the rough covering despise.

Thoughts come of lost pearls, are they welcome?
Then what of the friends we have missed
By careless, indifferent, coolness?
And these are the thoughts we resist!
But welcome the thoughts of the friendships
Which brightened the days that are past
Whose mem'ries loved, ling'ring around us
Will sweeten our lives to the last.

G. M.

RATIONALISM.

Gov. Oglesby, answering the address of the students made a few remarks on education which bear the stamp of a high intelligence guided by the most exquisite good sense. Amongst other practical hints, he pointed especially to the dangers "of the false philosophy, which, were it to become the guide of our young generation, should treacherously lead it through sunny lands to perdition." The spontaneous and enthusiastic applause of the Faculty and of the senior students, testified sufficiently their appreciation of that wise remark; and the author of this article, concluded to set off its importance by a short but clear exposition of the nature, value, and effects of Rationalism.

Rationalism is not, properly speaking, a particular error; it is the general error which contains all other errors. It is the negation of common sense, which recognizes the contingency, and consequently the dependency of human reason, to which it ascribes definite limits. Then what is Rationalism?

Rationalism is a kind of deification, of apotheosis of the human reason. According to its teaching, human reason is the only fountain, and the only possible judge of truth. Rationalists reject any supernatural interference of God in the management of the intellectual and moral, as well as material world, which, according to them, are so necessarily, and so constantly subject to the natural order, that that natural order can never be interrupted or suspended. And as Divine Revelation cannot reach us but by a supernatural channel, that is besides the natural order, Rationalism denies the fact and even the possibility of revelation; and by that negation which destroys the basis of Christianity, assumes toward it the attitude of an antagonist and a rival. Such is that deadly philosophy, which nowadays, claims, as a right, the intellectual, moral, and religious direction of mankind. Now let us see if it possesses the requisites to fulfill the high and arduous mission that it claims.

Truth is the most imperious necessity of an intelligent being. Truth is the nutriment of the intellect as well as of the heart of man. As material food is necessary to man in order to maintain and develop his physical life, and as without it he languishes and dies, so truth is necessary to his intellectual, moral and religious life. And above all, three fundamental truths are absolutely necessary to the maintenance of that triple life, viz: the truth about God, the truth about the soul, the truth about morals. In fact, these truths are for man the sun which enlightens and vivifies him, the fountain and the reason of his rights and duties. Therefore any

man, any school, any systematic institution which aspires to the intellectual, moral and religious direction of mankind must possess truth about these three essential questions.

But an experience of fifty centuries tells us that the human reason deprived of divine revelation or rejecting its help, does not possess the truth; its researches about these most vital questions lead it to the most lamentable errors. It possesses such a fund of weakness, such a potency of error, that, if we speak in the main, it cannot keep on the ground of truth; and, furthermore, the passions of the mind and of the heart, have, on man left to himself, such a power that they draw him to the bottom of the abyss.

If we inquire from the great philosophical geniuses of Ethnic times the result of the researches of their reason about Divinity, Cicero, one of the most eminent amongst them and who knew perfectly the ancient philosophy, after condensing in his precious work "*De natura Deorum*," the fruit of their researches, as if he were ashamed of the aberration of human mind, appreciates them in the following terms: "*Exposui fere, non Philosophorum judicia, sed delirantium somnia*." "I have tried to expose, I dare not say the opinions of the philosophers, but the dreams of their raving brains." That severe judgment of the great Roman orator and philosopher exempts me from reviewing their disgusting theories on divinity. Now it would be too long to expose here the aberration of the modern rationalist, from Voltaire, who, too intelligent to be an atheist, became however a Manichean, with his theory of the possibility of a distinct duality in Divinity, to Fichte, with his "subjective Idealism." Hegel with his famous "to become." Schelling with his "absolute realism." It shall be sufficient, in order to show the impotency of the human reason isolating itself from divine revelation, to quote the following sentence of the most prominent among the living rationalists, the sadly celebrated author of the "*Life of Jesus*." Renan writes in a paper published by "*La Revue des deux mondes*," on the 15th Oct. 1863: "Before religion came to proclaim that God was to be relegated within the *Ideal* and *Absolute*, one only worship was rational and scientific, the worship of the Sun. The sun is our mother country, the special God of our planet." Such are the wonderful discoveries of human reason, when left to itself, about the Divinity. Now what about the soul?

Must I recall the materialism of the old Epicureans the metempsychosis of the Pythagorians, that ignoble drollery which great minds, as Socrates and Plato attempted to defend? Have I to expose the absurd theories of our modern rationalists on the nature and existence of the soul? Must I expose the brutal materialism

of Darwin and his followers? The history of modern rationalism shows that it leads fatally to materialism, that is, to the negation of everything but matter, and consequently to the negation of the soul. We cannot then be astonished to see one of its modern corypheus define man: "*A mammeferous animal of the order of primates, family of bimanous, distinguished by a skin with down, or rare hair*." Such is the definition given by the celebrated Littré; no question of a soul!

Let it be understood, however, that I do not mean to contend that the human reason is unable of acquiring by itself the knowledge of any truth whatever. I freely admit that it can rise to the knowledge of a few intellectual truths, such as the existence and unity of God, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, the distinction of moral good and evil. I acknowledge also, that it is able to demonstrate these truths. But these demonstrations cannot be understood but by a few, so that they remain useless for the greatest number of men; and furthermore, as said before, an experience of centuries demonstrate that human reason, far from being infallible, has a dreadful potency of error. Such is the fact; and a fact is indiscutable. Then we may conclude with certitude, that Rationalism does not possess the requisites for the intellectual, moral, and religious direction of mankind.

Powerless as to truth, Rationalism possesses in its nature and principle, a power of expansion which renders it truly formidable. Founded on pride, the most deeply rooted of the passions, its principle is revolt and independence, the greatest attraction of the human mind. The "*Non serviam*" "*I will not serve*," that formula of rationalism, older than the world, which depopulated the angels' heaven, is yet its rallying cry, which assembles around it all the blind seekers after independence; that same formula is used as a label for the sophisms with which it poisons society, and it is under its covert that they penetrate everywhere. Social religious indifferentism, which presupposes political atheism whence atheistic laws, atheistic schools, which cannot form but atheistic citizens; such are the fruit of Rationalism.

In a following article, where we shall study its independent moral, we shall prove that Gov. Oglesby did not use any exaggeration when declaring that the suppression of religion, the only barrier which prevents the complete invasion of Rationalism, would be a return to barbarism.

P.

GOVERNOR OGLESBY'S VISIT TO ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE.

On Tuesday Oct. 7th Governor Oglesby presided at

the inauguration of the Company H's armory in Kankakee and the authorities availed themselves of the excellent opportunity to invite His Excellency to visit the Educational Institution of Bourbonnais Grove. Though pressed with business, he, at the earnest request of his accompanying party, graciously yielded assent. Of course we were over-joyed when the report came at 8 o'clock, P. M., that the Governor had said: "All right! we will be at the College at 9 o'clock to-morrow." The glad news slick like oil crept at once through the "Grand silence" which with the quiet moonbeams hovered over our restful solitude. "The Governor is coming!!! The Governor will be here to-morrow morning," soon passed from lip to lip.

All unprepared as we were, it was nevertheless regaling to see how readily every body offered his services to prepare a becoming reception. "Shorty" betook himself to his drum sticks; Phil, still of access, resumed his tenor, Alex., his E flat, and with like figuring the band looked and began to sound as of old; they set in dead earnest at "Zethus," of agreeable memory, and before 11 o'clock that night were pretty well on the track. Other artists were busy wreathing garlands and unfurling waves of blue, red and white; some wrote inscriptions, others worded the addresses. It was late that Thursday night before the decorators, floral, scenic, musical, literary, or other, felt the muscles of Morpheus. Early too the next morning. Oh! and what a bright and glorious one it was, they were all up and doing, adding finishing touches to their tasty work. Never looked the hall so gay.

A telephone was announced a little after 8 and everybody for a moment felt a chilling sense creep through him that the Governor perhaps could not come.... But no, it was not that... He had to delay his coming till 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Better still was that. Of course all the boys had put on their very best, and a smile too (which lasted till) the bell called class, and with our books the forenoon was soon gone. After dinner we measured the minutes we had still to wait and at 1.30 we were all ranged in our right order, then sat down in expectation first patient, then impatient. It was after three that the carriage was heard to wheel about and then every one hied to his place.

The Rev. President and Director and other members of the Faculty, met the Governor at the entrance and escorted him into the parlor. The Governor was accompanied by states Attorney Swiger and son, Colonel Clark, of the first National Bank, and Sheriff Geo. Letorneau. The party was not long with-held from our anxious waiting and when they entered the hall all beaming with national colors and 300 enthusiastic young americans, a veritable storm of applause greeted them. The good Governor cast a long and comprehensive glance

around, bowing on each side noticing as he passed the Statemotto: "National Union, State Sovereignty;" on one side, and "Long live our Governor" on the other. While they ascended the stage and sat, the band played Zethus, it seemed as if the very spirit of old Euterpe herself swayed their gay measures. After their overture Mr. J. Dore, accompanied by master Dennis Ricou who carried a bouquet of flowers, came from the ranks and read the following address.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.

It is with genuine school-boys delight that we welcome among us so distinguished a guest as our Governor. Not only do we clap our hands in highest glee, but we also feel in your presence a thrill of patriotism stirs our young hearts. The authority of ruling this vast republic is certainly vested in our head-chief the President. But the power of swaying this large, rich and prosperous state of Illinois is represented in your Excellency, our Honorable Governor Oglesby. We are delighted to have the occasion of paying you our respectful homage and of assuring you of our love for our country.

It was with pleasure we heard you were going to be present at the inauguration of the Armory in Kankakee, another of those temples in which is fostered the martial spirit of the nation, for allow us to tell you, we have also a military company wherein we learn to handle arms, and if, though we pray it may never come, the hard won independence of our country were threatened, our arms would be ready to defend the glorious inheritance transmitted to us by our forefathers at the cost of so much battling and bleeding. But thank heaven the war cannon's roar has long since been hushed and in its stead is only heard the busy hum of industry, the gentle rustle of the leaves the student turns over in seeking out the right and the true. Yes the student here learns to be true to his country and to honor and respect those who are the depositories of God's authority on earth. And the tribute of obedience is the more pleasant and more freely paid when asked by such a worthy man called more than once to this high office by the suffrage of the people. Truly, we of Illinois may congratulate ourselves on the exceptionally prosperous condition of our commerce, the thrift and industry of our people, our growing cities, our universities, schools and benevolent institutions of all kinds. And as this flourishing condition of our state both in material commerce and intellectual developments, depends a great deal upon an apt administration of the laws by those who are chosen to guard and enforce them it is far from being flattering if we say that to you are we in a great measure indebted for the many blessings we enjoy. And we would mention here the very special favor at

❖ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ❖

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 16 Oct. 1886.

No 19.

SEUL

Je ne suis jamais moins seul
Que lorsque je suis seul. Les vains bruits de la foule
Me glacent tant le cœur! c'est comme un froid linceul
Que la main de la mort sur la tombe déroule.

Comment ne pas te chérir,
O sainte solitude où le fracas du monde,
Orage menaçant, sur ton seuil vient mourir?
Toi, si pleine de chants et de paix si profonde!

Je t'aime comme l'oiseau
Aime le nid où chante une voix bien-aimée,
Comme le cygne blanc, le limpide ruisseau
Et l'abeille au printemps, sa ruche parfumée.

Sous tes humbles murs, j'accours
Chercher bonheur, repos et tout ce qui délasse.
Ici, je me sens vivre; ici, j'entends toujours
Ces ravissants concerts qui flottent dans l'espace.

La nature a mille voix
Si pleines de douceur qui montent jusqu'à l'âme,
Comme un écho de ciel; et je pense parfois
Des anges entrevoir alors l'aile de flamme.

Qu'il est beau, mystérieux,
Le langage muet qu'ainsi qu'une prière
Murmurent constamment l'étoile dans les cieux,
Et tout ce qui respire et qui bruit sur la terre!

Bruits aux confuses rumeurs,
Pleins d'accords éclatants et d'hymnes triomphales,
Vibrant tantôt pareils à ces vastes clameurs
Qu'en des grands jours de fête emportent les rafales.

Puis soudain calme profond,
Partout, comme au désert, ineffable silence,
Versant au cœur l'oubli de ses maux, et qui font,
Sur les plus sombres fronts, resplendir l'espérance.

Combien il est doux alors
D'abandonner au cours des flots sa rêverie.
De se sentir bercer par ces divins accords!
L'âme laisse la terre, et se recueille et prie....

O moments délicieux!

Intime causerie, inexprimable extase,
Où le cœur se répand en cantiques joyeux,
Comme le flot doré qui s'épanche du vase!

Et vous, mes chers souvenirs,
En mon sein endormis, voilà l'heure bénie,
Où vous vous éveillez, plus frais que les zéphyrs,
Evoquant le passé: jouissance infinie!

Venez, parlez-moi longtemps
De ces jours disparus, de mes jeunes années,
Aurore du bonheur, sourire du printemps,
Si belles, ô mon Dieu! mais aujourd'hui fanées!

Où, parlez-moi, mais sans pleurs,
Comme chante, le soir, une voix maternelle
Pour endormir l'enfance, endormez mes douleurs:
Ange des souvenirs, berce-moi sur ton aile!

Et vous, n'approchez jamais,
Rires fous de l'orgie et blasphèmes du doute.
Ici laissez-moi seul avec ceux que j'aimais;
Oh! taisez-vous! Dieu parle: en silence j'écoute....

M * *

AUX LECTEURS.

Le Cercle Littéraire commence avec le présent numéro sa troisième année. Fondé pour encourager l'étude de la langue française, il a trouvé des lecteurs non seulement parmi les élèves de la maison, mais aussi parmi nombre d'amis du dehors. Nous ne pouvons que trop remercier tous ceux qui nous ont accordé leur patronage et espérons que nous saurons le mériter à l'avenir.

Les élèves d'origine française ne devraient pas se montrer indifférents à l'égard de notre feuille. Il y a aujourd'hui un mouvement général aux Etats-Unis parmi nos nationaux dans le but d'assurer la conservation de notre belle langue aussi bien que celle de notre religion sainte. C'est à cette fin que se sont réunies, dans le cours de l'année, les conventions de Ruthland, de Lake Linden et de Meriden. Toutes ont affirmé la nécessité de conserver notre langue afin de maintenir

notre existence nationale. Voici les principales résolutions qui ont été adoptées dans la convention du Connecticut et qui ne sont qu'une répétition de celles qui ont été passées par les délégués du Rhode Island et du Michigan :

"10. Attendu, que la langue française est pour le Canadien-français la sauvegarde de sa nationalité et de sa religion, il est résolu que :

La convention recommande instamment l'usage exclusif de la langue française dans la famille et dans nos relations sociales entre compatriotes partout où la chose est praticable et les établissements d'écoles françaises partout et aussitôt que la chose est possible."

"20. Attendu, qu'aux sociétés de bienfaisance est due la conservation de notre langue et de notre nationalité aux Etats-Unis, et l'union qui nous a rendus forts contre l'absorption étrangère, il est résolu que :

Nous recommandons à chaque Canadien et famille canadienne la réception d'un journal ou de plusieurs journaux des Etats-Unis, et surtout de ne pas oublier d'en payer l'abonnement."

L'importance de la langue française est solennellement reconnue et bien coupable serait la jeunesse de nos maisons d'éducation si elle refusait d'accepter cette direction que veulent lui donner ceux qui sont ici à bons droits les pères de la nation.

Apprenons donc à chérir notre langue : étudions la dans nos meilleurs auteurs, parlons la en la respectant, que notre plume l'écrive avec amour et qu'elle soit toujours pour nous l'expression de tout ce qui nous est le plus cher : foi et patrie.

Lua.

LA CHAÎNE D'OR.

Je venais d'accepter un emploi dans les bureaux du gouvernement. J'étais à l'ouvrage, quand quelqu'un frappa à ma porte. C'était Jean Du Manoir. Je lui serrai la main cordialement car il était un de mes amis de Collège; nous avions lu ensemble Horace et Virgile; ensemble nous avions bâti bien des châteaux en Espagne.

— Et comment te portes-tu Jean?

— Oh! assez bien, seulement on vieillit vite et bientôt nous ne vaudrions plus rien.

— Allons, est-ce qu'il y a quelque chose qui ne va pas?

— Tu as bien de la chance toi; tu as un bon emploi et pour la vie; tu es certain que ta famille n'aura jamais de misère.

— Voyons, Jean, je suis sûr que tu n'as pas lieu de te plaindre. Mais excuse moi pour un instant, il faut que j'écrive une lettre. Prends un de ces livres et amuse-toi; je te rejoindrai bientôt pour reprendre cette cause-

rie du bon vieux temps. Je passe dans la chambre voisine et, penché sur mon bureau, j'écris avec hâte, quand une petite fille vint me demander l'aumône. Elle me dit qu'elle se nomme Bernadette et que l'on souffrait de la faim à la maison: elle tenait dans sa main une magnifique chaîne d'or qu'elle voulait vendre pour acheter du pain. Quand elle m'eut ainsi parlé, elle me regarda d'un air triste et de grosses larmes, qu'elle semblait vouloir retenir, coulèrent sur ses joues pâlies par les souffrances.

— Garde ta chaîne, ma fille, prends ces quelques sous et va t'acheter du pain.

Elle partait en me remerciant, quand une idée me vint. Si je demandais Jean de s'unir à moi dans cette œuvre de charité.

— Laisse-moi voir ta chaîne, Bernadette; est-elle bien d'or? Oh! oui, s'empressa-t-elle de répondre.

— Attends-moi ici un instant, et je passai dans l'autre chambre. Jean était si absorbé par sa lecture qu'il ne m'entendit pas entrer. Je lui mets la main sur l'épaule en disant, Jean, veux-tu faire l'aumône?

— Mon rôle serait d'en recevoir.

Bernadette, je suppose, craignant pour sa chaîne, entre dans la chambre. En voyant Jean, elle court se jeter dans ses bras. C'était son enfant! Il la serre sur son cœur et l'arrose de ses larmes. . . .

La cloche venait de tinter l'angelus du soir. La neige tourbillonnait et fouettait les fenêtres avec fureur. Je sortis. Je marchais à pas précipités dans la rue et je pensais à ceux qui n'ont pas de feu pour se réchauffer par un froid pareil. J'arrivai à une petite maison qui ouvrait sur la rue. Je sonnai: une petite fille, pieds-nus, vint ouvrir. C'était Bernadette. Entrez, Monsieur le médecin, dit-elle.

— Mon enfant, je ne suis pas le médecin.

— Entrez quand même; papa va venir bientôt. Comme elle parlait, j'entendis un chant joyeux qui venait du logis et je me dis: "On est encore heureux ici malgré la pauvreté." En entrant, je vois la mère pâle et tellement faible qu'en essayant à se lever pour me saluer, elle retomba dans son fauteuil. Elle était vêtue de blanc et portait à son cou une chaîne d'or. C'était la malade pour laquelle on attendait le médecin. Elle était en proie à un affreux délire. Tantôt elle se croyait riche et demandait si je connaissais quelqu'un qui souffrit de la faim: elle voulait le soulager. Tantôt elle se croyait en prison et voulait briser ses chaînes. Enfin l'homme à l'art arriva et, après avoir examiné la malade, prononça la sentence fatale: plus d'espoir!

Le printemps est revenu avec tous ses charmes et sa gaieté, mais il est une famille qui ne prend pas part à la joie universelle, c'est celle de Bernadette. Je rencontrai alors l'aimable enfant dans l'église de Notre Dame, à la tombée du jour. Bernadette, toute vêtue de noir,

s'approcha de l'autel et déposa une chaîne d'or aux pieds de la Mère des douleurs qui parut sourire. Et je crus entendre comme un bruit d'ailes autour du tabernacle....

Le sacrifice de Bernadette fut agréable à Dieu et, quelques jours après, Jean trouva de l'emploi. Maintenant l'aisance est revenue dans sa maison, et quand de petits mendiants viennent demander du pain, il dit à Bernadette: "Donne, donne librement, mon enfant, afin qu'aucune autre mère ne meure de faim."

A. L. G.

CUEILLETFS.

— On annonce la visite du Rév. P. Lajoie, vicaire de la communauté, dans le cours de l'année scolaire. L'ancien Provincial du Canada est en France depuis bientôt sept ans. Tous ses amis et ses nombreux enfants en religion seront heureux de le revoir.

— Le *Cercle Molière* représentera "La Chaumière Bretonne," la veille de la St. Viateur. Les principaux acteurs sont MM. Amb. Granger, C. Harbour, M. Roy, H. Legris, W. Convey, L. Grandchamp, J. Rivard, E. Rageotte, F. Dandurand, A. Frazer, etc.

— Phil. est encore aux trois fourches du chemin: *Slow, but sure.*

— Plusieurs excursionnistes du Canada, tous anciens élèves du Rév. P. Chouinard, sont attendus vers le vingt de ce mois. Nous espérons qu'après une première visite payée à leur ancien Directeur nous aurons le plaisir de les voir au milieu de nous pour qui ils sont d'anciennes et chères connaissances.

LA CRAVATE BLANCHE.

C'était en 1862, Georges venait de faire sa première communion, et il l'avait bien faite. Il avait 11 ans, et il aimait le bon Dieu comme on l'aime à cet âge, quand on est pur et heureux.

Le lendemain du beau jour, Georges alla trouver le directeur des catéchismes pour le remercier de ses soins et lui communiquer des résolutions qu'il avait prises. "Comme symbole de mon innocence, et pour m'aider à la conserver, dit l'enfant au prêtre, je me suis engagé à porter toujours une "cravate blanche," en souvenir de celle de ma première communion, je ne la quitterai que dans le cas où j'aurai eu le malheur de commettre une faute grave."

L'ecclésiastique trouva bien un peu étrange la résolution de Georges, mais comme il connaissait la pureté de son cœur et la générosité de son âme, il ne mit d'autre condition à l'approbation de son pieux dessein que le

consentement de sa mère. Celle-ci hasarda quelques timides observations, qui cédèrent vite aux instances et aux caresses de son fils.

Six mois s'étaient passés, pendant lesquels Georges s'était montré le modèle des enfants et avait atteint sa douzième année. Ses parents pensèrent à lui faire commencer ses études. Il fallut s'arracher aux douceurs et aux baisers de la famille. Notre future écolier n'hésita pas. N'est-on pas heureux partout où l'on porte la paix de l'âme et la grâce de Dieu? Il prit donc courageusement le chemin du collège, où il entra avec son innocence et sa "cravate blanche."

Là il fut le modèle des élèves, comme à la maison il avait été le modèle des enfants; ce qui ne l'empêcha pas d'arriver vite aux premiers rangs de sa classe. Toutefois, bien qu'il fut d'un caractère sympathique et doux, peut-être même à cause de cela, la tenue obstinée de première communion ne manqua pas d'attirer l'attention de ses condisciples et leurs railleries. Ils épuisaient sur lui, en manière de qualificatifs du reste peu injurieux, tout le répertoire des "carrières à cravate blanche." Georges laissa dire, Georges laissa faire, et il garda courageusement son innocence et sa "cravate blanche. L'orage passa vite cependant, car le persécuté, à un physique avantageux joignait ces heureuses qualités de cœur et d'esprit, qui finissent toujours, en dépit de l'envie, par désarmer tous les mauvais vouloirs et conquérir toutes les sympathies. Ce n'était pas seulement un enfant aimable et vertueux, un élève distingué; il était de plus l'héritier d'un beau nom et d'une grande fortune, toutes choses qui auraient pu lui permettre de caresser l'espoir d'un glorieux avenir. Mais il n'y pensait pas, et sa seule ambition était de contenter ses maîtres et de rendre sa mère heureuse. Reçu bachelier à dix-huit ans, après un brillant examen, il quitta le collège comme il y était entré, avec son innocence et sa "cravate blanche."

Cependant, la guerre venait d'éclater entre la France et la Prusse. Georges qui était aussi bon patriote que bon chrétien était à peine rendu à sa famille qu'il pensa à la quitter pour l'enrôler dans l'héroïque bataillon des zouaves pontificaux de Charette. Il savait qu'avec de tels frères d'armes il serait toujours en bonne compagnie, et qu'avec un tel chef, il serait toujours au poste de l'honneur et du danger. Du reste, que pouvait-il craindre, lui qui en venant combattre pour la France sous le drapeau du Sacré-Cœur, avait gardé son innocence et sa "cravate blanche." Plus d'une fois déjà, il avait rougi sa jeune et vaillante épée dans le sang des ennemis quand il prit part avec les héros de Patay à la grande bataille du Mans.

C'était le 19 Janvier, 1871. Après une longue résistance, nos troupes foudroyées par l'artillerie prussienne avaient lâché pied, abandonnant d'importantes positions

et laissant sur un terrain jonché de cadavres des canons et des drapeaux. La journée était perdue, mais la défaite pouvait devenir un immense désastre, si on ne jetait aux mitrailleuses de l'ennemi quelque régiment décidé à mourir pour couvrir la retraite et sauver l'armée. Les généraux Collin et Gougéard comprirent le danger, Charette comprit le devoir. Les zouaves pontificaux ne sont que 500; mais pour combien fallait-il compter le courage qu'inspirait à cette poignée de héros le besoin pressant de l'état, le souvenir de Patay et un général qui portait la victoire dans ses yeux. Ils mourront tous s'il le faut, mais l'honneur sera satisfait et l'armée sera sauvée. A peine l'appel du sacrifice a-t-il été proposé à Charette que celui-ci paraît à la tête de son bataillon, et, montrant de la pointe de son épée les hauteurs où il fallait aller mourir, s'écrie sublime de fierté et d'audace: "Pour Dieu et pour la patrie: zouaves pontificaux, en avant!" Un immense hurrah porta jusqu'aux oreilles des vainqueurs ce cri de l'héroïsme chrétien. Le bataillon s'élança et bientôt disparut sous un nuage de fumée, au milieu d'un ouragan de mitrilles et de balles. Il laissait derrière lui au flanc de la montagne, un sol labouré par les obus, baigné de sang et semé de cadavres; mais les rangs se serraient et le bataillon montait toujours. Bientôt ses drapeaux sanglants et mutilés flottèrent sur les hauteurs au milieu des drapeaux allemands. Alors, s'engage une mêlée horrible, un combat corps à corps, qui dure jusqu'à ce que l'ennemi, effrayé de tant d'audace, recule enfin devant les bayonnettes des pontificaux. Drapeaux et canons, tout fut reconquis, et l'armée avait opéré sa retraite sans danger, sans confusion et sans pertes. Le succès était complet, mais qu'il fut chèrement acheté, si l'on peut acheter chèrement ce qui n'a point de prix: l'honneur du drapeau et du pays. Parmi les morts on compte trois capitaines, deux lieutenants, soixante soldats; les blessés hors de combat sont au nombre de deux cents.

Georges se trouvait parmi ces derniers. Il avait fait bravement son devoir, et tout mutilé qu'il était, il se sentait heureux d'être tombé sous l'étendard du Sacré-Cœur, avec son innocence et sa "cravate blanche."

Ses compagnons d'armes le transportèrent dans une ambulance voisine établie sous le hangar d'une ferme. Là, étendu sur une paille froide et rougie de son sang il passa la nuit au milieu d'atroces souffrance, qu'il supporta avec une sainte résignation. Il pensait au Dieu de la crèche et au Dieu de sa première communion. A peine comptait-il dix-huit printemps, et il fallait mourir, mourir avant le temps, avant la gloire, mourir loin de sa mère. Le calice était bien amer, mais le jeune héros, en revêtant l'uniforme des pontificaux, avait fait d'avance tous ces sacrifices et il se consolait de tout, se souvenant de la parole de Charette: "Pour Dieu et pour la France" "Sentant venir sa fin, Georges n'eut bientôt plus qu'un

pensée: c'était de faire sa "dernière communion." Le providence ne devait pas lui refuser cette consolation.

Le lendemain matin, 14 Janvier, un aumônier militaire entendait sa facile confession et lui administrait le sacrement des mourants. Puis tout-à-coup le blessé cessa de souffrir, ces traits irrités par la douleur et par la fièvre prirent une sorte de douceur mélancolique et fatiguée et son regard qui semblait voir au-delà des horizons, terrestres, s'illumina des saintes joies de l'espérance chrétienne.

Cependant la mort s'approchait doucement, comme une amie de cet ange de la terre, à qui elle allait ouvrir les portes du ciel et le sein de Dieu. Le prêtre qui avait donné à Georges le secours de son ministère était resté à son côté pour recevoir son dernier soupir; celui-ci lui demanda avec instance de vouloir bien lui apporter la sainte communion. L'aumônier, craignant d'arriver trop tard courut en toute hâte jusqu'à l'église voisine. Un quart d'heure après il était de retour. En le voyant venir, le mourant se souleva avec peine sur la paille où il était étendu et recueillant toutes ses forces, il lui adressa ces paroles qui arrachèrent des larmes à tous les assistants: "Monsieur l'aumônier je vous en supplie, veuillez prendre dans ce sac troué de balles, qui me sert d'oreiller, un brassard, un chapelet que vous me mettez au bras et une cravate blanche que vous me mettez au cou. Ce sont les reliques de ma première communion qui m'ont accompagné partout sur les bancs de l'école et sur les champs de bataille. C'est paré de ces insignes du plus beau jour de ma vie que je veux faire ma dernière communion. Quand, tout à l'heure, mon âme aura quitté ce pauvre corps déchiré, je vous demande en grâce, monsieur l'aumônier, d'envoyer tous ces objets à ma mère en lui disant que la "cravate blanche de son fils n'a reçu d'autres taches ici-bas que celles de son sang versé pour Dieu et pour la patrie."

Georges seul ne pleurait pas. Il communia avec la ferveur et l'innocence de ses 11 ans. C'est ainsi qu'on devait communier et mourir aux catacombes pendant les premiers siècles de l'Eglise. Après quelques instants d'un profond recueillement: "Je me meurs, murmura-t-il, je sens bien, mais nous sommes ici à Bethléem, la crèche est un bien doux tombeau. Je ne mourrais plus heureux que si ma mère était là. Mais vous la remplacez auprès de moi, dit-il au prêtre qui tenait dans sa main la main glacée du mourant; remplacez-moi aussi auprès d'elle en consolant ses derniers jours, en lui disant que je vais l'attendre là haut."

En prononçant ces paroles, les yeux levés vers le ciel, il poussa un faible soupir et s'endormit doucement dans les bras du prêtre. Il y avait un ange de moins sur la terre, mais il y avait un ange de plus dans les cieux. *Consummatum in brevi explevit tempora multa.*

L'ABBE GARNIER.

our charter, a privilege so graciously accorded us by the government of our state. Accept, then, the expression of our sincerest gratitude and respect and be assured that your visit to this the home of our youth shall ever be associated with the dearest and most pleasant souvenirs of our College life.

MINIMS' ADDRESS READ BY,
MASTER DENNIS RICOU.

Dear Governor, In the name of my comrades I present you these gay flowers emblems of our joy to-day. My friend here has spoken great words of patriotism, of authority and of government, but in all his speech a very choice word failed to greet my ear. It is the word Holiday. You, Governor, who have all power, grant us what can to-day make us happy as the day is long, a holiday!

Father Marsile then presented Mr. Dore and Master D. Ricou to the Governor who kindly thanked them. The answer to the address was then in order and his Excellency advanced to the front of the stage thanking all present for the grand reception they had given him. His words were the kindest, his expressions the sincerest that could have been desired as he proceeded in his reply which turned out to be such a speech as would do honor to any great orator. We much regret that no reporter, or at least no stenographer, was present to take down, as it was spoken, that beautiful speech replete with knowledge, sound advice, good principles and practical common sense. Though we have it not on tablets of stone or of marble we have it and will have it long engraven on memory's wall. We will endeavour to give in our words the substance of that splendid oration. It will indeed be but a feeble counterfeit of the reality, as we can not introduce those pleasing and attractive expressions which His Excellency alone knows how to manage so as to draw the attention of his hearers and impress in their minds and imaginations the truth of what he says:

Rev. President, Faculty, Professors and Students of St. Viateur's College:—

I thank you most cordially for the beautiful reception you have given me and for the kind words you have spoken in your address so full of lofty ideas and noble sentiments. I must tell you that I am almost at a loss what to say in presence even of these small boys on my left, how much more at a loss am I not in presence of the young gentlemen at my right, in presence of the professors, in presence of the Faculty, of this institution of learning! You must know that in my days to acquire an education, was not as easy a task as it is to-day. I was born in Kentucky, in that land to which any one would be proud to belong, but of a family in humble circumstances pertaining to the great mass of the people. Left an orphan at the age of eight

years, I was thrown upon the kindness of a few friends here and there, until I became a youth, when I emigrated to this beautiful country of Illinois. Here, with a six month's common school education, I began to read law many years ago. In my profession, I met all sorts of men; I jostled with some of great learning, with others of strong common sense, and with the help of my own experience and my continual endeavors, I picked up whatever of good and of sense I would meet on the rough path of life, and arrived at the position which I now hold. It happened sometimes as to-day that I picked a bunch of flowers on the way. You also, young boys, young gentlemen, shall one day receive bouquets, but, believe me, that fortunate time will not come till you have learned to know what it is to bear the weight of responsibilities, whether social or religious. There is no royal road to learning; indeed there is a great distance from the dark valley of ignorance below, to the sun-capped mountain of knowledge above, and all that distance must be traveled up hill. How fortunate, then, for you, my young friends, to be in such an Institution as this one, where every one tries to render that steep ascent easier by pointing out to you the means by which you may scale it. How glorious our country with its system of public schools which throws open to all the entrance to the great temple of education! How glorious our republic with its equality, with its countless chances for every one of distinguishing himself! Here, at least, no place for castes or royal preferments. Every man has, in our land, the opportunity to show what he is, and if he knows how to live honestly and decently, this intelligent people of ours will soon perceive who should be elected to positions of trust and responsibility. There may be many wicked men, many dishonest persons in our society; but, beyond their thin ranks stands the great host of our people ruled by common sense. They are truthful and just and will always be such, for the good sense implanted by the Creator in the heart of the multitudes will always be nourished there by his all-ruling Providence so as to enable them to follow the right path by discerning the true from the false.

Profit, then, young gentlemen, by the many opportunities afforded you. There is no greater blessing than a good education! I would consider myself the most careless of parents, the meanest of fathers, if I did not see to it that my children receive at least the best education that my means will allow. Yes! I believe in the common school, in the academy, in the college, and ultimately, Rev. President, in the university! I repeat it, young men, avail yourselves of the advantages afforded you. Prepare yourselves for the future, so as to be fitted for the positions to which you will very soon be assigned. Responsibilities grow upon you, and you cannot shake them off. Just as the people emigrating

from the East to Illinois many years ago, were carrying unawares with themselves the responsibility of having to organize here a new state, a new government, so you, growing to manhood carry with yourselves the responsibilities of governing and of being governed.

Perhaps some of you will have to bear religious responsibilities. Think of their weight on a bishop, on a minister, who is responsible for his flock. And let me tell you here, young gentlemen, that ministers, preachers of the Gospel, are not unnecessary. Great heavens! what would become of us if the pulpits were to become empty, if the church doors were to be closed? We would run back into barbarism, into that degradation in which we were plunged, when the glorious sun of Truth rose to enlighten us! Ah! do not, young gentlemen, do not listen to that fascinating philosophy which you will surely meet at every step when you quit these sacred walls, that fatal Rationalistic philosophy which promises so much and yields so little, which but flatters our pride. Do not listen to it, I say, for its only intention is to destroy in you all elevated thoughts, all superhuman aspirations, all ideals of the next world, the world of Truth, the world of God.

Young men, you have also in this institution the opportunity of learning foreign tongues. We Americans are unfortunately behind the age in this respect. We took from the English, I suppose, this silly notion that our tongue was destined to become the language of the world. Fifty years ago we were certain that in half a century our English would be spoken fluently in the streets of Paris and Constantinople, so there was no use of troubling ourselves with learning anything but English. We have been badly mistaken. No language in particular is destined to become the language of the universe. All are good in their respective countries just as our cereals are good, and grow in their respective zones. The French and the Germans speak our language and enjoy its beauties and advantages, while we speak but English and are thus deprived of the manifold beauties of their classical Literatures. It is high time that we should become wiser. Englishmen have already begun to see their mistake and to-day they study those languages which they so lately despised in their ignorance. Let us learn to relish the beautiful French, the rich German, the sprightly Italian, and the noble Spanish languages. Seize, young gentlemen, seize every occasion of developing your mind, of perfecting your soul; imbibe knowledge, from whatever source it may come; give yourselves wholly to your noble occupations in this quiet Grove, destined by nature to be a retreat for study, and one day, when we will have gone from this world, you will be found able to take our places, to work for the good of society and of your country. I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind and generous attention.

The Governor was returning to his seat when he was respectfully reminded that he had forgotten a very im-

portant part of the programme, namely, the granting of a holiday to the students in honor of his visit. Returning he pleasantly said: I am sorry that I could not come to visit you this morning, as I intended. I would then with the president's permission have granted you this day the 8th. of October, as it is the birthday of my son Robert, who is just now, twenty-one years old. However, I will appoint another day which, I hope, will be well enjoyed by you all; I name to-morrow as your holiday.—

The hall resounded once more with the cheerful clapping of hands, the band struck up one of its martial strains, while our guests saluting gracefully as they passed, weeded their way to the parlor. After a few minutes' friendly conversation, Father Beaudoin and the Faculty accompanied them to the Academy where they were greeted with a second reception. An address in verse was read to His Excellency and his distinguished friends, and ravishing music flowed in mellow strains. The Governor was most happy in his reply to the address. He spoke most beautiful things of Music and of Poetry, and congratulated the young ladies on their success in the rendition of their charming pieces. Returning to his carriage, the Governor expressed himself highly pleased with his visit to the Grove and said that he had learned a great deal by that visit about his own state of Illinois of which he had been heretofore ignorant. He had already heard something of Bourbonnais Grove and its institutions of learning, but he had never thought them so prosperous and so advanced as they really are. After many assurances of his pleasure and satisfaction in regard to all that had been done for him and with many thanks on the part of the Faculty for the honor conferred by his visit to St. Viateur's, the Governor and his distinguished friends embarked and were soon out of sight on their way to Kankakee. The excitement is now over and the Governor's visit is something of the past.

However, the 8th of Oct., 1886, will long be remembered as one of the glorious days in the existence of St. Viateur's College. Empires, kingdoms, states, and corporations, have their histories and their archives in which are entered events worthy of note. So have Colleges, no matter how young, their histories and records in which are treasured happenings apt to please the memory in future years. Happy shall we be then, if, casting a glance over the preceding years of our college life, we can behold therein moments of triumph, of success and of encouragement. What has happened in the past may take place in the future, and even in the present. Our courage is revived, our energy renewed, and we start anew our arduous climbing after knowledge, confident that success will again smile upon our efforts. It will delight us to have treasured up these things.

G.

BASE BALL.

On Tuesday Oct. 12, the Profs. adjourned to the campus to settle the important question of supremacy in Base Ball between themselves and the students, which they did in a very fine manner. The greatest interest prevailed throughout the game. In the first inning the Profs, through clever base running, scored three tallies, two being earned. This lead gave them the game for

although they batted well afterwards, the close work of the boys, kept them down to but one more run, that in the sixth by an error of Legris and a beautiful drive for two bags by Cusack. The Profs. put in a rather "pony team" in Messrs. Sullivan and Dore, but only three scattering hits were made off his delivery. Lesage pitched a good game throughout and was ably supported by Bennett. It looked very much like a string of "goose-eggs" for the students, but in the seventh inning through a costly error, Leggett scored amid loud cheering. Both nines are well matched, and if they play in the future, a good game can be expected. Following is the score:

PROFS.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	T. B.	P.	O.	A.	E
McGavick I. B.	4	1	1	1	9	0	0	
O'Brien 2. B.	4	1	0	0	3	0	0	
Dore P.	4	1	1	1	0	7	3	
Hogan 3. B.	4	1	0	0	2	3	1	
Sullivan C.	3	0	0	9	7	4	0	
Cusack S. S.	3	0	1	2	0	3	0	
Finn L. F.	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	
Rivard C. F.	3	0	1	1	0	2	1	
Granger R. F.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	
Total.	31	4	5	6	21	19	6	

STUDENTS.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	T. B.	P.	O.	A.	E
Legris 2. B.	4	0	1	1	2	3	3	
Lesage P.	4	0	0	0	0	4	1	
Bennett C.	3	0	0	0	6	2	2	
O'Neil I. B.	3	0	0	0	10	1	1	
Roach S. S.	3	0	1	1	0	3	0	
Convey L. F.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Leggett R. F.	3	1	1	1	0	1	0	
Frazer 3. B.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Total.	26	1	3	3	18	16	7	

score by innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	TOTAL
PROFS.	3	0	0	0	1	0	*	4
STUDENTS.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

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PIZARRO—A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS, MODIFIED AND

ARRANGED FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY BY

Joseph A. Lyons A. M.

With great pleasure we received the latter of Mr. Lyon's productions which is but another of the many excellent plays he has arranged during the past few years. This arrangement of *Pizarro* is worthy of all commendation: the plot is well preserved; the character of Elvira well concealed and in the elimination of Cora none of the pith and interest of the Drama is lost. The

works of Mr. Lyons are well worth the consideration of our College Dramatic Societies when in need of Theatricals. We trust that many more will be added to the so necessary list of College Dramas.

THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE.

The plot of this play is intricately woven but is nicely unravelled in the 3rd. Act. The character of Esteran the wrongly accused, gives ample scope for the display of strong dramatic talent. The part of Mytillo the Dum Orphan is touching and beautiful, and Rigolio is an accomplished villain. The other characters fit very well in their respective situations. On the whole we think that Prof. Lyons has not in some time produced a drama abounding in so many striking situations and so well adapted for the college stage.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Jesuits have written 2,207 works in honor of the Mother of God.

The Pope has published a letter relative to the history of Catholic Missions in India.

Pope Leo XIII has already created 7 archbishoprics, 25 bishoprics, 21 apostolic vicariates, and 7 apostolic prefectures.

The American College in Louvain, which lately entered upon the thirtieth year of its existence has supplied the Church in this country with 2 archbishops, 6 bishops, and 358 priests.

The *Union des Ecoles Catholiques* of Paris maintains 193 schools, with 70,000 scholar; and last year spent 2,370,000 francs or nearly \$500,000 in their support. How noble for Catholics to bear such sacrifices rather than send their children to Godless public schools.

Father Ludden, the new bishop of Syracuse, is fifty two years old and was ordained in 1864, in the Grand Seminary of Montreal. He came from Ireland when he was eighteen years old. Of late he has been Vicar General of Bishop McNerny of Albany.

Right Rev. Bishop Shanahan, of diocese of Harrisburg, died at his residence, Sylvan Heights, Harrisburg, October 2. Bishop Shanahan was born at Silver Lake, Susquehanna County, Pa, July 17, 1834. He made his theological studies at St. Charles' Seminary and was admitted to holy orders in 1859. He was selected by the Pope as the first bishop of the new see of Harrisburg in 1868. He was widely known as one of the most eminent of pulpit orators.

Michael Eugene Chevreula distinguished French chemist and a Catholic whose devotion to the interests of the church has always been earnest and practical, attained the age of one hundred years, and was fêted by his countrymen on the 31 of August. It will be interesting

to total abstainers to learn that throughout the course of his long life, M. Chevreul never tasted strong drink. It is probable and he himself considers it more than a probability that his abstemiousness has promoted his longevity. *Catholic Times*.

Rev. Immanuel W. Casanowicz, professor of Hebrew in the Presbyterian Theological college at Bloomfield, New Jersey, was recieved into the Church on the 3rd. inst. The conversion is a striking one and has given rise to no end of comment. As the professor is unmarried it is thought that he will finish his theological studies at Seton Hall with a view of receiving Holy orders.

On Tuesday the 21ult., the festival of St. Matthew, the solemn ceremony of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. F. X. Katzer as Bishop of Green Bay took place in the cathedral of that city. The consecrating prelate was the Most Rev. Archbishop Heiss, of Milwaukee, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishops Ireland, of St. Paul, and Vertin, of Marquette. The other prelates present were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Flasch, of Lacrosse who delivered the sermon on the occasion; the Rt. Rev. Bishop Seidenbush, of St. Cloud, and the Rt. Rev. Abbot Elderbrok. More than one hundred priests were in attendance.

Father Laboureau, parish priest of Penetanguishene Ontario, Canada, has undertaken to build a memorial church over the spot where many Jesuit priests, companions of Fathers Lallement and Brebeuf, were put to death by the Indians in 1643. The corner stone edifice was laid with great solemnity and the church dedicated to God on September 5th. The priests whose memory this edifice will recall suffered a most glorious martyrdom. " Their flesh was cut away in strips, roasted and

eaten before their eyes; they were in mockery baptized with scalding water; when they attempted to speak their lips were cut away, their tongues torn out, and live coals forced down their bleeding throats."

Savannah, Ga, is setting a notable example of fair dealing with the question of popular education. In pursuance of an arrangement entered into between the Catholic priests and leading Catholic laymen on the one part, and the county authorities on the other, the Catholic schools became part of the public school system. They have the benefit of the public funds, their teachers are elected by the county board of education, but must be practical Catholics; Catholic text-books are used and Catechism is taught without trenching upon the hours devoted to study by regulation of the board. The school houses are the property of the Catholics, but are kept in repair by the board. (Connecticut Catholic.)

A notable event in current Catholic history was the National council of the Church in Scotland, which was held at the Benedictine Abbey of Fort Augustus, beginning on August 17th., and lasting ten days.

Archbishop Smith, of Edinburgh, presided. There were present Archbishop Evae, of Glasgow, and four other bishops, with their theologians, representatives of the six diocesan chapters, and of various religious orders and congregations in Scotland—Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, Passionists, Oblates and Vincentians. The Church is rapidly regaining her lost possessions in Scotland thanks in large part to the notable influx of the Irish into that country. The council above noted is the first held in Scotland since the so called reformation.

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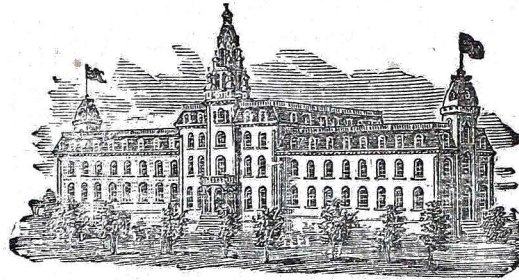
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