

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER June, 1884.

VOL. II

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL.

No. 9

A. H. PIKE

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SOUTH.		NORTH.
11:00 A M.....	Mail.....	5:37 P M
10:47 P M.....	Express.....	5:05 A M
6:55 P M (arr).....	Gilman Passenger (arr).....	12:05 P M
1:20 P M (lve).....	Gilman Passenger (lve).....	7:25 A M

## MIDDLE DIVISION.

ARRIVE.		LEAVE.
5:20 P M.....	Passenger.....	11:05 A M
11:55 P M (north).....	Bloom. Pass. (north).....	12:10 P M
1:20 A M (south).....	Bloom. Pass. (south).....	7:05 P M

## INDIANA, ILLINOIS &amp; IOWA.

East.		West.
5:15 P. M.....	Passenger.....	8. 34 A M
11:40 A M.....	Freight.....	11.20 A M

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BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL.

No. 9

TO HIS GRACE MOST REV. P. A. FEEHAN, D. D.

With welcome greeting we salute Your Grace,  
On this our Exhibition day;  
Your presence here lights up each student's face  
With keener joy than words can say.  
The richest greeting we can give, will be  
An offering pure of children's hearts;  
We feel there's more in them for thee,  
Than eloquence of song or speech imparts.  
Since last you stood within this classic shade,  
At Roman altars you have knelt;  
Deign we to hope whom Christ his Vicar made  
Blessings to us his children sent.  
Other lov'd lands, no doubt, Your Grace survey'd  
For Europe is both long and wide:  
One thing we know—You felt your steps delay'd  
Until you reached Chicago's side  
Where waters of lordly Michigan surge  
With faithful people dwelt your heart  
Duty over— Little could pleasure urge  
To stay your early morning start.  
Back you came, beloved and trustéd guide  
To guard your flock in ways of truth  
Like him who over Genesareth sail'd  
On mission bent of love and ruth.  
Your arrival we read in "News" and "Times",  
From our hearts we welcomed you home:  
Our hearts beat time with "Garden City's" chimes  
The day you safe return'd from Rome.  
Deign now, gentle Sir, receive our greeting  
On this our Exhibition day;  
The joy that students feel at such a meeting,  
Gives keener zest than words can say.

H\*\*

## A FEAST.

Hearts beat with joy; from early dawn, the sleepless eyes of two hundred happy youths unroll by anticipation the events of a day unique in its character, a day of separation and of reunion, of passing sorrows and of lasting joys, for a few, a day of defeat, for many a day of triumphs, still for all a happy day.

It would be next to impossible to recount the fears and the hopes of a student during the few hours that precede the distribution of Premiums and conferring of Honors.

Early in the morning our Wilmington Neighbors in full dress, with ball and bats were struggling in vain for the home plate in a short friendly game with a Senior College nine, but our boys were in high spirits, they reached *home* in turns and defended the plate bravely.

At eleven, the students headed by "Cadets" and "Band" were saluting His Grace the Archbishop who deigned to confer on us the honor of his presence; followed dinner which was partaken of with a collegiate appetite and after a short recess the entertainment opened with full orchestra. The College hall was thronged with Clergy, Parents of students, Friends of Education.

Most Rev. P. A. Feehan D. D. accompanied by Very Rev. P. J. Conway V. G. presided at the exercises.

Among the clergy were noticed Rev. Fathers J. Waldron Sr., Lecouvreur, Paradis, McCartney, Chandonnet, Mehring, Dorney, Chouinard, O'Gara, McShane, Waldron Jr., Fournier, Beaudoin, Lesage, Legris, Clancy, Griffin and Ouimet.

Among the Laity were Attorney Hynes and Lady, of Chicago, Hon. Quinn of Peoria, A. J. Mosset and Daughter of Cincinnati, Mrs. Quinlan of Chicago, J. B. Lemoine of Chicago, Mrs. Kelley of Ottawa, M. Powers of Chicago, Miss McCann of Aurora, Ald. Walsh of Chicago, F. Bernhardt of Wilmington, Mrs. Harbour of Chicago, Miss Meagher of Valparaiso, A. J. McKnight of Manteno, E. Conley of Wilmington, C. P. Townsend, C. G. Ubellar, R. Lavery, M. Caughlin, of Kankakee, and the Wilmington Base Ball Club.

We here subjoin the programme.



*Sinite Paruos Venire Ad Q.*

**SIXTEENTH  
ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT,**

Tuesday, June 17th, 1884.

OVERTURE.

ORCHESTRA.

GREETING.

EDWARD FOX.

THE INDEPENDENCE BELL.

PAUL WILSTACH.

MONASTERY BELLS.

MOSES ROY.

AMERICAN MANHOOD.

FRANCIS QUINN.

PILGRIM CHORUS.

CHOIR.

NOS GLOIRES ET NOS HONTES. ALEXIUS GRANGER.

ITALIAN IN ALGIERS.

ORCHESTRA.

VALEDICTORY.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

FANFARE MILITAIRE

COLLEGE BAND

**DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.**

To close the exercises, His Grace the Archbishop addressed the audience and graduates in terms most flattering to the Institution, congratulating the students on the success of the entertainment in the mean time urging them onward to the culture of their minds and hearts, the accomplishment of which would effect that American Manhood treated in the discourse of the day. His Grace unfolded to us the glories of the American Church and pointed out the duties of the Catholic American Citizen. His patriotic and fatherly words are engraved deep in our hearts, they will be the beacon of our life. Thanks to you, Most Rev. Archbishop for the interest you manifest to youth, may we be favored with your presence on next commencement day.

**AMERICAN MANHOOD.**

May it please Your Grace!

Rev. Gentlemen!

Ladies and Gentlemen!

The subject to which your attention is respectfully invited is entitled "American Manhood." The question may appear to you, on first announcement, too broad and too general perhaps to be treated intelligently in the short space of time at our disposal. But as your patience and kindly disposition are guaranteed in advance by your presence on this occasion and it is understood that, every one attending College and School commencements puts himself or herself at the mercy of the speakers and graduates—to a limited measure of course—we will try to make American

Manhood individual and specific enough, to suit each one's taste, and though we may not win your applause, yet, we trust, not to shock your judgment, nor, trespass too much upon your good nature.

Now what is meant by American Manhood? From the moral stand point at which we conceive it, American Manhood may be suitably defined: The growth or development at maturity of an individual born or educated in the American Union.

As our arguments, be it observed will have no concern with the physical superiority of the American race over that of any other country or nationality,—though availing ourselves for our type of moral manhood of whatever is found materially good in the world—the scope of our definition must not be confounded, nor adjudged one-sided. Our purpose simply is to show you that right here, in the country in which we live—without making invidious distinctions—a race of men has already existed—a race of men may still flourish and be educated—the peer of the best in the world, nay—for good reasons, superior to any the world has yet supported. We will briefly prove our proposition. Your appreciative attention, we venture to presume, will coincide with the accuracy of our statement.

To-day, Ladies and Gentlemen, we stand, in point of age, the youngest among the nations of the earth. Though but little more than a century old, yet no one will deny the fact that, we have grown to giant proportions, intellectually and materially—and with some, though sorry to relate, not with the same degree of truth, nor in proportion to our material wealth and influence—it may be affirmed that, we have made some solid growth, socially and religiously. If in tracing our years, the growth of our manhood is also unmistakably outlined, who shall say that our theme does not stand on unerring proof, clear as the day, open as you beaming countenances laughing at the truth that vacillation has become a reality.

When we began our career as a nation, the old world was almost in the throes of revolution and before the ringing war cry of Concord and Lexington had time to reach around the world, the continent of Europe, and France in particular, became the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts, of which History makes mention. Austria, Italy, Prussia and equally Russia engaged in strife, the nations sometimes fighting for existence, sometimes for mastery. During all this time, whilst a continent was being torn to its centre, whilst crowned heads battled for petty Empires; three thousand miles across the Atlantic, in this western hemisphere, a youthful people, a colony from old England was struggling into life. They determined to have nothing to do with conquests over



the seas. They gave all their energies to be happily free from King and Kaiser. They resolved with a holy sanctified ambition to set up a government for themselves, a model republic whose constitution and laws based upon Right and Truth, upon religious freedom, would guarantee to all men liberty and peace—and in as much as earth could furnish it—a measure of that justice of which God in Heaven is the Father, the Eternal Foundation.

## GROWTH.

That our fathers succeeded, Ladies and Gentlemen we who sit here to-day under this balmy sky, in this western state, in old Illinois, almost an empire in itself; that they succeeded—we are, by the blessings we enjoy a living proof.

But how, it may perhaps be pertinently asked here, did they succeed? Many events—more than we need now mention, came to their aid. But one thing we will state and singularly enough, though it is regarded as a powerful factor to-day—one thing helped our fathers and helped them too—by its very absence—that is the absence of the *political party* as an *idol* and a *task master*. In the earlier stages of our national existence, political parties were scarcely known. Men in those days as now, it is true, were ambitious. Men always will be and the Fathers inherited this in common with those who preceded them and just as we their children inherit the quality. With them however, a noble rivalry, springing from natural causes, found vent in open, generous contention, was confined pretty generally to legitimate means to promote their ends, and opposition ceased when the people had solemnly spoken and declared their choice. In olden times, the political caucus with its din and noise, with its mad bedlamite haranging—this political caucus was a thing unheard of. Conventions as we know them now-a-days, political gatherings especially ward politicians, with an eye only to place and power, heedless of principle, looking only to candidates and fat offices—all this was unknown or if known, certainly not in the form of to-day. Shams and political tricksters—if there were any (and who doubts it)—were left out in the cold and quietly ignored. Integrity, virtue, moral not money worth, faithful public services, devotion to principle—all these were known to our forefathers—these were constituent parts of American manhood a century ago; these were the agents shaping the beginning and destinies of the nation of which we are to-day part and parcel. The example of these virtues, the corner stone of true manhood, was the legacy bequeathed us by the men of '76, of '89 and '93.

Steadfast adherence to duty and unsullied love of God and of country these first of all and before all,

were the chief reasons that helped into existence the young Republic of America and laid the foundation of that American Manhood to which it is our pride to look back to-day. Our fathers were true men, they were honest, drilled in sturdy frankness; they had a conscientious Roman-like love for the maintenance of virtue and principle which stamped them with the proof-seal of the best manhood in the world.

One thing must not be forgotten in connection with our subject. It was contained in the explanation of our definition. It is this: many minds have entered as many minds now enter into the formation of those American institutions which are, not only our creation but a part of the American manhood of which we boast. Friends in England—we speak it in gratitude—proclaimed that America should be free—so we became a distinct people. The wisdom of France was consulted in the person of her great men. In time, this wisdom compounded itself into rules of government, for the people of these United States. America borrowed nor did she grudge to borrow from the foreigner, no matter what his creed or nationality, that which she thought would best conduce to her interests. In consequence she undertook to build upon her own account to suit herself. And this foreign help *Ladies and Gentlemen*, united and concurrent, though from opposite directions and under different disguises you will find even to-day contributing by its force, its diversified agency, its potent magnetism, its concentrated effort—you will find contributing its share to strengthen the whole fabric of American manhood. And how it may be asked? By symbolizing into one harmonious whole, the beauty, the vigor, the grace derived from many but united in one—forming in fine out of the excellence of many one reality, one essential Manhood upholding as a shield what the nations have come to know as the Great American Union.

## OUR RESOURCES.

We leave to carping critics to find out, what intimate connection there is between American manhood and increase of wealth and territory. Fortified by the history of nations *we* read in the acquisition and development of natural and artificial resources, in the opening of new fields of discovery, in increase of national domain and power—*we* read enterprise, industry, perseverance—in one word all those qualities of heart and head that have made nations great and stamped them with an enviable manhood. Now if this be true in regard to the older peoples of the world and in more recent times in regard to France and England and lately Prussia, why may it not in the same sense be true of our people. So in imitation of those who have gone before, we point with pride to the material growth



of our country and ascribe to American manhood the merit acquired by such increase. And truly in this respect our advance has been wonderful. Contemplate it for a moment.

At the close of the Revolution there were thirteen colonies, or properly speaking in the year 1783 when the Independence of the Union was formally acknowledged by Great Britain, there were 13 states with a population of 3,000,000 of souls; 815,615 square miles of territory and a line of sea coast comparatively limited in extent. But now, what are the figures? Instead of 13 we have 38 States and 11 well organized Territories. We have 3,000,000 square miles of territory. We have 68,000 miles of railroad, more than sufficient to reach three and a half times 'round the globe; the annual productions of our country reach the sum of \$2,500,000,000. We have gold mines capable of producing \$70,000,000 a year; we have a coast line extending on the Atlantic from the Bay of Fundy to the southern extreme of Texas in the Gulf of Mexico; whilst on the Pacific, we touch, on one side, the British possessions, and Central America, on the other; in all more than 3,000 miles of coast and in the opinion of an eminent Frenchman, "no nation possesses vaster, deeper or more safe ports for commerce than we do." A population of 50,000,000 distributed over this vast area of territory proclaims with one accord—at least we have been so taught Ladies and Gentlemen,—that the problem of Republican ideas, Republican institutions on American soil at least, has been successfully wrought out, has so far through the agency of American Manhood, answered its purpose and expectations. The prophecy of the old wise acres of Europe hungering and thirsting for Republican life themselves, but grudging us, foretelling our early decline, has not been fulfilled. Neither, we trust, shall it ever be fulfilled, for by the blessing of Heaven, if this rising generation but emulate the example of the fathers; if the wisdom that has signalled itself so far in the moderation of this people, socially, religiously and politically, continue, American Institutions and American Manhood will live to witness still greater glory, still greater progress.

#### COMMERCE.

Have we time to say a word of commerce? Yes, for commerce surely will proclaim what sort of men we have been, what sort of men we are. Well! it need be only said that within fifty, aye, within thirty years commerce has increased a thousand fold. In the early days, homely, slow going as they were, our fathers were satisfied with wooden ships, left every thing to wind and sails, waiting days and weeks for favorable weather. Now we their goodly children rush along on steel rails, propelled by steam and cross the sea incased in metal

plates and the faster we go—the better. Little care we for wind and weather, for by the advance we have made in science, with a code of national signals and old Probabilities keeping his temper at Washington—we have the weather we need always prepared. The old world and the new are in constant, rapid communication not only over but even under the sea and some idea may be had of the vast increase of our country's wealth and commerce when it is stated that daily communication and this multiplied too, takes place between Europe and America. In commercial inventions—useful-time saving, labor-saving, ingenious inventions, once tried, deemed ever after indispensable, we not only equal the best but surpass all other nations. The few important cities of the olden time, easy enough to count on one's fingers' ends have been succeeded by the hundreds of well built, well regulated cities of to-day. Where long ago was waste, and wilderness now stands the stately mansion, the forest turned to park and garden. Distance itself somehow—you know by whose thought—by whose means—distance itself in this age of ours is as naught and it does not now take two weeks in break-back coach or ox cart to reach Chicago town; for people to-day sum up their hours of travel by decades and hundreds of miles, speeding along with utmost comfort, reclining in Pullman cars or luxurious palace steamers, their every wish gratified, whilst, by careful forethought and the electric wire, business takes care of itself at home, "and all goes merry as a marriage bell." The flying hasty moment is seized, becoming as quickly the ready speech of man to man, of nation to nation by means of the electric telegraph. All this and much more that might be added shows in some measure, what progress has been made—made too, right here in the country in which we live, made here *first* before venturing abroad to benefit mankind. To ask you to say to what must all this be ascribed—to whose genius, to whose power of organization, would be to wound your pride, your intelligence. Your looks, your kind attention have already answered and the sensitiveness you feel, honors what we cherish most, after God—our American Manhood.

Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, we feel we might becomingly conclude. The picture we have drawn of our country, outlines sufficiently the energy and the genius that have been at work. The monuments we see around us have been reared first, by the blessing of Heaven, in bestowing upon us such a country and creating us in such an age as the present; and *secondarily*, by the medium of American Manhood, whether native of the soil, or, so closely allied to it, by adoption, by community of principle and interest, that it may, in truth, be called identical with the best that is indigenous.



# LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

LIVRAISON DE JUIN.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. 1884.

No. 8

## LE CREPUSCULE.

La nuit descend sur la terre.  
Un bandeau de pourpre et d'or  
Al'horison flotte encor.  
Heure pleine de mystère!  
La lune au front argenté  
Déroule sur chaque chose,  
Comme un voile de beauté.  
Un souffle aux cieux emprunté  
Plus parfumé que la rose,  
Fait tout frémir de plaisir.  
Quelle splendeur éclatante!  
Tout semble ici dans l'attente:  
Qui donc va venir?

Les étoiles en silence  
Pleurent leurs larmes d'amour.  
Au loin, de l'hymne du jour  
Meurt la pieuse cadence.  
L'oiseau, par le frais zéphyr  
Bercé, dort dans la rosée,  
Et la vague de saphyr  
Etouffe son doux soupir—  
Sur la rive caressée.  
Pas un bruit ne vient troubler  
Cette solennelle veille.  
La terre prête l'oreille:  
Qui donc va parler?

Partout quels suprêmes charmes!  
Incomparable douceur  
Qui pénètre jusqu'au cœur  
Et met dans les yeux des larmes!  
L'âme goûte le repos,  
Beaume de sa lassitude,  
Vrai songe du ciel éclos  
Sur la terre des tombeaux!  
Dieu! n'est-ce pas le prélude  
Qui m'invite à me mêler  
A vos fêtes éternelles?  
Anges, prêtez-moi vos ailes,  
Je veux m'envoler!

M\*\*

DISCOURS PRONONCE PAR MR. A. GELINEAU.

Pourquoi ce matin l'aurore nous a-t-elle paru, à nous  
jeunes élèves, étincelante de joie et la cloche nous a-t-

elle tous trouvés dans l'attente et non point endormis  
de ce sommeil qu'hier encore nous trouvions trop  
avare?

Pourquoi le chant des oiseaux, le souffle de la brise,  
les frémissements des feuilles et tous ces vagues soupirs  
de la nature ont-ils réjoui nos oreilles comme une  
harmonie du ciel?

Pourquoi nos poitrines battent-elles sous le poids  
d'émotions inconnues et nos cœurs, comme des vases  
trop pleins, s'épanchent-ils en sourires de bonheur?

Ah! c'est que pour l'écolier bientôt va sonner une  
heure fortunée, une heure depuis si longtemps attendue,  
une heure qui va combler les désirs et les espoirs de  
son âme! Encore quelques heures et nous pourrions  
nous jeter dans les bras caressants de nos Parents, nous  
asseoir au foyer paternel, goûter les ivresses de la  
réunion!

Il fait si bon après une longue absence, de revoir un  
Père, une Mère! Après une année de traveaux, de  
constante application, il est si doux d'errer en liberté  
dans ces lieux où nos yeux s'ouvrirent à la lumière, où  
s'essayèrent nos pas chancelants, de s'abriter encore une  
fois sous les vertes tentes de feuillage qui ombragèrent  
nos premiers jeux, de réveiller ces échos qui répétèrent  
au matin de notre vie nos cris et nos rires bruyants!...

Il est vrai qu'ici, dans ce temple de l'éducation  
chrétienne des maîtres affectueux prennent soin de  
nous, forment nos cœurs à la vertu, tournent nos  
pensées vers le ciel, mais ces dévouements, ces sacrifices  
peuvent-ils jamais nous faire oublier les trésors d'amour  
et de tendresse que renferme pour nous le cœur d'une  
mère!"

Bien souvent dans nos rêves, il nous a semblé voir  
apparaître, couronnées d'une pure lumière, une image  
qu'un éclat de douceur et de bonté embellissait à me-  
sure qu'elle s'approchait, et sous le charme d'un sou-  
venir toujours palpitant, plus d'un parmi nous, s'est  
surpris à s'écrier au milieu du calme des nuits: "ma  
mère! Ah! oui c'est ma mère!"

Oh! bientôt nous ne serons plus sous l'empire de  
douces illusions, ce que nous avons rêvé, bientôt nous  
le verrons. Le printemps a rendu au buisson ses roses,  
la vacance rend l'enfant à sa mère! O délicieuse rencon-  
tre! Doux embrassements! Qui n'a pas senti les joies du  
retour au site où s'écoula son enfance? Qui n'a pas



entendu le chant plus gai du rossignol qui revoit son nid de feuillage? O sites du berceau, vous êtes l'Eden de la vie. Le serpent du mal n'a pas encore pénétré sous vos frais ombrages. Vous êtes la virginité de l'âme. Vous avez encore la fraîcheur de la première aurore et toute la beauté de l'innocence!

Comme nos cœurs volent tout entiers vers toi o petit coin de terre où reposent nos plus chers souvenirs. Quelque borné que soit ton espace, il nous semble immense, tant il contient pour nous de choses et de mémoires—Il n'y a pas un appartement, un cadre, un meuble sous ce toit, pas un arbre, une fleur, une mousse de ce jardin qui ne soit incrustés dans notre âme comme s'ils en faisaient partie! Tout ici prend des traits connus et aimés—Tout nous parle et éveille les plus tendres réminiscences—Comme je me souviens avec bonheur de ces réveils du matin où le souvenir de notre mère nous apparaissait; plus doux que la lumière du jour, quand nous tombions à ses genoux qui devenaient notre autel et que nous offrions nos jeunes cœurs à Dieu dont la bonté nous accordait une journée de plus pour l'aimer!

Que j'aime à me rappeler ces courses sans fin dans les champs à la recherche de mille riens qui suffisaient à notre bonheur et nos frayeurs enfantines au premier grondement du tonnerre ou à l'apparition d'un étranger, frayeurs qu'un mot de notre mère dissipait. Qu'avions-nous à craindre auprès d'elle l'enfant dans les bras maternels n'est-ce pas la fraîche goutte de rosée dans la corolle sans tache du lis? avec quelles délices je ne me reporte à ses soins si calmes qui ramenaient un père à notre amour et fermait nos paupières au chant de celle dont la prière appelait les anges pour veiller sur nos berceaux.

Mais où m'entraînent l'anxiété de mon âme et l'ardeur de mes désirs! Il nous tarde tant de goûter ces plaisirs dont la pensée seule gonfle nos cœurs de joie et met de si douces larmes dans nos yeux!

Amis pourquoi retarder notre bonheur par ces discours et ces chants? Est-il éloquence ou musique plus belle que celle qui parle ou murmure sous le toit paternel? On nous dit que la jeunesse passe bien vite, qu'il n'est point de fleurs des champs qui ne perde le plus promptement ses parfums et ses riantes couleurs, point de papillons qui ne laisse plus aisément les rubis et l'or de ses ailes aux doigts de la réalité.....

Nos fronts aujourd'hui si riantes se couvriront donc de sombres rides, les roses de nos joues s'effeuilleront sous la main glacée du temps. Tel est le destin des félicités humaines—La nuit succède à l'aube matinale, l'hiver des ans au printemps de la jeunesse—

Mais pour nous qui sommes à l'entrée de la vie, qui n'avons pas encore été banni de ce paradis de la terre, jouissons du bonheur sans mélange de notre âge. Com-

me la tourterelle qui demande son enfant, une voix chérie nous appelle, ah! ramenez-nous sous le ciel de nos beaux jours! Rendez-nous les carresses de nos pères et les baisers de nos mères!—

## LES CANADIENS DE L'OUEST.

Mesdames et Messieurs:

De même qu'on ne peut prononcer le nom de l'Amérique sans réveiller celui du Catholicisme qui éclaira sa découverte comme une aurore glorieuse, ainsi on ne peut aussi prononcer le nom de l'Ouest sans rappeler celui de nos ancêtres qui furent les pionniers de ce continent. Ouvrez l'histoire du Nouveau Monde, et vous y voyez sur la première page le nom de *Canadiens Français*! Vous voyez ces explorateurs infatigables pénétrer jusqu'aux régions glaciales du Pôle, escalader les hauteurs escarpées des Montagnes Rocheuses, explorer les vastes contrées du Mexique et venir planter leurs tentes dans les plaines fertiles de l'Ouest.

Ils ne songèrent jamais, ces braves pionniers, à reculer devant les dangers qui se dressaient devant eux, ces spectres affreux ne les ont jamais fait trembler, mais au contraire ne semblaient qu'exciter l'ardeur qui les animait! Ils ont parcouru en tous sens la vaste étendue de ce continent; marquant la place où ils s'étaient arrêtés, dans leur course aventureuse, du sceau d'un nom français. C'est ainsi que naquirent les villes Détroit, St. Louis, La Nouvelle Orléans, et tant d'autres qui rappelleront toujours que quoique cette terre soit passée à d'autres mains, elle fut tout d'abord une terre française!

Nous pouvons donc dire à juste titre que nous sommes chez nous ici, sur cette terre que nos pères ont explorée! Oui! elle est deux fois à nous cette terre! à nous, à titre de découverte et j'oserais dire à titre de conquête, car lorsque l'épée de Washington se leva pour conquérir l'indépendance, celle de la France brilla dans la main de Lafayette, et le sang des français, le sang de nos pères, rougit les champs de batailles à jamais mémorables de Monmouth, de Georgetown et de Brandyvine!....

Il y a deux siècles nos missionnaires s'avançaient sans crainte dans les sombres et vastes forêts du nouveau monde afin de porter, dans ces ténébreuses retraites du fils des bois, le flambeau de la vérité! Ils faisaient sentir à l'indigène féroce le charme du livre sacré et lui faisaient enterrer son fatal tomahawk. Nos soldats domptaient la férocité de l'Indien et frayaient le chemin aux colons hardis qui venaient tracer un sillon sous la flèche hostile du Sauvage. Nos traiteurs, hommes aussi avides de gain que d'aventures, se hasardaient dans les profondeurs de l'extrême nord où ils fondèrent de nom-



breuses compagnies de trafic. Mais la page la plus brillante de l'histoire de cette époque est certainement celle qui redit les nombreuses découvertes de nos intrépides explorateurs! C'est en l'année 1673 que brilla la nappe étincelante du majestueux Mississippi aux yeux étonnés du père Marquette! Son frère et solitaire esquif bondissait sur les flots enjoints du père des fleuves! Son oreille écoutait la grandiose harmonie de ses forêts et de ses vagues qui redisent encore à la brise parfumée le nom immortel de leur découvreur. Marquette! Marquette! Quelle ne dût pas être la fièvre émotion de ton cœur! Quelle joie secrète ne dût pas inonder ton âme, lorsque tes pas solitaires s'arrêtaient sur les bords pittoresques du vieux Meschacébé! Nouveau Moïse, tes regards entrevirent les splendeurs d'une nouvelle terre promise; quelle noble conquête pour le roi de France! quelle riche moisson d'âme pour ton Dieu!... La découverte du Mississippi fit une si grande sensation au Canada que La Salle, jeune homme hardi et courageux conçut l'idée de descendre le grand fleuve jusqu'à la mer; tâche ardue il est vrai, mais d'autant plus digne de l'enthousiasme et de l'activité dévorante de ce jeune homme explorateur. Il s'embarqua aussitôt, prêt à braver tous les dangers et à rencontrer l'ennemi; il descendit à travers mille écueils le cours précipité du Mississippi jusqu'à ce que l'Océan se déployât majestueusement à ses regards à la fois étonnés et satisfaits. Il s'arrêta, et, levant la main vers la vaste plaine qui se déroulait à ses pieds, prit possession de cette région enchanteresse, au nom du roi de France et lui donna le doux nom de Louisiane. C'est dans ce riche état que quelques années plus tard Iberville fondait l'opulente ville de la Nouvelle Orléans, la capitale actuelle de la Louisiane.

Mais les pas des Canadiens ne pouvaient s'arrêter là. Voyez un Pierre de Varennes, avide de découvertes et de gloire, parcourir les plaines immenses du Nord-Ouest, traverser les Montagnes Rocheuses et pousser sa course infatigable jusqu'aux rivages du Pacifique! C'est ainsi que nos pères parcouraient, il y a deux siècles, l'immensité de ce continent et qu'ils revenaient fiers de placer leurs découvertes aux pieds du Grand Roi!... Quand nous voyons cette poignée de héros accomplir des faits si brillants, nous comprenons ce qu'ils auraient pu faire s'ils avaient été secondés par la vaillante épée de la mère patrie! Comment il leur aurait été facile de doter la France d'un nouvel empire qui aurait grandi sous ses drapeaux au lieu de passer sous les couleurs Britanniques, qui aurait perpétué sur ce continent ses glorieuses traditions. Aujourd'hui les bords des grands lacs et les rives du Mississippi murmurerait encore les accents de la langue harmonieuse de Louis XIV, et les sanctuaires de milliers de temples entonneraient tous à

l'unisson un hymne à l'honneur de la foi de Clovis et de St. Louis! Mais, hélas! tout fut perdu par l'insouciance d'un Roi formé à l'école des courtisans et des philosophes!

Les épreuves que nos pères eurent à endurer, lors de la conquête, n'arrêtèrent pas l'élan qui les entraînait vers des régions inconnues. A peine la poudre des derniers combats eût-elle dissipée qu'ils allaient à la recherche de nouvelles découvertes! Ainsi sur ce continent, la chaîne des hommes aux caractères intrépides ne fut jamais brisée: depuis le père Marquette jusqu'aux illustres Evêques Blanchette, depuis La Salle jusqu'à Charles de Langlade, *The Father of Wisconsin*, ainsi que l'appellent les Américains, c'est toujours le même courage indomptable, le même dévouement sublime. En remontant le cours du temps, nous voyons de nouveaux explorateurs jeter les bases des villes les plus importantes de l'Ouest. Le voyageur qui aujourd'hui aperçoit la jeune cité de St. Paul assise sur la rive enchanteresse du Grand Fleuve, se demande quel pionnier ingénieux a fondé en un site aussi pittoresque cette ville si pleine d'avenir? Mille voix lui répondent qu'elle ne reconnaît d'autre père que Vital Guérin qui vit se grouper autour de lui un noyau de colons entreprenants dont les efforts combinés valurent à cette ville naissante le titre de Capitale du Minnesota—Descendez le Mississippi et vous trouverez encore sur les bords de la ville aux riches mines de plomb, fondée par un de nos compatriotes, Julien Dubuque, et devenue depuis longtemps la plus importante de tout l'Iowa.

Maintenant si vous dirigez vos regards vers les grands lacs, vous y voyez s'élever de distance en distance de superbes cités qui comme des phares altiers illuminent la surface onduleuse de ces vastes plaines liquides. Entre autres, la florissante cité de Milwaukee attire l'attention du navigateur qui vient de lire sur le granit le nom de son illustre fondateur, Salomon Juneau, dont la hardiesse et le désintéressement lui ont mérité un monument qui transmettra son nom à la postérité. On ne peut s'empêcher d'admirer le site remarquable—les magnifiques édifices, les tours élancées et l'activité bruyante de ce grand centre commercial.

*A continuer.*

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## EN ROUTE POUR LE CANADA.

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Notre rêve si caressé, un voyage au Canada, est enfin devenu une réalité. Nous sommes six de notre bande—c'est à peine si nous pouvons jeter un dernier regard sur la terre natale, admirer ses grands lacs et ses immen-



ses prairies, tant la vapeur nous emporte avec vitesse. Mais elle ne vole pas plus rapide que nos désirs; nous allons voir la terre où nos pères ont vu le jour, la terre qu'il nous ont appris à aimer comme notre patrie. Vole, vole, légère vapeur, et que demain, nous nous éveillions au Canada!

Il est sept heures: C'est le temps de souper. On s'attable. Chacun sort ses provisions. Excepté le Rev. P. M. qui n'est pas bien, tous mangent avec un appétit inconnu. Mr. P. se plaint que son poulet ait fait plusieurs campagnes, mais il n'est pas homme à se laisser vaincre par si peu, et bientôt l'ennemi est terrassé; quelques ossements seuls rappellent le bipède ailé qui plus d'une fois revint victorieux des combats les plus sanglants.

Les lits sont prêts: mais il nous faut grimper pour y parvenir. Quelle chaleur! on étouffe. A. L. fond en sueur auprès de son compagnon comme auprès d'une bouilloire on ferme l'œil cependant quand tout-à-coup un cri de mort retentit au milieu de la nuit; tout le monde est sur céans—c'est Mr. P. qui en se retournant écrase son voisin et le broie presque sous son poids.

On s'éveille à 5 heures, au moment où le train traverse de Détroit à Windsor. L'engin et les wagons sont placés sur un bateau et nous voilà du côté Canadien mais ce n'est pas encore le Canada pour nous, on ne parle pas le français.

A une heure et demie, nous arrivons à la chute Niagara. Il pleut à plein ciel, ce n'est pourtant qu'une ondée—La pluie cesse, le soleil perce le nuage et découvre à nos yeux ravis et étonnés la plus grande merveille de la nature.

Nous visitons d'abord le remous (whirlpool) qui se trouve au pied de la chute et produit par l'exiguïté du lit de la rivière Niagara. L'eau a 225 pieds de profondeur en cet endroit et fait 25 miles à l'heure. C'est au milieu de ces vagues qui se dressent devant nous, blanches d'écume, et s'enfuient, folles de terreur, que périt l'infortuné Capitaine Webb.

Nous longeons la côte dont les rochers taillés par la main des siècles, présentent des tours colossales, des pyramides qui surpassent en grandeur celles de l'Égypte. Encore quelques pas et nous sommes rendus à l'établissement. L'on revêt le costume de rigueur pour descendre sous la chute. Sous ces longs habits de toile cirée, avec capuchon, on se prendrait vraiment pour des capucins ou des trappistes, mais ce n'est pas pour nous l'habit de la pénitence c'est celui qui va nous procurer peut-être la plus grande jouissance de notre vie.

Nous descendons en tournoyant—l'escalier semble ne devoir jamais finir. Allons-nous aux enfers?... Non, nous sommes en face de l'abîme. La courbe du *Fer à cheval* déroule sa nappe immense verte comme

le crystal; la vapeur monte en nuages jusqu'au ciel, encens de la nature à la divinité. Nous avançons et nous voilà sous la chute elle-même.... Quelles colonnes d'eau! c'est bien celles du déluge, comme dit Chateaubriand. Quel bruit, c'est bien celui du tonnerre éclatant au milieu de la tempête. La parole manque pour peindre ce spectacle sublime: on est écrasé par tant de force et de grandeur. Est-ce l'infini qui se révèle à nous?....

Ce n'est pas sans regret qu'on s'arrache à la merveille qui s'empare de toutes les puissances de notre être et qu'on reprend notre route vers Montréal. Nous saluons Hamilton, belle petite ville, assise sur le bord du lac Ontario. A 7 heures, on change de train, à Toronto pour Kingston, nous prenons une bouchée à la hâte et après six heures de marche nous pouvons nous reposer et sommeiller dans le lit d'un hôtel. Ce n'est qu'un somme. On nous éveille pour nous rendre au bateau. Le *Corsican* nous attend, il est vaste, bien meublé: avec plaisir, on l'échange pour les chars.

Le signal du départ est donné, la rade de Kingston se déroule à nos regards avec ses nombreux clochers et ses fortifications d'un autre âge. Notre bateau cingle à travers les Mille-Isles, comme à travers autant d'édens flottant sur les ondes; nous traversons les lacs de St. François et de St. Régis; nous sautons les rapides. Le pont Victoria arrondit son arche immense sur le fleuve; les tours de Notre Dame s'élèvent majestueusement dans le lointain; le Mont Royal touche de la tête les cieux: c'est la Villa Maria, c'est pour nous le Canada!

Un élève touriste.

#### CUEILLETES.

— Vacance!

— Adieu livres et cahiers!

— A nous les champs, l'air, la liberté!

— Ed. Caron a laissé sa pharmacie pour recevoir ses diplômes du cours Commercial. Rien ne lui manque maintenant. En avant, Edouard!

— Mr. Arthur Desjardins de la maison de Marshall & Field nous a fait visite, lors des examens. Tout lui réussit à merveille; il n'a pas même besoin de prendre un habit par la fenêtre.

— Nos touristes ont eu le plaisir de rencontrer MM. Libert et Gélinau, au Séminaire de St. Sulpice. Nos deux anciens sont en bonne santé et prendront leur vol pour les Illinois le 26 du courant.

— Mr. Libert ne *viellit* pas; il a fait cela, lorsqu'il était au Collège. Il rajeunit maintenant.

— Arthur Gélinau a grandi considérablement, ce n'est plus le petit Arthur, c'est un jeune homme, mais encore avec la grâce de l'enfance sur sa bonne figure.



## A HOME PICTURE.

Our picture however with no word concerning the social and religious life of these United States would be incomplete. We will simply touch the question and asking your attention, not detain you long. In regard to our social standing *in general* at home and abroad little need be said. Possibly it will bear favorable comparison with any in the world. But remember our definition calls for excellence in American Manhood especially, *at maturity*. In private, and among ourselves it is allowable to talk it over, if not to criticize it, before our outside friends. Now what is it in truth?

Reading over the lives of men who figured conspicuously and are our boast for the last fifty, not to say one hundred years we must come to the conclusion that they possessed more simplicity, more honesty of purpose, more genuine truthfulness than those of the present generation. If they were a little less advanced, as we say, they were certainly, in all things, more careful than their grand-children—less hasty and in the end, from getting all they could by prudent, but, slow plodding—more happy, because they grasped at only that which they knew would do them, nor envied their more lucky neighbors for possessing more. Socially speaking young America is very different from old America and we doubt whether its manhood is as excellent. Facts are stubborn things and history makes them indisputable arguments. We have no doubt a great many would say, if a vote were taken on the question to-day that, socially speaking, there was a good deal of old fogysm, among even our models, among the men and women of fifty, yes, and thirty years ago. It may be all very well, says some youngster of to-day for our fathers to have had patriotism, reverence for God, for old age, respect for parents—adherence to principle, love of truth these were very good things in their way—justice, square dealing in business, disinterestedness, official station to do good to one's country, not for sake of money but for glory—all these again may have been excellent things—but now exclaims the same youth, all is changed and the welfare of the nation and our progressive manhood demand the change. We could not live as our fathers did. Our temperament is different, our horizon is wider, we need more latitude we are educated, rich, and change we needs must have.

Yes, Ladies and Gentlemen, the times have changed. So unfortunately, have the men and the means, but the question is—has our manhood improved? Will a close inspection show that we are socially better, more advanced than those whose standard of life we challenge to be surpassed in excellence in the world. Socially speaking, we may turn backward, and contrary to the

usual result, we shall find that by imitation of our fathers we shall go forward in the right direction. The old pagan historian gave good advice to the Romans. He bade them beware of extravagance in dress; to look to the proper administration of justice in their courts of law; to study their amusements and their theatres—and had he lived to-day, though he might have blessed the printing press for its manifold benefits, he, no doubt, would have cautioned his people against the fatal deluge of too many unhealthy, too many rotten, crawling publications of sin and immorality. Ladies and gentlemen, we owe much to the Romans—we owe more to Rome—and the voice of an immortal Roman Captain Leo XIII has more than once uttered the excellent warning of the pagan historian of 2000 years ago. Socially speaking, to continue our prosperity, to uphold the lustre of genuine American Manhood a return to first principles is essential. A more determined love of honesty and truth must prevail; a less reckless expenditure of money must characterize our dealings—a decent regard for the laws of God and our neighbor must be maintained a becoming order in the carrying on of business—No Grant and Ward contracts no bogus Fish margins—then failing up to satisfy our creditors when the real object is to get rich and help ourselves to the tune of 75 and 80 per cent. All this is the real change needed. Then we shall be great not only in the material sense, but great at home, at the fireside where so much happiness may be found, great in the counting room, in every business department, great too where there is much need for improvement—in the political arena.

## CONCLUSION.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen we conclude. We have shown you in American Manhood what we consider a title of a glory worth possessing by any people. As far as we, at least are concerned, we thank God, our manhood has known its crowning glory in the blessings of the religion and church to which we belong, and all we ask is that, no one will be offended, if we say that we are willing to share our knowledge and our happiness with all our fellow citizens. The history of our church and her progress in these United States is an open letter. She has enjoyed American freedom and she has paid back a thousand fold of benefit in school, in church, in every business enterprise, on every field of battle from 76 to recent 65 and so she will continue to do, progressing,—advancing with the foremost in all that is truth, in all that is good, in all that is honorable, in all that is for the welfare of the Republic, because she is Catholic she has charity and with her charity, she ennobles what she loves in her subjects, what she cultivates in her adherents here in



this land of freedom, pointing upward to the skies where she tells them, there is a model and a reward for noble, generous American, but Chief of all—Christian Catholic Manhood.

F. J. Quinn.

### THE ANNUAL PICNIC.

In order to comply with an old traditional observance of the place, we, through deference for our ancestors, thought it our duty to follow in their footsteps under the same colors and at the sounds of the same stirring strains—The picnic—it had been the talk of days and weeks among large and small circles, as it also gradually became the subject of much action on the part of several of our enterprising youths who desired to make a success of the whole affair. The place was appointed: it was a lovely green profusely shaded by the wild forest trees that border the Iroquois. The "Minnie Lillie" was to be the happy bearer, not of Caesar, but of many an admirer of the conqueror of Gaul.

At last that long looked-for day dawned bright and clear.—Early in the morning, with our Cadets *en tête*, we heeled and toed it to K K K. On nearing the city every one braced up to walk through the streets. We were soon there—again the band played and in a minute we were on the wharf waiting for the signal—All aboard, cried the Captain. Just imagine how long it took us boys to get there!...Toot! Toot! goes the whistle and off we wheel.

We leave to the novelist the description of the dark forests that border the Kankakee, the violets that wave on the shore, and whilst the chorus of "sweet violets" was still echoing from the majestic oaks we had reached through the Iroquois, the Picnic Grounds. Groups are formed, tables are set, one would imagine a strawberry festival, neither did we forget the ice-cream. Then recreation! All sports are engaged in successively; we are told even that some of the boys smoked a cigar or two (don't tell the prefect.)

Things so sweet and time so gay though are quick spent—and soon the rallying cry "abeamus" is heard ringing on the woodland breeze. Quick we gather our remnants of picnic ware and off to the bank. We are all there and—farewell to the picnic grounds, away we are, with music, singing and glee all the way—while down, down the stream we hurry along until we see Kankakee again—Our journey is well nigh done.

Arrived at the little dock we filed in ranks and wended our way back to our college campus—Weary we sat in little groups dispersed here and there about the yard. We unanimously came to the conclusion that we had all a fine day and agreed on a vote of thanks to Mr. Picnic—gave him a parting shake and warmly invited him to call again—

A Fellow.

### FAREWELL TO COLLEGE LIFE.

When first a boy leaves behind him father and mother, and home and fond friends of boyhood, and, taking sad farewell of all that is dear to him, sets off for college, he seems to have left a world of love and friendship, and to be entering another where all is strange and narrow and cold. The very size and appear-

ance of the college dishearten him. In imagination, he beholds the spectre, Discipline, stalking about long corridors, striding through spacious halls. Even the great joy he witnesses among old students at their meeting after vacation makes him feel lonely, for their very cordiality stamps him all the more a stranger. The director, it is true, may be an affable man; may endeavor to make him feel at home; but somehow—there is too much of the idea of authority and intellectual superiority associated with the name of college-Director, to permit his being, on first acquaintance, a very lovable personage.

The first day of class arrives. The bell rings. In the ear of the new student it unmistakably says, "now sir you are under the rule for ten months—ten months of prison life and hard work." With a sigh for the days that are gone, he resigns himself to his fate. On taking up his books, however, to prepare his first lessons, he finds the lessons not so very difficult. He goes to class, and is most agreeably surprised to ascertain that his professors are not at all the severe old pedagogues he imagined. He goes out at recreation time, and is welcomed to take part in all the games. As the days pass by he finds that the more he studies, the more he feels at home, the more agreeable his superiors become; then he begins to wonder if these boys may not eventually become as good friends to him as those he had at home. When the night of the "list" comes round, he is delighted to hear his name mentioned among those who have distinguished themselves.—and, shining on his breast, he carries off his first medal. With what joy he sends home the news of his triumph! From that moment he is changed; ambition has sprung up in his bosom; the more he thinks of the loved ones at home, the more is he urged to hard work. When the end of the year approaches, and competition for premiums begins, he studies harder than ever in order to carry off a prize; not, indeed, because the prize is of intrinsic value, but because it shows that he has performed his duty, has remembered his beloved parents, and done something to please them. As a consequence of his diligence and good conduct, he has been successful, and has contracted a liking for his new home which makes him anxious to return after vacation and recommence his career of school-triumph.

This is generally the way with students who are in earnest—this has been the case with us members of the class of '84. We felt the same dislike in the beginning, but gradually grew out of it; we have borne off in boyish pride our premiums at the Commencement; and after enjoying a well-earned vacation, have been glad to return at the beginning of every new College year. Under the zealous direction of our Prefect of Studies, we have advanced in knowledge, and under the whole-souled teaching and example of our Spiritual Director we have been made, at least to love, if not constantly to practice, virtue. Of course we do not claim to have been the most exemplary students. We have had, it is true, occasional misunderstandings with one another,



and with the other scholars. But who thinks of them now? They only made us respect one another the more. We have sometimes, too, "differed in opinion" with our superiors; and, for some reason that we could never see clearly, have invariably come out—second best. We have been obliged, moreover, in some cases to settle the matter by what we considered a large amount of rather unnecessary "writing." But after all, when we considered that we had come here to be educated, that youth is liable to make mistakes, and do imprudent things; and that our superiors corrected us only for our own good; we learned at length to love the hand that checked whilst steadying our faltering steps.

We have gradually grown into the place, until now it seems almost necessary to our happiness to be under these good Religious, with these companions, amid these scenes. The play ground, where we have so often striven in sport; the study-hall and class-rooms, that have been the scenes of our labors; the society-rooms, where, in our mock debates, we called up the shades of long-departed heroes, to pass judgment on their lives and actions; where we solved political problems—with self-sufficient jurisprudence—the chapel where we have so often knelt together, and, with prayerful souls invoked the blessings of Heaven upon our youth;—even this stage, which has witnessed our school-boy triumphs—have all become familiar and dear to us. With what wild merriment have we gone, in winter, on sleigh-rides into the country! How often have we tramped to the city, to the fair; what gay old times we have had on summer picnics and excursions. How many after-noons have we enjoyed in boating on the river, gliding along with the swift current—stopping now and then to quench our thirst at one of the many springs along the shore, or to gaze in admiration on the beauty of the surrounding scenery. How often have we sat beneath the shade of the tress on the bank and talked the sultry afternoon away. How pleasant it was then to listen to the echoes stealing back from the graves on the opposite side; how pleasant to stand with bared heads and enjoy the cool and perfumed breezes that came from far beyond. How often have we threaded the picturesque ravines, and clambered up the rocky sides to gather the first wild flowers of spring. With what mingled feelings of awe and veneration have we learned to look upon that old bell up there in the steeple, which has for so many years rung the Angelus; which has rung at so many births, and tolled with solemn voice at the departure of so many lives—lives of some most dear to us. Now all our little difficulties, disappointments, sorrows and moments of despondency, when compared with the pure joys, the successes, the years of true happiness, are like the fleeting shadows

thrown by summer clouds upon bright and pleasing landscapes in the month of June.

As we gaze to-day upon the blissful vision of our college-life with its lights and its shadows, how we wish it could be always thus; but an irrepressible feeling of sadness comes over us when we think that we are gazing on that vision for the last time, that we have passed through the flowery fields of youth, and are now on the confines of manhood with the future veiled and shrouded from our sight. Now that we have become so attached to this place, how hard is it to think of parting. When every room, when every place about, has become sacred by association; when our teachers have become dear to us as parents, for the instruction they have instilled into our minds, for the virtues they have implanted in our hearts; and when we students have become attached to one another by living so long together under the same roof, engaging in the same duties, and partaking of the same enjoyments: how hard is it to tear ourselves away.—O Alma Mater thou hast been a tender mother to us! Thou hast inculcated in our minds these sound doctrines so well calculated to enable us to meet bravely the stern realities of life; those principles that will inspire us to bear up with courage against misfortune and trials, and struggle with manly christian fortitude in the path of duty to which God may summon us. Now dear Alma Mater we are to bid you a long farewell, and tempt the future alone. Dear companions, we have been thrown together here by God to journey on in company for perhaps the happiest period of our lives; now we must separate, and, it may be, never more to meet within this vale of tears.

Farewell ye pleasant scenes about our youthful home dear grove of Bourbonnais, peopled with memories and associations to us so dear and sweet! Farewell ye old gray walls, silent witnesses of our college life. Farewell dear old study-hall, where we tasted first, then drank of the salutary draughts of science. Farewell homely pious little chapel, where we so often knelt and so often prayed together. Farewell beloved companions of our college course, friends of happy years, fellows of our youthful sports. Farewell beloved Director honored superiors. Dear Alma Mater! though we follow the finger of God to the field where duty calls yet it wrings our hearts to say the word—Farewell—a long—a last Farewell.

Jno. J. McCann.

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#### PERSONALS.

At the Trinity ordinations in Baltimore Messrs. Francis N. Perry '81 and Thomas Kearney '83 both of Chicago, received tonsure from Archbishop Gibbons; on the same day Mr. Francis O'Reilly '81 of Peoria received subdeaconship from Archbishop Corrigan.



On Friday last, June 20th. Rev. Thomas Deveney '81 of Peoria received the sacred order of Priesthood from Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Rev. Deveney paid us a flying visit on the following day; you have, Rev. Father, the best wishes of the JOURNAL and of your old Friends of St. Viateur's College.

James Curran, class of '80 is running a cattle ranch in California.

Hurrah for Jim he'll soon be a bigger man than his father!!!

Tom Sullivan, class of '80 is at present retailing the Protoxide of nitrogen, much to the gratification of the inhabitants of Dixon, Illinois,

Solid for Tom!!!

Tom Shields, class of '76 is carrying on quite an extensive business in Wilmington.

Good luck to you Tom!!!

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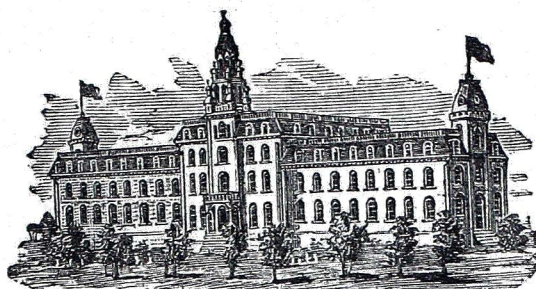
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