

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

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No 18

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

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

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EDITORIALS.

THE POETRY which graces these pages is a contribution from one of our Chicago readers, to whom we are grateful for the favor.

THE SPORTING season has opened and again the active junior, the appreciative senior and the frisky minim, glad to be freed from the in door captivity, lightly bound over the fresh green in the warm sun. The several games of base ball that have been played not only have wrought salutary effects on the participants themselves, but they have also interested numbers of amused on-lookers and have even drawn the book-worms from their favorite haunts—the reading room and the study hall, to witness the classic(?) sport.

DO YOU see that Junior with the ruddy cheeks and countenance all lit up with the delights of victory? He is a base-ballist, just after winning a hotly contested game. Follow him, if you will, to that group of his mates and watch his enthusiastic talk, his gestures imitative of every manner of base ball feats. How they all laugh and enjoy it! Fol-

low him again to the study hall. See how he sinks into his chair, quickly wipes the perspiration from his face and bravely reaches for his Virgil, his history or his geography. In a moment he is completely absorbed in study. Notice how quick his eye is and how his countenance beams with the intelligence of what he scans. Every move indicates a healthy, earnest, bright and happy student—and, so vigorous is his young mind, refreshed at times by the exhilarating sports into which he always throws his whole being, that when at his desk he is capable of solid and quick work. And so are those who partake in manly sports generally.

BUT WHO comes there slowly along the yard fence, looking so dissatisfied at the call of the bell and in fact almost unwell? murmuring as he listlessly whittles a piece of a stick and chews gum (Somebody's best?) Who is it? That is the young fellow who never plays (and who studies only in proportion). You will find him a chronic grumbler and constitutionally lazy. He hates to stir from one place to another and perfectly abhors any kind of boisterous game or healthy exercise—just what would shake him into the right mood. He abominates exertion of any kind. When he has taxed himself so far as to move from his snug shade in the yard to his cushioned chair in the study hall, he presently proceeds to indulge in the indemnity he believes himself entitled to and goes to sleep. He will have repeatedly worn threadbare that so oft used parts of his habiliments, the seat of his pantaloons, and still will be at the Alpha Beta of all things knowable. Happily these cases are rare birds—but the genus exists.

WE CALL the attention of our fellow-students to the essay on "The Use of Words" where they will find an abundance of useful and amusing suggestions.

BOURBONNAIS.

When winds blew wild and earth looked bleak
One early chill spring day
In quest of—well, of that I found,
I sought out Bourbonnais.

A clouded sky arched high above,
And all about in plenty lay
The dearth of winter, but, Oh, yet
I turned me not away,

For peaceful homes about—were reared
Tho' closed each cottage door that day,
And yet I felt there's welcome here,
And cheer in Bourbonnais.

And as I gazed afar and near
Where e'er my eager eyes would stray
I felt—God's special presence there,
Aye, there, in Bourbonnais.

Like Beth'l'm town of ancient fame
Where Christ a helpless infant lay,
Thus, nestles, in its humbleness,
The village Bourbonnais.

What star hath guided me, I said,
To hitherto wend my steps to-day
In quest of that I heard was best
Acquired in Bourbonnais.

What magic pow'r awoke the spell
And urged me on when I would stay
In hesitance or aye or no
To visit Bourbonnais?

Then clasping close my daughter's hand
I said, dear child, twixt work and play
Thou here canst knowledge gain for soul
And mind in Bourbonnais.

Dear village whereso e'er I roam,
Or how my Wheel of Fortune play,
I must confess I fell in love
With thee that wild spring day.

I viewed not marble Halls or wealth,
Tho' wealth abounds without display
And life is prized for its true worth
By those in Bourbonnais.

Oh, gold 'tis true doth purchase much,
And smooth o'er many an earthly way,
But gold of Love is the bright crown
On thy brow Bourbonnais.

And better far than wealth can buy
Thou holdest in thine arms to-day
Since in thy lap Simplicity
There nestles, like a child at play.

And, better far than gold can buy,
Religion in thy realms holds sway
And Christ and Christly Creeds are known
And taught in Bourbonnais.

So I, who left the city's mart
In question should I go or stay,
Found charm aft charm to glad my heart
And eyes in Bourbonnais.

I saw there wealth of stately trees,
That rear their height aloft and sway
As do the prairie winds compel;
Each leaf a tongue
By Angel's rung
With now a matin now a knell—
Oh! these the belfreys are that tell
Of love and Xtian peace that dwell
In the grove of Bourbonnais.

And cozy houses met my view,
Like gems diffusing ray on ray,
That lend an added charm to "Home
Sweet Home" in Bourbonnais.

And priestly priests I saw about,
And College boys—a grand display,
And convent walls and convent girls,
The pride of Bourbonnais.

"Town Hall," and "Church," and "Post Office,"
And lawyers that have much to say;
And doctors too, tho' health is good
I'm told in Bourbonnais.

O quaint, quiet—village that thou art
I have not looked my last on thee
For with the robins I will come
To join their Minstrelsy.

A cottage 'mid thy cottages
I'll seek me aft a brief delay,
And make me there a home of rest—
Won't I? dear Bourbonnais.

And 'mid the friends I there may meet
Oh, love shall have the right of way,
And peace shall crown my life at last
I know in Bourbonnais.

And to the friends who welcomed me
 With open doors and hearts that day
 When earth looked bleak and winds blew wild
 As college boys are wont to play
 I pray God bless and prosper them,
 And God bless Bourbonnais.

Marah.

Cosy Nook.

Chicago, March 28, 1888.

USE OF WORDS.

READ BY W. PRENDERGAST BEFORE ST. PATRICK'S
 SOCIETY.

REV. MODERATOR, MR. VICE PRESIDENT, AND FEL-
 LOW MEMBERS:—

Of all the gifts which have rained down from heaven upon man, there is scarcely one which has been more subjected to abuse than language. Intended as it was by the Creator to echo forth man's praise, love and gratitude to his Maker, and to communicate his thoughts to his fellow-man, it has been made the instrument of horrible blasphemy against God, and the vehicle of all that is foul in the heart of man. As I do not intend a moral lecture, I will pass over to another species of abuse to which language is subjected, viz; wrong selection, collocation, and pronunciation of words, which will afford us ample opportunity to spend usefully and perhaps enjoyably the time allotted me.

To one who circulates among the ceaselessly talking mass of humanity which we call "the world," or the more select but none-the-less talkative element called "college boys" it becomes painfully evident that the language is murdered not only in the first or second degrees, but in all degrees. On our very campus, in our class rooms, in the very midst of this, our so called senate of letters, words have suffered violence and cry to heaven for vengeance; cry to French, Burrows, Mathews, myself, and others who are willing to shoulder the task.—Now gentlemen I open up and all I ask is that you will keep your seats until I get through, and I hope that you will not eject me from your midst for the bold truths that I shall in the course of my speech disclose. Now begins the first point:

In the choice of words some are fastidious—selecting only those words which sound learned and are of a rare and distinguished appearance; some are very injudicious and careless taking the first word that occurs to them, without ascertaining its real or exact import; so long as it nearly expresses their meaning they are at no pains to find anything better; others are not fastidious or reckless, but entirely ignorant in their choice. To the first class of sinners belong some of the most re-

finéd writers in the English language; authors who make it a point to use Latin and Greek derivatives, words of learned length, words that smack of big unabridged lexicons, words that the common herd cannot digest without the medical application of several dictionaries.

Among these writers are sometimes classed Archbishop Tillotson, Sir William Temple, the elegant Addison himself, the gorgeously magnificent Shaftesbury—and many more modern writers. The desire of verbal pomposity is fatal to a writer, especially a young one—Beware of this passion for it will lead you into a disastrous habit of never-ending redundancy and distasteful affectation.

You would never have caught Dean Swift, the simplest writer of our language, putting down "What conglomeration of multifarious cogitations!"—he would simply have said "What a host of varied thoughts!" Nor is it proper to say that school boys' ears are "huge and large"—"huge" includes "large" by a large majority. When Bill Nye indignantly apostrophized the Parisian drug store clerk and wound up with "Parley Voo, epluribus unum, sic semper go bragh!"—well might he add "Do you understand *that*?" Such a discharge was killing, especially for a clerk whose early education had been neglected.

How many of our otherwise level-headed American gentlemen and ladies, (especially ladies, dudes and college boys) manage to screw into their conversation French words (horribly mangled) just to appear *bon-ton*: or will employ terms peculiar to John Bull, merely because "it's English, you know." Such practice in oral or written conversation is contemptible, and a way outside the realms of good taste. College editors are sometimes subject to this malady. Some very bad cases are known to exist within a radius of not more than one thousand miles from this spot.

To convince you of the existence, the nature and frequency of the two other faults, viz: injudiciousness and ignorance in the selection of words, I need only send you, you yourselves, fellow members, to your own compositions, such as you receive them back from your professors, all travelled over with the blue pencil of correction. They fairly teem, almost every one, with gross improprieties. I will not attempt to exhaust all examples that have come under my notice. To say, for example, that the "Varieties of college characters are as bountiful as locusts in Africa or grass-hoppers in Kansas" is manifestly wrong. "Bountiful" should be "plentiful" or "common" or "countless." Whether this mistake proceeds from ignorance or carelessness critics have not yet pronounced. To talk of *millinery* tactics rather suggests the idea of enormous bills than the smell of powder and shot. To give more examples would take too much time, so I will pass to the second point which is the collection or arrangement of words.

The Greek and Roman boys and girls enjoyed an advantage of which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors have seen good to deprive us, without handing down any reason for doing so.

The Greek and Roman boys and girls could throw their words in any way and presto! their sentence was built—elegant Greek and Latin. Not so with us; we must have our words in a clear orderly manner, otherwise we are total failures. There have been and still are found cases of young writers who have attempted to enjoy the luxury of the ancients—But it has made their style so scattered-like that they have been obliged to quit.

In German, on account of their preserving the cases, there is still room for considerable inversion;—but in English, as in most modern languages, such as the French, the *Irish*, the Spanish and the Italian, sentences must invariably stand up. Supposing one were to write this notice: "There has wandered away from the premises an officer belonging to company A without his sword into the woods," the arrangement would be vicious in the extreme. The smart country school teacher could not refrain from laughing when one of the boys said "I saw a man digging a well with a Roman nose," but she seemed very serious when she said: "I have chairs for twenty pupils without backs."

"He tries to reduce everybody to the last extremity of despair by his *invulnerable* loquacity." This sentence is beyond all hope of repair.

"His hair seems the failure of an attempt of a pompadour." Sad, sad.—

"His height seems to suit his peculiar manner as he is about two feet in height." Sense entirely absent.

"It's my great delight to take a glimpse at this patriarchal personage which I think there never was presented any livelier curiosity to my notice"—this sentence is certainly a monstrous curiosity.

— "Everything in this world seems to *delight* and *amuse* him." Amuse figures poorly after delight.

— "It's enough to throw anybody down when hearing his grand oratorical voice strutting out of his lungs"

What an effort such a sentence must cost a writer!

"He doesn't seem to possess any depth of thought, nor any trouble to sorrow his always aching heart." Really this would look painful in print.

"He wears an old brim hat on one side of his head with a hole in the middle," Hopeless case.

This much for collocation. We will now pass to the third and most important point of my discourse, upon which I desire your most entire and unflagging attention, since what I'll say addresses itself to you all personally. It is the most important part of my essay because no matter how perfect a man, woman or child may be in their selection and arrangement of words, two

thirds of the elegance and grandeur of their sentence are lost if the words are not properly pronounced. It is as essential to all spoken language that the words be pronounced according to some standard authority. Who would have thought of a Blairist insisting on making poetry, poertry, or of a pedagogical phisiologist trying to turn larynx into larnix, pharynx into pharnix?

So cosmopolitan are the elements of which our society here at college is formed, that there are constantly dinned into our ears provincialisms which border on the coarsest barbarism. Say what the Southerners may about Chicago *dees* and *dere's*, these appear mild by the side of their *hord-horted sorcasn*. I have but one advice to give those young men, it is to *guord* against the *bar-bororous* practice they have of paying so little *regord* to the fine *ort* of pronunciation. Imagine if you can, the predicament of the southern gallant taking his escort around the *porks*! With them it is all one thing for a musician to play his *chords*, the gambler to play *cords* and the hangman to arrange his *cords* right. Mark well what I say therefore: it is entirely indispensable for your future success in the world, to go straight to your dictionaries, where you'll find the proper sounds of words marked out *vevey cleawely*. With good will to all and bad will to none, I think, my dear friends, I am about done.

LOCALS.

— Fishing—

— The Battalion and band thank Rev. Father Shannon for his kind *treatment*.

— Rev. J. S. Finn, our able and esteemed Prof of rhetoric is soon to be called for Ordination. While we regret his departure, we sincerely wish him an abundance of happiness and good health.

— Mrs. E. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kerr, and Mrs. F. Bellamy visited the college this week.

— Class of military tactics took place last Thursday for the first time. Attendance 40.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

ADOPTED BY

THE MEMBERS OF ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE BATTALION
ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE FATHER OF OUR
BELOVED MAJOR,

HEADQUARTERS S. V. C. BATTALION. APRIL 1, 1888.

WHEREAS, The members of this battalion have learned with sorrow of the death of Mr. Joseph Legris, the father of our Major and benefactor of the College, and,

WHEREAS, our sorrow is the more keen because the family have lost a faithful head and Christian father, and,

WHEREAS, we bow in faithful submission to the will of

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 14 Avril 1888.

No 13.

LE SOLEIL EN MER.

AU REV. J. LESAGE

Vous êtes-vous jamais trouvé seul sur les mers?
Était-ce loin des bords, au souffle des tempêtes?
Voyiez-vous sous vos pieds les abîmes amers
Et la voûte céleste audessus de vos têtes?

Avez-vous, au milieu de ces deux infinis
Qui semblent s'embrasser, vu surgir dans l'espace
Le roi brillant du jour aux regards réjouis,
Laissant derrière lui sa lumineuse trace?

Rien n'arrête ses pas sur l'humide élément.
Aucun mont devant lui n'élève de barrière,
Et comme il monte aux cieux majestueusement!
Jamais ainsi vainqueur n'entra dans sa carrière.

Semblable à Dieu au sein de son éternité,
Le soleil radieux de l'éclat de sa gloire
Inonde l'océan, remplit l'immensité;
Et les flots, pleins de joie, exaltent sa victoire.

Tout prend des teintes d'or, et l'on semble voguer
Vers un monde nouveau sur des flots de lumière.
Devant l'astre qui vient au ciel se prodiguer,
Ah! chaque être s'incline et se fond en prière!....

O terrestres splendeurs, chaste éblouissement,
Vous êtes un éclair qui soudainement dore
Les ombres d'ici-bas. Et l'œil croit, un moment,
Entrevoir les clartés de l'éternelle aurore!

Que vous agrandissez nos étroits horizons.
O soleil, sur les mers! Et que vos traits de flamme,
Ainsi que sur les eaux s'impriment vos rayons,
Gravent de l'infini l'image dans notre âme!

M**

ADRESSES

A Monsieur E. H. Tardivel, Représentant Officiel du
Comité de la Convention Générale des Canadiens-Fran-
çais des États-Unis à Nashua.

HONNORE MONSIEUR,

Au nom des élè-
ves du Collège de St. Viateur, qu'il me soit permis de
souhaiter la bienvenue au patriotique délégué que nous
envoient nos frères de l'Est. La mission que vous vous
êtes imposée, et le zèle avec lequel vous l'accomplissez

vous ouvrent les portes de notre Alma Mater et vous
gagnent l'admiration de tous.

Cette maison, née du plus pur patriotisme, la premiè-
re fondée par notre race sur le sol de cette grande Ré-
publique, tressaille de joie en saluant un des fils de la
plus ancienne institution du Canada et de toute l'Amé-
rique. La réputation que vous vous êtes acquise aussi
bien que le noble but que vous poursuivez en ce moment,
est pour nous un exemple en même temps qu'un en-
couragement. Oui, votre présence nous dit éloquem-
ment ce que peut faire le talent mis au service d'une
noble cause et ce que nous pourrions accomplir un jour
pour le soutien de notre nationalité, en marchant sur vos
traces.

Plus que jamais, nous comprenons l'importance de
l'éducation qui donne aux peuples la supériorité intel-
lectuelle et rend les hommes immortels en allumant
dans leurs âmes le feu du génie. Plus que jamais, nous
voulons rester attachés à notre langue, ce legs précieux
de nos mères, cette clef de tous les trésors littéraires, et
conserver la foi que nos pères ont emportée sur une ter-
re étrangère, comme autrefois Enée, en fuyant de Troie
vers la douce Ausonie.

Veuillez bien accepter ces quelques paroles de notre
bouche et les accords joyeux de nos instruments, com-
me un hommage dû à votre dévouement pour la cause
nationale et l'expression de nos remerciements envers
nos compatriotes de l'Est, auxquels nous tendons res-
pectueusement la main.

Les élèves du Collège St. Viateur de Bourbonnais.

JERUSALEM.

Que vous apprendrai-je donc au sujet de cette ville?
Qui novi?..... Quelques petites remarques assez
originales, peut-être parce qu'elles sont inédites....
Port-Said, ville de 10,000 âmes et située sur la côte
Nord de l'Égypte, à l'entrée du canal de Suez, fut mon
point de départ pour Jérusalem, aussi bien que celui de
mon retour. Il y a trois jours de navigation depuis cet
endroit jusqu'à Jaffa. Or Jaffa se trouve, comme vous
savez, sur la côte asiatique baignée par la Mer d'Orient,
c'est à dire à l'extrémité Est de la Méditerranée.

De Jaffa à Jérusalem en passant par Ramleh, il y a

à peu près dix-huit heures de voiture. Les faits historiques relatifs à ce parcours sont trop nombreux pour être détaillés dans une correspondance comme celle-ci, malgré tout l'intérêt qu'ils comportent, puisqu'il s'agit de Simon le corroyeur, des Croisés, de St. Louis, de Napoléon, du Calife Omar, de Bibes, Sultan d'Egypte, voire de Hiram, Jonas, David et Goliath. Après les bouleversements de rochers, la terre se refait un peu pour mieux faire apprécier les dégâts de la ville châtiée,

Le cœur bat en entrant à Jérusalem par cette porte de Jaffa; c'est bien la ville qui inspira les Lamentations de Jérémie. Nous descendons de voiture à une petite distance et "Stantes erant pedes nostri in atriis tuis Jerusalem"! Notre guide prend le devant et nous voilà déjà dans une rue remplie de débris, de chaux, de pierres, de trous, de buttes et de saletés de tous genres! Les précautions qu'il fallait prendre pour ne pas trébucher détournent presque constamment nos regards scrutateurs des sales maisons et de la malpropreté des habitants du lieu. Finalement nous nous engouffrons dans une ruelle qu'en Amérique on appellerait *corridor* ou *allée* tout au plus. Elle va en descendant et est un peu moins dégoûtante que la première. Par cette rue tortueuse, nous arrivons à l'établissement des Franciscains qui tiennent ici un bon hôte pour les pèlerins. Jérusalem est bien synonyme de désolation et n'allez pas croire que j'exagère dans ces quelques lignes.

Eh bien! donc, qu'est-ce que Jérusalem? La réponse, il faut l'espérer, ne doit pas être la même en tout temps, mais la voici pour l'époque où je l'ai visitée. C'est une ville sale où règne la confusion des rues, des établissements, des choses, des animaux, des hommes et pourquoi pas des idées? N'ayez pas peur en rencontrant un soldat, même un officier guenilleux et dont vous voyez remuer les doigts des pieds à travers les chaussures, car c'est la mode par ici. Les défenseurs de la patrie se donnent tant de mouvement que les coutures de leurs pantalons mêmes n'y peuvent résister!

Prenez la résolution de ne pas vous étonner ou de ne pas rire à la vue d'une vraie dalmatique sur le dos d'un homme nu-pieds, nu-jambes ou des costumes burlesques que vous découvrirez subitement au coin d'une ruelle, car ils couvrent peut-être un rabbi, un ministre de Mahomet, etc.

Ne faites pas trop attention à ces hommes ou à ces femmes assis et mangeant le long des rues, car votre cœur pourrait se soulever! Que le nombre des lépreux à la figure marbrée de mousse blanche, ne vous étonne en rien, quand même il ne leur resterait que quelques bouts de doigts non rongés par l'affreuse maladie!

Il ne faut pas faire cas non plus des chiens errants qui vous feront visite ou vous suivront pendant quelque temps. Ils ont leurs maîtres dans la ville et ne se pro-

mènent que pour nettoyer les rues des balayures et des restants de cuisine qu'on y jette! C'est de la *politique turque*! Et dire qu'un touriste turc dans un livre qu'il a publié reproche aux Européens la malpropreté de leurs villes! C'est bien le cas d'appliquer la parabole de la paille et de la poutre. Mais le passage vous est barré par un chameau couché en travers d'un chemin; il vous regarde d'un air moqueur avec sa lèvre inférieure tremblante à la *négligé*! Ne vous inquiétez de rien, mon ami, passez *par-dessus*, et vous n'en aurez que plus de mérite aux yeux du *Grand Turc*! Dailleurs le chameau vous laissera bien faire!

Enfin sans plus de détails, figurez-vous, autant que possible, que vous êtes dans une ville habitée par du monde et vous vous trouvez à Jérusalem? Une dame anglaise me témoignait sa surprise de ce qu'une ville aux monuments si précieux et qui attire tant de nobles visiteurs ne fut pas mieux tenue que cela. Je lui répondis que c'était une permission du ciel pour mieux faire voir l'accomplissement des prophéties concernant la désolation qui doit peser sur la ville coupable. Alors elle trouva que *tout était en bon ordre*? N'est-ce pas un moyen de montrer aussi à l'univers qu'elle espèce de civilisation existe en dehors du christianisme? Si par leur négligence à Jérusalem, l'intention des Turcs est de prouver clairement combien le Koran les a rendus inférieurs aux chrétiens, ils réussissent à merveille! D'un autre côté, comme les yeux de la Foi ne voient en tout cela que la suite d'une grande malédiction, les Turcs ne seraient que les instruments de la Providence pour couvrir d'ignominie la ville rebelle.

Et, pour ce qui est de la Religion, serait-il désirable que les musulmans fussent remplacés par quelque une des nations chrétiennes de nos jours? Est-ce que les menées des nouveaux infidèles chez eux seraient une meilleure garantie pour la Foi à Jérusalem que les agissements des fils du Croissant? J'en doute et je ne crois pas être le seul.

Vu le grand nombre d'allants et venants, il est assez difficile de trouver le vrai chiffre de la population de Jérusalem. Cependant on croit que le nombre réel des habitants de la ville peut s'élever à une trentaine de mille.

Les 8000 chrétiens se partagent en plusieurs groupes savoir: 3000 Grecs, 1500 Catholiques Romains et 600 Arméniens. Le reste se compose de Jacobites, de Cophites, d'Abyssiniens et de Protestants qui font petite mine. Ces derniers réussissent mieux là où l'esprit d'indépendance ou d'indifférence aime à renverser toute autorité. Les Catholiques ont un Patriarche, un Abbé mitré, des Franciscains, des Pères Blancs, des Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes, des Sœurs de Sion, etc.

Les Mahométans comptent 4000 adhérents. Comme partout, il n'y a presque pas de classe moyenne chez eux.

L'on y est très-riche ou très-pauvre, ce qui explique la mine chétive du grand nombre, qui d'ailleurs tient peu à thésauriser. En faisant de belles installations, ils s'exposent à en être dépouillés par un Pacha qui, pour cela, les enverra en pèlerinage à la Mecque!

Parlerai-je des constructions? D'abord les murs de la ville ont assez bonne apparence. Ils ont été réparés sous Saladin qui y employa les chrétiens pauvres, dont personne n'avait payé la rançon et qui, comme vous savez, travaillèrent *sous le fouet* de leurs conducteurs. A ces murs sont attachées trente quatre tours, nombre approximatif des années du Seigneur. Il y a aussi sept portes qui représentent bien les *sept douleurs*! Celle par laquelle eut lieu l'Entrée triomphante du Messie est toujours fermée et soigneusement gardée, car un dicton musulman rapporte que "le jour où cette porte s'ouvrira, si jamais elle s'ouvre, sera le jour du triomphe du Christianisme sur le Mahométisme." Quant aux édifices de la ville en général, ce ne sont pour la plupart, au moins apparemment, que des ruines restaurées et qui en portent plus ou moins le cachet. Ces habitations sont en pierre et, pour un grand nombre, surmontées d'une demi-coupoie. Plusieurs tours, clochers, minarets, etc, donnent à distance, une belle apparence à la ville, mais, d'après ce qui précède, c'est une apparence fort trompeuse... Certaines ruines sont encore assez imposantes. Celles de l'étable de Solomon sont des plus intéressantes, mais la description en serait un peu longue... En certains endroits, les débris ont tellement encombré la rue que le passage actuel s'effectue à quinze pieds et plus, même au-dessus du niveau naturel.

La chapelle des Frères est construite sur les ruines du palais d'Héro le, et leur maison est appuyée sur certains travaux des Croisés. L'on ne parle pas des ruines du Temple de Solomon, puisque selon l'Écriture, il n'en doit pas rester "pierre sur pierre," ce qui s'est accompli à la lettre. La grande place est encore là généralement pavée, on le suppose, avec des débris du Temple. L'emplacement de cet édifice est maintenant occupé, au moins en partie, par des mosquées et autres constructions. On aimerait mieux n'y voir rien que la place vacante du monument de Solomon. Il serait trop long de parler en détail des ruines multiples comme des nombreux monuments de Jérusalem. Chacune de ces choses demande une étude particulière, surtout pour ce qui regarde la Passion. C'est ainsi que l'on visite avec intérêt le Cénacle, le mont des Oliviers, le Pont du Cédron, la Prison du Seigneur, la Colonne de la Flagellation, la Plate-Forme de l'Ecce-Homo, la Colonne de la Condamnation, le Calvaire, la Pierre de l'Onction, la Chapelle de l'Invention de la Sainte Croix, et pardessus tout le St. Sépulcre.

Il est aussi très-intéressant de connaître les cérémonies, le chant et les usages en général suivis à l'église

du St. Sépulcre, et même à la ville; mais, comme vous voyez, il faudrait plus d'une correspondance pour cela, surtout pour communiquer un peu ses impressions.

Un Pèlerin.

LE BIEN POUR LE MAL.

Deux voisins demeuraient près d'une cité; rien ne les séparait que la couleur politique sous laquelle ils marchaient: un était libéral, l'autre conservateur. Jean Dumas vivait dans l'abondance. L'hiver, on entendait le bruit du fléau qui battait les moissons; en été les oiseaux faisaient retentir le bocage de leurs douces chansons. Le bruit du marteau sur l'enclume disait que non loin de là demeurait un forgeron: il se nomait Cyprien Laroche; il était pauvre, mais vivait heureusement du fruit de son labeur. Mais cette vie paisible fut troublée dans une élection.

Dumas dit à Laroche, "mon candidat est meilleur que le tien et je le prouverai;" Tu ne le peux, répondit Laroche. Dumas, bondissant de colère, interrompt son adversaire: "Et je te dis aussi que demain, lorsque viendra le temps d'enregistrer ton vote, il faut que tu le fasses pour mon candidat ou je te chasserai de la place." "Tu ne le feras pas," répliqua Laroche. Dumas insensible, fit ce qu'il avait dit. Laroche fut obligé de laisser sa place natale et s'en alla au lac St. Jean, place qui était bien peu habitée. Puis trente ans s'écoulèrent sans que les deux hommes se rencontrèrent.

Un jour, à la tombée de la nuit, un vieillard aux cheveux blancs était assis à sa fenêtre, et fumait tranquillement; le vent agitait légèrement sa longue barbe qui était de la même couleur que ses cheveux; la fumée montait en petites colonnes d'argent et l'entourait comme d'un nuage d'encens. L'ameublement de la maison était d'une simplicité sévère et les grands murs n'avaient pour ornement qu'un Crucifix, bien beau cependant. En hiver, le foyer était le centre où la famille, nombreuse comme les abeilles dans une ruche, se rassemblait pour passer les longues soirées. En été, le jardin, plein de fleurs et de parfums, devenait le lieu de réunion aux heures de loisir. La mère très vieille, mais alerte encore, prenait soin du cellier; ses filles cousaient le linge blanc ou nouaient des dentelles en chantant quelques chansonnettes. Paul, fils du vieillard, travaillait à la forge. Aujourd'hui, ayant terminé sa journée un peu plus de bonne heure qu'à l'ordinaire il rentra pour se reposer; il avait les mains et le visage couverts de poussière, mais il avait travaillé et ne s'en plaignait pas; le temps que Dieu donnait-on savait l'employer.

Ce soir là, avant que le soleil eût disparu derrière les montagnes, on vit venir une voiture trainée par des chevaux maigres; un vieillard, que le temps et le chagrin

avaient ridé, la conduisait; les essieux mal ferrés criaient et excitaient le rire des passants. Une femme très âgée et une jeune fille suivaient cet attelage qui contenait tout ce que possédaient les trois voyageurs. Tout-à-coup la voiture lourde tomba dans une ornière et se brisa, non loin de la forge. Paul et son père, témoins de l'accident, s'écrièrent ensemble: "C'est un nouveau colon qui est dans la misère, allons lui aider." Ils portèrent le mobilier à la maison; les voyageurs fatigués y furent cordialement reçus. La voiture boiteuse est aussitôt transportée à la forge, le fer est mis au feu et le pesant marteau, dans les mains de Paul, tombe dru sur le fer rouge.

Le voyageur, dès qu'il vit que sa voiture était prête, voulut se mettre en route; Laroche l'en empêcha: "Reste à te reposer ici," lui dit-il, "tu seras mieux pour continuer ton voyage après une nuit de sommeil." L'offre est acceptée. Puis causant, le forgeron hospitalier lui demanda son nom; "Je m'appelle," dit-il, "Jean Dumas." "Jean Dumas?" s'écria le forgeron, "Dumas de l'Île?" "Oui," répondit Jean. "Oh quel malheur t'a réduit à cet état?" répliqua Laroche avec un accent douloureux. Dumas, à son tour, demanda le nom de son bienfaiteur. En l'entendant, il fut comme frappé de la foudre. Sa femme, qui avait jusque là gardé le silence, laissa tomber sa tête dans ses mains et versant un torrent de larmes, s'écria au milieu de ses sanglots: "Nous ne sommes pas dignes de rester un seul instant dans votre maison. Monsieur Laroche, vengez-vous! mettez-nous dehors, c'est justement ce que nous méritons." Mais trop heureux de pouvoir rendre le bien pour le mal, Laroche répondit. "Consolez-vous, mes amis, le temps qui efface tout, n'a pas laissé une trace de vengeance dans mon cœur."

Ils allèrent près du Crucifix où ils tombèrent à genoux et tous deux dirent: "Pardonnez-nous, ô mon Dieu, nos offenses comme nous pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés." Sur les joues tannées de Dumas coulaient des larmes de repentir; son cœur saignait, mais pleurer en ce moment lui était doux.

Puis quand ils se furent relevés: "Jean," ajouta Laroche, "les moissons commencent et j'ai besoin d'aide: reste ici, toi, ta femme et ta fille; nous ne ferons plus désormais qu'une même famille." Les jeunes gens qui étaient sortis rentraient alors: "Mon père, répliqua Paul, je songeais à cela."

Grandchamp. *Syntaxe.*

CUEILLETES.

- Avril.
- Tièdes ondées.
- Tout reverdit.
- Les merles nous arrivent.

— Plus de soixante élèves ont suivi les exercices de la retraite pendant la semaine sainte.

— Le Jeudi-Saint, le reposoir, tout en fleurs naturelles, était un chef d'œuvre de goût.

— P. Lesage '85 a fini son premier terme à l'école de médecine et passe maintenant ses vacances à Bourbonnais.

— Le Rev. P. Vicaire a quitté Chicago pour se rendre au Canada, lundi dernier. Plusieurs de nos Pères et de nos Frères l'ont accompagné à la gare pour lui dire un dernier adieu. Il laisse ici un cher souvenir, et nos vœux le suivent.

— Le F. Sinlin a passé quelques jours à Chicago et nous est revenu enchanté de ce qu'il a vu, et surtout de Jefferson.

— L'Orchestre, après avoir essayé Offenbach, attaque maintenant "Mignon" de Thomas. Rien n'est impossible à ces jeunes audacieux.

— Prof. Gastine semble tout à fait chez lui. Le latin, le grec et l'imprimerie absorbent une grande partie de son temps.

— Le Rév. M. Letellier de St. Just, curé de Menominee, a fait cadeau à la chapelle d'un riche ornement en velours de soie rouge, avec broderies fines en or. Quelque temps auparavant, Rév. F. X. L. de Langie avait aussi fait présent d'un ornement violet du même genre. Mille remerciements à nos généreux amis.

— Evariste Grandpré a été faire un tour à Chicago, dans le dessein de s'établir avec ses frères.

— Rev. M. J. Marsile remplacera, demain, Rév. H. McShane à Chicago.

— J. McGavick est de retour au Collège, après un séjour de deux semaines dans sa famille.

— Rev. E. Rivard passera la journée de dimanche à Ste. Marie où il prêchera en anglais.

— Notre Directeur a été invité à assister au mariage de M. Chas. Golden et de Mlle. K. O'Reilley qui doit être célébré à Peoria, le 25 du mois courant. Bien des souhaits de bonheur.

— Rev. P. Dooling a passé les deux derniers jours de cette semaine à Chicago où il a pris un repos bien mérité.

— Dme. François Caron, est décédée mercredi dernier. Elle était la mère de David et Séluce, anciens élèves. Qu'ils veuillent bien accepter nos condoléances.

— Condon et D. Ricou sont maintenant membres de la fanfare. Leur concours est apprécié.

— Le zélé pasteur de Ste. Anne, Rév. Zéphire Bérard, a fait finir l'intérieur de son église. Les paroissiens jouissent maintenant d'un temple digne de leur culte.

— La chasse et la pêche sont à l'ordre du jour.

— Le concert, donné par le Prof. M. A. Roy de Chicago, a été un grand succès. Nos félicitations.

God, by the members of this Battalion be it therefore

RESOLVED: that we extend to the sorrowful family our heartfelt sympathy, trusting that God may give them grace to bear their affliction in the true Christian spirit;

RESOLVED: That the members of this Battalion attend the funeral in a body.

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, and that they be printed in the COLLEGE JOURNAL.

COMMITTEE. { Capt. C. H. Ball, V. P. D. K. of S.
Lieut. L. Grandchamp, P. D. K. of S.
Lieut. T. J. Normoyle, T. D. K. of S.

Adjutant Denis Ricou S. D. K. of S.

IN MEMORIAM.

The faculty and the students of St. Viateur's College heartily sympathize with the well-known and highly respected family of Mr. Joseph Legris, of Bourbonnais, in the affliction which has just now befallen it in the somewhat sudden death of its head Mr. Joseph Legris. He expired at his home on Holy Saturday morning, at 1 a. m., surrounded by his wife and children and comforted by all the helps of our Holy Catholic Religion.

On Sunday, Easter, the Professors and the students went in a body to the home of the departed friend and paid their tribute of love and esteem by depositing over his remains a wreath of flowers, a feeble emblem of what they were begging of God in their hearts for the soul of the deceased in the next world.

Solemn and imposing indeed were the funeral services at the Maternity church of the village the next day. A fine escort of Cadets accompanied the remains from the house to the College and thence to the church where mass was celebrated by Rev. G. Legris, Prefect of Studies, for the repose of that soul so dear to him, that of his own father. He was assisted at the altar by Rev. A. Bergeron Deacon, and Rev. Father F. Perry, Sub-Deacon. The orchestra, the band and the choir of the College, under their respective leaders, furnished the singing and the music for the occasion, everything was grand and impressive. Hundreds of people had flocked to the church for services and they now accompanied the remains of their friend to their last resting place, where they now await the great day in which they will rise incorruptible, glorious, nevermore to die!

Mr. Joseph Legris was only 60 years old and was considered a strong man by all who knew him. A complicated disease brought him to the grave after a short but severe illness of five weeks. He had started into life comparatively poor but had acquired by his talents an immense fortune, which he now leaves to his wife and five living children, four boys and a girl.

Mr. Legris will ever be remembered by his thousands of friends as having been a most genial, sober, peaceful and honest man.

His qualities of heart and mind made him a favorite with all who knew him. He had all the requisites which go to make a good christian, an honest citizen, a perfect father of family. St. Viateur's College is proud to rank him among the first of its benefactors.

It will be remembered that it was chiefly through Mr. Legris, timely and generous assistance that the founders of this institution were enabled to take the initial steps towards its erection and completion.

His name will ever remain dear and cherished in these walls where his memory will live so strikingly in the person of his eldest son, Rev. G. Legris, our Prefect of Studies, who so nobly sacrifices himself in the cause of our education, which is, after all, the great cause of Catholic Education, now engaging the attention of the world.

With hearts full of sympathy we offer our sentiments of condolence to his bereaved family, certain that they will be received in the spirit of friendship and affection in which they have been penned.

R. I. P.

IN MEMORIAM.

To those who remember Mr. Lorigan who remained here a few months as a seminarian in our midst in '86, the following from an exchange will be sadly interesting: "We regret to announce the death of a promising young Wisconsin priest, the Rev. B. W. Lorigan, son of the Hon. Bryan S. Lorigan, who died at Maple Grove, Wis., on the 22nd. Although only a short time attached to his parish, he has won the universal respect and good will of the people, as was amply testified by the large number of mourners present at his obsequies. Fr. Lorigan was thoroughly educated at the Seminary of O. L. of A., Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. and graduated with the highest honors of his class. He was ordained last December in the Cathedral of Green Bay by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Katzer. The funeral services were held on the 26th. In him the parish has lost a devoted priest and the church a devoted son,"

87—92

Quinquennites:

Chicago, Ill.

March 1888

Dear Friends:

Since I left you I've been gathering a little dust and a good deal of experience, in serving the public as successor to my father at No 114 West Madison Street. I lately met our fellow member, Mr. Jim Roach, now

North Side Undertaker, and agreed with him to visit St. Viateur's soon. I hope our intended visit will be realized before game becomes too scarce along the romantic Kankakee. I am looking with pleasing anticipation to our general reunion in '92 which I trust will be a grand success. Wishing health and prosperity to all the Fathers, Brothers and Profs. of the College, and the same to every member,

I remain Your faithful Quinquennite,
William Powers.

Chicago, Ill.

March 19, 1888.

SOCIETY DOINGS.

The D. K. of S. held their regular meeting on the 8th. At this meeting Rev. D. S. Mahoney and Hon. Frank Lawler were chosen Honorary Members by a unanimous vote. Preparations were also made for the celebration of the anniversary of the spiritual director, Rev. M. A. Dooling.

Rev. Bro. Senecal C. S. V.

St. Patrick's Society, by a unanimous vote of March 23rd, has ordered the undersigned to present to you its thanks for the many favors you extended in the work of furnishing the reading room.

Respectfully,

Secretaries { Paul Wilstach
Thos. J. Normoyle.

Room 8. Via Ventuosa.

SPORTIVE.

The National game once more claims our attention and from the out-look a lively season can be expected.

The Shamrocks of "ye olden time" have disbanded and now the boys should be on hand to reorganize a new team to uphold the honor of our College Diamond.

Mr. Sullivan after so many years of excellent playing behind the willow has at last retired from the ball field. Mr. Dore, first base-man of last year's Shamrocks also resigns.

Frs. McGavick, Mahoney, Moysant and Perry indulged in a little base-ball the other day and it looks as though they have not lost any of their skill in handling the sphere and bat.

On Tuesday last the Seniors organized their league for this season. Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. was elected President of the Association, Mr. P. A. Sullivan Vice President, Thos. Normoyle Sec. and Treas.; H. Parker Official Scorer. Three nines were admitted to contest for the pennant. A committee of three were appointed to draw up a schedule of games. The rules of the Na-

tional League were adopted. The pennant consists of beautiful silk banner, while also each member of the winning club will be presented a gold medal. Some sharp games can be looked for.

The Clippers were organized with Mr. J. P. Dore as President, James Condon Captain, Martin Murry Sec. and Geo. Donnelly Treas.

The Unknowns are under the direction of Mr. J. Kelley as president and Frank Cleary.

The No Names elected Mr. P. A. Sullivan President, Chas. H. Bull Captain, Frank Darcy Sec., Wm. Kearney Treas.

These clubs make up the Senior league.

The Juniors are not slow to organize and already three strong nines are working for supremacy. Messrs. Kelley, D. Ricou and Shea are the Captains of the different teams.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

An interesting collection of letters are being published in *The Critic* in answer to the question: "Does the writer really feel what he writes." This question was submitted to all the leading authors of America and various replies have been received. Many writers say point blank that an author must feel all that he writes in order to convey the same feeling to his reader; others feel the very opposite, while the majority contend that a writer must feel or have felt at some time the sentiments he expresses in order to impress others.

This has grown out of an article by Mr. Walter Besant, which appeared in *Atlanta*, a new English Magazine, and in which he strongly insists that it would be impossible to stir others unless we were first moved ourselves. He bases his assertion on the well known lines of Horace:

"Si Vis me flere, dolendum est Primum ipsi tibi &." It is necessary that the author who wishes his readers to weep should first weep himself. Some of the adversaries have taken Diderot's theory "That an actor plays better when not moved by any emotion." The controversy will be watched with great interest and much of importance will be brought forward by both parties.

The *China Decorator* given entirely to the theory and practice of this art is a very worthy paper and will be found useful to all who are interested in this mode of beautifying. (China Decorator Pub. Co., 163 W. 13th. St. N. Y.)

The Swiss Cross (Hodges, N. Y.) a monthly periodical is a useful and entertaining magazine devoted to scientific subjects. It cannot be too highly recommended to students and all wishing to increase their stock of useful information.

RIFLE SHOTS.

Hurrah for the little Zouaves!

The tactics have arrived at last and serve well for breakfast reading.

Pat Moran now has a chum at the end of the "Ponies," little Harry Jones from Chicago.

The Knights, through the kindness of their Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Dooling, accompanied the Bayonet Squad to K. K. K.

Adjutant Schultz of the Chicago Catholic Zouaves is evidently fond of oysters. Well, Adjutant, when you come here for camp we'll plant an oyster bed somewhere on the ground.

Lieut. Colonel Kuderly, Captains Bednarick and Giblin, Adjutant Schultz and Drummer Fischer, of Fr. Mahoney's Zouaves, accompanied by their Rev. instructor, visited the College Easter Monday and attended the exhibition given by Co. H. in their armory.

The Knights and Bayonet Squad desire to extend sincere thanks to the members of Co. H. of Kankakee for the kind treatment they received at their hands.

Lieut. Joseph McGavick of Co. D. received a leave of absence for a few days owing to his being somewhat indisposed.

Captain Maurice and privates Joseph and Bernard O'Connor were called suddenly home last week on account of the death of their grandfather.

On Easter Monday evening the Bayonet Squad, under command of Capt. Bill, furnished a number at the entertainment given by Co. H. of Kankakee. The Squad headed by the Knights and the Chicago delegation marched from the Bridge to the Armory where they were cordially welcomed by the boys of Co. H. They enjoyed very much the entertainment. In regard to their own work, of course it was their first public exhibition drill, in consequence of which several of the boys became nervous; however all things considered they did well and we can feel proud of our young cadets. After the entertainment they were escorted to Caterer Durham's where a nice dainty feast was prepared for them. When justice had been done to the meal (Adjutant Schultz doing his part) all embarked for the College.

PERSONALS.

Meath—We learn with pleasure that Augustus Meath, '82, graduated recently at the Rush Medical College, Chicago.

Schubert—John Schubert, '75, of Kankakee, also graduated in the same class as Mr. Meath, at Rush. He paid us a visit the other day and appears to be in splendid health and high spirit.

Caron—We congratulate Ed. Caron, '84, on the grand

bargain he recently struck in buying that splendid Drug Store where he now lives on Blue Island Avenue, Chicago. Ed. is apparently rushing things when we already read on medical bottles such words as these: "Caron's Wild Cherry and Honey Compound," for coughs, colds, etc., etc.

McClellan—It is surprising to meet Guy McClellan, '82, of Pullman, and see the physical change which has been wrought in him in the last five years. He is a grown up boy now and attending the courses of Medicine in the Chicago Medical College.

Devoy—After many months of travel for health Paul Devoy, '83, finds himself perfectly cured and able to work earnestly. He is clerking in Chicago.

Foster—We were happily surprised by a short visit of Edward Foster, '82, on his way from Indianapolis to Chicago, where he intends to devote himself to the study of law. Ed. has grown up wonderfully and nothing remains of the little Eddie but his amiable and ever ready smile.

McGrath—Mr. John McGrath, '78, brother of Father Denis McGrath, of Chicago, was also a member of the lucky class of '88, at the Rush Medical College. He graduated at the same time with Messrs. Schubert and Meath already mentioned.

O'Connor—We learn from the three O'Connor bros., now pursuing their studies in our midst, that their older brother Edward, '86, is at present occupied with the supervision, or bossing, of a large farm owned by his father outside the city of Indianapolis. This will be most salubrious and congenial to Eddie's health; we almost enjoy his good luck.

Lesage—Philip Lesage, '86, is spending his vacation at the Grove in his family. He has studied in the past six months at the Chicago Medical College, where he will continue his course next September. Meanwhile he will probably spend a part of the time with his brother-in-law, Philip Letourneau, M. D., in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

EXCHANGES.

We are glad to welcome as an exchange *St. John's University Record*, which we find a bright and promising paper. We wish you every success, and judging from first appearances you are destined to attain it.

The *Academian* is a model of taste and we add it with pleasure to the number of our exchanges. We are always pleased to meet and retain a good friend.

We also added to our exchange list *The Socialist*, *Guardian Angel*, and the *Holy Family* charming papers for the little folks. They are filled with good entertaining literature and will surely become favorites.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The next great feast will be Ascension Day.

Five new Catholic parishes have been organized in Milwaukee within a year.

A pilgrimage to Rome will leave Mexico this month. It will proceed via New York and Naples to its destination.

Mt. St. Mary's college, Emmitsburg, Maryland, has graduated twenty-seven bishops.

Roman papers think that the Emperor Frederick's policy towards the Church will be pacific and reasonable.

Mr. J. Gardan, of Cleveland, Ohio, has presented to Bishop Gilmour and his successors a jewelled mitre valued at \$25,000.

An "Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico," by the Rev. James H. Defouri, pastor of the church of our Lady of Guadalupe, Santa Fe, has just been published.

Under a new law just passed by the legislature of New Jersey, Rev. Father Fidelis, of Trenton, is about to appoint a Catholic Chaplain of the State's prison, at a salary of \$11,000 a year. He will be the first Catholic chaplain of that State.

The Catholics of France are looking forward eagerly to the pilgrimage to Rome, which is to start the ninth. Extensive preparations are being made in the different dioceses of France to partake in it. The Pope has promised the Hospitality of the Hospice of St. Martha to the pilgrims.

The old Jesuit estate in Quebec is to be sold, by permission of his Holiness. Cardinal Taschereau has consented to Mons. Mercier's plans, which are to cut two grand avenues through the estate, and sell the property on either side of them, devoting the proceeds of the sale for the purpose to be designated by the Pope.

Fulton struck Toronto in his headlong career of shame and dishonor. He there said among other things that the nuns were held in slavery in the convents. Archbishop Lynch took the pains of writing a word to the Mayor of the city, giving him leave to take four aldermen with himself to go and investigate the question for his satisfaction by visiting the convents. He did not mention Fulton in the commission for he is unworthy of entering such abodes of virtue.

Negotiations between Russia and the Vatican are now going on in a rather satisfactory way. It seems the Russian Emperor is convinced of the great immorality and corruption of the clergy of his church, and he wishes to set before its members the good example of the Catholic clergy. It seems also that some of the European Powers are really urging the Russian Government to come to a full understanding with Rome.

Major D. Keiley, of Brooklyn, is at the head of a

movement to induce Catholic immigration to Southern States. A convention is announced for this month to take action in the matter. Invitations have been sent to the governors of all the southern states, to the presidents and commissioners of southern railroads, and to catholic prelates throughout the south. This is undoubtedly a glorious idea and would do a great deal to counteract the evil which threatens us in the South from the Negro element.

The Catholic Nation of Spain is preparing to celebrate in a most worthy manner the great event of the four hundredth anniversary of the Discovery of America by that most noble son of hers, Christopher Columbus, in 1492. The Cortes of Spain have already voted a large sum of money to be expended in a splendid exposition to be held in 1892. The exposition will represent as faithfully as possible the state of America and of its inhabitants when discovered and also its present condition as ameliorated by the hands of the Christian peoples of Europe. It is fitting that Spain should lead the way in that great celebration, but assuredly all the other nations of Europe are interested in it and will also join hand in the work. Nor shall we Americans remain inactive.

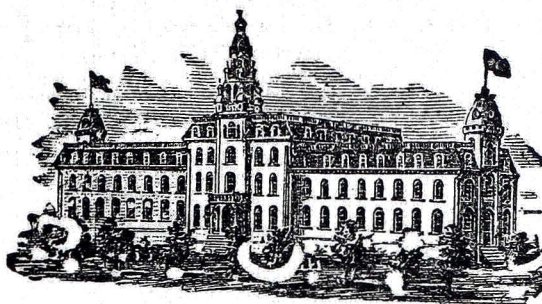
Strange that Father Drumgoole should have followed so soon in the way of Dom Bosco, whom he imitated and represented in the great city of New York. Most of the Catholics of this country are acquainted with the great work of Father Drumgoole in favor of the poor and homeless children whom he sheltered in the "Mission of the Immaculate Virgin." His name will ever be dear to Catholic hearts. His successor is the Rev. James J. Dougherty, of St. Monica's church, of the same city.

All true friends of temperance, in other words, all enemies of drunkenness and misery, have learned with pleasure of the splendid lecture delivered recently in Chicago by Bishop Ireland in the presence of the most influential men of that city. The fact is quite a happening. It tells of a great change in the minds of reflecting men and we can hope a great deal from it for the future. It shows that the great movement against intemperance is fast becoming more national.

We cannot help congratulating the "Morning Star," of New Orleans, on its magnificent issue of the Easter week, called the Mobile Edition. From looking over the cuts therein contained we have quite another idea of that beautiful city which Mobile must be. That was a good idea and may well be recommended to other papers generally.

Bishop elect Ryan, will be consecrated in the cathedral of his see, in Alton, on May 1st, by Bishop Spalding of Peoria. Archbishop Feehan will preach at the occasion. Hundreds of priests will assist at the solemn religious exercise.

FOUNDED 1869.



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