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## COMMENCEMENT.

June 21st. 1883.

All is gay at the College; the morning breeze has dispersed the gloomy clouds; the sun has soon absorbed their fleecy remnants which hung wavering in all directions, growing dimmer and dimmer until they disappeared in the boundless space of the heavens. An air of liberty fills the breast of all; Minims, Juniors and Seniors breathe it equally; even Professors seem to feel its beneficent influence. The hall is beautifully decorated and festooned, wreaths of flowers, mottoes and inscriptions are as beautiful in design as they are profuse in number. Immense crowds continually press their way into the hall until standing room becomes a boon sought for in vain by the anxious parties without.

Rt. Rev. J. T. Duhamel, D. D., Bishop of Ottawa, Canada, presided at the Exercises. There were about fifty Clergy present, among whom we noticed Rev. Boucher of Ottawa, Canada; J. Waldron, C. Foster, A. Goulet Jr., Chicago; J. Waldron, Pullman; Griffin, Elgin; O'Gara, McShane, Wilmington; Ryan, Monmouth; Paradis and Bangen of Kankakee, Clancy of Essex, McGair of Gilman, Bergeron of Manteno, Chouinard of Aurora, Langlais of St. Mary, Lesage of St. George, A. Goulet of St. Charles, Kertson of Irwin, Gonand of Chebanse. Distinguished among the laity, were Hon. M. C. Quinn of Peoria, Hon. M. Cleary of Odell and Col. Cameron of Chicago, M. J. Powers, P. Harbour, M. F. Lynn, Mrs. E. Gleason, J. Lemoine, Chicago; A. Mossett, Newport, Ky.; Mrs. J. Kelly, Ottawa, Ill.; J. Mullen, Joliet; P. Murphy, Chebanse; T. McRoy, Miss O'Callaghan, Miss McShane, Misses Mary E. and Nora, J. Maher, Wilmington; Miss A. Donahoe, Huntly Grove, Ill.; G. Lavery, J. J. Schubert, Mr. & Miss J. Doolan, Kankakee; C. M. Golden, Minonk; Mrs. W. Hart, Rockford; Miss & Mrs. Poitras, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. Barron, Chicago; Mrs. J. Morrison, Ft. Madison, Ia.; Miss Convey, Chebanse; Misses Mary & Nora Lavery, Kankakee; Mrs. A. and Miss Melvina Desjardins of Aurora, Mr. D. J. Scanlan, Messrs. Mett, Byron and T. P. Maher of Wilmington, Ill.

Most Rev. P. A. Feehan Archbishop of Chicago was anxiously expected, but a dispatch announced to us that his grace was called for the consecration of his successor in Nashville.

We here subjoin the programme which (flattery to ourselves apart) was very well rendered.

*Sivile Parvulos Venire Ad Mq.*

## FIFTEENTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT, Thursday, June 21st. 1883.

OVERTURE—The Caliph of Bagdad . . . . . ORCHESTRA.

### ADDRESS

TO

Right Rev. J. T. Duhamel, D. D.,

BISHOP OF OTTAWA, CANADA,

BY

THOMAS KEARNEY.

DECLAMATION . . . . . LEON PAGE.  
ORPHEUS QUADRILLE . . . . . MINIM ORCHESTRA.  
DECLAMATION . . . . . CELESTIN HARBOUR.  
OUR TIMES . . . . . JAMES MAHER.  
FULL AND HARMONIOUS . . . . . CHOIR.  
TENDENCES LITTERAIRES . . . . . PHILIP LESAGE.  
FORGET ME NOT . . . . . ORCHESTRA.

### VALEDICTORY.

### CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

COMMANDERY QUICKSTEP . . . . . COLLEGE BAND.  
DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Mr. Dennis E. McGrath, Lincoln, Ill., Mr. Francis N. Perry, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill., Mr. Thomas Deveney, Aurora, Ill., Mr. Francis E. Reilley, Minonk, Ill., Mr. Alphonsus Legris, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.

The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Mr. James Maher, Wilmington, Ill., Mr. Thomas Kearney, Galesburg, Ill., Mr. James Shannon, Mattoon, Ill.

Commercial Diplomas were awarded to Mr. Arthur Desjardins, Aurora, Ill., Mr. Thomas Gibbons, Dwight, Ill.

The Gold Medal for Composition in First Rhetoric was presented by Rev. J. B. McKune to Alexander McGavick, Fox Lake, Ill.

The Gold Medal for Composition in Second Rhetoric was presented by Rev. C. P. Foster to Patrick Conway, Alton, Ill.

The Hagan Debating Medal for the best debater, presented by Rev. J. M. Hagan of Chicago, was awarded to Alexander McGavick, of Ill.

The Hagan Elocution Medal for the best speaker, presented by Rev. J. M. Hagan of Chicago, was awarded to Leon Page, of Ill.

Premiums for German were presented by J. J. Schubert, Esq. to Albert Neuhooff, Edward Knieri, Edward Gallet and Patrick Tierney, of Ill.



After the Distribution of Premiums Rt. Rev. J. T. Duhamel addressed the Graduates in that earnest, convinced and convincing tone peculiar to his Lordship. He related to us that in one of his interviews with learned and glorious Pope Leo XIII he had asked his Holiness by what means he, a young bishop, could effectually encounter the enemies of the church, and of social order which in our days concentrate all their efforts against authority, human and divine; the Holy Father replied: "Encourage Education, raise the standard of Studies, let the growing generation be well instructed in their duties to God and to society; if you do this, you will surely conquer." "These words" continued Rt. Rev. Duhamel, "have ever since been deeply engraved in my mind, they have been the constant motor of my daily actions: I have repeated them frequently to directors of Colleges, and, thank God, I can realize for myself the truth and wisdom they contain." The Rt. Rev. Bishop, then congratulated the Graduates on the crowning of their labors and warned them of their duties to religion, to society, to the house which had educated them, he suggested that, if each Student were to take along another Student at the next opening, the house would very soon be filled up to its full capacity.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Duhamel is a man of great energy, devoted to the church, a special advocate of Christian Education; he has in his diocese of Ottawa a very extensive College and Seminary, and many other most flourishing Institutions. In his private dealings, he is very affable, an excellent conversationalist; his candor draws you to him, whilst his dignity commands respect and admiration; many thanks for the honor conferred unto us by your visit, may we have again the favor of your presence at our commencement exercises.

We will now insert the discourses pronounced by the graduates during the exercises.

#### ADDRESS TO RT. REV. BISHOP DUHAMEL.

Rt. Rev. Bishop:

We were happy to learn yesterday evening of your coming to our Commencement Exercises, and we rejoice at seeing you in our midst to-day. Of all the pleasures brought home to the members of the Congregation of St. Viateur, to the students of this Institution, and to the graduating class of to-day in particular, none is more gratifying than that afforded by the presence of some of the most revered and reverend dignitaries of the Catholic Church.

To us your presence here to-day is especially pleasing, and that for many reasons. In you as Bishop of Ottawa, we recognize a prince of the Church, a successor of the Apostles, to whom, as a shepherd of the flock of Christ, we are, by the strongest motives of the catholic faith, actuated to tender our sincere acknowledgments. In you we recognize a zealous worker in the cause of Christian Education, and yours has been the honor of receiving from the Holy Father himself repeated assurances of his recognition of your eminent services in behalf of the schools. In you, we recognize also an active encourager of the teachings of the great and glorious St. Thomas, whose solid worth, as Angelic Doctor, you are ardently striving to bring into general acceptance, and whose admirable principles of Philosophy and Theology you are long and earnestly endeavoring

to disseminate among lovers of wisdom on this side of the Atlantic.

Viewed from another stand point, the expression of our sentiments of gratitude and respect towards you is only another way of showing the power of association. Coming as you do, from the fatherland of the founders of this Institution, and having been an intimate friend of our very Rev. President and of others of the community of St. Viateur now here, your presence to-day is doubly welcome. It fondly illuminates the sweet recollections of many happy hours, and renews the brightness of many of the choicest gems in memory's golden casket.

Inspired with sentiments such as these, we hail you, Rt. Rev. Bishop, and gladly bid you welcome. We rejoice in being able to blend together the interest which you take in education in general, and the interest which you clearly manifest in the special welfare of this Institution and of ourselves. In conclusion, Rt. Rev. Bishop, allow me to wish you in the name of the faculty and students of this College,—a thousand welcomes.

THOMAS KEARNEY.

#### OUR TIMES.

It is an interesting and profitable task to follow out the history of peoples, from their first feeble and timid advances, to their development into strong and powerful nations. Wonderful and instructive are the pictures which the different periods of universal history present to our view. But, whether we consider such as is afforded by that age, when imperial Rome dictated laws to the whole civilized world; or by that time, when the fierce and barbarous hordes of the North swept like blight from heaven over Southern Europe, leaving her fair fields a dreary waste, and destroying whatever was grand and noble in her civilization; or by that period, when art, literature and Christianity escaped destruction at the hands of the Moslems only by the heroic chivalry of the middle ages: there is none more closely connected with the preservation and advancement of society, or more worthy of careful study, than that which meets our view at the present day.

And though this picture may appear right and beautiful to the eyes of the casual observer, to the more careful examiner, dark and portentous shadows are clearly discernible. For although we live in the boasted age of enlightenment and freedom, in the age of progress, schools and churches, never since christianity leavened the nations of Europe, was crime more flagrant and man in a more abject condition, socially and morally than he is to-day. Our scientists surcharged with their developments and fanciful creations, wander along the paths of unexpected renown, while from all quarters, men are rallying to lay at their feet the homage due to their extraordinary proficiency. Pursuing the phantasms of a disordered intellect, they have in their pride strayed further and further from the science of sciences—the science of God; and seem to have entered into alliance with the subverters of society and religion. Scientific investigations, in the hands of wicked men, have been perverted to the most destructive uses, and the simplest elements of nature have been made the most powerful instruments of nefarious designs.

Examining briefly the social condition of the various nations of our day, much will be found in each to disturb the minds of all lovers of order and justice, and to



cause the gravest apprehensions for the future. This age in which we live, is an age of stormy debates and conflicts on the principles of things. Socialism, Communism, Rationalism and Infidelity have seized the great body of the people. Rebellion against the laws of the Christian Faith and of the Christian Church has burst upon the world, like a storm at sea. True Christianity is battling like an iron-clad, against the combined furies of barbarism, infidelity, scorn and malignant hate. Distorted minds, apostate nations, hostile societies and pulpits of profanity have ungratefully conspired to destroy the only true guardian of faith and morality, and therefore of order and civilization, and to spread far and wide contempt for heaven's law. Italy, so long the home of learning and sanctity, under the mild and beneficent rule of the Popes, is now only a shadowy monarchy, and her king, weary of his stolen crown, sighs for that peace which he can nowhere find. Her fruitful valleys, once the abode of a peaceful and happy peasantry, are now inhabited by an oppressed and discontented people, who, if they have not yet established anarchy in the state, are restrained only by those principles of Christian faith, which the usurping reigns of Victor Emanuel and Humbert could not totally eradicate.

The Russian Empire, glorying in its wealth and colossal power, is shaken throughout its vast extent by the machinations of its nihilistic subjects. That powerful autocrat, the czar, who rules with an iron hand over church and state has not a spot in all his dominions where he can rest in security. He does not appear among his people, unless surrounded by an army of police and satellites, and every unusual sound causes blood to rush back to his heart, lest, the next moment he be hurled into eternity by the most terrible agent ever placed in the assassin's hand—dynamite.

Prussia too, that nation which has played so important a part in the drama of the world during the past twenty years; that nation which has silenced, apparently, forever, the political voice of catholic Austria and brought proud France to her knees, despite her large standing army and the consummate diplomacy of her prime minister, is in danger of being torn asunder by a frenzied populace. Never before, perhaps, in the history of any nation, and certainly not in the history of Germany, did a state so little accomplish the end for which it was organized. The large standing army, so necessary for the prosecution of the late wars in which Prussia was engaged, and still necessary as a means of defence are an additional burden on a people already overtaxed.

The Germans are driven to desperation, by the tyrannical rule of a government which should have rendered them happy, and Bismark, the most uncompromising enemy the church ever had, the man who but a short time ago, exerted all his powers to destroy every vestige of Catholicity, now seeks an alliance with that same Church as the only means of saving the empire.

Haughty England is agitated throughout the length and breadth of her possessions by the clamors of starving millions. Poverty and oppression reign in the most beautiful and fertile of all her territories, and though Gladstone, Harcourt, Grenville and the other manipulators of the British Parliament, may tell the world: "it is all right," yet, that cry cannot be hushed for it is

the voice of a down trodden race clamoring for justice.

In this period of moral and social earthquakes, when the great ocean of time is strewn with wrecks of society, drifting rudderless, and hopeless, we look across the troubled waters for some haven of safety. With longing gaze and anxious hearts we turn to the eldest daughter of the church; to a nation which has long been the pride of civilization; to a nation of heroes, scholars and saints. But, alas! France's imperial or royal crown is no more. The glories of her past history are lost on her degenerate children. Her civil and religious liberty is gone. She is given over to an infidel government. Already she is trembling at the revels of the communists, and very soon the crash of her downfall may resound throughout the world.

Spain, which once held ascendancy in the world of progress, discovery and military glory, has long been politically dead. But now, as if to hurry on her dissolution and blot out her existence, an anarchical element, known as the "blackhand," is at work on her soil. She has been aroused from her slumbers by the yells of the revolutionists, and the tocsin that broke her lethargic sleep may yet be her death knell as a nation.

Our own country, though it has a national existence of but a hundred years, has not escaped the contagion. True, it is not oppressed by that plague of Europe, large standing armies, and its agricultural resources afford ample means for livelihood to all its inhabitants, but the same cause of discord exists here as in the old world. It is the same war, the war between capital and labor, between the powerful and the weak, and the revolutionary Spirit has seized the people, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

Such then is the social condition of the world to-day and the outlook for the future is dark and ominous indeed. This spirit which pervades the masses, this spirit of revolution, of destruction, is the same in all countries, it matters not under what name it appears. It is the same motive which actuates the carbonari of Italy, the nihilists of Russia, the socialists of Germany, the communists of France, the invincibles of Ireland, and the various organizations which disturb the peace and harmony of the United States. And as the plant cannot exist unless the seed is first placed in the soil, so also, it is certain that this state of things must have a cause. But where are we to seek this cause? It is only in the false principles which have been taught the people for the last three hundred years. Man is by nature so constituted, that if not restrained by some authority, higher than human, he continually seeks for wealth and power, no matter what misery must necessarily result therefrom to his fellow creatures. And hence, when the authority of God was rejected by kings, and false principles of justice and morality taught to the people, those seeds of rebellion were sown, which are now bearing such abundant and bitter fruit. When Luther, over three centuries ago, rose up in his pride like Lucifer of old and said; "I will not serve," "I will not obey," he set an example which has been imitated over and over again since his time. And as kings rebelled against just authority, that they might follow the bent of their own evil passions, in like manner, do they find their oppressive rule justly set at naught by the people. It was revolt against authority that severed England from the church in the sixteenth century. "I will not serve," was the



battle cry of Voltaire in France, of Mazzini in Italy, and it is still the battle of all disturbers of social peace.

Is it any wonder then, that people who have lost all respect for authority, for whom there is no God, except their own pleasure or advancement, should refuse to serve. Is it surprising, that they should refuse to submit to the grinding oppression of tyrannical rulers, and when there is no hope of a hereafter where their wrongs will be rectified, that they should concentrate the forces of nature to hurl swift and certain destruction on their oppressors. Need we wonder or lift up our hands in horror, if the evil element of a nation, which has been taught the gospel of despair for so many centuries, should as a last resource turn to dynamite as a weapon of defence. Evil elements there are in every society, but "I will not serve," of Luther, shall never seize the great body of Ireland's sons as long as a catholic priesthood remains to teach them the beautiful lessons of the true faith and the hope of a brighter life beyond.

And thus the fight which has been progressing so long is at last reaching its culmination. On the one side is arrayed tyranny with wealth and armies, aided by the modern inventions, steam and telegraphy; on the other, the starved and oppressed portion of society, to whom science seems to have given her most powerful weapon. This weapon is dynamite, and before its terrible force, armies, wealth, rulers and civilizations appear destined to crumble into one mass of ruins.

Is there then no hope left for the preservation of society? Must it perish through its own load of sin without one hand being reached out to arrest its fall? Ah! yes, there is one pilot left to guide the sinking bark through the dangers that encompass it. And this pilot is the Catholic Church. She exists to-day with the same humanizing influences that softened and subdued the fierce spirits of Northern nations. Her blessed hand of charity is continually stretched forth to poor erring man, relieving his wants and soothing his sorrows. In the loving accents of a tender mother she recalls her wandering children to the true fold. With the voice of Authority, which she received direct from the Savior of men, she rebukes the tyranny of kings and the lawlessness of subjects. And if society would save itself from certain destruction, then let that voice be heeded. Let the banner of the Holy Cross, that glorious symbol of the world's redemption, wave side by side with our national ensigns. Let the bright Star of Bethlehem send forth its effulgent rays, and usher in the dawn of a brighter and a happier day.

James Maher, A. B.

#### ADDRESS TO MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

Most Reverend Archbishop, Reverend Clergy, Ladies and Gentlemen: Considering my inexperience and inability, it may well indeed appear presumptuous for me to stand before this enlightened audience to address the most honored of our guests to-day, namely: His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago.

But such is my pleasing privilege, and would that I had the genius, the lavish endowments of nature, the oratorical powers, that striking and sublime eloquence, all of which are requisite to pay deserving tribute to him who after years of untiring zeal, devotedness, self sacrifice and energetic activity occupies, to-day, one of the highest places among the Catholic Hierarchy of the western world. As one of the intrinsic and inherent principles of human nature is to oppose and condemn a person whose acts are detrimental and pernicious to his fellow man so also do we find in humanity a strong and unremitting tendency to laud and extol one whose love, generosity and beneficial influences are extended to numberless members of society.

And while piety, virtue, truth and simplicity are first to claim our praise and admiration, one who manifests a deep intense interest in the cause of Christian education, the channel through which we reach all that is good and virtuous, he is the one who lays a lasting hold on our affection and naturally receives our greatest esteem

and veneration. This is an undeniable fact attested by the history of every enlightened age and every civilized nation.

The Papal Bull of September 1881, which deprived Nashville of her precious treasure and left the diocese almost inconsolable, was a harbinger of joy and prosperity, hailed by the people of Chicago greeted by the Clergy of the diocese and highly appreciated by the institutions of learning in and adjacent to the Archiepiscopal See.

During the three years that have elapsed since that time, Churches and schools have multiplied more rapidly, the number of parishes and Priests has increased to a far greater extent, the noble work of Christian education has more steadily advanced, and Catholicity in general has received a greater impetus than at any other time since the See of Chicago was erected.

His Grace the Archbishop who, by his presence here to-day heightens the interest of our Commencement exercises, is the source to which we trace all these beneficent results. Under his guiding hand St. Mary's Training School for Boys, at Feehanville, has assumed its massive proportions and developed into a most excellent institution where every care is given to the moral, intellectual and religious teaching of Catholic Youth.

But while with this training school the name of Archbishop Feehan is personally identified, the people in general must feel highly grateful for the loving interest he has taken in the many other schools throughout the Archdiocese, and none perhaps feel themselves under more profound obligations than the Faculty of St. Viateur's College.

A little more than two years ago, His Grace honored us with a visit and while speaking in this same hall, among the many other pieces of excellent advice given on that occasion, he said: "Utilize these golden days of youth by earnest application; sweeten and enrich your studies with true piety and Christian virtue." The sound of these words has long since died away; but the sentiment contained in them is still alive, fondly cherished in the hearts of those who received that loving, tender yet earnest expression which fell soft as the dew of heaven from the fatherly lips that gave them utterance. And as the dew of heaven strengthens and invigorates the tender flower receiving it in her golden cup and absorbing its entirety; so also have those sweet words been received and absorbed by the minds of those to whom they were imparted and have given additional force and vigor to the determination which was then springing into existence. On this solemn and joyful day, Most Reverend Prelate, you have come again to mark the progress of our institution, to cheer and encourage her children by your presence and manifest the heartfelt interest you have ever taken in Christian Education. In conclusion I wish to say that each and every one of us feel highly honored in having you present at our exercises of to-day; and in the name of the Superiors of the college; in the name of the Faculty and Professors of the house; in the name of the Graduates, Students and entire community, I bid you a most hearty welcome. And we sincerely hope that you may visit us often and that Divine Providence may for years to come, allow you to remain as now you are; the noble, heroic, kind and loving protector and defender of the Archd. of Chicago.

DENNIS McGRATH A. M.

(This discourse was not pronounced on account of the absence of Most Rev. Archbishop.)

#### VALEDICTORY.

At last has come that solemn day which has been so long anticipated with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. The exercises will soon be over and the happy faces of those about to leave bespeak the joy to which they have surrendered themselves. The beaming eye, the joyous smile, more forcibly than words, express the impatient longing to gaze once more on the faces of the "dear ones at home," while the unbidden tear, welling up, from the pure heart of a mother shows the reception that awakes the anxious and restless student.

Such bliss will soon be ours; yet we cannot rejoice. Ere the smiling countenances of parents and friends, once again welcome us to the home of our childhood, we must tear ourselves away from another home, within whose consecrated precincts we have passed the happy days of youthful manhood. With calm and holy joy we breathed its pure atmosphere, inhaling at every breath a love of the good and of the true; it was surely a foretaste of heaven and only in heaven shall we find its complement.

'Tis but a few years since first we placed ourselves under the cherishing care of our dear Alma Mater, yet such have been her zeal, her kindness and her love for us that the thought of leaving her, perhaps forever, bears with it a pang that pierces our very souls. The long vista of our college days opens out before us its lights and shadows falling upon our eye with a sensation at once sad and soothing. Viewed through the magic maze of distance, our very sorrows are invested with a sweetness that makes their recollection pleasing. The pure joys of early youth, the first ambitions of incipient manhood, the trials and consolations that diversified our student life, the friendships formed and strengthened our final success and triumph—all pass like a panorama before our bewildered eyes. How sad, yet how consoling before bidding them a final adieu to recall to mind—

"The smiles and tears of 'college' years,

The words of joy then spoken,

The eyes that shone,

Now dimmed and gone,

Recalled by memory's token."

At this solemn moment when about to leave behind the pleasant associations that cluster round our college days, it would be base ingratitude on our part to withhold that tribute of love and veneration we owe to a mother whose constant effort and whose only aim have been to cast the characters of her children in the mould of learning and of virtue. To her we owe the foundation of our future knowledge, to her we owe that love of science which she has implanted in our minds, to her we owe those higher and nobler sentiments of Christian perfection, which it has been her constant care to instill into our hearts. Nor shall all these blessings be forgotten. To our last breath, we shall hold in loving remembrance her generous and unremitting kindness towards us, and, if in after life our efforts shall be crowned with success, it will be our sacred duty to give all the honor to her, whose encouraging words have urged us on to greater exertions.

Soon, alas too soon, we shall depart. The blissful vision of our student life is fast receding from our view and will soon be enveloped in the shadowy mists of the past. The waves of time hurry us onward;



even while breathing our last adieu its rising crests break over us drawing our utterance. But ere the final word be spoken, justice demands that we should express our sense of obligation to those who for so many years have labored strenuously to advance our interests.

Receive, Most Reverend and revered Archbishop, the acknowledgment of our appreciation of your generous efforts in behalf of us and of all catholic students. Yours is the model on which we must strive to form our lives; your erudition we would acquire and your virtues we would imitate.

To our beloved Director, we offer the homage which the heart ever pays to real worth. Your care for us has been that of a parent and with filial affection, we offer this slight testimonial of our sincere gratitude.

From the day when first you welcomed us to our College-home, to these last moments of our student life, you have been our Guardian Angel, encouraging our weak efforts both by word and by example, confining within proper limits our ill directed zeal, sheltering us from the dangers and temptations of the outer world, in a word, proving by the irresistible eloquence of deeds the purity and grandeur of your noble character. Accept then the only offering we can make you, the assurance of our sincere and affectionate regard.

And as you daily stand before God's altar offering up the sacrifice of Calvary, we would ask you to have a thought of those who now with sorrowful hearts bid you a last farewell.

A moment more and all is over. As we gaze for the last time on the familiar faces of old friends and schoolmates, our lips are loath to speak the parting word. Farewell to loved companions, teachers—all. Fain would we linger to taste once more the sweets of your friendship. Never again as now shall we meet in prayer, in study or in recreation; never again, lighten each other's burdens by mutual offices of Christian charity.

Farewell our own dear Alma Mater, mother of our childhood and of our youth. Thy cloistered halls to us are sacred; thy towering walls overgrown with the moss of happy memories shall live forever in our hearts. Parting, we ask thee, dearest of mothers, and while thy loving hand is tracing over us the mystic symbol of our redemption with sincere and grateful hearts we will call down the graces and benedictions of our Heavenly Father on Thy sacred and Venerable Head.

JAMES SHANNON A. B.

### VOLTAIRE vs. LIBERTY.

Inspired with a great hatred against religion, writers of our day endeavor to present the infidels of every age as the liberators of nations and the friends of liberty, and will go so far even as to deny Christianity the great work it achieved, the regeneration of mankind and the gradual enfranchisement of peoples. Amidst the throng of these celebrated infidels, there is scarcely found one on whom greater praises are lavished and who is more rightly considered the corypheus of deism than Voltaire. It has been said of him that he hated tyranny and loved liberty, and it is claimed that there is the same difference between the philosophy of Voltaire and the faith of the Church as exists between the once famous Bastille and the Column of Liberty which now stands in its place.

After perusing the voluminous correspondence of Voltaire and judging from his works and his words, it is easy to show that far from being the defender of right against despotism, he was but the servile flatterer of tyrants and the cowardly insulter of the people. A traitor to his family, a traitor to his country, a traitor to his God, Voltaire never felt his heart, that heart so vile and corrupt, thrill at the sacred name of liberty, that noblest faculty with which the Creator has endowed man. He made himself the abject slave of the most cruel despots of his time. To please them he went so far as to deny his country! O Country! word unspeakable, which contains all that is most dear to the heart here below.

He, that monster, did rejoice at the defeat of the French arms, he even proclaimed himself a Prussian, a Russian! Behold him, that would-be champion of modern liberties, dragging himself at the feet of Frederic of Prussia, a king who became a false coiner to monopolize the money of the poor, a violator of one of the most inalienable rights of man, the liberty of conjugal alliances! Hear him, the base flatterer, bestowing the title of "son of God" into this philosophic king and calling the God Frederic! Hear the words of sacrilegious adulation he addresses to the Empress Catharine II of Russia: "We are three, Diderot, D'Alembert and I who

raise up altars to you; You are making me a pagan, I am with idolatry, Madame, the priest of your temple." He calls her the Goddess Catharine! Oh shame! very lowest ignominy! a frenchman, a son of St. Louis, addressing such words to this Messalina who had strangled her husband, gave herself up to murder and idolatry and whose cruelty invented for the chaste daughters of heroic Poland torments far surpassing in horror those inflicted by Nero on the first Martyrs of the Christian faith!

His meanness with the powerful is equalled only by taunting impudence towards the people. In order to form an idea of this we have but to hear him pour forth insults to the mass of the human kind, and couple the most degrading epithets with the name of the people. Thus he writes to Argenteuil: According to me, the greatest service that can be rendered to humanity is to set apart *stupid people* from the honest folks." "It is a propos, he informs the king of Prussia, that the people be led, not that it be instructed for it is not worthy of it." "The rabble, the rascality of our day is the same as that which vegetated four thousand years ago," he writes to Helvetius. The epithets of beggar, silly, ignorant, rascal, scarcely satisfy his contempt for the people. He even assimilates it to the brute. Thus he addresses Frederic: "It behooves you to give the white bread to the children of the house, i. e. the philosophers, and to leave the black bread to the dogs," thus designating the people for which, according to him, all burdens are prepared. One shudders with indignation at hearing such dastardly mockery.

Words were not enough for him, he must needs come to facts, he the infamous cynic, must defile with his impure venom that so noble and so pure figure of the heroic Joan of Arc! the sublimest and most poetical personification of the people.—The Angel, the deliverer of France is dragged through the mire of a poem where the filthiest obscenity vies with the most execrable impiety! This poem, worthy at most of Sodom, that scandalous derision of virginity, of patriotism and of Martyrdom has branded forever on the forehead of that unbelieving philosopher the odious stigma of "unfaithful historian," of "shameless liar."

But what then could be the motive of Voltaire in this disfiguring this personage so truly French indeed so wonderful? Ah! is it that Joan of Arc, with all her heroism and her courage, Joan of Arc, the glory and salvation of France, was a Christian. It is because she prayed that God whom Voltaire blasphemed!....

This contempt of the people well characterized the wisdom of the world, but the Wisdom of God is far different. It has made the great and the small, and has a like care of the one as of the other. This Wisdom takes Its delights in being with the children of men. Itself It became Man, and at that the Man of the people, having for mother an humble Virgin; for foster father a modest Artisan, a stable for a palace, a manger for his throne, and for all dignity in this world a manual profession. And when this true Wisdom undertook to dispel the darkness of that false wisdom which held up as Gods for public adoration, kings, princes, governors living or dead. It chose for Its teachers and Its apostles not the kings, the powerful, the sages of the world, but the men of the people, the twelve immortal fishermen of Galilee. They it was who were chosen to be the carriers of the good news, of that doctrine wholly of charity



and of humanity which was to operate in the world of moral intellect and social creation equalling if not surpassing in splendor the first.

The unbelieving philosophers who have indeed sounded very highly the words liberty, equality and fraternity have borrowed, I should say, stolen these ideas from Christianity. These three dogmas do not come from infidelity but they come from Calvary! Our holy religion has first of all proclaimed them to the face of the earth. She preached liberty when by the mouth of the Apostles she feared not to say before the angry persecutors that it is better to obey God rather than men, thus affirming the right of serving God according to one's conscience, the first and at the same time the source of all other liberties. She preached equality when she taught that we have all one and the same origin and also common destinies, pouring the same regenerating waters on the princely brow of the sons of kings as on that of the humble peasant child inviting them both later on, on that happiest day of life to sit at the same banquet. She preached fraternity, that true christian fellowship when she placed the commandment of the love of our neighbor immediately by the side of that love of God and also did so well practice it as to elicit cries of admiration from the pagans themselves who exclaimed: "Behold how they love one another." And who, on that inauspicious morrow, after the fall of the Roman Empire under the shock of the barbarous hordes, who reared up from these fuming ruins the incomparable edifice of European Civilization? Was it impious philosophy? Then it was not. Is it not rather the Church who, Mysterious dove hovered as formerly the spirit over this new Chaos?... And this our great and glorious republic, to whom does she owe the conquest of her rights and of her independence? How dear are the names of Washington, of Lafayette, of Carroll, of Carrollton! How they ever stand forth in bold relief whereas the name of Paine so unjustly famous grows very dim before them! The liberty, the equality, the fraternity of infidelity is precisely that with which France was blessed during the murderous struggles of the natural sons of Voltaire, the demagogues of '92 and the communists of '70. Philosophic civilization, that which flows from the negation of all religion is nothing else than license disorder and anarchy.

The philosophic school, starting from a principle of its own that the nature of man is perfect soon arrives at the negation of all bounds which check reason in its pretended flights towards the true and the good. "If it be so," says Donoso Cortes, humanity will be perfect only when it will deny God who is its divine bound, when it will deny government which is its political bound, when it will deny property which is its social bound and when it will deny family which is its domestic bound."

It is true, the infidels do not accept these conclusions, far from this, after rejecting the principles of christianity they admit the consequences that flow from them, but this they do only by dint of their own inconsistency. Such is their error when proclaiming themselves the apostles of the purest morals, they deny religion the very fundamental base thereof.

As for us dutiful sons of the catholic church, of that august mother who was the first to break the shackles of slavery and who endowed christian nations with popular institutions, now the glorious palladium of

our rights, we are assured that by being faithful to her divine teachings we will always enjoy the most perfect liberty:—Veritas liberabit vos, Truth will make you free.

ALPHONSE LOGEIS, A. M.

## LOCALS.

Hide your pipe, Pat; Fr. Mainville is coming.  
Among the many pleasant things which go to make vacation pleasant for the young boarders who still remain with us are the two cherry trees in the South East corner of the garden. Keep out of the garden P. & B. 'tis naughty to steal.

The Notre Dame Academy held its commencement exercises on Thursday June 21st. The hall was elegantly decorated. The rich variety of flowers and plants tastefully laid out on each side, the many inscriptions of welcome and good wishes hanging overhead and the happy group of glowing and smiling faces that decked the furthest end of the room presented a live picture on which the eye and heart could feast. It was evident the good Sisters spared no pains in their endeavors to make the evening pleasing to the parents and guests, and efforts were not in vain as the whole affair was a brilliant and successful one.

Having taken place in the new addition to the building, the audience were afforded much more comfort than had been given them in former years, and to the pupils was offered a better opportunity for the display of talents and merits. Among the distinguished guests present were Rt. Rev. J. T. Duhamel, Bishop of Ottawa, Canada, who presided over the exercises, Very Rev. P. Beaudoin, the beloved Pastor, Rev. Father Cote of Chicago, Rev. P. McGear of Gilman, Ills., Rev. C. P. Foster of Chicago, Rev. J. Waldron of Pullman, Ills. All participants in the evening entertainment acquitted themselves creditably of their respective parts. The politeness shown to the Reverend clergy was conspicuous, the address of hearty welcome, the presenting of bouquets and the graceful bow were things which formed useful lessons in good manners as well as objects of admiration. The addresses or recitations which were directed primarily to the Rt. Reverend Guest, secondarily to the good Pastor and then to the audience were quite appropriate, beautifully written and well delivered. The occasional smile which graced the lips of the younger one in the course of the delivery, and the casual blush which lit up the features of the elder added to the enjoyment of the admiring audience.

The music which formed no small portion of the entertainment was excellent. All the pieces both vocal and instrumental were given with taste and art, and reflected much credit on the directress. The Operetta and "Sounds that once through Tara's Hall" deserve particular mention. The principal attraction of the evening was the conferring of the graduating honors upon Miss C. Magnan and Miss K. Reilly. The Valedictory delivered by the former was affecting, and very truthfully expressed the sentiments of one who is about to take leave of devoted teachers, cherished companions of her school days, and the ever pleasant class room associations. Both received academic degrees with honors and were laden with rewards of merit, flowers and presents donated by parents and friends. Thus closed the happy and still the sad day, the last of the many happy ones spent in their dear Old Convent-home.

A few and well chosen remarks were then made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, among other things he said he had already experienced happiness of meeting with the Daughters of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois and become familiar with the beneficent results of the thorough instruction which they never failed to impart to the children confided to their care; and wished that the seeds of this institution be spread far and wide and fructify. We cannot but reiterate these beautiful sentiments.

The Academy is in a flourishing condition and well deserves the patronage of the American people.

The new addition to the building will soon be completed and ready for the coming term. Ample room is provided for the accommodation and convenience of a large number of boarders.

Lastly we will unite in the good wishes of the Rt. Rev. Bishop for the Convent. We hope that it may ever prosper on the road, so fairly traced; that hundreds of pupils may gather under its protecting roof, to draw freely at that source of intellectual and truly christian Education.



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