

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Nov. 13, 1886.

No 10.

A. H. PIKE.

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MR. A. GRANGER. .... '87.

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there is need of much toilsome rooting, and harrowing, and sowing, — Nov. 13, 1886. No 10.

of grammar, style and rhetoric. Let us, then, improve

while we may, all the faculties of our being so that we

may be ever more able to relish the good and to ad-

mirate the beautiful.

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may be ever more able to relish the good and to ad-

mirate the beautiful.

reading of these excellent works so full of sound reason,

good sense and invaluable information.

TO ENTERTAIN at the piano or with song one must

know music. So to instruct, to persuade, to interest, to

rouse up his listener the speaker must beside his science

possess the arts of a close logic and free elocution. With

these he is a power. We therefore congratulate the

Theological department on the reorganizing of their

class of sacred eloquence which is the straight road to

success in the field of predication.

THE INFLUENCE of the "almighty dollar" is not

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### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

If this life were all, would we ever have courage  
To struggle along through this world's dreary maze?

Where crosses so many in ambush await us—  
Where grief, dark and awful embitters our days.

Ah! no, we would not, but the faith that is in us  
Imbues us with strength for the warfare so dread,  
It holds bright before us the cross, crown-surmounted,  
With priceless gems studded, the tears we once shed.

When sometimes, perhaps, we with hearts heavy-laden,  
Had murmured because our cross weighty had seemed,  
And darkness enshrouded our lives till not even  
One glimmer of light o'er our pathway had gleamed.

But soon we regretted that ever we murmured  
For strength had been given the crosses to bear

While soft, shone before us, our guiding-star, Mary,  
Whose light safely guided us past dark despair.

And sometimes, again we have taken much pleasure  
In viewing the roses which grew in our way

Till seeking to pluck them, alas! we discovered  
That thorns grow with roses, as night follows day.

And thus it is ever through life from the cradle  
Till Death claims our bodies, we always will find

That joy is but fleeting but grief ever haunts us  
Though so oft we're told, "clouds are all silver-lined."

If this life were all, would it then be worth living?  
Ah! no, it would not, but these words we have heard

"The crown is bestowed on but cross-laden victors"  
This lesson we've learned when the page has been blurred

By tears, bitter tears when the cross seemed too heavy,  
By tears, bitter tears when the thorns pierced our hearts,

But when it is learned (at the close of our lifetime)  
We then can conceive the reward God imparts.

G. M.

### CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN.

The recent celebration, at which were many fond, familiar faces, brought to mind—naturally or accidentally—a query which must often force itself upon all lovers of religion. This, especially for those, who, like myself, can now look back to college days only as cherished memories. The world brings experience and makes the present more living. I put the question at once. Have we Catholics in this new land, which extends to every denomination of every clime the fellow hand of liberty and friendship—have we made desired pro-

gress, has our advancement been such as might be expected?

That our part in the great struggle for Independence, in the after wars, and in that last awful conflict, which threatened the dissolution of the Union—that our part was a glorious one, is needless to prove. But are our numbers all that position, advantage and circumstances would require? Considering that within the last hundred years the Catholic population of this country has advanced from one seventy-fifth to one eight of the entire republic, we might be led to conclude that our progress is most cheering. Taking into account, however, the enormous immigration yearly seeking shelter on our shores from the tyrannizing hands of European despots; the natural growth of resident Catholics—due allowance made for conversions—, our first outbursts of applause become temperate. Open hostility, by way of bigotry, daring to raise its scorpion head even in this free land of America, had, beyond doubt, a retarding effect. But apart from any professed opposition with which truth must ever meet, the progressive spirit of our country has brought attendant evils all the more dangerous because less apparent.

The predominant spirit of money-getting or more precisely of mercantilism has made every other consideration, however sacred and cherished, of but secondary importance. It has become a disease, a cancer stifling and absorbing all other elements of civilization. It recognizes no restraint; confines itself to no class, bows to the warning voice of no religion—"Post nummos virtus." It is destined assuredly to work sad havoc in the United States. It has already drawn into its service a vast deal of that ability which should go to other spheres, counteracting elements of civilization.

Laying aside, however, that self-sacrificing patriotic spirit which fashions the ideal law maker, let us consider the bearing of the Horacian maxim on our Catholic young men? That many of them, compelled to gain a livelihood, and consequently living in tainted atmospheres, have unconsciously, as it were, inhaled the obnoxious and soul destroying vapors, daily experience and frequent complaints of the clergy attest! It could scarcely be otherwise, for we all borrow from the influences that ripen our lives. The much-lauded public school with its godless training has, more's the pity, been the instructor of alas too many. From it thousands are launched forth upon the stormy sea of life with worldly equipments, to be sure, but without education. For the ultimate end of an intellectual training is to raise man to a feeling of his moral worth, to a sense of conscience and responsibility, to the dignity of a virtuous member of society. But what become of the crowds issuing yearly from our 600 Catholic academies and 90 colleges? The story is unfortunately not such as



we would fain narrate. Not a few hurrying along with the ever-advancing crowds strikingly recall "the Vision of Mirza." Skepticism, Rationalism, Agnosticism, Modern Infidelity, Nature-worship assail them in the daily paper and monthly magazine. The average novel—and the novel is an educator—instead of being a word-picture of human motive and action, a standard by which the quality and tone of Society may be gaged, a mirror in which we may find the actual or possible or noble self, tampers with things most sacred and easily condones faults most offensive and crimes most terrible.

It too of course, must receive attention and lend its influence to the mind. Associates in the school of medicine, failing to touch the soul with probe or scalpel, scout the idea of its existence. Companions at law, in the office, counting house, at the club and restaurant, on the railroad, in the hotel, at private dinner table, in every social and friendly meeting, throw out objections against the sacred things of religion.

If, therefore, the Church is to prosper in this brightest, fairest land, it appears to one who is himself cast 'mid life's busy scenes that the rising generations must be surrounded with more effectual safeguards and counteracting influences. Into the hands of young men must be placed the shield which is to defend them against the piercing darts of skepticism, and the sword and spear with which they are to attack and put to flight the enemies of the Church. All dangers unquestionably derive their power to harm from moral weakness in him who confronts them. The young man whose life is stainless, who has not allowed the siren pleasure to seduce him, the thirst for wealth to absorb his energies and shut out God from his heart, the longing for fame to turn him aside from the desire of God, will stand proof against the shoals and breakers of life which destroy so many.

The practical solution of the question lies, however, with those whose duty it is to rear young men, to cultivate their minds and hearts, to warn them against the hidden rocks of sin, and equip them for the lurking dangers of life. I would not, for a moment, ignore that home training, which teaches the child what seems to metaphysical schoolmen the abstrusest of all problems. "Read," says a well-known writer, "all those philosophers wrangling about a First Cause, deciding on what are miracles, and then again deciding that such miracles cannot be and when one has answered another and left in the crucible of wisdom a caput mortuum of ignorance, turn your eyes and look at the infant praying to the visible God at his mother's knees. This idea so miraculously abstract of a Power that the infant has never seen, that cannot be symbolled forth and explained to him by the most erudite sage—a Power nevertheless that watches over him and hears

him, that sees him, that will carry him across the grave, that will enable him to live on forever;— this double mystery of a divinity and of a soul the infant learns with most facile readiness, at the first glimpse of his reasoning faculty."

Heads of schools, colleges and the Secular Clergy can, therefore, best speak for the future of young men. Our opponents have, for the most part, the advantage of superior secular training and intellectual development. Our forefathers, suffering from social and political ostracism, have naturally and necessarily fallen in the social and intellectual order. And true, recollect, I do not think it possible or even necessary that young men be armed cap-a-pie against all objections. But men of the world do expect, that Catholics be able to state clearly and simply what the church teaches on those points in which she is most often mis-represented. A very little perversion will turn what is reasonable and true into what is quite unreasonable and false. If a Catholic has never been taught the difference between *absolute* and *relative* worship, how can he meet successfully the Protestant objection of "the adoration of the cross." If he has never been instructed in the doctrine of *concomitance*, how can he explain the church's practice of communion under one species only. If he has never learned what that much-abused Indulgence means, how could he, for example, account for the extraordinary calculation whereby Hawthorne, in his "Scarlet Letter," tells us that anyone visiting Rome can, in a very few hours, shorten his term in Purgatory by thousands of years. It would be desirable also that the attitude of the Church toward Science be thoroughly understood: let young men be told that Revelation is above science; that its point of departure is the one where all science founded on experience stops, and sound philosophy begins its ascent, rising above created things and leading us on upward even to God.

May not the clergy, therefore, knowing as they do, that the world addresses itself to the inclination of young men in a thousand ways—may they not anticipate by objects of interest and attachment its destroying influence? Let them point out with renewed energy the alarming danger of the curse of our age—the indiscriminate and miscellaneous perusal of everything printed. Let the rites and ceremonies of our holy religion symbolizing in part its innate beauty and majestic grandeur be carried out even under difficulties. Let instructions be given in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Let young men understand their true position, let them know that so much of the future welfare of the Church depends on them, that theirs is a duty and a burden of trust.

This done, may we not safely predict America the grandest home of the Church, for,



"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man  
When duty whispers low thou must  
The youth replies I can."

Fink.

### A SECOND GLANCE AT LUCILLE.

What is the moral hidden in this simple story? It is that an aimless life is an empty life; that the pursuit of pleasure alone does not satisfy the heart and that frequently its devotees only strive to forget their disappointed hopes in the whirl of excitement. It teaches us that perfect happiness is not within the grasp of any mortal and that sought for ones-self alone is selfish and despicable: that though happiness escape us in one direction, it may run to meet us in another; and that though disappointed in our charitable hopes, life is still living. It reminds us that if passion and inclination have lead us far from the true end of life, reason and determination can guide us back to the right path; that irresolution and doubt are the causes why the evening of life is not as bright as its morning had promised; and that they only who keep a definite object in view and have the resolute will to contend against the obstacles which raise themselves between them and the object of their pursuit, ever mount to success spiritual, temporal or intellectual.

Take, for instance, the character of Alfred as it is described by the author.

"Alfred Hargrave was one of those men who achieve  
So little because of the much they conceive.  
With irresolute finger he knocked at each one  
Of the doorways of life, and abided in none.  
His course, by each star that would cross it, was set  
And whatever he did he was sure to regret.  
That target discuss'd by the travelers of old,  
Which to one appear'd argent, to one appeared gold,  
To him ever lingering on Doubt's dizz of margent  
Appear'd in one moment both golden and argent."

These traits of character we discover in Alfred's conduct towards Lucille and Matilda. To whichever star he was nearer, by its attraction his course was regulated. If at the side of Lucille, his influence preponderated; if, by that of Matilda, her attraction was the greater. When called upon to decide between the two, like the needle placed between magnets, he vacillates; and, had not Lucille withdrawn her influence by flight, we may suppose that like the needle still, he would at last have come to a state of rest, obtaining neither of the objects which he sought—Yet he had talent of no mean order but being

Both brilliant and brittle, both bold and unstable  
Indecisive, yet keen, Alfred Hargrave seemed able  
To dazzle, but not to illuminate mankind.  
A character wavering, fitful, uncertain  
As the shadow that shakes o'er a luminous curtain  
Vague, flitting, but on it forever impressing  
The shape of some substance at which you stand  
We are not surprised therefore — [guessing.]  
"That his life, though in all things so gifted and  
skilled

Was at best but a promise, which nothing fulfill'd.

In his youth "his life had been earnest" and there was a moment in which it might have borne fruit "in his manhood's full growth" but the opportunity when he was the toy of too pliant a will to resist the boisterous wind of the world and the fro-t of the world's wintry wisdom. The occasion slipped by and thereafter

"He made it a law, in his commerce with men,

That intensity in him, which left sore

The heart it disturbed, to repel and ignore."

From thenceforth, with no plans for the future, connected with no object which could bring out and develop his faculties, he gave himself up to a life of pleasure: living only in the present. Years roll by in indolent idleness. But even pleasure at last palls upon its votaries and Alfred does not prove an exception. Discontent everywhere attends his footsteps and though young, talented and wealthy, he wearies of himself and life. Why? Because he had no definite aim to urge him on and give zeal to life; because of indecision and want of earnestness; because he had turned the world into a garden, when on the contrary it is a stubborn field, from whose soil nothing is reaped but by toil and perseverance; because he also he feared the sneers of his gay companions, whose silly minds looked down with contempt on a life spent in labor. Well had it been for him if he had remembered the poet's words

"Let any man once show the world that he feels

Afraid of its bask, and t'will fly at his heels:

Let him fearlessly face it, t'will leave him alone:

But t'will frown at his feet, if he fling it a bone"

Well perhaps had it been for him, had he been born to some lowlier rank (from the world's languid scorn secured by the world's stern resistance) where strife, strife and toil, and not pleasure, gave purpose to life. True, he repairs the mistakes of his youth, recognizes that "man lives not for himself alone" but that the happiness or misery of others is always linked with his; and that man's life is not one of unalloyed pleasure, but one of toil in which the bitter mingles with the sweet.

But would he have learned this lesson by himself? Or would he have had the courage to strike out a new life, a new line of action, had no Lucille been at his



# LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

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No 20.

BEBE

AMASSEUR D'

Bébé! comme il est frais et rose!  
On dirait une fleur pendant la nuit éclosée.  
Son œil, humide encore, étincèle si pur!  
Est-ce une goutte de rosée,  
Brillante de soleil, qui tremble sur l'azur?

Sa bouche où, seule, s'est posée  
La tendre lèvre de l'amour,  
Ebauche son premier sourire,  
Arc-en-ciel rayonnant de joie où tour à tour  
Bonheur, sérénité de l'âme viennent luire.

Et le père, qui tient ce blond enfant d'un jour,  
S'étonne de ne pas voir d'ailes  
Sortir sous les blanches dentelles,  
Tant lui semble cet ange aux limpides prunelles  
Venir des sphères éternelles!

Il agite ses mains et ses pieds, et son col  
Secoue en anneaux d'or chaque boucle soyeuse  
Qui couronne déjà sa tête radieuse.  
Tout son corps frémit: mère heureuse,  
Si tu ne le retiens, il va prendre son vol!

M\*\*

Oct. 26. 1886.

## CONSTANTINOPLE ET LE SCHISME D'ORIENT.

L'ère sanglante des persécutions finissait. La croix, honnie pendant trois cents ans, brillait sur le diadème des Césars, comme un gage de victoire; des catacombes, de cette ville peuplée de chrétiens et de tombeaux, sortit enfin le successeur de cinquante papes martyrs, et pour la première fois, à la face du soleil, au milieu des splendeurs de la ville éternelle, la majesté de l'empire et la majesté du souverain pontificat se rencontrèrent! Heure unique dans l'histoire. Le sang des martyrs avait emporté les idoles du Panthéon; la puissance toujours victorieuse du peuple-roi s'avouait vaincue devant cette faiblesse invincible d'une foi nouvelle, et il sembla que la capitale du monde, ce rendez-vous de toutes les gloires, n'était pas assez vaste pour contenir la gran-

deur, si différente et à la fois si illustre, de ces deux souverainetés.

Constantin eut assez de génie et de foi pour le comprendre. Assise sur sept collines, comme la ville de Romulus, sous un ciel plus doux que celui d'Italie, baigné par les flots de deux mers qui apportent à ses pieds les richesses de l'univers, s'élevait l'antique Byzance; ville incomparable par sa position, appelée par la nature à commander à l'Asie et à l'Europe, véritable clef du monde. Constantin lui donna son nom, y transporta le siège de l'empire, en fit une nouvelle Rome la capitale des cent peuples soumis à sa domination. Telle est la ville fameuse que des nations rivales se disputent comme une proie, à l'heure qu'il est, et dont le schisme célèbre a tant contribué à accélérer la perte. C'est ce qu'on peut démontrer en feuilletant la pages de sa lamentable histoire.

Malgré la piété dont il avait donné de si éclatants témoignages, le premier César chrétien ne sut pas repousser ces titres idolâtriques que l'adulation impie des courtisans avait décernés aux Néron et au Tibère et qui ne tendaient rien moins qu'à faire un dieu de l'empereur; funeste héritage que ses successeurs ne recueilleront que pour leur malheur, la ruine de la religion et de l'empire. Pourtant, c'était pour protester contre cette tyrannie des rois payens, que pendant trois siècles l'Eglise avait combattu sans relâche; c'était pour conquérir cette liberté des âmes, que pendant trois siècles le sang des martyrs avait coulé à flots dans les amphithéâtres de Rome. "Rendez à César ce qui appartient à César; à Dieu ce qui appartient à Dieu!" "Ce fut là le cri de nos pères marchant à la mort, le cri le plus noble, le plus civilisateur qui se fût encore échappé des lèvres humaines; l'affirmation du principe d'où découlerent comme d'une source, tous droits, toutes libertés. Enfin l'homme était réhabilité: les bourreaux pouvaient bien mettre son corps en pièces, mais l'âme restait libre, maîtresse d'elle-même, forte de sa grandeur et de sa dignité immortelle!

Le fruit de tant de combats, de luttes si mémorables, allait-il être perdu? Hélas! ce devait être le funeste sort réservé à l'Orient. Depuis Constantin lui-même, qui rappelle les Ariens, dont il avait signé la condamnation au concile de Nicée, jusqu'à ses derniers successeurs, les empereurs byzantins en montant sur le trône voudront



aussi gravir les marchés de l'autel, pénétrer dans le sanctuaire inviolable des consciences. L'Eglise apprit, par une triste expérience, qu'elle n'aurait pas moins à souffrir de la part des empereurs chrétiens que de la part des princes infidèles, et que le sang de ses enfants ne devait pas seulement être versé pour conserver intact le dépôt sacré de sa doctrine, mais aussi pour défendre chaque article de la foi attaquée par ceux qui auraient dû la protéger. C'est ainsi que les Constance, les Valens, les Copronyme, les Léon l'Isaurien, s'établissant juges en matière de religion, arracheront de leurs sièges St. Athanase, St. Chrysostôme, St. Martin, St. Ignace, pour les charger de chaînes et d'opprobres; tandis qu'ils élèveront à leur place et combleront d'honneurs les Macédonius, les Sergius, les Photius et les Cérulaires, vils jouets de leur orgueil et de leurs passions. Ils se serviront de leur autorité pour propager leurs hérésies favorites: tantôt celles d'Arius, de Nestorius, et d'Eutychès, tantôt celles des monothélites et des iconoclastes. Ils enverront des armées pour faire la guerre aux images, au lieu de tourner leur épée contre les hordes envahissantes des Barbares; tous leurs efforts tendront à briser les liens qui unissent Constantinople à Rome, le centre de l'unité catholique, à préparer les voies au schisme et la servitude la plus dégradante à l'Eglise d'Orient.

Voilà ce qui s'accomplissait à Byzance, où s'étaient installés la puissance de l'empire, les Césars et leurs légions réputées invincibles. Mais que faisait-on à Rome, maintenant veuve de ses rois et dépourvue de la gloire de ses jours antiques? Ce qu'on faisait? Ah! là, quand d'étranges événements s'agitaient dans les entrailles de l'humanité, quand il s'agissait d'élever un monde nouveau sur les ruines du monde ancien, loin de perdre le temps en vaines discussions, loin de détruire les forces sociales en des divisions fratricides, on préparait le moule immense, gigantesque, d'où devait sortir le colosse de la société chrétienne. Ce qu'on faisait? On envoyait à ces peuples altérés de meurtres et de carnages, que le Nord vomissait de son sein, des apôtres qui les baptisaient dans l'eau sainte et dans leur sang, donnaient à ces peuples barbares les noms à jamais glorieux de France, d'Espagne, d'Irlande, d'Angleterre et d'Allemagne! Ce qu'on faisait? On appelait d'un côté Charles Martel et ses Francs, dernier boulevard de la chrétienté, pour écraser les musulmans dans leur marche triomphante, et élever au sommet des Pyrénées une barrière qu'ils ne pourraient plus franchir; et de l'autre, on déposait sur le front de Charlemagne la couronne de l'empire d'Occident; et voilà que tout à coup, par un accord admirable, l'épée, la force fut mise au service de la justice et de la vérité! Ce qu'on faisait? Pour tout dire en un mot, on créait l'unité de

l'Europe, on dotait les peuples modernes de l'incomparable civilisation chrétienne! (A continuer.)

## CUEILLETES.

- Les feuilles mortes!
- Les beaux jours s'éloignent à regret.
- La saison des noix est complètement finie.
- Le *Cercle Molère* doit préparer une séance pour l'ouverture du Bazar qui aura lieu pendant la vacance de Noël.
- Plusieurs de nos jeunes Américains ont commencé à étudier le français. C'est une richesse que de posséder plusieurs langues.
- Le F. Piette est professeur d'Eléments Anglais à l'Académie de Berthier. C'est le F. Lussier qui l'a remplacé ici à l'externat.
- A. Lesage, E. Monast, F. et L. Giroux, D. et A. Granger, T. Legris, O. Le Vasseur sont passés de l'école du District au pensionnat.
- Nous reproduisons du *Travailleur* un article sur l'enseignement du français par M. Sulte. Il n'y va pas de main morte, mais la leçon n'en sera que meilleure, peut-être.
- La Revde. Sr. St. Joseph de Bonsecours, née Julie Lesage, est décédée à Montréal après avoir souffert avec une résignation angélique une bien longue maladie. On avait espéré que la brise natale l'a ramènerait à la santé, mais il lui fallait un air plus pur, celui du ciel! Nos plus sincères condoléances à la famille affligée.
- Rev. P. Langlais a fait présent de magnifiques chandeliers pour la chapelle du Collège, le jour de la fête de St. Viateur. Le P. Marsile a reçu à la même occasion, du Rév. P. Poulin une jolie horloge avec cadre en velours.
- Le 24 Oct. à Manteno, la célébration des saints offices a été rehaussée par la présence de plusieurs anciens élèves du Collège Bourget, Canada. La Messe a été chantée par Rév. F. Adam, curé d'Hochelaga, P. Q., assisté des R. R. Caron, curé de Clarence, P. O., et L. Campeau, de l'évêché d'Ottawa, P. Q. comme Diacre et Sous-Diacre.
- Le sermon en français a été fait par Rév. P. Bélanger, curé de St. André, P. Q. et en anglais par Rév. L. Campeau. Tous deux après avoir parlé sur l'Evangile du jour ont payé un éloquent tribut de louanges et de reconnaissance à leur ancien et bien-aimé Directeur, Rév. P. Chouinard, C. S. V. Rév. A. Labelle, vicaire à St. Henri des Tanneries, P. Q. a accompagné sur l'orgue, avec une habileté artistique, la messe du sixième ton chantée en partie par les R. R. A. Mainville, C. S. V., A. D. Mainville, C. S. V., F. Lauzon, C. S. V., J. Séguin, C. S. V. et A. Bélanger, tous anciens élèves du curé de Manteno.



## LE JOUR DES MORTS.

L'Automne est arrivé! Les jours deviennent de plus en plus courts, le soleil se voile sous d'épais nuages. Les oiseaux s'envolent vers des climats plus doux. Le vent enlève les feuilles flétries et gémit dans les rameaux desséchés. Tout tombe, tout meurt.

"Ainsi finit une année,

Ainsi finissent nos jours."

L'Eglise comme une tendre mère, nous rappelle en ces jours le souvenir de nos frères trépassés. Elle n'aurait pu mieux choisir, car tout alors nous parle des absents, de ceux que la mort a moissonnés. Il vient comme une voix de la tombe, la voix d'amis qui dorment sous le gazon le long sommeil de la mort.

Mais est-ce que tout repose là, sous ces quelques pieds de terre? Non, leur âme a brisé ces chaînes pour s'envoler là haut; elle semble venir nous parler quand le souvenir de nos amis absents s'éveille en nous. C'est une mère qu'une mort prématurée a enlevée à ses enfants; c'est un ami, compagnon de nos joies et de nos douleurs; c'est une tendre sœur, un frère bien aimé qui nous disent: "De nous vous souvenez-vous?"

Comment vous oublier? ce serait nous oublier nous-mêmes. Vous êtes une parti de notre être et la meilleure moitié de notre vie appartient au tombeau. Nos prières montent vers l'Eternel pour le fléchir. Dieu! n'écoutez pas votre justice mais votre clémence; ayez pitié de ceux que votre main a frappés. Qui pourrait soutenir votre regard? Rien n'est pur devant vous. Accordez à nos frères le repos, la lumière éternelle!

A. L. G.

## VIVRE, C'EST SE SOUVENIR.

Le Rév. M. Adam invité à parler devant la communauté, entre autres gracieuses choses, a dit cette belle parole d'un écrivain: Vivre, c'est se souvenir. Comme elle était vraie cette pensée pour un grand nombre de ceux qui étaient alors assis à la table de l'amitié et que la gratitude groupait autour du guide de leurs jeunes années! Tous vivaient, vivaient du doux passée!

La montagne, si verte au printemps et si pourpre et d'or à l'automne, élevait encore vers l'azur sa tête couronnée de la croix; le murmure des *Rapides* mêlait sa chanson à la voix et aux éclats de rire de la troupe écolière; des figures bien connues, mais sans les rides de l'âge, parlaient et souriaient affectueusement au Père de leur enfance. Heureux temps! O courses sur les rochers et au bord des blanches cascates! O jeux bruyants et gambades sous les grands érables! O riches

cueillettes de noix et de bleuets! Heures délicieuses d'étude et de poésie! Vous tous, beaux jours d'autrefois, vous êtes revenus et nous sommes encore enfants! ....

Mais le temps, qui détruit tout, nous enlève le suave enchantement de nos rêves. Il est cependant un double sentiment qu'il ne saurait atteindre, qui prend racine dans les cœurs bien nés, grandit avec les ans, la reconnaissance et l'amour! L'heure du départ a sonné: il faut se séparer, mais cette rencontre, c'est une halte sur le chemin de la vie, c'est un anneau d'or ajouté à la chaîne des souvenirs, c'est le doux au revoir! Oui à revoir et à bientôt!

O charmants visiteurs, vous avez fait pieusement votre pèlerinage au sanctuaire de l'amitié. Votre présence a rajeuni l'âme de votre vieil et meilleur ami; vos chants et votre parole ont réjoui le temple témoin de son zèle infatigable; il portera avec orgueil le joyau que vous avez mis à cette main qui vous bénit tant de fois, et nous, qui vous connûtes si bien, sommes toujours sous le charme de votre trop court séjour au milieu de nous.

Car vous n'êtes pas étrangers, comme vous l'avez si bien dit, et ceux qui ont étudié sous les mêmes maîtres ne sauraient jamais l'être. Qu'ils viennent du Canada ou de la France, ce sont des frères, des enfants de St. Viateur. Partout l'élève reconnaît l'humble livrée de ses maîtres et leurs dispositions particulières d'âme et de cœur qui sont comme un cachet de famille, et eux aussi savent reconnaître leurs fils dont l'intelligence a été cultivée par des mains fraternelles. On ne saurait ainsi se rencontrer, se reposer sous le même toit sans éveiller les plus chères réminiscences:

"Et de ceux que j'aimais l'image évanouie

Se lève dans mon âme et je revis ma vie!"

Lua.

## L'ENSEIGNEMENT DU FRANCAIS.

Dire aux personnes qui marmottent, au lieu d'articuler, et qui se servent de tous les mots qui se présentent au lieu de choisir des termes propres, dire à ces personnes qu'elles ne savent pas la langue française, c'est leur causer une surprise extrême.

Dire à un homme ou à une femme qui recommence cinq ou six fois sa phrase avant que de la terminer, et qui embrouille chaque membre de cette phrase sans parvenir à exprimer nettement sa pensée, dire à cette personne qu'elle parle avant que d'avoir réfléchi—c'est la surprendre....et l'insulter.

Dire à un maître d'école qu'il baragouine et qu'il n'enseigne à ses élèves qu'une prononciation fautive, c'est l'attaquer dans sa dignité d'individu diplômé.

Dire à un enfant qu'il jargonne, tandis qu'il devrait



se servir de mots qui sont justes et qu'il a entendus mille fois dans sa courte existence, c'est se moquer de ce petit personnage—et tout le monde admet qu'il ne faut pas se moquer des enfants.

Dire à ceux qui lisent qu'ils devraient employer dans le langage parlé les expressions qu'ils rencontrent sous leurs yeux, c'est leur demander plus qu'ils ne veulent promettre.

Dire à un père de famille qu'il ne devrait jamais répondre à son enfant lorsque celui-ci s'exprime incorrectement, c'est transformer le père de famille en maître d'école et... l'humilier.

Comprenez donc, compatriotes, que nous sommes tous des maîtres d'école et que le meilleur de la bande est celui d'entre nous qui veut la perfection de son enfant. Soignez votre langage afin que votre fils devienne plus compréhensible que vous. Ne seriez-vous pas fier d'avoir un enfant qui vous fût supérieur? Vous arriveriez sûrement à ce résultat en lui donnant un langage au-dessus de la banale et stupide conception du public.

Vous êtes, père de famille et vous ne songez pas à rendre vos enfants plus connaissant, plus parfaits que vous!

Et vous parlez de progrès!

Et vous regrettez le temps que vous avez perdu, dans votre jeunesse!

Ah! laissez moi vous dire que vous n'êtes pas raisonnable. Si vous avez un fils qui a le moindre talent, tâchez qu'il connaisse sa langue. Plus il la connaîtra, plus il fera honneur à sa position dans la vie.

Encouragez-le à soigner son langage. Faites en sorte qu'il pense avant que d'ouvrir la bouche. Si vous observez des défauts dans la manière de parler des hommes de votre entourage, signalez ces défauts à votre fils afin qu'il les évite. Quant à vous, il n'y a guère d'espérance de vous corriger, car l'âge ne le permet pas—mais votre fils est jeune. Dites-lui de se surveiller et de ne pas prendre exemple sur vous-même.

Il n'est pas nécessaire pour cela que vous soyez un savant. Obligez votre fils à savoir la grammaire et à l'appliquer. Il en prendra l'habitude. Sa phrase claire et nette le fera remarquer partout. Cela vaut une profession. N'avez-vous pas rencontré des hommes qui ont naturellement le don de bien s'exprimer? On les écoute, n'est-ce pas? Eh! bien, cet avantage peut s'acquérir au moyen d'un peu de travail. J'ai toujours pris plaisir à écouter Ferdinand Gagnon, ce modèle du beau et solide langage. C'était un Canadien qui nous faisait honneur. Ce qu'il disait était dit une fois pour tout. Il ne commençait pas une phrase par la fin ni par le milieu—il la pensait avant que de la prononcer, et sa pensée coulait de source. Nous devrions tous parler ainsi. Je rougis lorsque j'entends des enfants s'exprimer plus correctement que moi, mais hélas! qui nous a enseigné dans notre jeu-

nesse à nous surveiller et à dire nettement ce qui nous passe par la tête? Je rencontre tous les jours des personnes qui parlent un affreux langage et qui, cependant, la plume à la main, savent parfaitement se tirer d'affaires. C'est que l'on n'a pas imposé à ces personnes dans leur enfance l'obligation de parler avec soin, avec mesure après réflexion. A nous de faire en sorte que ce défaut ne se répète pas chez les enfants.

Plusieurs s'effraient lorsqu'on leur propose de soigner leur langage. "Voulez-vous donc que nous parlions en termes?" demandent-ils. Parler "en termes" est tout simplement bête. Parler correctement c'est savoir parler. Le langage nous distingue des animaux—ayons un langage digne de l'homme. Ceux qui parlent en termes sont des ignorants qui se rendent ridicules en employant des mots qu'ils ne comprennent pas. Je serais le dernier à vous conseiller l'usage des "termes." Mais parlez "français"—c'est-à-dire d'une manière lucide, facile à comprendre et toujours conforme à la grammaire. C'est un tout petit livre que la grammaire. Un petit enfant peut l'apprendre. Quand on l'a appris, c'est pour jusqu'à cent ans!

Habituez-vous à articuler clairement, au lieu de marmotter des sons que l'oreille ne peut saisir.

Je me suis souvent arrêté pour entendre des Canadiens s'adressant la parole. A chaque phrase l'interlocuteur disait: "hein?" et l'autre répétait ce qu'il venait de dire. Pourquoi? parce que l'articulation est défectueuse. Nous sommes élevés de cette façon et tout notre monde en souffre sottement sans se plaindre. Remettez les enfants dans la bonne voie. Faites en sorte qu'ils ne ressemblent pas sous ce rapport à leurs pères; car, en vérité, nous ne nous comprenons pas les uns les autres!

Si les canadiens des Etats-Unis veulent s'en donner la peine, ils ont une excellente occasion de relever la langue française tombée si bas dans le langage parlé de la province de Québec. Ils sont les maîtres de l'enseignement, et, par conséquent, ils peuvent le surveiller—ce qui n'a pas lieu dans l'ancien Canada, où chaque enfant est libre d'aboyer comme un chien, sans craindre qu'on le redresse.

C'est par le nombre des votes que nous nous faisons respecter quelque peu en Canada. Les Canadiens des Etats-Unis peuvent mettre deux cordes à leur arc: le vote et la langue. Qu'ils se montrent jaloux de bien parler français et on les respectera beaucoup plus que s'ils font usage d'un baragouin qui peut les faire prendre par les étrangers pour un peuplesans valeur intellectuelle. Je désespère de corriger sous ce rapport les familles du Canada—mais aux Etats-Unis, il me semble que c'est plus praticable, puisqu'il y va de votre honneur et de vos intérêts.

BENJAMIN SULTE.



side at the right moment to show him his mistake, to point out the road, to teach him his duties and the dangers by which he was encompassed? No; it was the spell of her example and the influence of her character which changed the vacillating and self-seeking lover of pleasure into the strong and determined soldier of life. In Lucille we behold the true heroine. Her deeds 'tis true, are not such as we read of in the high-pressure novels of the day, but deeds hidden from the gaze of the many and showing a world of self-sacrifice; the mark of a true heroine. Had not her heart and will been docile to principle and reason would or could she have imposed on herself that self-exile from those whom she loved. Could she have beheld happiness slipping from her grasp without regret, when it was so easily within her reach? If she had not been guided by principle, if the thought that her happiness would be gained only at the price of another's innocent sufferings, if these had not been vividly impressed on heart and mind never would she have made such a sacrifice. It is this train in her character which the author describes in the following lines—

Unknown.

To herself, all her instincts, without hesitation,  
Embraced the idea of self-immolation.

The strong spirit in her, had her life but been blended  
With some man's whose heart her own comprehended  
All its wealth at his feet she would have lavishly thrown.  
For him she had struggled and striven alone;  
For him had aspired; in him had transfused  
All the gladness and grace of her nature; and used  
For him only the spell of its delicate power:

Like some ministering fairy that brings from her bower  
To some maze, all the treasures, whose use the fond elf  
More enriched by her love, disregards for herself."

But what fortune prevented her from doing to the one of her choice, she accomplishes in others whose lives had been linked with, and, in some measure, set in motion by hers. This she brings about by elevating them to the same level with herself, by forcing them to look outside themselves, by pointing out duties which no one should shirk, who is looked up to by others whose path runs in a lower and more humble plane. But although sustained by principle and applauded by conscience in her self-immolation, yet at what a cost was Lucille's victory obtained! The power of suffering differs and is intensified (according to the degree of spirituality) in different persons. The man who from boyhood to mature age has hardened his system by manual labor scarcely feels the blow which would fell one of a more delicate constitution; the child of poverty is better able to bear privations than one surrounded by all that wealth can secure. Again one whose feelings are blunted either by natural obtuseness of disposition

or education, is impervious to the griefs to which more sensitive natures are subject: taunts or insinuations cast on such a one's character glance off, and scarcely are felt. Louis XVI of France certainly, when dragged to the guillotine suffered infinitely more, when he beheld himself the spectacle of a brutal rabble and the victim of a brutal death, than a "sans-culotte" from the slums of Paris. Such being the case, we may easily imagine that Lucille, whom the author represents as one capable of unbounded love and consequently also of suffering, did not obtain the conquest of self except at the price of most intense anguish. Need we wonder then that she trembled and hesitated at the step she was about to take which would cut her off forever from all that was most dear to her, and that

"Emotions, long pent up in her breast, were at stir

And the deeps of her spirit were troubled in her?" But the voice of duty sounded in her ear. She answered its call and turned her back courageously upon the past to take up life anew as a Sister of Charity, that she might perfect the work of self-immolation in relieving the sorrows of the unfortunate. To understand her character fully, however, one must read the book itself. In one thing the author, it must be said, disappoints the reader; namely: that Lucille took up her new life of a "religieuse" with a heart torn by regrets. Certainly, it was natural that Lucille endured intense grief in relinquishing all the fond hopes of her young life; but to say that she regretted what she had done would insinuate that she acted rashly and was dissatisfied with her new career. But this is contrary to what the author reveals to us in describing this part of her life. Moreover, if he had penetrated thoroughly into the spirit of the religious life, he would have known that one whose heart is divided cannot take up such a burden; or, if he has, the load will rest uneasily on his shoulders and soon be cast off in weariness and disgust. One who devotes himself to such a life must not cast any glances behind at what he has left, but must ever look forward, if he wishes to persevere, to perform his duties conscientiously and be contented and happy. We close our remarks by saying that with this slight exception, the portrayal of character, the necessity of a definite object towards which to direct our energies and the evil arising from vacillation and inversion, one in our humble opinion, vividly described.

It is with the object of studying these that the book should be read; taken up for the story itself is time lost.

We regret very much to announce the death of our genial old friend Mr. Patrick O'Beirn. He died on the 4th, inst. and was interred on the 6th. in the Grove Cemetery. His son Michael who was absent, arrived only in the evening of the 6th. and heard the sad news of his father's death. Our condolences to the orphan and our prayers for the dead.

R. I. P.



## LOCALS.

- No!
- Ven?
- Brrrrrr!
- More Steam!
- First flakes last Saturday.
- Beati qui didn't light the fire!
- Prepare your sleds and skates.
- Tim says he wasn't born to latin!
- "Say, there's a fly on your collar."
- Bennett, please play the "Jolly Brother's Gallop" for us.
- The mimims' show by the Adams Co. was a most laughable affair.
- Toussaint Rousseau, of Chicago, returned from home on the 3rd. inst.
- Spectacles are becoming very fashionable among the boys and professors.
- "Falsely accused" or "Who chews tobacco?" is the title of a new play by Frazer.
- The weekly public thesis for the theology and philosophy classes are now in order.
- The name of Thomas Griffin, of Chicago, has lately been added to the list of juniors.
- Guy McLean, of Puleman, promises to join our United Minstrels on Thanksgiving's eve for the "big fun."
- Before long there will be an additional number of chandeliers placed in the study-hall to afford more light.
- Christmas! By the powers, is it already so near? To be sure it is and there is only Thanksgiving in the way!
- The last game of base-ball was played on Nov. 1. between the Chicagos and the Indianas. Chicagos won by 10 to 6.
- Perrie Parker informs us that on account of the condition of his eyes after treatment he cannot come back before Christmas.
- Rev. J. Marsile made a short trip to Chicago and purchased the elegant "damasks" which will now grace our chapel windows.
- The forest fire lit by our juvenile squirrel hunters last week had in it a somewhat of the sublime in that it raised their minds much above their ordinary level.
- Foot ball is now the principal sport and every recreation hour the campus is enlivened by an exciting game between the juniors and seniors, two well chosen sides.
- During the festivities of all Saints Rev. E. Rivard visited Chicago and sang High Mass at St. John's church. He also while in the city made arrangement for the furnishing of our gymnasium.

— Fred. Lesage has been for the last week carrying around with him an enlarged nasal organ and two colored optics the result of being hit with a hand ball.

— The closets for the band instruments and stage costumes have been completed and are now ready for use. One will also be placed in the smoking room for the use of St. Patrick's Society.

— The reading of the notes occurred last week during which Father Marsile took occasion to encourage the boys in their studies saying that the time was now very short until Christmas and that they should study hard so as to pass a good examination in February.

— Father Dooling has received two elegant, gilt framed pictures, one of Archbishop Feehan and the other of Father Conway, to be placed in the front corridor. He also has procured a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception for the study-hall and one of the Sacred Heart for the corridor near the music-hall

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## ROLL OF HONOR.

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#### Minim Department.

L. Falley and V. Lamarre,—Gold Medal drawn by V. Lamarre.

Distinguished.—J. Tierney, A. Letourneau, A. Fontanelle, H. Lingle, H. Culver, E. Harbour.



## EXCHANGES.

In his attempt to show the usefulness of a knowledge of the classics, J. of the *N. D. Scholastic* succeeds in the main. It is true that the classics afford us an insight into many great characters of past times, and that young men are benefited by their acquaintance with these geniuses as well as by sounding the depths of philology. However it is not entirely safe to say that the laws of the Athenians were so perfectly equitable, when almost two thirds of their population were held in bondage, and parents exercised the unnatural right of life and death over their children. Balmes speaks of this at length. Nor are the greatest authors of Grecian and Latin literature, because they wrote when their nations were at the acme of glory, devoid of coarseness and vulgarity. It is well known that the Augustan age, the age of Roman glory is also the age of Roman corruption which is impressed upon the writing of even the great Horace, the great Virgil. We are much interested in the excellent historical essays of Rev. T. Fitte. We always find the *Scholastic* full of interesting matter, instructive and profitable—The "book notices" are fair as they ought to be. The *Scholastic*, for its information scientific, historical, or literary, is an exchange we keep on file for future binding.

The Ichabod Crane of the *Niagara Index*, mounted on Don Quixote's old Rozinante, has in his headlong tour through college journalism struck benighted Bourbonnais Grove!—50 miles from Chicago and yet way outside the realms of our wide-awake civilization! *Index*, it is abundantly apparent that you bear the stamp of an age "whose great fault it is to be overwise, too transcendently sapient for its own comfort." You seem the impersonation of infatuation, the monopolizer of genius.... Happily we are not so thin-skinned as you perhaps suppose, not so sensitive to the piquant shafts of your criticism as a Pope, a Marlborough, a Cowper, or a Robertson would have been. We are not disposed to die of grief. Did anybody tell you we were all French? of course, and on that you dashed of your scholarly stuff with the assurance that it would completely paralyze us. We survive.... You are then as much opposed to the co-education of languages as to the co-education of the sexes! Why, indeed, should not two languages grow in the same soil, unless it be that the soil is too barren? And the idea of your condemning of our French supplement when it contains a piece by a most eminent writer of France! You remind us forcibly, *Index*, of a head-sore critic who unmercifully cut up a page of Bossuet without knowing it. "Who says too much says nothing." Your criticism of our English has the same weight. Now are you insulted because we called you the *enfant terrible*? It is however a compara-

tively mild term when we consider *your* diction, "you ass, you hog, you log, you degenerate son of woman born, chuckle headed, cowardly cur, full of gas and gush," so *you* talk. In your own parlance again your "rehashing" is "the wormiest of all chestnuts."

The essay on Moore in the *College Message* is written with some gusto and winds up gracefully; but it is not a complete view of Moore. What you say, Mc., on the rapturous flow of the "Melodies" is all true enough; but are you so enamoured of these as to see nothing objectionable in his "Epistles, Odes and other Poems?" You might have judiciously spent a "half hour" in cautioning your fellow members against his looseness in a moral point of view. The walk through our "Modern Historians" is interesting and the judgment pretty correct. "Criticism (concluded)," "The Novel Chap. V." we were not tempted to read—Continued stories, articles etc., should not, as much as possible, find place in College Journals. They belong to Reviews, Periodicals, Magazines. Do not make us spell Rationalism—Rashionalism. "Though angels write, 'ti's devils must print."

The *Illini*, our State-fellow, who played truant all last year, comes back with a new coat, illumination in its face. After reading it well through we think the editorials the best. The hints on the economy or methodical employment of time are well put, and for students they are always timely. Weston says in his own words the praise many many have already chanted. It is a fair exercise but by no means exhaustive. If the builders of the Kankakee water tower had read your article on the "Stand Pipe" they had probably better succeeded. Is it really decided about Shakespeare and Bacon? The exchange column is well attended to. *Illini*, show us often your new device and the literary doings of our State university which never fail to interest us.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Remember that this is the month of the departed!

There are fourteen Catholic parishes in Kansas City and suburbs.

Canada has now a cardinal, six archbishops, twenty-seven bishops and nearly 2,250 priests.

A Roman newspaper was lately announcing that his Holiness, the Pope, had that day visited one of the many churches of Rome to make one of the six visits prescribed for the gaining of the indulgence of the Jubilee.

The collection for the Charleston sufferers, made on a recent Sunday by order of archbishop Williams in all the Catholic Churches of Boston realized between \$3,000 and \$4,000.

A congress of the Catholic jurists of France was lately held at Lille, presided by the distinguished orator and statesman, M. Lucien Brun. Among many question



considered by these earnest men is to be remembered by the general understanding in regard to the application of

the recently established law of divorce so as to counteract its disastrous effect upon society. The Pope has sent a letter to his Eminence Cardinal Terceira of Quebec expressing his extreme pleasure at the generosity of Mr. L. G. Baillarge, a leading tradesman of that city who contributed \$10,000. toward the founding of a new chair of Literature and the generosity of Mr. L. G. Baillarge, a leading perfection of that city, who contributed \$10,000. toward the founding of a new chair of Literature and

perfection of that city in connection with Laval University. nobility have sent a petition to queen Margaret, of Italy, begging her to save the rooms in the old con-

vent of St. Stanislaus Kotska lived and died. This sorely tried nation has had to suffer many persecutions and insults in these many years and the demolition of this holy retreat, which has been for so long a time a place of refuge where pilgrimages could be made to seek new courage, would be that bitter drop which would overflow the cup of grief presented to their hearts.

at Ottawa. Ont. They were both afflicted and out of charity were received into the Catholic Church.

at Ottawa. Ont. They were both afflicted and out of charity were received into the Catholic Church. A woman as well as her mother who suffered from paralysis, offered up prayers and claimed, as a result, to be cured. They were both afflicted and out of charity were received into the Catholic Church.

at Ottawa. Ont. They were both afflicted and out of charity were received into the Catholic Church.

Richmond after assisting at a meeting of the board of the University where they were selected as a committee

of that same board, sailed for Europe on the 5th. inst. bearing with themselves letters to the Pope and to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, beseeching his Holiness to bless the undertaking of this new institution and submitting various considerations on studies, regulations, etc. regarding the University. The work of the Board of the University is stated to be encouraging and at the conference it was announced that \$500,000 had been subscribed besides the original gift of Miss Caldwell.

The *Petite Revue du Tiers Ordre*, of this month devotes many pages to the devotion which we should have for the departed souls. A small picture in the fore-

part of the review strikes us as being quite suggestive. In one part of it are represented the flames of purgatory among which countless souls are detained. In another part, a priest is seen holding up the chalice to heaven at the elevation of the mass, and angels coming among which countless souls are detained. In another part, a priest is seen holding up the chalice to heaven at the elevation of the mass, and angels coming among which countless souls are detained.

The Catholic Young Men's National Union, which they have been so ardently longing for, has taken this chalice and pour it on the poor suffering souls which causes them to rise gradually from the flames till they become able to wing their flight to God for whom they have been so ardently longing.

will imitate his qualities, while endeavoring to perpetuate

Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Bishop Keane, of his memory.

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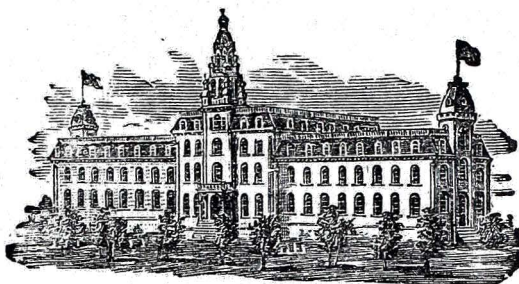
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