

ST. VIATEUR'S

COLLEGE + JOURNAL.

ROY

MEMORIAL

YEAR.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE,

KANKAKEE + COUNTY + ILLINOIS

VOL. VI. +

MAY 11 + + 1889

Nº 18

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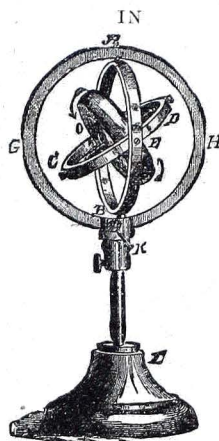
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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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VOL. VI

BOURBONNAIS GROVE. ILL. SATURDAY, May 11th., 1889.

No 18.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

PAUL WILSTACH.....'89.
CHAS. H. BALL.....'89.
A. J. FRAZER.....'91.

TERMS. { One year - - - - - \$1.50.
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For advertising, see last page.

All students of the College are invited to send contributions of matter for the JOURNAL.

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

Entered at the Post Office at Bourbonnais Grove, Ill., as second class matter.

EDITORIALS.

THE RECENT CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, is one of which every American, every true patriot, and liberty loving man, may justly feel proud. Throughout this fair land, the people with one accord, with one heart and one voice, assembled to manifest their approbation and proclaim their approval of the commemoration of this auspicious event. This clearly showed their love of country, and their appreciation of the efforts and merits of Him and his coworkers, who purchased for them that priceless boon. Well hath the poet said that,

"When a great mandies,
"For years beyond his ken,
"The light he leaves behind,
"Shines on the path of men."

Never in the history of this nor in that of any other nation, has this sentiment been so fully verified, as on the 30th ult, when all, irrespective of race or class, laid aside their labors and donned their holiday attire and helped to swell the number,

assembled to celebrate and commemorate Washington's inauguration, of one hundred years ago.

*
* *

IN THE VERY CONCEPTION of such a design, on the part of the people, there was something grand; in the unique execution of it, there was something sublime. On the one hand it announced the intelligence of the people, and on the other, their patriotism and heartfelt gratitude, for the inestimable privileges and blessings which they possess. It is evident that, they hailed with joy the advent of that day, on which they might withdraw from their daily pursuits, to go back in thought and fancy to the days of our infant republic; and hear her history recounted, the heroic deeds of her Illustrious Father and devoted sons expounded and to revive their zeal and renew their love, for their country's freedom. But in so doing let us be mindful that, with pleasure comes responsibility. If we heap benediction on our ancestors, we must strive to follow their example and always endeavor to inculcate, and propagate those priceless principles, transmitted to us by them and which have been and are now, the delight and admiration of the nations of the earth. And when another century shall be numbered with the past, let us trust that, America will continue to lead the van, in science, art, religion, honor, fame!

*
* *

BOYS, the season is rushing in; be on the look out: the examination is coming like a shot; be ready for the emergency.

*
* *

THERE IS a great deal to be admired, in the frankness of a person's manner, and so much depends on first impressions that, with conviction may it be said that, no labor should be spared to cultivate a candid, and comprehensive manner of expression and urbanity of manners.

MARCELLA GRACE.

GEORGE E. DONNELLY.

The world's library of fiction is rapidly increasing, volumes leave the publisher to be eagerly perused by an anxious awaiting public. Some of these, mixed up as they are with sensational facts are little to be encouraged, others dealing with religious questions cast their shadows across the path of thought for an instant and fall into harmless disuse. Others still, there are, whose mission is of a higher order, dealing as they do with the rigorous realities of every day life—now picturing the transient joys, again delineating the melancholy sorrows of our earthly abode—secure a hold on the affection of the reader and obtain for the author more than a passing notice.

Marcella Grace is a novel of the latter type. The story is told with this simple, natural grace which discovers not a little genius. The scene of the plot is Ireland and the plot itself is founded upon incidents which take place at the present time under the Coercion laws. The story is exceedingly interesting and from the time the book is taken up until the end is reached, interest does not lag, nor are there dreary chapters to retard our sympathy.

Marcella Grace, the heroine, born amidst the slums of Dublin life, grows to womanhood under the care of a loving yet peevish father. Riches, however, awaits the poverty-stricken girl for by the death of an aunt whose property she inherits she is able to quit her humble abode for one more sonsonant with her altered fortune. Before she became the heiress of Distresno, she had met and saved the life of Bryan Kilmartin. This Kilmartin, who in youth had been a Fenian but who had seceded from their ranks in mature years, was the object of vengeance. Being arrested at their instigation for the murder of a landlord and tried in a court where the testimony of informers was admitted he was convicted. The penalty was death. This sentence was, a short time after changed to penal servitude for life. He lingered long in the clutches of a tyrannical law, cheerfully performing his convict duty until Barrett, the chief informer dies and on his deathbed confessed the murder and exonerates Kilmartin.

The characters are aptly drawn and are the best part of the story. Marcella exhibits the warm, impulsive nature of the Irish. When sickness or distress assailed her tenantry no one was quicker to watch by the bedside and none gave more comfort than she. Kilmartin also touches a responsive chord of the heart, his love for his mother teaches a worthy lesson of filial affection,

while his love for his tenantry shows us our duty to our neighbor.

The dark aspect and hardened heart of the informer Barrett, the gentle care taken of him by Marcella when sickness rendered him helpless; the simplicity of honest Mike, whose life paid the forfeit of his honesty, and the noble character of Father Daly, whose whole life was spent in alleviating the many sorrows of his people by christian consolation, are realistic pictures of Irish life.

The narrative is in perfect keeping with the plot and scene. Easy and graceful without apparent effort, it abounds in the quiet wit of Ireland's inhabitants and is full of rich description of Irish scenery, than which none is more beautiful. The authoress leads us into the humble home of the oppressed where domestic happiness and hospitality are always found and where patience although not illumined by ease or plenty, rules as master.

I would like to relate some of those scenes where pathos and tenderness are shown but time will not permit. I would be inclined, for example to portray the scene in the cell when Death was seemingly awaiting the last hour of Kilmartin; I would be disposed to relate the trying situation of Marcella when with an eagerness long tempered by watchfulness she listened to the death-bed confession of the informer Barrett which declared her husband innocent and free.

This is a short and crude sketch of "Marcella Grace" and the purpose of this sketch has been in vain if the writer of it failed to induce others to read the book.

AMERICAN SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

BY

ROBERT J. PRATT.

The sporting season is at hand. The cold dreary winter with its chilling winds is now a thing of the past. The soft gentle zephyrs from placid Lake Michigan, and the raging Kankakee, invite the Suckers to come forth, and under the serene canopy of heaven cast their eagle eyes over the coming great season of sports and amusements. During the bleak winter that has just past, they have entertained themselves with vivid accounts of pugilistic encounters, dog fights, Indiana Legislature etc. But thanks for a diversity of seasons, the Illinois citizen can now take his yearly ablution, and on the strength of the promises made by the men of the country can prepare for a season of amusements unsurpassed in former years. Nay indeed: he can give sporting life his undivided attention, an advantage over the preceding year, which was marked by a dark, and

bloody battle over the question of high or low tariff, free whiskey or free wool. Already the edict has gone forth from the famous St. Viateur Shamrocks, proclaiming to all within the realms of Kankakee County, that they and they alone are supreme on the base-ball field. No longer is the dutiful husband, who spends his days sitting on a box at the corner grocery able to entertain his estimable wife with a full report of the town gossip, for his cranium is now filled with the leading question of the day whether or not the Indianapolis Base-Ball Club is going to entirely annihilate all other contending clubs. It is indeed gratifying that the American people depend not solely on base-ball for sport, but when fair June comes with all the beauties common to that month, then will begin the horse racing, which has always occupied a prominent place among the American sports. About this beautiful season will open the world's renowned Sunday school picnics, which will, as heretofore supply cholera morbus for the good people until the County Fairs begin. I have no hesitancy in stating from experience, and observations that they furnish more solid amusements to the square inch to the average American than any other National pastime. No season during the year is so anxiously looked forward to by the country lads, and lasses, as is the time when the honest old farmer places before his neighbors the best of his fruits for inspection. Oh, happy day when Tobius primed in his best "Sunday go to meeting suit" with high starched collar calls for fair Jerusha, and happier still when they behold the grand entrance of "Pumpkin Vine Fair," where there is spread before their wondering gaze those sights which are common to a rural fair. The day quickly glides by amid so many festivities, and the low descending sun reminds them that the pleasures of this life are very transitory, and that chore time is nearly at hand. They slowly wind their way through the crowd, and proceed homeward hand in hand over the green fields, and under the leafy boughs over hanging the thoroughfare from Gilman to Hoopston. They were a little limper, and less lovely than when they set forth in the dewy morning. Her dress of silvery white shown unmistakable evidence of a dusty day. The marks of rhubarb pie, and overflowing glasses of lemonade were plainly to be seen. The rosy lips gave evidence of a prodigality of molasses candy and ginger bread, the breath bore the combined fragrance of peppermint drops, and belogna sausage in unlimited quantities. His step was less elastic than it had been. The intoxication caused by an over indulgence of three for a dime "seegars" left the cranium in an unsteady condition: he had learned by experience that there is a limit to the digestive organs of a young man, and that an oversupply of pie and ice cream and ginger

pop and mixed candy produces an effect most unpleasant to a sensitive nature. His limp collar, and wetted necktie, which was twisted around under his left ear, gave token of how he had exerted himself to make the day a happy one. Fond memories of the day lingered in their youthful minds, and at last found utterance.

Have a good time Jerusha?

Oh my jist splendid Tobius.

Injoyed it did ye?

Wall I should say I more then injoyed it:

How'd ye like the lem'nade?

La I could have drunk a barrell of it:

Them gumdrops went purty good didn't they?

Oh wasn't they good?

How'd the ice cream go?

Oh it was jist awful good.

What kind o'flavorin did you take?

Vanilly—what'd you take?

Lemon, wish't afterwards I'd tooken vanilly too.

How'd ye like the soda water?

Oh it was great. Wonder what makes it fizz?

Oh some sort of a thing-a ma-jig inside the old machine. They had purty fair seegars, purty fair.

La Tobius how kin men be so nasty as to smoke seegars?

Pooh, wish I had a cent fer all I've smoked. It comes natchrell to us men.

I don't see how you kin smoke, I think tobacker's awful durty.

That's kase you ain't used to it. How'd ye injoy the swing we took in that merry go round?

Oh wasn't it nice?

Made me a little sick at first but I thought it immense afterwards. I'd like to of swung a week.

Glad you injoyed it. How'd you like the side show?

La, it was grand. My was't that woman fat? I'd thought she'd melted. You reckon that two headed calf was born that way? I'd an idea one o them heads was stuck on afterwards.

Fie, of course it was. Can't fool me I wasn't raised on a farm to be tuck on sich a thing as that. I'd a good mind to tell the show master too. That blamed old calf wasn't born with two heads any more than the moon is made of green cheese.

No, nor with two tails ither.

Of course not. But heaps of folks is green enough to believe it. Thunder, that feller never actuly swallowed that sword.

La Tobius you don't say so?

Naw an fer a cent I'd tole the hull crowd what a fool he was makin of em.

La Tobius.

How'd you like the hoss racing?

Oh that was great. I think a heap of that little boy with the bob tail hoss.

Glad you enjoyed the day, seventy-five cents or a dollar an't nothing to me if a girl enjoys the sights.

La Tobius I thought everything was jist splendid.

Glad you went?

You bet I am. I wouldn't av missed it fer anything!

Glad you enjoyed it.

Oh I did.

Glad of it. By this time they had reached the hospital farm house of Jerusha's parents who were busily engaged in making preparations to attend the reunion of the Jones family on the following day at Skunk Hollow Grove, which is to end up with the old, but ever exciting scene of catching a greased pig. Not being a sporting man myself, and having no proclivities in that direction, I fear that a continuation of the subject would prove wearysome. I will leave the subject to those who are competent to treat it, and not wishing further to expose my ignorance, will say in conclusion that it is the hope of the humble writer that the facts, which have been cited will satisfy the most credulous minds, that the American people have an abundance of sports and amusements which are freely enjoyed by all her people.

LOCALS.

- And?
- Beard.
- One month!
- Such weather.
- Act etiquettically.
- Examinations are ripe.
- Decoration Day, ahoy!
- Who will float the pennant?
- Score up your swimming suits.
- Put down that upper lip, Gordon.
- Military interest increases every day.
- Something not in the soup, the oyster Eh?
- The Elocutionary contest was a success.
- Who accused Dave of taking Cod Liver Oil?
- His Majority was monarch of all he surveyed.
- Is the Battalion to have its picture taken? Why not?
- The boys never cease to praise Rev. Mr. Haney's Centennial Oration.
- The Acolytical Clerics present a splendid appearance on the altar.
- "Sir, you're an ignoramus!" "Well, Fader, is no—." "Hush, sir, hush!"
- Rev. J. S. Finn of Lake View, paid us a visit during the week at the invitation of Prof. Dore for the Delsartean Contest. Father Finn is looking well and will be

pleased to meet his old college acquaintances at Mount Carmel Church where he is curate. Father Finn was accompanied by Harry Parker, of recent memory. He is the same old Harry as of yore. (Positively not reference to the old Harry)

— If Louis-e Falley will only give up that lamentable habit of punning we will promise to see that his ashes are bottled. Confidentially—If he dont, our pugilistic editor will probably have occasion to do the bottling act a little prematurely.

— Wednesday is a mascot for Elocution this spring. Last Wednesday the Delsartean Recital; Wednesday, May 15th., the contest for the Hagan Elocution Medal; Wednesday, May 22nd., contest for Solon Medal; and finally on Wednesday, May 29th., the oratorical contest for the Dooling Oratorical Medal. And while announcements are in order the prize drills will take place on Thursday June 13th.

— Wednesday, May 8th. was another of the feast days on the programme of the Dooling Knights of the Sword, being the feast of the Apparition of St. Michael, the patron saint of their Spiritual Director, Rev. M. A. Dooling, C. S. V. In the morning the Knights received Holy Communion in a body at Father Dooling's mass. There was "rec" in the afternoon and carriages were ordered and a drive was taken to Kankakee.

— Never was there a more creditable elocutionary contest than that for the gold prize of twenty five dollars offered by Rev. John P. Dore for his special class, known better as the Delsartean Circle. The young gentlemen acquitted themselves with great credit and out of the nine contestants there is not one who is not in the vicinity of the prize. The three judges were Rev. John Finn of Chicago, Rev. Con Haney of Kankakee, and Prof. James Solon. After the declamatory portion of the programme had been dispatched Rev. President Marsile introduced Mr. Haney, who entertained the audience for a few moments. He was followed by Father Finn, who complimented the speakers and their scholarly professor. This is the second evening the Delsartean have entertained us this year and unstinted praise is their portion.

Overture, *Home Circle*.....Orchestra.
 Clarence's Dream.....Wm. Kearney.
 Doge's Curse of Venice.....P. A. Bissonette.
 Famine.....D. J. McNamara.
 Polish Boy.....J. W. Shea.
 Selection, *Cyclists Galop*.....Orchestra.
 Impeachment of Hasting.....J. J. Condon.
 Doge's Curse of Venice.....W. B. McCarthy.
 The Maniac.....M. T. Murray.
 Moor's Revenge.....G. W. Bonfield.
 Overture *Gypsy Dell*.....Orchestra.

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

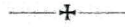
NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. III.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, Mai, 11, 1889.

N^o 2.

UNE SOLITUDE.



Dans les vergers, les noires branches
De fleurs deviennent toutes blanches.
Au dôme des bois reverdis,
Pleins de murmurantes abeilles;
La fleur pend ses coupes vermeilles,
Les oiseaux bâtissent leur nids.

Loin de la poussière des villes,
Oh! quels frais et charmants asiles
Prépare le printemps vainqueur!
Il me faut cette quiétude,
Une paisible solitude:
Je la bâtirai dans mon cœur!

Tous les souvenirs de ma vie,
Ceux de ma jeunesse ravie,
Viendront la peupler nuit et jour;
Et comme les branches flétries
Reverdissement, mes rêveries
Revivront au feu de l'amour!

O passé! ta voix sera pleine
De fraîcheur, semblable à l'haleine
Caressant l'onde du torrent;
Et dans mes veines épuisées
De la paix les douces rosées
Verseront un calme enivrant.

Le bonheur d'oublier les hommes
Et nous-même ce que nous sommes!
De vivre comme l'ange au ciel
Et d'idéal et de lumière
Dans l'extase de la prière:
Ah! c'est le printemps éternel!

LE PREMIER MAI A RUSSON.

Voilà un *extra* à propos du 1^{er} Mai. Vous croyez peut-être qu'il est question du mois de Marie ou de l'érécution d'un mai de capitaine: allez-vous en voir s'ils viennent, Jean? Il s'agit ici d'une fête rustique comme l'on n'en voit guère, sinon au *Luc des Deux-Montagne*, et qu'à l'ordinaire j'abrègerai, mon ami, car le temps est précieux. *Donc, afin de bien comprendre la pièce*, il faut se rappeler que la fête a lieu pour commémorer la scène qui se passa près de Tongres en 690. C'était du temps de Pépin d'Héristal que vous connaissez par l'histoire. Un nommé Evermare de la noblesse de la Frise imitait le Messie et "croissait en âge et en sagesse devant Dieu et devant les hommes." Ayant résolu de se consacrer au Seigneur il fit d'abord plusieurs pèlerinages, entr'autres celui de St. Jacques de Compostelle. Comme il se proposait en revenant de passer par Maestricht (aujourd'hui ville Hollandaise) dans l'intention d'y vénérer le tombeau de St. Servais, le chemin qu'il prit pour cela le conduisit à la forêt de Ruth. L'approche de la nuit lui faisant craindre de se perdre dans l'obscurité, la vue d'un donjon l'attira et il y demanda l'hospitalité. C'était le manoir du seigneur Hacco pour lors absent. La dame reçut Evermare et ses sept compagnons avec beaucoup de bonté mais les engagea à s'éloigner de grand matin parce qu'elle craignait pour leur sort à l'arrivée du seigneur. Evermare, qui ne s'était réfugié là que par suite de son ignorance sur le caractère de Hacco, ne manqua pas de se rendre aux désirs de madame. Il venait à peine de s'enfoncer dans la forêt que le seigneur arriva avec ses satellites. A l'aspect des choses de la maison celui-ci s'aperçoit qu'il y a eu quelques étrangers et force son épouse à avouer le fait. Picuse et charitable c'est avec douleur que la dame se sent obligée de tout déclarer. A peine Hacco est-il au courant de l'affaire qu'il se met à la poursuite des pèlerins et les massacre impitoyablement près d'une source, célèbre depuis cette époque pour la guérison de la fièvre tierce. Quelques jours après, Pépin d'Hertsal trouva les victimes en parcourant le bois pour la chasse et les enterra. Cependant comme le corps d'Evermare répandait une certaine lumière qui étonnait beaucoup, Pépin le plaça dans une fosse à part. Bientôt le bruit du martyr d'Everma

re et la vertu des eaux de la fontaine attirent quantité de gens. L'on s'y établit même peu à peu de manière à former avec le cours du temps le hameau de Ruth, maintenant Russon, et une église fut dédiée à St. Martin. Cette église devint collégiale en 996 et l'on y transporta les restes de St. Evermare, que l'ordinaire donna à la paroisse comme second Patron. La piété persévérante avec laquelle tout de pèlerins se portaient à la fosse de St. Evermare incita l'abbé de Borcette à y faire construire une chapelle. Il la fit élever à l'endroit présumé du massacre et l'on y transporta définitivement les restes des Saints devenu si populaires. La confiance aux saints martyrs est encore tellement grande que la pierre de la fosse est rangée tous les ans pour l'octave de la fête afin que chacun puisse en prendre un peu de terre, qu'on dit miraculeuse.

Sans entrer dans plus de détails, disons que la St. Evermare est chômée, le 1er Mai, et voici à peu près comment se passe la solennité qui attire beaucoup de monde, tant par curiosité que par dévotion.

La cérémonie s'ouvre par une procession de l'église à la chapelle où se dit la messe. En tête marchent l'harmonie avec drapeau, puis le corps de la procession et le dais. Viennent ensuite huit indigènes qui représentent St. Evermare et ses compagnons. Le premier porte une ceinture de cuir à laquelle sont accrochés un chapelet et une gourde. Il a sur ses épaules un camail en peau et garni de coquillages. Il porte un chapeau rond sur la tête et un bourdon blanc à la main. Ses compagnons ont aussi le camail et le bourdon. Tous les habits et les culottes sont noirs, mais la veste et les bas sont blancs. Il est à remarquer que *c'est un droit qui passe de de père en fils* que celui de représenter les pèlerins et gare aux usurpateurs!

La queue de la procession est formée par une brillante cavalcade. Ce sont les Haccourts qui au nombre respectable de soixante s'avancent avec fierté dans un costume chamarré. Leurs chapeaux sont chargés de plumets et de rubans flottants à en faire un encan! Hacco est naturellement en avant avec pantalon blanc, gilet et veste rouges. Sa coiffure est une espèce de mître argentée qui ne permet pas de douter de son rang! Aussi est-il le doyen de tous les Haccourts et à le voir l'on comprend aussitôt combien il sent toute l'importance de sa charge! Je suis porté à croire qu'il ne la céderait pas même pour un royaume ou un empire quelconque. D'ailleurs sa suite n'est composée que de membres choisis et agréés par la corporation du village! Puis ce qui n'est pas sans une grande importance dans l'affaire, *tous les soixante doivent* avoir passé la nuit de la veille dans *les limites de la corporation*! Ainsi, comme vous voyez, il n'y a pas de badinage à faire! De plus, comme les Haccourts représentent les ennemis des pè-

erins, ils ne devront pas fraterniser avec eux *tant que durera la fête!*

Le cortège se dirige ainsi au lieu du pèlerinage d'où il retourne à l'église de la même manière. Le bon ordre de la procession est maintenu par deux bedeaux improvisés qui portent chacun une énorme massue bien propre à inspirer *des sentiments de sagesse!* Quant à leur costume, je pourrais vous le donner en cent, car ils sont couverts de feuilles de lierre passées comme les écailles d'un poisson! Et vous dire que le tout se termine en arrière par une *clochette* qui leur pend à la queue de l'habit! car il ne faut pas croire que la clochette *reste immobile* avec des individus qui ont un *si grand souci de leur bosogne!* Ces deux cornettes représentent les gardes champêtres de Hacco qui se déguisaient ainsi pour mieux se dérober à la vue des intrus. Couchés dans le bois ou blotti près d'une haie, leur costume les rendait *presqu'invisible*. Courant à l'intrus, le bruit de la clochette avertissait les compagnons de leur venir en secours. C'est donc avec l'habit original de ces espèces de sauvages que fonctionnent les bedeaux du jour de St. Evermare. Ce sont eux aussi qui font la collecte pendant l'office afin de mieux représenter les receveurs des taxes que Hacco imposait aux intrus. En prélevant ce tribut les hommes verts prononcent des paroles flamandes ou d'ancien patois que je n'ai pu comprendre.

Après l'office religieux, les pèlerins se rendent à la source en chantant une complainte. Inutile de chercher à vous souvenir d'un air aux notes *égarées* et reflétant par le rythme les chants agréables du septième siècle. De son côté Hacco et toute sa bande galoppent aussi vite qu'ils peuvent autour de la prairie dans laquelle se trouvent la chapelle et la source. Cette prairie, autrefois partie de la forêt, est tellement hachée par les chevaux en furie qu'on les dirait possédés d'un esprit de *python!* L'on frémit dans la crainte de quelque accident jmais il est proverbiale que les malheurs sont *impossibles le jour de St. Evermare!* Il n'y a jamais eu d'accidents depuis 1200 ans et il ne peut y en avoir, paraît-il! Des gens ont déjà été renversés sous les pieds des chevaux où on les croyait broyés et à peu près morts, mais tous se relèvent sans mal et le peuple de crier: "*St. Evermare protège sa fête!*" Après avoir fait le tour de la prairie trois fois, les Haccourts galoppent en tous sens pendant que les pèlerins continuent leur complainte. Finalement Hacco s'écrie brutalement: *Ik rick christenen bloed*, c-a-d, je sens le sang chrétien! puis il s'élance vers les pèlerins et leur adresse vertement un couplet dont voici le sens: Qui êtes-vous, chiens de chrétiens, et que venez-vous faire ici? Qui vous a permis de passer sur mes terres sans me payer le tribut? C'est moi qui réglerai votre affaire.—Evermare

répond en chantant humblement qu'il va en pèlerinage à St. Servais de Maestricht, qu'il ne fait que passer sans causer de dommage et qu'il dort sur le sable avec le ciel pour couverture. Tu mourras de ma main, réplique Hacco. Evermare témoigne seulement le désir de pouvoir recommander son âme à Dieu et entonne un chant plaintif. Mais Hacco saisit son arc et le tue d'un seul coup de flèche. Soudain la bande se précipite sur les compagnons du saint et en fait un affreux carnage. Cependant le plus jeune a l'air de trouver qu'il peut *remettre son sacrifice à une autre circonstance* et profite de la mêlée pour s'esquiver! Hacco qui ne voit pas les choses du même oeil s'unit à la bande pour le poursuivre sans relâche: *vae victis!* Et les bourreaux traquent le jeune homme à travers les fossés et les buissons comme sur les talus sans pouvoir l'atteindre. Enfin le furieux Hacco (qui avait inventé la poudre!) le blesse en deux coups de pistolet et l'achève au troisième! On couche le jeune déserteur en travers sur le devant de la selle d'un cavalier et il s'en va *ressusciter un peu plus loin avec ses compagnons d'infortune!*

CUEILLETTE.

— Mai est vraiment, cette année, le mois des fleurs et des noces.

— Moise ne joue plus que des duos depuis le 1er du mois.

— L'autre Moise, s'il ne fait pas de musique, est d'accord tout de même.

— Edouard est parti triomphant pour Chicago. Ses noces ont été une des plus belles fêtes que nous ayons vues.

— Mr. Jeanjeof a fait son *mauvais coup* du côté de Wilmington.

— Zéphyr a fait son tour de noce à Chicago, où il a passé une semaine.

— George et Max sont fiers de leur excursion à Manteno et à St. Georges.

— La société française parle sérieusement de mettre le grand chassis de l'entrée; il sera dédié à la mémoire des fondateurs et aura 22 par 14.

— Le P. Beaudoin ainsi que le P. Langlais assistera à la dédicace de la cathédrale de St. Mary, Peoria, Ills.

— Le P. Marsile partira mardi prochain afin d'être présent à la célébration des noces d'argent du Rev. P. Walters. R. D. curé de Lafayette, Ind.

— Le P. Rivard, qui a passé le jour de Pâques avec Rev. J. Clancy, est revenu enchanté. Le chant et la musique sont d'un goût exquis à Woodstock. Le

chœur doit beaucoup aux Dlls. Murphy et Quinlan, qui prêtent si volontiers le concours de leurs voix et de leur science musicale.

LE VERGER EN FLEUR.

L'hiver s'est enfui. Oh! que l'aspect du printemps qui lui succède est charmant. Qu'il fait bon d'errer sur la pelouse en contemplant les beautés de la nature! Le chant des oiseaux enchante l'oreille. L'œil suit le papillon qui vole d'une fleur à l'autre ou s'endort aux chauds rayons du soleil. Le sourire sur les lèvres, et le cœur plein de joie, on prend part à cette fête de la nature, au réveil de toutes choses. Bientôt nos pas nous entraînent vers le verger en fleur, la merveille du printemps. On s'arrête un instant, les yeux sont éblouis de tant de fraîcheur et de grâce. Comme il est beau le verger aujourd'hui! Il est semblable à une jeune fiancée avec ses fleurs virginales et ses doux parfums. Un instant la vie, la beauté, la force, la jeunesse semblent renaître en nous et nous nous sentons transportés au temps où nous possédions la pureté et la beauté du verger.

On s'assied sur le gazon vert et on écoute le murmure des insectes voltigeants; on les voit se poser sur la fleur du cerisier ou du prunier pour en absorber le miel. Les beautés du verger promettent de belles espérances; on attend bientôt les fruits, si le ver n'apparaît pas, si la gelée ne touche pas les fleurs. On se rejouit quand l'arbre porte des fruits, donne une moisson abondante.

Il en est ainsi de l'homme. Sa jeunesse excite l'admiration. Et pourquoi? C'est que le jeune enfant est aussi pur que la blancheur des arbres fruitiers; ses joues portent les teintes de la rose, tout en lui parle d'avenir. Ses parents reposent sur cet être si frêle les plus grandes espérances. Mais que de dangers à craindre! Comme le verger fleuri, il a à redouter la froideur de l'indifférence religieuse; le ver du vice réduira au néant ces riches espérances. L'homme cependant peut, avec persévérance, vaincre tous ces dangers. Que le verger en fleur nous instruise et puissent nos espérances se réaliser dans le ciel.

A. J. Fraser.

UNE COURONNE

SUR

LA TOMBE DE VIATEUR.

Cette couronne, c'est un souvenir; ce sont quelques lettres adressées à cet enfant par son oncle pendant un

voyage L'Europe. Elle intéresseront peut-être nos jeunes lecteurs et pourront aussi leur être de quelque utilité. Si elles réveillent quelques bonnes pensées dans leur âme, chacune d'elle sera comme une fleur qui parfamera ta tombe de notre cher défunt.

EN ROUTE POUR NEW YORK 7 AVRIL 1885.

Mon bon petit Viateur,

Je veux t'écrire un mot avant que je m'embarque sur la mer. Il est à l'heure de Bourbonnais, 3 heures et 5 minutes. Je te trace ces mots sur les chars qui nous emportent à toute vitesse vers New York où nous arriverons, ce soir, à dix heures. Comme on a pu te le dire, nous avons pris le train de l'Est vers 4 heures, hier après-midi, à Chicago, J'ai bien dormi, quoique le Père Lesage m'ait fait grimper au lit d'en haut. Ce matin nous nous sommes éveillés dans le haut Canada. Il n'y avait pas à s'y tromper: des clôtures et des granges en masse, pas d'animaux dans les champs, mais de la neige ici et là, des corneilles dans les airs, Je me suis dit: si Viateur était avec moi, il dirait bien: voilà le Canada! J'ai mis pied à terre et j'ai touché le sol de la patrie où je laisse tant d'êtres qui me sont ainsi qu'à toi si chers. Nous avons pas sé aux chûtes de Niagara à 7 heures et traversé la rivière sur le pont suspendu. J'étais heureux de revoir ce paysage grandiose que j'ai visité avec toi et que je retrouve toujours plus beau, chaque fois. L'Etat de New York que nous traversons maintenant a un sol très inégal. Ce n'est que petites collines, et vallées et parfois des rochers dénudés et des prairies couvertes d'eau par la fonte des neiges. Nous avons vu Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse qui sont de villes considérables, mais tous les édifices sont en brique, et cela n'offrent pas la richesse de ceux de Chicago et de Montréal.

Nous avons couché chez Sweeney retenu nos cabines et embarquons à 11 heures.

Je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur.

Ton oncle.

12 MAI EN ROUTE POUR NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.

Mon bon petit Viateur,

Je t'écris un mot dans les chars. J'espère que tu pourras me lire, sinon fais-toi aider par quelqu'un. Je ne t'ai pas écrit depuis que j'ai laissé l'Angleterre. J'ai depuis visité la belle Cathédrale de la ville d'Amiens où nous avons couché en nous rendant à Paris. J'ai enfin vu la grande capitale de la France, la plus belle ville du monde, dit-on. C'est ici qu'il y a de beaux palais, de belles peintures et des monuments de toute espèce. Mais ce qui m'a intéressé le plus, ce sont les lieux qu'ont habités les grands hommes et les

tombeaux où ils dorment le long sommeil de la mort. J'ai vu celui du grand Napoléon, les tombes de tous les rois de France à St. Denis et la prison où Marie Antoinette passa ses derniers jours avant de monter à l'échafaud. J'ai baisé le crucifix devant lequel elle a prié bien des fois. J'ai fait aussi une visite à Versailles, le palais bâti par Louis XIV Ah! c'est là qu'il y en a de beaux jardins! on dirait qu'il y a un peuple de statues parmi les arbres. C'était le jour des grandes eaux: c'est-à-dire que toutes les fontaines jouaient et lançaient des gerbes d'eau.

J'ai entendu prêcher, dimanche, le Cardinal d'Alger il y a avait une grande foule; le sermon était bien beau et la musique ravissante. J'ai laissé Paris, ce matin. Nous sommes arrêtés deux heures à Orléans. J'ai vu le beau monument de Jeanne d'Arc qui sauva cette ville des Anglais ainsi que la maison d'Agnès Sorel où elle passa deux nuits. Nous sommes arrêtés 25 minutes à Tours. J'ai pu voir là la belle cathédrale ainsi qu'une autre église où est la chaise de St. Martin, évêque de cette ville. Nous avons vu aussi en passant les fameux châteaux de Blois et d'Amboise Nous sommes passés à Poitiers sans avoir le temps de visiter, nous coucherons ce soir à Bordeaux d'où nous repartirons demain pour Lourdes. Il y a des vignes ici partout dans les champs et beaucoup de femmes qui travaillent; j'ai cru reconnaître le bonnet de ta Mémère Marsile Allons! Je finis en t'embrassant en en te demandant d'être toujours bon et de prier pour ton oncle.

LOURDES 16, MAI, 1885.

Mon cher petit Viateur,

Un mot pour toi de Lourdes, de cette place où la Sainte Vierge s'est montrée à Barnadette, une petite fille, pauvre, sans instruction, mais amie de Dieu et de sa bonne mère. Voilà la récompense que le ciel accorde aux âmes qui lui sont fidèles, qui l'aime plus que le démon et le péché. Oh! qu'on prie bien ici et comme j'ai beaucoup pensé à toi pour que tu sois comme la petite Bernadette, pur et aimant de tout ton cœur la mère de Dieu. Je t'ai consacré à elle; qu'elle soit ta mère avant tout. Demande lui de passer de de bonnes vacances. J'arrive d'une procession aux cierges, le soir, on dirait un ruban de feu qui se déroule sur la côte et entoure la statue de la Sainte Vierge. Il y avait 350, personnes qui marchaient ainsi en chantant. J'ai vu ici pendue à la voûte de l'église la bannière de Montréal. J'ai pens au Canada et à tes bons Parents. Nous partons demain pour l'Italie en passant par Toulouse et Marseille. Adieu! mon bon petit. Je t'embrasse bien affectueusement.

Ton oncle.

WEDDING BELLS

Prof. M. A. Roy, one of our old companions was united in marriage, on the 1st inst. to Miss Rebecca Chalifoux at the Church of Notre Dame, Chicago. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Armand Labrie. The groom's best man was Mr. Saul Chalifoux and the bride's maid Miss Emma Chalifoux the brother and sister of the bride. The maids of honor were Victoria Chalifoux and Anna Ether. The bride was a member of Notre Dame choir and is the happy possessor of a sweet and stirring alto voice, besides other musical accomplishments. The grooms will be remembered as a young man of high musical ability, and gentlemanly address. For over two years he has been teaching music in the city of Chicago and has achieved quite a success and a good reputation.

After the ceremony at the church the couple accompanied by their attendance returned to the residence of the bride's parents where they were greeted and congratulated by a number of friends. Quite a pleasant time passed in music and songs before the guests repaired to the laden breakfast table. Among the old acquaintances which the groom had made in college days, we noticed the Revds. A. Bergeron, A. Labrie F. N. Perrin, Jno. J. McCann, Daniel Pigham, Jno. Finn, and Messrs. Philip Lesage, Alex. Granger and Hervey, Legris. The Rev. A. D. Mainville C. S. V., uncle of the groom, helped to enliven the gathering with song and banter. On the whole it was an enjoyable affair and those who had the happiness to assist at it will remember it. After the the bridal repast, speaking was indulged in and from all the gentle mentioned, words of congratulation and happiness were passed to the married couple. The bride's parents Mr. Toussaint Chalifoux and wife succeeded in making the occasion one of delight and worthy of the beautiful young daughter whom they had given away. The presents were numerous and costly.

The young couple have begun house-keeping, and are nicely located at 588 W. Taylor St., where Prof. Roy would be glad to have his old friends to call and see them. We wish them all the success which sterling worth and ability hold out in life; and that true happiness which flows from the christian love of man and woman.

AROUND THE DIAMOND.

Who
Will win
The pennant?
Lively times now.

Good games yesterday.

Those uniforms are beauties.

The Shamrocks are still in the race.

Kicking is going out of fashion. Deo Gratias!

Why don't the Shamrocks accept the Hospital challenge.

The Minims would like to meet the District boys again.

The league games still continue to draw large crowds.

The Shamrocks would like to hear from the Caber-ry nine.

The Dewdrops still continue to win and are gaining favor with the sporting people.

Rev. P. A. Sullivan has been secured to umpire most of the league games this season. Rev. J. P. Dore will also officiate at some.

The Pickwick Club has made arrangements to have the complete scores of the league games sent to their rooms as soon as the games are over.

The Junior League is "in the soup." Hard luck has driven it to the wall. In other words it is no more. Dissatisfaction of the players over their classification created disturbances between them and the management which at last wound up in the downfall of the organization.

Things during last week were rather quiet at league headquarters. Most all the difficulties caused by the new, classification rule have been settled and everything is now in smooth running order. The following contracts were promulgated; with the Shamrocks, John Dostal and Viateur Rivard.

Negotiations are going on between the managements of the Crescents and Bourbons by which a deal will be made to transfer Leroux of the Crescents to the Bourbon club and in return the Crescents want a good man who is able to fill the position of short stop. Leroux is a good player but does not want to play with the Crescents.

A good game was played at Bourbon Park last Wednesday between the Bourbons and Dewdrops. It was the first game of the Bourbons at their new grounds and a good crowd was in attendance. The score was 11 to 3 in favor of the Dewdrops. Base Hits, Dewdrops 7, Bourbons 3; Errors, Dewdrops 4; Bourbons 11. Batteries, Dewdrops, Gallet and Rivard; Bourbons, Dandurand and Coffey. Umpire, Rev. P. A. Sullivan.

The following are the percents of the Senior League clubs: Dewdrops 1000; Bourbons. 500; Crescents. 000. At this point of the race, though it is still young, those who are up in sporting matters say they think that the season will close with the clubs in the same positions. The Dewdrops play a steady game both at

the bat and in the field. The Bourbons play well enough but are quite weak at the same points in the field. The Crescents want team work. The individual players on this team stand well but it is hinted that some are working hard for a record. Manager Dore of this club was seen at his rooms last night but denied all knowledge of any contemplated changes in his club. But is said by knowing ones that he knows more than he wishes to express.

PERSONALS.

Caron—Mr. Edward Caron '82 on, May 7th. was united in the holy bonds of wedlock with Miss Edwidge Boisvert of Bourbonnais Grove, the ceremony was performed by Rev. President Marsile C. S. V. Mr. Caron is the proprietor of a flourishing drug business in the Garden City whence he has taken his bride, and they will go to house-keeping immediately.

Letourneau—Dr. George Letourneau '78, we are very happy to inform the JOURNAL readers has been confirmed in the appointment to the position of City Physician in his home at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

Roy—It will be pleasant and welcome news to the many friends of Moses Roy '86, to hear of his recent marriage to Miss Rebecca Chalifoux at Notre Dame Church, Chicago. Moses is succeeding wonderfully as professor of music and holds the organist's stool at All Saints Church.

McMahon—Rev. D. J. McMahon D. D. '72, writes from St. Gabriel's Church, New York city where he is installed as curate.

Graveline—Mr. Zephyr Graveline '78, took for his wife last week, Miss Marie Rivard the accomplished sister of our prefect of studies, Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. who preformed the ceremony which united their young hearts. The floral decorations were profuse and elegant and a new mass was arranged and sung for the occasion.

Nawrocki—Rev. Stanislaus Nawrocki of '88, by recent changes in the Archdiocese of Chicago, was appointed to the charge of St. Joseph's Polish church. We congratulate the young pastor on his elevation.

Walsh—Thos. Walsh, more familiarly "Tom," of '85 is about to begin the practice of law in the City by the lake.

Rafferty—It must be a fair wind that blows the shingle with "Jos. Rafferty, Lawyer" on it for word comes to us that Joe has a splendid practice and is looking well.

Murphy—Quinlan—Jas. Murphy '86, is engaged in Farwell's wholesale house. Will Quinlan '86, we are informed has a responsible position with Chas. Gossage, Chicago.

Reising—Joseph Reising '88, last week entered the Viateurian Order at St. Viateur's Normal Institute Jefferson, Ills. We wish the young gentleman perseverance and happiness in his calling and blessings of Almighty God.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

"A Century of Constitutional Interpretation" is an able paper contributed to the April *Century* by John Bach McMaster. The many inconsistencies of the different states at various times and for various causes, are here treated in an intelligent manner by the author. The fact that the original states forming the Union never definitely defined either the powers of the General Government or of the individual states, has always left a chance for the advocates of "State Rights" to assert their doctrines and an opportunity to seek the privileges which such a system would give them. Nor can it be said that the successful termination of the Civil War closed this gap entirely. It certainly blocked it to some extent; but who can say that the fire has been forever quenched? But in our day the people seek from Congress the solution of many natural difficulties and it is to be hoped that the interests of our section may be those of others, for in the consolidating of interests alone, lies the safety of the Commonwealth.

The *Ave Maria* devoted exclusively to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, tries at all times to see her glorified but especially now does it try and how well it succeeds we leave its readers to judge. The beautifully tender words of praise to Mary have not escaped them but will find a ready echo in their hearts. We could wish to see every child of Mary read this during the beautiful Month of May and learn therefrom the honor due to her whom we style "Star of the Sea."

The Superb number of the *Catholic Home* issued to commemorate the "Centennial of Washington's Inauguration" is a credit to the able managers of this excellent paper. A neatly designed cut of all the Presidents of the United States with Washington as a central figure, adorns the first page. On the same page is Archbishop Ireland's beautiful lecture on "The Church and Liberty" delivered at the Cathedral of Baltimore during the late Plenary Council. This is a most timely introduction of this great lecture, telling as it does so well, the position of the Church towards the people and government of this great land. Few Americans understand the attitude of the Church and the most bitter critics and among those most ignorant of her doctrine. How well it would be if they could ponder on such an exposition of the policy of the church from such a thorough American as Archbishop

Ireland. A *Fac simile* of Washington's answer to the "Address of the Catholics" will be found in the same. Many other features relating to the Centennial also fill its columns. It was a thoughtful and elegant tribute of Catholic talents to the memory of one whom Catholics shall ever cherish, the immortal Washington. The readers of the Catholic Home had indeed a treat. We wish the managers the success their zealous work deserves.

Ireland's Greatness and the Religious Mission of her People. The above pamphlet lately issued by the College press is a book that should find its way to the home of every true Irishman. The book is not put forward as something substantially original, but as a short history of her people drawn from unquestionable sources. It is especially directed to the people of this country who have not the time or means of making a more complete study of the land of "Saints and Sages." In support of this it has qualities from such sources as Brownson, Fr. Thebeau S. J. and Bishop Spalding, whose learning and veracity have put their testimony beyond question. Here in a short space we have gathered the beautiful tributes of those great men without the work of reading whole volumes. The writer knowing well the needs of his countrymen in America, suggests in the last chapter of his book means which would no doubt prove of service if the conditions be fulfilled. That plan is somewhat on the building association manner, that by united action and mutual assistance that might be accomplished which individual efforts find so hard. The plan may not meet universal approval but may at least be suggestive of more practical means. The book is issued by the *Journal* press and copies may be had by addressing the author. Prof. T. Lynch. Price 25cts

EXCHANGES.

The Oracle is our latest visitor. We consider it a very trim journal considering its short career. It hails from Centre College Ky. When we learn that the above institution was founded in 1819, and numbers U. S. Senators among its alumni we say that it was about time for the house to have a representative paper. Moreover we should expect that business would begin immediately and that *The Oracle* be a creditable paper from the start. The first two issues say as much. *Bon Success.*

It seems to us that the \$ business and the college poem accompanying it, which has been so long going the round of the College press is getting to be a very stale joke if not an *odoriferous chestnut*. Could not this centennarian be allowed to spend its declining days in peace?

From an article on "Theory and Practice" in the *N.*

W. Chronicle, we take the following which the writer claims illustrates his subject. He is in favor of theory preceding practice: "To illustrate this; it is far easier for a young man to make his impression on the world by first acquiring theory and then permitting the world to shake and jostle him until all the egotism and his undue sense of superiority are expelled and his inflated theory has been reduced to a normal condition, antecedent to enlarging with a beautiful experience, than it is for him to first enter the arena of active contest until his methods are solidified and then present himself at the educator's sanctum and have that worthy being strive in vain to modify and soften the roughened aspect." Will some philanthropist explain this conundrum and show us what it illustrates? Outside of theory or practice what a sensible thing it is to have clear a conception of what we write or speak about.

The College Index in its article: "The Revolutionary Tendency in Ministerial Education," conveys the startling information that, "Moody and Spurgeon, have discovered that the promises in the Bible were given for men to use and that religion is not theory." We are glad to hear that these notoriously seeking gentlemen have made such a discovery and we hope they will expose the news to their followers. It is so fashionable nowadays to make discoveries in religion. We can always put that religion down as good and true which has room left for discoveries. It is the mark of the age to progress and of course religion must keep up if it wishes to have followers. Well, Messrs. Moody and Co. have made a discovery(?) which another set of Christians made 1800 years ago and which they consider new and good even in this progressive day. We hope M. and Co. may find out some other practical things the same party knows just as long. "The Farm" in the same paper has a great many sensible things which we could wish some of our smart young men knew. They might pronounce a wiser judgement on "old hayseed" after reading it.

The Academician does not like to quarrel and when it was attacked by some rival paper it said so. It kept on saying so till a page of the paper had been filled. Now it was consoling to think of the forbearance shown. The *Ac.* had been maliciously accused of bad spelling, and that by a journal which had lost every claim to the sympathy of man; for had it not also committed orthographical murder in the ninth degree? Yet it dared to insinuate—just think for one moment dear reader what would have happened if the *Ac.* had been a fighting character. How we must admire the fortitude which restrained you under such trying circumstances. That's right sonny, tell people you don't like to fight. Its not nice to fight and to say *why* means a page filled up with good readable matter. Eh!

CATHOLIC NOTES.

During the past year 43,684 Catholic Italians, landed in America.

An ostensorium supposed to be 150 years old has been discovered in the archives of St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg Pa.

On May 15 the new cathedral in Peoria will be dedicated by most Rev. Archbishop Feehan of Chicago.

The Catholic University building is being pushed with vigor, and by the day for the opening will be thoroughly equipped and ready for the great work which it has to do.

Another priest, Rev. Father. Wedelin Mcellers is on his way to assist Father Damien in his work among the lepers.

Out of 2,000,000 inhabitants in Massachusetts 900,000 are Catholics. In sixty-eight cities and large towns of that State, the Catholics are in the majority.

The Papal Bull announcing the appointment of Rev. Thomas Heslin to the Diocese of Natches has been received.

The Pope, besides approving the statutes of the new Catholic University has conferred the office of chancellor upon the Archbishop of Baltimore and his successors.

Word has been received from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane Rector of the University, announcing his intended departure from Liverpool for America by the Umbria. He expects to reach Washington about May 6.

A new college will soon be erected in the diocese of Peoria near Spring Valley Ill., where the Benedictines, under whose charge it will be, have purchased some two hundred acres of land for that purpose. This will be a great acquisition to the already flourishing diocese.

The Josephite Fathers who devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of the negroes in the United States, report that they have received into the Church last year 33 converts in Louisville, 64 in Washington, 24 in Charleston, 39 in Richmond, and 69 in Baltimore.

The Holy Father will hold a consistory this month, when he will create three French Cardinals, one Austrian (the Bishop Salzburg), one Belgian (the Archbishop of Malines), one Spanish and one German (either the Bishop of Breslan or the Archbishop of Cologne).

We are informed by the Liverpool Catholic Times that on Palm Sunday, Cardinal Newman, in accordance with his invariable custom was present at High Mass at the Oratory. He blessed the Palm and stayed through the greater part of the service. He was assisted off and on the altar by two of the Fathers.

Cardinal Gibbons with a party of clergy and laity started from Baltimore May 1, for New Orleans where on the following Sunday the Cardinal conferred the pallium, on Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans. The party who accompanied the Cardinal are Bishop Kain of Wheeling, Gen. John Boland, and Rev. N. S. Canhy.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of Chicago, have purchased the premises at Prairie and Indiana avenues, near Forty-ninth streets, being 300 feet frontage on the avenues named. The ground which is wooded is in a rapidly growing section. The consideration is \$ 40,000. The Chicago industrial school for girls will be located there. The girls, now numbering 160 will be transferred to it as soon as practicable.

The Catholics of the United States joined ardently in the Centennial celebration. In accordance with the letters of the Archbishops and Bishops of the country the faithful joyfully made their way on Inauguration Day, to the thousand of our churches scattered over the land from Maine to California. The congregations assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the mass and joined with heart and soul in the prayers for those in authority. The scene was a great one, worthy of noting for all time. It would be well if in religious lands would study the lesson of our grateful acknowledgement of the Almighty in the history of our rise, progress and present eminent place among the nations of the earth. They might then admit that there can be no national advancement where religious persecution is carried on.

(The Catholic America.)

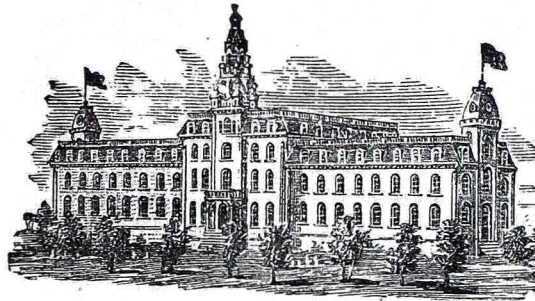
A novel feature of the Solemn High Mass Easter Sunday at the Church of St. Peter Claver, Fremont Street, near Pennsylvania Avenue, Baltimore, was the singing of the music of the Mass in Latin by 180 colored children pupils of St. Peter Claver's School, from 8 to 14 years of age. The larger proportion of the singers were girls. It was the first time a whole Mass had been sung by colored children. They were instructed by two young ladies in music and in the pronunciation of Latin. The Mass was Stoeclin's. There was no solo singing in the Mass. The juveniles closed with the hymn, in English. "To-day He is Arisen," which they sung in rejoicing note of triumph. At the Benediction the children sang "Regina Coeli" and the "Laudate," as well as a number of hymns in English,

(The Church News.)

A cablegram dated 30th states: "After a four-days' ride across the mountains of Galilee the American pilgrims have arrived at Nazareth. They are all well with one exception, although greatly fatigued by the mode of locomotion which brought them here. Rev. Henry Robinson, of Leadville, Colorado, is suffering from painful flesh wounds inflicted by the kicks of a vicious horse. The pilgrims have camped out for the past four nights, and the experience will not cease to be a subject of conversation until they reach their own land again. The Americans were received with more than usual solemnity. The Sodalities of the city met them outside the walls and escorted them to the church of Annunciation, which is built over the spot associated with the announcement of the angel to the Blessed Virgin. Inside the walls the procession received additional strength and beauty from the accession of a large body of school children, who led the way, singing as they went. Within the church the scene was splendid, and the Te Deum from the grand organ seemed to have a sweeter sound than ever before. Here, where the beginning of the Mysteries was witnessed, the Father Guardian welcomed the American pilgrims in the name of the Franciscans and expressed his sense of delight at the privilege of being permitted to receive a band of American citizens.

Speaking of the unfortunate Gavazzi, the Worcester (Mass) Times says; "The hapless Gavazzi, the nations fallen priest and anti-Papal revolutionist, who, for so many years gave himself body and soul to the services of the enemy of the church, is dead. And to, the church, which—like other apostates from the days of Julian to those of Voltaire—i.e. swore to destroy, still lives and flourishes with fruitful and glorious life. So it has been from the beginning and so it shall be to the end."

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