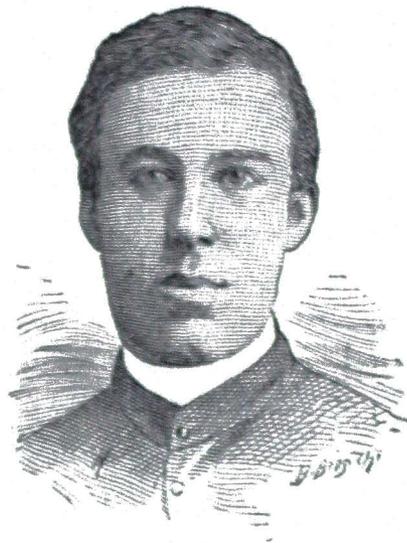


St. Viateur's College Journal.

MEMORIAL YEAR.



Rev. Thomas Roy, C. S. V.,

FOUNDER AND FIRST DIRECTOR

OF

St. Viateur's College.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE.

Kankakee County, Illinois.

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. VI

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Nov. 3rd., 1888.

No 5.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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BY THE STUDENTS.**

EDITORS.

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

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For advertising, see last page.

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

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EDITORIALS.

IN OUR PRECEDING NUMBER, we spoke on the necessity of, and the benefit to be derived from a useful reading. We feel that we cannot encourage it too much. To a critical and attentive student, judicious, reading furnishes countless pleasures, unfolds to his mind and imagination, the richest fields of thought and fancy, and daily and hourly invites him to "drink deep" and often. By reading we become acquainted with different people and customs; we are enabled to notice their beauties and defects. We discover what they had to endure, and the efforts they put forth to achieve the eminence which they have attained.

It is not really necessary to read much at a time, but to become a thoroughly educated man, it is absolutely necessary that we should critically examine and carefully weigh what we do read. By so doing we soon acquire a taste, a habit, for perusing an author, until it becomes an agreeable pastime, and a source of manifold knowledge.

It may be said that the student has no time to read.

or that he does not care to read. In either case he is culpable. He has time, or may have it if he chooses. Our greatest minds have been noted for their love for careful and persistent reading. How often have the philosopher, the scientist, the mechanic, brought forth grand results—which were acquired in moments that they could not easily spare from their daily toil. We know persons that are performing severe physical, and mental labor, from early morning until late at night; and yet they find time to do many things, which tend to further them in their present station, and prepare them for a higher. Almost every day the student may spend some time in reading. The great difficulty usually, is—that the student does not possess the will and skill to profitably avail himself of the means at his service. If he will spend five minutes, every day, in carefully looking over a standard author, he is sure to gain some new information, and thereby soon procures, a number and variety of ideas without feeling the cost.

The time devoted to the composition of many a valuable work, often has consisted merely of spare moments. Some of our most profound scholars, admit that, their knowledge was not due to the fact that they had all possible advantages and necessary means—nor to their unequalled perspicuity—but like the tiny flower, fastened to the wayside when evening comes, expands its leaves and receives its nourishment and strength from the falling dew—so have they opened their minds and hearts, in search of lore; and embraced the minutest, as well as the greatest opportunities; and wrestled with them until they made them productive of great and lasting good.

If our will is thus disposed; and our mind wisely directed, we will soon see the force of, and appreciate that well known quotation of Fenelon, who said, "If the riches of both Indies, if the crowned heads of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all!"

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

'Twas evening and the benediction bell's loud tone
Had summoned rich and poor from near and far
Had called them to the grand, old church, alone
Upon the hillside near the pleasant Aar.
The organ thundered forth a masterpiece
And seemed with conscious pride to feel its might;
The perfumed incense rose in clouds of fleece
The altar was a mass of flowers and light.

Among the crowd which filled the church there knelt
In fervent prayer upon the cold, hard floor,
A monk who little of this grandeur felt
Who did but silently his lord adore.
And as he knelt there with his head bent down
His hands crossed in an attitude of prayer,
A sudden light flashed o'er the old walls brown
A light almost intense as the sun's glare.

With wonder filled the monk looked up, and lo!
There was the blessed vision of our good
Redeemer, clad in garments white as snow
And fleecy as the clouds on which he stood.
While round about him shone a golden light
A dazzling yet a strangely subdued blaze
An aureola of heavenly rays so bright
That scarce the wondering monk could at them gaze.

Oh! what a flood of love and joy into
His heart rushed like blazing, fiery wave
Filling his whole soul with a sweetness, few
Have ever felt, that have not passed the grave.
"O Lord," he murmured low, why hast thou been
So kind and good to me thy straying child?
Why hath my soul, while still this flesh within
Beheld thy sacred countenance so mild?"

Back to him came an answer low and sweet:
"My son, thou ne'er with sin thy soul has stained,
In all thy long life never once thy feet
Have trod the path of sin; thy victory's gained
And this is but a foretaste of what thou
Hast bravely fought for, and for thyself won.
O come, thy place among the blessed, now
Take, for thy trial is o'er, thy work is done.

The blessing had been given and the crowd
Had left the church, but none had noticed there,
The old monk with his white head bowed
Upon his breast, and leaning against the stair,
Until the sexton on his nightly round

Found him wrapped in death's icy slumber deep.
His pure soul had flown heav'nward with the sound
Of songs of joy, there its reward to reap.

L. F.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

The nineteenth century will be recorded in history as one in which almost all the nations of the world endeavored to increase their liberty. Nor will it be the only century recorded in which Ireland struggled to be free. She has striven during the last seven hundred years to throw off the foreign yoke. All her efforts were in vain; yet the spirit of the nation was never broken and she stands to-day before the world a perfect unity.

Previous to this century she had to rely on foreign nations for assistance; but to-day she fights her battles independently, aided only by her own children, who rally from every land and from every clime to bear the standard of their native land, which in the words of the immortal poet Davis, is "a rich and rare land, a fresh and fair land, No men than hers are braver," all of whom would freely die and think their lot divine, to save her.

In the beginning of this century, under the leadership of O'Connell, she acquired great power by the Catholic Emancipation Act which restored to the people their right of worship and to the Clergy their right of existing. The power of the Church has since increased so that it is now the first and greatest power in the land. It directs public opinion not only in religious matters, but also in politics.

This new element of strength is irresistible. It is at all times the greatest strength a Catholic country possesses and it renders it so much more powerful than a non-catholic country.

It is a common sight in Ireland to see a priest, wearing his Roman collar and cassock, carried off to jail by the police, followed by a crowd cheering for their good pastor whose only offence is that he tries to save his people from starvation and eviction. The same day he receives his altar vestments and chalice, and next morning the jail is converted into a chapel in which the imprisoned priest says his daily Mass. The priests are the only prisoners who are not compelled to wear the prison garb. This is not a Government privilege, but the English would not dare use physical force to strip them of their clothes as they did in depriving Mandeville of his, a Member of Parliament whom they murdered in jail a few months ago; neither would they af-

tempt to steal them by night as they did William O'Brien's. For being told by the first imprisoned priest Father Matt. Ryan, that he would not submit to the indignity of wearing the criminal robes and that he was prepared to defend his honor at the cost of his life, the Government withdrew from the contest and has not since gained courage enough to strip any imprisoned priest of his clothing.

Many of the Members of Parliament are being imprisoned whose treatment in jail is worse than that of the lowest criminals.

The whole country is much excited by the evictions that are daily carried out and which are so numerous that many are surprised how the people are not long ago exterminated from the Island.

Yet all these are only the lower currents of the political condition of the country. At present Parnell's contest with the London Times occupies the attention of all. I shall be brief in my allusion. The *Times* is a London news paper. It is the great organ of English opinion and is well patronized by the aristocratic and land-lord classes, and the Government of the day being of the latter classes the *Times* is the leading government organ. In its zeal to make capital for the government it thought fit to publish in its columns letters which it asserted had been written by Mr. Parnell to some of his friends in which he recommended violence and even murder as a means to forward his purpose. The *Times* in publishing these charges thought it would never be required to prove them, that the government would be always able to protect it in the law courts as well as in the House of Commons; and indeed it was not much mistaken.

The government acted against old established rules and usages in the House of Commons when it denied the Irish Leader a committee of the Members of Parliament to investigate the truth of the charges made against Parnell. By this stroke the partisans of the *Times* thought they had outdone Mr. Parnell, for they left no other cause open to him but to appeal to the public, where they knew well he would be shown no justice by an English judge and jury. But, contrary to all that could be imagined, the Tory farmers and laborers, the supporters of the government, certain that the *Times* had asserted nothing but the truth and had nothing to fear from an investigation, declared, at their public meetings throughout the country, that they would no longer support the Government if it did not grant an inquest. There was no alternative left. A Commission of three judges was appointed to investigate into the charges. Good care was taken at the same time that the appointed judges should be Tories in sentiment and not Liberals. This partial selection of the members of the Commission led Mr. Parnell to suspect he would obtain no

justice, and accordingly he proceeded to institute a counteracting case, in the Scottish court. Thus the trial will soon take place before a commission of three judges in London and before a judge and jury in Scotland.

Of the result there should be but little doubt in any one who knows that England has not only persecuted Ireland during the last seven hundred years but has calumniated her still worse. Providence will no doubt in due time do justice to Ireland and expose to the world English misrule, calumny and oppression. The time chosen in the Eternal decrees seems near at hand. The *Times* is the great organ of English opinion and of English calumny. Its defeat would show that Providence has deigned in our own days to do justice to Ireland.

T. L.

WITH PENCIL IN HAND.

BY P. W.

Student, read with your pencil in hand. Any one who knows how to extract the real essence of a book, who has known how to read, will tell you this is the proper way. When you meet a passage that strikes, you underscore it; when you meet a truth, a fact, an idea, put your mark in the margin. When you have laid down the book and after some time pick it up again by glancing over the few underlined passages you will find the essence of your author in a few words, summed up in perhaps a dozen passages. Some eighteen months ago I read a couple of prose works which pleased me very much. I read them pencil in hand. One was *Obiter Dicta* by Birrell, the other *Lectures by a Certain Professor* by Farrell. They are collections of essays; and where as the former pleased me most with his original manner and curt *critiques*, the latter's beautiful figures and comparisons, and above all his tenderness proved the greater attraction.

This evening I picked up, or rather brought down from their dusty corner in my book-case the self same books. I began to read the marked passages, and I found I had before me the *crème* of the work all cut and dried for me. I want here to quote a few passages which I think will entertain the reader and pay him for perusing them.

On page 57 of *Obiter Dicta* first series, I find a very heavy black pencil line and resting up close to it the following, so true and so well expressed, "*Misty, therefore a poet has our kind permission sometimes to be;*

muddy never! A great poet, like a great peak, must sometimes be allowed to have his head in the clouds, and to disappoint us of the wide prospect we had hoped to gain; but the clouds must be attracted to, not made by him."

And over against nearly as dark a line I find a little paragraph about the historian. Mind I do not claim any thing remarkable for these but they are pleasing nevertheless. Excesses are always harmful and too much sublimity may prove as harmful as too much of the commonplace. Listen.

"The truthful historian therefore, seeking to compose a true picture of the thing acted, must collect facts, select facts, and combine facts. Methods will differ, styles will differ. Nobody does anything like anybody else; but the end in view is generally the same, and the historian's end is truthful narration."

What excellent advice, and how beautifully expressed, is this line from the *Lectures*: "We should hold each hour as Jacob held the angel, and refuse to let it go until it bless us."

In the following paragraph Father Farrell in speaking of life, alludes to the modern discoveries about ancient Rome, in the recent excavations.

"So it is with some lives. The golden city of their youth lies buried beneath the accumulated experience of many a long year. A new city has been built far different from the old. But at times memory is busy and digs down, and brings to the light of later days the faded glories of our youth. The tombs where dead hopes moulder and dead purpose lie buried—the dreams that fled, the promises that belied themselves, the shattered idols that once seemed like gods, that at first were mutely mourned, then hidden away and forgotten. The purposes of life have changed and its thoughts. Old feeling have lost their keenness and their glow. A new city has been built above the old: but believe me there is not a structure stately or mean but has its foundation in some fragment of the ruined city of the past."

I reserve for the last, however, this surpassingly beautiful passage on experience. There is nothing perhaps any more beautiful in our language.

"We *mes frères*, are "the heirs of all ages;" especially are we the heirs of our own dead past. But with the inheritance does not necessarily come the secret of spending it wisely. That secret is late in coming: and just when it seems to begin to dawn upon us, we, too have to make our wills and die. The wisdom that comes of experience is always somewhat melancholy. There is no wisdom like it—scarcely any that can be its substitute; but it has one draw back it comes too late. We pay for it the most precious, nay the only precious thing we have—our years; and then, when the purchase is completed, we find that the price we have paid away was the one thing necessary to

make our purchase profitable. Graceful is that wisdom as the ivy and the moss that accumulates on some lordly castle, but like the ivy and the moss, its grace when at its highest adorns only ruins. Ah! it comes too late when the brain has got cool, the hair has grown white; when the thought has been moulded by prudence, the eye has grown dim, and the hand weak. Youth is the season of possibility without power, age the season of power without possibility. In youth we could do it we knew how, in age we know how if we could only do. Life seems to be a fire, and when its fierceness has died down, if we find the pure gold of wisdom, we find it buried beneath the grey ashes of baffled aims and blighted hopes."

THE DEAD.

The short piece we publish below on the "Dead" is from the pen of a distinguished French writer, the unfortunate abbé de LaMennais.

Born in 1783, LaMennais saw all the disorders of the French Revolution and his youth was embittered by the sorrowfulness of the times. Ordained a priest in the year 1816, he published, the very next year, a work entitled: *Essay on Indifference in Matters of Religion*, which at once placed him among the very first writers of his day. Europe was astonished at the powers of his reasoning and at the strength, the energy and the Apostolic vigor of his wonderful style. All eyes were turned upon the new Tertullian, LaMennais was soon proclaimed the "Last of the Fathers of the Church."

It was under such flattering circumstances that LaMennais conceived the project of convening about his person the young men of the day who would think it an honor to give their life for the defence of oppressed and calumniated Truth. His voice was heard by many a talented youth and he soon saw himself the master of a noble band of disciples, the very best talent of France and of Europe. He retired with them to the since famous spot of LaChênais, a beautiful residence, surrounded by tall trees, a fit retreat for study and piety.

In this solitude he gave part of his time to directing the studies of his men, assigning to each the branch of learning which best suited his dispositions of mind, heart and education. Some of those favorites of the great Master have since told us of the enchanting scenes which would at times divert their attention and refresh their hard-working minds. Often did they hang in suspense to the lips of the beloved master into whose hands they had placed their future. In moments of inspiration, LaMennais would discourse to them the wonderful thoughts which lightened his eye and inflamed his speech. His genius, penetrating into the lowest

depths of Religion, Philosophy, History, Literature and Science, would return loaded with new discoveries, new prospects, new lights, which he considered himself bound to transmit to the faithful friends about him.

One evening, on the eve of All Souls Day, the tall woods of La Chênaie were agitated by the wild winds of an autumnal storm. The old palace itself was creaking, and the morning of the storm, along with the beating of the heavy rain upon the window panes, made upon all an impression of solemnity and awe. La Mennais was sad; he became speechless. Leaving the company of his dear friends he entered his apartments and penned thoughts on the dead, whose feast was to be celebrated the next day by the Church. Returning to his disciples he sat among them and holding a sheet of paper still moist with his writing, in the tumult of the furious storm, he read as follows:

They also have passed on this earth, they have descended the river of Time; their voices were heard on its shores, and then nothing more was heard from them forever. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy the dead who die in the Lord!*

Whilst they were passing, countless vain shadows presented themselves to their gaze: the world, accursed by Christ, showed them its grandeurs, its riches, its pleasures; they saw them, and suddenly could see nothing but eternity. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy the dead who die in the Lord!*

Like a ray from above, a Cross appeared in the distance to guide their course, but not all took notice of that solemn emblem. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy the dead that die in the Lord!*

Some were saying: "What are these waves which carry us along? Is there something after this rapid voyage? We know not, no one knows it." And, as they said this the banks were already disappearing. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy, etc.*

Some also there were in profound reflection who seemed to listen to a secret voice, and then, their eyes fixed upon the West, suddenly they would begin to sing an invisible dawn and a day that knows no end. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy, etc.*

Carried along pell-mell, young, old, all were disappearing, as a ship is driven by the tempest; one would sooner count the sands of the sea-shore than the number of those who hurried to pass. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy, etc.*

Those who saw them have recorded that a great sadness was in their heart; their breast heaved with sorrow and as if tired of the work of living, raising their eyes to heaven, they wept bitterly. Where are they? who will ever tell us? *Happy, etc.*

From the unknown deep into which flows the river, two voices unceasingly rise:

The one says: "From the bottom of the abyss, I have cried to thee, O Lord; Lord hear my supplications, lend ear to my prayer. If thou wilt mark our indignities, Lord, who shall stand thy searching eye? But with thee is merciful for givenness and a full redemption!"

And the other: "We praise Thee, O God! and we bless Thee: Holy, holy, holy, the Lord God of Hosts, the heavens and the earth are filled with Thy glory!"

And soon we also shall go thither, whence issue those lamentations or those songs of triumph. Where shall we be! Who will ever tell us? *Happy the dead who die in the Lord!*

A. D. G.

LOCALS.

— Dandy, Eh?"

— All aboard for Thanksgiving!

— This St. Viateur's day just past is unanimously conceded to be the most enjoyable in the history of the College.

— We congratulate our friend Mr. Chas Knisley on his success in athletics on Field Day.

— The new *Prie Dieu*s and seminarians' pews recently placed in the chapel add greatly to the convenience and beauty of the sanctuary of the Sacred Heart.

— Members of the second table on the East side of the refectory return thanks to Mr. Mark Wiseman for a delicious cake presented them on Friday last.

— Among the successful contestants among the Juniors and Minims Mr. Geo. McCann and Masters Robt. Kerr and Thos. Legris especially distinguished themselves.

— It has (not) been a question for debate why J. R. wore his light suit until Monday whereas others doffed their "Sunday-to-go meeting" immediately after Field Day.

— We all feel indebted to Profs. Oliver Chalifoux and Moses Roy for their enchanting musical selections on last Tuesday and Wednesday. We return abundant thanks and trust we may be often favored with visits from these excellent artists.

— At last W. P. has found his vocation. For a long time his mind moved between a billiardist, an elocutionist, an actor, or a base-ball enthusiast. But success is the reward of patience, and real talent will always manifest itself. He is now taking lessons on the violin.

— For a few minutes on one of our festivals recently about noontide we thought we were to have an exhibition game of base-ball, but only the batteries arrived. The pitching and catching was very skillful. One of the players, could n't decide whether pitcher or a catcher, we regret to say, was hit with a pitched ball. No very serious injury.

— The Band on St. Viateur's Day went on a little serenading tour to pay their respects to their friends. They beg to acknowledge thanks, for favors received, to Rev. Father Beaudoin C. S. V. Notre Dame Academy, Dr. Bergeron, Surgeon of the Battalion, and Mr. Henry Darche.

— The handsome metropolitan programmes used at "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" were favorable commented upon by all. We recommend our friends to patronize the advertisers, you will find they will suit you better than any place else.

— A complete account of the celebration of St. Viateurs Day for '88, will be found in another column. For those who were here, as well as those whom circumstances prevented from being present, this will be an interesting account of all that was done.

— Below will be found a correct list of the visitors at the college for the celebration of St. Viateur's Day. There are perhaps a few who have eluded the memory of the Journal scribe, but in the great throng that was here, it was almost impossible to get the names of all. We submit the following: Very Rev. Cyril Fournier C. S. V. Provincial of the Order, Chicago; Revs. Alex. McGavick and John Finn of Chicago; Rev. Wm. Muntagh of Pontiac, Ills.; Rev. O'Kelley of Streator, Ills.; Rev. Lecouvris, La Raub, Ills.; Rev. J. Paradis of Kankakee.

From Chicago there were Mr. and Mrs. Maher, Woodward; Mesdames W. J. Hynes, Moran, Cahill, Lehman, Suerth, Benwager, Fosse, Sheehan, Lang, Rowland; Messrs. Cummings, Sheehan, Solon, O'Keefe, Prendergast, Maloney, Sampson, Kopf, Moody, Rich. Kniseley, Brenan, Cahill; Masters Suerth, Sheehan, Dillon, McCumber, Lang, Oscar Lehman; Misses Roach, Gleason, Van Loon. Kopf, Kearney, Sheehan and M. Woodward; Celia, Gertie, and Agnes Brenan; Minnie and Lillie Moran; Mollie and Lillie; Moody.

From other points, Mesdames Stevenson, Schenectady N. Y.; Richards, Lawrence, Kansas; Ford and Kerr, of Kankakee; Gurney of Wilmington Ills. Wiseman, Kelley, Norton, and Howland, of Danville Ills.; and Boylan, of Peoria Ills. Messrs. Wiseman and Howland of Danville Ills. and Geer of Manteno Ills.

Misses. Kerr, of Schenectady N. Y. Maud and Agie Kerr, of Kankakee Ills., McAlleer, of Pittsburg Pa.; Condon of Bloomington Ills.; Murray of Peoria, Ills.; Mamie Kelley of Danville Ills. and Miss Kopf of Chicago.

— Dan, the gymnast, now gives exhibitions on the pole every evening. No one should fail to see his marvelous performance.

— "The infinitesimal divisions of the time that is to elapse before my timepiece denotes the half hour are remarkably conspicuous for their paucity," soliloquizes Sam when the Greek hour is approaching.

— A very interesting game of base-ball was played on the College grounds on Thursday last by nines selected from Companies A & B. The game was replete with brilliant plays and proved interesting for the large crowd of spectators. This will probably be the last of the season. Score.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Co. A. —	1	0	2	1	0	1	0—5
Co. B. —	0	0	2	4	4	1	0—11

— Batteries McCarthy and Condon, Gallet and Stafford Umpire Murray. Time 1.45.

OBITUARY.

We sadly record the death of Frank Merovitch, '70, which took place at his home in Momence, Ill., the 25th. Ult. The cause of his death was an accident he met with while driving his steam-engine over a bridge in the vicinity. The bridge gave way under the weight of the engine and down went engine and water-tank below, himself being crushed between the two. He lingered for a month in his sufferings. We offer our sympathies to his family.

P. I. P.

HEROD AND MARIAMNE.

Says Mr. Parsons in the Critic "Herod and Mariamne although it has faults and crudities is nevertheless a tragedy of tremendous power, charged with noble poetry and showing a skill and strength in the large, symphonic harmonies of blank verse, which few very few since Shakespeare and Milton, have been able to command."

This is a fair sample of what the literateurs and critics of this broad land and are saying about the tragedy of "Herod and Mariamne" by Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler, which has been cast on the highway of American Literature.

I have read this work, have read it carefully, and trust what few ideas I have on its merits and demerits, for Mr. Parsons attributes to it both, will be well received as coming not from a *savant* but a student.

I have confined myself to an æsthetic stand-point. Concerning the ethical view of Mrs. Chanler's works and this work in particular if I have heretofore opened my eyes and ears, I shall now refrain from discussing. This I shall endeavor in a way to do: to tell as concisely as possible of some of the features of the work and of a few points that might strike any reader in perusing the same tragedy.

The public attention has been brought several times to the consideration of what claims Mrs. Chanler may have as an authoress. But heretofore only in the sight of a novelist, now she poses as a dramatist. In ho

far she has accomplished her aim, I will not here attempt to say; I leave that for wiser heads. If most favorable encomiums are not quickly forthcoming, we cannot blame the critics, they are perhaps struck a heap like at the naiveté of a young American woman setting claim to a place at the side of Shakespeare and want to put on their specks and reflect, in the meantime, let us pursue our investigation.

The plot of the work is founded on the history of Herod's private life and in the main it adheres faithfully to the facts as transmitted to us. It treats of the impassioned, doubting-suspecting monarch of Jewry, of the maternal womanliness of his affectionate wife Mariamne, of the jealous Salome, and others whose names history associates with that of the Jewish tyrant.

Josephus hints that we may find the key to Herod's unrelenting perfidy in his love for splendor, honor, distinction. But this was not characteristic of the righteous Jews and exasperated their ruler. In other words he was too decidedly Roman for his people. This must have been discovered by Mrs. Chanler for she has been most successful in presenting to us in the midst of a crowd of Jews one who by his words, actions, passions, and character is decidedly Roman. Loving madly yet even doubting his innocent wife, now caressing, now chiding her all the opposite passions which the fluctuations of a Roman soul will alternately cast to the surface are throughout predicated of him. Twice however does he proclaim his hatred of Rome, but animated not with noble and patriotic motives,—it is the voice of wounded pride.

In Mariamne the wife, the mother, the queen, we have an admirable heroine and a striking contrast with Herod. She manifests a noble character all through; be it when she is defending the attacked honor of a murderous husband, or mother-like forcing an apology from Salome to her son, or again, she is ever more a queen, than when she throws her crown at Herod's feet?

Mrs. Chanler seems to have been none the less effective in portraying the villainous Salome. And I might here note that the authoress has always been more successful with her female than male characters.

Alexandra, Cyprian, Joseph and Hyrcanus are excellent works and reveal a clever, and a penetrating mind. Alexander and Aristobulus were happy creations, and their presence in a scene is like a ray of sunshine across the dark face of this otherwise melancholy tragedy.

I think a careful observer might with a little attention discern much that is similar in this poem of Mrs. Chanler and the works of the "Bard of Avon." As the curtain is drawn aside we almost believe in very truth that it is not Herod soliloquizing but Othello the Moor doubting inwardly Desdemona's innocence, now Richard his own perfidy haunting him. Cataline steps upon the scene but to vanish almost as quickly. And

is not that Iago in skirts who whispers those poisonous words into Herod's listening ear?

"When queens quarrel kings are kings in vain."

"Though Memory were worn
So full of gaps it would not hold yesterday,
That should be recollected."

"I go to come again."

Now is not this Shakespearian? Are we not when reading such lines as these, rather inclined to doubt the authenticity of the fair authoress of our own country, and imagine as it were, we are drinking from the enchanted goblet of Shakespeare?

It was of Othello especially that I was most forcibly reminded. Not only does Iago as Salome arouse the suspicions of the Jewish Othello, but the means are strikingly similar:

In Othello, Iago brings to the Moor the handkerchief of Desdemona, representing that he found it in Casio's room,—Salome brings to Herod Mariamne's bracelet, saying that it was found in Joseph's room.

To be sure we sympathise with Othello as wronged, but no sympathetic chord is struck for the vicious Herod. Desdemona is more of the bride, Mariamne the mother.

But perhaps this is all speculation, for in that men are mendacious, crafty, and wicked, those men are but Iago's, Richard's, or Salomes; and in that woman is generous, affectionate, devoted, forgiving, these women are but counterparts of Desdemona and Mariamne.

Be this a plagerization or only the over-zeal of a devout student of the great Shakespeare, still she is cautious enough to surround her plunder or her copy, if it be either, with a remarkable degree of originality. For this, and for having risen to a height meriting comparison with so great a poet, we cannot but admire her.

Unity of place has been doted upon by Rhetoricians. If Shakespeare has sinned against this commandment, however only three different times in all his plays has he changed country between scenes, yet this is far from justifying the violation of the law. Miss Rives, not between acts, but between scenes one and two of the second act, transfers the situation from Laodiceæ to Jerusalem, certainly a great breach of unity.

Another fault which we are obliged to lay at her door is repetition, and it perplexes us exceedingly to find in an otherwise so perfect work such an elementary mistake.

For instance the very last dramatic action of act III is Mariamne's snatching her own crown from off her head and casting it to the ground. The fourth act closes as the boy Alexander grabs his father's crown and tosses it out of the window, Now both of these endings

are strong and dramatic taken each in itself and apart from the other, but the repetition spoils what taken once might be a sorrowful and effective *finale*.

Again the reader is fatigued by the repeated similarity of the plots against Mariamne. First it is a picture discovered in Anthony's possession, secondly a bracelet discovered in Joseph's room, thirdly a potion for Herod himself.

But I think that it is as a poem that the work is really and truly great. In almost every page we light on new beauties, we are confronted with sublime passages, and surely the student who reads with pencil in hand will not leave many pages without its underlines, or a score of margins without a few "fly-legs" straying hither and thither.

Mariamne gives a beautiful idea of what is the loving wife when she says,—

"I'll tell thee:

It means to put myself beyond myself,
To think of him I love in that self's stead,
To be sleep's enemy because of him,
Because of him to be a friend of pain,
To have no thought, no wish, no dream, no memory,
That is not servant to him, to forget
All earlier loves in his,—all hates, all wrongs;
Being meek to him, though proud unto all others;
Gentle to him though to all others harsh;
To him submissive, though unto high heaven
Somewhat rebellious."

We gain some insight into Herod's character when we have Alexandra describe his jealous love,—

"It twinkles like a star; is no more fixed
Than torch-reflections in a restless sea;
Waneth and waxeth even with the moon;
Needeth like any lamp to be refilled
With flattery's oil; flares with the wind o' passion.
Like any earth-born flame,"

And when Herod would flatter Mariamne with—
"I will never doubt thee after to-day."

She justly answers him—

"Alas my lord, to-morrow,
To-morrow'll be the day."

Edgar Fawcett, in a recent criticism, calls Herod and Mariamne "the effort of a beginner," but what a beginning! Has Tennyson ever equaled or surpassed his first effort? Was not "Thanotopsis" Bryant's beginning?
Paul Wilstach '89.

ST. VIATEUR'S DAY.

The following account of the formal celebration on St. Viateur's Day, Oct. 24th, is taken from the Kankakee Times.

Last evening "The Ticket of Leave Man" was presented by the Students. Indications, during the day, appeared to foreshadow that the weather would be unfavorable to their purpose. There is an old proverb that, "behind the darkest cloud there hangs a silver

lining" and never has this been more fully verified than last evening. The weather grew more and more pleasant, and even at 7 p. m., many of the guests had arrived. Never has St. Viateur's College been favored with a larger, and more appreciation audience. At 8 p. m. every seat, in that spacious hall, was taken. The exercises opened with an overture from the college band, directed by Prof. P. A. Sullivan, which was rendered in a faultless manner, and elicited much favorable comment. This was followed by a selection from the orchestra, conducted by Prof. Gastine, which enraptured that vast and attentive audience.

Promptly at 8 p. m. the curtain rose, and the actors were all in their places. The Times reporter was on hand, and was readily made partaker of the hospitality for which St. Viateur's people are so noted. The play was well performed, and the actors, without exception deserved credit. It is to be regretted that space will not permit each, to receive his due meed of praise. However special mention cannot be denied Mr. Paul Wilstach, as Bob Brierly, who possessing a noble heart, is not with the most trying times, assailed by the most discouraging circumstances, until he is sentenced to serve a four year term in prison. After his release, Robert obtains employment in a bank; faithfully performs his duty, though his previous history is unknown to his employer. Just as Brierly is about to receive an advance in position and salary, an ill-designing one discloses his former career; and poor Bob is again thrown adrift. Through all his trials and disappointments, we find him aiding the weak and needy, and no matter what his own troubles were, he always manifested a true and noble spirit. James Dalton was well presented in the character of Mr. Thos Normoyle. Hawkshaw, the detective, was most artistically rendered by Mr. J. Condon. Throughout his role, Mr. Condon displayed much natural tact and careful training; and never failed to entrance his hearers. Melter Moss, the Jew, by W. Prendergast, was a most difficult part, but in its personator it found an able and fitting character. Mr. Gibson, the bill broker, obtained a worthy subject in the character of A. Frazer. Mr. Frazer exhibited much fine and tender feeling, not usually perceptible in a broker and which is never characteristic of any one, except the man who possesses a noble heart. Ernest Edwards, an orphan lad, in the role of Dinnis Ricou, was most effective. His soliloquy, when bereft of friends and means, his noble heart in exhorting others to bear up and never yield to despair, were so real and so touchingly presented as to obtain outbursts of applause. Daniel McNamara, as Maltby, the tavern keeper, proved very interesting. W. B. McCarthy, as Sam Willoughby a wayward youth was well received. Silas Green, a commercial man, in the character of Justin Ricou, exhibited much of that quick and direct business turn so common to commercial men.

Mrs. Willoughby, in the role of S. S. Saindon, was beautifully conceived and proved very interesting. The

appearance of the waiters—James, Jackson, Cooper as J. Shea, H. Baker and F. Baker formed a pleasing feature,—especially the song by J. Shea, which was applauded to the echo. Indeed Prof. J. P. Dore, has well sustained his reputation and he certainly felt relieved and gratified to notice the success with which his efforts were crowned.

Grave injustice would be done, did this article close without giving particular mention Profs. Chalifoux and Roy, two distinguished musicians of Chicago. Prof. Chalifoux favored the audience with a violin solo—with piano accompaniment by Prof. Roy. The selection was magnificent; the execution perfect, the impression sublime. The encore was artistically responded to. The celebration will continue to-day. Your reporter will be on hand, and will furnish you the necessary details. The following is the programme:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bob Brierly, The Ticket Of Leave Man...P. Wilstach.
 James Dalton, alias Downey, alias Tiger T. Normoyle.
 Hawkshaw, a detective.....J. Condon.
 Melter Moss, a jew.....W. Prendergast.
 Mr. Gibson, a bill broker.....A. J. Fraser.
 Ernest Edwards, an orphan lad.....D. Ricou.
 Maltby, a tavern keeper.... D. McNamara.
 Sam Willoughby, a way ward lad.....W. McCarthy.
 Silas Green, a commercial man.....J. Ricou.
 James. }
 Jackson. } Waiters..... { J. Shea.
 Cooper. } { H. Baker.
 Mrs. Willhoughby, who lets the rooms...S. S. Saindon.

GUESTS, NAVIES, DETECTIVES, ETS.

During the evening the following musical selection were rendered:

Overture, First Prize.....Southwell.
 Violin Solo, Cavatina.....J. Roff.

OLIVER CHALIFOUX.

Galop, Raquet.....Rollinson.
 Waltzes, Fantastic.....Zikoff.
 Violin Solo, Kiniawek.....Wiemawski.

OLIVER CHALIFOUX.

Quickstep, 13th. Regiment.....Reeves.

A GALE DAY AT ST. VIATEUR'S.

Oct. 24th.

The exercises opened yesterday with solemn high mass, sung by Rev. C. Fournier, C. S. V, superior, assisted by Father Finn, as deacon and Father Merteau as Sub-deacon. A most impressive and appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V., prefect of studies. After mass the field sports took place. The most interesting feature of the games was, to see Father Le-

gris among the minims. Never had a great general infused more enthusiasm into his soldiers. The presence of Father Legris into the minds and hearts of his minims. For years these little princes have been his favorites. They always hail the advent of his coming; never grow weary of his presence, and they always regret to see him depart from them. The members of the community are happy, that Father Legris' health continues to improve, and they trust that, ere long, he will be as strong and healthy as he was wont to be, in days gone by.

The athletic exercises were intensely enjoyed until 12 m. when visitors and all betook themselves to the refectory, where a gorgeous table, heavily laden with all the luxuries of the season awaited them, course followed course until Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. Prest. tapped the bell for silence. The query was what now? It is customary on such occasions that a large and beautiful cake, in the form of a pyramid, be placed in center of the President's table. The cake, forming the crown, is given to the student whose diploma has entitled him to the gold medal. This being made known Mr. Gustave Hauser was announced as the victor, who came forth and bore away the prize amid great applause.

At 2 p. m. it was perceived, that the military organization was preparing for a parade. The battalion, at St. Viateur's is one of the most flourishing, military organizations in the west. At 3 p. m. it was the delight of visitors and all, to witness the dress parade on their parade grounds. The movements were executed with such precision and celerity, that words fail, to fully express the success which their drill master, Prof. J. P. Dore, has met with in the instruction of the battalion. The organization consists of five companies, each 32 strong. The following is the Roster:

Major, Louis Grandchamp,
 Adjutant Lieut. Dennis Ricou.
 Commissary Capt. Jas. Sampson.
 Surgeon E. D. Bergeron M. D.
 Chaplain E. L. Rivard C. S. V.
 Quartermaster Chas. Kuisely.
 Serg. Major H. Gurney.

CO. A.

MARSILE LIGHT GUARDS.

Capt. Chas. Ball.
 1st. Lieut. W. McCarthy.
 2nd. " Jas. Condon.

CO. B.

MAHONEY LIGHT GUARDS.

Capt. T. J. Normoyle.
 1st. Lieut. Sam Saindon.
 2nd. " P. Wilstach.

CO. C.

BERNARD LIGHT GUARDS.

Capt. Geo. McCann.
1st. Lieut. Viateur Lamarre.
2nd. " W. Shea.

CO. D.

RIVARD LIGHT GUARDS.

Capt. W. Tynan.
1st. Lieut. W. Roach.
2nd. " L. Falley,

CO. E.

LEGRIS LIGHT GUARDS.

Capt. Robt. Kerr.
1st. Lieut. J. Laplante.
2nd. " T. Legris.

Our correspondent was on hand, and was most cordially treated by the college authorities. He can now understand why such a vast discourse of people, from all parts, eagerly await the annual return of St. Viateur's Day. The games were all of the highest order, and were beautifully and interestingly carried out. The visitors, without exception, appeared to enjoy themselves and no reason can be assigned, why they should do otherwise. The perfect order, and gentlemanly deportment of the students, their readiness to observe the strictest silence, to fall into line and move at the command, greatly delighted the spectators. Parents and guardians, owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V., master of discipline, for the inimitable manner in which he trains, and governs those entrusted to his care.

Of all college Presidents, Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. is the most accomplished, the most energetic, the most cultured, and the most zealous, to make every one happy. The day closed by an entertainment in the evening the following is the programme:

- Overture First Prize.....Southwell.
- COLLEGE BAND.
- Opening Remarks.....M. Murray.
- Bid me Good Bye and Go. Song.....Anonymous.
- REV. J. P. DORE.
- Flute and Piano.....Selections.
- MESSRS. A. FRASER AND F. DANDURAND.
- Address.....Commercial Education.
- PROF. JAS. SOLON.
- Violin Solo.....Selection.
- MASTER F. MORAN.
- Hear Dem. Bells—Song, Comic.....Sam Lucas Trio.
- REVS. E. L. RIVARD, P. SULLIVAN AND J. P. DORE.
- Violin and Banjo.....Selection.
- PROFS. P. SULLIVAN AND P. WILSTACH.

Comic Song.....Hoyt.

MASTER J. DILLON.

Piano Solo.....Schottische in F.

MASTER A. BOYLAN.

The Mother's Watch By The Sea.....Song.

MR. T. NORMOYLE.

Recitation, The Slang of the Day.....Anonymous.

MASTER H. HYNES.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

Closing Remarks.....Rev. M. A. Dooling.

Father Dooling complimented the students for their conduct and the interest they had taken in the field exercises, and concluded by saying that each recurring year would bring new pleasures, bright hopes and duly merited reward to the students, their parents and all.

The following is an account of the field sports on St Viateur's Day, Director, Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. Judges Revs. J. Cregan, A. D. Granger and J. Ryan, Managers—T. Normoyle and M. Murray.

SENIORS.

- Mile race 1st. prize....C. Knisely, J. B. Gallet
- 100 yds race " " " "
- Putting the shot " " M. Murray, 2nd. J. Charon.
- Standing jump " " T. Normoyle, 2nd. Knisely.
- Running " " J. Gallet, 2nd. Dissonette.
- Sack race " " C. Knisely, 2nd. H. Hynes.
- Hop step & jump " " " " Eissonette.
- Throwing ball " " W. Kearney, W. Stafford.
- Three legged race W. Stafford and C. Knisely—2nd. J. McKernan and H. Hynes.
- Potato race 1st. prize.....J. J. Condon.
- Hand ball—won by Messrs. G. Donnelly, H. Baker and W. Stafford.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

- Run and jump 1st. prize.....G. McCann.
- Hop step and jump " ".....A. Lauzon.
- 100 yds. race " ".....G. McCann.
- Sack race " "....." "
- Throwing ball " "....." "
- Mile dash " " B. Leroux—2nd. J. W. Shea.
- Three legged race.....Geo. Dostal and Geo. McCann.
- 2 mile dash.....Wm. Bradley.
- Throwing stone " ".....Stephen Maher.
- Tug of war " ".....Captain Coffee's side.
- Director:.....Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V.
- Judges; Profs. T. Lynch, J. Kelly and Rev. B. O'Callaghan.
- Manager.....Wm. Coffee.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

- Running race 1st. prize....R. J. Kerr, 2nd. A. Cyrier.
- Throwing ball " "....T. Legris, 2nd. A. Brouillette.
- Three legged race " "....T. Legris and P. Boisvert.
- " 2nd: "....A. Cyrier and R. Bradley.
- Jumping race 1st. ".....T. Legris.
- Sack race " ".....M. O'Connor.
- Hand ball " ".....Philo Keefe.
- Potato race " ".....A. Marcotta.
- Director:.....Rev. G. Legris.
- Judges—Revs. M. Meehan C. S. V., D. Dionne C. S. V. and Prof. T. Lynch.

PERSONALS.

Foster—It will delight many to learn of the promotion of Rev. C. P. Foster to the Pastorship of the Sacred Heart church in Joliet Illinois. By a recent letter the Rev. Father transmitted a handsome sum to the Roy Memorial Fund.

Clermont—Rev. Fr. Clermont has been transferred to the church of St. Aune, West Covington, where he now acts as pastor in the place of Rev. James Kehoe, lately deceased.

Reilly—Father Reilly is now pastor of Utica Illinois and is building a splendid church for his parish. The undertaking will be a great success, we are assured.

Gosselin—Upon the transfer of Father Clermont, Rev. Fr. Gosselin was called to the flourishing parish of Ashland, Kentucky, where he now exercises his pastoral functions.

Murtaugh—On St. Viateur's day we were rejoiced by the presence of Rev. William Murtaugh who spent the day with us. Fr. Murtaugh was ordained in August and is now assistant in Pontiac, Ill., diocese of Peoria.

Deveney—Rev. Thos. Deveney has been stationed for the past few months in Ivesdale, Ill., a flourishing parish. His health, we are told, is entirely restored.

Libert—Rev. Fr. Libert is now parish priest of Lewiston, Ill., in the diocese of Peoria.

McKinney—Rev. Thomas McKinney, ordained in August for the Peoria Diocese, is now assistant in Bloomington, Ill. Father Shannon, of the same place is taking a vacation in the East.

Legris—The old students will be rejoiced to learn that Fr. Legris, ex-prefect of Studies, is improving his health gradually. He is now at home and delighted us by his presence in our midst on St. Viateur's day.

Finn—Father Finn is as joyful as ever. He spent St. Viateur's day with us. He is yet at his post in Lake View, Chicago.

Grosse—Charles Grosse, '88, is employed in his father's Grocery Store in Chebanse, Ill., and is taking quite a liking to business.

McGowan—We are glad to hear that Mr. McGowan will soon be in our midst again for the winter term.

Lesage—Fred Lesage, '88, has a good position in Kurrasch's Drug Store, Kankakee. He is reported well pleased with the situation.

EXCHANGES.

We are pleased to add to our Exchange list the

Young Collegian which hails from New Orleans. The Nov. number is a sprightly one, the sketch of Henrietta, is a pleasing article; in it are traced the sunshine and shadows of that famous woman, in a style if not superb, at least pleasing to the average reader. We wish you success.

From the Oct. *Adelphian*, we quote the following from an article on "Improper methods of study:" "There are several pernicious habits of study into which students fall. Idling over one's books is exceedingly harmful, if indulged in to any extent. To spend two hours over a lesson that could be easily learned in one, if one devoted his whole time and attention to it, cannot but result in injury to the student. How much benefit would be derived from gymnastics if one did not exercise briskly and energetically? Just so it is with the brain in study. Again to be uncertain whether one knows his lesson, therefore to spend useless time over it, is another bad habit into which students fall. —It indicates that something is wrong with one's habits of study. These are some of the bad qualities pointed out by the writer and are practical points on which students could meditate with great advantage to themselves.

The *Fordham Monthly* is full of good things as usual. We notice that a writer comments on the controversy which occupied the columns of the *Critic* some months ago as to whether an author feels what he describes etc. The writer believes he does and gives a striking (?) example in proof of his assertion. An invitation is given to advance something on the subject and it is to be hoped that the invitation will receive attention in a future number.

The *Academian* in a neat article points out some of the reasons of complaint among "Dissatisfied Teachers" and the writer talks sensibly on his subject. Surely the person who does as much good for society as the teacher should not be dependent for a situation on the whims of a boodling politician, as is too often the case. Owing to the number of teachers says the writer those engaged in this work cannot expect to receive a large salary. But for this part it may be urged that too many of our public school graduates seek positions as teachers who might find more pleasing employment in some other honorable walk of life. It is certain that much in this system needs improvement and this cannot be accomplished while it is made the stepping stone for political preferment.

We also notice the following exchanges which space will not permit us to mention in detail: *The N. W. College Chronicle*, *College Journal*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *St. John's University Record*, *Portfolio*, *Boston Pilot*, *Catholic Home*, *Science*, and many others.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Spanish Bishops have notified the government that they will convoke a Catholic Congress similar to that of Friebourg for the end of October.

Bishop Keane recently bade farewell to his flock in Richmond and now gives his life entirely to the work of the Catholic University of which he is the appointed Rector. He announces that the Institution will be dedicated on October 6th., 1889.

The Bulls for the appointment of Rev. J. J. Hennessey, of St. Louis, to the vacant see of Wichita, Kansas, have now arrived. The Rev. gentleman will be consecrated on November 21st., by Archbishop Kenrick. He will be the second Bishop Hennessey in the States, the Bishop of Dubuque, Ia., bearing the same name.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and the Archbishop of Cincinnati have approved of the proposition to hold a Congress of the Catholic colored people of the States. The Convention will meet in Washington, D. C., on the 9th. of January next.

New England furnishes a prominent member to the Faculty of the Catholic University in the person of Rev. Thos. J. Shaban, S. T. D., Chancellor of Hartford diocese, Connecticut, who has been chosen for the chair of Canon Law.

A church was on fire in a small town, near Turin, and a few soldiers were passing by. They heard the cries of a few Sisters of Charity who were in a room at the top of the church and they rushed to their help amidst flames and crashing ruins. After saving the Sisters, a Lieutenant was told of the Blessed Host being in danger in the Tabernacle. He plunged ahead and soon brought the Sacred Host in safety, and going back again brought out a miraculous picture of St. Anne. The little town is now in great admiration of the brave soldiers.

A Committee has been organized in the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the United States to find means whereby the sum of \$50,000 may be collected for the endowment of a Father Mathew chair in the Catholic University in Washington. In this wise the memory of that great benefactor of his race would be perpetuated here among his children. The project is self-commendable and will be a success. Prominent gentlemen have been named for the purpose of canvassing their cities and their States.

John Savage, the Poet, died in Pennsylvania on the 9th. of October, Ult. He was a native of Ireland, born in Dublin, 1828. In his youth he took great part in the agitation for liberty in Ireland and two successful Journals started by him were suppressed by the Government. He led a band of armed peasantry in the rising of 1848, and had to fly to New York after the failure of his attempt. He served in the Irish Brigade in our Civil War. He wrote many works, plays and poems

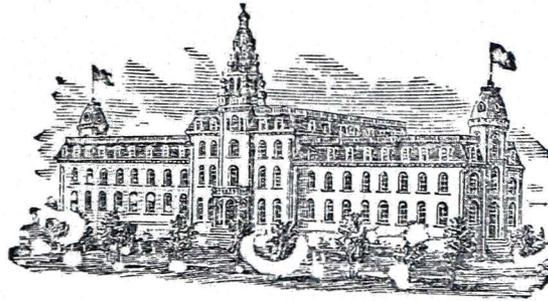
which he published in New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

Two American Christian Brothers have opened a splendid College at Tooting, England, which will rank immediately after the famous Jesuit College at Stonehurst. The whole furniture of the establishment was purchased in the United States and the building erected upon American principles throughout. It is expected that this will completely revolutionize the English system of building and furnishing schools. The cost of the institution is now about \$400,000. It is erected upon grounds confiscated from the Catholics three centuries ago.

The attention of the world has been directed almost entirely to Germany in the last few weeks. The proclamation of the Bishops of Germany assembled at Fulda, the great Congress of Freiburg where Windthorst so nobly lifted his voice in defense of the Pope, the Emperor's visit to Leo XIII, the publication of the late Emperor's Diary, all have excited unwonted interest in that rising power along the Rhine. And now it comes to our ears that William has given up his relations with Freemasonry, declaring it impossible for him to be a just ruler and a freemason at the same time. What will come of all this? Shall the honor now fall to the German Empire of restoring freedom to the Pope and shall that country become what France was wont to be by a kind of a natural right or privilege, the support of the Church of Christ. All are anxiously awaiting further developments. Meanwhile Catholic Congresses are announced for Spain, Belgium and Austria!

Our Protestant friends call the Middle ages "Dark;" yet, in those same Dark ages printing was invented, and printing is "the art preservative of arts." Guttenberg, a Catholic, printed the Bible, the first book that ever came from the press. The first bible in English was printed by another Catholic, Caxton. The first book printed in America was by a Catholic monk in a Mexican monastery. Rev. Gabriel Richard set up the first press west of the Alleghenies, and he was a Catholic priest. Catholics in the eleventh century invented the very paper we write upon. Oxford University was founded in 866, Cambridge, in 715, Paris, in 800, and the far famed schools of Italy, Bologna, Rome, Padua, Pisa, spring up also in the "Dark" Ages. Vespucci and Columbus lived and learned all they new in those days. The monk Arijjo, invented music in the twelfth century, with gamut and organs. The Catholic University of Paris originated postal arrangements, and Venetian Catholics published the first newspaper ever issued from the press, in 1561. The "Dark" Ages, indeed! Why, the truth is, that they fairly shed a flood of glory on the literary firmament of the world at large, as the above solid facts prove beyond the shadow of a doubt—*The Holy Family.*

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