

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. WEDNESDAY Mar. 31 1886.

No 1

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VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. WEDNESDAY Mar. 31 1886.

No 1.

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

J. CUSACK, Editor in chief.	'86
P. SULLIVAN, Assistant.	'86
P. LESAGE, "	'86
A. GRANGER, "	'87

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

EDITORIALS.

THE JOURNAL with this issue enters upon the fourth year of its publication; hence a new Editor in chief, a new volume and a new number. A change, we trust an improvement, has been made in the disposition of its matter and in the addition of an editorial column.

* *

THESE EDITORIALS will treat of subjects educational, scientific, critical, etc; we will try, as much as possible, to keep on general college grounds.

* *

OUR PAPER is not by any means a *news* paper, nor is it a sporting paper, or a society paper; it is essentially a literary paper and from the way it is judged by its exchanges it admirably hits its aim. The fact of an editorial page will naturally reduce literary "articles;" but we promise to make up by quality what we lose by quantity.

* *

OUR EXCHANGES have a long time suggested us the idea of an Exchange Table, Personal, Sporting, Editorial notes. As we have only 7 pages and do not wish to be too heterogenous we keep on writing essays. Perhaps will the journal acquire taller dimensions as it grows older. Then it will gradually assimilate these desired attachments. As for our exchange column, to be *properly* attended it requires more time than we can at present give it, and rather than have a poor one we prefer to have none at all. We will, however, praise or blame, quote and correct or approve according as time or opportunity favors.

* *

AS FOR A COVER and binding, we have looked into the matter closely. It would certainly be most desirable, especially the thread... *But!* such is our shortness of hands that the binding process, we find, would, in our *statu quo*, delay the issues one day or two and perhaps more. We therefore let it go loose as ever, waiting for developments.

* *

THE ORIGINAL SIN of editors, they say, is to ask for their pay. It must be admitted that the journal men have not *committed* that sin very often. We are very strongly tempted, though, now to indulge in a petition when in the face of so much to do with little means. Now our esteemed alumni, you who so generously helped in founding the journal, give us now another push and help us still to perfect what you so meritoriously started, and what still remains such a sweet bond of union between the actual students and their predecessors.

* *

THE FRENCH SUPPLEMENT is ready to accompany the *journal* in its onward march towards fame; we find it a hale companion and trust it will ever be appreciated by our readers.

* *

IT IS MOST ENCOURAGING for the Editors of the Journal to look back upon their work of these three years bound up before us in 6 nice volumes of Bro. Mainville's best binding, which will be a priceless addition to our library, and will ever remain the sacred tabernacle wherein are treasured up the sweet memories of College years.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

We still can rejoice in the present
Though the past has been dark and drear,
For we have a hope in the future
That's a stranger unto fear.

And our trust is no foolish fancy
Of an idle and dreamy brain—
We have proved that our hope's eternal
And that we can prove again.

Then bow not your head in sorrow
And shroud not your soul in woe,
Though darkness and grief are around us
The dawning must come we know.

If there's hope in the blood of martyrs,
If there's life in deathless love,
Then as sure, our trust in the future,
As the faith we have fixed above.

What though ages of gloom and sorrow
Have darkened and clouded the sky,
The sun in the midst of winter,
Though unseen, still shines on high.

An earnest in all we have suffered
We find in the triumph we'll gain,
For love is made strong and eternal
In the fiery crucible of pain.

To love is to sorrow often,
There are tears in the lover's voice;
But love that is faithful and constant
Will sometime smile and rejoice.

And have we not loved our country
With a love that never failed;
Loved her most fondly and truly
When famine and death assailed.

Oh! yes! our souls are unconquered
And in this, the promise we see
Because of our deathless affection
Of the glory that yet shall be,

Then march in stately procession
Raise banner and flag on high;
Let the strength of patriot fervor
Kindle your heart and eye.

With the sound of lofty music
Wake your souls so true and brave
Till your ears have caught the echo
From that isle across the wave.

March proudly in long procession
Like men of purpose and will—
Let your high and manly bearing
Proclaim you're unconquered still.

H.

THE SOIREE.

My portion is "the soiree;" and it is not without a heap of (to me) plausible excuses that I am at length persuaded to enter the Editor's sacred precincts, take up his own hatchet and hew out of my subject rarest renown for some, for others commonest mediocrity, for all, justice, *taffy* for none. As I can't tell from here how long this is going to be, or how it will end, I will, by way of precaution, keep a sweet morsel to sooth you with at the end, after dropping here and there many sore blots of unpleasant truths;—blots I *must* make as I'm unused to the pen. I will close with the music sweet. Now, in order to avoid personalities here is the (corrected) programme.

OVERTURE.

CLIMB UP.....COLLEGE BAND.

PART I.

IF I WERE A KING.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

FATINITZA.....ORCHESTRA.

SCENES II & III.

CIRCUS GALOP, TRIO.....MESSRS. { M. ROY.
P. WILSTACH.
T. WALSH.

ACT II.

ST. PATRICK'S MEDLEY.....ORCHESTRA.

ACT III. SCENE I.

THEME DE DONIZETTI, VIOLIN SOLO. MR. E. O'CONNOR.

SCENES II & III.

LA VALSE DES ROSES, PIANO SOLO....MR. M. A. ROY.

SCENES IV & V.

PIRATES OF PENZANCE.....ORCHESTRA.

ACT IV. SCENES I & II.

LULLY OF THE VALLEY, PIANO SOLO... MR. J. KELLY.

SCENES III & IV—END OF DRAMA.

GUARDES—CHASSES.....CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DON GONSALVO, Minister from Spain,	Mr. Glenn Park.
GENARO, the Shepherd King,	master Celeste Harbour.
FERDINAND, King of Naples,	Mr. James Quinlan.
RUISCO, Cousin of King, Conspirator,	Mr. Alex Granger.
BOZZA, Major Domo of King's Palace,	Mr. Ambrose Granger.
VALERIO, The Shepherd King's Little Brother,	Master Dennis Ricou.
ALBERTO, Son of The King.	Mr. John Cowley.
MELCHIORE, A Courtier,	Mr. Wm. Mohr.
BANQUO, Overseer of Shepherds.	Mr. Philip Lesage.
CECATO, Chief Shepherd,	Mr. John Dore.
PHILIPPO,	Mr. H. Murphy.
BAPTISTO, } Shepherds,	Mr. Normoyle.
SILVIO, }	Mr. T. Walsh.
MARCO, }	Mr. M. Lancaster.
ALONSO, General of the King's Armies,	Mr. Joseph Kelly.
VERDI, } Pages,	Master Charles Ball.
LINO, }	Master David Murphy.
STEPHANO, Chief of Brigands,	Mr. Will. Quinlan.
LUCIO, } Brigands,	Mr. W. Convey.
PEDRO, }	Mr. Ed. McMullen.
ORAZZO, } Courtiers.	Mr. J. Meehan.
MARINO, }	Mr. J. Golden.
CERANO, Royal Usher,	Mr. J. Kenedy.
LUPO, } Chamberlains,	Mr. J. Murphy.
QUIDO, }	Mr. J. Roach.

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JAKE WINDBAG, *secretary of Above*, MR. A. McMULLEN.

HON. PIT LATULIPE, *I. O. C. S. of St. George*, MR. W. [CONVEY].

JEAN BLUFFER, *of Tucker, an Office Seeker*, MR. W. QUIN- [LAN].

DIDACE DEXTER, *also of Tucker*, MR. W. MOHR.

AUGUSTE *SansSouci, of Bourbonnais, an Office Seeker*, MR. H. [LEGRIS].

SAMUEL CHINNER, *of Belle Mesh, President A. W. N. P. A. P. R. S., a powerful political association*, MR. [J. KENEDY].

MOISE ROBIDOU, *a'so of Belle Mesh, secretary of above*, [MR. J. DORE].

JACK FLYER, *a Telegraph Messenger*, MR. D. MUR- [PHY].

ST. PATRICK'S DAY,.....COLLEGE BAND.

END.

Caeteris paribus, the drama "If I were a King" succeeded well enough. It is not a comical play, nor is it, in the force of the term, a tragedy; it is interesting, though, as a new novel and is admirably adapted for beautiful stage effects. It goes with the magnificent scenery and costumes; these were all there. Now, Mr. Editor, your carving knife please, for I *must* come to the cutting part.

The shepherds of the bay of Ischia, headed by the brave and *learned* Cecato, were the laughable feature of the play. The lines were well learned, the nature of their roles well studied and rendered; this, remember, is the great merit of an actor: to understand the role he personates and to give it faithful, life-like expression. The meeting of the two little brothers was fair; I'm tempted to say very good. The anxiety of the shepherds after their lost Genaro was natural enough, as also their willingness to dispose of old Banquo, and their behavior in the royal hall. Cecato, of *loafing* reputation, also once the right arm of Jean Renaud, deserves special mention for the able manner in which he played his part; his every move was the signal for a laugh. His speech before the royal Court should be preserved as a most powerful weapon for the undoers of conspiracies.

Let Banquo go, the frowning old villain. Genaro, as shepherd king, expressed truly the vehement desire *he felt* of being a mighty King indeed. The perplexing, unaccountable metamorphosis puzzled him much; but he *would* save the kingdom, and so he did and nobly too. 'Twas very true that "his airs would grace the throne of France." Genaro principally excelled in his address to the Court, where, in unveiling the monstrous plot of Ruisco and Don Gonsalvo, he boiled up to a natural degree of passion, bringing to the assistance of his clear, silvery voice and commanding appearance some very elegant gestures. It is really surprising that the boy still so childlike, so fond of his marbles and tops and all his little sports, could become so serious and play King in such royal style. Celeste is certainly promising.

King Ferdinand and his Courtiers and Pages, all the gaudy pageantry of the Court, that was magnificent! Ferdinand crowned and in royal robes looked splendid. The kindness of the unsuspecting monarch was well portrayed. The joke was well told. The King's soliloquy, so full of diverse sentiments, and consequently requiring much suppleness in the general appearance and expression, was admirably rendered. But when the infamy of his cousin was proclaimed by the mock king in his presence, Ferdinand, and in general the court, did not manifest the horror which such a crime should have inspired. In recognizing his two children, kidnapped from him years before, there was not that affectionate embrace of a loving and grateful parent and his

overjoyed children, Alberto as well, failed somewhat.

Bozza was a true old courtier. Melchiorre was graceful and courteous and spoke with naturalness; only, once he stumbled over a word, but did not disturb the Court. The other courtiers, Chamberlains, and Pages spoke intelligibly enough, but were not always free and quite disengaged in their attitudes and movements. The appearance of the Court listening to His Majesty's royal *joke* was by far too serious. Master Lino's laugh was entirely missed. None did laugh at Verdis' clownish walk except one or two. General Alonzo did well. Stephano and his gang were the impersonation of villainy; these roles were well played. On the whole the play was fairly represented and, I believe, relished. The tableau which crowned the performance was well done; really it looked pretty.

The Farce could but be of great local interest; its funny names as well as the laughable efforts of the funny men more than once elicited the laughter of the audience. All the actors did as well as could be expected from amateur comedians.

Now the sugar, the music! Here. Mr. Editor, take your knife, thanks.....Now everybody said it was lovely, beautiful, grand, and all the nice adjectives of the dictionary—so I'm not afraid now, though not a musician, to give *my* opinion. The Band did its duty. The Orchestra played three pieces, note: perfect. St. Patrick's Medley was a dandy. Guardes-Chasses by the Choir and Orchestra was superbe, superlatively so. The Circus Galop was a beauty. The other instrumental pieces were very nice, especially those by Messrs Moses A. Roy and Eddie O'Connor....Now my hat, Mr. Editor... Yes sir, I smoke, thanks.

GOOD DAY.

P. S. This criticism which I think fair you'll perhaps find a trifle severe. But such as it is it can only be very beneficial to all concerned. Criticism is not flattery nor is it abuse either. Here we have about the fight article. Other college papers censure very severely the faults of their actors and are not at all lavish of praise undeserved. Sic, transeat soiree.

Ye Editor.

LOCALS.

— More snow!
— Alleluia for Easter!
— How do you do? (Deacon)
— How near we came to drowning!
— The base ball suits and April fool are next in order.

— Rev. J. Dandurand C. S. V., Mr. J. O'Callaghan C. S. V., Mr. Larkin and Mr. Cavanagh, with 15 of

their best boys from the Holy Name school, visited us on St. Patrick's day.

— Prof. Murphy's Commercial have started in banking; all of them have taken shares and are actively engaged in buying and selling, recording and discounting, etc.

— Mr. Franz is working in the interests of the altar boy's fund; throw in your mite to buy nice cassocks and surplices for the little servers.

— Rev. Fr. Marsile received a salute and bouquet from the Orchestra on the eve of St. Joseph which we have always considered as his patronal feast. St. Joseph's day was religiously observed by all at the morning exercises. Some very beautiful hymns were rendered at the mass. We enjoyed a grand sunny afternoon and finished all by the solemn Benediction with music special for the occasion.

— The Band and the Orchestra have had their pictures taken on St. Patrick's day. We wout say any thing till we see the negatives at least.

— The Sullivans, the Barrys, etc, etc, and the McGrady's have all been immortalized in the Doc's speech. Doc, you must have hugged the Blarney.

— Gus. R. in his late composition, after giving a description of St. Patrick's day's entertainment, parading, banqueting, etc, says: "After that we went to bed and slept still six o'clock; then we arose for our day's work; many were still much fatigued and it was a miracle the infirmary was not packed! St. Patrick's day was enjoyed by all."

— Bodies are being exhumed from the old burying ground and transfered to the new Grove Cemetery.

— This issue of the Journal might be called "St. Patrick's number" as it sings principally of the late great local events connected with St. Patrick's day's celebration.

— Rev. Fr. Marsile was absent on the 18th; he assisted Rev. Fr. Chouinard, at Manteno, in his exercises of the "Quarante Heures."

— Our visitors on St. Patrick's day were Rev. Fr. Chouinard, of Manteno; Rev. Bro. Dionne, of St. George; Mr. J. Maher, Mr. Harbour and Master Eugene, Mrs. Quinlan, Mrs. McMullen, Miss Murphy, Miss Walsh, Mr. O. Smith, Masters J. and W. Barron, of Chicago; Mr. George Lavery, of Kankakee; Mr. John L. Morissey of Rockford; Mrs. Leach, and Mrs. Wolf of Chicago, and Mr. Chas. Block, of Peoria, Ill.

— The St. Viator's Bankers have distributed \$40,000 worth of shares, in College, bonds with which the boys are buying railroad, western cattle, the coming crops, etc. Tall business!

— The Bourbonnais correspondence in the *Kankakee Times* is particularly interesting this week; it contains a very flattering account of our doings on St. Patrick's day in style inimitable.

❖ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ❖

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Mercredi, 31 Mars. 1886.

No 16

LES NUAGES.

Je viens souvent ici, sur la mousse des bois,
Demander aux forêts le repos et l'ombrage,
Entendre des oiseaux l'harmonieuse voix,
Sous le murmurant feuillage.

Mollement étendu, le regard vers les cieux,
Je vois passer dans l'air des groupes de nuages :
Blancs cygnes de l'azur dont le vol gracieux
Fuit vers de lointaines plages.

Pourquoi ne puis-je prendre ainsi qu'eux mon essor
Vers les mondes anciens, la terre des prodiges,
Où d'empires fameux le temps conserve encor
D'impérissables vestiges!

Voir ces lieux enchantés qu'un printemps immortel
Embellit de fruits d'or, de fleurs éblouissantes;
M'endormir sous des cieux dont l'azur éternel
Berce nos douleurs blessantes!

Oh! il me semble alors que mon cœur en mon sein
Vibrerait tout à coup comme une douce lyre,
Où tel que les flots qui frémissent, au matin,
Sous le souffle du zéphyre!

Que mon âme, en voyant les bords pleins de splendeur
Où, comme un astre d'or, resplendit le génie,
Déborderait soudain sous le poids du bonheur
D'ivresse et de poésie!

Mais non, je le sais, bien ces vœux tant caressés,
Tous ces souhaits si chers, ce rêve de ma vie,
O douleur! ne seront jamais réalisés
Ce n'est, hélas! qu'un songe, et qu'une vaine envie!

Je ne contemplerai jamais l'immensité
De l'océan sans borne, où flottent tous ces mondes
Que fit surgir d'un mot celui dont la beauté
Se refléchit sans tache en ce miroir des ondes

Non jamais le Vésuve au panache de feu,
Les Alpes aux sommets de neiges éternelles
Gênes la magnifique et son golfe tout bleu,
Etoilé comme un ciel de flottantes nacelles.

Jamais Suez, Ophir riches d'or et d'encens,
Malaga couronné de granades, d'oranges;
Naples, Hybla dansant au bruit de leurs volcans,
Les rives du Jourdain, les flots sacrés du Ganges;

Non jamais ces cités à l'antique splendeur,
Reines de l'aquilon, du couchant, de l'aurore,
N'éblouiront mes yeux, ne charmeront mon cœur,
Jamais ne me verront sur ces bords que j'adore!

Je ne foulerai pas les sublimes débris
Du cirque des Césars, l'immense Colisée
Dont l'arène jadis, mémorable parvis,
Fut du sang des martyrs tant de fois arrosée.

Je n'irai pas mêler mes pleurs au flot doré
Des fleuves étrangers de Tyr, de Babylone,
Et reposer mon cœur sous l'ombrage sacré
Des cèdres du Liban, d'une antique colonne.

Je ne gravirai point le sanglant Golgotha,
Montagne auguste en fruits de salut si féconde
Où, chargé d'une croix, un Dieu sauveur monta
Pour laver dans son sang tous les crimes du monde!

Et pourtant j'aurais tant aimé voir ces cités
Dont l'art a consacré l'immortelle victoire,
Tous ces palais détruits, mais encor visités
Par l'ombre du passé, fantôme de la gloire!

Je rêvais donc en vain ces rêves glorieux,
D'aller, ainsi que font de joyeuses abeilles,
Butiner maints trésors sur ces bords radieux,
Bavissants oasis de fleurs et de merveilles.

Je sens qu'il faut mourir sans avoir visité
Trônes, temples, forums, que je voulais connaître,
Mourir enseveli dans mon obscurité,
N'ayant vu d'autres cieux que ceux qui m'ont vu naître;

Sans autre vision que le doux idéal
De mes songes heureux, tel qu'autrefois Moïse
Voyant dans le lointain, au rayon matinal,
Briller les champs fleuris de la terre promise.

Mais, ô nuages, vous plus fortunés que moi,
 En foule déployez vos ailes diaphanes!
 O vifs coursiers des airs, puisque c'est votre loi,
 Sans cesse promenez vos blanches caravanes!

Depuis que vous errer ainsi sous tous les cieus,
 Que n'avez-vous pas vu sur nos sombres rivages?
 Combien de nations, d'empires glorieux
 Ont déjà disparu dans l'océan des âges!

Rien n'a pu résister à la marche du temps:
 Le sceptre s'est rompu, la tour s'est écroulée:
 La face de la terre, ainsi qu'au vert printemps,
 De siècle en siècle s'est soudain renouvelée!

Car le grand destructeur, sous sons souffle puissant,
 Ne l'épargne pas plus que vos formes mobiles,
 Quand dans les champs de l'air, l'aigle rugissant
 Roule, ô nuages d'or, vos tentures fragiles!

Mais si le monde fume encor sous ses débris
 Les siècles écoulés n'ont pas marqué de rides
 Sur votre front d'azur: vos voiles aux blancs plis
 S'ouvrent comme autrefois, immenses et rapides.

Et, sans vous arrêter dans le bleu firmament,
 Vous fuyez, plus légers que la blanche nacelle
 Qui danse à l'horizon sur le flot écumant,
 Où l'appelle en chantant le vent toujours fidèle.

Parfois, majestueux, vous portez dans vos flancs,
 Sous le noir pavillon de l'ombre et du mystère,
 La foudre qui soudain éclate en traits brûlants,
 Et Dieu lui-même quand il descend sur la terre!

Montez donc et volez de par delà les mers,
 Couronnez de vapeurs les riantes collines;
 Allez revoir encor ces lieux qui me sont chers,
 Et quelquefois pleurez sur les grandes ruines....

Le soir, ressemblez-vous tous aux portes du ciel:
 Etincelants des feux du couchant, de l'aurore,
 Formez d'or et de de pourpre un trône à l'Eternel,
 A la gloire du Dieu que la nature adore!

Et, sous ses pieds, soyez comme les flots d'encens
 Qui parfument l'autel, plus purs que le dictame:
 Hommage de nos cœurs, ineffables accents,
 Doux et chastes parfums des prières de l'âme!....

M**

BIOGRAPHIE.

Nous reproduisons de *L'Avenir National*, intéressant journal français qui vient de paraître à Chicago, la bio-

graphie du Rev. A. Bergeron que nos lecteurs liront, sans aucun doute, avec le plus grand plaisir.

Suivant la promesse faite à nos lecteurs, nous publions aujourd'hui le portrait du Révérend M. Bergeron, curé de Notre-Dame. Nos lecteurs seront heureux, nous n'en doutons pas, de lire les quelques notes biographiques que nous avons pu recueillir sur le digne et dévoué prêtre qui, quoique très jeune encore, a su par ses travaux et son dévouement sans bornes conquérir une place éminente dans l'estime et le respect de ses compatriotes.

M. Bergeron est né, le 4 septembre 1855, à Bourbonnais, Ill. Sa famille, originaire de la Rivière-du-Loup, (en haut) ayant émigré aux Etats-Unis depuis de longues années déjà, quand il vint au monde, fit en sorte que lorsqu'il fut d'âge à entrer à l'école, il reçut tous les avantages d'une éducation très soignée. Il fut donc envoyé au collège de Bourbonnais, belle institution qui fait honneur aux Canadiens-Français de cette partie des Etats-Unis, et là sous la direction des clercs de St-Viateur, fondateurs de cette maison, le jeune Achille fit un cours d'études brillant. Les inclinations et le goût prononcés pour la vie religieuse se firent bientôt sentir dans l'imagination ardente du jeune élève. Sollicité de bonne heure par cette voix mystérieuse qui parle à toute âme d'élite, le jeune lévite ne fut pas long à embrasser la carrière de l'apostolat, et quoique très jeune fut ordonné prêtre le 5 juillet 1878. Mgr l'archevêque de Chicago ne tarda pas à remarquer chez le jeune prêtre un dévouement et une énergie à toute épreuve; il voulut de suite mettre au service de la population catholique de cette ville, ce jeune apôtre du Christ, dont les bouillantes aspirations ne demandaient qu'à entrer dans la milice active où lutte depuis longtemps déjà la jeune église d'Amérique. Il fut nommé vicaire de l'église de St-Stevens de cette ville où il demeura deux ans, de là il exerça pendant deux autres années les mêmes fonctions à l'église de l'Immaculée Conception. Il fut ensuite nommé à la cure de la paroisse canadienne-française de St-Joseph de Manteno, Ill. C'est là, que pour la première fois, il put déployer son activité et ses talents d'administrateur. Cette paroisse qui à l'arrivée du jeune prêtre ne pouvait payer les intérêts sur sa dette put bientôt sortir des étreintes des créanciers et entrer dans la voie du progrès. De là, il fut transféré à Chicago où depuis près de deux ans, la population canadienne-française a le bonheur de le posséder comme pasteur. La paroisse de Notre-Dame lui doit la construction de son magnifique convent, bâtisse spacieuse où 400 enfants sous les soins des Révérendes Sœurs de la Congrégation reçoivent une éducation de première classe.

Parmi les différentes œuvres fondées et patronisées par ce dévoué prêtre, nous mentionnerons la société St. Vincent de Paul qui aujourd'hui compte au-déjà de 100 membres, et dont les résultats ont été admirables. M.

Bergeron a contribué beaucoup à l'organisation des Cours Canadiennes-Françaises des Forestiers catholiques de l'Illinois, sociétés qui font un bien immense parmi notre population.

M. Bergeron a voulu mettre en pratique cette devise: "Emparons-nous du sol," et est infatigable dans ses démarches pour faire acquérir des terrains à ses paroissiens qu'il veut grouper autour du clocher. En un mot, nous avons été heureux de constater dans cette courte esquisse biographique, que, quoique né aux Etats-Unis, le Révd M. Bergeron, n'en est pas moins resté français par le cœur, par son dévouement et par l'amour du pays qui a vu naître ses ancêtres.

CUEILLETES.

- Mars!
- Beau mois de St. Joseph!
- C'est quasi le printemps.
- Avez-vous vu les oiseaux bleus et entendu les grives et les merles?
- Le jardin du Noviciat est presque fini. Gare aux giboulées!
- Qui prendra, jeudi, du poisson d'Avril?
- Arthur Besse nous a laissés. Son frère, Arcade, l'a remplacé.
- Auguste Fortin est allé respirer l'air des champs.
- "Si j'étais roi!" répète souvent Céleste, depuis qu'il a porté la couronne... sur le théâtre. Il n'en tient qu'à toi, petit ami. Roi tu peux être, de même que tes compagnons, par l'intelligence!
- Eug. Harbour prendra ses quartiers au collège, l'année prochaine—Bienvenue!
- Mr Phillippe Létourneau, autrefois à Kankakee, nous a fait visite avec sa Dame, à son retour du Canada. Notre estimable ami est télégraphiste de Tracy, Minnesota.
- Tisson est sur les rangs pour le concours d'élocution.
- Alex, qui a souffert d'un gros rhume presque tout l'hiver, reprend sa voix musicale.
- Le "Maire" de Bourbonnais a failli mourir dans la fleur de ses jours: aussi quel tintamarre de la part des *office-seekers*.
- Soeur St. Joseph de Bonsecours est revenue du Canada, depuis quelque temps, pour cause de santé: espérons que la brise natale lui sera douce et favorable.
- MM. Leconte de Lisle, poète, Léon Say, économiste et Hervé, journaliste sont les derniers membres élus à l'Académie Française. On dit que M. Leconte de Lisle hésite, à prononcer l'éloge de son prédécesseur, Victor Hugo.

LES SEMAILLES.

Avec le retour du printemps, arrive le temps des semailles. La terre après s'être lentement dépouillée de confroid manteau de neige, se réchauffe aux rayons bienfaisants du soleil c'est alors que le diligent laboureur se prépare à ensemençer sa terre. A peine l'aube matinale commence-t-elle à blanchir l'horizon qu'il est rendu avec tous ses enfants dans le champ, que lui laissa son père. D'une main assurée, il guide la charrue, qui est trainée par de vigoureux chevaux, que le plus vieux de ses fils guide, tout en causant, comme on le fait à cet âge.

Lorsque le sol est entièrement préparé, l'infatigable laboureur attache à son cou un semoir de blanche toile, rempli de grain qu'il répand comme une pluie d'or dans les guérêts. Bientôt, les chevaux sont attelés à la herse, hérissée de longues dents de fer, pour recouvrir d'une légère couche de terre le grain qui bientôt germera en riches moissons.

La religion, qui prend l'homme au berceau et le conduit jusqu'au seuil de l'éternité, ne l'oublie pas dans ces temps de pénibles labeurs: au printemps, elle chante des litanies, fait des processions dans nos hameaux pour appeler sur la terre les bénédictions d'en haut. Avec quelle confiance, on enfonce le soc dans le sillon, après avoir prié celui qui conduit le char brillant du soleil, dans sa course journalière, et qui conserve dans ses inépuisables richesses le vent du midi et les tièdes ondées! L'homme des champs sent avec joie son âme s'épanouir aux saintes influences de la religion et sa semence chère aux rosées du ciel: Béni celui qui produira des moissons utiles, et dont le cœur fléchira, au jour des justices suprêmes, sous ses propres vertus, comme le chaume sous ses blonds épis!

L.

LE ROLE PROVIDENTIEL DE LA FRANCE.

(Continué)

2^{ème} PARTIE.

Le colosse Romain gorgé de sang, repu de débauches et de dissolutions, s'était écroulé, ébranlant la terre du bruit de sa chute. L'empire des Césars, sans les barbares, c'était une abîme de servitude et de corruptions, mais les barbares, sans la lumière civilisatrice de l'Eglise, c'était le chaos! Les barbares et l'Eglise unirent leur forces dans un travail gigantesque, et il se trouva qu'un jour, ils avaient élevé un nouveau genre humain: c'est alors qu'apparut

Charlemagne, tout rayonnant de génie, de valeur et de jeunesse! Charles qui termina l'invasion des barbares, posa d'une manière définitive les fondements de la puissance temporelle des Papes et fit renaître des cendres l'empire d'Occident.

L'établissement du pouvoir temporel, enleva Rome et la prépondérance Catholique à l'empire d'Orient, alors en proie aux divisions et aux ténèbres de l'hérésie; il assura une entière liberté d'action à la Papauté exposée à faire pencher trop fortement la balance du côté de la puissance qui la dominait. Ce fut donc un acte de bon sens politique que de détruire d'un même coup la suprématie des empereurs de Constantinople et celle des Lombards, en rattachant l'Eglise à la France par des liens d'une impérieuse reconnaissance.

La manifestation de cette gratitude fut aussi prompte que magnifique. Dans une nuit aussi célèbre que celle où Clovis fut régénéré, le Pontife de Dieu posa sur la tête du chef des Francs, Charlemagne, la couronne impériale et le salua maître de tout l'Occident! Le Saint Empire Romain était créé! un pouvoir était sacré et armé pour être le bras de la justice, le champion du droit et le gardien de la paix universelle.

Depuis Charlemagne jusqu'à Nérón, il y avait sept siècles et demi. A sa naissance, l'Eglise avait trouvé assis sur le trône du monde ce Nérón, monstre de férocité et de folie, incarnation de satan, expression fidèle de la civilisation païenne. Mais après quatre siècles de liberté, à peine, l'Eglise à son tour offre un maître à l'humanité, et ce maître c'est Charlemagne! Charlemagne, plus que toutes les autres têtes couronnées, l'homme de l'Eglise. Dans la longue série des siècles, il n'y en a pas de plus grand et de plus aimable; on dirait que la nature, attentive à son œuvre, s'était préparée de longue main. Elle donne à l'avance Pepin d'Héristal déjà grand. Charles Martel davantage, Pepin meilleur; Charles Martel avait repoussé l'invasion des Sarrasins; Pepin avait vu l'Eglise; Charlemagne y entra. De bonne heure, il s'était senti roi de la part du Christ et guide du peuple Chrétien: *Rector christiani populi*. Ah! c'est bien là, comme le dit un des penseurs de notre siècle, l'antithèse radicale de Nérón, le modèle accompli du souverain croyant! Ah! surtout c'est bien l'expression de ce monde que l'Eglise a enfanté et nourri de son sang.

Ce monde, il est vrai, n'a pas atteint toute sa force, tout son développement. Les idées lumineuses, qu'il conçoit, ont encore à lutter contre les ténèbres; mais ce monde existe; il a trouvé son chef et, sous son impulsion, il accomplira des œuvres immortelles; et après dix siècles, victime de profondes humiliations, de terribles affaissements, il vivra encore, il se souviendra de son illustre origine et aura de soudaines illuminations; et, s'il succombe, avec lui disparaîtront tant de lois et s'éteindront tant de clartés que ce sera l'agonie de l'humanité!

3^{ème} PARTIE.

La France qui, par les vaillantes mains de Charlemagne, vient d'élever un monument immortel à l'indépendance des Papes et des nations, va prendre part à un événement qui apparaît comme le plus haut sommet à la cime du Moyen-Age, comme le prélude magnifique de l'ère moderne: je veux dire les Croisades! Oui, c'est encore en France qu'a retenti pour la première fois le cri de "Dieu le veut," ce cri formidable qui a ébranlé l'Europe et précipité l'Occident sur l'Orient!

Les musulmans, arrêtés par la main de fer de Charles Martel, revenaient à la recousse. De victoire en victoire, ils venaient de frapper aux portes de Constantinople, placée comme à l'avant-garde de la Chrétienté. Le cri de détresse que poussa l'Orient fut entendu de l'Europe, mais surtout de la France, qui cinq fois s'arma pour la cause de la croix et arrosa de son sang le plus pur les plaines de la Palestine.

Des esprits étroits et préjugés ont considéré ces guerres comme injustes et inutiles. Injustes? ces guerres faites contre l'Islamisme qui voulait l'anéantissement complet du nom chrétien. Les peuples catholiques, qui ne formaient alors qu'une vaste famille, ne devaient-ils pas prendre la défense de leurs membres injustement et barbarement attaqués? Ce système de solidarité, qui les liait entre eux par les nœuds d'une foi commune, n'est-il pas comparable au principe de l'équilibre Européen, auquel les nations modernes croient attaché leur indépendance et dont la conservation leur a coûté tant de sang?

Inutiles? Ces guerres qui délivrèrent l'Europe de ses discordes intérieures, inoculèrent au sein de ses races indomptées un sentiment de fraternité qui les transforma en un seul peuple, poussèrent la féodalité vers sa ruine et le servage à la liberté. Inutiles? ces guerres qui créèrent la marine moderne, stimulèrent le commerce et l'industrie, enrichirent le domaine des sciences des plus précieuses découvertes!

Ah! les Croisades, loin d'être considérées comme un acte de barbarie et de témérité, doivent être regardés comme un chef d'œuvre de politique. L'expérience des siècles, a prouvé la sagesse de cette généreuse entreprise et lui a accordée ses puissants suffrages. En pénétrant au sein de l'Asie, Godefroi de Bouillon, Philippe Auguste et Saint Louis furent les émules du grand Annibal qui, le premier, comprit que, pour renverser la puissance de Rome, il fallait la frapper au cœur. Après avoir ainsi assuré à l'Europe sa propre indépendance et son incomparable civilisation, ces héros du Christ acquirent aux peuples chrétiens une prépondérance que n'ont pu encore contrebalancer les générations éternelles de Mahomet!

(à Continuer.)

— The spiritual readings during March are given by Rev. Fr. Marsile and are, every one, practical and most beneficial lessons for young men.

— There is to be a thesis for the Philosophers tomorrow. The question at issue is "The origin of Authority;" the pro and con will be thoroughly debated and we have reason to believe it will be most interesting. *Adieu!*

— St. Patrick's club at Bourbonnais college gave a banquet last Tuesday evening. A few were present from a distance and some from Kankakee. The toasts were cheerfully responded to and the whole affair passed off pleasantly. *K. K. K. Chief.*

— The boys speak of organizing for a "May Festival" to consist of some choice music. Declamation and comic plays in French and in English. The event will be for the First of May Day and proceeds will go to the purchasing of base ball uniforms.

— The Thespian Association gave another of those excellent entertainments at St. Viator's college last Tuesday evening. The hall was well filled and every one pronounced it a grand treat. *K. K. K. Chief.*

— The ventilators on trial in the study hall do grand dispatch. Let's have them all around, Bro.!

— The stations of the cross have an edifying attendance on Fridays.

— Mr. Wm. H. Darch was appointed postmaster at Bourbonnais in place of Mr. Preston Senesac, the present incumbent, last Saturday. Mr. Darch is a business man and was highly recommended by many of the best citizens of that neighborhood, and will no doubt make an accomodating P. M. *K. K. K. Chief.*

FOR OUR BUSINESS MEN.

This is a little extract from an address by Professor A. L. Boltwood, of Evanston, to the graduating class of the Northwestern College at Naperville, Ill.

After speaking in general of the evil of dishonest men, the Professor says "What we need in America here and now is that sentiment of righteous indignation which shall make a community too hot to hold such men; which shall make a fraudulent failure a lasting disgrace and bar the man who does such a thing from all our churches till he repent and bring forth fruits meet for penance. . . . Honor in buying and selling, in making and measuring; labelling and in advertising; in facing the assessors; in material and thoroughness of work; no shoddy called good woolen; no jute called silk; no oleo-margarine called butter; no chalk and water called milk; no watered stock, or fraudulent dividends; no false telegrams, nor lying news paper reports to influence the market; we need to see these things brought about, and men of business are the ones to do it."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD SAYS.

We are possessed of a greed for gold. We want to get rich in haste and the more we have the more we want. Time honored business has become a species of legalized gambling, by which twenty pockets are emptied in order to fill one. According to our new code of ethics, the honest man is he who takes care not to do anything that would bring him within the scope of criminal law. Moral obligation and the Christians duty we ignore in our transactions with our neighbors. We bring up our children in these principles; we teach them by the force of example. Our very schools help in this work. They fill the young mind with ambitious ideas. Our boys enter life's struggle with dreams of wealth and greatness. Not even one thinks of being a good man."

The sturdy yeomen, our forefathers, who tilled the soil and plied their axes in the virgin forests of America, founded a government on the basis of liberty and equality; the tendency of their descendants is to create an aristocracy of the worst type—that of money. A wrong use is made of education—which should tend to increase equality—when it does not teach our youth that labor is ennobling and needs but one title to be respected: the simple word 'honest.'

THE SEVENTEETH

The bright sun was shedding its flood of golden light over the oriental horizon when we arose cheerfully to greet him. Oh! what a fine day it's going to be, every boy whispered as he donned his gayest and pinned the shamrock to his coat. Indeed it could not have been better, had it been made to order! . . . After our now fashionable "light breakfast" we enjoyed an unusually merry game of handball, billiards, a hearty chat with a smoke of Bro. M's very best, while the other boys were getting things in readiness for Mass which was celebrated at 9 o'clock. It was sung by Rev. Fr. Chouinard C. S. V., of Manteno, assisted by Rev. J. Shannon as deacon, Mr. Alex McGavick as subdeacon and Mr. J. Dore as master of ceremonies. There were also neatly robed acolytes and torch bearers. The ceremonies were most impressive. A very nice sermon for the occasion was delivered by Rev. J. Gibbons. Useless to say that the music, i. e. the mass, interludes, offertory, etc. were all the best of our repertory. The *Tantum ergo*, by Rossi, is an especially beautiful piece and it was happily rendered.

Mass over, we resumed our games and awaited the dinner which was not long a coming. It was a veritable banquet, and relished, too, with "collegiate appetite." The floral cake, according to custom, was presented by Rea. Fr. Marsile to the lucky one, "a true son of St. Patrick," Mr Michael Naughton. The afternoon passed

off in about this way: our usual games, foot-ball for the little Chicagoans (a rare treat to them), serenading the Academy and the Village in general, in a word a good time all around. Then we parted with our parents, friends and little guests of the Holy Name School, who all thanked us and complimented us on our manner of entertaining ourselves and them.

In the evening a programme was drawn up to give the *coup de grace* and send it into the past with its last gem attached. This entertainment consisted of a very pleasing variety of songs and most interesting recitations. The Irish story of the times "when swallows built their nests in old men's beards and turkeys chewed tobacco", as well as the Doc's speech were relishable bits. The songs by Vocal Jos. were encored again and again. Rev. Fr. Marsile closed with his usual remarks and we left St. Patrick's day for good.

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THE BANQUET.

St. Patrick's day with its anticipated joys has come and gone but in passing it has left many pleasant reminiscences that will return in after life, souvenirs of one of the happiest of our college days. Among the noteworthy occurrences of the Feast of St. Patrick, was the annual banquet given by the members of St. Patrick's Literary Society, one of the most flourishing associations of St. Viateur's College. After the play on the eve of the 17th., when all had departed pleased with the endeavors of the Thespian Association to render the evening enjoyable, the invited guests, the old and present members of St. Patrick's Society, repaired to the refectory where an elegant repast awaited them. The orchestra was present and rendered *celat* to the occasion by discoursing some of its choicest selections.

The delicate viands and those large black bottles were inviting to students who observe the rigorous fasts of the Lenten season! Let not our readers raise their eyes in holy horror when I mention bottles; they were common every-day bottles and only contained Champagne—Cider! When all had appeased the first cravings of their appetite, the different guests and members were called on to speak.

The first was Prof. Murphy, the present Moderator of St. Patrick's Society. He, in a neat and appropriate speech bid a hearty welcome to all and spoke of the work of the society and the advantages such an association afforded to college students. Prof. Murphy was followed in his remarks by Mr. Maher, Wilmington, a former student and also a member of St. Patrick's So-

ciety, who in a few words related his experience when connected with the Literary Society of St. Viateur's, assuring us that all his relations with that association had been most pleasant and beneficial. Mr. Maher closed his remarks by congratulating the Society on the success of their entertainment. Mr. Larkin, of the Holy Name School, Chicago, was the next called on to speak. In response, he arose and addressed the society at some length on the past and present condition of the Irish race and the Emerald Isle. Mr. Larkin's speech was most appropriate and showed his deep sympathy with that down-trodden people, the Irish. Mr. Harbour of Chicago followed with a speech congratulatory both to the college and society. He manifested by his remarks how much he had at heart every thing connected with St. Viateur's and its societies: Messrs. Shannon, McGavick and Dore offered their felicitations to St. Patrick's Society wishing it much success and prosperity in its career.

Rev Fr. Marsile finished with some remarks on Ireland's great patron, St. Patrick, extolling his faith and virtues and his endurance; he remarked that difference of nationality should not prevent us from paying homage to such an illustrious saint. Fr. Marsile's sketch of his late visit to Ireland was not without interest for all.—All then went on merrily and with the exception of an occasional explosion of some pent-cider-bottle, nothing occurred to disturb our rejoicings. Then after a cigar our heavy eye-lids and nodding heads reminded us that we were in the "wee sina hours" of morning, so rapidly had the hours slipped by. A few songs, the company dispersed and thus closed the banquet of St. Patrick's Society. All declared the evening one of the most enjoyable ever spent and one that would be long remembered.

J. M.

FOR THE THESPIANS.

As we ought to have at heart the progress and growth, the strengthening and perfecting of our living organizations, a word in the interests of the dramatic society will not be amiss. Let our view of the subject be most comprehensive. Where are we, where do we come from, what are we doing, and where are we going???? Yes, we the Thespians of to-day, where are we? Suppose St. Viateur's dramatists of, say 1876, were here and assisted at our plays, would they judge we had improved on their doings, or rather that we had retrograded, or that we are at a stand still?... We are, mind you, the successors of actors who have made Bourbonnais weep and laugh at their pleasure. Are we as powerful? more so? not as much? Have we then de-

generated from our nobler ancestors?... Ah! there is something to stir ones nerves in this very thought: what are we doing? Are all our attentions turned toward making the association flourish and be such as it never was before, or rather might not the spirit of a decade past infer from our acting that we are flickering and with but a few sparks of life? 'Tis not so bad.

What do our-own-day companions think and say of us?... This is what they say: that the Thespians of '86 are just the material for a strong and first-class troop; that they have the required number, and the talent, and willingness to exhibit their abilities on "the occasions", and that any failing in their public representations can only be attributed to their want of "generousness" in preparing themselves. So to say, I endorse that and here are my comments.

The best elements of our several elocution classes forms our association; it can therefore but be strong. That you are always willing to "get up a play," write your part, and practice, that's true. But, my friends, there are always two ways of doing a thing. When you speak of getting up a play, you must not only consider your individual advantage or your personal inconvenience. There are more than one concerned; there are thousands of little points to be attended to all around; all must not be left to one, but every one must do his share so that the burden of "getting up a soirée" will be bearable.

In the first place, then, be satisfied with the role assigned you, copy it faithfully and learn it diligently *even if you're told*. A manuscript should not be used at even the second practice; a rehearsal with papers is bosh. To wait till the last to commit your lines exposes the whole play to be a fizzle—and you need not expect that the moderator will *therefore* practice you day and night to prevent you from appearing ungracefully, for he surely will have too many other things to attend to then to have any time for practice; he must see to and provide stage fixtures and costumes, have bills and programmes printed, tickets arranged, invitations sent, etc., etc.; and when so many things have to be done at once and by the same person you run a chance of having *uncorrected programmes*, etc. Therefore I insist on diligence, generosity in committing your task; learn your parts well.

Then, when you are called for practice, *be there*. Again there are two ways of practicing; the proper one should always be preferred. This would be about it: to be at your place, speak your part to the best of your ability *from the start*, and profit by instructions and corrections; when not *en scène* listen to what goes on and watch your *entrées*. When you are not required any longer, notify and absent yourself. This I prescribe. These, though, I proscribe: to put off learning your

part—that's laziness. To smoke at the rehearsal is out of the question; but to chew because you can't smoke that's a trick indeed! worthy, though, of its perpetrators. To wrestle, be noisy, or to play marbles, etc. during the practice, that's childish, not to say grossly impolite. To delay coming to the drill, wait for a second or third call, unless some unforeseen reason excuses you, is nothing else than merely... well, mean.

Thus again, on the whole, to make the "getting up of a play" the occasion for all sorts of disorders, such as, for instance, begging to be excused from class-duties on plea of the play, that's not right. With good will and common sense, even without transcendental geniuses, a Booth or an Irving, we can do wonders. That's what's the matter.

I believe the society well on the way to success. As its Moderator I gladly give it my thoughts, for I love the art, I confess, and would dearly like to see it prosper much substantially and intellectually. As for our recent soiree, it was not as good as we could have made it had we tried. There was not that polish to it we could have put on it... etc. Now 'tis past; what's done is done. The future alone is ours to improve. We should aim high and strive to excel, not only to equal those who have gone before us. We have every advantage, new costumes, good scenery and ourselves to grace them, "Go ahead" then—and believe me.

Your Moderator.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The university fund is now raised to \$600,000; all that is needed for beginning is \$800,000.

In one Vicariate of China, Central Tonkin, 50,000 children are baptized annually, most of them at the point of death.

The hotel Costanzi in Rome has been purchased at a cost of 1,500,000 francs to German buyers for the purpose of establishing therein a German Catholic college.

Bishop Keane of Richmond, Va., presides over a diocese 40,000 square miles in extent. There are only 18,000 Catholics in this vast space. He has but thirty-two priests.

The committee formed at Bologna for promoting the celebration of the Pope's Golden Jubilee, has resolved to offer His Holiness, for his Jubilee Mass, one million francs. Already 300,000 have been subscribed.

The 11th. of February, the twenty-eight anniversary of the first apparition of Our Lady to Bernadette, was joyously celebrated at Lourdes by a great concourse of people; the Bishop of Tarbes officiated, and was surrounded by several prelates and many priests.

For the seventh time since the erection of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec, a council of the bishops

of the province is to take place. It will open in Quebec on the 30th. of May next. Ten bishops and one prefect apostolic, assisted by theologians and canonists, have been invited to attend.

The leading Catholic young men's societies are: The Carroll Institute, of Washington; the Philopatrian society, of Philadelphia; the Xavier Union, of New York; the Brownson Lyceum, of Providence; the young Men's Catholic Institute, of Newark, N. J.; the Catholic Union, of Boston; the Young Men's Catholic association, of Buffalo; the Catholic Library association, of Chicago.

In the diocese of Green Bay, Wis., the languages employed for sermons and confessions are, German in sixty-three churches, English in fifty-four, French in twenty-two, Czech or Bohemian in fifteen, Polish in nine, Dutch or Flemish in eleven, and Indian in two.

At a time when Christian Education is procured at the cost of so many sacrifices on the part of Catholics for the erection and sustenance of Catholic colleges, it is with sorrow that we hear of such accidents as that which lately befell Seton Hall College, N. J. The main building of that admirable institution was entirely destroyed by fire on Tuesday after-noon, the 9th inst. The cause of the fire is unknown. It is supposed to have started in the dormitory and the only reason that can be assigned is a defective flue. The Students are said to have shown admirable pluck, self-sacrifice and discipline, while attempting to stop the fire from spreading to other parts of the building. The loss is supposed to be from \$50,000 to \$30,000, but it will probably require double that amount to replace the building.

It is announced that the Holy Father proposes to elevate to the Sacred College the Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr. Taschereau. An illustrious prelate, an ancient and illustrious See, and a people that possess the best virtues of France, when France was Catholic and elder daughter of the Church, will thus be honored. All North America will share in the honor that is thus extended to the most ancient and fruitful of its Sees. Quebec, to the thoughtless, seems out of the world and out of the world's race; but it is the American parent of a civilization that will yet be mighty in the western world.

"Catholic Review."

The infidels of France continue their mean work in expelling against the wish and the testimonies of physicians, the Sisters of Charity from the first hospitals in the country. The expulsion of these angels of sacrifice from a Parisian hospital the other day occasioned a touching incident. Sixty or seventy patients, incensed by the cruelty shown their nurses, left with them in a body and limped away, filling the air with abuse and lamentations. The unwanted spectacle drew crowds to the hospital and great sympathy was expressed for the sisters.

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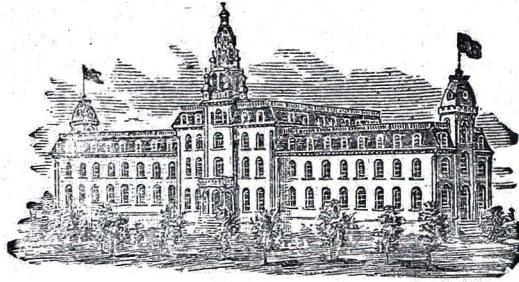
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