

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, Jan. 14, 1888.

No 12.

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## ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,  
BY THE STUDENTS.

### EDITORS.

HARVEY LEGRIS.....	'88.
PAUL WILSTACH.....	'89.
CHAS. H. BALL.....	'89.

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

### EDITORIALS.

#### WELCOME 1888!

\* \*

WE WERE rejoiced at finding on our return letters of invitation to Rev. J. McCann's ordination, which took place at Ilchester, Md., Friday Jan. 6th. Our hearty congratulations and sincerest good wishes to our esteemed friend, Fr. McCann.

\* \*

THE LINE of conduct for students, living as we do, in one community, was again wisely and kindly marked out for us by our Rev. Director last Friday and Saturday evenings. In following his directions we are sure not only to make the best possible use of the opportunities we have of improving, but also really to enjoy college life which is so full, after all, of pleasant and wholesome diversions of dear companionships and of genuine fun.

\* \*

THE ENLARGEMENT of the editorial type is something altogether accidental—unpredicted, unex-

pected, and unknown in the history of Journal! Sombdy (Cicero perhaps) was right in saying this is a changeful world. One must always be on the look-out for some catastrophe, or else run the risk, like ourselves, of being surprised. Those who have experienced the feeling of being put in LARGE TYPE for the first time—larger type than the rest of the paper is made up of, can imagine the state of extatic buoyancy into which we have been suddenly precipitated. Those who have never felt this bliss may recall their "firstboots" or the first time they put on "long pants," and know something of the strange feeling of "growing importance" that spontaneously and irrepressibly creeps through one on such occasions. As we view this broader vehicle of our cogitations we indulge in the vanity of the reflection: "Now we are becoming a power indeed and the world, seeing, cannot escape us!" 'Tis fitting the editorial "we" should have more elbow-room as it were; we are the big "Head" of the concern anyhow.—Do not, reader, believe a word of all this—Just be on the qui-vive for our new cover and hinges now being designed in Chicago, and don't let us surprise you when we come out in full rig.

\* \*

THE FEBRUARY examination is not only a common topic of conversation, but is also uppermost in the minds of the students as is seen from the earnestness and activity with which all prepare for the event.

\* \*

LITERARY SUCCESS does not consist on a fortuitous combination of circumstances but principally, and in most cases almost exclusively, on the patient labor of years. So let us not await the free bestowal from nature of self-acting genius (which even itself is patience), but be up and doing, ever toiling, ever achieving, and fame will come on the right morning.



## ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

ESSAY READ BEFORE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY  
BY MR. G. DONNELLY.

The South has produced many great men who have served their country in the cabinet and upheld her rights on the field of battle. It is not necessary to go back to the time when, as an infant nation, we were struggling for liberty, when George Washington, the greatest of southern patriots led our army against Tyrannical England; when Thos. Jefferson, the framer of the Declaration of Independence, used his vigorous pen for attaining the liberty of his countrymen, when Patrick Henry thundered forth his eloquent denunciations against the mother country and contributed in no small degree to the liberty of America.

No, it is not necessary to go back so far to find Southern men whose names are indelibly written on the fair pages of history. You need but mention the names of Robert H. E. Lee, the greatest general of the late war; Jefferson Davis, the ex-confederate chieftain, or Alexander H. Stephens, the prominent man of that troubled period, and the Southern heart, natural to its feelings of reverence, beats towards them with warmth and affection. It is of the latter gentleman I wish to make a few remarks, sketching in a few words his remarkable and brilliant career. Born in Georgia of parents who, although not wealthy, still possessed sufficient of the world's goods, nevertheless young Alexander Stephens had few chances for obtaining an education. His parents died when he was still young and left him to battle against the world as best he could. However, a kind-hearted neighbor offered him a home thus allowing him to save his small patrimony, which eventually secured him an education.

Some good people of the neighborhood taking a deep interest in him, because of his religious turn of mind, obtained for him admittance into the Academy of Washington, Ga. from whence he went to the State University at Athens (then known as Franklin College). He graduated in 1832. Leaving college he commenced teaching school and at the same time studying law. Admitted to the bar in July 1834 he at once rose to the head of his profession and although young in years, he was soon acknowledged to be equal to any of his contemporaries. His health, however, was never good and it may be said of him as it has been said of Pope his life was "one long disease." His constitution was never strong and his weight never exceeded 96 lbs. Before I

say anything about his public life during the rebellion, perhaps I may add a little of his personal life which will interest you.

Returning home in 1848 after that memorable campaign against the acquisition of California and New Mexico he met with severe criticism.

Judge Cone, one of the leading lawyers of the state, was reported as having publicly denounced him as a traitor to the South. Mr. Stephens heard this and declared "if Judge Cone would admit having called him a traitor he would slap his face." When he afterwards met Judge Cone at a political gathering he took occasion to ask the Judge whether he had used the language attributed to him. Mr. Cone denied having used it. Mr. Stephens then told the Judge that he threatened to "slap his face" if he had said he used it. The Judge reiterated his denial and the matter was dropped for the present.

Notwithstanding this, it was the talk all over the state, and every one said that the big powerful Judge was "bluffed", as the saying is, by little Alex. Stephens. The Hon. Judge smarting under these comments, which were made upon him, wrote to Mr. Stephens demanding public retraction. The latter answered this letter but unfortunately Cone never received the answer.

Mr. Cone awaited his chance which came soon afterwards. Meeting Mr. Stephens in a hotel he said something to him which brought a ready reply. Word followed word, until Cone denounced him as a traitor. With the rapidity of lightning the cane which Mr. Stephens had in his hand came down on the cheek of his insulter. Mad with passion and goaded on with rage and hatred the big stout man drew a knife and made for his adversary's heart. Mr. Stephens being unarmed defended himself as best he could against his murderous opponent, with an umbrella the sole object of his defence. Finally failing from loss of blood, Cone sprang forward with the knife uplifted, hissed "Retract, or I'll cut your cursed throat" "Cut. I'll never retract," gasped the almost lifeless Stephens.

No sooner were these words uttered, than the murderous knife descended. With an effort more than human Stephens seized the knife with his right hand holding it with a death-like grip. It cut through his muscles, tendons and bones, but fortunately reached no vital part. Cone tried his best to wrench the knife from his intended victim. In the meanwhile loss of blood was showing itself. The hero was dying. Once more the knife was lifted but ere it descended strong men seized the madman and Alexander H. Stephens was saved. The most important period of his life now approaches. The dark cloud of war was seen in the horizon. Mr. Stephens knew that the cloud was about to burst on his native land and render



it desolate. He looked in the future and saw there nothing of comfort, he beheld a nation fighting against itself and he dreaded the inevitable consequences. Seriously and thoughtfully did he beseech the Southern people to have patience, telling them that the election of any one man constitutionally chosen was sufficient cause for secession.

The northern statesmen saw the situation but understood it not; they thought the South was not sincere in its endeavors to separate. Alexander Stephens was looked upon as a "southern man of northern sentiments." Although he was against secession and did everything he could to keep his native state from seceding, still, when the representative men of that state resolved upon secession, he bowed his head and remained loyal to his state. Soon afterwards he was elected Vice President of the Confederate States. From this time onward you all know his life, any one conversant with the history of the time knows how well Alexander Stephens played his part in that bloody drama. Let us look at his example.

It has been said and truly too, that exceptions are found in every rule, and surely here is one. Here is a man, the greatest politician of his period, a man who, in regard to honesty of purpose and maturity of judgment was acknowledged as superior to any other man of that historic period, still, this man, Alexander H. Stephens, declared that slavery was the "corner stone of the new government." In as few words as possible I will endeavour to give you his views quoted from his speech at Savannah. He goes on to say, how, at the formation of the constitution the leading statesmen of that time entertained the idea that "the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle; socially, morally, and politically". He then says: "Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition," he further says:—"it is the fanatics of the North, who are warring against the decrees of God Almighty in their attempt to make things equal which he has made unequal". These principles need no comment, you can all judge them for yourselves. Although Mr. Stephens was Vice President, still the leading statesmen of the South did not like his way of doing business and he was seldom consulted. I would like to give you a sketch of his personal appearance but time will not permit. Mr. Stephens closed his earthly career at Crawfordsville, Georgia, in March 1883, having reached the old age of seventy-two.

Geo. E. D.

## HISTORY AND THE FALL OF MAN.

In history, beginning with Adam and Eve and their happy life in the garden of Paradise, the first and all-important fact that strikes our eyes is the fall. This first fact properly understood throws such a light on all the grand succession of events coming after that without a proper comprehension of it there is no possibility of making head or tale of history. We must admit that man, through his own fault, through his pride, fell from the perfect state in which he had been created by God, into an imperfect state from which he now labors to extricate himself. Sin, death, sicknesses, wars and all the miseries which humanity is heir to, are one and all the effects of that disobedience of man. Before the fall man's intellect and will were perfectly submitted to God, his body, with its senses and passions, was entirely subjected to reason. Perfect order reigned supreme, happiness was complete: Reason was subject to God, the body was subject to reason.

Man, however, had been created free, entirely free, and in a state of trial upon which depended his reward if he remained faithful, his punishment if he proved ungrateful. Unhappily man erred and chose to become unfaithful to his Creator and Supreme Benefactor. Yet, as he had been deceived in this by the wily counsels of the arch-enemy whom God had permitted to tempt him in order to try his fidelity, God had pity on him and, at the solicitations of his Divine Son, gave him time for repentance and promised him a Redeemer who would bring him back to the friendship of his Maker.

Adam went out of the earthly paradise absorbed in the thought of that Redeemer to come and blessing God for his mercy. He bore his punishment manfully and in all humility, it was a heavy one but he remembered that his fault had been a heavy one also. Ever since then the greatest virtue and manliness consists in humbly bowing and submitting to that punishment which was entailed by our human nature, and the more man acknowledges and practices this, the nearer he approaches to that happiness of which he deprived himself by sin. We admit then that the greatest act of virtue and heroism possible after committing a fault is to humbly acknowledge and repair the same. But we know also how difficult it is for our pride to humble itself, and we thereby know how troublesome and repugnant to human nature is the accomplishment of that sacred duty of repairing the fault it committed in Adam by disobeying God.

Neither must we forget that Satan had a hand in the fall. "God punishes us by where we sin," is an expression as old as it is true. By his disobedience man sided more or less with the devil and God could not have



inflicted a greater punishment on him than that of turning him over to that fiend of hell whose delight it is to inflict tortures and miseries on his subjects. God mitigated this punishment, however, and he permitted the devil to harm man in the future only in as much as He would allow for his chastisement and correction. We may learn from this the key to the explanation of many mysterious happenings in history whose malice and cruelty cannot be explained on mere human or natural principles.

With these preliminary remarks on the fall of man, the promise of a Redeemer to come, the punishment accepted more or less thoroughly, the disturbing and malicious influences of Satan upon man, and the disorder which sin had brought in the latter's soul by destroying the equilibrium which before existed between his reason and God, and between his senses and his reason; with these few thoughts before our eyes we may venture to enter the labyrinth of history, confident that we shall to some extent be enabled to decipher some of the hieroglyphics which cover its antiquated walls. Let us in the first place be assured of the fact that we will meet therein many disorders and confusions, many troubles and miseries, for it is now the lot of man to wander amid such here-below in expiation of his fall and in search of a better world. This is but a valley of tears, as it has been so properly called, and the few flashes of happiness which now and then burst upon the sight are nothing but an encouragement which helps to enliven our hopes and to keep the mind from despairing of better things. One observation will always strike us however on our pilgrimage through time and that will be the great mercy of God displayed in his tolerance of the wicked.

For to-day let us consider but one historical fact. Leaving the earthly paradise a most terrible event meets our gaze; the murder of Abel by Cain. From this tragical affair many a lesson may be learned, many a conclusion may be drawn. Indeed the first thought that springs in our mind is the fearful condition into which man had degenerated. His heart was even then subject to the most disturbing passions, jealousy, envy, hatred. His soul being in trouble with itself, he manifested exteriorly the disturbance which was brewing in his inmost person, and hence arose the difficulties between himself and his fellow man.

The great troubles which have ever since then excited the world may be traced in their peculiarities to that very incident which we now consider.

Able was just; Cain was wicked. The first wanted to serve God; the other preferred to serve his own passions, his greed and avarice. The first thought that he could never do too much for God; the second thought that he

was always doing too much. Able wanted to honor his Creator by ever keeping in close relations with Him; Cain thirsted to withdraw himself from his holy presence so as to be freed from all obligations of gratitude and respect to Him.

It is no wonder then that these two personages could not agree.... And, I ask, are not the same difficulties in the world to-day and were they not always at any period whatever of history? Unless we become convinced of this, unless we understand the great cause of those first disorders in the human family, and unless we recognize that same great cause as being the primary cause of all the miseries and afflictions which fill the pages of history, it is hard to say what a mess will be made of that most beautiful and sublime of studies.

To convince ourselves of the truth of this last observation let us recall to mind the present condition of the world. We know how divided are individuals in regard to the question of the fall of man and of his punishment. The infidels rise in their brainless audacity and scoff at what the rest of mankind holds most dear and most sacred in that respect. For them there is no such a thing as a Creator, or an earthly paradise, or a fall: all that is mere fogysm. Man, they say, is his own creator, he is God, or he has evolved himself into his present condition from one of nothingness, passing through the enviable (?) state of orang-outangism. For them consequently the history of the past, with all its religious practices, is nothing but the maximum of absurdity and nonsense. All the respect which noble men feel for ancestry and country must be discarded and put aside since mankind up to now have been laboring under an hallucination which renders them mere dunces. Others, on a par with infidels, denying the fall of man, tax God with cruelty for having inflicted so many miseries on poor innocent and helpless humanity. They see in the present condition of man a fatal lot which can never be ameliorated or avoided, they curse and blaspheme the Creator and outrage his providence: history but excites their bile and sets them a-foaming with rage and madness.

And why all this?.... Simply for not understanding, and even not admitting, the all important fact of the fall of man and of the most just and merited punishment inflicted on him by God, his Supreme Benefactor

A. D. G.

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#### LOCALS.

- In the harness again!
- Change cars for Washington's Day, St. Patrick's Day, April Fool's, and all points East(er)ward.
- "Carrol's Return" is the title of an elegiac quatrain, very sad, by the author.



# LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 14 Jan. 1888.

No 10.

## UNE LETTRE.

Une lettre! aimable courrier  
Du cœur! Que de fois sur tes ailes  
Tu m'apportas, comme un ramier,  
De loin, de joyeuses nouvelles.

Depuis si longtemps, séparé  
De ceux que j'aime sur la terre,  
Tu nous fus un lien sacré,—  
Echange de vœux, de prière.

C'est qu'avec toi, je reprenais  
De si charmantes causeries;  
Un instant, tu me ramenaïs  
Au foyer, près d'âmes chéries!  
C'était alors, heureux moments!  
Tout ce que rêve la tendresse:  
Des souhaits, des embrassements,  
De se revoir la douce ivresse!

Un mot seul, tracé d'une main,  
M'en disait plus qu'un long poème.  
Une feuille, une fleur, un rien  
N'était-ce pas un bien suprême?

Je les conserverai longtemps  
Tous ces trésors, en ma chambrette:  
Ces premiers signes du printemps,  
Ce brin d'herbe, cette violette.

Cette boucle, épi d'or glané  
Par les doigts tremblants d'une mère  
Au front riant d'un nouveau-né,  
Ces longs cheveux blancs de mon père!

Mais comment franchis-tu mon seuil,  
Aujourd'hui, messenger de joie?  
Tu reviens, messenger de deuil.  
Hélas! c'est la mort qui t'envoie....

Comme ma main tremble en brisant  
Le sceau de l'enveloppe noire!  
Je pense toucher un mourant,  
Plus froid et pâle que l'ivoire!

Tu ne m'apportes plus de fleurs,  
Mais la plume d'une colombe,  
Des cheveux blonds mouillés de pleurs,  
Ce que l'amour prend à la tombe!

Oh! reste, dernier souvenir,  
Malgré tes larmes, où repose  
Chaque témoin de mon plaisir,  
Comme l'épine avec la rose.

Car de l'homme c'est le destin:  
Le plus pur bonheur de la vie,  
Tel que s'assombrit le matin,  
De douleur toujours est suivie.

M\*\*

## LES BEAUTES DE ROLLA.

(Continué.)

Musset prend tous les tons les plus sublimes comme les plus gracieux. Une grande fraîcheur distingue souvent son style. Qu'il est ravissant le tableau qu'il peint du sommeil de l'innocence! L'œil croit contempler la grâce virginale de la nature à son réveil; la lumière monte dans un ciel qu'épure le souffle de l'aurore, chaque fleur porte sa gouttelette de rosée:

Est-ce sur de la neige, ou sur une statue  
Que cette lampe d'or, dans l'ombre suspendue,  
Fait onduler l'azur de ce rideau tremblant?  
Non, la neige est plus pâle, et le marbre est moins blanc,  
C'est un enfant qui dort.—Sur ses lèvres ouvertes  
Voltige par instant un faible et doux soupir;  
Un soupir plus léger que ceux des algues vertes  
Quand, le soir, sur les mers voltige le zéphyr,  
Et que, sentant fléchir ses ailes embaumées  
Sous les baisers ardents de ses fleurs bien-aimées,  
Il boit sur ses bras nus les perles des roseaux.

C'est un enfant qui dort sous ces épais rideaux;....  
Rien n'est encore formé dans cet être charmant.  
Le petit chérubin qui veille sur son âme  
Doute s'il est son frère ou s'il est son amant.  
Ses longs cheveux épars la couvrent tout entière.  
La croix de son collier repose dans sa main,  
Comme pour témoigner qu'elle a fait sa prière,  
Et qu'elle va la faire en s'éveillant demain.

Les pas silencieux du prêtre dans l'enceinte  
Fout tressaillir le cœur d'une terreur moins sainte,



O vierge! que le bruit de tes soupirs légers.  
Regardez cette chambre et ces frais orangers,  
Ces livres, ce métier, cette branche bénite  
Qui se penche en pleurant sur ce vieux crucifix;  
Ne chercherait-on pas le rouet de Marguerite  
Dans ce mélancholique et chaste paradis?  
N'est-ce pas qu'il est pur le sommeil de l'enfance?

Quels aveux pleins d'amertume s'échappent de l'âme  
du poète le plus matérialiste du siècle! Rolla en est  
rempli. Il a épuisé la coupe des plaisirs et n'a trouvé au  
fond que du fiel, dans toutes les jouissances de la vie  
qu'un vide immense. L'amour même, cette étincelle  
divine, le trouve insensible, parce qu'il ne l'a pas cher-  
ché à son vrai foyer

Cloîtres silencieux, voutes des monastères,  
C'est vous, sombres caveaux, vous qui saviez aimer!  
Ce sont vos froides nefs, vos pavés et vos pierres,  
Que jamais lèvres en feu n'a baisés sans pâmer.  
Oh! venez donc rouvrir vos profondes entailles  
A ces deux enfants que cherchent le plaisir.—  
Frappez-leur donc le cœur sur vos saintes murailles;

Que la haine sauglante y fasse entrer ses clous.  
Trempez leur donc le front dans les eaux baptismales,  
Dites-leur donc un peu ce qu'avec leurs genoux  
Il leur faudrait user de pierres sépulcrales  
Avant de soupçonner qu'on aime comme vous!

Oui! c'est un vaste amour qu'au fond de vos calices  
Vous buviez à pleins cœurs, moines mystérieux!  
La tête du Sauveur errait sur vos cilices  
Lorsque le doux sommeil avait fermé vos yeux;  
Et, quand l'orgue chantait aux rayons de l'aurore,  
Dans vos vitraux dorés vous la cherchiez encore.  
Vous aimiez ardemment! oh! vous étiez heureux!

Ecoutez maintenant la chanson des souvenirs, l'adieu  
à la vie: quelle douce mélancholie! quelle pénétrante  
tristesse! Comme, aux heures sombres de l'épreuve, le  
fantôme des jours qui ne sont plus revient caresser la  
mémoire! L'homme vit plus du passé que du présent.

Quand Rolla sur les toits vit le soleil paraître,  
Il alla s'appuyer au bord de la fenêtre.  
De pesants chariots commençaient à rouler.  
Il courba son front pâle, et resta sans parler.  
En longs ruisseaux de sang se déchiraient les nues.  
Tel, quand Jésus cria, des mains du ciel venues  
Fendirent en lambeaux le voile aux plis sanglants.

Un groupe délaissé de chanteurs ambulants  
Murmurait sur la place une ancienne romance.  
Ah! comme les vieux airs qu'on chantait à douze ans  
Frappent droit dans le cœur aux heures de souffrance!

Comme ils dévorent tout! comme on se sent loin d'eux!  
Comme on baisse la tête en les trouvant si vieux!  
Sont-ce là tes soupirs, noir esprit des ruines?  
Âge des souvenirs, sont-ce là tes sanglots?  
Ah! comme ils voltigeaient, frais et légers oiseaux,  
Sur le palais doré des amours enfantins!  
Comme ils savent rouvrir les fleurs des temps passés,  
Et nous ensevelir, eux qui nous bercés!

Vous qui volez là-bas, légères hirondelles,  
Dites-moi, dites-moi, pourquoi vais-je mourir?  
Oh! l'affreux suicide! oh! si j'avais des ailes,  
Par ce beau ciel si pur je voudrais les ouvrir!  
Dites-moi, terre et cieux, qu'est-ce donc que l'aurore?  
Qu'importe un jour de plus à ce vieil univers?

Dites-moi, vert gazons, dites-moi, sombres mers,  
Quand des feux du matin l'horizon se colore,  
Si vous n'éprouvez rien, qu'avez-vous donc en vous  
Qui fait bondir le cœur et fléchir les genoux?  
O terre! à ton soleil qui donc t'a fiancée?  
Que chantent tes oiseaux? que pleure ta rosée?  
Pourquoi de tes amours viens-tu m'entretenir?  
Que me voulez-vous tous, à moi qui vais mourir?

Et pourquoi mourir? C'est que Rolla est trop lâche  
pour supporter la vie et ses devoirs. Quel malheur  
que tant de talent soit dépensé à glorifier le suicide!  
Musset, selon le jugement de Louis Veuillot, prend  
place à côté de Lamartine et de V. Hugo: il est un des  
trois grands poètes du siècle; Dieu leur avait donné  
le génie: ils pouvaient léguer au monde des œuvres  
immortelles; ils n'ont laissé que des fragments.

Musset a un genre à lui en poésie. Contrairement à  
ses deux émules, il sait jeter la note gaie au milieu des  
plus nobles chants. Il ressemble à Byron, qui maniait si  
habilement le sarcasme, et, plus d'une fois, on l'a accusé  
de plagier l'auteur de "Don Juan." Venu peu de temps  
après V. Hugo, Musset n'a pas grossi le cortège de ses  
disciples, surtout s'est peu soucié de la perfection de la  
rime qu'on a poussée à l'excès et qui semble être toute  
la poésie, dans notre âge de décadence.

Le chantre de "Rolla" et des "Nuits" repose au cime-  
tière du Père Lachaise comme tant d'autres célébrités  
littéraires. Son vœu a été religieusement accompli par  
ses amis: un saule ombrage son buste en marbre.

Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai,  
Plantez un saule au cimetière.  
J'aime son feuillage éploré,  
La pâleur m'en est douce et chère,  
Et son ombre sera légère  
A la terre où je dormirai.

Lua.



## LA FÊTE DIEU A HENRI-CHAPELLE.

( Suite )

J'eus encore un témoignage de l'esprit religieux de Henri-Chapelle, lors de ses grandes processions de la Fête-Dieu et de l'Assomption auxquelles il me fut donné d'assister. Comme la chose doit naturellement vous intéresser, je la décrirai, mais brièvement, vu que ma lettre est déjà longue. J'ajouterai que si l'on peut toujours profiter de l'expérience des autres, un américain surtout peut ici puiser en abondance. Car s'il est maître en fait de mécanisme, il ne l'est pas toujours en fait de cérémonie ! Privés comme nous le sommes chez nous de ces démonstrations religieuses si propres à réveiller la foi, nous nous sentons fiers de la croyance de nos pères en voyant un pareil hommage rendu au Catholicisme. L'on sent malgré soi la vérité de ces paroles : « Les portes de l'enfer ne prévaudront point contre Elle. » — Voyez ces décorations que le peuple enthousiasmé déploie partout où doit passer le St. Sacrement : ces nombreux arcs de triomphe portant des inscriptions en l'honneur du Roi du ciel ; ces tapis improvisés avec le sable, ornés de beaux dessins en fleurs naturelles, semblables à de riches tapis de Turquie ; ces élégantes couronnes balancées par la brise, aussi bien que ces nombreux drapeaux flottant au gré des vents ; ces reposoirs élégamment parés et illuminés que vous rencontrez presque à chaque fenêtre ; aux grands mâts ces pavillons gracieusement déployés ; aux façades ces couronnes, ces guirlandes disposées par des mains habiles . . . Tous ces préparatifs, joints à l'animation du peuple si bien mis en ces grands jours, vous donnent une idée du culte que l'on rend à Dieu dans le plus auguste des Sacraments. A la vue de cette affirmation publique de la foi, vous vous sentez vous-même ébranlé et vous partagez bientôt l'émotion générale.

Mais la procession s'avance : tout vous intéresse, même le bruit de la foule en mouvement. Vous entendez le chant, la musique, les cloches, des détonnations de toutes sortes, produisant un concert qui doit ressembler à celui qui salua, un jour, l'entrée triomphante du Sauveur à Jérusalem. A mesure que le défilé s'approche, vous entendez le murmure d'une prière générale que l'on répète en chœur. C'est le Rosaire, cette chaîne glorieuse qui adoucit les liens ignobles de la Passion . . . L'écho de la voix des adultes vous arrive, comme le léger mugissement de longues vagues ; tandis que celui des voix enfantines chante à vos oreilles comme la brise printanière au milieu des feuillages naissants. Croix, bannières et drapeaux, sociétés décorées, enfants couronnés, encensoirs, torches et nombre d'insignes religieux, chœur en grande tenue et clergé vêtu de riches orne-

ments etc., tout inspire le respect, satisfait l'âme et porte à prier. Voyez-vous ce lancier balançant son instrument de manière à régler le commencement ou la fin d'une oraison ? Et cet ange qui, de temps à autre, se prosterne en offrant une crédençe à Celui qui, un jour, n'avait pas « où reposer sa tête ! » — Voyez-vous ces infirmes et ces vieillards agenouillés sur le passage du Fils de David, demandant, qui la guérison, qui le salut de son enfant, qui la conversion des pécheurs et qui les besoins de l'Eglise . . . ? — Mais de toute la démonstration, l'acte qui m'a plu davantage est celui de ces hommes de foi priant, le chapelet à la main, et priant avec force. Ils affirment ainsi publiquement la foi dont les démonstrations ne peuvent franchir le seuil de nos églises en Amérique.

Ah ! les protestants seraient probablement plus en faveur des processions si leur foi les rendaient capables d'en faire autant que les catholiques et surtout si ça payait !!! Les libéraux de certains pays n'imiteraient pas de leur côté les protestants et ne seraient pas partout secondés par la lie du peuple, si leurs sentiments étaient ceux de la vertu, de cette vraie liberté qui sait respecter les convictions de chacun. Si l'on n'aime pas les processions, qu'on n'y aille pas et tout est réglé. Les manifestations de l'Eglise Catholique sont toutes de paix et rien ne lui irait mieux que l'absence de ces brandons de discorde, mieux chez eux dans leur bain d'athéisme qu'en présence d'un public dont ils froissent les convictions en se rendant eux-mêmes ridicules.

En Angleterre comme en France on peut faire des processions civiles, révolutionnaires, mais religieuses, point. Quelle tolérance ! quelle libéralité ! A Rome, on peut faire des discours violents et des démonstrations insultantes contre l'Eglise et le Pape ; mais on redoute les pèlerins catholiques au point de prendre des mesures de police contre tout acte blâmant le régime qui sévit . . . C'est bien autre chose à Henri-Chapelle ! Oui, disait quelqu'un, mais il ne faut pas oublier que ces gens là sont à 750 pieds plus près du ciel que les autres !!! Ceci peut être vrai des deux manières.

Un Visiteur.

## LA CHAPELLE BLANCHE.

Rosette était une jolie petite fille de sept ans, au sourire le plus doux. Sa petite tête, bien formée, était couronnée par de blonds cheveux ; ses beaux grands yeux bleus lui donnaient un air tout-à-fait angélique, et elle était aussi un de ces petits anges terrestres dont l'innocence est le charme et la grâce de ce monde. Dès le jour où elle commença à murmurer quelques sons inarticulés dans son berceau, sa mère lui répétait le



doux nom de Jésus, et ainsi le premier mot qui sortit de ses lèvres fut celui du Dieu enfant. Quand plus tard, elle eut atteint l'âge de raison, sa mère lui racontait, dans les longues veillées d'hiver comment, il y a plus de mille ans un Dieu était né dans une étable pour le salut des hommes: de cette manière, Rosette acquit un grand amour pour l'Enfant Jésus. Ses premières années s'écoulèrent paisiblement comme l'onde d'un ruisseau; elle était arrivée à sa septième année quand eut lieu le fait dont il s'agit.

On était à la veille de la fête de Noël. Or c'était la coutume dans le religieux pays qu'habitaient les parents de Rosette de célébrer la naissance du Sauveur en assistant à la messe de minuit. On lui avait parlé des joyeux cantiques de Noël, de l'église du village, illuminée comme un palais, de la crèche où souriait l'Enfant divin.

Mais une chose bien triste pour les enfants de son âge, c'est qu'ils étaient obligés de rester à la maison. Seulement pour les dédommager on les faisait coucher, cette nuit là, dans la "chapelle blanche," ou dans des lits ornés de beaux rideaux blancs.

Cette année, plus que de coutume, le désir de Rosette d'aller à la messe était grand et elle redoubla avec plus d'ardeur ses prières auprès de sa mère. "Maman! n'irai-je pas à la messe de minuit, cette année?" et, comme elle disait ces paroles, ses beaux yeux étaient baignés de larmes. "Mais! ma pauvre petite," répondit sa mère, tu sais bien que tu n'as pas encore dix ans, fais ce sacrifice au petit Jésus et je suis certaine qu'il te récompensera." Rosette, en enfant obéissante, se résigna à son sort, et alla se coucher dans la Chapelle Blanche.

Rosette avait obéi avec tout de soumission que l'Enfant Jésus voulut la récompenser.

A peine commençait-elle à reposer que la chambre parut toute resplendissante, et des anges entrèrent assis sur un nuage doré par les rayons de la lune. Ils l'invitèrent à prendre place auprès d'eux et traversèrent des espaces immenses en un clin-d'œil. Tout à coup, comme minuit sonnait, le nuage s'arrêta et les mit à terre tout près de l'étable de Bethléem; là Rosette aperçut l'Enfant Jésus entouré de la Ste. Vierge, de St. Joseph et d'une multitude d'anges qui faisaient entendre des mélodies et des chants célestes. Imaginez la joie de la bonne enfant! Elle était un peu timide d'abord, n'étant presque jamais sortie de chez elle, et je suis presque certain qu'elle serait restée en extase longtemps, si la Ste. Vierge ne l'eût fait approcher et ne lui eût donné l'Enfant Jésus qu'elle prit dans ses bras et caressa affectueusement. Son sourire l'encouragea à lui demander des grâces, surtout celle de l'aimer toujours.

Une heure se passa dans cette délicieuse société. Cependant il faut partir... Rosette reçoit une dernière bénédiction, et les anges la ramenèrent à la maison sur

leur coussin d'azur. Sa joie était, très grande, quand elle pensait à toutes les belles choses qu'elle aurait à raconter à sa mère, mais ce n'était qu'un rêve. En se réveillant Rosette reconnut son illusion: elle n'en aimait pas moins cependant l'Enfant Jésus.

*Viateur. Syntaxe.*

## CUEILLETES.

- Bonne et heureuse année!
- Enfin assez de neige pour les traîneaux.
- La glace est comme un miroir et l'on vole sur les patins.
- Rév. Z. Bérard fait finir actuellement la voûte de l'église de Ste. Anne, d'après les plans du Rév. A. Martel, son prédécesseur.
- Rév. J. Hudon vient d'être nommé à la nouvelle cure canadienne de Manistee, Mich. Mr. l'abbé Blais le remplace à Alpina.
- Rév. J. Legris a donné le sermon à Notre Dame de Chicago, le premier dimanche de l'Epiphanie.
- P. Houde est commis chez Mr. Bergeron qui a acheté le magasin de Mr. Sénézac.
- A la raffle du collège, le portrait de l'Archevêque de Chicago a été gagné par le Rév. P. Bélanger de New York, la montre d'or par Mr. V. Lebeau de St. Georges et la table par Mr. J. D. Lplante de Momence.
- MM. Ed. E. E. Caron, A. Desjardins, E. Bernier, P. Lesage, J. Bergeron, A. Letourneau, V. et T. Grand-pré, tous de Chicago, ont visité le Collège pendant la vacance de Noël. Tous jouissent d'une excellente santé et occupent de bonnes positions.
- "Céleste" est définitivement entré dans l'antre de la chicane.
- Rév. M. Mercier a été ordonné dernièrement pour le diocèse d'Orégon-City. Nos félicitations.
- L. Souligny, G. Houde et L. Cyrier ont renforcé la colonie canadienne depuis la vacance.
- Romuald Létourneau de Concordia, Kansas, est venu faire visite à son frère, Oswald, au Collège.
- Ou est à faire la provision de glace pour la maison; elle a quatorze pouces à la rivière.
- Un riche ornement en soie avec fines broderies a été présenté à la chapelle par Rév. P. Ménard, curé de Lake Linden. Merci!
- Une intéressante lettre de Bethléem est arrivée trop tard pour paraître dans ce numéro auquel elle était destinée.
- "La Légende d'un peuple" vient de paraître à Paris. C'est l'œuvre depuis longtemps annoncée de notre poète national, Mr. Ls. Fréchette. Elle est digne sous bien des rapports du lauréat de l'Académie Française et de la nation dont il chante les gloires.



Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. officiated in Pullman Christmas Day.

— Our musical friend Prof. M. A. Roy, of Chicago spent his holidays with Rev. Father Therien at Jefferson Dakato. The *Dakota Blizzard* gives a long account of a sacred concert in which Moses participated largely. We quote a few words only: "The piano solos by Prof. M. A. Roy were of the most excellent order. Mr. Roy is but a young man and is really a professor of the art. It was astonishing, and looked almost impossible to see the runs that he would make, and in perfect time. Especially in the piece entitled "Home Sweet Home" with variations by J. Paul, it beats anything we have yet heard in the form of music. The orchestra under the control of Rev. E. Therien, who is a thorough musician and an excellent violin player, played some very difficult music, and proved themselves to be fast gaining ground in the way of perfection." The concert, useless to say, was in every way a grand success, and we heartily congratulate our friends on the excellence of the entertainment which we know them capable of.

— Chas Carroll *could* not stay home—the butter and the car roll of the K. K. K. and Seneca drew him on.

—Lieut. L. Grandchamp looks well in his new and faultless military fit.

—Rev. G. Legris preached in Notre Dame Church, Chicago, last Sunday.

—Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. who accompanied home the young gentlemen from Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, brings back good news from our friends the Rev. Fathers James and Thomas Kehoe, both of whom he visited. Fr. James Kehoe is the popular Rector of St. Anne's Church, W. Covington, charmingly located on the slope of a beautiful hill overlooking the Ohio, on the dividing line between Covington and Ludlow. Fr. Rivard sang mass and preached to the numerous congregation of St. Anne Jan. 1st. Fr. Thomas Kehoe is with Rev. F. McNerny at the church of the Immaculate Conception, Newport, Ky. a very large and beautiful church. Fr. Thomas, besides plentiful parochial work, is director of numerous societies, among others a dramatic club which is reaping high histrionic honors. They both promise to come to the general reunion in June when every one will be happy to meet among the friends these once famous champions of the college diamond.

— The firm of Dillon versus Fosse have collapsed asunder by consent of the Prefect.

— Let'er palp!

—Pid-z-cat-oh!

— What's the prime meridian of the French?.... Bourbonnais!

— The "WEEDS" are withering.

— The "ghost" has not yet appeared.

— Turkish baths are declared healthy at this season.

— Everything has an end, but a sausage has two ends!

— Cecil didn't know it was Friday!

— To drop or not to drop (Latin) is again on the tapis.

— Prove, prove, prove it!

— Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. who spent his holidays among his many friends in Chicago, entertained a party of North-side boys at the Holy Name School, Tuesday, Jan. 3rd. Oysters and refreshments were served and a royal afternoon well spent. The next day they all "fell in" before the chamara. In the group, which is really select, are the following popular M and B. Light Guards, led by Fr. Dooling who occupies a position in centre; to right Capt. J. Sampson; to left Serg't. H. Olson; in front Messrs. F. Dillon, W. Pendergast, T. Maloney, L. Fosse, F. Rowland, W. Tierney and J. Sexton.

— Young students going out into the world to battle with life should first consult Frank Cleary and find out how helpless they are without a knowledge of Greek and Latin.

— "De teaters" is all that Stafford can talk about since the holidays.

— And now, they say that Maloney is bashful.

— Look out for Louis. He's on a scalping expedition.

—The boys that remained here during the holidays are not as sad looking as the boys that went home.

—Has any body seen the rod that runs through the earth. Amer swears to it.

—Dave buys enough stamps to pay the government expenses.

—The snow is deep etc. etc.

—The Christmas Free travells pretty cheap these days.

— Rev. S. Nawrocki, lately ordained from St. Viateur's and now at St. Stanislaus' Church Chicago, was our welcome visitor last Tuesday. His many friends among the Faculty and students, who had not seen him since his ordination, crowded around him to welcome him, receive his blessings and congratulate him. The band tooted a serenade in its best style. In the afternoon the Father enjoyed a sleigh-ride with some of the Professors. We hope to see Fr. Nawrocki often and we wish always well.

— Mr. Frank Kehoe, some years ago in our ranks, will finish his studies this year in Bardstown preparatory to entering upon a law course in the near future.

— Eddie Brown, also of former years, does service in his mother's store and thinks on the advisability of re-



turning to St. Viateur's. He will not unlikely be among us ere long.

—Geo. Hegler is sailing to New Orleans an officer on his father's boats.

—Besides the enjoyable sleigh-rides Tuesday and Thursday (this week) much enjoyment was found in the way of skating on two fine large ponds opposite the Poor House on the K. K. K. road.

—Mr. Gus Mosset of '84 and '85, is now at the desk in the employ of Walsh & Kellog, Newport, Ky.

—Last Friday (yesterday) Rev Z. Berard, of St. Anne, sang a funeral Mass in the parish church for his sister Miss Noemi Berard, who died on the 11th inst, after a long illness. The students attended the services with college choir orchestra and band. The JOURNAL offers its sincere condolence to the sorrowing family.

—Mrs. Chalifoux, of Chicago, and two Misses Chalifoux, of the N. D. Academy, visited the College last Tuesday.

—The three military companies have already fallen into line and performed some of their elegant moves in the college hall. The ranks are swelling quite perceptibly from new arrivals.

—Our elocution Professors say that it takes *practice* to become elocutionists. We would like to ask Tom M. what it takes to become a "scratcher."

—We heartily thank Rev. S. Nawrocki for the barrel of apples he treated us to.

Mr. P. Sullivan goes to Aurora, Ill. to assist at the first solemn High Mass of Rev. Fr. McCann to-morrow.

—We had the pleasure Tuesday of a visit from our warm friend former co-worker, Rev. A. McGavick of All Saint's church Chicago.

—Eugene McDonald is with us again and a *Junior* now.

—The hogs and sheep on the way from Wilmington, to Bourbonnais bear such a close resemblance that they can be scarcely distinguished from each other, reports "Bud."

—"The Big Three" occupy the "fat end" of table No. 4.

—Among the new arrivals are Masters Boghen, of Cincinnati, O., Daniel O'Leary, of Indianapolis, Ind., Edward Strauss, William Roskopp, Thomas Foley, of Chicago, Ill.

Thursday afternoon we had the pleasure of looking at several good billiard games. The players were Mr. Moran and Fr. McGavick of Chicago, and Messrs. Dore and Sullivan of the college. All such professionals are welcome.

—Dave C. is trying to arrange it so as to have a series of games after examination. Dave claims to be the Slosson of this institution.

—Master Sheldon Peck of Kankakee, Ill. has lately entered the Junior ranks.

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Quinquantees:

Please forward the letter prescribed by the rules of our association, at least by February 10th. 1888, that it may be published in the issue of College Journal on or about February 22nd.

P. Wilstach, Sec.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for good Conduct and Politeness Equally deserved by G. Donnelly P. Sewerth, M. Murray, T. Whalen, Ed. Hartwell, P. Granger, H. Legris, P. Wilstach, C. Ball, T. Lyons, G. Furguson, D. Kearney, Drawn by P. Swerth.

Distinguished—A. F. Frazer, M. Lenartz, D. McNamara, E. C. Grandpré, J. Condon, W. Cleary, J. Ricou H. Olson, C. Knisely, F. Dancurand, W. Powers, T. Normoyle, J. Dorsey, J. McCambridge A. Letourneau.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for good Conduct and Politeness, Equally deserved by L. Fally, V. Cyrier, A. Marcott, M. Fortin, Drawn by F. Dillon.

### DISTINGUISHED

A. Granpré, W. Roach, V. Lamarre, L. Legris, S. Maher, A. Besse, C. Roy, J. Shea, J. O'Connor, A. Kerr, F. Rowland, Capt. J. Sampson, J. Cox, Jacie Riner, J. Sexton.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Gold Medal for good Conduct and Politeness Equally deserved by J. Laplante, T. Richard, R. Kerr, P. Moran, B. Alwes, L. Drolet. Drawn by B. Alwes.

Distinguished—A. Brouillette, J. McMahon, J. Fréchette, D. Granger, M. O'Connor, B. O'Connor, D. Bradley, A. Granger.

## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

*The Scholastic Annual* with its usual freight of fun and useful information arrives with compliments of our esteemed friend Joseph A. Lyons, of Notre Dame, Ind. Reading "Rambles in Tyrol" makes one who is acquainted with students' life and diversions fairly thrill with enjoyment. "The Country Editor" is a well chosen morsel of humor. "Church and State" is a learned essay explaining correctly the relations of these two institutions. There are also besides these many exquisite bits



of poetry. We return sincere thanks to Mr. Lyons and wish the "Thirteenth Annual" all possible good luck.

*Marzio's Crucifix*. (Macmillan & Co.) by M. Crawford, is an excellent tale which inculcates the necessity of religion for true happiness. We ought to have many books of this kind for the safe and wholesome amusement of youth. A more lengthy account of this book will be given in the next issue.

The *American Magazine* for Jan. and Dec. contains interesting criticisms by Julian Hawthorne, "Calendar of Health" by W. F. Hutchinson M. D. is full of useful suggestions and should not only be read, but followed out in practice. Jaquin Miller writes beautiful verses on "Twilight at Nazareth" There is always an abundance of rich and varied reading in the *Am. Magazine*.

Mark Twain Wrote a play with an unpronounceable name—it is his last freak—in the Jan. Century. The main feature with this drama, which is humorous of course, is that it is adjustable, or reversible if you will; you can make it to suit a German or a French audience as well as an English one. It is sure to set in right humor any one that reads it.

*Scribner's Monthly* has interesting contents; among others an article of remarkable interest on the "French Traits—Intelligence."

The "*Manuel de L'Enfant Catholique*" by Rev. F. X. Chouinard C. S. V., of Manteno, Ill., just issues from the press. It is a concise and clear and simple exposé of Catholic doctrine for children by an old and experienced Catechist. It is a very valuable work and is now being adopted in the French schools of this section of the country.

The *Catholic World*, *The St. Nicholas*, *Donahoe's Magazine* and *Public Opinion* are in every body's hands so interesting are they all, one must wait for his peep, even Ye Editor.

An illustrated quarterly magazine hails from St. Louis entitled *Regina Celi* and devoted to the interests of Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A glance at its numerous illustrations and a perusal of the beautiful articles it contains convince us that this work has been most happily conceived and will undoubtedly be very felicitously executed. We have especially noticed the noble sentiments expressed in the editorial department judging from which we can predict that many great and elevating principles will be diffused among the youth who are happy enough to be enrolled in Sodality of our Blessed Lady. The magazine will be issued for the months of May, August, October, and December of every year. We take occasion of this to recommend it to all Sodality hoping that much good will come from it to its pious readers. Terms \$1.00 per year in advance: 50 cents to sodalists subscribing through their Director or Prefect for fifty or more copies.

## EXCHANGES.

Again the glad time has come around when X editors indulge in a n imaginary shake, burrying (also in their mind) the tomahawk and smoking the holiday and New-Year calumet. We accuse reception of peace offerings from all our fellow warriors and do hereby ourselves send forth a full volley of glorious good wishes for the well-being of college men and of sympathy for editors and readers of college papers.

Our military companion, the *St. Mary's Sentinel* has for some unknown cause, suspended its visitations to our peaceful quarters. We regret its absence as we always loved a chat with the genial *Sentinel*. The word of pass is "Come in."

The *Chaddock* from Quincy, Ill. calls in after a long absence. It still looks like its old self, though improved in many respects, especially in exterior make-up—sporting new type and illustrations. The reading matter is good.

The *York Beacon*, new from Nebraska, is one of our few college exchanges from the Far West and we gladly place it on our X list.

It was suggested at a random meeting of the scribes that in view of diffusing charitable and needed enlightenment, more deep philosophical essays with humor and wit in them, be published in this *Journal* in behalf of the ennuyé of the *College Message*. Any combination to avoid the reproach of being dull and uninteresting. It was also agreed to congratulate the *Message* on its improved appearance which fairly makes our teeth, well, grind with almost boundless jealousy—and as we view our own untidy rags we instinctively shout, "Message, thou hast conquered!"

In an article on "Reading" the University Monthly aptly says: "The fact that the mind is not satisfied without knowing, is proof sufficient that the Creator intended that we should find both pleasure, and profit in knowledge. A life of study is seldom a life of misery or crime. Such a man may be supremely happy without interfering with the happiness of any one else. What a prospect there is before us! The cheapness of books places the means within the reach of all; and each should embrace the opportunity. What keen delight is experienced on entering that wonderland of scientific research! All around us, mysterious forces, acting with mathematical precision, are awaiting our investigation. To be told that the air is made of gasses, and that these feed the plants; that light is the manifestation of a force; that each little raindrop is a miniature world, teeming with life, is surely enough to arouse our curiosity. And yet thousands are wandering aimlessly about, disgusted with the world and bored to death in the vain search of pleasure." The *Monthly* is full of good things.



## CATHOLIC NOTES.

The celebrations in Rome continue in undiminished splendor.

Protestants vie with other heretical sects in rendering their homage and respect to the distinguished Head of the Catholic Church.

Leo shines as a Theologian, a Philosopher, a Poet, a Savant, a Diplomat, or anything else one may imagine. He is truly worthy of the esteem and veneration which Catholics manifest in his regard.

Bishop Keane of Richmond says of the Holy Father: 'Leo XIII has the clearest mind in Europe. He scans the world not only with the watchful and loving looks of its spiritual Father, but also with the keen eye of a profound philosopher and enlightened statesman.'

President Cleveland's present to the Pope of a splendid copy of the Constitution of the United States shows the natural simplicity and greatness of views of the donor. The more our Governmental Institutions will be known in Europe and the rest of the world, the more they will be admired and copied, the more blessings they will bestow on the nations.

Of all the unbroken line of Pontiffs that bind the present to the days of the infallible Fisherman, but fifteen, besides the present Pope, celebrated the golden Jubilee of priesthood. They were John XII, Gregory XII, Calixtus III, Paul IV, Innocent X, Innocent XII, Benedict XIII, Clement XII, Benedict XIV, Pius VI, Pius VII, Gregory XVI, and Pius IX.

It is estimated that the value of the gifts to Pope Leo XIII will amount to \$15,000,000. They will include 20,000 chasubles, 12,000 chalices, 8,000 crucifixes, and an immense number of vestments, mitres, etc. All these are on exhibition and the pilgrims and visitors will have an opportunity of seeing something from every nation in the world.

Forty eight Cardinals and 238 Archbishops and Bishops assisted at the Jubilee Mass in St. Peter's on January 1st. at 8:30 a. m. Thousands of people thronged St. Peter's square early in the morning awaiting the arrival of his Holiness whom they greeted with repeated shouts of "Long live the Pope." 80,000 persons were admitted into the vast cathedral to assist at the Papal mass. The Pope was so strongly affected by the solemnity of the occasion that he fainted a couple of times before beginning his mass, which he terminated with a solemn blessing of his flock.

The "Catholic Union and Times" of Buffalo says: "It is gratifying to know that America is second to no country in her expression of respect and love for the Supreme Pontiff. Nowhere else has the Catholic Church more glorious promise, and as under the favoring blessings of providence her future growth will be a striking advance on her progress in the past, it is well

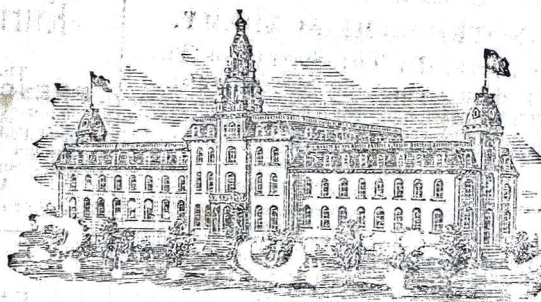
that the children of the church in the United States, should be prompt, active and happy to pay their deepest homage to their Supreme earthly Head with whom to be in union and communion is security and spiritual life. We all know that Leo XIII is deeply interested in our country and that he is rejoiced to see the spread of truth in this great Western Land."

Labouchere has declared in London Truth that he is glad so many Englishmen are travelling in Ireland. If they look about them they will find among other things that "the Catholic priesthood are precisely the reverse of what is popularly supposed in England. In their manners and their conversation they are refined, intellectual gentlemen, of the purest morals, well disposed towards the empire, singularly broad and tolerant in their opinions, hard working and self-sacrificing. Except in the very poor parishes a Catholic priest has about £300 per annum, and there are very few curates who have less than £150 per annum. The Irish consider that their priests have adopted a career which deprive them of all the joys of family life, and that they fully deserve all that can be done for them."

The current issue of the New York *Freeman's Journal* pays this high tribute to Father Lambert of Waterloo: "There is a priest and man of letters in the diocese of Rochester who has not yet received the meed of appreciation he deserves. While other men are praised for qualities which ought to be theirs, but which are not, this man's praises are sung by no *clique*. And yet he is one of the few writers now living whose work will have permanent value. This is much to say. Cardinal Newmam tells us that it is the mission of Catholics in our day to do a great deal of ephemeral writing. And most of us have reason to accept this as true. This man is an exception. He has written a "Thesaurus of the Scriptures" which is exceedingly useful. He has written the only effective answer,—not excepting that of the Hon. Jeremiah Black—to Ingersoll's scurrilous and mercenary yet plausible lectures. He has written even a more valuable book, the "Tactics of Infidels." This priest and man of letters is the Rev. Father Lambert" . . . . Yes, Father Lambert's pen has rendered solid and enduring services to religion. This is acknowledged throughout the United States and beyond them. His "Notes" alone have immortalized his name. Aside from their phenomenally large sale in this country, they have been reproduced in Canada, in London, England, and at the Antipodes. The *Union and Times* publishing house has sold a *hundred and fifty thousand copies*. The polemical horse-whipping he gave the Infidel little Joker caused his name to be hailed with applause by the Protestant as well as Catholic public. And the pen that has won such renown is not yet laid aside. (*Union and Times*.)



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