ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. II. BOURBONNAIS GROVE. ILL. SATURDAY. May 10 1884. No. 6

A. H. PIKE

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OUR QUEEN.

Altars build 'mid fragrant bowers,
On them lay the choicest flowers;
To dwell a month in festal day
Is tribute mild to Queen of May.

The heart of Jesus quickly knows
What love the child to Mary shows;
Each garland in her honor wrought
Is hymn of praise with blessings fraught.

II

Life's months of May an exile are,
And will be till we reach the skies;
Yet sailor greets the Ocean star,
And exile's hope to Mary flies.

Build, I ask, in fragrant bowers,
Consume a month in festal day;
Altars rich and sweetest flowers
Are tribute just to Queen of May.

H.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

"Twixt truth and error there's this difference,
Error is fruitful, truth is only one."

These words may be applied to the different versions of the sad tale of the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day, Aug, 24—1572. Though the causes that led to this massacre and the details of the act itself have been thoroughly sifted and placed in their true light, by impartial historians; yet it forms a theme on which certain writers expend an immense amount of sympathetic rhetoric, in lauding the *innocent Huguenots*, and calumniating their adversaries. Even at this late day, it forms one of those hackneyed charges, often repeated, by superficial scribblers and platform-orators, in their attacks on religion. Facts however will show what kind of people the Huguenots were and also that the massacre was due to political resentment and private revenge rather than religion.

HISTORICAL FACTS.

Without entering into the question of religious toleration, it may be well to recall to mind, the age, in which this event took place and also, take a glance at the situation of Europe at that day. The sixteenth century had not yet completed its alotted number of years. Human life was little regarded; the punishment of criminals was mercilessly severe; death by fire was a capital punishment all over Europe; by the common law of Europe, heresy was a civil crime and of this law, princes were not slow to avail themselves, for special dishonest ends.

The object of this paper is not to defend the conduct of Francis I, Henry II or Charles IX. Undoubtedly, they were not good men. The two former, from motives of state policy persecuted the reformers of France, while they assisted those of England and Germany. In England, Germany, Sweden, Norway and Switzerland, where Luther's Reformation had made progress, the Catholics were the victims of most brutal violence, and were treated as a conquered people. Massacres were the order of the day. English history gives us a grand idea of the toleration of the reformers. Cobbett, in one of his letters on the Reformation, speaking of the number of Huguenots slain on St. Bartholomew's day says: "A number truly horrible to think of; but a number not half so great as that of those English Catholics, whom good Queen Bess had even up to this time—the 14th. of her reign—caused to be ripped up, racked till the bones came out of their sockets, or caused to be dispatched, or to die, in prison or in exile; and this too, observe, not for rebellions, treasures, robberies and assassinations, like those of Coligni and his followers; but simply for adhering to the religion of their fathers."

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY

Such was the state of affairs, wherever the reformers were in the ascendency. France however was, at this time heartily and resolutely Catholic, as Sismondi and Guizot admit. Is it surprising then that France, with these events so palpable, should view with alarm the

efforts of a party, who did not disguise their intention of subverting the existing order of things? That such was the design of the reformers or Huguenot party, their actions clearly proved. Had they conducted themselvs quietly, they would never have drawn down upon themselves the anger of the kingdom. They began their deeds of violence during the reign of Francis I. They desecrated sacred images; posted placards filled with the most revolting blasphemies, on the walls of Cathedrals, describing the Pope as Antichrist; they pillaged churches, destroyed convents and trampled upon all that was sacred and holy. Even their own writers speak with horror of their conduct. Cobbett in his letters on the Reformation calls them "banditti" and explains the term thus: "that is robber and murderer; and the persons bearing it had been, by becoming the willing tools of every ambitious rebel, a greater scourge to France, than foreign war, pestilence and famine united." Their outrages kindled the flames of civil war in France and deeds of violence were committed by both parties but as the above mentioned author declares "the conduct of the Huguenots was frequently, not to say uniformly, characterized by plundering and by hypocrisy and perfidy unknown to their enemies." This state of affairs continued during the reign of Henry II, but in the time of Charles IX the Huguenots became more powerful under their leaders, the Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligni. Henceforth their treacherous conduct became more palpable. Condé received from Elizabeth of England 20,000 pounds and a quantity of military stores and moreover she opened English ports to receive prizes captured from the French Cath olics and suffered Chastillon, an agent of Condé to sell them as the property of Condé. The money thus received was sent to the insurgents. (Lingard's His. of England Vol. VIII Page 69.)

HUGUENOT TREACHERY

The Huguenots delivered over to the English the cities of Dieppe and Havre. This act of treason stirred up all France. That a party, comprising not a hundredth part of the population, should under the mask of religion carry their treason to such an extent and deliver over to "*perfide Albion*" two sea ports, seemed incredible. Nevertheless there was the fact. Is it then surprising that the people of France felt the deepest hatred against so infamous a race, who had already sold their country to the best of their ability? But they did not stop here; they must needs fill the cup of violence to overflowing. During the siege of Orleans one Paltrot a Huguenot in the pay of Coligni, basely assassinated the Duke of Guise. That Coligni was privy to this design, he himself admitted and Paltrot to the day of his death declared that Coligni was the instigator. This foul deed seemed to have made Condé ashamed of his infamous associate and his followers. By his efforts a pacification took place in 1563 and the king granted the Huguenots permission to practice their worship in one town in every bailiwick. If the Catholics of England at that time could have received a like favor from Elizabeth, they would have considered it a great boon. But alas! Elizabeth knew no such word as mercy. Did this satisfy the Huguenots? By no means, for they were ever restless. About eight years after this peace, as the king was making a tour of the kingdom, a plot was formed by Coligni to kill or seize him. The king escaped and fled to Paris. Another civil war broke out, followed by another peace. During this pacification, Coligni, by the deepest dissimulation wormed himself into the favor of Charles IX and acquired an ascendency over the royal mind, which in a manner made him master of the kingdom. Catherine de Medici, the Queen mother, a most ambitious woman could ill bear this interference and she resolved to put an end to Coligni. About this time Coligni was invited to Paris to be present at the marriage of the sister of Charles IX to the king of Navarre—afterwards the famous Henry IV of France. On the 22nd. of August Coligni was shot in the streets of Paris, but his wound was not dangerous. This was evidently a plot of Catherine. When she saw that the attempt was a failure, alarmed by the threatening speeches of the Huguenots, who had gathered around their leader, she had recourse to the king, and assisted by the Duke of Guise, son of him who was assassinated by Paltrot, and also by the Duke of Anjou, she exhorted the king to adopt the plan of a general massacre. Charles reluctantly gave his consent and the dreadful order was given.

PUNISHMENT

The Duke of Guise immediately proceded with his followers to the residence of Coligni and soon after his dead body was throwu from the window. The people of Paris mortally hated Coligni and his band, for they could not forget that it was he who put the English in possession of Havre and Dieppe; that it was his adherent who slew the Duke of Guise, the hero, who had driven the English from Calais and who was slain at the moment when he was endeavoring to drive the English brought there by Coligni from Havre. "Besides this, there were few of them (the Parisians) some one or other of whose relations had not perished or suffered in some way or other from the plunderings or butcheries of these marauding and murdering Calvinists, whose creed taught them that good works were unavailing and that no deeds, however base or bloody, could bar their way to salvation" Cobbett. Letter X.

THE TRUE NUMBER

The massacre at Paris far exceeded the wishes of the court and orders were sent to the provinces to prevent similar scenes. Such scenes however took place in several towns. The whole number of persons slain has been variously estimated. Some say 100,000; others, 10,000; but only 786 names are given in the Huguenot Martyrology compiled in 1582. Probably if we double this number we shall not be far from the real amount as Lingard relates.

The massacre has been graphically described by certain writers, but with certain side scenes, drawn from their own diseased imaginations—such for instance as the Duke of Guise kicking the dead body of Coligni—the king himself in the midst of the Parisian mob slaying the Huguenots. Such assertions as these should be taken *cum grano salis.* They are unfounded. Guizot, good authority in this matter, doubts them and considers these questions incapable of being solved.

It has also been asserted that the massacre was an affair long planned. This question has been settled by the publication of the secret dispatches of Salviati the nuncio at Paris, to the Cardinal secretary of Rome. He wrote an account of the massacre the day after the event, but owing to the different rumors, current at Rome he wrote again Sept. 22nd. and confirmed his former statement as follows. "Time will show whether there be any truth in all the other accounts which you may have read of the wounding and death of the admiral, that differ from what I wrote to you. The queen regent, grown jealous of him came to a resolution a few days before, and caused an arquebuse to be discharged at him without the knowledge of the king, but with the participation of the Duke of Anjou and of the Duchess of Nemours, and of her son the Duke of Guise. Had he died immediately no one else would have perished. But he did not die; and they began to suspect some great evil: wherefore closeting themselves in consultation with the king, they determined to throw shame aside and cause him to be assassinated together with others: a determination which was carried out that very night."

This seems satisfactory, if we consider the writer, the object from which he wrote, the time and opportunity which he possessed of correcting any error that might have crept into his previous communication: and from this it follows that the general massacre was not intended but grew out of the unexpected failure of the attempt already made on the life of the admiral.

Verax.

SKIBBEREEN, IRELAND.
April 27, '84.

Dear Journal: Since last I wrote you I have seen a great deal of this country and have much to tell you. The more I know of this country, the more acquainted I become with its people, the brighter become the charms of which it can justly boast. This City of the East, where I spent the greater part of last week, is only a few miles from the Sea. It is twice as large as Kankakee and noted for its good markets. Although very ancient yet its houses are built substantially and done up in good style. A beautiful church stands in the square at the end of the main street, convenient to which is the residence of the Roman Catholic bishop Dr. Fitzgerald. A stranger need not be long a resident here to become well known and the greatest desire is manifested by all to know who he is and whence he came.

But now let me tell you how on my arrival in this city, I had to encounter a government official who demanded my name and residence then proceeded to open and search my valise. It was six o'clock in the afternoon when the train arrived at the depot. As soon as the conductor, or, as he is called, the porter, unlocked the carriage doors, with others I stepped on the platform and was proceeding on my way when a tall slim fellow with a cane in his hand met me at the gate. He asked my name and residence, which I at first refused to disclose. Then he seized my valise and attempted to open it, saying that he was an officer of "Her Majesty The Qneen" and that his duty was to search and examine all baggage and parcels lest dynamite or other explosive materials might be concealed therein; and also to learn the name and the whereabouts of every traveller. Being informed that I was an American citizen and would not submit to this outrageous examination he quickly let me go. I was informed by good authority that these officers frequently shoot down innocent men and that a very short time since they shot a young man in the neighborhood of Millstreet whose name was H. Hickey; that the murderers were not punished for this cruel deed but were encouraged to repeat the same by a premium from the government. The same evening I met with an old acquaintance who conveyed me to Good's Hotel which is the principal one in the town and thus having secured a companion for the next day I passed the night very happily in the old Town of Skibbereen.

AN IRISH LAKE.

Next morning we both set out to visit Lough Ine, a beautiful lake between the city and the ocean. On our way thither we often stopped to view the rugged hills and mountain tops that rose on either side of the road. We met many men, women, and boys heavily laden returning from the sea shore with hampers and baskets of dried sea-grass which they say is the best

manure and without which their land would yield but a poor harvest. They scatter this all over the ridges when the seed is sown and cover it with clay. Soon our attention was drawn from these good people by a high and steep mountain rising almost perpendicular into the air. Its craggy sides covered with the wild heath, where the eagle and vulture make their abode, looked charming in the distance. We drew near fair Lough Ine silently sitting at the feet of the mountain. This Lake with its surrounding scenery is surpassed only by the Lakes of Killarney and is about the same size as the lower lake of Killarney. It is surrounded by hills and groves. The public walks shaded by trees afford a refreshing retreat to the visitor. In the center of the Lake there is a beautiful Island where an old castle stands to commemorate happier days. A boatman rowed us to the Island and we entered the castle and climed to the top. In the panorama before us my companion amongst other things pointed out to us the Shrine of St. Bridget at a distance. Then fair Lough Ine seemed to have lost all its charms, for we shouted to our boatman to row us back again and proceeded to the Shrine. It is convenient to the lake and not far from the Atlantic coast. The walls are standing but the roof is gone. Here within those walls where St. Bridget passed the greater number of her happy days now grow tall grass and shrubs and wild flowers. A silvery stream from springs in the mountain murmurs its monotone hymn close by the spot where the solitary Saint, it is said, often retired to pray. The scenery about this deserted Shrine is delightful. On the one hand are the rippling waters of Lough Ine sifting to the edge of the lake its golden sands. On the other is a towering castle in the center of the lake like a lighthouse at sea warning the mariner of impending danger, then again green valleys, pleasant shades and numerous groves. Before you is the blue Atlantic Ocean approaching and receding alternatively from the shore. It sighs as the light breeze speeds on but when the wind blows high, mighty waves are rolled to the shores making music through the lonely land. Who, born in a land full of charms like these and now an exile on some foreign shore,—the victim of English oppression can rejoice and be glad or refrain from indignation.

FISHERMEN.

Our next step was to the Atlantic Coast. Near the shore we saw a little thatched cabin. Approaching it we met the owner an old fisherman, who saluted us by raising his hat and speaking some words in Irish which we were unable to understand. In a moment: "Spose yer from Dublin or Cork," he said, "Come, and I'll show ye some fishes I caught last night. They are below here in a basket tied to my boat. Ye know we must keep them in the water till Jude, (Jude was his wife's name) is ready to take them to the market. For don't ye know she must have them alive in the market." For my part I found much difficulty in trying to keep serious at the old fisherman's invitation, as I stood looking at his odd make up. "Come in," he said, "and have a drink of milk, spose ye'd like a drink after travelling." We entered, saw Jude standing before a large mirror knotting under her chin the strings of a certain kind of cap which the women in the country districts are accustomed to wear. She was preparing to take the captured fishes, refered to a while ago, to market. Every thing within the little cabin appeared neat and clean, but bore evident signs of the humble lot of the poor fisherman. He now suspected us to be goverment spies as we were asking so many questions concerning the people of the locality. Learning however who we were he spoke very freely, complained very much of his position in life, of the hardships and poverty he had to endure and all this he attributed to an unjust system of landlordism. I have, he said, a little farm and three cows, the land is hilly and the soil is poor. I could never pay the landlord all the rent he charges only for the price of the fish which my son Ted and myself catch every day. And do you know what it is, and what Jas. Murphy and myself was saying yesterday west there, that the English government would whip the heads off all the people of this country long ago but being afraid of the "Mericans."

As this old man and his son were going some distance to fish we sailed out with them. Outside the harbour on the rough waters there was quite a large number of boats and smacks. Nine men go in every smack. They throw their nets or lines (which vary according to the season) into the sea between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock and draw them, heavily laden with fishes, about three o'clock in the morning. Each vessel has a beautiful little cabin. I had visited several and took my supper in one. I found all the fishermen had much welcome for me and many of them asked me when would we come to free them. These men are generally very stout and strong. They often sing many interesting and sometimes comical songs, and care not for wind or weather. They divide the profits amongst themselves and when they have a good catch they are very cheerful. Returning to the shore at dawn they might often sing and truly:

Briskly blows the morning breeze,
Fresh and strong it blows;
Blessing on the fishing-boat,
How steadily she goes!
Christ He loved the fishermen,
And He blessed the net

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I. BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 10 Mai 1884. No. 7

L'ARBRE ET L'OISEAU.

Oh! le bel arbre en fleurs!
C'est un prunier tout blanc, comme un globe d'ivoire.
Voyez: chaque corolle aux plus pures couleurs
Est un calice plein de célestes liqueurs,
Où l'insecte soyeux en bourdonnant vient boire.

L'arbre a pris ses atours:
Parure de printemps, robe de fiancée,
Couronne d'émeraude, écharpe de velours.
Il est ainsi plus beau que l'ange des amours,
Sous ces voiles si purs, ces perles de rosée.

Quand un souffle embaumé
Touche ce blanc bouquet, où l'amour a son siège,
Un nuage d'encens monte au ciel enflammé;
Et sur le sol s'épand—lit frais et parfumé—
Une pluie odorante ou des flocons de neige.

Quelle fête du ciel
Dans ses palais flottants, aux tentures vermeilles!
Quels enivrants festins! Vrai banquet éternel,
Où tous sont conviés à goûter le doux miel:
Mouches et papillons, joyeux essaims d'abeilles.

Dans ces rameaux mouvants,
Depuis l'aube on entend qu'incessante harmonie,
Musiciens ailés, doux poëtes rêvants.
C'est un luth suspendu qui chante avec les vents,
Suave comme un son des harpes d'Ionie!

Tendrement abrité,
Au sein des chastes fleurs, comme en un sanctuaire,
Un oiseau, merveilleux de grâce et de beauté,
Murmure des accents pleins de suavité,
Qui montent de son nid ainsi qu'une prière....

Que n'ai-je comme lui
Un paisible abri, loin des fanges de la terre!
Un doux nid de colombe, où l'âme humaine fuit
Les orages du monde et son éternel bruit.
S'entoure pour chanter de paix et de mystère!

M**

UN NOM

Un nom rappelle toute une histoire, les traditions vénérées d'une famille. Ce doit être une chose sainte, sacrée pour chacun de nous.

Comme le nom que nous a légué notre père doit nous être cher! Il nous l'a transmis, sans tache, tel qu'il le reçut de son père. C'est le nom des braves Normands, des catholiques Bretons, des héroïques Vendéens, les noms les plus purs des fils de la noble France.

Rougirions-nous de notre origine? La France n'a-t-elle pas rempli le monde de sa gloire. C'est par elle que se sont accompli toutes les grandes choses: *Gesta Dei per Francos!*

Européen et Franc sont synonimes parmi les Asiatiques. Notre titre de Français seul devrait suffire pour nous gagner l'estime du peuple Américain. N'est-ce pas à l'ombre du drapeau de la France qu'est née notre puissante République?

Nos pères descendaient d'honorables familles, souvent des premières familles françaises, c'est ce qui a fait dire à l'illustre secrétaire d'état, Seward, que nous êtions un peuple de gentilshommes.

Nos pères étaient eux-mêmes des héros. Ils ne laissèrent pas leur patrie pour des motifs sordides, ni furent-ils poussés à le faire par la persécution et la misère. Ils vinrent ici pour obéir aux sentiments les plus purs de la religion et du patriotisme. C'était pour agrandir le royaume du Christ et celui de la France. Aussi ils plantaient toujours la croix à côté de l'étendard des Lys, et ils ne laissèrent pas un coin de ce continent inexploré. Ce sont eux qui ont découvert ses lacs, ses rivières, ses montagnes et leurs noms même témoignent encore de l'énergie et de l'héroïsme de nos aïeux.

Comment se fait-il que tant de nos compatriotes émigrés changent leurs noms? Pourquoi préfèrent-ils à leurs noms français un nom anglais, le nom de nos ennemis héréditaires, de ceux qui nous ont dépouillés du fruit des découvertes de nos pères et qui nous auraient enlevé notre foi et notre langue, s'ils l'avaient pu? Pourquoi agit-on ainsi? Est-ce par lâcheté ou par ignorance? Il n'y a que le fils d'un traître ou d'un pendu à qui il soit permis de changer son nom. Celui

qui le fait délibérément s'achemine vers la honte et l'apostasie. Qui renie son nom est bien prêt de renier sa foi.

Qu'on se garde donc contre cette manie de vouloir tout angliciser. Respectez le nom que vous portez et ne permettez à aucun étranger de le défigurer. Votre nom c'est un monument élevé à la gloire de vos pères, qui est destiné à les faire revivre de génération en génération. Pas une lettre n'en doit être retranchée.

On se laisse éblouir par les richesses de ses maîtres. On admire leur aisance; on veut leur ressembler; on voudrait leur emprunter tout, jusqu'à leur nom et leur langage. Depuis quand la fortune l'emporte-t-elle sur l'honneur? Quel abaissement du sens moral!

Vous, élèves Canadiens-Français, qui connaissez votre histoire, donnez l'exemple à ceux qui n'ont pas pu jouir des mêmes avantages que vous. Soyez scrupuleux sur la prononciation et l'orthographe de votre nom. Ne souffrez jamais qu'on le traduise dans un idiome étranger. Faites connaître leur erreur à ceux qui se trompent sous ce rapport, quand l'occasion s'en présentera. Qu'on reconnaisse ce que vous êtes par votre nom au moins, si vous avez perdu votre langue, comme il y en a parmi vous.

Quand on vous interrogera au sujet de votre nationalité, soyez fiers de vous dire français. Vous êtes nés ici: vous êtes Américains, sans cesser d'être Français. Américains par votre naissance, mais Canadiens Français par le sang, par la foi, par le nom!

Lua.

LE BONHEUR. (CONCLUSION.)

Mesdames et Messieurs,

Vous le voyez nous sommes à la recherche du bonheur. Mais qu'est-ce donc que le bonheur? Le bonheur, c'est un état de jouissance pleine et continue, c'est le repos de l'être dans l'entière et inépuisable satisfaction de toutes ses facultés. Donc cet objet là seul capable de remplir les immensités du cœur humain mérite véritablement le nom de bonheur.

Ceux qui m'ont précédé dans la recherche que nous faisons ont ouvert trois voies propres à conduire au bonheur: le pouvoir, les richesses et les sciences. Or la science peut-elle pleinement satisfaire l'intelligence, cette étincelle de la Divinité? Je réponds: non! Elle pourra bien reculer les barrières de l'inconnu et du mystère, mais les franchir, jamais! L'Alchimiste dans son creuset embrasé pourra bien décomposer toute la nature, compter les éléments d'un corps, mais ces éléments eux-mêmes, que sont-ils? Il l'ignore. Et la science au lieu de les simplifier n'a fait que les multiplier. Ah! c'est là, sur ce mystère insondable de l'essence intime des choses, sur cet invisible écueil que viendra se briser l'orgueil de la science humaine! Et un jour, le savant, après avoir blanchi dans de profondes études, se prendra à douter de la science, et mourra en s'écriant comme Socrate, le sage des sages: "Je ne sais qu'une chose, c'est que je ne sais rien!"

Les richesses,—et les plaisirs qui en sont la suite—ne donnent pas plus le bonheur. Il y en a qui s'imaginent que le plaisir et la richesse rendent la vie heureuse et que le devoir l'assombrit; c'est une erreur! La satiété des plaisirs produit le dégoût et la plénitude des biens écrase celui qui les a ramassés. Il envie à l'artisan ses privations qui lui font sentir le bien-être; il envie au pauvre ses douleurs, qui rendent plus vif le plaisir qui leur succède. Souvent, l'âme pleine d'un sombre désespoir, il dit aux richesses: vous m'avez trompé; aux plaisirs, vous m'avez enivré; à la vie, vous m'avez menti; il se prend d'amour pour la mort; il l'appelle des plus doux noms; et ses mains à qui il n'a jamais demandé de travail pendant sa vie, il les arme contre lui-même, et leur demande, comme une grâce, le coup qui doit terminer ses jours et ses ennuis!

Et si vous ne m'en croyez pas, écoutez la voix des heureux de la terre, des riches et des potentats. Ecoutez la voix de Salomon qui, après avoir vidé jusqu'à la lie, la coupe des félicités terrestres, s'écrie dans son désenchantement: Vanité des vanités, tout n'est que vanité! Et si cette voix est trop lointaine pour arriver jusqu'à vous, écoutez la voix de celui qui avait rêvé de ceindre la couronne des Césars et de renverser le trône séculaire des Papes, Victor Emmanuel! O horreur! O étonnement! il a vu se réaliser ses rêves impies et insensés! Eh bien! que répondait-il aux représentants de toutes les puissances qui lui offraient leurs souhaits de bonheur à l'occasion du renouvellement de cette année: qu'il ne désirait qu'une chose, mourir!

Mais si les richesses et les sciences sont impuissantes à combler toutes nos facultés, le pouvoir ne le peut-il pas? Non, encore non! Le pouvoir n'est qu'un brillant esclavage, une servitude déguisée. Il donne presqu'autant d'ennemis et de maîtres à celui qui le possède qu'il acquièrt de sujets et d'esclaves. Celui qui peut tout doit tout craindre, a-t-on dit, et l'Histoire l'a prouvé. Quelle a été la fin de tous ces grands conquérants et de tous ces hommes puissants par la parole? Elle a été le plus souvent funeste et prématurée. Alexandre expire à trente-trois ans dans une orgie; Annibal et Dsmosthènes s'empoisonnent pour échapper à une mort plus cruelle; César meurt frappé du poignard de Brutus; Cicéron, le Père du Peuple, à la tête tranchée et clouée aux voutes qu'il avait fait retentir tant de fois des accents de la liberté; Mirabeau, le porte-étendard de la Révolution, après être entré au Panthéon, en est rejeté comme une dépouille de souillure et d'horreur; Napoléon, l'Alexandre de nos jours est jeté sur un rocher solitaire et mis au ban des nations!.....Plus ces puissants de la terre

avaient été élevés haut, plus leur chute a été grande! Et le peuple qui leur avait dressé des autels a lapidé leurs images et leur mémoire!

Malgré que le pouvoir, les richesses et les sciences causent quelques jouissances, le bonheur ne réside donc pas dans aucun d'eux, parce qu'ils sont trop bornés et trop inconstants et que d'ailleurs il n'est pas donné à tout le monde de les posséder, bien que tous désirent 'être heureux.

Mais le bonheur n'existerait-il pas? Ne serait-il qu'une chimère, un songe de notre imagination? L'homme serait-il condamné ici-bas au supplice de Tantale, verrait-il toujours devant ses yeux la vision de la félicité, sans pouvoir la savourer? Je ne puis le croire. L'Etre Suprême a gravé trop profondément ce sentiment dans nos cœurs pour qu'il soit illusoire; il est trop vivant, trop universel pour qu'il ne soit pas vrai. Supposer le contraire, ce serait une absurdité; ce serait dire qne l'être infiniment sage a donné des tendances à notre âme sans qu'il soit en son pouvoir de les remplir. Le bonheur existe donc; mais où est-il? Qu'est-il? Envisagé au point de vue transcendantal, le bonheur est absolu ou relatif. Le bonheur relatif, c'est l'activité, le progrès, l'aspiration vers le souverain bien à travers ce monde, en un mot, c'est la vertu. C'est la vertu qui verse dans l'âme des flots de félicité et de paix, qui la plonge dans des ravissements, des extases ineffables; c'est elle qui rend le juste heureux dans tous les temps, dans tous les lieux, dans toutes les circonstances de la vie. En vain essuierait-il les plus terribles catastrophes, se verrait-il frappé dans ce qu'il a de plus cher, entendrait-il le ciel s'écrouler sur sa tête, qu'il demeurerait insensible à ses coups épouvantables de la fortune; il participe pour ainsi dire à l'immutabilité divine. O vertu, que ton charme est universel et suprême! C'est toi qui déposes sur les lèvres de l'enfant son divin sourire et qui entoure d'une couronne d'honneur les cheveux du vieillard! C'est toi qui fais briller le bonheur sous la chaumière comme sous les lambris dorés! C'est toi qui mettais dans la bouche des martyrs des chants de victoire, effroi de leurs tyrans, et qui marques encore aujourd'hui d'une sérénité céleste le front de ceux qui souffrent pour la justice!

Enfin il y a le bonheur absolu, c'est la plus large expansion possible des facultés de l'homme, c'est connaître, c'est aimer autant qu'il est en nous de connaître et d'aimer; en un mot c'est le ciel, c'est la possession de Dieu même. C'est cette communication entière de l'essence divine aux élus, c'est la manifestation, sans ombre et sans voile de ces infinies perfections de l'Eternel qui jettent les prédestinés dans des transports toujours renaissants, dans une ivresse éternelle! Et ce qui met le sceau à leurs joies, c'est qu'elles dureront pendant les siècles et par delà; il n'en est pas ainsi des jouissances terrestres, même les plus enivrantes; elles sont toutes finies et par conséquent imparfaites. Mais ce bonheur parfait, ces joies de la patrie, nous ne les goûterons qu'au jour où la mort brisera les liens qui nous retiennent dans l'exil. Le bonheur, c'est donc comme une fleur dont le bouton s'entr'ouvre sur la terre aux regards de l'homme, mais dont la corolle brillante ne s'épanoui pour lui que dans l'éternité!

LA CONVENTION DE MINNEAPOLIS.

Les Canadiens Français du Minnésota doivent se réunir en convention pendant les derniers jours du mois de Mai. C'est une heureuse et patriotique pensée. Ces assemblées sont comme un faisceau de forces et de lumières individuelles mis au service du bien général.

Partout ces réunions ont produit des résultats merveilleux, spécialement parmi nos compatriotes de l'Est. Elles les ont organisés en associations de tous genres: associations de bienfaissance, associations religieuses, politiques et littéraires. C'est au milieu de ces délibérations que le jour se fait, qu'on a adopté les moyens les plus propres à conserver notre homogénité comme peuple.

Aussi comme il fait beau de voir aux jours de fête les rangs serrés de nos nationaux de l'Est! Leur présence à Montréal en 1874 a été toute une révélation. Après s'être entendus, ne doivent-ils pas se sentir plus forts, et les autres races ne sont-elles pas plus disposées à les respecter, à compter avec eux?

Félicitons les Canadiens de Minnéapolis qui, à l'instar de leurs frères de l'Est, nous convoquent à leurs délibérations. Ils sont déjà entrés dans la voie du progrès et de la prospérité, et nul doute que cette convention ne leur donne un nouvel élan.

St. Paul et Minnéapolis sont deux centres considérables, autour desquels sont groupés de nombreux établissements Canadiens. Ces deux villes possèdent chacune leurs journaux français, comptent plusieurs sociétés nationales et elles ouvriront, l'automne prochain, des écoles sous la direction des Sœurs de la Congrégation. Le projet de convention pour le mois de Mai témoigne hautement de l'intelligence et du sens pratique de nos compatriotes du Minnésota. N'ayant en vue que l'intérêt général, ils ne se sépareront que plus forts et plus unis que jamais, sûrs de mener à bonne fin la noble lutte qui s'est engagée depuis des siècles sur ce continent pour la conservation de notre nationalité.

Quelle admirable idée aussi que celle d'appeler le vénérable Evêque de Trois-Rivières, le plus ardent apôtre du patriotisme canadien, à assister à la convention de Minnéapolis. Il faut espérer que Mgr. Laflèche

n'écoutant que son amour pour ses compatriotes, se rendra à l'invitation qui lui a été faite, malgré ses nombreuses occupations, son grand âge et ses pénibles infirmités. Son nom seul, plus qu'aucun autre emblême, servira de ralliement à tout ce qui porte un nom français.

La démarche patrioque de nos frères du Nord Ouest trouvera-t-elle les Canadiens de l'Illinois indifférents et apathiques? Si nous ne nous joignons pas à eux, n'imiterons-nous pas plus tard leur exemple? N'est-il pas vrai qu'il y ait parmi nous un manque complet d'organisation générale? Tout n'est-il laissé à chaque centre, à chaque localité? Quel moyen avons-nous de nous réunir et de nous comprendre? Nous n'avons qu'un seul journal français et aucun organe religieux. Pourtant les Catholiques ont pour eux le nombre, l'intelligence et la fortune.

Que d'autres éléments, sources de force et d'union, ne nous font-ils pas défaut! Combien de paroisses n'ont pas encore d'écoles françaises?

Nous avons il est vrai une maison d'éducation supérieure, mais le nombre de nos compatriotes qui la connaissent est bien restreint; quel encouragement reçoit-elle de leur part? Cependant la nécessité de l'existence d'une semblable institution devrait s'imposer à l'attention de tous. Ne sont-ce pas des maisons de ce genre qui relèveront le niveau intellectuel de nos compatriotes, et qui placeront notre jeunesse sur un pied d'égalité avec celle des autres nationalités, tout en lui conservant son propre cachet?

Qui entreprendra de secouer la torpeur qui nous paralyse? Pourquoi quelqu'une des belles sociétés de Chicago ne prendrait-elle pas l'initiative d'un mouvement tendant a nous rapprocher, à nous doter de ce qui nous manque? Chicago est la grande métropole de l'Ouest, notre centre naturel. Nos compatriotes des Etats voisins du Michigan, du Wisconsin de l'Indiana, pourraient se joindre à nous. Chaque société, chaque paroisse enverraient des représentants.

Les membres du Clergé, qui ont toujours été pour la nation canadienne ce que Moïse fut pour le peuple Juif, prêteraient ici, comme ils l'ont toujours fait dans les conventions de l'Est, le secours de leur influence et de leurs lumières. Car ces réunions, sans leur présence, ne sauraient obtenir la confiance de nos populations: elles manqueraient de ce sceau, de ce caractère auguste qui seul peut les mettre à l'abri de toute attaque, de tout soupçon d'intérêt privé.

Quel travail fécond pour notre développement national ne pourrait pas alors être réalisé! Nous exprimons aujourd'hui une idée; nous croyons que c'est notre droit comme notre devoir. Recevra-t-elle un accueil bienveillant ou sera-t-elle rejetée comme inopportune? L'avenir le dira.

CUEILLETTES.

— Mai.

— Feuilles.

— Fleurs.

— Hirondelles.

— La gaité est sur toutes les figures.

— On rapporte du bois les plus fraîches cueilletes de fleurs pour l'autel de Marie.

— Ed. Caron vous attache déjà un paquet avec une grâce sans pareille. Il n'oublie pas le Collège et vient nous voir presque toutes les semaines.

— Mr. Joseph Bergeron est commis voyageur pour une maison de tabac à Détroit. Nous ne lui conseillons pas d'exhiber ses échantillons devant certains élèves.

— Vendredi dernier, Rev. D. Toomey a dit sa première messe au Collège. Après déjeuné, il a été serénadé par les élèves, qui ne sont retirés qu'après avoir obtenu un congé. Rev. D. McGrath est attendu bientôt. Il a dû chanter sa première messe à Lincoln.

— M.M. A. Labrie, A. Granger, P. Lesage, A. Rivard, et H. Legris parlent fortement d'assister à la grande célébration nationale du 24 Juin, à Montréal. Ils achèvent de tracer leur itinéraire. Ils visiteront les chûtes Niagara et les Milles Isles, sauteront les Rapides à Lachine, et après avoir séjourné pendant quelque temps à Montréal et à Québec, couronneront leur excursion par un voyage à Cacouna et au Saguenay. Ils ne leur restent plus qu'à obtenir le consentement des papas. C'est vraiment la *dernière chose* dont ces messieurs semblent s'occuper. Après toute une année de labeurs, n'ont-ils pas droit au repos? Cette promenade, dans les circonstances présentes, ne sera-t-elle pas pour eux toute une étude? Que de raisons d'un coté et combien peu d'objections de l'autre! O heureux mortels, vous êtes sûrs de votre coup!

VARIETES.

Le ridicule naît de l'absurde.

***

Qui multiplie la science, multiplie la douleur.

***

L'honneur parle, il suffit, ce sont là nos oracles.

***

Laissez dire les sots, le savoir a son prix. *Lafontaine.*

***

Les vieux fous sont toujours plus fous que les jeunes.

***

J'aime mieux ceux qui rougissent que ceux que pâlissent. *Caton.*

Which the hopeless fishers threw
In Gennesaret.
He blessed our going out,
Blessed too our returning;
Given us laden nets at night,
And fair wind in the morning.

Now good bye until my next. Remember me to all old friends and believe me &c.

T. L.

LOCALS.

— "Bogordus"

— What's the score?

— Let me have a shot.

— I'll "cork" it next time.

— Who will be the queen of May?

— What killed all the fish in the K. K. K.

— Gallet says he will leave the box for the season if things don't change.

— "Grande" Fox has returned from a trip to Manteno where he has been investigating the Presidential probabilities.

— The Cadets are daily increasing. Messrs. Kehoe, Hegler and Flynn have just donned the gray.

— The elocution of orators for the "Hagan Elocution Medal" took place last week. About twenty were chosen from the various elocution classes and we expect to hear some fine oratory soon.

— Be it known to all whom it may concern that we hold the *exclusive* agency for our own photographs and will sell them at the reasonable price of 25cts. a piece.

"Zooloos."

— Charles Brennan says the Shamrocks have a fine "assault and battery."

— We always thought the expression to "make a mash" was of recent date, but Frank Kehoe informs us that away back B. C. it was in good repute and in the records of those times it is written that Cleopatra a coy young damsel "made a mash" on a "dude" called Antony.

— Quinn has the inventor's fever again and is devoting all his time to the invention of a "dead shot" toy pistol.

— Be it known to the individual who disturbs our nocturnal reveries with the ravings of "Ho Emma" that a vigilance commitee will be appointed to take care of him if he persists in crucifying us with songs which breathe the decomposition of the "moss of ages."

— Frank Q——says he will not give *next* on any more of his novels. Lookout for other quarters Ed.

— Ed. Kniery is becoming quite poetic. The other day he gave forth his feelings in the following strains: When I saunter through the garden drinking in the sweetest music of the "birdlets" as they carol among the leaflets how my heart goes forward in the bubbling streamlets in admiration of the Omnipotent.

He bade me good bye with affectionate grace,
As his old pipe he left me to treasure,
A smile of delight lit up his face,—
A token of exquisite pleasure—
To the old sooty walls of the bowl I shall cling
As the last link that binds me to Mc—
The fumes of old Durham shall frequently spring
From its barrel like Hidden Gem sack.

The above are lines written on the departure of a friend who like another Mulcahy "left us all in pain."

— F. K——says there are only 47 days more till vacation.

— Among the visitors at the college this week who called around to shake hands with old and form new acquaintances we noticed the following:

Rev. Fr. Poulin, Montreal, Ca., Mr. and Mrs. P. Weil West Bend, Wis., Mrs. C. N. Adams Erie, Penn., Mrs. O'Keefe Chicago. E. J. Harrington Holland, Mich., A. Fortin Irwin, Ill., Mrs Finnegan, Chicago; Miss O'Donnell, Chicago; John McAuliffe of the Valparaiso Herald.

— The first of May dawned clear and bright and cheerful were all the students. The occasion of their rejoicing was the "grand congé" in honor of Rev. Fr. Coté. This his annual feast has been celebrated by the college for the past twenty five years nor is this small manifestation of gratitude undeserved, for if our college to-day can favorably compare with any educational institution in the state, if it has risen from a small parochial school to the rank of a chartered college we can, if not directly, at least, indirectly attribute it to the zealous open hearted Fr. Coté who resigned his parish in order that St. Viateur's community be established here, nor, has this been the only assistance which he has rendered us. Every year we have been the recipient of some favor from him and this year we must extend him our sincere thanks for the liberal donation to our library of six hundred volumes among which are the "Commentaria in Scripturam Sacram" in twenty three volumes.

—Messrs D. Toomey and D. McGrath were promoted to the sacred order of Priesthood on May 1st. by Most Rev. P. A. Feehan Archbishop of Chicago, in the cathedral of that city. Father Toomey will remain with us for the coming year, and will at the same time have charge of the mission at Sumner. Father McGrath will be stationed with Father Hodnett at St. Malachy's church, Chicago. These Rev. Gentlemen have done good work for this paper. We join with the Faculty and students of the college in wishing them length of years and happiness. With all their friends we say, "*Ad multos annos.*

BASE BALL.

The second game of ball between the Active and the Shamrocks took place on Friday afternoon; and after twelve innings of hard struggling, victory perched on the banner of the Actives. The game was one of the best ever played on the college grounds, and few errors were made, while from time to time brilliant plays brought forth rounds of applause from the spectators. It can be safely said, that had the grounds been in good condition the game would have been played without an error. The last five innings were indeed as fine as could be wished for, Baker and Fay both "striking out" the batters in one, two, three order, Sullivan and Bertrand both did good work behind the bat but one pass

ball being placed against each of them. Bertrand "doubled up" foul tips on first in splendid shape, the fielding of McAuliffe and Meagher was exceptionally fine. The following is the score:——

Actives	A	R	B	P	A	E	Shamrocks	A	R	B	P	A	E
Tierney 1b.	7	2	1	13	2	0	Sullivan c	6	1	1	5	6	1
Bertrand c	7	1	0	4	7	1	Moysant l f	6	2	1	0	0	1
Baker p	7	1	0	3	9	2	Hughes 2 b	6	0	2	4	1	1
Krause 3b	6	2	0	2	1	0	Fay p	6	1	0	2	10	1
Cusack 2b	6	2	0	4	1	1	McAuliffe s s	6	2	0	0	4	0
Rivard c f	6	1	0	0	0	1	Kniery 3b	6	1	0	3	1	0
Gallet s s	6	1	0	5	3	2	Park c f	6	1	0	3	0	2
Morrissey l f	6	0	1	2	0	0	Fox r f	6	0	0	3	0	3
Meagher r f	6	1	2	3	1	0	O'Conner 1b	6	1	0	16	4	1
Totals	57	10	4	35	23	7	Totals	54	9	5	36	29	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Actives	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	1 = 10
Shamrocks	0	0	1	0	4	1	3	0	0	0	0	0 = 9

Fox called out for walking to first on balls
Left on bases Shamrocks 8, Actives 10.
Struck out Fay 9. Baker 8.
Bases on Ball Shamrocks 2. Actives 3.
Pass Balls Sullivan 1. Bertrand 1.
Wild pitches Baker 2. Fay 1.
Term of Game 2h. 15m.
Umpire, Frank Quinn.

PERSONALS.

Emery Longtin '71 is doing business in Kansas City, Mo.

Hector Martin '74 is one of the prominent grocers of Concordia, Kansas.

Dan Concannon '76, who held a government position in Washington for some time, is still alive and flourishing in Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

Dan O'Donavan '79 is one of the efficient members of the Chicago Police Force. Dan will make a good officer and we expect to hear of his speedy promotion.

Ed. Lapolice '75 will spend the summer in Manteno. He has been living in Kansas and Colorado for some years and gives a flattering account of our western students. His visit to Alma Mater after a long absence was most enjoyable.

INNSBRUCK, April 26 '84.

DEAR JOURNAL:

A good excuse for my writing you so often is that I see you publish my letters and perhaps this one will prove interesting in May. The province of Ancona is the richest in natural scenery and most fertile in the various products of the South, in all Italy. The beautiful coast from Venice to Ancona along the Adriatic, has so many pleasing attractions as to almost enchant the traveller. The beautiful Adriatic so placid in the bright sunshine, the magnificent views of the picturesque Appenines, combine to charm the weary traveller and to make him forget his fatigue.

Loretto is one of the prettiest towns in the Marches of Ancona. Situated on an eminence overlooking the blue Adriatic and affording delightful views of the neighboring mountains it seems truly a fit place for the celebrated sanctuary of *our Lady of Loretto.*

Before describing the church and the principal attractions of the place, it may not be amiss to relate the history of the Santa Casa or Holy House of Loretto, as it is called. The house where the holy Family dwelt after their return from Egypt was a small and humble cottage at Nazareth. From the earliest days of Christianity it enjoyed the veneration of all christians on account of its having been for nearly thirty years, the dwelling place of the God Man. In the year of our Lord 336 St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, made a pilgrimage to Nazareth and caused a magnificent Basilica to be erected over the Santa Casa. After some centuries had elapsed this grand Basilica fell into decay owing to the incursions of the Mahometans until finally the Santa Casa was miraculously transported by Angel hands to a town called Fiume on the coast of Dalmatia in 1291.

Here it remained during the space of three years when it was again carried by angels, during the night, across the Adriatic to its present resting place then a field belonging to a widow called Laureta.

A SHRINE OF DEVOTION

A city arose on the spot, as if by magic, and was named after the pious widow Laureta, in modern Italian Loretto. Since that time Loretto has been one of the most celebrated pilgrimages of the world and millions of pilgrims visit it annually from all parts of the globe. The most renowned masters expended all their skill in order to beautify the noble Basilica, which was soon erected over the Holy House. Sculptors and painters flocked to Loretto, to make it, as far as it lies in human power, a fit resting place for the precious relic, so wonderfully placed there. The church is a magnificent and imposing structure but the style would be difficult to name or to describe. The present façade was erected by order of Sixtus V, a devout client of our Lady of Loretto.

An immense statue, in bronze, of this glorious Pontiff, almost overcomes one by the grandeur of its colossal proportions as he approaches the church, from the piazza or open space before the Basilica. Over the main entrance is a charming statue of the Mother of God with the divine Infant, larger than life. It is the work of the celebrated Italian sculptor, Girolamo Lombardo. The chief beauty of the exterior of this grand building are its massive bronze doors, three in number. They are a work of the finest art. The church contains many celebrated mosaics and paintings by such artists as Domenichino, Guido Reni &c.

SANTA CASA

The chief glory of the church, however, before which all others sink into insignificance, is the celebrated Santa Casa, which stands under the Dome.

The real walls of the Holy House are covered on the outside by a casing of marble.

Pope Leo X gave the order for its erection but it was not completed under him. Bramante is the author of the principal design, but the whole wall is covered with masterpieces of the most celebrated sculptors, that ever used the chisel. Most of them worked for no earthly remuneration, but this sublime creation is a grand monument to their noble and pious zeal for the beauty of God's house.

The scenes depicted on the marble are taken from the principal events in the life of our Saviour and His blessed Mother. The feeling, when one enters the Santa Casa, is one of conviction of the truth of the history of this sacred place. It is truly a holy spot.

I do not speak of my own experience alone, but of that of many. Even Protestants, who, before entering this venerable sanctuary were quite sceptical and disposed to treat the well authenticated history of the house, as a "Monkish superstition fit only for old women to listen to," confessed that the impression they received within the sacred walls was one of solemn conviction and openly declared their belief that this was really the house sanctified by the presence of Jesus Christ whilst on earth.

The interior of the Santa Casa is very simple and the walls are bare and in their original state except that the lower portion is worn smooth by kisses of millions of devout pilgrims. The house is very small and about as large as an ordinary room in one of our modern houses. It seems that in the time of our Saviour it was divided into two apartments. The altar now separates the one from the other; in lieu of the wall, which formerly existed. In the humble chamber in which the angel announced the great mystery of the Incarnation to our Lady, is an inscription to this effect: "Verbum caro *hic* factum est."

In a niche in the wall of this apartment is preserved a very ancient statue of the Madonna attributed to St. Luke. It is now quite black from age. It is decorated with jewels and all kinds of precious stones, which glitter in the light of innumerable lamps of the most precious metals, which burn day and night in this sacred shrine. Here is also preserved a dish which is said to bave been used by the Holy Family. It is covered with gold inlaid with precious stones. Objects of devotion are placed -herein to be blest.

NATIONS ENTONE MAGNIFICAT

There are always pilgrims in Loretto, but when I was there, it seemed as though all nations were represented. A Russo-Greek Bishop, Frenchmen, Austrians, Germans, Spaniards, Englishmen all animated by one motive to honor the Mother of God. Where can one find such unity outside of the Catholic Church? The Italian pilgrims make a lasting impression on the foreigner. Their devotion is so childlike and simple, their sweet chants in the soft Italian tongue, all, make the coldest heart, throb with emotion. Outside of the Church, Loretto's principal attraction is the Palazzo Apostolico, a former summer place of the Popes, but confiscated by the Piedmontese government. It contains some rare old paintings by the best masters. Near the Palazzo is the former Jesuit College, but owing to the expulsion of the Fathers the building is deserted and the youth of the place grow up wild and ignorant. The parting from Loretto is sad. One soon becomes attached to the place, rich as it is in natural beauty and religious associations.

But the impressions we receive there are carefully treasured and last a life time.

Eugene P. Turner.

We commend the attention of some of our exchanges, particularly, the "Horæ Scholasticæ" of Concord, N. H. to the article "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," in this issue of the JOURNAL. For a clear statement of facts furnished by Protestant authority, the article will repay perusal. Whilst we are far from thinking these arguments the only ones in our favor, as we have others in reserve from very bitter opponents of the Catholic Church, yet, we deem the article a sufficient and conclusive answer to some observations made in a recent number of the Horæ Scholasticæ. Fair play is an American trait and on the same line with the jewel truth. We are Americans, Gentlemen, and we love both. Perhaps you would too in a like degree, if you knew the truth we possess.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Blackburnian has come to hand this week from Carlinville Ills. We gladly place it on our list—Its columns are well filled with good reading matter—too local however to suit our taste. A greater variety of general subjects might be an improvement.

The Student from Cumberland University, Lebanon Tenn. is a very tasty College magazine. Its book-like get-up makes its appearance exceedingly attractive and convenient to carry about. Its columns are well stocked with choice literary essays on science, literature and art. Bro. Student you are welcome to our *Sanctum*.

We acknowledge the pleasure and instruction received from perusing the columns of the Western Catholic of Chicago and the Connecticut Catholic of Hartford. The abundance of sound literature these journals contain is worthy of liberal patronage.

"The Valparaiso Herald" under the able leadership

of Bro. McAuliffe is one of the foremost Irish Catholic papers in the Hoosier state. The editorial department is well conducted—the local notes are exceedingly spicy—while the scissor-clippings are well selected.

The La Salle Times under the editorial management of Bro. O'Connor is well conducted. The more we become acquainted with the "Times" the more we appreciate its contents—the more we admire the newspaper tact of our friend.

The Ann Arbor Index is performing a good work for the teaching body of the land. The many essays that appear in every issue relative to this or that method of instruction—pointing out the success or failure that may follow from the adoption of either, make the Index doubly interesting to all engaged in training the young idea how to shoot. "Milton's Satan" and "A plea for disciplinary studies" in the last number were well written papers.

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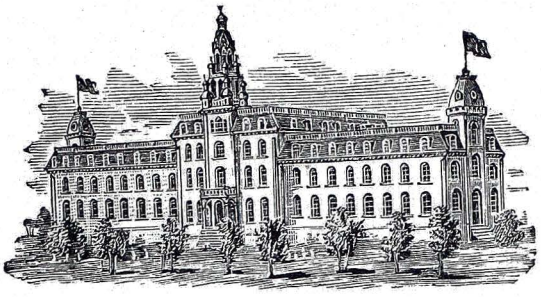

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