

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL. 805 V657 75- 6201

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.*

VOL. VI.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, June 9th, 1888.

No 1.

A. H. PIKE. JEWELLER.

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VOL. VI

BOURBONNAIS GROVE. ILL. SATURDAY, June 9th, 1888.

No 1.

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

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

EDITORIALS.

ADDRESSES, orations and music are in course of preparation for commencement day which from all appearances from within and from without, promises to be a day of brilliancy and interest unprecedented in the annals of St. Viateur's. Let us have a grand reunion and let it be a great feast!

* *

LAWYER Augustus A. Canavan '73, of Chicago, will answer in the name of the old students the address of welcome presented by the actual students of the College.

* *

WE RESPECTFULLY call the attention of our readers to the following letter of invitation, the purpose of which is to assemble the old students of the College on the 26th. and 27th. of June for the consummation of their plan to erect a memorial chapel in honor of Rev. Fr. Thomas Roy, C. S. V., the founder and first director of the College. The letter addresses itself to everyone who ever spent even but a short term at St. Viateur's in as much

as he is therefore beholden to Fr. Roy in the first place, for any and all the advantages enjoyed here. The circular is as follows:—

* *

DEAR SIR:—Upon invitation, a large and enthusiastic gathering of the old students of our "Alma Mater" assembled at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on the 16th. of May. The purpose of the meeting, as stated by the chairman, Rev. H. Boecklemann, was to make known our deep and abiding sense of gratitude to the late-lamented Fr. Roy—by a testimonial—such as would forever consecrate our affection to his memory and make lasting our appreciation of his character and worth. It was unanimously resolved after long discussion, that the proof of our affection would find permanent and worthy expression in the erection of a memorial Chapel dedicated to his name and commemoration of his virtues. To insure the success of the undertaking, it was decreed to call a meeting of the old students and well-wishers of the institution, to be held upon Commencement Day, June 26th., at St. Viateur's College.

For the purpose of securing the co-operation of all those interested, the undersigned Committee was appointed with instructions to request your presence at the aforesaid meeting.

We know full well that the motive of the gathering will have your heartiest sympathy as well as your strongest support. However, should you find it impossible to attend the meeting, please notify the Sec-Pro-Tem., Rev. G. M. Legris, at St. Viateur's College, Bourbonnais, Ill. in order that your approval of the good work may be signified and your assistance assured.

Rev. J. Lesage,
Rev. C. P. Foster,
Rev. J. Bollman,
Mr. A. A. Canavan,
Mr. J. Rafferty. } COMMITTEE.

PAPER READ BEFORE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY

By H. J. LEGRIS.

THE INQUISITION

Gentlemen:

The subject with which I've chosen to entertain you this evening is calculated to entertain you all as Catholic students and as witnesses of the marvelous advancement of the 19th. century. The age of which I am to speak stands in striking contrasts with the more humane manners and the more element practice of our times. Viewed from our stand-point and through the magnifying glass of our vaunted civilization the Spanish Inquisition seems almost worse than barbarian institution. And if we add to this common feeling, proceeding from our more refined period, the exaggerating testimony of prejudiced historians, we shall become not only convinced that the inquisition was not justifiable, but we shall condemn it as one of the most terrible curses that have ever afflicted a civilized country. As Catholics we are interested in knowing what its reality was, and how far it can be justified, since this Inquisition flourished in a Catholic country and under Catholic sovereigns.

We live in an age in which there still exists a great deal of the old-time antagonism between the Catholic faith and other beliefs, and every foulness that has been perpetrated in the name of religion is still thrown up at Catholics, to make them blush for a religion which could sanction such monstrous crimes. Catholics then must know how to answer the unjust imputations of their unscrupulous and lying accusers. They must be able to state facts as they are and to explain things in a clear way, so as to exculpate their creed and their co-religionists of past times in as much as they are excusable at least.

It would be a rash and useless task for me to attempt to justify all the workings of the Spanish Inquisition. That horrible, unwarrantable and uncalled for punishments were inflicted, cannot be denied. But it is also important in examining a question of another age, to transport ourselves to the times and scene, environments, character, etc., of the people; otherwise we shall always judge very unfairly.

Let us remember that circumstances alter cases.

It is true that, considered in themselves, the very names of the instruments used in the Inquisition are enough to make the blood curdle in a man's veins. But, as said before, when everything is taken into consideration, that is, the times, circumstances and principally the causes which led about to such practices, we may be inclined to think differently.

If we search the history of Spain before the Inquisition, we shall find that if such means had not been

resorted to in order to check the impending evils, the history of that country up to this day might have been but one long continued series of national and social disasters. A country has always the right to remove the dangers which threaten its existence.

The love of their religion and their country is what led the Spaniards to the establishment of the institution called the Inquisition. For fully eight centuries had there been troubles of all kinds in that country. From the year 711, when the Moors invaded Spain, to the conquest of Grenada, in 1402, struggles between these two nations had been continued with but little intermission. The Spaniards fought to defend their rights from the hands of those blood-thirsty invaders, whilst the Moors were only seeking the annihilation of that nation's liberty and the desecration of her altars.

After the conquest of Granada, the Moors were granted the free exercise of their religion, and, it was only after their lawless attempts to regain power, by conspiring with Infidel Jews and other heretics, that they were forced either to join the Christian religion or to leave the country. The same condition had been imposed upon the Jews, who, at this time, were even more odious to Spain than the Moors. But those Jews, after they were converted, were very often falling back into their old ways, and were anything but sincere. Although there had been a great deal of care taken, it was soon found out that most of those pretended converts were of the lowest class of hypocrites. In the conquest of Granada, they had entertained secret correspondence with the Moors. By constant usury and extortion upon the Spaniards, whom they called their countrymen, they soon became rich and gained ascendancy. And now profiting by the occasion which presented itself, they joined themselves to the Moors, and there was about to be a general insurrection, when there arose a man, Thomas de Torquemada, who, foreseeing the great dangers which were menacing his country, Spain, thought it no more than his duty to go and see his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and propose to them the advisability of the Inquisition. And it was in consideration of all these great things that the final decision of the great enterprise was given, and the edict for the banishment of the unfaithful was published and carried into execution by the Tribunal of the Inquisition.

The Inquisition was established by Ferdinand and Isabella, to assure the faith, union and happiness of their nation. As the King was the founder of this institution, he was the sole ruler of it. The Tribunal which was always composed of priests and workers, did not judge or condemn anyone, unless it had received an express command from the crowned heads.

That the institution was founded on right principles cannot be otherwise than true. For no king or sovereign

would act contrary to his own and his country's good. Again; we who live at the present day can only, at best, suppose the motives of those Catholic sovereigns, and it should be granted that the Spaniards knew more what to do for their country's good at that time than we who know almost nothing as to its necessity and reality. Those who say, however, that on establishing the Inquisition and on giving it the power to impose those tortures which are reported, the Spaniards were not justifiable, might as well say that the State of Illinois was not right in condemning those anarchists who had brought around so many riots and who were the cause of so many troubles and disturbances in the great city of Chicago. By the execution of the movers of those troubles, it was meant to secure peace and happiness to all those who love true liberty. The same it was with the Spaniards; they established the Inquisition in order to bar the evils whose shadows they already saw advancing at a distance. They would have been in the wrong, if they had not prepared themselves and given a check to discensions which might have occasioned the utter ruin of a country whose history had been, till then, one of the most glorious to the eyes of the world.

It is a great question among Protestants and Catholics, whether the Inquisition was more an ecclesiastical than a political institution. If we consider the profits which were derived from its sentences of confiscation, we shall find that they were handed over to the King, and not to those who composed the Tribunal. Again, if we consider what were the offenses that were the more often examined; we shall find that they were not only heresies, but more frequently they were crimes committed against the royal authority.

The tribunal had been established to look after and deliver to the hands of the civil authorities, both those who committed crimes against the Church and those who broke the laws or the state. But it could not condemn anyone to death; the guilty being notified, from 30 to 40 days of grace were given them, during which time they might repent, confess their faults, and submit themselves to religious penances. So, at the moment of repentance, the Tribunal of punishment became very mild, and the penances imposed were more of the spiritual than the civil character. But, on the contrary, if after those 30 or even 40 days had expired, they had not repented, then the tribunal handed them over to the King, and he was the one to judge as to the punishment they should suffer. In a word, all that it could do was to say "guilty" or "not guilty," and the royal authority acted in consequence; it could use its discretion and inflict heavy punishments, according to the measure of the guilt.

The establishments of the Inquisition came, it is true,

from the Pope's giving his consent at the earnest request of Ferdinand and Isabella. But how could he do otherwise in such situations? He had always been revered by those sovereigns and had always looked on them as some of his most faithful subjects. And, even then, after he had given consent, and saw that the Jews were compelled to suffer such severe torments, he regretted his action and issued a second Bull, by which he did not annul the first, but greatly modified the power of the Tribunal, and much restrained the powers of the Inquisitors. But this was vetoed by the Emperor then reigning, which shows how much authority the Pope had after the Inquisition had been started. All he could do, and did, was to deprecate the severity towards sinners, and those who had wandered from the true faith. Besides, he did all in his power to mitigate its severest ecclesiastical penalties, to force any of the Jews to be baptised against his will, or to offer any indignity to their persons, or injury to their property. The Catholic Church, through the Popes, did all in her power to restrain the execution of the Inquisition; and if it failed, it was on account of the times and temporal rulers.

Ferdinand himself once remarked that if the Tribunal possessed jurisdiction, it had derived it from the King. If we are to consider what some of the most severe Protestant historians say concerning the Inquisition, it shall be easy to determine what was their opinions as to the institution.

Leopold Ranke says: "The Inquisition was a royal court of judicature, only armed with ecclesiastical weapons." Another one says: "The Inquisition did not punish those who had the misfortune of relapsing into old error, but those who persisted in their faults. The first relapses were punished only by ecclesiastical penances; and the arms of the authorities were called only against repeated misdeeds. The principle of the Inquisition was to spare the blood whilst correcting the offences."

M. Guizot says: "It was at first more political than religious, and destined to maintain order, rather than to defend the faith."

What more may I bring to show you that the Inquisition was more a political than an ecclesiastical institution? That it was in spirit and tendency above all and altogether a political institution, and in consequence that its wrongs, cruelties, and persecutions belong to the history of Spain, and not to the Church.

The conclusion then, and the only conclusion which can safely be arrived at in this important question is, 1st. that the Inquisition was justifiable as a means of national preservation; that the great evils that threatened the Spanish state required a strong and an effective remedy; 2nd. that its origin is from civil and not from ecclesiastical authority; 3rd. that the office of clerics

in this tribunal was merely judicial—not executive; 4th. that the punishments inflicted have been monstrously and maliciously exaggerated; 5th. that the real abuse that men have made of an institution which in its principle was undoubtedly great and good, is rather a confirmation of the truism that men abuse the best things of God, than a condemnation of an institution founded by God to teach men to act wisely.

BY THE KANKAKEE.

THE RAVINE.

Come! let us rest on yon moss-cover'd ledge
That does so prominently from the edge
Of the ravine jut out; and let us view
The grim ravine's wild beauties, ever new.
A tiny stream, its limpid waters pours
Along the dark, uneven, rocky floors,
Its sweet, low song it sings from morn till night
From sunset till the dawn of morning's light.

Within each crevice in the walls' rough sides,
The moss as if in fear of danger hides;
Scores of bright blue-bells in the zephyrs swing
And seem, a chime for vesper prayer to ring;
The vines creep up to keep them company
And gently wave one bright, green, leafy sea;
While from the top, the trees their shades fling down
And fittingly this work of nature crown.

O what a ling'ring place for muses gay,
Or tricky elf or laughing, artful fay!
What a retreat for some gray-haired, old bard,
Or monk who shuns this world so cold and hard!
Here seated on his throne placed in a grotto rude,
King of this rock-bound place reigns Solitude.
No shrieks, no cries, no noises harsh are heard
Naught save the gurgling rill or some wild bird.

L. Falley.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

Have you a poet's soul or a musician's ear,
An eye that can admire all beauty's fairy forms,
An ear that can delight in harmonies that ring
When Nature, glad and free, salutes with hymns of
birds

And sweet incense of roses the coming of the morn?

Then come along with me, near by the Kankakee,
A most romantic stream that through the woodland
flows.

And there we'll find a nook so like the Eden lost

That even the Red men, to judge of grace untaught,
By instinct did call it "Their Happy Hunting
Grounds."

The perfume-scented air inebriates the sense—
The sun-kissed blossoms breathe such fragrance over
all;

The violet spangled green stretches afar its sheen
And the refreshing shade invites us to remain
And rest in ecstasy within this fairy land.

Oft have I seated me beneath a favorite oak,
When weary of my tasks—and in the sweetest rest,
Surrendered all my soul unto the gentle spirit
Which haunts the very air, the trees, the flower and all
That doth speak to the soul in this poetic nook.

There then betake yourself, if sadness or fatigue
Ever possess your heart—and you will find a balm
That gently heals these ills: Greek roots and too much
rule.

Sit by the lipping wave—bask in the warm sunrays
List to the piping birds—drink in the healing scent.

Louis.

[This is from the unfinished poems of the author
who did not survive the effort—Will the scribbling
confraternity inform us whether it is at all pardonable
to write *unrhymed stanzas*? Eds.]

A VACATION DREAM.

It was nearing the dawn of last Tuesday morning as
I lay at anchor on my downy couch, that the following
panorama passed before me in all its visionary grandeur:
I imagined that vacation so long and eagerly looked for
had come at last. Again I found myself in Chicago,
enjoying its busy sights and balmy (?) breezes. (St.
Louis Papers please copy). I had already visited the
Chicago river, the Stock yards, and Lincoln Park for
which Chicago is so justly celebrated and it was during
one of these pleasant trips that I met with incidents
herein recorded.

I was walking down State St. very leisurely, taking
in the big crowds and bigger feet when my attention
was suddenly attracted by two flying figures on the
opposite side of the street who were running for dear
life. I looked closely and found one to be Garibaldi
who "sells de banana," the other no other than our
friend McCarthy. I was anxious to know the particulars
and made inquiries of a by-stander, who informed me
that "Mac" had *borrowed* a banana, a familiarity which
Victor Emmanuel did not seem to appreciate, hence the
sudden desire of both men to go to Lincoln Park.

I was about to turn away when I stumbled upon a dispeptic looking fellow in whom I recognized our famous bugler "Stubby" Adams. He had bought a regular bugle with which he intended to torment us during the coming year. He was going to see a mass "he said, wot said dat now," I believed him and after a short conversation, he became less, so did my tobacco.

I walked down Madison street and had not gone far when my attention was called to a sign which read: "Gospel Meeting conducted every evening at 7.30 by Tascott the reformer." I learned that Tascott having had all the fun he desired with the Chicago Police, had finally started a branch of the Salvation Army and was doing great work. He had converted three policemen and was now after the Mayor. I made arrangements to attend the catastrophe in the evening. I went over as far as the Tribune Building when I stopped to read the bulletins and I noticed Mr. Medill coming out of the office in company with Mike McDonald, they were going over to Central Music Hall to assist in the arrangements for a Grand Mass meeting of the Prohibitionists, which was to come off next day.

I concluded to go up on the North Side, and strolled along North Clark as far as Chicago Avenue without seeing or hearing anything of importance. I turned west on the avenue and had gone but a short distance, when I heard a cry for help coming from an alley. I looked in the direction from which the cry came and at some distance up I saw a bundle of humanity piled up against the fence. As I saw no one around I thought I would go to the assistance of the poor wretch. I walked in and was astonished to see the redoubtable Stafford. Oh! Billy, said I, you look rather delapidated; what's the matter? He only replied "Dat's alright. I guess if you tried to harness up a *cashmere goat* you'd look broke up too".

I consoled him as best I could and induced him to get up and dust himself. I found his clothes badly torn and also that he had received a deep wound in the———imagination which would be soon healed. He looked a great deal worse than he really was, which by way is his case at all times. Just then one of those famous Chicago policemen came around when everything was over. He tried to make us believe we were drunk and we would soon have been if he had kept close to us. He threatened to "run us in" if he found us raising any more noise.

He gave us a lecture on the evils of intemperance and finally let us go. We goed.

I saw "Staff" safely home and there left him. He said he would take me out riding only de horses had de epizootic; but he added I'll give you a box of cigars and dat'll make it up.

I had not gone far when I met our beloved Prefect of

Discipline, Rev. M. A. Dooling, C. S. V., who was making his annual call on the students and their parents. He invited me to have some ice-cream to which I consented, and we started in search of the agonizer. After partaking of all the good things in *Knightly* fashion we bade each other good-bye as the Rev. Father had plenty of work and not much time.

As I found myself near the Bridge again I concluded to go over on the South side. I started out and found the bridge open of course and all the boats on Lake Michigan ready to go through. After waiting a week or less the bridge closed up and the crown closed in. When I got to the middle the bridge was packed with people.

Suddenly I felt a heavy rocking and a sinking motion, then a crash and down we went—or rather I went, for I had fallen out of bed and had struck the floor endways. I remembered all my adventures. I remembered also the *gravy* I had had for breakfast the previous morning and to this I traced all my misfortunes.

BASE BALL; OLD AND NEW.

Like everything modern Baseball has undergone great changes; changes too so radical that the veterans can barely recognize in it any vestiges of the old one horse game of the "sweet used to be".

Base Ball is not the oldest game by a long count; we can find no trace of its existence during the reign of Potatus Augustus Caesar, or any other Bostonian, yet we venture to say with all assurance of the party organ on the *other* side that it is the most popular, best played and most scientific field-game in vogue to day, errors and omissions excepted.

Some say, having no other authority I blame it on *him*, that the game sprang from *two-old-cat*. Perhaps it did. Who cares? "A man is not a horse because he's born in a stable."

Like our beautiful and glorious country, base ball had small beginnings, but this only makes its present growth the grander, and strikingly shows the energy and superior ability that Americans put forth even in their games. Politicians beware! This preceding eruption is personal property. You may call around and get the *volcano*, but the *lava* is secured by *international* copyright.

Now let us examine the national games of the principal nations of the world and having found the strong and weak points of each let us coolly turn the rays of our intellectual headlights full upon them that we may see them dry up and blow away.

Now there's England, big country with big people,

so big that Englishmen are called Johnie Bulls, I never thought that bulls were such mighty creatures. Well England plays cricket—not that cricket that sings in every corner or the one you throw sofa at, but a regular game of ball, with that nice name—Cricket. Its a good game for old soldiers or people with one leg, but for people who have any of the other faculties left over it's no use. Why, I believe that there is not a policeman in Chicago or a hotel-keeper in St. Louis mean enough to play cricket.

Here's the way you do it. You get a suit—just like a base baller, then you borrow six canes; there will always be enough dudes on the ground for that purpose. Now take three canes and stick them in the ground close together, then lay two toothpicks on top of them, and the first house is built. Now that the corner stone is laid, work continues without interruption till the barricade is finished. Having finished the wickets you go over to the nearest fence and borrow a fence board, that is if you haven't brought an oar along, and with a ball you will be about ready to begin operation. Now during the game if you knock a toothpick off the canes (and it makes no difference whether it was yours or Judge Gresham's) you will be—well I don't know how much, but I think the sentence is light; people who play cricket are never very cruel.

Well that's cricket as I see it; perhaps I don't see clear, some people say I could'nt see a barn—but any how, *taint much*.

Now in France, which according to French-men is the greatest country in the world not excepting Ohio, what do they play? Oh, they play King and president and they get tired of their *Grevy* just the same as we do. From the latest *camelograms* I have received from J. G. Blaine the national game of France is president.

Now go to Italy and see them play their national game; you'd get tired before the second inning. They just play the hand organ, that's All. They used to play the *lyre* but that weapon is now wielded exclusively by American tourists, especially, by old presidential timber.

Now what's the use of tramping all over Europe looking for games to criticise? Why ours is the grandest, the biggest, the greatest game on earth not excepting croquet.

And oh! how expressive the language in which we give vent to our enthusiasm, particularly when the umpire decides against us. The dandy papers supply these expressions by *dashes*. I had better also. Now when circumstances conspire to hinder you from attending a game of ball, with what feverish anxiety do you not wait for the scores? And when a friend tells you that "Tilaire" made an elegant base hit followed by a beau-

tiful threebagger by Mr. Sullivan, that Boston pounded Chicago all over the field, while Chicago fanned out every time; when you hear all this how glorious you feel!

Now this is no every day language, just as base ball is not an every day game, consequently only the Elite can make a good translation of the description of a game of ball, now-a days.

Oh! beautiful game that brings so many happy hours to youth, and broken fingers to players; that has brought out the *umpire* and \$10,000 beauties, that gives exercise to the student and keeps him from being sent to free study. Great game, worthy sport of a nation, your destiny is secure! You shall continue to fill our fields with athletes and our hospitals with cripples. May your glorious career run smoothly on till the placid brow of this young Republic is furrowed with the wrinkles of Time's ruthless hand and tottering under the weight of years she shall sink into the peaceful sleep her long centuries of useful toil have earned.

A-mature.

POWER OF MIND

(The following is extracted from Bishop Spalding's oration pronounced at the laying of the corner stone of the Catholic University in Washington.)

To strive to attain truth, under whatever form, is to seek to know God; and yet no ideal can be true for man unless it can be made minister to faith, hope, and love, for by them we live. Let us, then, teach ourselves to see things as they are, without preoccupation or misgivings, lest what is should ever make it impossible for us to believe and hope in the better yet to be. Science and morality need religion as much as thought and action require emotion; and beyond the utmost reach of the human mind lie the boundless worlds of mystery where the soul must believe and adore what it can but dimly discern. The Copernican theory of the heavens startled believers at first; but we have long since grown accustomed to the new view, which reveals to us a universe infinitely more glorious than aught the ancients ever imagined. We do not rightly see either the things which are always around us or those which for the first time are presented to our eyes; and when novel theories of the visible world, which, in some sense, is part of our very being, profoundly alter our traditional notions, the mind is disturbed and over-clouded and the lapse of time alone can make plain the real bearing of the new learning upon life, upon religion and society. There can be no doubt but increase of knowledge involves incidental evils, just as the progress of civilization multiplies our wants; but the wise are not, there-

fore, driven to seek help from ignorance and barbarism. Whatever the loss, all knowledge is gain. The evils that spring from enlightenment of mind will find their remedy in greater enlightenment. Such, at least, is the faith of an age whose striking characteristic is confidence in education. Men have ceased to care for the bliss there may be in ignorance, but those who dread knowledge, if such there still be, are as far away from the life of this century as the dead whose bones crumbled to dust a thousand years ago.

HOW THE BASIS OF EDUCATION HAS CHANGED.

The aim the best now propose to themselves is to provide, not wealth or pleasure, or better machinery, or more leisure, but a higher and more effective kind of education, and hence, whatever one's preoccupation, whether social, political, religious, or industrial, the question of education forces itself upon his attention. Pedagogy has grown to be a science, and chairs are found in Universities to expound the theory and art of teaching. The learning of former times has become the ignorance of our own; and the classical writings have ceased to be the treasure-house of knowledge, and in consequence, their educational value has diminished. Whoever, three hundred years ago, wished to acquaint himself with philosophy, poet or eloquent expression of the best that was known, was compelled to seek for it in the Latin and Greek authors; but now Greek and Latin are accomplishments chiefly; and a classical scholar, if unacquainted with modern science and literature, is hopelessly ignorant. "If any one," said Hegius, the teacher of Erasmus, "wishes to learn grammar, rethoric, mathematics, history, let him read Greek;" and in his day this was as true as it is false and absurd in our own. In the Middle Ages Latin was made the ground-work of the educational system, not on account of any special value it may have been supposed to possess as a mental discipline, but because it was the language of the learned, of all who spoke or wrote on questions of religion, philosophy, literature and science; but now, who that is able to think dreams of burying his thoughts in a Greek or Roman urn? The Germans in philosophy, the English in poetry, have surpassed the Greeks; and French prose is not inferior in qualities of style to the ancient classics; and in wealth of thought and knowledge so far excels them as to exclude comparison.

EDUCATION MEANS KNOWLEDGE AS WELL AS TRAINING.

The life of Greece and Rome, compared with ours, was narrow and superficial; their ideas of nature were crude and often grotesque; they lacked sympathy; the Greek had no sense of sin; the Roman none of the mercy which tempers justice. In their eyes the child was not holy, woman was not sacred, the slave was not man. Their notion of liberty was political and patriotic merely; the human soul, standing forth alone, and appealing from States and Emperors to the living God, was then

a scandal. Now literature is the outcome of a people's life and thought, and the nobler the life the more enlightened the thought, and the more valuable will the expression be; and since there is greater knowledge, wisdom, freedom, justice, mercy, goodness, power, in Christendom now than ever existed in the pagan world, it would certainly be an anomaly if modern literature were inferior to the classical. The ancients, indeed, excel us in the sense of form and symmetry. There is also a freshness in their words, a joyousness in their life, a certain heroic temper in their thinking and acting, which gave them power to engage the emotions; and hence to deny them exceptional value is to take a partial view. But even though we grant that the study of their literature is, in certain respects, the best intellectual discipline, education, it must be admitted, means knowledge as well as training; and though training is something more than refined taste. It is strength as well and ability to think in many directions and on many subjects. Nothing known to men should escape the attention of the wise, for the knowledge of the age determines what is demanded of the scholar. And since it is our privilege to live at a time when knowledge is increasing more rapidly even than population and wealth, we must, if we hope to stand in the front rank of those who know, keep pace with the onward movement of mind. To turn away from this outburst of splendor and power to look back to pagan civilization or Christian barbarism, is to love darkness more than light. Aristotle is a great mind, but his learning is crude, and his ideas of nature are frequently grotesque. St. Thomas is a powerful intellect, but his point of view, in all that concerns natural knowledge, has long since vanished from sight. What poverty of learning does not the early scheme of education reveal, and when in the twelfth century the idea of a university rises in the best mind, how incomplete and vague it is! Amid the ruins of castles and cathedrals, we grow humble and think ourselves inferior to men who thus could build; but they were not as strong as we, and they led a more ignorant and a blinder life; and so, when we read of the great names of the past, the mists of illusion fill the skies, and our eyes are dimmed by the glory of clouds tinged with the splendors of a sun that has set....

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR,

—THE 26th.—

- 1st. Closing of student's retreat by Mass and Communion.
- 2nd. Distribution of premiums for the Minims.
- 3rd. Civic and Military reception of Most Rev.

Archbishop Feehan by the College Battalion and Faculty.

4th. Dinner.

5th. Commencement exercises at 2 o'clock.

6th. Departure of actual students.

7th Supper.

8th Academy Exercises at 8 P. M.,

—27th,—

1st Mass for our Dead at 8 A. M.

2nd. Oration—"Our Dead."—

3rd. Business meeting at 9.30 A. M.

4th. Banquet at 12 M.

5th. Speeches—"Our First Director;" "The Old Students;" "The College, Its Past;" "The College, Its Future."

NOTICE.

Those intending to be present at the reunion are requested to signify their intention to the college authorities.

Eds.

The Boy and the Soldier.

A soldier was on his way to the barracks, one afternoon, when he saw a ragged little boy about ten years old, crying bitterly. After looking at him for a short time the soldier asked him why he cried so; the little lad replied that his father and mother were dead and he came from the country to find something to do but got lost. The soldier listened to him, and began thinking how he would like to bring him up a smart man. The little fellow didn't like his silence, so he said, if you don't believe me write to my parish priest he will tell you. The soldier wrote to the priest and received the answer to send him back, but the soldier replied that he would keep the boy. So in a few days he took the boy to a college and gave him in special charge to the priest, and told him to watch him closely and teach him all he could and that he would pay him well for it. The priest assured him that he would do his best. The soldier on returning home stopped at a church and went up to the statue of the Blessed Virgin and prayed and prayed to her asking to care for the boy and give him a kind heart and said that the boy would be hers. In a year after the soldier returned to see his adopted son and the director of the college seeing him went out to meet him and he told him that his boy was the worst case in the house and set a very bad example to the others and that he could not keep him any longer.

The soldier begged the priest to keep him another year and so the boy was to remain at college. The soldier went home feeling very sad, went to the same church and prayed to the Blessed Virgin and asked her why

she did not take care of the boy as he requested her to do. He said if she did not take care of him he would never pray to her again, but that if she granted his petition he would be her servant forever, and he then went his way. When he returned the director told him that his boy was the best in the house. The soldier returned to the church and thanked the Blessed Virgin and told her that indeed he would never cease to pray for her and that boy was hers. The little fellow became a learned and useful man and the comfort of his kind guardian.

Fred Westney,

4th. Grammar.

BAYONET POINTS.

Who will take the "Three M." Medal?

The theoretical examination in tactics took place on the 7th.

The encampment in spite of the unpleasant weather was enjoyed by all.

The ammunition boxes served as candy pouches for the cadets on Decoration Day.

Our Drum Corps joined the K. K. K. Drum Corps in the procession and say they had a good time.

Through the kindness of Capt. Courtright the boys enjoyed an hour's rest in the Armory of Co. H.

The Memorial Services held at Camp Cleveland on Decoration Day were very impressive. The eulogy by our Rev. chaplain Fr. Rivard was really grand.

The Judges for the Prize Drill will be Capt. Ford of the Chicago Zouaves, Capt. Courtright of Co. H. 4th. Inf. I. N. G., and Rev. Fr. Mahoney.

The only active duty during camp was to repel the attacks made by the strangers armed with eggs. Suffice it is to say they were easily routed and dared not return.

The D. K. of S. through the kindness of the Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Dooling, enjoyed a pleasant trip up the Kankakee river, last week. After dinner base ball, jumping and other sports were indulged in.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

We have received from N. D. C. Hodges, 47 La Fayette place N. Y., a copy of World-English, a neat pamphlet devoted to the interests of this new universal language. The whole system is plainly exposed and to those interested in the spread of an international language, this little book will prove very interesting. Price Twenty-five cents.

We acknowledge the receipt of a copy "Political Economy" by Francis A. Walker. (N. Y. Henry Holt & Co.)

Table Talk for June is a pleasing and readable number. There are many good articles and a very unique and interesting puzzle relative to the Shakespere Donnelly controversy. For the solution of which a beautiful set of Shakespear's Works is offered. Table Talk, Pub. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

THROUGHOUT THE PLAY GROUND.

- Commencement Day the 26th!
- Alumni meeting the 26th. & 27th!
- Oh!! is'nt it lovely???
- Hot weather can't settle.
- The Bourbonnais cadets presented a fine appearance in the procession Wednesday.
- The Seminarists' plain-chant class is a success; their way of rendering mass and vespers on Pentecost day was quite a treat. Thanks.
- The good news reach us that Dan Cahill, '87, has obtained a good position at Armour & Co's Packing Houses as Weigh-master of the establishment.
- Major H. J. Legris is the orator for commencement day and will speak on the "American Constitution and Civilization."
- First communion of the minim class took place last Sunday the recipients being Masters E. Monast, Maurice and Bernie O'Connor, Richard Bradley, Joe Boughen and Paul Populorum. *K. K. K. Democrat.*
- The First Communion class with their Prof. C. H. Ball and Rev. E. L. Rivard enjoyed a picnic in the woods last Sunday.
- The Fete Dieu was the most brilliant feast ever witnessed in Bourbonnais village for many years. There were upward of 1500 people from the neighboring towns. Band with civic and military bodies from K. K. K. St. Anne and Bourbonnais made a fine display.
- Rev. James Shannon of Bloomington, Ill., witnessed the boys' parade in Kankakee decoration day and spent the next day with us.
- Rev. G. M. Legris and Rev. J. Lesage went to Chicago, Thursday, May 31, in the interest of the alumni meeting to be held June 26 and 27.
- Lawyer Aug. Canavan has been invited to respond to the address of actual students to the old ones.

AN ELOQUENT EVENING.

Tuesday, June the 5th, the elocution contest for the Hagan Medal took place amid much emphasis and much variety of gestures. Never perhaps since the fine art of speaking well, has been so magnificently encouraged and the encouragement so duly appreciated, have we been served a more varied and really more excellent and relishable elocutionary feast. It was by no means a contest of a few weak and timid amateurs with one far superior to to them all, but an equal and hard-fought fight for the first place and the crown. The beauty of the contest and the very especial interest it aroused in the audience was precisely this evenness and at the same time this excellence of the forces competing. One of the notable points in the boys oratory this year is the amount of dramatic action they've learned to throw into their

pieces—an element which fairly raised their utterances from the commonly uninteresting, because artless, grounds of mere declamation to the higher plain of real drama so instinct with life and impressiveness.

The Judges were very Rev. C. Fournier C. S. V. of Chicago, Rev. J. Daly, and Hon. ex-Senator H. K. Wheeler, of Kankakee.

Before and during the entertainment music was furnished by the orchestra and our obliging and able young violinist, J. Wagner. The programme was in the following order.

King Richard III.....	Wm. Shea.
Spartacus to the Gladiators.....	D. O'Leary.
Boys' Sermon.....	Ph. Boisvert.
The Bell at Greenwood.....	Fr. Dillon.
Marmion & Douglas.....	J. Condon.
The Blue and the Grey.....	W. Tynan.
The Doge's Curse of Venice.....	Julius Rivard.
King Robert of Sicily.....	J. O'Callahan.
Bill Mason's Ride.....	R. Bradley.
New Year's Eve.....	Arcade Besse.
The Leap for life.....	Armand Granger.
Sleighting Song.....	Pat. Moran.
Hiawatha.....	D. McNamara.
Regulus to the Carthaginians.....	P. Granger.
No Flowers on Papa's Grave.....	Joe. Boughen.

— Rev. Fr. Alf. Bélanger, C. S. V., formerly in our midst, but now at the head of the Deaf and Dumb Institute in New-York City, now attends to the spiritual needs of the same afflicted people of the city of Philadelphia. He goes to that city once a month on Sunday, and the Rev. Bro. Champagne, C. S. V., tends to them on the other Sundays.

— The young boys and girls of the parish, about fifty in number, are now on retreat to make their First Communion on the 16th. inst. in the Maternity Church. Their conduct is edifying and we may believe that they realize to an extent the importance of the great action they are to perform. Happy children, may that day be the happiest of your life.

— In one of his poetic moods musical Peedie inscribed among others the following lines to the "old boy's" reunion:

"To speak of by-gone joys, what pastime rare!
The thought is touching, and a heart is hard
That feels not at its touch. Look round and see
The seats on which you tried your graving skill,
The very names you carved subsisting still....
The desks on which you wrote while deep employed
Through changes few have been, yet not destroyed
The little ones, coats off, have not forgot
Playing your games and on the same old spot
Pitching the ball over the base, or to draw
The chalking ring and knuckle down at law."

— The Knights of the sword accompanied by their Rev. Spiritual Director enjoyed a picnic near the Riverview Hotel last Thursday.

— Rev. Z. Bérard, of St. Anne, Ill., chatted with us last week.

— The boys' marching in K. K. K. was the attraction. Three cheers for the living cadets! Hip—Hip—

— The Corpus Christi Festival, one of the greatest in the Catholic church, was duly observed at Bourbonnais on Sunday last, and it was a great day for the Village. Early in the day people, both Catholic and Protestants, but principally the former, thronged in, and soon the streets were full of people. There was mass at 8 o'clock, and at 10:30 o'clock the great auditorium and galleries of Maternity church were packed to their utmost capacity. The church was most handsomely decorated in and around the altar, and diagonally across the body of the church, above the galleries, beautifully colored streamers were stretched, and the effect was very fine. Then there were four other altars erected and handsomely decorated in different parts of the Village, one at the college, one at the residence of Antoine Bergeron, the third at the convent, and the fourth, the most beautiful of all, at the residence of Father Beaudoin.

Immediately after the service at the church, the procession formed, and it was a magnificent procession composed of from 600 to 1000 persons. There were three bands, St. Rose's French band, from this city, the Star band from St. Ann, and Bourbonnais band. St. Viateur's Cadets also took part in the procession, and there were good representations from the two Catholic Orders of Foresters and St. Joseph's society of this city, and Maternity court I. C. O. F. of Bourbonnais. With beautiful banners, flags, streamers, music, etc., and accompanied by singing, the ringing of both church and college bells, this imposing procession marched from altar to altar, holding a short service at each. *K. K. K. Times.*

— Invitations are being issued for the marriage of W. F. Goitra, of Indianapolis, Indiana, son of Miss P. Sanasack, of this city, and Miss Laura Rust, of Bloomington in this state. The happy event will take place June 12. (*K. K. K. Times.*)

— There is now an extra train from Chicago to Kankakee and back, known as the Riverview express. Leaves Chicago at 5 P. M. and K. K. K. at 7 A. M.

— We regret very much to state that Rev. James Kehoe of St. Anne's Church, West Covington, Ky., has been for some weeks past seriously ill. We pray for his speedy recovery.

— Fr. Shannon, who intends to organize a Zouave corps in Bloomington has secured the services of Sergeant J. Condon as military instructor. We are sure that Jas. is competent for the work and hope the Zouaves will flourish as the cadets here.

— Rev. J. Beucler C. S. V., of the Graduating class, will deliver the address of welcome to the former students and Faculty.

— Mr. Charles Gross, of the Commercial course will give the Farewell Address.

— Rev. Fr. Rouquer, late of Indian Territory, is now in charge of the Papineau mission.

— The picnic is now engaging the attention of the committee on arrangements.

— Delagetaes from the several French Canadian villages in the neighborhood meet Teusday next in Kankakee to elect their representatives to the Nashua General convention.

— Patrick Keating of What Cheer, Iowa, and Miss Jo. O'Grady of Kewanee became one person in the Catholic church last Monday morning as announced by the Star last week. Father F. C. Duffy officiated, while James Hogan and Miss Julia O'Shea stood guard. The marriage party paced into the church and up to the altar to the sound of music and of song. A large number of the friends of both the bride and the groom was present. After the ceremony, congratulations came thick, admiring friends called at the home of James O'Grady, head quarters of the excitement, and happiness reigned supreme. On Tuesday night the young couple departed for their new home in What Cheer, Iowa, followed by the kind regards and fondest hopes of many a true friend.

Kewanee Star.

— Joe Hunt, the local news prince of Kewanee, has started a dollar paper. It is well-named, for Joe's genius shines forth in its columns with exceeding great lustre. We welcome the Star to our exchange list.—
(Tiskilwa Chief.)

— Our Rev. Chaplain delivered an earnest and stirring oration at our memorial service Wednesday, May the 30th. It was patriotic and sentimental and went straight to its aim. The Rev. speaker dwelt on the priceless boon of American citizenship—Which was preserved for us as the precious and rich heritage of our forefathers, by the braves whom we commemorate this day—a heritage of political rights and liberties, of social and religious advantage such as are enjoyed by the inhabitants of no other country under the sun. If we may still call ourselves citizens of a great republic it is because we are citizens of a united people—and we are a united people because our Union was shielded and made secure by the heroes of our late great strife. Thence came the conclusion of our deep indebtedness to those who have so dearly purchased this boon; purchased it at no less a cost than their lives;—hence the fittingness of our present duty of paying our debt of gratitude to their memory. The eloquent address concluded with a beautiful prayer during which all knelt, and to which all answered Amen.

One of the most pleasing varieties introduced into our college career was the late camp life, with its gay and enlivening scenes—also new—its fulness and complication of military manœuvres, its music, and last but by no means least—its real military mass upon the field, with its significant and impressive music of bugles, music of drums, music of choir, band music and music of fire arms. Oh! how it thrills with a tingling sense of an awful solemnity that discharge at the elevation!—Unquestionably, for any one that can feel, that moment is one of the most powerfully poetical situations. The sun, God's taper, sheds his first rays over the dew-decked prairies; the young leaves lisp in the morning breeze, the bird orchestra hymns its swelling tunes, the flag of a great nation inclines, Christians kneel and pray—and God comes down from Heaven. Isn't it grand!

EXCHANGES.

Let a man learn how to learn and his education is complete.

A certain schoolmaster used to tell his scholars that they came there to "study how to learn," and that was all they could acquire in the way of knowledge from him. Once let a man "learn how to learn," and his education is complete. He will continue to acquire a certain kind of knowledge as long as he lives.

The technical school is a first-rate place for a man who desires mechanical and scientific knowledge, but such a school is by no means the only place wherein such knowledge may be acquired. Rather than ask where and when knowledge is to be acquired, better ask where a man can be and not learn something new. Go where one will, ideas are always occurring, and a good idea can be followed up to a good item of knowledge.

Take for the purpose of illustration a young man who has just obtained a job in a machine shop. He sees a hundred things unknown, and not understood, which will come in contact with him in his every day life. If the young man has any of the mechanic in him, his mind instantly sets itself at work to study out the reasons for the things he sees around him.

There lies the parts of a steam engine, with cylinder, valves, crank and eccentric in full view. Here is the shop engine in good running order. This young man has never seen the inside of a steam engine before, but now his mind asserts itself, and it is not many hours before he has studied out a more or less complete theory of the steam engine and its action.

While this man is investigating the steam engine, a hundred other matters present themselves to be understood. Our man has got to thinking. He is using his brains for the purpose for which they were given him, and the very act is that of obtaining knowledge.

A man's brains are given him to use, and if he will only let them work, he has nothing further to do in the way of acquiring knowledge.

Some new thing is seen. The brain straightway demands an investigation, and seeks to know why and wherefore, and casts about for means for finding out all there is regarding the new subject. It might well be said that the brain of a wise man was made of interrogation points and the power of using them, for in asking questions, obtaining answers and using them is about all "learning" amounts to.

There is one thing pretty sure. A man needs to be particular in what knowledge he acquires. The kind obtained while looking at a gas lit through the bottom of a beer mug is worth just about as much as the knowledge gained while punching billiard balls through six feet of cigar smoke, or in trying to shake a full hand of sixes for the drinks.

This kind of knowledge can be acquired just as easy as can that of mechanical things, but "it don't pay." A man will not eat peanuts, shells and all, neither should he take in all the knowledge he comes across, irrespective of its worth. Let a man learn but let him be careful what he tries to learn about, or he will sometimes wish for ignorance instead of knowledge.—*Boston Budget*.

"Strikes" in the N-W. College Chronicle, for May, has a great many pleasing thoughts but the writer failed to keep to the point. In the beginning we are led to think that "labor strikes" are the only thing in question, but as we progress, we find every strike from a railroad to a baseball strike is considered. Among other "strikes" the Revolution is set forth. Certainly the Revolution was a grand strike if you please, but we hardly consider it as illustrating the strikes of the present day, and surely the means taken by the participants would not be good ones to propose to strikers. We are afraid that "Strikers" have received no great exposition at the hands of the writer or has any cure for the evil been set forth. The piece contains many fine expressions and shows sympathy and fine feeling on the part of the writer but as a whole it is far short of what the subject might lead one to expect.

The Fordham Monthly has dedicated its May issue to the memory of the late John G. R. Hassard, one of the distinguished alumni of Fordham College. It was a thoughtful and worthy tribute to the illustrious dead whose rare christian virtues and exalted manhood well deserved the many eulogies bestowed upon by the Press secular and religious.

We have received many other exchanges which space does not allow us to mention at length. Among them are: *Georgetown College Journal*, *College Messenger*, *St. John's University Record*, *Niagara Index*, *Portfolio*, and many others.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A Catholic Cathedral is being built at Salt Lake City.

Cardinal Gibbon's "Faith of our Fathers" is now published in English, French, German and Scandinavian.

Bishop Ireland was chaplain of a Minnesota regiment during the war, and now is honorary member of the Loyal Legion.

The sixth Eucharistic Congress will open in Paris on July 6th. The object of the congress is to spread and increase the devotion to the sacrament of the altar.

The cross-bearer at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Johann Janssen, Bishop of Belleville, Ills., in St. Peter's Cathedral, of that city, was the colored priest of Quincy, the Rev. A. Tolton.

The spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New-York City, when completed, will reach 330 feet above the sidewalk. Work is now going on with the two spires, which will be exactly alike in every respect.

Rumors are afloat to the effect that the Rev. Dr. Foley, of Baltimore, has been appointed to the vacant See of Detroit. There is nothing surprising in the fact for Dr. Foley seems to be a man thoroughly fit to grace a mitre. The Detroit people are awaiting news from Rome.

Recently the Cardinal-Vicar ordained as priests, in his chapel in Rome, Rev. John Stafford of the diocese of Trenton, N. J., and the Rev. W. Welsh of the diocese of Alton, Ills. At the same time Mr. Alfred Rooker, son of Myron Rooker of the Albany (N. Y.) Times, was ordained deacon.

The venerable Father Havermans, pastor of St. Mary's, Troy, N. Y. recently passed his eighty-third birthday. He has been a priest for fifty-eight years and for forty-eight of those he has been pastor of St. Mary's. He is said to be the sole survivor of 200 priests who were on mission in this country when he arrived here in 1830.

Bishop Keane is elated over the latest addition to the Catholic University fund. Immediately after the corner-stone of the University had been laid, he was called upon by a prominent Catholic of great wealth who subscribed \$100,000 to the fund. The modesty of the gentleman prevents the publication of his name. In addition to the \$100,000 contribution, a lady of New York, who is not over twenty-three years old, residing in New York City, sent a subscription of \$50,000.

Pope Leo has issued an encyclical of 27 pages dealing with the slavery question. After referring to the teachings of the Bible he inculcates the abandonment of slave dealing in Egypt, the Soudan and Zanzibar, and reiterates his condemnation of the practice. He demands protection for missionaries in Africa and eloquently

refers to the labors of Peter Claver. In conclusion he declares that none of the Jubilee Gifts gave him more pleasure than the abolition of slavery in the Empire of Brazil.

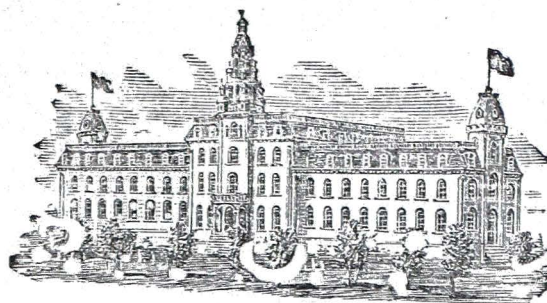
Two extracts of the Diocesan Synod of Chicago read as follows: "Catholics must be exhorted to close taverns or saloons on Sundays, and the Faithful should not frequent such places, which are the source of so many evils to our people."—"Children should be buried with the funeral rites prescribed by the Church. Flowers may be used at the funeral of children, but the ritual forbids the use of flowers in the church at the funeral services for grown persons." Acting on the first extract 89 priests of Chicago recently petitioned the Common Council to issue an ordinance closing saloons on Sundays.

Writing about the recent Rescript of the Pope to Ireland, Bishop Walsh says: "It is a decision on a question, *not of politics, but of morals*. As such it will be received by our Catholic people as every decision which has ever been pronounced by the Holy See in reference either to Faith or Morals has been received by them. If doubts or controversies should arise as to its meaning or extent, these will speedily be solved by the Bishops of Ireland, or, if it should be necessary, by the Holy See itself. But the question of morality being thus decided, the operation of the recent action of the Holy See is at an end. The Irish people, whether at home or abroad, will, I trust, accept my assurance that neither nationalist movement nor the National League is in the smallest degree injuriously affected by the recent decree. Beyond this I do not wish to go."

Catholic papers are filled with accounts of the great ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic University in Washington. The splendid oration of Bishop Spalding is reproduced on every side and adds another laurel to his many past victories as an orator and a philosopher. Miss Caldwell becomes dearer to the hearts of the millions of Catholics who will reap the beneficial effects of her Christian generosity. She is a young woman of uncommon learning, having travelled extensively through Europe in view of completing her education.

Miss Caldwell and her sister are together worth \$5,000,000. They are the orphan daughters of William Shakspeare Caldwell of Fredericksburg, Va. The mother was a sister of John C. Breckenbridge, of Kentucky, who was at one time Vice-President of the United States. The immense wealth was made by the grandfather, an English actor. He was a Protestant, but their parents were converts to Catholicity. The father of Miss Caldwell, having abjured Protestantism, signalized the event by building a hospital for the Sisters of Charity and a home for the infirm which he gave to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

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