

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, May 7. 1887.

No 2.

A. H. PIKE. JEWELLER.

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BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, May 7. 1887.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,
BY THE STUDENTS.

EDITORS.

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MR. A. GRANGER.....'87.
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All communications should be addressed "St. Viateur's College Journal," Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee Co., Ill.

EDITORIALS.

MAY HATH COME—It is welcome!

OLD FRIENDS of Mr. Thomas Lynch, who returned last year to Ireland, will be pleased to read his correspondence from the old land.

THE SUN more brightly shineth, the breeze more blithely doth blow, invitingly the grass spreadeth her velvety carpet—everything in nature now hath its picnic. Picnic, magic word! Are we not awake to the fact that June will inevitably come and that we must feast its passing with the festive strawberries and ice cream, the boating, swimming and other pic-nic day sports? "If ye are men, etc."

ONE OF THE THREE general competitions is past and with some interesting results. In many classes so many reach high averages, that there will be a whole array of "firsts." It seems that secondary places are not in demand. If we may judge of the result of this scholastic term from examinations evidencing such animation and general solid information, we may safely and pronounce it indeed a brilliant success, and for this

are we beholden in great measure to our ever devoted Prefect of studies, Rev. G. Legris.

THE STUDENTS have given another touching manifestation of their reverence and esteem for Our Lady by promptly and generously answering the invitation of Rev. Fr. Dooling to purchase a crown for the Statue in the study hall. The crowned Queen of May will not leave her friends in want, we trust.

THE ELOCUTION contest is at hand—"All are silent and hold their breath," as old Virgil says, in great desire to hear the young debutants. So innate in the American is the fancy for a speech of some sort that we are anxious to hear hold forth the very ones with whom we are and converse daily. Sure enough we are ready "to take in the turn out" big or little.

WHO ARE TO BE JUDGES of our Elocutionary excellence is a vital question amongst the aspirants to Declamatory fame.

"HOW WE ARE TO establish our claim to that higher standard of Education given in catholic schools" was the subject of an interesting lecture recently given by Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V., to the students in the college chapel. He insisted upon the acquiring of habits of polite deference to superiors, of an affability which will render as agreeable in our society, of a respectful and respectable manhood which will elicit the confidence and esteem of men, and deserve the blessings of heaven. He made plain the distinction between education and instruction, and engaged us to yield ourselves in all docility to the mould which fashions truly christian citizens—Catholic instruction—which is also to fashion us.

REV. J. HAGAN, the generous donor of the yearly elocution medal, is expected to be present at the contest Tuesday evening. It will be the first time we shall have the pleasure of the Rev. Gentleman's presence at this exhibition, and we wish him a thousand times welcome.

REMARKS ON "EUGENE ARAM." (*Continued.*)

Passing now from the mere plot of the story, which differs but little in details and arrangement from those of other authors, it is for the reader to discover what is the aim of the writer, what truth does he wish his readers to draw from his work in payment of their time. For certain it is that Lytton, superior by his rank to all sordid motives, like other writers also who are prominent in literature and had reputations at stake, worked not only for the amusement and pleasure of the public, but also for its instruction.

This must be evident to any one who will call to mind for a moment some of the works which in time passed fell into his hands. Dickens, in writing the history of *Oliver Twist* or *Barnaby Rudge* did not intend simply and wholly to narrate the career of his lowly heroes, but also and principally to arouse public opinion on the evils of the poor-house system, to show how pernicious they were both to the individual and society. Fenimore Cooper also in his "*Pathfinder*" strives through several volumes to impress upon the reader that man can be a good neighbor, a staunch friend, an upright man and a devout and true worshipper of his duty by following the dictates of a natural religion, freed from the restraints and forms of sect.

Lytton also has thoughts which he wishes to impress on the minds of his readers: and in the work now under consideration, though he nowhere expressly states his object, yet as the plot thickens and some crude glimpse of Aram is obtained, we can plainly read between the lines the sad havoc which the indulgence of a single passion wrongly directed can make even in the best of natures and most hopeful of lives.

Yet the passions, in themselves, in their nature, are by no means a hindrance to success or well-doing: on the contrary they are powerful helps in whatever the will desires and undertakes. What is stronger than love or what more noble or ennobling? A mother's love, who can fathom it? For her children, she is ready to sacrifice all things; health, comfort and even life itself. She watches over their childhood hours, is unremitting in her solicitude that their days and years may be a time of unalloyed pleasure and happiness and when they have attained mature age, her old days are made happy, if they but return that love.

Their hopes are her hopes, their fears are her fears. She rejoices in their success, and sorrows at their disappointment: and not even ingratitude is able to lessen her interest in their welfare or to estrange her afflictions.

Again what is more praised and honored than love

of country? All history has recorded the deeds of nations defending their independence when threatened, or striving for it, when lost: Monuments have been erected to those who fought and died for their fatherland, and the name and action of freedom's heroes have inspired the poets with themes, the patriots with noble desires.

And what has been said of a mother's love and the love of country holds good also in relation to the passion for poetry, music, knowledge, honors or renown. They are not bad, considered in themselves; but they may become evil in certain circumstances, or when they are not under the guidance of reason and principle. Ambition is noble when it is held within certain bounds, when the ends are noble and the means employed are honorable. But let reason and principle lose their hold of the reins and it becomes a maddened and unruly steed, dangerous alike to the driver, whom it may plunge headlong over the first precipice, and to the community, whose peace and security it may invade and destroy.

The whole world is the stage upon which grasping or jealous ambition has played its part. Philip of Macedon lead on by love of power (which is a consequence of ambition) by his emissaries and free use of gold corrupts the natural defenders of the liberty of the Grecian states, destroys their union and puts an end to their glory. His son Alexander, carried away by the love of unbounded dominion, deluges the whole eastern continent with the blood of peoples who owed him no servitude. The ambition of the envious council of Carthage destroyed the man who was fighting their country's battle on the territories of the Romans, and by so doing laid the foundation for the ruin of their city.

This it has done for countries; but if we would see what miseries it brings upon those who give themselves up to its pernicious influence, we have but to take up the history of Rome both in the time of its glory and its decadence.

Nor is its power for evil confined to those who would sway the destinies of empires, but it also encircles in its grasp those whose lot is cast in the walks of private life and of this Eugene Aram is an example. Naturally of a gentle disposition, his life seemed destined to be passed unruffled in placid waters, and free from the storms and tempests which so frequently are the lot of one man. Of a bright intellect he was enamored of knowledge and loved to seek some sequestered spot and pore over the books which the limited means of his father placed within his reach; and as he grew in years this desire and thirst after knowledge became the stronger. Thus far he had loved knowledge solely for itself, but now he became haunted with the ambition to enlighten and instruct his race, but poverty, whose dark shadow has so often concealed deserving talent and prevented

its discovery, presented an insuperable barrier to his design.

Envy at the happier lot of others, who, perhaps, made but an ill use of their wealth, and discontent at his own now found a welcome dwelling place in his bosom and rendered him an easy victim to the first tempter who should cross his path. Nor was he far distant; for Houseman, with whom he was on some footing of intimacy at this time, taunts him with his poverty and his poorly paid labors while he who defied all law, easily replenished his empty purse and was never poor.

At first he hears him speak of his crimes and his means of acquiring money with disgust and horror, but after a time the commission of crime loses its forboding aspect, is listened to with pleasure, a compact is made, and the murder follows. Wealth now was in his possession, but was he at rest?

Not yet. "He felt urged on to wander—Cain's curse descends to Cain's children—and he sees men and cities. Before, he was a child in the ways of the world and a child, despite his knowledge, might have duped him. But now a new light breaks upon him and it seems as if he were capable of piercing the hearts of men. It was Suspicion."

And that noble ambition of instructing and benefiting his race, where was it? It died in remorse. The thought or rather consciousness that at any hour, in the possession of honors or the happiness of home he might be dragged forth and proclaimed a murderer, that he held his life, his reputation at the breath of accident, that in the moment he least dreamed of, the earth might yield its dead, and the gibbet demand its victim, these vivid remembrances drove away all desires but that of obtaining rest and oblivion of the past.

Besides he no longer looked upon mankind with kindly eyes. They had become his foes. "He knew that he carried within his breast a secret, which if bared to-day, would make them lothe and hate him, even though his future life should be one series of benefits to them and posterity. This was a thought strong enough to quell his ardour, and to chill his activity into rest. Quiet then became the sole object of his pursuits.

At first it was a fevered rest, full of anxiety and fears, but as years rolled on, and the apprehension of danger vanished, he was lulled into a sense of security, he breathed more freely and sometimes stole from the past. And now he meets one, in whose company he hoped to escape forever from his thoughts and fearful forebodings, but love instead of blessing him with that peace which he so greatly longed for, became his tormentor, and filled him with new fears. Nor were his fears groundless; for at the moment when he was again beginning to fancy himself secure from the past, his crime is discovered, condemnation follows and to esca-

pe a felon's death he lays violent hands on his own life and involves in this fall all whom he held most dear. Such is a history of ill-regulated passion.

O'B.

LECTURE IV.

"BOOKS AND THEIR INFLUENCE—NOVELS" DELIVERED BY REV. F. REILLY OF GILMAN, ILL., AT ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27, 1887.

As students all of us whatever enters into our daily student lives, whatever nourishes our minds, whatever tends to satisfy them, whatever claims our attention, whatever enters into mental growth and life must of necessity I take it, be of interest to us. When once we have entered the precincts of study, we are no longer free to return therefrom unless our lives retrograde. Is there any of us knowingly marching downward? To cultivated minds and growing intellects, in every sweet scent of morning air or refreshing whisper of even zephyr or crystalline dew drop or loving twinkle of starry heaven, there is health and growth and vigor, contentment, satisfaction, absorption. Every new commotion of nature or new phase of civilization or social betterment, is of profound interest to them, for in their case only does mind really rule matter.

Cultivation of mind therefore, makes us all discoverers of new worlds, brings home to us new spices and products: the tariff is duty, the only reformation of tariff wanted, tolerable, in fact, is deeper and more earnest study; more thorough conviction and realization of its necessity and our own capabilities. And while guarding against presumption or ostentation, it is well not to discourage ourselves. Great genuises, after all, are like angels' visits. Consolation and encouragement then, for you and I. Only the few there are whose names are the heritage of centuries. Moreover, we are living at a time of life when superior mediocrity, so to speak, is imperative. We may not all hope to leave "foot-prints on the sands of time," yet we ought to make the most of life, to absorb whatever of good there is in it. It was designed by an all-wise Providence that our surrounding should grow upon us, become part of our very existence, speaking always encouragement either by adding to our lives or bidding us beware of the lurking dangers about. This has a manifold application. In other words, then, we must live intellectual lives. Remember, however, that it is not ambition precisely that makes the intellectual man; rather it is, as Gilbert Hamerton tells us, "a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking just as mor-

all virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct. Intellectual living is not so much an accomplishment as a state or condition of the mind in which it seeks earnestly for the highest and purest truth.

Our respective spheres should accordingly pay tribute to mental growth and make us live broader, widening, more enduring lives. Given mental faculties, we are doubly fortunate in the opportunities had for developing them. These make it possible for us without being dreamers to dwell in worlds little thought of by the untutored or only half educated.

"The commercial man," says Card. Newman in sketches of Universities, "admires not the graceful, fan-like gets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver and break and spread and shroud themselves, and disappear in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all except to bless the stars that he was not upon it." But O,

"Ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves
Think not of any severing of our loves"

"I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they.
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet."

By making much, most of the opportunities which our various vocations render possible, we ourselves are bettered, thought advanced, the world enlightened. There is something individual about each mind; they call it in technical language I believe, bias. It behoves the humblest of us, then, to find out that individuality and add to the general fund our bit of the original. In leading broader lives we go where others may not go. Man's highest faculties are at work and in their highest sphere. His intellect is then habitually lifted from the grovelling thoughts of earth to higher, holier and more ennobling ones. We are all journeying through intellectual as well as moral Alpine difficulties and mountain vastnesses and desert wilds; but on our banners floating ever aloft in God's pure air is inscribed "Excelsior." There is no halting, no descent, if true to the title of students. Labor is the touchstone of success. It has been well said too that "man should touch life at many points and wherever he touches it he should make it the lever of advance." Add to this Emerson's patriotic utterance, that America is the home of man, that here is the promise of a newer and more excellent social state than history has yet recorded and what a theatre ours for all that is good and great and noble and pure and holy in whatever occupation.

If our country is such, if its possibilities are so great

what a sphere for young men. What an opportunity for men of true ambition and growing lives. What vast resources for improvement; lead they sometimes, I am unaware, by their very amplitude, to prodigality. What a world of thought lies before us, students by occupation and vocation—men of books and thought and observation.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastimes and our happiness will grow."

Mere ability to read, now-a-days, makes it possible to enter the world of thought and fancy and imagination. "It admits us," says Lowell, "to the company of saint and sage, to the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments. It enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears and listen to the sweetest voices of all times. More than that it annihilates time and space for us; it endows us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness so that we walk invisible like fern-seed and witness unharmed the plague at Athens or Florence or London, accompany Cæsar on his marches, look in on Cataline in council with his fellow conspirators."

You observe, young Gentlemen, that I am simply asking you out for a walk, as it were, to survey with me the soil on which you dwell or are to dwell with fuller realization in the future. You have often walked it over yourselves, but many things went unnoticed. Youthful ardor and enthusiasm throws a veil over much that is afterwards made clear and fuller. Time has no indulgence. A thoughtful return to scenes the most familiar finds that which less pensive visits would have dreamed not of. Every morning is God's new morning, bringing us new light and new sources of pleasure. And though each apparently much like the preceeding, yet many things there are in it which to us had thus far remained undiscovered. In every ray of rising sun with its myriad population or swelling bud or opening flower or silvery moon-beam that has stolen entrance on my counterpane—welcome little intruder—there is something new, something of manifested goodness which to me was thus far wearisome unknown, undiscovered.

Taking courage, then, in the thought that there is much that appears not even in the most ordinary, the most familiar, I feel that I may yet bespeak your attention not to tell you things very new; much less lead you into woodlands where only [they who have caught the divine spark dwell and make every flower that blooms or swelling bud or airy whisper or fitting butterfly creatures of their world.

"Imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 7 Mai, 1887.

No 6.

C'EST LE PRINTEMPS.

C'est le printemps, le doux printemps!
Tout va fleurir, tout va renaître.
Qui sait, sous leurs lineuls flottants,
Les morts nous souriront peut-être?

A chaque branche, les bourgeons
En feuilles vont bientôt éclore:
Pleuvez sur ces tendres boutons,
O fraîches larmes de l'aurore!

Dans les brins d'herbe verdoyants
S'entr'ouvre l'œil des marguerites,
Et les papillons frémissants
Volent à leurs fleurs favorites.

L'oiseau revient bâtir ses nids
Avec la mousse et les fils qu'il tresse;
A sa voix, les bois rajeunis
Tressaillent soudain d'allégresse.

Quels sont les plus désespérés
Quand la terre de joie est ivre,
Les cieux pleins de rayons dorés
Qui ne se prennent à revivre?

Comme la fleur sous le zéphyr,
Quelle est l'âme d'espoir ravie
Qui ne se sente épanouir
A ce puissant souffle de vie?

Béni sois-tu donc, ô Seigneur,
Qui fais qu'ici-bas tout renaisse
Et que même dans notre cœur
Refleurisse encor la jeunesse!

M**

EDITION DU MONUMENT

DE VICTOR HUGO.

(continué)

"Booz endormi" est une idylle qui semble être écrite sous la tente des patriarches. Une métaphore, empruntée à la vie pastorale termine cette ravissante pièce et mérite d'être citée:

Tout reposait dans Ur et dans Jérimadeth;
Les astres émaillaient le ciel profond et sombre,
Le croissant fin et clair parmi ces fleurs dans l'ombre
Brillait à l'Occident, et Ruth se demandait,
Immobile, ouvrant l'œil à moitié sous ses voiles,
Quel dieu, quel moissonneur de l'éternel été
Avait, en s'en allant, négligemment jeté
Cette faucille d'or dans le champ des étoiles.

"La Rose et l'Infante" donne une idée du goût si prononcé de V. Hugo pour l'antithèse. Une enfant dans toute la grâce de l'innocence est mise en regard de son père, Philippe II, l'âme de l'Inquisition et du formidable Armada: quel contraste! quels effets d'ombre et de lumière pour le gigantesque panorama de *La Légende des siècles*! L'Infante est aussi fraîche que la rose qu'elle tient à sa main et Philippe plus sombre que la nuit. Peu importe la vérité historique, le poète cherche avant tout l'effet, et il l'obtient à sa manière. L'esprit se trouve transporté dans un monde fantastique.

Ce qu'elle a devant elle; un cygne aux ailes blanches,
Le bercement des flots sous la chanson des branches,
Et le profond jardin rayonnant et fleuri.
Tout ce bel ange a l'air dans la neige pétri.
La rose épanouie et toute grande ouverte,
Sortant du frais bouton comme d'une urne ouverte,
Charge la petitesse exquise de sa main:
Quand l'enfant, allongeant ses lèvres de carmin,
Froncée, en la respirant, sa riante narine,
La magnifique fleur, royale et purpurine,
Cache plus qu'à demi ce visage charmant,
Si bien que l'œil hésite, et qu'on ne sait comment
Distinguer de la fleur ce bel enfant qui joue,
Et si l'on voit la rose ou si l'on voit la joue.

Pendant que l'enfant rit, cette fleur à la main,
Dans le vaste palais catholique romain
Dont chaque ogive semble au soleil une mitre,
Quelqu'un de formidable est derrière la vitre;
On voit dans bas un ombre, au fond d'une vapeur,
De fenêtre en fenêtre errer, et l'on a peur;....
C'est un être effrayant qui semble ne rien voir:
Il rôde d'une chambre à l'autre, pâle et noir;
Il colle aux vitraux blancs son front lugubre, et son-
ge;....

Son pas funèbre est lent comme un glas de beffroi ;
Et C'est la Mort à moins que ce ne soit le Roi....

Et ainsi de suite, à la brasse. "Philippe était le Mal tenant le glaive. C'était Satan régnant au nom de Jésus-Christ." Il fuyait les festins, "n'avait pour jeu que les trahisons et pour fête les auto-da-fé."

"Le Retour de l'empereur" est marqué à l'empreinte du maître. C'est un morceau plein de grandeur et débordant de lyrisme. Napoléon est l'Achille de notre Homère et comme le vainqueur de Troie a immortalisé celui qui l'a chanté, Hugo espère vivre dans la postérité en attachant son nom à celui qui a été le prodige de notre siècle. Voilà qui explique "L'Ode à la colonne, L'expiation" et maints autres poèmes à la gloire du héros d'Austerlitz.

"Une nuit dans une tempête,
Rapporté par un vent des cieux,
Avec des éclairs sur la tête,
Je surgirai, vivant, joyeux !
Mes vieux compagnons d'aventure
Dormiront dans la brume obscure,
Et tout à coup à l'orient
Ils verront luire, ô délivrance !
Mon œil rayonnant pour la France,
Pour l'Angleterre flamboyant !"

Sire vous reviendrez dans votre capitale,
Sans tocsin, sans combat, sans lutte et sans fureur,
Trainé par huit chevaux sous l'arche triomphale,
En habit d'empereur !

Par cette même porte où Dieu vous accompagne,
Sire vous reviendrez sur un sublime char
Glorieux, couronné, saint comme Charlemagne,
Et grand comme César.

Paris sur ses cent tours allumera des phares,
Paris fera parler toutes ses grandes voix,
Les cloches, les tambours, les clairons, les fanfares,
Chanteront à la fois.

En vous voyant passer, ô chef du grand empire !
Le peuple et les soldats tomberont à genoux.
Mais vous ne pourrez pas vous pencher pour leur dire
Je suis content de vous !

Car, ô géant ! couché dans une ombre profonde,
Pendant qu'autour de vous, comme autour d'un ami,
S'éveilleront Paris, et la France, et le monde,
Vous serez endormi !

Tandis que votre nom, devant qui tout s'efface,
Montera vers les cieux, puissant, illustre et beau,
Vous sentirez ronger dans l'ombre votre face
Par le ver du tombeau !

"Les chansons des rues et des bois" (1865) est un recueil faible et des plus mal inspirés de l'auteur. Mais "L'année terrible" (1872) malgré beaucoup d'alliage contient des éclairs de génie. Sedan, précipice où vint s'engloutir la fortune de la France, allume le courroux dans l'âme fière du poète. Azincourt, Poitiers, Crécy, Rosbach, Trafalgar lui font presque l'effet de victoires. Sedan, c'est la défaite ! De quel dédain il écrase l'empereur vaincu ! Il trépigne de joie sur le corps de son ennemi :

Alors la Gaule, alors la France, alors la gloire,
Alors Brennus, l'audace, et Clovis, la victoire,
Alors le vieux titan celtique aux cheveux longs,
Alors le groupe altier des batailles, Châlons,
Demain et Fontenoy, toutes ces immortelles,
Mêlant l'éclair du front au flamboiement des ailes,
Jemmagne, Hohinlinden, Lodi, Wagram, Eylau,
Les hommes du dernier carré de Waterloo,
Et tous ces chefs de guerre, Héristal, Charlemagne,
Charles Martel, Turenne, effroie de l'Allemagne,
Condé, Villars, fameux par un si fier succès,
Cet Achille, Kléber, ce Scipion, Dessaix,
Napoléon, plus grand que César et Pompée,
Par la main d'un bandit rendirent leur épée.

"L'art d'être grand père" (1877) donne la note la plus vraie et la plus touchante de V. Hugo. Comme il est le chantre des combats formidables, des indignations foudroyantes, il est aussi le poète des enfants. Leur vue seule ramène le sourire sur ses lèvres d'où jaillissaient auparavant les accents du mépris. Cette tête, où gronde la tempête, ressemble alors à un de ces pics alpestres, sillonnés par la foudre, qui, au retour du printemps, s'enveloppent de rayons de soleil et de fleurs. La grâce le dispute à la douceur. La mère, qui apprend à l'enfant à bégayer, ne saurait murmurer des mots plus tendres, ni peindre ceux dont les yeux ont réfléchi son âme par des images plus fraîches et célestes. Lui, d'ordinaire si fantastique, peint ici ces portraits sur nature. On connaît son amour pour ses petits-enfants, Georges et Jeanne. Sans doute bien des fois, il a épié leur sommeil, soutenu leurs premiers pas, caressé les boucles soyeuses de leurs cheveux, ouvert leurs jeunes intelligences aux mystères de la vie. S'il n'en eût pas été ainsi, il n'aurait jamais pu écrire "Prière pour tous, La sieste" et tant d'autres pièces dont chaque strophe est aussi pure que les grains d'un chapelet de perles. Lisez le morceau suivant et dites si le poète n'était pas consommé dans l'art d'être grand-père.

Jeanne était au pain sec dans le cabinet noir,
Pour un crime quelconque, et, manquant au devoir.
J'allai voir la proscrire en pleine forfaiture,
Et lui glissai dans l'ombre un pot de confiture,
Contraire aux lois. Tous ceux sur qui, dans ma cité,

Repose le salut de la société,
S'indignèrent et Jeanne a dit d'une voix douce :
—Je ne toucherai plus mon nez avec mon ponce;
Je ne me ferai plus griffer par le minet.
Mais on s'est récrié :—Cette enfant vous connaît;
Elle sait à quel point vous êtes faible et lâche,
Elle vous voit toujours rire quand on se fâche.
Pas de gouvernement possible. A chaque instant
L'ordre est troublé par vous; le pouvoir se détend;
Plus de règle. L'enfant n'a plus rien qui l'arrête.
Vous démolissez tout.—Et j'ai baissé la tête,
Et j'ai dit :—je n'ai rien à répondre à cela,
J'ai tort. Oui, c'est avec ces indulgences-là
Qu'on a toujours conduit les peuples à leur perte.
Qu'on me mette au pain sec.—Vous le méritez, certe,
On vous y mettra.—Jeanne alors, dans son coin noir,
M'a dit tout bas, levant ses yeux si beaux à voir,
Pleins de l'autorité des douces créatures;
—Eh bien, moi, je t'irai porter des confitures.

Du *Pape* (1876) il n'y a qu'un tableau, mais très touchant. C'est l'hiver. Un pauvre se meurt de froid et n'a pas un morceau de pain à offrir à ses enfants. Il nie Dieu. Le Pape entre : donne du pain aux enfants et les bénit. Après avoir versé sa bourse dans les mains du moribond et promis des vêtements et du travail, il ajoute :

Et maintenant parlons de Dieu.
—Le pauvre : j'y crois.

"Religion et Religions" (1880) s'élève contre la sanctification du dimanche. C'est triste de voir ce vieillard se donner tant de mal pour faire de l'esprit. Il feint de croire que Dieu se reposa le septième jour parce qu'il était fatigué et qu'épuisé il se laissa choir dans son fauteuil Voltaire. Mais non ! c'est parce que son œuvre créatrice était accomplie, et le sabbat fut un jour marqué pour honorer ce repos divin.

L'Ane (1880) peint seulement un flambeau :
Tu vas t'user trop vite à brûler nuit et jour !
Tu nous verses la paix, la clémence et l'amour,
La justice, le droit, la vérité sacrée;
Mais ta substance meurt pendant que bon feu crée,
Ne te consume pas ! Ami, songe au tombeau !—
Calme, il répond :—je fais mon devoir de flambeau.
"Des quatre vents de l'esprit" (1881) il n'y a qu'un court extrait :

Ainsi nous n'avons plus Strasbourg, nous n'avons plus Metz, la chaste raison des vieux Francs chevelus !
Et tout cela pourtant, c'est la France éternelle !
C'est à nous ce Haut-Rhin où la Gaule apparaît !
J'en atteste t'été, le printemps, la forêt,
Les astres toujours purs, les roses toujours neuves

Et le ruissellement d'éméraudes des fleuves
L'honneur, le droit, l'autel où l'on prie à genoux
Cette Lorraine et cet Alsace, c'est à nous.
Nous nous sommes laissé prendre ces grands pays.
Nous, France !.....

Et dans une énumération sans fin, ils'en prend au reître, au bonze, au prêtre, au syllabus ; et pourquoi pas aux pétroleux et aux pétroleuses ? Quelle déplorable sénilité ! L'Histoire ne dit-elle pas que la France a été faite par les évêques comme une ruche par les abeilles ?

Victor Hugo, de même que Tennysson aujourd'hui, s'est survécu. Il a assisté à sa propre immortalité, inconscient de sa mort intellectuelle. Homme phénoménal dans ses triomphes comme en ses adversités, quand vint enfin l'heure dernière pour son corps, il eut des funérailles égales à celles de l'empereur qu'il a immortalisé.

Ses dépouilles mortelles furent transportées au Panthéon ; et pour leur faire place, Dieu dut sortir de son temple. J'avais vu cette église dédiée au culte divin avec ses autels et ses lumières allumées nuit et jour. Je la revis après qu'elle fut devenue le monument de V. Hugo. Quelle vide et quel air de tombeau ! La Divinité seule peut remplir l'immensité de ce temple et l'animer. Sur les degrés et là où s'élevaient les autels, gisaient pêle-mêle des monceaux de couronnes de papier vert et doré : apothéose de théâtre ! Le corps du poète repose dans la crypte en face du tombeau de J. J. Rousseau. Il y avait là aussi force guirlandes et couronnes de papier. N'eut-il pas mieux valu pour lui, comme dit A. Dumas, dormir près de ses enfants ainsi que Lamartine près de sa fille ? Il a été dans sa mort comme dans sa vie un mélange de sublimité et de grotesque. ***

CUEILLETES.

- Mai.
- Mois des fleurs.
- Mois de Marie, notre Mère.
- On apporte des bois bien des bouquets pour parer son autel.
- Les élèves ont pris les premiers bains à la rivière, jeudi dernier. Quels joyeux ébats !
- C. Harbour a fait sa visite de printemps. Eugène est à l'Académie de Notre-Dame.
- A. Marcotte a été administré. Puisse l'air du printemps le ramener à la santé !
- Mettez donc vos lunettes MM. les typographes : *appuie* et *s'épuise* ne se prennent pas l'un pour l'autre, ni *celui* et *nuit*. Heureusement que vous aviez laissé de côté toutes signatures.
- Le Rev. P. Chouinard met actuellement sous presse un abrégé de la Doctrine chrétienne très bien adoptée aux enfants qui se préparent à la première communion.

— Une lettre, en date du 11 Avril, nous apprend que Rév. A. Martel se repose tranquillement dans un château de Belgique, à Henri-Chapelle, où il est temporairement chapelain.

— Rév. J. Cregan, C. S. V. doit nous arriver de France, samedi prochain. Il se repose de la traversée chez ses parents à Ottawa, P. O.

— Rév. F. A. B. Laforêt sera ordonné prêtre pour le diocèse de Natchez, à Berlin, P. O., le 21 du présent mois. Merci de l'invitation et chaleureuses félicitations.

CHRISTOPHE COLOMB,

ET SA VOCATION PROVIDENTIELLE.

Le Vendredi 3 aout 1492, s'éloignait du petit port de Palos en Andalousie, un inconnu, l'hôte accidentel de l'Espagne qui s'en allait, disait-il, découvrir un nouveau monde à travers des mers inexplorées. Nous avons nommé Christophe Colomb. Il naquit probablement à Gênes vers 1436. Son père, Dominique Colomb, exerçait la modeste profession de cardeur de laine, sa mère Suzanne Fantanarosa avec une légère dot avait apporté pour appoint à la famille un riche trésor d'innocence et de piété, dont hérita Christophe.

Rien de plus élémentaire que l'instruction reçue par l'enfant dans la pauvre chaumière de ses parents. Il dut sans doute à la bienfaisance de quelque généreux bienfaiteur de pouvoir passer quelques mois à l'Université de Pavie. Embarqué à quatorze ans, des sciences de l'Université, il n'emportait que les notions les plus élémentaires; mais il en savait assez pour lire dans le livre de l'Immensité. N'ayant plus dans les mains les œuvres des hommes, il contemplait les œuvres de Dieu. La religion maternelle restait, loin du foyer, sa divine institutrice, dilatant chaque jour ses horizons intellectuels, à mesure que se déroulaient les horizons visibles. Son regard plongeait avec d'inénarrables délices, dans les profondeurs des Cieux et dans celles de l'abîme. La rude vie du marin aidait puissamment à cette mission sacrée. Son étude était une constante prière. Parmi les grossiers instincts de ses compagnons, il demeurait doux et chaste, laborieux et vaillant: on eut dit un jeune novice dans un fervent noviciat. Il respectait son état comme une vocation sainte. Son enrôlement était une religieuse profession, son amour un culte. Colomb avait épousé la mer illimitée comme jamais Doge Vénitien n'épousa la mer Adriatique.

Dans vingt ans de navigation il avait acquis et exercé avec succès tous les grades, combattu dans l'archipel contre les flottes Musulmanes, sur le littoral Africain contre les puissances Barbaresques, sur les côtes de l'Italie, pour la maison d'Anjou contre celle d'Aragon.

En 1476 à la suite d'un combat victorieux et d'un terrible naufrage, Colomb était jeté sur une plage solitaire du Portugal. Il dut à sa piété d'entrer dans une noble famille, d'obtenir la main de Filippa de Perestrello. Ce mariage uniquement formé par l'attrait des vertus, ne le menait pas à la richesse. La vente et la composition de Cartes Géographiques lui fournait des moyens d'existence pour lui et sa jeune femme; mais simultanément il poursuivait un autre travail que les hommes ne soupçonnaient pas. Celui-là s'élaborait dans la tête de Colomb durant ses laborieuses veilles.

Ces mers inexplorées, immenses, mystérieuses, semées de fantômes et de terreurs, qui s'étendaient à l'ouest de l'Europe et de l'Afrique, l'obsédaient depuis quelques temps comme une redoutable vision à laquelle il voulait arracher son secret. Il n'est pas possible, se disait-il, qu'elles soient sans limites. Elle ne peuvent pas être non plus absolument désertes. En poussant droit devant soi, sans regarder aux distances, ni aux dangers, on rencontrerait infailliblement d'autres terres, un monde inconnu, peuplé d'êtres humains qui ne possèdent pas la lumière de l'Evangile, ou bien, et d'une manière non moins infaillible on finirait par arriver aux côtes orientales de l'Asie et là règnent les mêmes ténèbres. Le Globe est incomplet, incomplète est la Rédemption. Voilà Christophe Colomb. C'est le génie inspiré par la foi, la foi enflammée par l'Amour. Il a vu ce que Dieu avait laissé ignorer à tant de générations, il a entendu son appel, il l'a compris. Désormais il se regardera comme l'agent prédestiné dont le ciel veut se servir pour accomplir une grande œuvre. Nul doute dans son esprit, nulle hésitation dans sa conduite. Du même coup ses sentiments montent au niveau de sa mission. Aucun obstacle ne saura le rebutter. Repoussé tour à tour par Jean II de Portugal, par les chefs du gouvernement de Gênes sa patrie, par Henri VII d'Angleterre, ce n'est qu'après seize ans de demandes infructueuses, d'interminables ajournements que la grande Isabelle de Castille et son auguste époux Ferdinand d'Aragon se décidèrent à négocier avec le marin Génois pour lui fournir les moyens de réaliser son sublime projet. On s'étonne et on se scandalise de ses ambitieuses exigences, Colomb n'en rabat rien, il lui faut des richesses, déclare-t-il sans détour, des richesses immenses; car, à la suite de ses découvertes, il veut racheter ou reconquérir le tombeau de Jésus-Christ. Cette parole reste pour nous le dernier mot du génie et de la sainteté.

Il découvrira un nouveau monde; mais loin d'en retirer ces richesses que sa sublime piété ambitionnait, il n'en recueillera que persécutions, outrages et ingratitude. C'est l'éternelle loi; toute œuvre d'initiation et de salut ne s'opère qu'à la condition que le sauveur soit aussi victime.

I will ask you now then, to come with me to a brief but practical consideration of that part of modern literature which has for object the study and delineation of character and action-motive; namely, the novel.

While other books, in many respects, play a more prominent part in our education, furnish us with more thinking matter—and thinking is the result of education—yet I doubt that the novel, I use the word in its broad sense, plays the least important. It is essentially the book of leisure hours. You know what that implies. To speak lightly of this subject, then, or rate its influence small is to manifest ignorance of its standing. The amount of miscellaneous fiction in circulation to-day is something appalling. We are said by Englishmen to be a nation of newspaper readers. Supplementarily it might be added also of cheap literature. One publisher alone in N. Y. city finds it a paying investment to run out a fresh volume of fiction every day in the year, Sunday's excepted.

Whatever, therefore, may be our likes or our dislikes about the matter, we must at least acknowledge the amount consumed, and, as a result, the influence of the novel from its very nature as a factor in educating the reading public. Men given to the severer studies are apt to underate its position, its power for good or for evil; they apparently forget that we are living in a world of passion and imagination; that the will is not unfrequently swayed through the imagination. I, for one, believe the novel holds a deserved place among our books since it is a study of the individual: the motives that rule, of the various conditions of life, of the manifold bearing of the thought, the words, the deeds of men upon society, its reaction on the individual. It is unwritten history; gives coloring to the daily life and thought about us; flesh and blood to the hopes and fears and ambitions and hates and loves that sway the multitudes. It pictures for contemplation the secret history of mankind, is fact lifted out of cold realism into fancy. It enlarges our world of fact and acquaintance. As long, then, as men think there will be a philosophy to study: and as long as men take a well earned holiday, so long will the novel find place as "the world's sweet inn from care and wearisome turmoil."

Assuming, therefore, the fact that you are lovers of fiction as a department of literature and viewing the amount in circulation: all with same intent, namely, of furnishing the required mental food; understanding, too the circumstances and pressure under which the vast deal is brought to maturity—that alone being proof of its literary inferiority—besides so much more of it developed in a prejudiced if not wanton atmosphere you will agree with me in the necessity of cultivating a taste for only that which is good, and in which then

is encouragement. The urgency of taking to our aid helps, trusted friends, guides—mental health inspectors is at once apparent. Since it is most imperative for us, young and with our lives yet to be lived, that only that which is healthy or by nature life giving be absorbed. As quality of air and food and surroundings tell on bodily health so necessarily does literary food on thought, do our literary friends and helps mould and warp the mind. You've at times in your reading remarked the more than magic influence of a general over his army about to do or die; the very inspiration that lies in his words; the vast number, that are swayed by his appeal. Now then the novelist does more: his power of appeal is centered on you; he who perhaps has gained fame in many quarters has now your attention; his very name brings with it the weight, the authority, the reverence which accompany renown, of course, genius. You are submissive. We are naturally hero-worshippers. The novelist takes you into his confidence; makes a tête-a-tête friend of you. Spirit communes with spirit and our conduct is ever struggling, to follow our sympathies: Again companionship of any kind is the best test of your bent of mind, of your likes and dislikes, of the source whence come your ideas.

(To be continued.)

[We are sorry to be obliged to interrupt this interesting lecture, the remainder of which shall be published in our next.]

LOCALS.

- I "didn't spit there."
- "Cromwell, O Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition."
- Joe McGavick says he can tell the picture of Washington in any history. More power to patriotic Joe.
- The band is preparing *Monastery Bells*, a nocturne for Commencement Day.
- After a recent investigation Doc Granger and his pupil J. Geer discovered that when a gopher leaves its hole it gives *prima facie* evidence of softening of the brain.
- The boys of the junior department, with Stafford *en tête* of course, have finished their diamond which now shows to advantage the good taste of the workers.
- Mr. Finn, who lately went home on account of sickness has now returned, and will stay with us till Commencement.
- Young Master E. Downey, of Chicago, entered the minims' rank this week.
- More news from the south, Charlie!

— Mr. Thomas Rush, legislative reporter from Springfield, a friend of Joseph Kelly's of '86 spent a few hours with us Friday morning.

— Professor Harry Frank, originator and teacher of the "Advanced or Musical System of Elocution and Voice Building," is visiting this institution with the intention of organizing a class amongst the students. His course consists of 30 lessons comprising breathing exercises, enunciation, voice culture, and gesticulation. He gave a short exposé of his system before the students and Rev. Faculty yesterday (Friday) and also rendered two selections which were thunderingly applauded. The prospects are for a large class just now.

— The altar decorations by Mr. J. Suerth are decidedly tasty. The illumination of Thursday evening, especially, surpassed former ones by its suggestive figures, its well ranged and fragrant flowers, its countless lights making the humble little shrine one scintillation of brilliancy. We very much admire this edifying labor of love which, we trust, is agreeable to the Queen of May.

— A game of base-ball which promised to be sharply contested was commenced last Thursday on the seniors' diamond between the Professors and the students. But the game was suspended on account of rain, with a score of 3 to 4 in favor of the Profs.

— Rev. J. Dum, late of the Via Ventuosa, is now stationed at Houston, Texas, whence he writes entertainingly. He has a "vast field" in which to exercise his zeal. His mission embraces some 200 miles.

— Rev. J. McGrady is on duty at the cathedral of Texas and is highly pleased with his situation. He is enthusiastic in his praise of the present prosperity and future promise of Texas. The scenery is delightful and the temperature not as extremely hot as he had expected to find it.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM IRELAND.

Dear Journal:

Since I left Chicago, the great metropolis of the West, I have seen many interesting things. You may like to hear something of the questions that stir the world on this side of the water. There is scarcely a newspaper throughout going to press, a book sold or a statesman speaking without reference to one especially absorbing topic; it is the Irish question. Let us commence with it at the White House which is called the House of Commons, and as it is in this House the contest waxes hottest and the battle wages most loudly, I shall give you a brief account of the members and parties of this House. Six hundred and seventy five chosen representatives constitute the mem-

bers of the House. Of these 105 are from Ireland. The remaining 570 represent Scotland, Wales and England. They are divided into two great parties, the Tories and the Whigs. The latter, of late years have been called Liberals. Each division is again divided into separate independent parties each with its own leader and its own object; these parties make their cause heard by the principal leaders by threatening to withdraw their support in the time of need. Thus the Liberals are supported by the Nationalists, the Irish members, the Tories are sustained by the Conservatives the Liberal Unionists and others. Either the Liberals or the Tories must always hold the reins of Government. There is no fixed limit to their time in office but depend altogether on their capacity to carry on the government of the country. If the party in office cannot control a majority of votes when the House takes a division on any question proposed to become a law or to abolish clause of existing code, they are turned out of office. Sometimes it is amusing to see the smallest party controlling the whole House. This especially is the case when the two divisions of the House are numerically balanced, then the smallest party not included in either division controls the whole house; and this was why the Irish members before they allied themselves with the liberals, overthrew so many Governments in the House of Commons, till finally the Liberals embraced their cause, as both combined are now in minority to the different Tory parties, and in little prospect of increasing their number except by appealing to the country. Thus the Irish question is stationary in Parliament waiting for a general election.

In the meantime the Irish people at home are fighting hard. The whole country is agitated. In many parts of the country the farmers are adopting the plan of Campaign against the Landlords. In many cases the immediate consequences of this is great distress to the farmers, but in all cases the final result brings them victory. In large estates where this plan is in force the land has been cleared of all its produce; there is no man at work, nor could you see a four footed beast in a whole day's journey, but the land for miles around laying waste.

The country is admirably well united. The Church and State are joined for the national weal. Every body knows how our parliamentary members are united. There has not been found near so much of that spirit of disunion formerly so fatal to the efforts of Irish patriots. There is scarcely found even one man dissenting one iota from the whole body. There is just the same determination and union among the bishops, the priests are equally united and are the confidently chosen leaders of the people and finally the people themselves both mechanics, farmers and labourers

are in perfect harmony and only vie with one another as to who can do and dare the most for the cause. Thus the four great powers of a nation, the legislative representatives, the bishops, priests, and people, are as united in Ireland as one man, hurling their weapons of defence against the enemy of their country. And although the Tory Government of the day are imperfectly united in Parliament yet their Executive in Ireland are well united, which forms one of the greatest barriers to the Irish people on their march to liberty.

The Irish are a people incredibly obedient. In this country authority is obeyed even without commanding, and he who is invested with her garments is respected and esteemed by all. This obedience, it seems to me, is the source whence issues forth much of the gentleness of manners, the warmth of friendship, that great happiness even in the midst of poverty, that abundant charity; and from this spirit of submission proceeds also that great faith for which the Irish people are always so remarkable. May they then continue the contest they have begun until they win their Parliament and the power to select a Government worthy of their obedience!

Thomas Lynch.

EXCHANGES.

The *Supplement* contains a well written and highly interesting article on George W. Cable, from which the reader can derive a goodly idea of the character and works of the great Southern Novelist. The "Literary Notes" and "Educational Miscellany" are especially spicy and readable."

Considering that the *Peddle Institute Chronicle* is a quarterly and devoted to the interest of literature we think that it might spare more than six, of its twenty columns, to literary matter. However what there is of it is good; it is short and sweet. Especially the essay "How Do We Listen?" We heartily agree with the author in the following:

"Students generally have but little time for reading, but they often have opportunities for hearing important subjects discussed, and by listening attentively can sometimes gain much knowledge thereby.

Often during our recitations it is very easy to allow the mind to wander away to other subjects, and by so doing fail to hear much that is said which might be of great importance to us."

Another welcome exchange is the *Audubon Magazine*, a monthly, published in the interest of the Audubon Society for the protection of birds. The number at hand is most attractive in dress and contents. Among the many choice articles is a continued biography of the famous naturalist Audubon; a short but interesting pa-

per on the "Cedar Bird, and the "Note Book" which give many pithy and instructive paragraphs relative to the feathered tribe. To all who have any interest in the protection of those little creatures, whom the poet calls the voice of nature, we would recommend the *Audubon*. You have unturled your banner in a good cause, friend, and we wish you every success in your crusade for harmless little birds.

We welcome to our already crowded table a new *confrère*, *The Citizen*. *The Citizen* comes to us a neat weekly, advocating in the strongest terms "Law and Order;" "seeking to promote good government through good citizenship and social order through an enlightened public opinion, wholesome legislation, and the enforcement of the law." We will not on first acquaintance criticize you to harshly for we recognize in your's a praiseworthy end, and a purpose to be encouraged yet, from a hasty glance at the article on "The Moral Force in Socialism" we are inclined to think that the writer, Kate Garrett Wells, has made some rather broad assertions with regard to the Peasants war in Germany.

We would dearly like stand by our own grand State university, the big place in Champaign, and always claim for it and ourselves an honorable place in the literary world, but we cannot agree with certain statements made by the late prize orator in No 15 of the *Illini*. Of course the young composer was artful enough to select and put into readable form such matters as he reckoned would make his essay smart like; but this he did irrespective of all historic, or logical truth. The middle age darkness, the reformation boom, and the inquisition horrors are all such venerable calumnies that we almost instinctively bow to them as to gray-haired acquaintances, with a strong temptation, however, of letting slip a colloquial expression, signifying and at the same time condemning all such long fossilized ancientness. To avoid repeating ourselves we shall now simply direct the young gentleman to some few words of advice we gave the *Blackburnian* upon a like topic in our last issue. We do not wish to be understood as having undertaken to reform the religious view of college men. Oh, no! But we simply take the liberty of occasionally telling you how far you wander from historic truth when treading the by-ways of begotry and ignorance. Of the other departments of the *Illini* we always relish the editorials most, for, though they often treat of topics of local interest only yet they are always so neatly written so sensible and suggestive that we always read them with pleasure. The scientific and engineering departments receive much deserved attention. We would like to find the literary pages as satisfactory, as unexceptional. We like the *Illini* very much, but we praise truth, historic, logical or religion, very, very highly: wherefore we spoke thus.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

We have entered upon the beautiful month of Mary, the month of flowers and of prayer.

The Pope is rejoiced by the many preparations going on the world over to celebrate his Jubilee.

France has lost a Catholic novelist in the death of Paul Feval. Of late years the distinguished author was leading a retired life of prayer in a convent.

The conversion of Mdlle. Roussel, a Parisian actress, to the religious life, is quite a novel incident. Such happy changes have taken place before.

The Italian Government has decided to admit free of duty all the gifts intended for Leo XIII at the occasion of his jubilee. This is truly a wise step on the part of that government.

Wisconsin will erect a statue in the house of Representatives in Washington in honor of the great Apostle and discoverer, Father Marquette. Such a deed does honor to the State which performs it.

Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky., has determined to build a cathedral at a cost of \$100,000. A rich and generous member of the congregation has offered to subscribe \$25,000 for the good work.

Owing to some difficulties in the East, some people are inclined to believe that the clergy of New York is rather unruly. The strong protestation of fidelity and obedience signed by that same clergy a few days ago is sufficient to destroy such an opinion.

A great and marked revival of piety and faith was noticeable in the Lent exercises of this year in the 60 parishes of Paris. The attendance at Notre Dame, to hear père Monsabré, was much larger than last year at the same time of the Lent.

Father McGlynn seems to have lost all sense of responsibility in the downward course he is now treading. Good Catholics, instead of being scandalized at his conduct, will offer a kind prayer for an erring mind which would be able of so much good if recalled in the right path of duty.

We have to record the sad event of the prolonged sickness of Rev. Fr. Waldron, of St. John's Church, Chicago. He is confined to his bed ever since Easter Sunday and great fears are entertained as to his recovery. The only hope of his faithful and beloved parishioners lies in the strength of earnest prayer.

Sickness has laid low the unhappy Father Hyacinthe, once the ornament of the church of France, now a degraded heretic. May Heaven pity the poor priest and recall him to a sense of his duty by giving him the strength sufficient to break the bonds of heresy and return to the faith of his childhood.

The Pope has addressed a Brief to Bishop Ireland praising and blessing the work to which that Prelate so

zealously devotes his energies. Temperance is the only way to virtue while intemperance is the way to all vices which degrade our noble nature. The great social danger in our country especially is the degradation resulting from that diabolical enemy, intemperance.

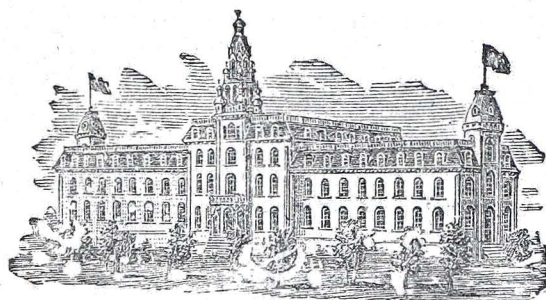
We feel more and more certain as to the result of the University movement. The Brief of approbation has been given by His Holiness in terms which bespeak a strong love for the diffusion of science and learning, especially of that higher and loftier grade which a Catholic University alone can impart. It appears also that Leo XIII approves of the choice of the American Prelates in naming Bishop Keane, of Richmond, as rector of the Institution.

The Society of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, now so famous for their missionary works in the North West of Canada and all through this country, were founded by Bishop Charles Joseph de Mazenod and approved by Leo XII in 1826. The young congregation was destined for missionary works and flourished rapidly in the United States and Canada. Its distinguished founder, born in 1782, died in his diocese of Marseilles in 1861, leaving behind him a high reputation of sanctity and a congregation which still carries on his noble work of self-sacrifice.

We noticed some time ago the martyrdom of the negroes of the province of king Mouanga, in Africa, without giving any details of the tortures inflicted on them. From the letters written by the missionaries of the place the persecution would rival even the horrible cruelties of a Nero or a Trajan. The executioners of the dire orders of Mouanga bound the Christians in fagots, piled them up together and set fire to the dry wood which blazed in a moment into a flame. Half an hour later there was nothing left of about 30 human beings, but the cinders of the wood and the scorched limbs of the martyrs. One of the most perfect of the Christians, by name Mathias, had his feet and his hands cut off, was turned on his face, had his back sliced and burned and was left half dead and moaning on the top of a hill exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. Others were butchered or otherwise destroyed according as the orders came from the maddened king. And all this in the XIXth. century, under the eyes of Christian kings and rulers, in the country where the Nile takes its source, around Lake Nyanza, the scene of the expeditions of Livingstone.

The Knights of Labor can rest secure when they have the approbations of men of the stamp of Cardinals Gibbons and Manning, and the toleration of Rome. They have but to listen to the maternal advices of such prudent men as govern the Church in this country and their star will continue to shine and to increase its lustre.

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