

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. V

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL, SATURDAY, April 14th, 1888.

No 18.

A. H. PIKE.

JEWELLER.

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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VOL. IV

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ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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EDITORIALS.

OWING to an unforeseen and unusual pressure of matter and the "right of way" courteously accorded our French Supplement, our space, we perceive at this late hour, is so entirely taken up as to allow neither exchanges nor Catholic notes; and the book notices and musical notes and other interesting bits (not to mention a premature spring poem) must all alas! be relegated to the waste basket. We beg our readers' indulgence for the disappointment we may occasion them trusting they may find themselves more than repaid by the solidity and interest of the sketches which fill this issue.

* *

"QUINQUENNITES" is a new word coined lately for the baptising of a new organization whose main purpose is the assembling "here and in five years" of the members leagued together for that aim. The idea is of the students' own suggestion, racy of the campus, and apparently uppermost in the minds of the collegians at this hour. It is to be hoped that old Father Time will deal gently with what would at first sight appear the airy fabrics of boyish fervor, a splendid ethereal palace floating on high hopes and brilliantly illumined with a thousand pleasant fancies. The laudable object of the

"Quinquennites" is of sufficient interest, however, to insure their success even against the all destroying tide of years. It is the sincere wish of the JOURNAL that time may only the more harden the cement of that staunch friendship which prompted the rearing of this society. In some future and less crowded issue we mean to give a lengthier account of this interesting "Fellowship;" to give minutes of its several meetings, showing its roll of members, its officers, principal regulations, etc.

* *

VERY ENCOURAGING is the following paragraph from our esteemed exchange the *Catholic American*: "There is great ability, high literary finish, and much promise displayed in our Catholic college journals. They do honor to the institutions which they represent." We hope it is not conceit on our part to thank our visitor for his kind words to men of the college craft.

* *

THE GOOD WILL displayed by the participants in the drama now preparing for St. Patrick's day is something really worthy of commendation. With readiness such as this it is even comforting to strain our utmost nerve in our attempts to surmount the difficulties surging in wild, rapid succession and threatening to envelope, capsize, sink, engulf our level-headed little crew. If St. Patrick's entertainment prove success, as we may still hope it will, well may we then congratulate ourselves and thank our friends who so highly tax themselves to help bring about the desired "brilliantsoirée."

* *

AN INTERESTING manuscript exhibiting the Holy Name School "Roll of Honor" is the last to enter our sanctum; and, while we gladly accuse its reception and sincerely applaud each bearer of an honor-telling cipher, we are sorry to find ourselves obliged to lay the list aside for another fortnight as it is utterly impossible to make any room for the honorary mention of our deserving young Chicago friends. Our own usual class averages and conduct notes are left out in this issue. We trust that this first disappointment will not prove too crushing for the boys' high and just hopes of seeing themselves in print.

TO SAINT JOSEPH.

Dear Saint Joseph! Foster-Father
 Of our Saviour! list while we
 Kneeling at thy feet, petition
 That thou keep us ever free
 From temptations that beset us
 In this weary world of sin
 And we know if thou wilt aid us
 We will surely Heaven win.

Never was it known that client
 Who invoked thee at the hour
 When he needed thy assistance
 Was denied it, and thy power
 Is so great we ever marveled
 At the deeds that thou hast done
 Since all the favors thou dost ask
 Granted are by thy dear Son.

As He bent into sweet submission
 To thy will when here-below
 So he heeds thee now in Heaven
 Graces at thy instance flow
 On these souls I crave protection
 At thy hands when o'er them fall
 Grief's dark clouds and Care's dark shadows
 When Sin o'er them casts her pall—

When thou sendest down those graces
 Causing grief and cares to flee
 Thou, by loosing sin's strong shackles
 From its bondage sets souls free
 So I ask that thou wilt keep us
 From sin's taint that we may grow
 Pure and holy e'en as thou wert
 In thy life when here below.

If through life you grant protection
 To thy children— at its end
 Through thy love for us assist us
 Be thou near us—be our friend—
 Since thou art the special patron
 Of good deaths list to our prayer
 Guide us safe through Death's dark valley
 To our Heavenly Home so fair.

G. M.

NINE YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A MILITARY
CHAPLAIN.

PART II.

FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.
BEFORE AND AFTER SEDAN.

The scene here opens in 1870, a most un auspicious year in the annals of French history: the territory is invaded by 800,000 German soldiers; Marshal McMahon with 30,000 men is attacked by 90,000 Russians commanded by Prince Frederic Charles and after an 8 hour fight, routed. During this engagement McMahon disabled over 25,000 of the enemies, but also, sacrificed his own gallant brigade of cuirassiers whose heroic charge on a body of 25,000 men backed by a formidable artillery has become legendary. McMahon is however enabled to retreat to Chalons unmolested.

Three weeks later, having recruited his forces to the number of 120,000 men, he was once attacked by Gen. Moltke's formidable army while attempting to form a union with Gen. Bazaine near Sedan. McMahon was disabled in the beginning of the fight by the explosion of a shell, the army thus left without its general, and surrounded by 300,000 Germans shelling shot from the most effective artillery ever seen on a battle-field, was obliged to capitulate, and 80,000 men, the flower of France's bravest young manhood, were taken prisoners to Germany.

Shortly after the Sedan disaster a revolution in Paris had placed the government of France in the hands of a few lawyers who, owing to their revolutionary and unchristian principles were far from inspiring the nation with that confidence so necessary at such a crisis. However the characteristic patriotism of all true Frenchmen silenced all discordant voices; all political preferences were laid aside. With an admirable and enthusiastic unanimity all classes of society answered the call; rich and poor, nobles and peasants, young and old asked for crosses and rushed to the several camps opened to receive them. Five weeks after the call an army of 100,000 men ranging from the youngster of 15 to the old white-haired man of 60 or 70, had gathered below Orleans and were commanded by d'Aurelle de Palladin, a general then 75 years old who was organizing the army of "La Loire." It was there that I joined the division of which I had been appointed chaplain and which was almost exclusively composed of Britons. The Zouaves of Charette, dismissed by Pius IX after Victor Emmanuel's cowardly invasion of Rome, had volunteered their services to the cause of France and were a part of our division, but they had their particular chaplain.

Now our army consisting, as you see, mostly of new recruits, and moreover lead by old and almost disabled generals or, what was worse, by extempore officers,

was obliged to take the field without being sufficiently equipped and properly drilled. I shall not attempt to describe the sometimes laughable aspect of that improvised army: to tell you of its hardships, occasioned by bad organization, the insufficiency of its stores, the inclemency of an unusual early winter, of its long and tiresome marches through almost impassable roads. Nor shall I more than mention those muddy bivouacs without straw to lie on, and those unappetizing suppers warmed only by the rays of the November or December moon. But when I tell you that for 45 days, we had no other couch than mud or snow, often no other allowance than rice biscuits and water, and on such fare daily marches of 8, 10, 12 and once 21 hours with continual skirmishing, you may judge for yourselves what were the sufferings of the Loire army during its retreat from Orleans to Le Mans in November and December of 1870. And you would hardly believe it nevertheless 'tis true and noteworthy—that gay sprightly element of the French character, even in the midst of these trying circumstances, always rises to the top, and nothing is more enjoyable than the company of the soldiers grouped around the evening camp-fires and good humoredly joking about everything and not seldom their own meagre bill of fare.

BATTLE OF PATAY.

This campaign was gloriously opened toward the end of October by the rout of the Germans at Coulmiers near Orleans, and the reoccupation of that town which for a fortnight had been in the hands of the enemy. But the dismissal by Gambetta of the glorious conqueror of Coulmiers on account of his refusing to accept the strategic schemes devised by lawyers' heads in a lawyer's office, imposed on the army a temporary immobility. After three days of negotiation Chanzy accepted the succession of d'Aurelle de Paladine as generalissimo, on condition however that he should be independent in his command as well as in his movements. General de Sonnis as brave a soldier as he was a good Catholic, took the place of Chanzy at the head of army corps to which our division was attached. And we again started on our march toward Paris then besieged by king William of Prussia.

But Prince Frederic Charles left free by the humiliating and treacherous capitulation of Bazaine, was hastening by forced marches to oppose our progress toward Paris; he met us near Patay. Chanzy, however, who intended to choose his own battle ground and did not intend to expose his men to be beaten down by an immense superiority in number, refused to give battle, and resolved to retreat towards Le Mans where another army was in process of formation. Prince Frederic Charles shrewdly suspecting his scheme ranged on the heights of Patay a formidable battery of his Krup can-

nons backed by a division of 10,000 men ready to pour shot into our flank. Chanzy sent orders to Sonnis to storm the battery which was an obstacle to his plan, Sonnis had then on hand only a brigade of young soldiers not having yet experienced the fire, and a battalion of 300 pontifical Zouaves commanded by Charette himself and intended for a reserve. He tried in vain to fire that brigade of green men, who panic stricken in consequence of a deadly shower of shells fast thinning their ranks, did not move. Their time was to be lost; galloping to Charette he exclaimed "General, let us show these cowards how truly Catholic French soldiers can conquer or die! Storm that battery!..." And Charrette galloped with the Chaplain to the front and commanded; "Attention! Present Arms! Kneel for absolution! Act of contrition!" And these 300 men, most of whom were going to certain death, prostrated arms in hand united their hearts with their voices in reciting the act of contrition while the Chaplain extending his hands over their heads, pronounced the sacramental formula.

The manly voice of Charette then command loudly "For God and France! Double quick pace!" An immense shout: "For God and France!" answered the command. Then with the chivalrous de Sonnis at their head this handful of brave, many of whom were children yet in their teens and others old men, most of them all bearing the most aristocratic names of France, presented their gallant breast as a target to the gunners of Frederic Charles and, unconcerned, without firing a shot, advanced towards the thundering battery and apparently not noticing the gaps that lively death made in their ranks. What a terrible but at the same time what an imposing sight.

Follow them a few hundred feet from their starting point and you see the brave de Sonnis fall, shouting "Vive la France!" A well aimed bullet has cut off one of his legs. Almost simultaneously the bursting of a shell kills Charette's horse and inflicts a severe wound on his knee. Young marquis de Bouilliez, the bearer of the banner on which an image of the Sacred Heart is embroidered, falls mortally wounded, shouting to his comrades: "Save our Standard!" De Verthamon who has left behind a beloved young wife and two children and princely residences, advances, seize a hold of it next, and also falls mortally wounded. Now 'tis a young Parisian, of plebeian extraction, Louis Denneux by name, 15 years old, a new Zouave recruit but already a hero—he catches the flag and will soon have the honor of hoisting it on the conquered heights of Patay and afterwards of carrying it back to his chief, safe but gloriously blackened by powder and sanctified in the blood of its heroic defenders.

In fact we can now perceive amongst the Prussian ranks unmistakable signs of panic and confusion, vainly

do the officers try to cheer up their soldiers. The generals themselves are the first to wonder at the extraordinary fact of their defeat stubbornly staring them in the face. A handful of men boldly attacking and forcing out of its almost impregnable position a whole division protected by a strong battery! Retreat only is possible. The orders are given and promptly obeyed; but the gunners and conductors are not given time to hitch their horses to the cannon carriages; the shouts "Vive la France" announces the nearness of the undaunted Zouaves coming to take possession of the battery: with their bayonets they spread death and terror amongst gunners and horses; those who cannot flee are killed near their guns and soon the banner of the Sacred Heart united to the national red-white-and-blue was hoisted on the conquered battery.

The object of Chanzy was attained. Captain de Ferron, the only uninjured officer of the battalion seeing that the Prussians, realizing the small number of the storming party were preparing a counter-attack, commands the retreat. The forty-five zouaves, the only remains of the whole battalion, proudly unfolding their colors, begin at a slow pace their retreat, which they accomplished unmolested by the Prussians who could not help paying that tribute of admiration to the bold and patriotic courage of that handful of braves.

HEROIC SENTIMENTS OF A MOTHER.

Shall I now speak of that dark night passed on the battle-field of Patay amongst the dead and the wounded lying scattered on the snow to the number of several hundreds? Shall I not tell you the noble sentiments of those young heroes cheerfully offering their blood and their lives for the salvation of their country? One of them handed me a letter prepared in advance, in prevision of his being killed in which he announced his own death to his mother. Entrusting me with the care of sending it he requested that I should add a few words to it vouching for his dying the death of a true French Christian soldier, that his mother might be encouraged to send his younger brother to take his place in the army. In fact ten days later that truly heroic mother, who might have been compared to the mother of the Maccabees of old, was in the camp presenting to Charette a bright boy of 14 years of age, entreating the brave general to enlist her child in the ranks of his glorious Zouaves. "I have already sacrificed to God my two eldest sons for the salvation of France: if God is pleased to accept also the sacrifice of this youngest and only remaining child, I am happy to offer it to Him." And her last words to her son were to this effect: "Remember the life and the death of your older brothers." And five weeks later that worthy son of an heroic mother was killed at the battle of Le Mans. I had the consolation of assisting him in circumstances which I

shall soon narrate. No, indeed! I cannot despair of my country as long as she produces such mothers and such sons! And I feel perfectly justified when, despite her humiliating disasters and her faults, I am proud of her!

THE FORTY DAYS RETREAT.

I have been trespassing too long upon your kind attention. Yet, can I stop without speaking of the last struggle of the army of Chanzy; of that glorious retreat of forty days before an enemy more than double our numbers and backed by an admirable artillery provided with Krup's guns, the best then existing in the world; while ours was armed with old cannons for a long time housed as rubbish in some corners of our arsenals. However, for the sake of brevity, I pass over the daily skirmishing, the long cold nights not seldom passed without fire for the purpose of preventing our enemies from seeing the places of our bivouacs.

One evening that this precaution had been dispensed with, the soldiers, tired by a long march, were gathered around the fires, joking as generally do French soldiers and watching anxiously the progress of the cooking of a succulent pottage composed of potatoes and bacon boiling in the pot. During those days a pottage was a rare dainty. I was close to one of these groups listening to their stories when suddenly the well-known whizzing of a shell in the air and an almost universal *beware!* caused every one around to fall flat on the ground. Soon however a joyful peel of laughter announced that the danger was over. The shell lighting in the middle of the pot had scattered round about the savoring dish. Immediately the order came to extinguish the fires. That evening the hungry stomachs of the soldiers of that company had to be satisfied with the fine flavor of their dispersed pottage and one of those biscuits, 15 or 16 years old, a specimen of which I had had the good fortune to be gratified with one day for my allowance. That famous biscuit bore on its surface a certificate of its origin which showed that it had been made in Toulon in the year 1853—we were then in 1870! Had I not been pressed by hunger, I would have preserved it to rejoice one of those monomaniac collectionists by presenting him with it. It would not have been the less interesting of his antiquities.

BATTLE OF LE MANS

Now do not expect from me a description of the battle of Le Mans. I will only say that Chanzy being re-enforced by the 50,000 Britons gathered at the camp of Cenlie was waiting for the enemy on the table-land of Amour near Le Mans, where Prince Frederick Charles soon attacked him. The battle lasted three days. For two days the French held their positions and slept on the battle-field. On the 3rd day till 2 o'clock in the afternoon the triumph of Chanzy seemed certain. Everywhere the Prussians were losing ground: the courage of the

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 12 Mars. 1887.

No 4.

NOCES D'ARGENT.

AU REV. P. F. X. C.

O le bel anniversaire!
A pareil jour, O bonheur!
Tu devins l'oint du Seigneur,
L'ange de son sanctuaire!

Qu'il revienne ce grand jour
En ta mémoire ravie
Et bien des fois que ta vie
En fête le doux retour!

Ce n'est qu'une lueur blanche
Qui dans ton ciel brille encor,
Mais quand soudain l'astre penche
C'est un crépuscule d'or...

Puissent tous ceux qui t'entourent
Voir ce glorieux déclin
Et qu'à ce soir ils accourent
Comme au plus riant matin!

M**

ENTRETIEN SUR LES ORDRES RELIGIEUX.

(SUITE)

MM.

On vous a dit les bienfaits que les ordres religieux ont opérés en faveur de l'humanité; on a surtout appuyé sur l'influence qui ils ont exercé sur le corps et l'esprit, sur l'agriculture et les lettres; mais les moines sont allés au delà; ils ont atteint jusqu'au plus intime de l'être; ils ont pénétré jusque dans le sanctuaire du cœur; ils sont arrivés jusqu'à l'âme! Et ils y sont parvenus en offrant à la terre le spectacle des plus admirables vertus, mais surtout de la charité. O charité! rien ne résiste à ton souffle puissant, tu inclines les cœurs et les volontés comme l'onragan abaisse les cimes les plus orgueilleuses!

La charité, la charité seule, pouvait triompher de la barbare fierté de ces nations qui avaient renversé la société ancienne. La pitié leur était inconnue: ils allaient du Nord au Sud couvrant tout de ruines et de sang pour subvenir à leur imprévoyante oisiveté, pour satisfaire leur insatiable cruauté. Mais quand ils virent ces phalanges innombrables de religieux dont plusieurs avaient commandé leurs armées, dont le front avait ceint la

couronne, supporter les humiliations les plus étonnantes, embrasser les sacrifices de tous genres, accomplir les œuvres surhumaines de la charité, ces farouches, ces indomptables barbares se sentirent subjugués, vaincus!

En effet comment, s'il leur restait encore quelque chose d'humain, auraient pu résister aux exemples de dévouement que leur donnaient ces Religieux, qui partout où ils paraissaient élevaient des asiles à tous les maux, à toutes les douleurs? La France seule a compté jusqu'à vingt mille hopitaux! C'est grâce à l'action de leur inépuisable charité que l'orphelin a trouvé des anges pour l'aimer comme aurait fait sa mère, que le vieillard a rendu son dernier soupir dans des mains amies que le pauvre a reçu le pain de chaque jour, que le malade a senti un adoucissement à ses souffrances, que le captif sur la terre étrangère a vu briser ses chaînes. On peut dire qu'il n'est pas une misère qui n'ait été secourue, pas une plaie qui n'ait été pansée, pas une larme qui n'ait été essuyée!

Et dans cette lutte, dans cet élan magnanime de l'amour, l'homme et la femme ont rivalisé d'abnégation et sont allés jusqu'à la folie, cette folie qui sauva le monde sur le bois sanglant de la croix et qui devait dans la suite le doter de l'incomparable civilisation chrétienne. On a vu dis-je, sous l'empire de cette folie, des religieuses—de faibles femmes!—voler sur les champs de batailles au milieu du feu et de la mitraille pour prodiguer les derniers soins aux guerriers mourants!... On a vu des religieux, un St. Raymond se donner en otage pour briser les chaînes de quelques esclaves et qui ne cesse de leur faire entendre des paroles de consolation que lorsqu'il a les lèvres percées par le feu, la bouche close par un énorme fer! On a vu un St. Pierre rendre la liberté à des captifs aux dépens de la sienne et qui, incapable de payer la rançon promise, reste étranglé pendant six jours et s'il ne meurt pas, c'est que le ciel veut montrer, dans sa personne brisée par cet affreux supplice, le trophée de la charité, un monument du martyre et de l'héroïsme!

Nonseulement les ordres monastiques triomphèrent de la barbarie réussirent à spiritualiser ces masses de peuples passionnés et charnels. Leur influence se fit encore sentir de plusieurs autres manières sur les mœurs et contribua le plus puissamment à affermir la civilisation européenne encore à son aurore. Avec la société

romaine étaient disparus tous vestiges du pouvoir public, il n'en restait que l'ombre. Pendant cette crise effroyable, alors que menaçait de sombrer les principes les plus élémentaires du droit et de l'autorité, que la législation civile était à peine formulée, les ordres religieux promulgaient des règlements pleins de sagesse, des constitutions réunissant les éléments les plus parfaits de la monarchie et de la république, constitutions admirables qui servirent de modèles aux institutions politiques des peuples modernes et furent le berceau de leur civilisation.

C'est au sein de ces grandes familles religieuses que furent aussi mises en pratique les divines leçons de l'Evangile, les seules vraies notions d'égalité et de fraternité! Là, le serf n'était pas plus que le maître, tous les titres étaient confondus, toutes les distinctions mondaines s'évanouissaient dans les embrassements de la charité fraternelle! Cette élévation de tous aux plus hautes charges monastiques et aux plus sublimes dignités sacerdotales porta un coup mortel à la servitude, cette honte des civilisations antiques!

Après avoir contribué autant que tous autres, sinon plus, à élever l'édifice grandiose de la société chrétienne, ils ont su la défendre à toute heure et au péril de leurs jours quand des mains perverses ont osé l'attaquer.

Ils l'ont défendue par la création des ordres militaires, contre les envahissements de l'Islamisme qui menaçaient d'agenouiller l'Europe devant le Croissant!

Ils l'ont défendue par l'éloquence d'un St. Dominique dont la parole enflammée annéantit l'hérésie naissante des Albigeois, aussi terrible et mortelle que le mohométisme même!

Ils l'ont défendue par le zèle dévorant d'un St. Ignace dont les enfants, invincibles bataillons de l'Eglise, ont combattu l'erreur sous toutes les formes et ont porté l'étendard victorieux du Christ jusqu'aux extrémités du monde!

Et ils la défendent encore aujourd'hui sans jamais se lasser contre le monstre de l'incrédulité qui dresse sa tête menaçante aux regards des nations effrayées et prêtes à apostasier cette foi qui les a rendus supérieures aux sociétés payennes et asiatiques! Cette foi qui les fera grandes et fortes aux heures du péril et saura les préserver de la barbarie, de la corruption et de la mort!

CONCLUSION.

MM.

Il n'est pas nécessaire d'appuyer plus longtemps sur une question dont le mérite vous est connu. Ce que nous avons dit est plus que suffisant pour prouver que les ordres religieux existent pour l'avantage des sociétés, qu'ils n'ont pas forfait à leurs devoirs et qu'ils ont une infinité de titres à la gratitude et à la vénération des peuples.

Sont-ils les ennemis de la civilisation ceux qui luttè-

rent si vaillamment contre la barbarie et l'individualisme et firent tant pour baser l'ordre public sur les infaillibles principes de la vérité et de la justice?

Sont-ils les ennemis du travail ceux qui défrichèrent l'Europe, la fécondèrent de leurs sueurs et qui en six cents ans centuplèrent sa valeur agricole?

Sont-ils les ennemis de la liberté, ceux qui se plièrent les premiers sous la règle de l'égalité universelle et ne se donnent d'autres titres, aient-ils été princes ou rois, que celui si doux de frères?

Sont-ils les ennemis des pauvres et des souffrants ceux qui ont fondé pour les recueillir des milliers d'hôpitaux, vrais palais de la charité où se trouvent du pain pour les affamés et un baume adoucissant à toutes les douleurs?

Sont-ils les ennemis de la science ceux qui sauvèrent les lettres des armées dévastatrices des Barbares et nous transmirent, comme un glorieux héritage, les immortels chefs-d'œuvre de Rome et de la Grèce?

Sont-ils les ennemis de leurs patries ceux qui, le crucifix à la main, entraînaient les soldats de l'Espagne aux barricades pour repousser ce conquérant devant qui s'étaient ouvertes toutes les portes des Capitales Européennes?

Sont-ils les ennemis de leur patrie ceux qui, après avoir accompagné les armées de l'Allemagne sur tous les champs de batailles, ont été décorés de la croix des braves et que la Prusse aujourd'hui, ô honte! ô ingratitude! bannit du sol natal comme traîtres à leur pays et à leur roi?

Non! Non! Mille fois non!!!

Les ennemis, les vrais ennemis de la patrie, de la liberté, de la science et de la civilisation, ce sont ces exécrables imposteurs qui frappent de confiscation de toutes sortes ces hommes auxquels l'antiquité reconnaissante eût élevé des autels!

Voyez ce qu'ils ont fait pour l'Angleterre, la Prusse et l'Italie, ces persécuteurs acharnés des ordres Religieux. Le Protestantisme, par la suppression des monastères et des hôpitaux, a donné naissance au paupérisme, à ce cancer hideux qui s'attache au cœur de la riche Angleterre et y tarit pour ses infortunés enfants les sources de la vie. Bismark par l'expulsion des Jésuites, que le grand Frédéric en des jours orageux avaient recueillis, prive la studieuse Allemagne de maîtres illustres qui faisaient son orgueil. Le carbonarisme, en s'emparant des propriétés monastiques, loin de combler le déficit des finances du Royaume-Uni ne fait que creuser le gouffre où menace de s'engloutir la grandeur et le rêve de l'unité italienne.

Ah! sachez le, les ennemis des ordres religieux, quel qu'ils soient, ce sont les ennemis de notre impérissable religion. Ils se font persécuteurs parce qu'ils voient dans ces fils dévoués de la foi, comme l'a reconnu lui-même l'illustre Pie IX, le bras droit de la papauté, la colonne avancée de l'armée chrétienne.

Mais quoiqu'ils fassent, les ordres religieux ne sauraient périr. ils sont trop nécessaires à l'état actuel de la société. Dans ces temps où l'humanité semble être jetée comme une proie à l'égoïsme, où la foule aveugle n'adore que les sens, où le torrent de la révolution emporte les institutions des siècles, il faut des hommes qui sachent renoncer aux richesses, et aux honneurs de la terre, immoler la chair et les plaisirs, obéir à l'autorité légitime comme à Dieu même, et c'est ce que font les religieux, en embrassant les vœux de religion, les vœux de pauvreté, de chasteté et d'obéissance.

Cependant s'il se rencontrait des peuples assez ennemis de leurs propres intérêts pour chasser du milieu d'eux les ordres monastiques, o ma patrie, o généreuse République, toi qui es déjà ouverte à tant d'infortunés, accueilles encore ces nobles exilés, ces malheureuses victimes de la tyrannie! Qui sait? Ce sera peut-être par leur intermédiaire que tu enlèveras au vieux monde le sceptre de la science et des beaux arts qu'il a porté jusqu'à ce jour avec tant de gloire?

Pour nous, étudiants de cette maison, que nous sommes heureux, que nous sommes honorés de posséder, ce soir, au milieu de nous, un des représentants de ces communautés qui furent persécutées par l'odieuse Commune dans la personne vénérée du digne Visiteur des Cleres de St. Viateur! Veuillez bien, Très Révérend Père, agréer l'hommage de nos profondes sympathies en même temps que l'expression de notre sincère reconnaissance. Et soyez persuadés que plus tard, lorsque nous serons en lutté avec les orages de la vie, nous défendrons de toutes nos forces ces dévoués religieux à qui nous devons notre éducation, notre avenir!

L'ORDRE.

Il est ici-bas un ordre parfait.
Oh! quelle harmonie entre toute chose!
Chaque être a sa fin, un but qu'il connaît:
Terme de sa vie, éternelle pause.

La fraîcheur de l'ombre est à la forêt,
La chanson au nid où l'oiseau se pose,
Le divin sourire aux lèvres de rose,
Aux perles des mers le brillant reflet.

Au bleu firmament l'éclat de l'étoile,
Aux vierges de Dieu l'ombre de leur voile,
Le parfum aux fleurs, l'encens à l'autel.

Le rayon de joie au front de l'enfance
Le regret au cœur où meurt l'espérance,
Le cadavre à la tombe, à l'âme le ciel!

CUEILLETES.

— C'est le Carême!

— Bientôt Pâques.

— Mr. Barras est convalescent.

— Eugène Harbour est arrivé avec tambour, sinon trompette. Il est gai comme pignon.

— Rév. P. Poulin est retourné au Canada. Les vœux de ses nombreux amis l'accompagnent.

— Rév. J. Legris a pris une petite vacance depuis la semaine dernière. Espérons que ce repos bien mérité sera favorable à sa santé.

— Alex. fait une classe extra de français à MM. J. Bennett et Ehrich. Bravo! c'est ainsi qu'il faut faire pour se rendre maître d'une langue.

— Le F. Champagne, dont la santé inspire des craintes est l'hôte du Rév. P. Bélanger. Nous serons heureux de revoir ce vieil Orégonien!

— Les azalées, qui ont été achetés pour la chapelle, produisent un superbe effet sur l'autel de St. Joseph.

— L'orchestre et la fanfare préparent des morceaux de choix pour la fête de St. Patrice.

— M. L'abbé F. Quimet remplace à l'église de St. John, Chicago, le Rév. P. O'Brien qui est présentement en Floride pour sa santé.

— Jaspar Brosseau nous a quittés pour entrer comme commis chez Mr. Kerr. Il est à une bonne école et nul doute qu'il ne réussisse dans le monde de la finance.

— Rév. J. Lesage, curé de St. Georges, annonçait dernièrement à sa paroisse qu'elle n'avait plus de dette. C'est un succès dont tous doivent être fiers. Il faut reconnaître aussi que le Pasteur et les ouailles ont lutté de zèle et de générosité.

— Mr. Joseph St. Louis '80 et Mr. Mathieu '82 viennent d'ouvrir un magnifique magasin, à Kankakee. Ces deux Jeunes Messieurs ont bien fait leur chemin à venir jusqu'ici et nul doute que leur nouvelle entreprise ne soit couronnée d'un plein succès.

— W. Caron '85 est employé comme commis chez Mr. Bonfield, Kankakee et paraît se plaire à merveille au milieu des drogues. Succès!

— 68 degrés de chaleur aujourd'hui! Il faut ouvrir les fenêtres.

— Les abeilles entrent dans la bouche de John Bell comme dans celle de St. Ambroise, avec cette seule différence que c'est pour le piquer.

— Mme. Marie-Anne Ulrich, née Hantberg d'Anjouer, département du Haut-Rhin, France, a fait cadeau à l'église, canadienne de Rochester d'une magnifique propriété évaluée à \$20,000. On pourrait dire de cette noble donatrice que ces œuvres lui survivront et les générations futures qui devront le bienfait inappréciable d'une éducation catholique et soignée, béniront sa mémoire.

Puisse cet exemple encourager la générosité de ceux que Dieu a favorisés des biens de la fortune.—“Le National” de Plattsburg, N. Y.

— Rev. Chs. Goulet, ancien maître de discipline, est maintenant curé de East Constable, New York. Nous espérons que les occupations du Révérend Monsieur lui permettront bientôt de venir nous voir.

— Phil. Lesage est en visite chez son beau-frère, P. Létourneau M. D. à Chippewa Falls.

— Il y a actuellement, au bas mot, dans les Etats de New York, Connecticut, du Massachusetts, du Rhode-Island, du Maine, du New Hampshire, du Vermont, 334, 775 Canadiens Catholiques, 134 prêtres canadiens, et 30 couvents dirigés par des Communautés canadiennes. Ces chiffres sont plutôt au-dessous du chiffre réel qu'au-dessus.

MEDITATION.

La matinée était sereine, un léger nuage fuyait furtivement à l'horizon azuré. Le ciel était limpide, un rayon du soleil radieux effleurait la cime des grands arbres, et se cachait dans les feuillages verdoyants.

Dans ces ombrages mystérieux, l'oiseau bâtissait son nid, et chantait ses amours. Une colombe roucoulait gaïement, sur le bord pittoresque d'un beau lac, et plongeait son bec rose dans l'onde pure.

Des brebis erraient dans les sentiers rocailleux et laissaient aux taillis des lambeaux de leurs laines.

La nature, ce vaste paysage, était le berceau où sommeillait mon âme contemplative. L'artiste est rêveur en regardant un pan de l'horizon empourpré, un tronc d'arbre ensoleillé, ou une fleur épanouie. Chaque site lui révèle la grandeur de Dieu; son pinceau esquisse un fragment de la nature, pendant que sa pensée s'agenouille dans cette solitude embaumée en priant l'Eternel.

Je me souviens de m'être appuyée sur un vieux pont rustique; l'herbe croissait, arrosée par les vagues; et sur le rivage languissaient des feuilles jaunies.

L'orage avait brisé des branches, recouvertes de mousse, qui traînaient sur le gazon, où balançaient les derniers débris d'un nid. L'hirondelle s'enfuyait dans d'autres climats, et mon regard attentif suivait le papillon qui disparaissait dans l'azur.

Le murmure de l'onde, le bruissement de la feuillée, le ramage de l'oiseau, remplissaient l'espace d'une douce mélodie. L'enfant jouait sur la verte pelouse, et mêlait ses cris de joie au bruit mystérieux de la nature éveillée. Dans les buissons et les prés fleuris j'aime à rêver en contemplant le ciel à travers les branches parfumées, et j'ai esquisé un paysage, qui me rappelle toujours l'enivrement, le bonheur de cette promenade à la campagne.

M. ROUSSEL.

On annonce la mort de Paul Féval, célèbre romancier. Il naquit à Rennes et se fit remarquer par l'abondance de ses productions littéraires. Pendant les deux années 1858 et 1859, soixante-dix-huit volumes parurent sous son nom. Il excelle à créer les intrigues et néglige quelque fois le style pour ne songer qu'à l'invention. Cependant quelques uns de ses ouvrages se distinguent par beaucoup de grâce et de fraîcheur; ses dialogues sont très rapides et d'un naturel exquis.

Dans *Les étapes d'une conversion*, il a raconté dans quelles circonstances Dieu lui fit trouver le “chemin de Damas.” On l'avait chargé d'écrire un ouvrage contre les Jésuites, mais les documents qu'on lui avait fournis le décidèrent à publier un ouvrage en leur faveur. Depuis son retour à la foi, il révisa tous ses romans qui peuvent être ainsi placés entre les mains de tous lecteurs.

AU CIMETIERE.

Le cimetière est un lieu où viennent se cacher dans la poussière toutes les ambitions humaines: le savant repose près de l'ignorant; le riche près du pauvre; l'homme de lettres près de l'artisan. Tous gisent en un même lieu, tous ont la même terre pour demeure. Mais tous n'ont pas emporté les mêmes regrets; chacun n'a pas laissé derrière lui les mêmes souvenirs.

Ici, une femme en habits de deuil est agenouillée sur la froide pierre d'un tombeau, ses lèvres murmurent une prière et de ses yeux s'échappent des larmes: c'est là que repose son enfant chéri, son amour, sa gloire, le seul espoir enlevé à son orgueil maternel. La mort l'a ravi avant qu'il eut approché les lèvres du calice de la vie, et cette mère a vu tous ses rêves d'or s'évanouir dans un tombeau....

Là, c'est une jeune fille inclinée sur une tombe chérie. Elle joint convulsivement les mains, ses yeux sont tournés vers le ciel comme pour y chercher l'ange qui y a pris son essor. Fleur toute fraîche et toute pure ornée encore de la perle de l'aurore, elle regrette sa sœur qu'un soleil trop ardent a déjà flétrie. Pourquoi la mort a-t-elle enlevé sur le seuil de la vie une existence si chère!

A quelques pas plus loin s'élèvent une modeste croix de bois. Sous ce tetre fraîchement remué repose une mère bien-aimée. Nul ornement pour son tombeau, sinon une fleur nouvelle déposée chaque jour par ses enfants. Pauvres enfants, ils ignorent ce que c'est que la vie, et ils n'ont pas l'aile d'une mère pour s'abriter quand viendra l'orage. Jeunes boutons de rose, comment pourront-ils éclore sans l'aide d'un rameau bienfaisant qui vienne les protéger! Pleurez, pauvres orphelins, pleurez et priez: les larmes soulagent et la prière soutient.

French, the bold bayonet charges of their infantry, made up for the indisputable superiority of the German Artillery. Unfortunately about this time Prince Frederick Charles makes a desperate attack on a point called the Tuilleries which, entrusted as it was to a division of Britton Soldiers appeared entirely impregnable. Suddenly the shout "Treason" rises from their ranks. Trying to use the muskets they had been given that same morning they miss fire and on close inspection find out that most of them have unbored ripples. Suspecting that they are the victims of an infernal plot of the revolutionary government these brave men abandon everything and seek for safety in flight. The officers try to stop the flight and even shoot a few of them dead to prevent a general disbanding, but all in vain: They have lost all confidence and will not hear anything. Panic is contagious. Unable to divine the cause of the flight of the Brittons whose bravery is proverbial, the other troops imagine that the Prussians must be forcing the rear. In fact the Germans availing themselves of this confusion, regain their lost ground, and Chanzy prudently commands the retreat. To complete the misfortune a Prussian Battery on the heights of Amour sweeps the railroad bridge from the river and thus checks their only issue. General Gourgeaud, the successor of Sonnis, addressing the Zouaves, takes their lead. This example fires two battalions, *Chasseurs a pied*; they form together a thick column of 1,500 men and advance at a double-quick pace to the thundering battery, making with their bayonets wide bloody gaps in the lines of the enemy, and finally silence the battery itself. Three fourths of their number were lying on the field, but they had saved the army.

THE DEAD ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The sight of an engagement is truly terrible and distressing. But what must we say of the aspect of a battle-field after the struggle. For my part I can not think of anything more dismally painful than such a scene. I cannot without shuddering recall that long night passed on the battle-field of Le Mans. In the silence of night, by a clear moon of January, in an atmosphere yet impregnated with the vapor and smell of powder, imagine 50,000 or 60,000 men lying dead or wounded on the bare ground. A gloomy silence interrupted but by the groans of the dying, and the moans of the wounded succeeds the thunder of cannons and cries of bugle. Here and there a chaplain bearing a confession, some men searching among the corpses for a brother or a friend; every where the busy *brancardiers* of both armies friendly helping one another in their merciful office of picking up the wounded and carrying them to the tent hospitals in their bloody barrows. Here and there again the disgusting sight of a thieving soldier plundering the dead and sometimes the wounded yet living. You may easily understand that in such moments chaplains have

not much time to consider the details of such a scene. They are busy answering the heart-rending calls of the dying wounded.

It is while going on such an errand along the wide track stamped with blood and death by the heroic column of which I was speaking a while ago, that I was called by a Captain of Pontifical Zouaves who, badly wounded, appeared to me to be at his last. I was about to seat myself near him when, pointing to one of his young soldiers lying but a few steps from him amongst three or four dead Prussians, he told me to go first to that boy who seemed to sink rapidly. "HE IS A HERO" he said to me; "he has received many wounds, but by those corpses around him you will see that he did good work before falling."

I hastened to the boy in whom I recognized that 14 years old Zouave, the brother of that hero I had anointed on the sorrowful night of Patay, who exclaimed on seeing me: I was expecting that you would come to assist me as you did my brother at Patay: I thank you. I heard his confession. Then he asked me to open his knapsack and to take a letter, written in advance to his mother, and entrusting me with the care of forwarding it he asked me to inform her that he was dying happy, conscious of having accomplished his duty and followed the example of his brothers.

After that I hastened to the Captain, and while I was hearing his confession, holding his bleeding head on my arm, one of those *dead plundering* Prussians I had already noticed, seeing a gold chain on the chest of the man I was attending, advanced to take it. That was more than I could bear with. Springing up I gave him a push that caused him to fall violently on a heap of corpses near by. Thinking that this would satisfy him and that he would depart, I was coming back to the dying captain. I had not time to kneel when the ruffian rushing wildly upon me, struck me in the chest with his bayonet before I had had time to seize the revolver which the Captain held out to me. Falling back I heard a pistol report and saw my aggressor sink heavily on the ground. My young hero of 14 years, whom I had confessed a minute before, seeing the cowardly attempt of the plunderer, had mustered sufficient courage to take his revolver from his belt and shoot the assassin before he could escape. As I was thanking him for the act, he breathed his last with a smile of contentment.

I then finished the confession of the Captain who died one or two minutes after receiving absolution. Noticing that I was losing a great deal of blood I hastened to the field hospital. The doctor looking at my wound exclaimed! "It is a mere scratch, a fine button-hole, one and a half inch long; you have had a narrow escape the bayonet struck a rib and slid along it: one-eighth inch deviation and you were dead!" And taking a

needle and silk he made a hasty suture. Mounting my horse I again hurried away to the dying and wounded on the field.

I have finished. You cannot expect that I would be able to expose the last struggles of my unfortunate dying country, not only against the merciless exigencies of an implacable victorious enemy, but also against the matricidal strokes of some of her unworthy children, the Communists of Paris. Thank you for your kind attention which makes me hope that if I have not inspired you with the love of my unhappy country, I may at least have gained for France the esteem and respect she certainly deserves.

LOCALS.

- Elegant badges!
- "What is a desk to the whole house!"
- "Skipped by the light of the Sun," Griffin, Barry and Parker.
- We regret to announce that owing to sickness our classmate, John Golden, will be obliged to discontinue his studies. Although we regret much to lose such an agreeable companion we wish him success in any undertaking he may engage in.
- Duffy says he is going to paint those whiskers green for St. Patrick's Day.
- The Thespian's rehearsals announce that St. Patrick's day is not far.
- The Band has a fine medley for Wednesday evening, St. Patrick's eve.
- A delegation of 20 from the Holy Name School is coming to spend St. Patrick's day with us. They are most welcome.
- The "Select Orchestra" is rapidly getting under its control the difficult music for the next drama.
- The "Hand-Ball Allies" have been repaired and now the old-time sport has been renewed.
- On account of "throat troubles" Mr. Wilstach has been obliged to give up his part in the play.
- Bro. Gignac is becoming a first class artist and his last production, a crayon portrait of Father Roy, is really a work of art.
- Mr. Bernard Flood is the latest arrival among the Seminarians.
- "Mike Conlan, give me a match please."
- Mr. Grandpré is now recorded as one of the members of the orchestra.
- The national game, Base ball, was inaugurated last Thursday for the season of '87. The "willor-wielders" anticipate this season to be one of unusual life.
- Among the departures since our last issue are Thomas Murray, Thomas Whalen and Michael Pendergast.

— The "Lecture on Rome" will not be delivered on account of the sickness and departure for home of Mr. Finn.

— Resignations are now in order; two have taken effect in the Thespian and two in St. Patrick's Society.

— Being the feast of St. Cyril we enjoyed a pleasant day of recreation on the 28th. ult.

— The visitors of the last two weeks were Fathers Chouinard, Berard, Lesage and Fournier.

— The Tonsorial Parlors of Mr. E. Grandpré have been refitted and he is now prepared to receive all his friends.

— Last Thursday the "Quinquennites" visited the photographic parlors of Mr. C. Knowlton and had pictures taken. The group numbers sixteen and makes an imposing appearance.

— "St. Viateur's college can always be depended upon to furnish pleasant and profitable entertainment on every holiday. On Wednesday evening next, the eve of St. Patrick's day, the Thespian society will give the thrilling Irish drama "The Duke," to conclude with the grand chorus, "Hail, Glorious Apostle."

Kankakee Gazette

All our friends are cordially invited.

— We are very glad to hear that Messrs. Joseph St. Louis and George Mathieu have started business together. They are located where the famous shoe store of Drolet Bros. used to be. Our best wishes to the two old students of St. Viateur's.

— Last week we were honored by the visit of Col. Stanhope, of Waldron, Ills., who was introduced to the students by Mr. A. Kerr, of Kankakee. After being shown through the building the gentlemen were conducted to the Music Hall where the Band saluted them with one of their choice Serenades. The Colonel in a neat address thanked the students for the lively pleasure their courtesy caused him and encouraged them in their pursuits after knowledge—We hope to be favored with frequent calls from the genial and always welcome visitor.

A TALK ON WASHINGTON.

The excellent eulogy which you have already heard pronounced upon Washington, is evidently one to which I can add nothing. In fact, I feel myself very small indeed, when I rise to praise Washington after having heard what we can almost call the immortal tribute of Grey. But as virtue, valor, and genius are ever worthy of our admiration, and as it is always permitted to the lowest to offer his mite of praise to the great and deserving, perhaps, on this account, my few

simple words will not be entirely out of place, or wholly void of interest.

Coming then to the subject proper, I would say that it is natural to man to preserve long and reverently the remembrance of great names. We instinctively and with tenacity cling to the memory of the illustrious dead, and in our secret soul a record of all that is good and great in them remains, long after they have quit the stage of life and their spirits gone to rest.

Now if this be true of all great and good men, with how much stronger reason is it true of him—the father of his country—him whose advent into this world we commemorate to-night, and with whose name is associated all that is near and dear to us in this blessed land of liberty—the illustrious George Washington. Let us pronounce his name reverently for he is dear to us indeed—dear as the father to whom we owe our life.

(Cold and low to-day, near his own Mount Vernon home, hard by the majestic Potomac, and not far from the nation's Capitol, the nation's heart, his bones lie slumbering in peace; but his memory lives—it lives to-night and, like an electric flash, it fires our feelings and fills our souls with sentiments of love and reverence.)

The great man, we may say, lives in his works—in the good he has done, in the victories he has achieved. The measure of his genius he fashions with his own hand, and when we wish to know the man we turn instinctively to his works. Adopting this standard of judgement, we can well place Washington high on the list of the world's most illustrious. Of his achievements history furnishes few equals. He was the prime mover of that greatest and grandest revolution which the modern world has witnessed, its ruling force, its directing hand. He was the first to sound the alarm when our sacred rights were violated, the first to unsheathe the sword when our grievances were not redressed, and the first in bloody battle until the enemy was crushed, and the liberty of America established forever.

In the brilliant constellation of geniuses which shone out in that wild night of storm and trial, Washington was unquestionably the central star. When placed as commander-in-chief at the head of the army, the responsibilities of a nation, the hopes and fears of a whole people, rested in his hands. His soldiers were few, raw, undisciplined, without musket or cannon. The enemy was a powerful, flourishing country, full of resources, with large well equipped fleets and armies; and stung moreover to the quick at the idea of Colonial independence was determined upon a swift and merciless subjugation. Of all this, Washington was fully aware. He was aware, too, of his own unstable authority, of the only half-organized state of the new government; and of the constant danger of disruption or disunion, which would bring ruin to the cause and swift death to his own door.

But he loved his country, and was willing, if needs be, to sacrifice for her his life and his fortune; so, nothing daunted, he hurried to the field, and with the judgement of a philosopher and the foresight of a prophet led forward his brave little band—now on the roaring Delaware amid the darkness and cold of a stormy Christmas night, now shivering, hungry and naked during that long cruel winter of 1777—78 at Valley Forge, and finally, after five years of toil, exulting and victorious on the field of Yorktown, where the last solemn scene of the war was enacted, where was struck the last blow which felled the tyrant to the earth, and secured forever the Independence of America. Swift through the land the glad news was carried and Washington's name was on every lip. From Maine to Georgia, the whole nation rose up and with one grand accord proclaimed him "Father of his Country."

(Eight years at the head of the infant Republic, proved that his wisdom in peace was as great and as far-reaching as in war; and that his ability, as a statesman, was in no way inferior to his genius as a soldier. When his great work was finished, and he was satisfied that the ship of state whose keel he laid and whose ribs of steel he wrought, required no longer his directing hand, the hero in battle, and the shrewd genius in council, like Cincinnatus of old, bade farewell to public life, and retired to his plain but happy Virginia home, there to pass in quietness and tranquility the remainder of his days. But the gratitude of the nation followed him, and when he closed his dying eyes forever on the land of his love, viewing for the last time amid tears of joy the bright vision of his own dear Republic peerless and matchless among the nations of the earth, when he closed his tear-stained eyes for the last time on this bright vision, and when that great heart which throbbed so long and true with the purest love for dear America, had ceased to beat, a shudder, like an electric thrill, passed through the land, men looked mutely at one another, tears filled every eye, and deep in the grave where Washington's bones were buried, the undying love and veneration of the American people were buried too.)

Few men enjoy, indeed, the enviable fame of Washington. Few could have conducted that long and arduous war with the same success as he, and fewer still could have done it like him, without a stain upon his character, without a blot upon his resplendent manhood. To his great praise be it said, that whatever he did, he did for his country's good. He had no selfish motives, no ambitious designs. When he was advised to declare himself king, he spurned the idea. This entire disinterestedness is the brightest jewel in the crown that decks his brow. It is the shining quality of his character, the one which raises him far above the level of a mere soldier of fortune

and invests him with a dignity and worth of which few conquerors can boast.

It has been said of him, too, that though placed at the head of a Revolution in which all was chaos, disorder and confusion, his judgement, even under these circumstances, was so true and far-reaching that he never failed to observe the possible, and yet always bounded his aspirations by the possible; that is, his mind was so judiciously true, and so seemingly prophetic that in the most perplexing questions, while other men, carried away by the excitement of the moment, built up imaginary theories that could never be realized, Washington, calm and reflective, always pointed out clearly, in common language, without flourish of rhetoric, the utmost boundaries within which success was possible, and beyond which it was impossible.

Of his spotless integrity Bancroft says that a planet would sooner have shot from her sphere than he have departed from his uprightness. To perfect integrity he added a mildness and pleasantness of temper, which won all; and a goodness and generosity of heart, which he carried with him to the camp and the cabinet, and which marked him distinctly among the men of his time. In morals he was stainless, and in religion, though not sanguine for any particular creed, yet, was for all that, profoundly religious. Through the trying scenes of the Revolution he carried out to the letter the first maxim of religious life, "self distrust and trust in God." He is said to have one time, severely rebuked his soldiers for swearing, adding that they could never hope to gain victories if they daily and hourly offended Him from whom all victories came. Always calm therefore and judicious, fearless in the cause of right, honest, magnanimous, noble in his ends and aims, he was a perfect type of American manhood, and, we can add with the poet, had "the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

These are a few of the shining traits of that character and genius which won for Washington the foremost place among the soldiers and statesmen of America, and the foremost place in the love and veneration of the American people; which in other words secured for him that beautiful and highly deserved title of, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Looking back, then, to-night on the sufferings and privations which Washington endured in the great struggle of the Revolution, upon the bright integrity, the pure disinterestedness which, through the troubled scenes of his whole life, he ever displayed, and at the same time glancing around us at the manifold blessings which we to-day enjoy, and which have come to us, in a great measure, from his toil and danger, from his heart and brain, can I not say with truth, that in our hearts

and in the great heart of the American people his memory lives, and will ever live fresh and green as the flowers that summer puts forth on his grave. In the heart of the nation indeed he has built himself a monument, which will stand as long as the nation stands, and long after the nation will have passed away, long after the earth will have been strewn with her ruins, even then, it will stand, and kind lips will tenderly and reverently pronounce his name.

He needs no tablet of stone or marble, no statue or bust to perpetuate his memory; for marble and stone will grow smooth and statue and bust will crumble to the earth, whereas *his name is immortal*. The marble on which his name is written is the land he has made free, and the statue which reflects his image is one which his own hands have fashioned, it is the American nation, the peerless American Republic, which he himself moulded, and into which he breathed the breath of life.

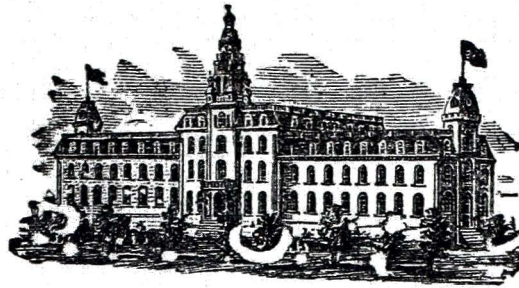
This grand Republic with its spotless name and fame, its pure unsullied banner, its glowing history and noble destiny, is the image of its founder, is a reflection, a true and perfect reflection of the character and genius of Washington. If then you wish to know Washington, study the work of his hand, study the beauty and grandeur and the excellence of the country for which, next to God, we are indebted to him. If you wish to perpetuate his memory, guard jealously the stars and stripes, and see that no rude hand shall ever tear down, shall insult or sully that fair banner.

And this loyalty to our country is indeed not a thing optional, but rather a serious duty. Washington, like a kind father, gave us on his death-bed a precious memorial. It is not a small insignificant token of affection, but a treasure of priceless value; it is our country's liberty and union. That is the memento which he has given us, and it is our duty, as good and faithful children, to watch over it, and to preserve it as the apple of our eye.

Thank God, that treasure today is bright and fair. Thank God, our country to-day enjoys peace, happiness and prosperity; may she ever continue so. May she ever mount higher and higher the ladder of greatness, till on its topmost round she stands an enthroned queen. Like the sun she rose with bright effulgence, spreading her sweet light abroad over the nations; like the sun, too, she has gradually risen higher and higher, illuminating and fructifying the world as she proceeded. O may she ever continue! may she ever, like the sun, go on dispensing her pure light to all peoples, and pursuing undeviating her bright path of splendor and glory, until the zenith of human greatness is reached, until the dawn of eternity breaks forth and the light of our country is lost in the ethereal light of heaven.

J. M.

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