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No. 14

A. H. PIKE

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10:47 P M.....	Express.....	5:05 A M
6:55 P M (arr).....	Gilman Passenger (arr).....	12:05 P M
1:20 P M (lve).....	Gilman Passenger (lve).....	7:25 A M

MIDDLE DIVISION.

ARRIVE.		LEAVE.
5:20 P M.....	Passenger.....	11:05 A M
11:55 P M (north).....	Bloom. Pass. (north).....	12:10 P M
1:20 A M (south).....	Bloom. Pass. (south).....	7:05 P M

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East.		West.
5:15 P M.....	Passenger.....	8:34 A M
11:40 A M.....	Freight.....	11:20 A M

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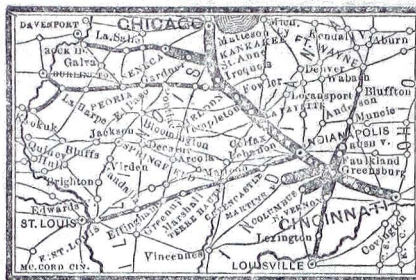
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this was the foundation of the Holy Family parish in 1857 by Father Damen. S. J. The writer has heard this venerable Jesuit describe the site of the church as low marshy ground which at certain parts of the year became impassible without a boat. But what a change has not a quarter of a century produced. To-day, it is one of the finest and most populous parts of the city.

In summing up the progress of the church in the city for the last fifty years, we certainly have reason to rejoice at the result. In 1833 Chicago possessed but one priest one church with a Catholic population of 200. At the present time there are 65 secular and 50 regular priests, 45 churches and the same number of parish schools, convents and the college, having an attendance of 21,173 pupils, while the Catholic population is about 275,000.

This is but a brief sketch of the Catholic Church in the city. Ever old yet always young she adapts herself to every clime and every people, bringing to all joy, peace and consolation, blessings which the world can not give—without which this life would seem but a feverish dream.

H.

A CATHOLIC NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

French Canada as a Catholic country, as a country that has had to strive manfully for the maintenance of its faith, has chosen, as a protector in heaven and as a patron-saint for the nation, St. John the Baptist whose feast it celebrates on the 24th. of June. I had the happiness, during the last vacation of being present, in Montréal, at one of these celebrations which the people of that city had endeavored to render as imposing as possible.

Early in the morning, people began to pour into the city of Montréal from all parts of the country. Trains, arriving on all sides, were over loaded with passengers, whilst many beautiful steamers were landing hundreds of light and joyful hearts all along the spacious wharves. It was a great day for the metropolis of Canada. Its streets were beautifully decorated; triumphal arches were here and there erected; banners of all kinds were floating in the air; beautiful mottoes and all sorts of goodly wishes for the welfare of the country, had been set up in all conspicuous places: all was gay and sprightly and told to the eyes of the wondering visitor of the celebration of a great national holiday.

Unhappily, the weather was a little rainy. However the streets were soon crowded to their utmost and great confusion began to agitate the multitude. One question could be distinctly heard among the many that were

being asked. "Where will mass be said! Shall it be at Notre Dame, or on the Exposition Ground? According to previous understanding, it had been decided that the Holy Sacrifice would be celebrated on the Exposition Grounds, at the foot of the mountain and in open air; but now on account of the rain the report had been circulated that it would take place in Notre Dame church, and thus had this state of indecision been produced.

Little by little, the clouds begin to divide themselves in the heavens; the bright sun again sends forth his playful rays through the pearly leaves of the trees, the countenances of the multitude begin to beam; there is no more doubt, the people move in masses towards the Exposition Grounds: there, is mass to be said. A beautiful altar has been erected here, adorned with rich colors gently floating in the summer breeze. Seats and benches have been distributed at a short distance from the altar, so that between the seats and the altar an open space has been left for the reception of distinguished personages. Crowds begin to rush in: delegation after delegation can be heard advancing in the distance at the sound of their own musical corps. The lieutenant governor of the Province then makes his appearance, enthusiastically applauded by those already arrived. Then came the ministers and members of parliament, and, among them all, hundreds of priests and ecclesiastics all wearing their cassocks. The pontifical zouaves then march to the front, in their special costumes and with that old banner under which they fought for Pius the Ninth, in Italy: they surround the altar and are greeted with long continued applause. A company of infantry also files in, marching boldly to the sound of martial strains and dispersing itself on both sides of the altar.

Most of the people are now arrived and everything seems ready for the holy sacrifice. All at once another round of applause is started in the rear of the multitude; the eyes turn in that direction; it is the bishop advancing through his beloved flock. The respected prelate ascends the altar in his pontifical robes; the excited crowd cools down, silence follows, then mass begins. The best choirs of the city, united into one body, now furnish the music necessary for the occasion. Beautiful hymns are chanted, soft and solemn melodies, expressing the pious sentiments of the praying multitude, are wafted to heaven on the swift wings of soft zephyrs. Suddenly the thundering report of cannon is heard and this mass of people prostrates itself. We have come to the elevation. The Canadian people, in the person of their numerous delegates, now render public honor to the God Who has taken care of them in the day of danger. It is an imposing, it is a beautiful sight to see a people acknowledging its Creator in the face of a world which has gone so far almost as to deny the existence

of a Supreme Being. It is a noble, it is a magnanimous act, it is an act worthy of the great Catholic nations of former days, and it cannot but draw down from heaven numerous blessings upon the people who has sufficient faith to perform it. Ah! who could relate the great thoughts that swell the breast of the Catholic patriot in those moments of sublime emotion caused and guided by that faith which civilizes and enobles all that it touches.

Again the cannon roars; it is to announce the consummation of the sacrifice. Soon after, the people prostrate themselves to receive the blessing of their devoted bishop and mass ends. A young priest addresses the assembled masses and in eloquent words encourages them to follow the path of virtue now opened to them. He shows that fidelity to their holy religion will make of them true and genuine lovers of both their country and their God. Yes! let the infidel celebrate his holiday in revelries, let him cover himself with shame if he will. But let the Catholic come to the altar of God, there to seal in his faith, the duty he owes both to heavenly and to earthly ruler. Let him thank heaven for favors received and let him supplicate it for all blessings upon his sovereign, upon his country and upon himself; and that Catholic citizen will ever remain a true, honest man, the honor of his country.

A. D. G.

LOCALS

- Coo —
- Rou-Koo-Koo!
- That's what resounds from the Appalachian to the Rocky Mountains.
- Old Grimes is *not* dead yet nor sleepeth he!
- One of our philologists in his researches on the origin of the word "dude" feels confident he has found a near relative of "dude" in the latin "dudum!"
- By and by—in the sweet!—is this case of inversion valid? is it lawful? Eh, ye of the rhetorical art?
- Moses understood Mr. K. was going to "Join the Country" when he spoke of taking his naturalization papers.
- The latest remedy on record, as a preventive of snoring is to pour lightly on the individual (under the bed-clothes) the contents of a pitcher of ice-cold water.
- Our two Harries went on a tour to "Ken" Tucker where they tarried until they returned. What unhandy things are *telephorms* for little boys who wish to travel incognito!
- We return our most sincere thanks to our numerous friends who have sent their subscriptions.
- Bro. R. always asks for a *nice slow* ball no motions, but *he* makes no motions.

— St. Patrick's literary association has resumed its work this year under most favorable auspices. The society is under the direction of Rev. Father Morissey; the following are the members who were elected to offices at the first Meeting: Pres. Ed. Kneiry, V. Pres. Jas. Cusack, Sec. Phil. Lesage, Asst. Sec. Jas. Meagher, Pres. Jos. Kelley, Librarian, Alex. Granger, Ass. Lib. James Deveney, Sergeant at Arms, Henry Murphy.

— The Dude says he has detected a political fraud: he says that Cleveland voted the Democratic Ticket!

— "Do you see those three boys?" said a friend the other day. Yes. "Well they are twins!"

— Danie W. the Wisconsin hunter, after scouring through woods and fields came home last Tuesday evening with a tame chicken of the prairie under his coat and at supper had some *prairie* chicken—shot on the fly! Dan! you are as expert as Esau, and as tricky as Jacob.

— Will we expect any of our Chicago friends on Thanksgiving's day to help us to undo our rural turks?

— J. Q. delights in calling the attention of Billie O'C, just as Albert is twisting him in one of his straight corkscrews!

— The Orion Choral Society under the able direction of Rev. J. Ozer is rapidly improving in musical lore and will no doubt entertain us with choice selections on the evening of St. Cecilia's day.

— The Theological society of St. Thomas is again in successful operation. Rev. Fr. Daly is Moderator, Rev. Mr. Hickey Pres., Rev. Mr. Berard V. Pres., Mr. Shannon Secretary and Bro. Rivard Treas. Essays and debates on Theological and Philosophical subjects wholly compose the exercises of the weekly meetings.

— Last Sunday Mr. Sullivan's table was graced by a handsome and *tasty* turkey which had followep Alex G. when he returned from home the other day. The poor animal fared ill at the mercy of the famous members of that board who had prepared for the contest and made it their duty then to fare well. Let some more of our rural friends allow their pet animals to follow them to school where agreeable company is always welcome.

— The members of the minnim band complain that the instruments have a chronic disease of old tunes the symptoms of which are fits of funeral marches and quicksteps. This is a complicated case and requires ability of a skilful artist.

In the via ventuosa,
As I lay my head to rest
Late, last evening, thoughts came o'er me
That with sorrow filled my breast.

Thoughts of old familar faces,
That in last years happy days,

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 22 Nov. 1884.

No. 10

LA VIERGE DU PARTERRE.

A mes amis de Rigaud.

Salut, divine image, ô Vierge du parterre!
Salut, ô lis du ciel, la plus belle des fleurs!
Comme autrefois je viens redire ma prière,
Et verser dans ton sein mes secrètes douleurs...

Oh! je reconnais bien la pelouse fleurie
Où l'essaim des enfants, à la chute du jour,
Allaient s'agenouiller et, l'âme recueillie,
À ta gloire chantaient leurs cantiques d'amour,

Ainsi que des oiseaux, en troupe harmonieuse,
À l'arbre paternel viennent se réunir,
Et, mollement bercés par la brise amoureuse,
Chantent longtemps encor, le soir, pour s'endormir.

Que j'aimais, au retour de la saison nouvelle
À me trouver au pied de ton trône de fleurs.
Que le lierre flexible, élégante dentelle,
Ornait de ses festons aux riantes couleurs!

La rose balançait ses coupes odorantes,
Comme des encensoirs chargés de doux encens,
Et les bardes ailés, sur les branches naissantes,
Exhalaient dans les airs leurs suaves accents.

Que j'aimais à chercher une retraite ombreuse
Sous la sombre épaisseur de ton flottant berceau,
Quand les ardeurs du jour brûlaient la cour poudreuse,
Où mes amis de jeux poursuivaient le cerceau!

J'accourais m'abreuver à la source limpide,
Que ton pied fait jaillir du sol en blanches filets;
Et mes sueurs tombaient dans le cristal liquide,
Miroir qui renvoyait tes ineffables traits.

Que j'aimais à te voir quand l'astre du mystère,
Répandant sur les monts son éclat velouté,
Jetait sur ton front pâle un voile de lumière,
Et que tu bénissais ma tendre pitié!

Longtemps je t'admirais, quand, épreuve dernière!
Sur ma lèvre expirait ma naïve oraison;
Vaincu par le sommeil, je fermais ma paupière,
Dormais comme en tes bras sur l'humide gazon.

Que j'aimais en ces lieux, aux jours tristes d'automne,
À pleurer les beautés de l'aimable printemps!
Feuille à feuille, arrachant les fleurs de sa couronne,
La nature semblait sourire plus longtemps.

L'astre du jour, couvert d'un voile de nuage,
En approchant de toi brillait de tous ses feux,
Et l'oiseau, dans son vol vers de lointaines plages,
Un instant s'arrêtait pour chanter ses adieux.

Exilé comme lui des lieux où mon enfance
Égayait chaque jour par de nouveaux bonheurs.
Je suis passé depuis, hélas! seul, sans défense,
Par des chemins semés d'épines et de pleurs.

Mais en te revoyant, doux ange de ma vie,
J'ai senti s'alléger le poids de ma douleur:
J'ai revu mon aurore en mon âme ravie:
Le ciel est tout-à-coup descendu dans mon cœur!

Oh! comment m'arracher à toi, Vierge si belle,
À ces lieux enchantés qui me font rajeunir?
Les jours sont si sercins à l'ombre de ton aile!
Jeune, ici je t'aimai, vieillard, j'y veux mourir.....

M³⁴

UNE JOURNÉE AU COLLÈGE ST. VIATEUR.

J'ai le plaisir de vous annoncer, amis lecteurs, une *grande nouvelle!* Le croiriez-vous? J'ai eu la bonne fortune de passer, hier, une agréable journée au Collège St. Viateur, pas de Rigaud, ni de Joliette, pas au Canada, mais de Bourbonnais, dans l'Etat de l'Illinois.

Vous le voyez, me voilà bien loin de Montréal, de mon pays, *mes amours!*

Vous dire le bonheur que j'ai éprouvé durant ce court séjour en compagnie des Messieurs du Collège, pleins de courtoisies et d'affabilité, et qui m'ont offert une si cordiale hospitalité, m'obligerait à joindre ensemble trop de mots et trop de phrases: je pourrais

devenir ennuyeux. Sachez seulement que je ne puis m'empêcher de vous déclarer que je me rappellerai toujours les douces impressions que ce passage à Bourbonnais vient de produire en moi. Avant de laisser cette jolie petite localité, j'ai cru bien faire en vous communiquant les réflexions auxquelles mon esprit s'est abandonné, hier.

Oui, croyez-moi, tout me rappelle ici le Canada! Tout le temps, j'avais sous mes yeux ma belle Patrie, ce pays arrosé et fécondé, par le sang des martyrs, grand, vigoureux et prospère à l'ombre la croix, étendard de la véritable civilisation. A Bourbonnais et dans tous les districts environnants, l'Eglise du Christ a pu toucher un petit morceau de terre dans un pays qui gît sous les couches ténébreuses du protestantisme et de toutes les erreurs. Ce qui prouve que dans cette église la force de Jésus-Christ est là: c'est qu'en peu d'années dans toutes les directions des clochers surmontés de la croix ont fait leur apparition, et, en surgissant, ils reculent au loin les ténèbres des hérésies et de l'indifférentisme. Ici, la foi catholique gagne de plus en plus du terrain.

Il me fait plaisir de remarquer que plus d'un tiers du nombre des élèves sont des canadiens français. On constate en eux l'allure franche et ouverte et les types de la race française.

La plupart des élèves sont des Irlandais robustes, au teint rosé, pleins de foi et d'amour pour la religion. On voit aisément qu'ils sont les descendants des fils de la belle Irlande, que l'océan supporte sur ses immense vagues avec tant de complaisance, semblant se faire un orgueil de montrer cette émeraude aux yeux du monde entier.

Messieurs les élèves, que je suis heureux de vous trouver au collège. Soyez bien convaincus que le temps présent est le plus doux et le plus beau de votre vie.

Employez bien ce temps précieux pour cultiver autant que possible le champ fertile de vos jeunes intelligences.

Vous avez à votre disposition, pour résoudre les problèmes difficiles de vos études, pour vaincre les obstacles les plus sérieux, un levier puissant. Cet instrument de tous vos succès, c'est le travail.

Tout concourt ici à vous donner la noble ambition d'acquérir des connaissances: vos talents, vos efforts, la direction éclairée de vos professeurs remplis de dévouement, et une force que seule la religion catholique peut donner.

Medicus.

20 Oct. 1884.

CUEILTETTES.

— Des coqs partout!

— Des coqs à la boutonnière, des coqs dans le dos!

— Des coqs qui chantent victoire et des coqs qui...

— A qui la faute? Aux élections! A Cleveland et à Blaine!

— Ed. Caron est très enrhumé après tous les discours qu'il a dû prononcer pendant la présente campagne électorale.

— Adieu la politique d'ici à quatre ans au moins. Ca menaçait d'être terrible. Dire qu'il n'y a pas jusqu'aux enfants qui prennent ça au sérieux. De grâce, ne faites pas de maladie: *cool off!*

— Pilon se remet vite. Boudreau et Lambert doivent aller le rencontrer à Kankakee, le jour de son arrivée.

— Les deux Dupuis et Sénéssac ont introduit, les premiers, le style des casques en *turlututu* ou chapeau pointus.

— Houde, Hynes et Parker offraient un aspect tout à fait saisissant à la dernière lecture des notes: on les aurait pris pour les piliers de la maison.

— Le Rév. P. Bélanger est pasteur *pro tem* à Dwight Ills. Notre confrère remplace le Rév. M. Lecouvreur qui vient d'obtenir un congé d'un an pendant lequel il visitera sa belle France. Succès au nouveau Pasteur et bon voyage à notre ami, le touriste.


— Hervé et Moïse étudient les Belles-Lettres, cette année. Ces deux nourrissons des muses ont voulu dernièrement faire l'ascension du Parnasse, mais Pégase s'est montré on ne peut plus rétif, si l'on en juge par leurs récentes productions littéraires.

— Un nouveau sujet pour le *dime museum!* Boudreau soutient qu'il a quatorze doigts aux pieds! Vu que le monsieur en question n'est pas très fort en addition, il peut se faire que le grand phénomène physiologique ne soit après tout qu'une erreur mathématique.

— Un Canadien Français a été élu membre de la Législature par les Républicains de l'état de New York. C'est le cinquième représentant de la race française qui prendra place, cette année, parmi les conseillers de la nation Américaine.

— Le Très Rév. P. Fournier, qui se trouve actuellement à Baltimore pour le Concile, appartient à la Commission présidée par Mgr. Lamy, Archevêque de Santa Fe. Le Rév. P. Supérieur loge chez les RR. PP. Rédemptoristes de l'église de St. Jacques ainsi que le Provincial des Franciscains et le Provincial des Capucins.

— Philippe, Ed. Caron et Alex ont fait un tour à St. Georges, au commencement du mois, sans la voiture du Collège, cette fois-ci. C'était une expédition tout à fait politique. Phil et Alex ont harangué les électeurs, de manière à n'entretenir aucun doute quant au résultat de la votation: un applaudissement n'attendait pas l'autre. Caron agissait en qualité de *reporter*. Un copieux dîner avait été préparé pour nos excursionnistes dans le premier hotel de l'endroit. Ils nous sont revenus enchantés. Il n'y a qu'une chose à craindre, c'est qu'on y prenne goût.

 Lisez *épopée* au lieu de *époque*, à la fin de l'avant dernier alinéa de l'article intitulé: Les Missionnaires etc.

LE SOIR.

Le soir! Le mot même semble dire calme, repos. Qu'y a-t-il en effet de plus beau et de plus touchant qu'un de ces soirs d'automne? Quelle heure solennelle et qui appelle les douces rêveries que celle où le soleil disparaît, ne laissant à nos yeux qu'un mourant crépuscule!

C'est en ces moments que, solitaire, l'on aime à se promener au milieu de scènes rurales et à admirer les beautés de la nature. A l'occident les nuages semblent être de pourpre et d'or, à l'orient une étoile perce l'azur. Les flots, qui se taisent insensiblement, conservent encore une trace lumineuse, dernier reflet du soleil couchant. L'oiseau, revolant à son nid, jette dans l'air rafraîchi, une note plaintive comme un chant d'adieu. Au loin, la cloche se balance une dernière fois dans le vieux clocher et nous invite à la prière, au recueillement.

Le fermier revient à sa chaumière, à pas lents, et sur ce front ouvert l'on peut voir à travers les sueurs un air de contentement, de légitime fierté. A quelque distance, son épouse fidèle est assise dans l'embrasure d'une fenêtre, interrogeant la route, et n'en détourne les yeux que pour surveiller un berceau où dort profondément le plus précieux trésor d'une mère, son enfant.

Les jeunes bergers ramènent les troupeaux du pâturage pour la nuit; on entend au milieu des mugissements des bestiaux, les cris et les rires joyeux des enfants, rires que n'ont pas encore attristés les larmes et les infortunes, car ils sont à cet âge de la vie où tout est joie et bonheur, où toutes les années fleurissent comme fleurissent au printemps les roses et les lis.

Ainsi l'on promène ses regards çà et là, des cieux à la terre, de l'homme à l'enfant, et on laisse errer sa pensée jusqu'à ce que, les étoiles, déjà hautes dans la voûte azurée, viennent nous avertir que la nuit est arrivée.

Que de fois en contemplant ces beaux soirs, je me suis reporté par avance au soir de ma vie, à cet instant où il faudra céder à la mort, comme le jour cède à la nuit, et je n'ai demandé alors qu'une chose à Dieu: que ce moment soit aussi calme et serein que le couché du soleil, la fin d'un beau jour!

Alex Granger,
Belles-Lettres.

Les Missionnaires du Canada.

Mesdames et Messieurs,

Appelé ce soir, comme membre de l'Académie St. Denis, à prendre la parole devant un auditoire français, honoré de la présence d'un des représentants distingués

du clergé canadien, entouré de ceux qui furent ici les pionniers de l'Evangile, il me semble que je ne saurais faire un meilleur usage de cette langue, que notre société littéraire a pour but de conserver dans cette institution, qu'en prononçant l'éloge de ceux qui ont fait retentir cet idiome harmonieux sur les plages de ce nouveau continent, de ceux qui, à la fois, se plaisaient à redire les vers si pleins de douceur de nos grands poètes, et à prêcher dans une langue barbare la vérité à des milliers de tribus assises à l'ombre de la mort, je veux dire les saints et illustres Missionnaires du Canada!

Messieurs, nous voici en présence d'un des plus beaux spectacles de la terre, d'un phénomène inconnu à l'antiquité, étranger à toutes les fausses religions, gloire unique de l'église catholique et qui est comme le cachet le plus frappant de la vérité destinée à éclairer tous les hommes. Tandis que les prêtres de l'Egypte et les philosophes de la Grèce n'initiaient à leurs mystères que quelques disciples privilégiés, que de nos jours le Protestantisme se contente de distribuer des Bibles sous la protection des armées Britanniques, l'Eglise au contraire envoie de par le monde, depuis qu'elle existe, sans autre défense que la force de la vérité, sans autre bouclier que le courage invincible de leur foi, des légions d'apôtres qui ont civilisé l'Europe, évangélisé l'Asie et l'Amérique! Quel conquérant, je vous le demande, a jamais étendu plus loin les limites de son empire que ces humbles envoyés du Christ? O mémorables victoires, ô lauriers immortels des Alexandre, des César et des Napoléon, vous pâlissez devant ceux des Paul, des Patrice, des Xavier et de toutes ces phalanges héroïques de Missionnaires qui ont porté triomphant le glorieux étendard de la croix jusqu'aux confins de la terre!

La découverte de l'Amérique ouvrit un nouveau champ au zèle apostolique des missionnaires. L'Angleterre avait eu ses Augustin, l'Irlande ses Patrice, l'Allemagne ses Boniface, le Canada eut ses Daniel, ses Jogues, ses Lallemand. Oui, dès que le drapeau de la France fut arboré sur les bords du St. Laurent, à côté, s'éleva la bannière du salut. Et depuis, la croix précédera toujours l'épée; elle resplendira comme un signe de paix et de civilisation, dans la main de nos missionnaires qui la planteront aux regards étonnés des nations sauvages, depuis les montagnes de glace de la baie d'Hudson jusqu'aux rivages du Golfe du Mexique!

Mais les soldats du Christ n'établiront le royaume évangélique qu'au prix des plus grandes privations, d'indicibles souffrances, qu'en se vouant à une mort certaine. Oh! qu'elle est belle la vie de nos missionnaires, des fils de St. François et de St. Ignace, au milieu des forêts vierges et des nations barbares du nouveau monde! Les lèvres encore humides des baisers d'une

mère, ils embrassent avec amour cette terre qu'ils rougiront bientôt de leur sang, ils s'enfoncent dans le dédal des bois, descendent les fleuves et les lacs à force de rames, portent souvent le canot et les provisions sur leurs épaules meurtries, franchissent des plaines sans fin sous un soleil de feu ou des pluies torrentielles, et après des journées de marche pénibles, mouillés de sueurs, harassé de fatigue, n'ont pour rassasier leur faim que du blé broyé entre deux pierres, pour reposer leurs membres endoloris que la terre nue, pour s'abriter que la voute du ciel! Encore si le sommeil pouvait leur verser l'oubli de leurs maux, les arracher pour quelques instants à l'affreuse réalité de leur martyre, mais non, la pensée de quelques ennemis invisibles, toujours prêt à lever la hache sur leur tête, les tient jusqu'au jour dans de continuelles insomnies.

Enfin les voilà au lieu de leur destination. Eux, les fils du grand siècle de Louis XIV, peut-être les rejetons de quelques nobles familles, n'auront d'autre société que celle du sauvage abruti. Eux, qui n'ont parlé jusqu'ici que la langue harmonieuse de Racine, se livreront à l'étude d'un idiôme inculte. Eux, les frères de ceux qui occupent les chaires des universités les plus célèbres du vieux monde, enseigneront les barbares, chez qui la lumière de la raison naturelle menace de s'éteindre. Heureux cependant, heureux jusqu'à se consoler d'avoir quitté le beau ciel de la France, s'ils peuvent faire briller la vérité au sein des plus épaisses ténèbres, régénérer l'enfant délaissé des bois, enfanter une âme à Jésus-Christ! Elle est belle, n'est-ce pas, la vie de nos missionnaires, mais plus belle et plus admirable encore est leur mort!

C'est là que se déploie toute la grandeur de leur dévouement, la sublimité de leur hiroïsme, c'est là qu'ils offrent un spectacle d'admiration à la terre et aux anges!

Voyez le Père Jogues, tombé entre les mains des féroces Iroquois qui l'accablent de coups, lui arrachent presque tous les ongles avec leurs dents. Voyez-le cet émule des Apôtres, prendre dans ses mains ensanglantées un de ses doigts, tranché par ses bourreaux et le présenter à Dieu comme les prémices de son martyre, il échappa à la mort cependant, il put revoir les lieux qui l'ont vu naître, mais, enivré de la folie de la croix il retourne à ses chères missions et il expire assommé à coups de hache!

Contemplez les Garnier et les Daniel dont l'un, la poitrine couverte de flèches, se traîne encore sur le sol pour donner l'absolution à un Huron mourant et tombe enfin frappé d'un coup qui le partage en deux; l'autre, calme et intrépide, pendant qu'on égorge son troupeau, baptise les catéchumènes, encourage les mourants, et sa tâche de pasteur finie, marche d'un pas ferme vers ses ennemis qui font pleuvoir sur lui une grêle de traits et l'immole,

quand ses lèvres murmurent pour une dernière fois le nom de son Dieu!

Approchez des poteaux où sont attachés les PP. Brébœuf et Lallemand. Assistez aux plus terribles tortures qu'aient endurées nos confesseurs pour la défense de la foi. Il semble ici que la rage de l'enfer soit passée toute entière dans le cœur de ceux qui les tourmentent; mais c'est en vain que ces démons s'acharnent sur le corps du plus fort, du plus héroïque de tous nos martyrs. Pendant qu'on suspend autour de son cou un collier de haches rougies, qu'on verse sur sa tête de l'eau bouillante en dérision du baptême, qu'on taille sur ses membres des lambeaux de chairs, qui sont grillés et dévorés devant lui, que des charbons embrasés prennent la place de ses cheveux sur son crâne scalpé, que de tout son corps carbonisé s'exhale une vapeur comme d'une chaudière en ébullition, pas une plainte, pas un gémissement ne s'échappe de sa bouche: sa noble tête, entourée de flamme, semble déjà être couronnée de la gloire des élus, ses regards sont fixés au ciel, puis s'abaissent de temps en temps sur ses bourreaux qui reculent d'effroi devant une force, une grandeur inconnue pour eux jusque là. Irrités de cette fermeté, que leur férocité ne peut faire faiblir, ils lui brisent la mâchoire lui coupent la langue, enfoncent un fer rouge dans sa bouche et, ivres de sang, ils dévorent son cœur palpitant, comme pour s'incorporer une partie de son courage.

Avant de rendre le dernier soupir, il avait vu le compagnon de son supplice, s'agenouiller devant lui, le corps couvert d'écorce résineuse, victime prête pour le bûcher, dont la chair embrasée va éclairer les danses infernales des sauvages au milieu de la forêt, comme autrefois les corps des premiers martyrs, flambeaux vivants, prêtaient leur lueur aux courses éhontées de Néron dans les jardins de Rome. La flamme enveloppe le Père Lallemand de toutes parts; ses yeux sont arrachés et des charbons brûlants sont mis à leur place, enfin un coup de hache lui fend la tête et termine ses douleurs atroces, cette époque incomparable de la souffrance.

Messieurs en entendant ce récit des tourments de nos missionnaires, ne croyez-vous pas lire une page tirée des actes des martyrs? N'est-ce pas qu'il s'en exhale un parfum qui semble sortir des Catacombes! N'est-ce pas que l'aurore du Christianisme a brillé dans toute sa beauté au milieu des solitudes du Nouveau Monde. Ah! une lumière si pure, si radieuse, ne pourra jamais pâlir; elle brillera toujours à notre horizon national pour nous diriger dans notre marche vers l'accomplissement de nos destinées providentielles, comme jadis la colonne de feu conduisit le peuple d'Israël dans le désert, vers la terre promise à ses pères.

A. Legris.

(A continuer.)

Lent those lonely walls a beauty,
Bright as mornings brightest rays.*
But of all those old companions.
I, last night felt sore bereft
Little Tommy o'er the gangway—
He and I alone are left.

C. O. D.

— The young Cecilians under the direction of Bro. Rivard are rehearsing pieces for the chapel and for our family entertainments.

— Who stole tht box of cigars???

— Oh! if he said that about me F. R.

— Prof. What is the plural of molasses? Pupil. Syrup!

— Curtain—Trouble begins! O! (P) K!

— Tucker has always been the "nec plus ultra" of runaways.—Boys, there is no use, you can't go through *that* town.

ROLL OF HONOR.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

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J. Kelley.....1st. Silver "

J. Naughton.....2st. Silver "

Distinguished—G. Park, J. Cusack, P. Wilstach, J. Quinlan.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

P. O'Neil.....Gold Medal

M. Dupuis.....1st. Silver "

J. Brady

E. McKay

J. Kennedy

J. Rafferty

}.....Silver Medal.

Distinguished—Fennell, Theiss, Cutsinger, O'Beirne, J. M. Larkin, J.D. Lark, Bertrand, Gariand, Besse, Durette, FitzGerald, Deveny, McGrath, Mukauty, Fortin, Bonfield, Lamarre, Duffy, Carr.

CONDUCT.

James Roach.....Gold Medal.

POLITENESS.

W. Cutsinger.....Gold Medal.

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G. Roy, J. Roach, F. Reaume, Thomas Ryan, A. Theiss and P. Wilstach.

LITTLE WILLIE.

The story of dear little Willie is almost too sad to relate. I can scarcely think of it without experiencing a feeling of sorrow, which, sometimes, it is hard wholly conceal. He was an only child of good and pious parents—a little bright fair-haired boy, beautiful as a picture, and pure as the dew of morning. His frattling voice was low and sweet; his eyes, large and brows, were radiant as the light of an angels wing; while upon his cheeks the bloom and beauty of six bright rosy summers modestly and sweetly nestled. Alone with his father and mother, in a little low cottage far back from the roadside, where the nature flourished most luxuriously and where the noise and din of a wicked world were scarcely ever heard, he grew in virtue and in years—a treasure to his good parents, and a rival, in beauty and loveliness, to the fairest flowers of the field. Yet he was not richly glad, nor has he many costly childish toys; his parents were poor—God had ordained it so—and Willie knew nothing of the gaudy and showy dresses, or the thousand little play things, so common to children of his age. But wealth is not the key to happiness; so that the poorest families may be, for all that, the most peaceful and contented. This was especially true with the little household, of which Willie was the pride and ornament.

Within the bare walls of their lowly habitation, were no signs of luxury, no evidence of rich or costly living, nothing which would indicate any better means of support than a mother's scanty savings or a good father's honest daily wages; yet, not within the marble palaces of the rich and great, not within the glittering walls of the proudest princely dwelling, did greater peace and harmony prevail, greater union of hearts, or greater Christian love and affection. The father was good and kind, the mother tender and loving as ever mother could be, and the child—others may have been as fair, but never was one fairer or more loving than little Willie. He was the pride and joy of the household, the little idol whom even the neighbors often came to worship; for the musical tones of his litile prattling tongue the joyous smiles that so often rippled over his rosy cheeks like waves on snowy sand, and those large brown wondering eyes that seemed to have the gift of hearing with the power of sight, were too fascinating not to win the affection of hearts more estranged than that of a father or mother. Often during long winter evenings I visited the family myself not for the purpose of empty gossip or through the curiosity, but because I always

regarded it as a model Christian family, and because I always have had a kind of attachment to the good and pure in the lowly walks of life.

Happy had it been for this little household had its peace and tranquility been left undisturbed. But here on earth nothing is permanent; only in Heaven is found perfect and everlasting rest. One bright morning in spring when the birds were singing loud and sweet, and fragrant zephyrs swept gently over field and meadow, it was sadly whispered between father and mother, that little Willie was very, very sick. He had for some time been troubled with a severe cold, which lately had assumed new violence, and which, that morning, seemed to be worse than ever. Still the father went to work—he could not well remain idle—; but all that day the thought of his darling boy never for a moment left him. At night he returned only to hear the painful news that Willie had grown worse. Another evening came and there was no change. A third day passed, and Willie still lay in bed, murmuring little, and scarcely ever stirring hand or foot. That night, as the father returned, and kissed the pale lips of his darling child, he noticed that the rosy hue had left his cheek, that his brow was wan and white, and that his little eyes were lustreless and surken. The mother, thus far, had never thought of the worst; but now, the doctor having been called and no encouragement whatever received, her heart sank within her.

She saw the future too plainly. Still she hoped—and hoped. God was good, and he would not surely take from her all that made earth dear; he would not rob her of the only treasure she possessed. Thus she communed with herself, as during the long nights she sat by the bedside of her darling boy, watching his every movement, and striving to discern in every change—which was always for the worse—some slight little hope for the better. Ten days of trouble, pain, and anxiety thus dragged by. During that short period the mother seemed to have grown twenty years older. She was pale, haggard, and lifeless—wearied for want of sleep, and almost worn out with grief. The father, too, seemed to have lost all strength, as well as all courage: his step was less firm, and he moved about with a heavy heart. But though those days told terribly upon the father and mother, their effect was doubly so upon little Willie. You would scarcely know him. There he lay pale and motionless, his eyes sunk in their sockets, his once beautiful locks matted and twisted, his little bare white hands thrown out and resting upon the covering of the bed, his brow hot with a raging fever that seemed to consume his very brain, while beneath the pallid glare of his once fair and rosy cheeks, the pale, ghostly face of death was already visible.

He could scarcely speak. Another day came and went. That night a few of the neighbors gathered in to

console the afflicted parents, and to watch by the bedside of Willie; for they feared what the dawn would reveal. Some stood by the door, looking out in the pale moonlight and whispering to one another now and then, in smothered tones; while around the bed of the suffering child others sat, gazing silently upon the wan features before them. Father or mother spoke not a word. The fixed and steady gaze, the heavy breathing, and the big tears that trickled down their cheeks, told clearly the agony of their hearts. A few hours thus crept by. The clock struck twelve. All was silent as the silence of the dead. Suddenly a shudder crept through every heart. Willie who though breathing hard, had all along lay quiet and motionless, now rolled his little eyes to and fro with an empty vacant glare that told too plainly of the agony of death. The mother startled. She would have screamed through excessive grief; but, fearing to disturb her darling child, she turned away and wept bitterly. Gradually Willie's breathing became stifled and smothered; his limbs were already growing cold, his eyes grew dim and sightless, and his pure little soul seemed ready to take its flight at any moment.

A. M.

(To be continued.)

OBITUARY.

It is painful for us to announce that Edward Collins of the Holy Name School, died last Sunday. About two weeks previous a band of gamins were busy teasing an old man little better than themselves, when one of the gang set fire to a gasoline lamp and threw it in the way of the vagrant. Edward was passing by on his way to school, the lamp struck him and exploded; in a moment the poor boy was all ablaze and before he could be stripped of his clothes, he was horribly burned. For twelve days he lay helpless on his bed, all the while enduring untold pain and suffering with that heroic resignation and peace of mind which a pure and innocent heart alone can afford. He was speaking of his school, of his teacher, of his companions, how he regretted so many days that he was kept from attendance; then he would ask his good father to read for him out of his prayer-book and he would say his prayers with the greatest devotion.

On Sunday evening he grew weaker and weaker; calmly and resignedly he gave up his soul to God. On Tuesday his funeral passed by the Holy Name School. All the pupils were arrayed to pay a last tribute to their companion whom they esteemed and loved, they then followed in solemn procession to the Cathedral of the Holy Name. Their quiet march, their downcast eyes, the deep sorrow depicted in the countenance of each

spoke their feelings; in language far stronger, and more impressive than can be done by any feeble words of ours.

The funeral services were performed by Rev. Father Mainville, Director of the Holy Name School, after which the Rev. Clergyman delivered a short but touching and instructive oration. He spoke of the honesty, purity and innocence of the one whose decease was so much and so justly deplored; and said that as the child was stricken suddenly, it might appear to some as a punishment but we should bear in mind that, the ways of Providence are many and that no doubt God chose to take the boy to himself rather than leave him to endure the trial and tribulations of a wicked world. And to impress on our minds more fully that "in the midst of life we are in death."

He then addressed the students of the parish; saying that if they deplored the loss of one who was near and dear to them—if they were aware that while in the midst of health and the vigor of youth, one of their number had passed away, they should ever be mindful of the importance of leading holy lives, and often think of the absolute necessity of always keeping their hearts pure before the eternal love!

S***

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rt. Rev J. L. Spalding of Peoria Ills. has approved of the plans for his Cathedral, which when completed will cost \$76,000.

The priests of the various dioceses ordained at St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary, lately presented the Rt. Rev. Denis Bradley, D. D. Bishop of Manchester, N. H. with a testimonial in consequence of his being the first priest ordained at the Troy Seminary who has been promoted to the Episcopate.

Attorney General O'Brien of New York on application of John B. Muker, Esq. Meehanville has given an opinion reiterating the opinion of Judge Russell, late Attorney General, that church parsonages built on church grounds and used as dwellings are not exempt from taxation, although the grounds on which they were built was originally exempt.

A new sanctuary lamp an automatic and self-feeding has been invented and patented by the Rev. Father Fitzsimons, O. P. rector of St. Dominic's Church San Francisco. The new lamp is said to meet every difficulty, obviating the uncertainty and annoyance hitherto experienced in trying to keep a perpetual light before our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Both the oil and wick are regulated by a simple system of clock-work and needs winding only once in twenty four hours. The automatic is so constructed that the oil is

kept liquid in the coldest climates, and is fed with unfailing regularity by airpressure. Such a lamp has been much needed and will prove a great boon to priest and sacristan.

The first general meeting of the catholic clergy in the United States of which there is any record was held in Baltimore in 1789, and it was upon the appeal of this meeting that the Episcopal See of Baltimore was created the Church in United States was given its own ecclesiastical organization. Rt. Rev. John Carroll was created bishop, and the 27th. of October 1791, Bishop Carroll called together his ecclesiastical dependents and the Synod met on the 7th. of November following. It is curious to note the progress of the infant Church in 1791, and contrast it with the mighty Church in 1884. Then the Synod was composed of one bishop and twenty priests, while now the Plenary Council of Baltimore is composed of an Apostolic Delegate Archbishop Gibbons and 12 other Archbishops. 60 Bishops in the United States and 6 visiting Bishops—5 from Canada and one from Nothern Japan,—7 mitred Abbots. 1 Prefect Apostolic, 11 Monsignori, 18 Vicars—General, 23 Superiors of Religious Orders, 12 Rectors of Theological Seminaries, and 60 Theologians, besides a large number of the Clergy who will assist in other capacities.

EXCHANGES.

The "Musical Record" henceforth is gladly placed in our exchange list. The information gathered from the columns of the copy now before us concerning the most charming of the fine arts—music—is incalculable, its vocal and instrumental selections are specially apropos.

The October issue of the Philosophian Review is rather fair. The author of "Comparative influence of Civil and Moral Law" handles his subject in a scholarly manner.

Peddle Institute Chronicle is a neat little quarterly magazine from Highstown N. J. It usually contains a few spicy editorials and Essays—but of the latter we can say they are too contracted to enable us to form a just opinion of the ability of the contributors.

The North Western College Chronicle of Naperville appears this week for the first time. The local columns are well filled with interesting domestic news. The "schedule of political preferences" set up to please the Teachers Cooperative association was illtimed—and now must not be half as consoling to those "preferables."

Since last issue we have also received Danville news, Conn Catholic, The La Salle Times, Kankakee Times, K. K. K. gazette, Courier de Illinois, University Press, Le Travailleur, The St. Mary's Sentinel, The Catholic Columbian, The Church Progress, etc.

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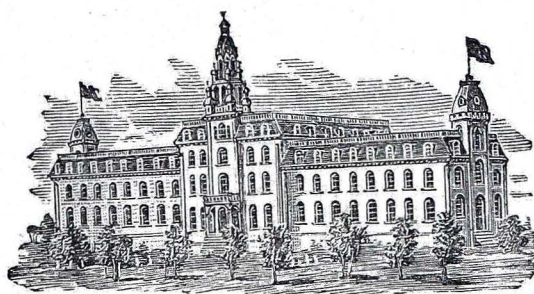
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