

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15. 1887.

No 14

A. H. PIKE.

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## ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

**PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY,**  
BY THE STUDENTS.

### EDITORS.

MR. J. CUSACK.....	'87.
MR. A. GRANGER.....	'87.
MR. P. WILSTACH.....	'89.

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

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

### EDITORIALS.

#### AGAIN A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

\* \*

DO NOT LOOK BEHIND the plough—look ahead. See you in the distance that hugely drifted snowbank? 'Tis the February examination! Does it chill you so?.. Take heart, I warrant you it will be comfortably warm; the nearer you approach it the warmer. In the mean time, walk fast through reviews, dig a goodly pile of the medicinal (Greek) root; arm yourself cap-a-pie with conjugations, your theorems, your dates; adjust well, in a word, your whole scientific apparatus, the safe helmet of a clear understanding of all your matters, a brave heart, your breastplate; and do not forget the shield of distinctions, your *distinguo*; with this armor you'll be invulnerable and you will leave the arena—a plumed knight. But look not behind. Your musings on the irrevocable past will only cause you to stumble. Hark! you must seek the infirmary! Oh! pray lay that grey-bearded old trick on the shelf. Be manly. Look ahead. Seize the moment. Prepare for the best.

\* \*

IN THE REVERIE OF THE YEARS the *Catholic Union and Times* beautifully exclaims: "Oh Youth, the year is big with fate for thee! Thou holdest in thy hands

the keys that throw wide the portals of two fortunes, two lives and two eternities. The one reveals a narrow but aspiring path, a way that leads over jagged rocks to fame to virtue and to everlasting joy. The other in its broad descent hurries to the quagmires of defeat, the fens of sin and the oblivion of the tomb. Oh Youth, what is thy choice?"

\* \*

FROM THE CHICAGO HERALD'S Omnibus we wring this merry, merry, graceful Xmas chime: "O Deep toned sentinel of the belfry, sound your sweetest notes, for 'tis Christmas morn—the natal day of Him who dwells far above the throbbing melody of your golden throat. Ring out before the morning stars shall have melted away, for 'twas they who sang together over sleeping Bethlehem, when the babe of Mary and Joseph was but a few hours old. Wag your tongue, oh metal minstrel, until your cheeks shall tingle as they never did before. Make your spiral, cross-tipped home tremble with your ceaseless clatter. Thunder a joyous acclaim to all mankind, and when the somber garments of night trail over the moonlit earth, and heaven hangs out its twinkling lamps, toll as softly as you do at vespers or when man is borne to the tomb. 'Tis Christmas morn. May it be a merry and a happy one to all. Ring on."

\* \*

"I ASSURE YOU," says Longfellow writing from Italy to one of his sisters, "that by every language you learn a new world is opened before you." He was studying Italian at the time.... You who Columbus-like are merely setting out on linguistic expeditions, be not dismayed at the mists and fogs of conjugations, the mutinying of irregular verbs—look to the vastness of your reward, a new world!

\* \*

WE SINCERELY THANK such subscribers as have so promptly and properly answered the bills sent out by the Business Manager. By this and like assistance we may hope to be enabled to make our JOURNAL better looking in the near future.

\* \*

"OVER NOW a New Leaf Turn," a set of smooth stanzas by our old genial Prof. Murphy will plessurably recall the Prof and a useful lesson.

## OVER NOW A NEW LEAF TURN.

Over now a new leaf turn  
 Upon this gladsome New Year,  
 The past you now can truly spurn  
 Tho' not perhaps without a tear,  
 Before you lies the cold, rough world,  
 Your armour buckle on anew  
 Go then forth with flag unfurl'd  
*To do well whate'er you do.*

Over now a new leaf turn,  
 As you stand upon the shore  
 Of a new Sea whose constant mourn,  
 Whose ceaseless, wild and weary roar  
 Sings, if the phantom Rest you're after,  
 In vain you'll sail billows o'er—  
 Your efforts shall be met with laughter  
 Of Echo ringing out "no more."

Over now a new leaf turn  
 Whilst you've plenty time and day  
 For dismal night o'er silent bourne  
 Shall soon becloud your merry way :  
 For truth and right do always battle  
 Tho' the contest be severe,  
 If lost amid the cannon's rattle,  
 "If to sight, to memory dear."

Over now a new leaf turn  
 Grasp the hours fast fleeting by  
 Seek those treasures that ne'er burn,  
 Nor rust consumeth—in the sky—  
 Pluck the flowers that deck the way side  
 Flowers of virtue rich and pure  
 Which at Autumn's closing evetide  
 Shall perpetual joy secure.

J. P. M.

## CHRONICLING THE VACATION.

Walt Whitman writes this opening sentence in the article "My book and I" in Lippincott's Magazine for January 1887: "Perhaps the best of a song heard, or of any and all true love, or life's fairest episodes, or sailors, soldiers' trying scenes on land or sea, is the floating

*résumé* of them, or any of them, long afterwards, looking after the actualities away back past, with all their practical excitations gone. How the soul loves to hover over such reminiscences!"... In this short sketch of the spent vacation we will cast one of these last, fond, lingering looks on the lately glowing, though now flickering, camp-fires of our scholarly warfare, our holidays.

.....  
 When I left the front steps of St. Viateur's on the 22nd. of December 1886 "our genial" Editor-in-Chief, lighting an old sanctum cigar, told me with his index gesture; "Tom, remember you'll furnish the next issue with your impressions of the holidays. So, put this pencil in your pocket—and here is a note book. Keep your eyes open—Enjoy yourself, etc."... Meherclé! it doesn't seem at all an age ago that I was taking this official trust, pencil and note book! Already the time is spent! The pencil worn to a very stub and the note book full of alarmingly undecipherable hieroglyphics. However, in square type it may be readable. Will it interest you? I don't know. Perhaps, for my vacation has been the average student's "jolly time" at home and around.

I was of the "Special car Company" and not being disposed to grumble, shared with my fellows most good-humoredly the profit and loss of the embarkation. You know how cheerfully we sang and gladly chattered of things coming and things gone. On the whole there are but few things I can record more boyishly gay, unconcernedly happy than that hilarious bevy of us home-ward-bound on the flying train. By turns the whistling steam wafted us each to his own door steps and thus with successive warm handshakes did we well-wish one another unto another "happy new year." With this parting I too left my comrades and the fleet-winged steed, and soon was gladly saluting my father who longingly awaited his Tommie at the "day-pot" sure enough, at the town of Tarry. We too were mutually all eyes—an inter-interrogation-point company, as if settling long pending accounts. While we wended our way to the sleigh hard by I noticed many of the familiar faces of my native Tarry waving me their welcome, and what a deluge of jingling harmony floated all around!

Soon we jingled it, pa and I, merrily and fast to our old homestead some miles out. Here my youngest brother, Ned, full of beaming expectancy opened us the gate. 'Twas he I kissed the first. How he had been anxious for my coming! The first thing he told me was that his twin little sister Nell had put on her best dress and smile to see Tommie home from College. I took Neddie in my arms and reached the door while he told me all about Ellen baking pies and Ma buying me a gold watch to surprise me etc., etc. The door opened

ere I had the snow shaken from my feet and my Mother, sisters, brothers, all were in waiting for a first glance, a kiss, a shake—a welcome to give. This moment, the meeting of brothers, sisters, Mother and Father after even a short absence, is ever for me—and for all, I believe, something deliciously pleasureable. Itself, that instant, repays the months of toilsome absence, of ennui. How happy *they* were and *I* too how happy! how thoroughly content that I was home amongst my own, only to enjoy and make enjoy. . . . What a singularly happy rôle in truth that of the student, *here* at least!

I need not tell you that everything was in its brightest about home: a cheerful fire, my own little room the cosiest corner of all, a new carpet in the parlor, the piano newly tuned,—and on the table the fatted turkey in becoming attitude. We gathered around him and after a few loose remarks by the collegian on hash, by way of an appetizer, we all did our duty valiantly by the animal, myself signally so. Those family suppers and dinners set with the mother's attention and sisterly ministrings are incomparably more pleasure-yielding, more heart-filling than the grand banquets with their lustrous glitterings, their flavorful fumes and gay music. Of enjoyments give me the home joys that our sweet poet of the hearth our "laureate of home-life" sang so charmingly.

"Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

Oftentimes had I before transported myself on the fairy, fleet wings of imagination, or in my dream found myself sitting at that cheering fire, the domestic fireside; now it was no more an idle imagining, a deceiving dream; all that premeditated fun, the beatific vision of my home with its dear angels, those long family chats in the evenings, an interesting game, a quiet hour to read, an appetizing menu, reunions of the friends and relatives, all these were mine, my own—yours too, I hope. This exhilarating, vivifying and Oh! deliciously sweet nectar—already I have quaffed it all. (At present writing I am relapsed—to "bread and water regime.")

Nothing of telling consequence for the college world occurred immediately after my advent home, or for that matter during my whole vacation, only that I enjoyed myself to my heart's content and am consequently braced for a good six month's vigorous work. One of my most frequent, sometimes therefore onerous, but always pleasant occupations, was giving audiences to the many callers, cousins, uncles, and aunts, friends and neighbors from all sides. The time I freely gave to these, however, I am far from grudging, or regret-

ting in the least. It has served to strengthen many a link of friendship's chain sometimes, often, rusting from absence and the corroding mist of years.

Now for Christmas Day! Oh! that all this ineffably grand, religiously elevating, inspiring, so universally merry, and merrily glorious fete, should have passed so soon and so heaven like, yet as things of earth be gone! Like all things sublimely transporting even so does this solemnity pass us by. . . . But I must be brief. Midnight Mass was solemnized in all pomp, musical and ceremonial. This favor is a privilege yearly accorded our parish in consideration of the Canadian factor of our congregation—it being a dear custom of their motherland to all to assist at Midnight Mass. How many beautiful reflexions could be made here on this singularly beautiful scene, the Midnight Mass! The glad chants of "Nowel! Nowel! Nowel!" breaking in upon the peaceful silentness of the hour, the bell gladsomely heralding the "tidings of great joy," the manger, and all the associations that connected with the feast, all fill the mind, the heart, the soul with consolation, and peace, and joy.

With thoughts such as these and others suggested by the eloquent sermon we—I, brother Jim, and two sisters,—returned home in glad glee. We found the stockings hung; the little ones had gone to dream of Santa Claus whom we actually caught in the act of filling the stockings and adorning the Christmas tree pretty well to the answer of the letters directed by credulous, confident little hands to this good old, old, but never-failing old grandpapa, or great-grand uncle perhaps. Father and Mother were both at it. As, by a paternal wink we understood our services were not required, we sought our pillows which softly whispered of gold watches, rings etc., all the time. At 5.20, according to the college rule, we were up—but smiles instead of kerosine lamps, illumined the bright faces who all gathered unto our father and mother for the greeting. They led us to the presentable Xmas tree. On a lower bough hung conspicuous—little brother Ned's first boots, with red tops; skates there were, bonnets, real live fruit and sweeties—and a gold watch, sure enough! How we were all made happy! I am sure they did not have more fun in unveiling the Statue of Liberty than we in plucking that cropy little tree. The dinner and the evening party were of a kind. Melody and laughter and good cheer beat our measures gay.

On the "Monday Tarrier" we read the sad news of General John A. Logan's death. This was the subject of much multifarious comment from uncle Alex., an old soldier, who served under the command of the General at Vicksburg. We listened to many entertaining war stories, daring deeds of his General etc. etc. I took co-

pious notes of this recital and may at some future day dress them up for the Journal. They can array a fine column. My uncle remained very perceptibly affected for some days at the loss of this intrepid soldier, eloquent and able man and good citizen; he read the daily papers till his eyes smarted, attended the soldier's reunion and voted the resolutions and funds largely.

Our almost daily visits to the city where gray-bearded Santa Claus hung conspicuous in shop windows, and the motely crowd from these temples, carrying hobby horses, painted dolls, brandishing jugs, choosing an evergreen, all indicated with how much enthusiasm the good people of Tarry entered into the spirit of the season. And if "the proper study of mankind is man" the market place in the holiday season is an excellent text book. So is the evening party, or any impromptu gathering of kin folks, where a shy, oh so shy, reserved bashful, utterly confounded rural boy makes a first appearance in a new suit; the forward, almost dashing, would-be society-son of some parvenu, the *bien-mis* young man of good solid common sense, and his sister who plays the piano when asked, and sings too; the good old folks, the little folks, etc., etc., etc. I reckon these must be, are in fact, the favorite fields of observation for authors. And how minutely they observe and how exactly, truthfully, accurately they paint!

I will not tell you the story of a poor tramp who begged a place near the stove, a glass of water, and dinner on that cold day—two days before New Year's. I made the fellow tell his story, a very peculiar one which would interest you, I'm sure. I'll keep *that* too for some future day. When he had gone I rocked me in the parlor reading "Evangeline," a premium I received for Greek in '84! yes for Greek, now alas of pretty delapidated memory! I was just between sympathy and nodding when little Nell came in with a big ball of popped corn and a plate of molasses candy and her best, cutest little smile and little dimple. I made her sit by me; another came, and another, and another—so we told stories and chatted away the rest of the afternoon as we did many other days, afternoons, and evenings.

We did not stay up to see the old year out, being weary with much previous vigil; but we saluted the new 1887, as the early dawn began to softly streak the sky. Very many and hearty good wishes and blessings were interchanged. Again the home was resonant only with gladness and we all said "if the year rolls along as merrily and auspiciously as it commenced it will be as we wished it, "a happy new year." Attending mass, and family reunions, etc; spent the day. The next day was Sunday. It had snowed and the roads were almost filled by drifts. 15 and 20 below 0 all day. Very few people could leave their houses. The next day was Monday, as a beautiful a winter day as ever shines; it was the

vigil of Exodus, which means "a going away"—It was not a fast day, though; nor yet was it slow a going. The last came and, that day brought me hither in the land of promise, in room 2, or Sanctum of St. Viateur's College Journal, where I've been writing as I had promised the Editor I would. And now

"My task is done—my song hath ceased—my theme  
Has died into an echo; it is fit

The spell should break of this protracted dream."  
Respectfully to the Editor and Readers "Vacation chronicled by—"

Tom.

P. S. Ye Monarch of the editorial throne says this closes a somewhat abruptly. I should have said a word of my arrival, how glad I was to see my Alma Mater and all my Professors and fellows, and how our dear director welcomed us so graciously to the blessings of another year; how is the outlook, etc;—he even wanted me to notice the new boards in the study-hall floor—I argued that this would be out of good taste, that I hadn't time to say all we said after our arrival and lastly that our contract was for "vaction" only

—"and what is writ is writ—

Would it were worthier."

T.

#### LOCALS.

- New Snow!
- New boys, welcome!
- What is the regulation size to be a senior, Father?
- The minims, it appears, much *amused* that news boy by telling him to be generous with his samples.
- Was not the special car big enough for Dannie, Billie, and Jimmie? Oh!
- Four years from now, says Pédi, something will happen.
- Were you aching to come back, Wallie? asks George B.
- It is asserted by Dr. G. that Shakespeare's hands were cured by Dr. Water with the application of three plasters of castile soap,
- Paul Wilstach, after enjoying a visit with his father to Dr. McLean's in Pullman, returns to-day with every indication of a happily spent vacation. Seat 159 please.
- The Village Band played at the Manteno fair Thursday evening. The fair closes this evening with dramatic representations by the "Home Club."
- St. Patricks Society returns thanks to Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. for a handsome donation to be applied as subscriptions for reading matter. Many thanks.
- We now have two Bands amongst the students, the Junior Band and the Select Band. We will give the names in the next number. The Select Band is practicing "Capisculus" a piece of choice taste.

# LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 15 Jan. 1887.

No 2.

## MON ALBUM.

C'est le premier de l'an : et je suis loin des miens !  
Comme aujourd'hui vers eux s'envolent mes pensées,  
Plus vite que l'oiseau qui brise ses liens !

Oh ! que ne puis-je ouïr leurs tendres entretiens,  
Sentir leurs cœurs émus, voir leurs larmes versées !

Mais pendant qu'au foyer les réunit l'amour,  
Je feuillette l'album où sourit leur image :  
Du parent à l'ami, je passe tour à tour  
Et je cause avec eux, les revois, tout le jour,  
Et mon plus doux baiser s'imprime à chaque page.

Je tourne la première : ô père, c'est bien vous !  
A vos pieds vos enfants accourent à cette heure :  
Bénissez votre aîné, je tombe à vos genoux !  
Qui s'attache à vos bras avec des yeux si doux ?  
Ah ! c'est ma mère qui, songeant aux absents, pleure...

Vous étiez jeune alors, couple que Dieu bénit,  
Les rides sur vos fronts depuis se sont creusées.  
Si la blancheur du lis au feu du jour ternit,  
Votre âme à nos regards toujours se rajeunit  
Et s'épanouit sous d'éternelles rosées.

Mais qui dans ce vallon sous l'arbre a fredonné  
Et foule à pas légers la pelouse fleurie,  
Agitant son chapeau de feuilles couronné ?  
Louis ! mon frère, le seul que le ciel m'ait donné  
Et qui fut le premier à me suivre en la vie !

Avec lui que de fois, sur le même oreiller,  
Las de courses, de jeux, alors que le jour tombe,  
L'ange des calmes nuits nous prit à sommeiller !  
Hélas ! qui donc pourra maintenant l'éveiller,  
Depuis qu'il m'a laissé pour dormir dans la tombe ?

A la page qui suit, voici venir mes sœurs :  
Jeunes filles d'abord, puis une fiancée.  
Ah ! Je vous reconnais sous vos fraîches couleurs  
Et vos cheveux au vent, comme un bouquet de fleurs,  
Vous tenant tendrement, l'une à l'autre enlacée.

Votre douce image est celle de mon printemps.  
Vous souvient-il de cette fraîche aurore,  
Quand tout nous souriait, que nous étions enfants,  
Qu'aux champs, dans le jardin, nous courions tout le temps ?  
Dans ces joyeux sentiers, repasserai-je encore ?

Pourquoi sous le flot clair faut-il frapper l'écueil ?  
Pourquoi les jours de joie ont-ils leurs nuits d'épreuve ?  
O ma sœur, je te vois pleurer sur un cercueil  
Ton long voile de noce, est un voile de deuil,  
Et l'épouse aujourd'hui, hélas ! est une veuve !

Assez de deuil ! il faut un rayon de soleil  
A mon cœur attristé : le voilà ! je feuillette  
Et tout à coup survient, souriant et vermeil,  
Un blond groupe d'enfants à mes sœurs si pareil :  
Viens, ô doux chérubin, viens riieuse fillette !

Ernest et Lionel comme vous voilà grands !  
Vous l'avez oublié, mais je me le rappelle,  
Le moment où ma main guidait vos pas tremblants.  
Lorette, Yvonne, bien ! levez vos voiles blancs  
Que je vois vos beaux yeux et votre âme plus belle.

Que me veux-tu, Bernard, avec ton œil surpris,  
Ta bouche rose ouverte ? Appelles-tu ton père ?  
Et toi moqueur d'Yvon comme toujours tu ris !  
Ne vous envolez pas, même au ciel, mes chéris,  
Attendez-moi : bientôt j'irai vous voir, j'espère.

J'ai fermé le volume, et je me ressouviens, ...  
Amis, je vous revois en mon âme ravie  
Aussi fidèlement qu'au livre que je tiens,  
Et, renouant ainsi les plus tendres liens,  
Je revis le passé, les beaux jours de ma vie !

A l'horizon doré, comme un navire en feu,  
Le soleil disparaît ; de pourpre nuancée,  
La première journée au monde dit adieu :  
Puisse un de ses rayons porter mes chants à Dieu,  
A ceux qui me sont chers, ma dernière pensée !

## LE NOUVEL AN.

Un nouvel an vient d'éclorre et le monde semble dater d'aujourd'hui. L'année qui commence est pleine de fraîcheur et de jeunesse: elle apparaît à nos yeux qui s'éveillent, comme la terre au retour du matin. Tout ce qui est passé est enseveli dans l'abîme de l'oubli. Le devoir est accompli; des erreurs ont été commises peut-être: l'heure d'hier en répondra. Des larmes ont été versées; la main de l'espérance les a essuyées. Le baume de la nuit a miraculeusement guéri les blessures que le cœur a reçues.

Le passé n'est plus: il est entré dans l'éternité. Nous ne reverrons jamais ses jours de félicité et de deuil, Dieu les a comptés, bons et mauvais. Puisse sa miséricorde nous donner en retour récompense et pardon!

Aujourd'hui seulement est à nous. Le ciel nous en fait présent. Comme l'azur brille radieusement! La terre semble renaître. Une nouvelle énergie anime le corps et le cœur s'ouvre aux plus riants espoirs.

O mon âme reçois avec gratitude ce don divin, le temps! Avec lui, tu peux tout accomplir: faire le bien, conquérir l'immortalité, gagner le ciel. Elève-toi au-dessus des misères qui clouent l'homme à la poussière de ce monde et gravi les cimes de la vertu, du dévouement et de l'héroïsme!

Ecoute les gais refrains de l'avenir et ferme ton œil aux séductions des plaisirs. Dieu, et tout ce qui t'aime comptent sur toi. Prends courage, ô mon âme, et commence de nouveau!

J. G.

## CUEILLETES.

- 37.
- Bonne.
- Et heureuse année!
- Mille bons souhaits.
- A tous nos bienveillants lecteurs.
- Les minimes ont élevé un beau fort de neige.
- On attend le temps doux pour en faire l'assaut.
- La neige n'a pas encore peloté depuis Noël.
- A bientôt un tour en traineau!
- A. Fortin, A. Grandpré, V. Rivard, A. Besse, G. et P. Dandurand sont entrés au collège après les vacances de Noël: bienvenue à tous.
- Justin Ricou a gagné au bazar un cabaret avec jolis verres en couleur.
- Voici les différentes sommes réalisées pendant le bazar annuel du collège: Table de Dame A. Bergeron: \$224.75. Table de Dlle. Marcotte: \$212.50. Table de Dlle. Dandurand: \$73.25. Table de Dame Houde: \$44.50

Table de Sucrieries et Cigars: \$40.50. Recettes brutes, 595.50. Recettes nettes \$558.00.

Les personnes qui ont tenu les tables ainsi que ceux qui ont bien voulu les encourager de leurs efforts, méritent les plus grands remerciements.

Pendant les vacances du jour de l'an nous avons eu le plaisir de recevoir la visite de plusieurs anciens élèves, parmi lesquels MM. V. et T. Grandpré, J. Bergeron, Eug. et Ed. Caron, H. Desmarais, tous de Chicago.

## LA LANGUE MATERNELLE.

Nous sommes-nous quelquefois arrêté, à peser cette expression qui dit tant et si bien; la langue maternelle? c'est-à-dire la langue de nos mères, de nos pères, de nos ancêtres, de notre première patrie. Ce langage qui s'identifie tellement avec les premières lueurs de nos jeunes intelligences, les premiers sentiments de nos cœurs, que nous ne saurions nous les rappeler dans aucune autre langue qui ne pourrait être qualifiée de maternelle? N'est-ce pas dans cette langue qu'ont été gravés dans nos intelligences et dans nos cœurs ces noms de mère, de père, de frère, de sœur, de famille, de patrie, d'ami: ces mots aussi doux et aussi aimables que les choses qu'ils expriment nous paraissent moins harmonieux dans toute autre langue que notre langue maternelle dont les accents mélodieux frappèrent les premiers nos oreilles. C'est par elle qu'arrivèrent jusqu'au fond de nos cœurs les premières expressions de l'amour maternel. C'est elle qui nous apporta les premières notions de notre origine et de notre fin, qui nous faisant connaître notre créateur nous permit de prononcer son nom, plus sublime dans la langue de notre enfance que dans toute autre langue. De là vient que presque toujours, le respect et l'amour de la langue maternelle s'identifient avec le respect et l'amour de la foi des ancêtres.

Ils l'ont compris les sectaires Orangistes qui, n'osant s'attaquer directement à cette religion qu'une fidélité et une pratique plusieurs fois séculaires ont incrustée dans le cœur des Canadiens, essaient de leur ravir ce qui leur semble le plus les séparer de leurs préjugés et de leurs erreurs: la langue maternelle, le Français.

Ils ne se trompent pas: En effet qu'est devenue la foi de ces familles Canadiennes qui, s'isolant de leurs compatriotes au milieu des populations de langue Anglaise, ont oublié la langue de la patrie? Une triste expérience nous apprend qu'avec le Français ils ont oublié le catéchisme et le chemin de l'église.

Un peuple, une nation se caractérise dans sa langue; en la perdant il perd son autonomie, c'est-à-dire le caractère spécial qui le distingue des autres peuples: c'est un fait d'expérience historique.

Or ce qui distingue le peuple Canadien c'est cette foi

pure, cet attachement inaltérable à l'Eglise, sacré dépôt que lui confia la vieille France chrétienne en l'envoyant fonder une nouvelle France qu'elle voulait chrétienne comme elle-même. Ce dépôt jusqu'ici il l'a gardé pur et intact comme la langue qu'il emporta avec la foi. Le souffle empoisonné de l'impiété philosophique du dix-huitième siècle, et de l'esprit révolutionnaire qui en fut la suite ne l'a pas encore flétri; il est encore dans toute la force de sa sève printanière.

Mais prenons garde, restons fidèles à nos traditions qui sont essentiellement françaises et qui pour nous Canadiens, ne sauraient se transmettre qu'en Français.— L'Anglais peut être ici la langue des affaires; mais le Français doit rester pour nous la langue de la famille, la langue nationale, la langue religieuse, parce qu'elle est pour nous un drapeau de ralliement, une sanvegarde.

Et certe nous n'avons pas à en rougir; c'est elle qui nous distingue encore comme un peuple providentiel dans l'Amérique du Nord; c'est elle qui a promené la civilisation chrétienne à travers le monde, c'est elle qui a produit les chefs-d'œuvre littéraires. Elle fut la langue des Fénelon, des Bossuet, des Massillon, des Racine; des Corneille, des Chateaubriand, des Lamartine, des Gerbet, des Veillot etc. Des savants, même étrangers, écrivant pour le monde entier, comme Humboldt, l'ont souvent employée. Elle reste encore aujourd'hui la langue diplomatique universelle. Sans présomption nous pouvons l'appeler la plus belle des langues.

P.

## LES FELIBRES.

On appelle ainsi les poètes et les prosateurs en langue d'Occ qui se sont donnés pour mission de travailler au succès de la renaissance provençale. On raconte que Mistral, récitant une poésie populaire où *félibre* s'emploie dans le sens de docteur, ce mot plut aux convives qui l'adoptèrent. En souvenir de sept troubadours de Toulouse, le félibrige porte une étoile à sept rayons.

Ce mouvement, qui est conduit par Mistral et Roumanille, a produit une éclosion de brillants talents, et c'est parmi eux qu'il faut chercher aujourd'hui le génie poétique de la France chrétienne et chevaleresque. Quelle terre merveilleuse que la Provence! Les esprits semblent emprunter quelque chose à la limpidité de son firmament, à la chaleur de son soleil radieux, aux parfums de ses amandiers en fleurs.

La veine poétique y est intarissable comme l'huile de ses oliviers. Au roi René et à Clémence ont succédé Mistral, Aubanel et une foule d'autres poètes qui se répondent comme les oiseaux au printemps.

Chaque année, l'almanach provençal est publié et contient les plus délicieuses productions littéraires. La grâce, la fraîcheur et un éclat parfois éblouissant ca-

ractérisent le style des troubadours modernes. Plus d'un parmi eux manient admirablement la langue française, mais la langue d'Occ les ravit avec ses ressources inépuisables, ses exquis naïvetés, ses nuances infinies et surtout ses sons harmonieux qui sont toute une musique.

La plupart des œuvres des poètes provençaux ont été traduites en français et peuvent être étudiées avec le plus grand profit. Elles seraient pour nos poètes, si blasés et épuisés, un autre fontaine de Jouvence où ils retrouveraient la jeunesse intellectuelle: des idées neuves, des images fraîches, des tours inattendus, une suave candeur unie à une exubérance étonnante.

Pour le plaisir aussi bien que pour l'utilité de nos lecteurs, nous donnons deux extraits des poètes de la Provence: l'un de Roumanille, l'auteur de *Li Margari-deto*, et l'autre de Mistral, l'auteur de *Miréio* et de *Nano*.

NOEL.

C'était le jour si beau où une vierge enfantait à Bethléem, et son fruit béni tremblait de froid sur un peu de paille; les anges dans les hauteurs à peine achevaient leur *Gloria*, et de toutes parts dans l'étable, pasteurs et pastourelles allaient s'agenouiller.

On dit qu'en ce jour de grande allégresse une pauvre enfant, une dolente jeune fille, aveugle de naissance, en pleurant disait: Mère, pourquoi voulez-vous que seule je reste ici? Je languirai. Pendant que vous dorloterez l'enfant, je pleurerai, moi.

— Tes larmes, ô mon sang! lui répondit sa mère, me font pitié. Nous t'emmènerions assurément, mais que viendrais-tu faire? tu n'y vois pas! A la vêprée, demain, comme tu vas être contente quand nous serons de retour! car tout ce que nous aurons vu, ô ma pauvre dolente, nous te le dirons.

— Je le sais, jusqu'au tombeau, dans les noires ténèbres, je marcherai. O belle face d'or, créature divine, je ne te verrai point. Mais qu'est-il besoin d'yeux, bonne mère; pour croire, pour adorer? Ma main, ô enfant de Dieu, si je ne puis te voir, te touchera.

L'aveugle pleura tant, tant elle pria, pauvrette! à ses genoux; tant elle lui déchira le cœur, que sa mère ne put plus lui dire: non! Et puis quand dans l'étable arriva la jeune fille, elle tressaillit. Elle mit la petite main de Jésus sur son cœur et ses yeux virent!

LES TROIS MARIES.

Trois femmes de beauté divine par un sentier de fines étoiles, descendaient du ciel; et, comme à l'heure du jour, un troupeau se disperse, les hauts piliers de la chapelle avec l'arceau qui en soutient la voûte pour leur ouvrir chemin, s'écartaient devant elles.

Et blanches dans l'air limpide, les trois Maries lumineuses descendaient du ciel; l'une contre son sein tenait serré un vase d'albâtre; et, dans les nuits sereines, l'astre qui doucement éclaire les bergers peut seul rappeler son front *paradisien*.

Au gré du vent, la seconde laisse aller ses deux tresses blondes, et chemine, modeste, une palme à la main; la troisième, jeunette encore, de sa blanche mantille claire cachant un peu son brun visage, et ses noires prunelles luisaient plus que le diamant.

Vers la dolente, quand elles furent audessus d'elle, elles se tinrent immobiles et elles lui parlaient. Si doux et clair était leur dire, et leur sourire si affable, que les épines du martyre fleurissait dans Mireille en charmes abondants.

Lua.

## MADEMOISELLE DE VERCHÈRES.

L'âge héroïque de l'Histoire du Canada offre plusieurs exemples d'un courage chevaleresque donnés par les femmes. Parmi ces hauts faits, il en est un qui fut accompli par une jeune fille de quatorze ans, connue dans les annales de la Nouvelle France sous la nom de l'«Héroïne de Verchères.»

Marie Magdeleine de Verchères était la treizième enfant de François Jarret, Sieur de Verchères et de Marie Perrot, et naquit dans la seigneurie de son père qui constitue maintenant le florissant village de Verchères situé sur la rive sud du St. Laurent, vingt-cinq milles en bas de Montréal. Elle fut baptisée à Sorel, le 17 Avril, 1678; son parrain et sa marraine furent le Sieur de St. Ours et Madame de Contrecoeur. Le Sieur Coulon de Villiers, le vaillant officier Canadien qui fit Washington prisonnier au fort Nécessité, descendait de sa sœur Angélique. Elle devint elle-même la mère de plusieurs fils qui se distinguèrent comme officiers et hommes d'état. L'un d'eux, le Sieur de Lanaudière, qui accompagna Célaron de Blainville dans sa célèbre expédition à travers la vallée d'Ohio pour renouveler la prise de possession au nom du roi et y planter des plaques de plomb en témoignage de la découverte de cette contrée par les Français, fut tué en combattant près du fort Duquesne, maintenant Pittsburg.

Le Sieur de Verchères vint au Canada en qualité de porte-drapeau, du régiment de Carignan et reçut après avoir servi dans plusieurs brillantes campagnes, une concession de terre sur laquelle il bâtit le fort de Verchères pour protéger sa petite colonie contre les assauts des féroces Iroquois.

Un jour dans l'automne de 1692, le Sieur de Verchères était à Québec et sa femme à Montréal. «Mademoiselle Magdeleine», ainsi que l'appelait le peuple, se trouvait sur les bords du fleuve, à quelque distance du fort de son père, quand elle entendit soudain tirer plusieurs coups et aperçut les sauvages qui tuaient et faisaient prisonniers les colons occupés à la culture des champs. Un des serviteurs lui cria de se sauver. «A ce moment», dit Mademoiselle de Verchères, dans son récit écrit à la demande du gouverneur du Canada, «je me retournai et découvrit quarante-cinq Iroquois se précipitant sur moi. Résolue de mourir plutôt que de tomber dans leurs mains, je cherchai le salut dans la fuite. Je courus vers le fort en me recommandant à la Sainte Vierge et, lui disant du fond de mon cœur: Sainte Vierge, Mère de Dieu, vous savez que je vous ai toujours aimée et honorée comme ma mère; ne m'abandonnez pas dans le danger où je me trouve.» Quarante balles sifflent à ses oreilles sans lui faire aucun mal. «Aux armes! Aux armes!» cria-t-elle en atteignant la porte du fort qu'elle ferma contre les ennemis.

Il y avait dans le fort, à ce moment, rien que deux

soldats, un vieillard de quatre-vingts ans, les deux petits frères de l'héroïne et quelques femmes et enfants qui se lamentaient à la vue du terrible spectacle dont ils venaient d'être les témoins. Mademoiselle de Verchères, trouvant les deux soldats complètement démoralisés, plaça un de leurs casques sur sa tête, saisit un fusil et, avec la bravoure d'un amazone, commanda à tous de prendre leur place pour défendre le fort et par un feu bien nourri donna l'alarme aux places environnantes. Elle plaça ses deux jeunes frères—ils avaient douze ans et elle quatorze—sur les deux bastions en leur disant: «combattons jusqu'à la mort; nous combattons pour notre pays et notre religion. Souvenez-vous des leçons que mon père vous a données si souvent—qu'un gentilhomme ne naît que pour verser son sang au service de Dieu et du roi.» C'étaient d'aussi nobles sentiments qui donnèrent tant de héros et d'héroïnes à la Nouvelle France.

La défense du troisième bastion fut confiée au vieillard et elle se chargea du quatrième après avoir placé les soldats, les femmes et les enfants dans une redoute qui servait de corps de garde. En parlant de ce qu'elle avait éprouvé, lorsqu'elle se disposait à repousser les ennemis, l'héroïne dit: Je sentis que quand Dieu donne la force, rien n'est impossible. Les Iroquois répétèrent leurs assauts contre le fort, mais ils furent contraints de rester à distance et finalement repoussés avec de grandes pertes. Pendant l'attaque, quelqu'un proposa qu'on tentât de se rendre au fort de Contrecoeur. Mademoiselle de Verchères s'éleva contre l'idée de rendre le fort, nonseulement par motifs de prudence, mais aussi par sentiments du plus pur patriotisme. «Je répondis», dit-elle, «que je préférerais mourir plutôt que de le rendre à l'ennemi; qu'il était de la plus haute importance que les Sauvages n'entrassent pas dans un fort français; qu'ils jugeraient des autres par celui-ci, s'ils réussissaient à le prendre et qu'une pareille connaissance ne servirait qu'à accroître leur insolence et leur courage.»

«Je puis dire avec vérité», continue le récit, «que je fus deux fois pendant vingt-quatre heures sans dormir ou manger. Je ne voulus pas entrer du tout dans la maison de mon père. Je restais sur le bastion d'où j'allais voir comment se comportaient ceux qui étaient dans la redoute. J'apparaissais toujours avec une contenance gaie et souriante pour encourager ma petite troupe par l'espérance d'un prompt secours.»

Le siège dura deux jours et ce ne fut qu'après huit jours d'alarmes que le gouverneur de Montréal envoya un officier avec quarante hommes pour aller au secours du fort de Verchères.

Mademoiselle de Verchères maria Pierre Thomas Tarien de Lanaudière, Sieur de la Pérade un des plus beaux hommes et des plus valeureux officiers du Canada. Cependant l'historien aussi bien que le poète se plaisent toujours à l'appeler «Héroïne de Verchères.»

E. M.

— During the holidays many of the former students now in business visited the College, among others Messrs. Eug. Caron, J. Bergeron, T. Grandpré, V. Grandpré, Ed. Caron, all of Chicago.

— The French comedy "Le Divorce du Tailleur" rendered on Christmas eve was a grand success. Mr. Grandchamp gave new proof of his ability as an actor, and Emile Rajotte made such a debut as promises bright success in the future. Masters Dennis Ricou and Pitou Legris also entertained the audience with their charming recitations. The music and songs were much applauded.

— Midnight Mass was celebrated in the College chapel which had donned its best, gayest attire for the occasion. Rev. Chas. Peborde D. D. officiated as celebrant, Rev. E. L. Rivard C. S. V. assisted as deacon, Rev. J. Dumay as subdeacon. Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V. gave a short and beautiful sermon.

— Prof. M. A. Roy played an instrumental solo at a late concert at Ulrich's Hall for the benefit of Assumption church, Chicago.

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#### THE CHAPEL.

Come, reader, to the chapel, 'tis the sixth to day, the anniversary of the three King's visit to the humble straw of Bethlehem. The little grotto that pious hands carved out of paper during the holidays to commemorate the Great Day is still there, illumined with watchful tapers. You will love to see it and the chapel too. Last night after returning from home, being told the chapel was much improved, I went up, I must own much through curiosity, to see; but oh how I was abundantly rewarded! not only by what I saw but by what I felt. Let us see it all again. It was not long after night prayers. The full chandeliers were still lighting the sanctuary making every thing reflect gleams of brilliancy... Some think the chapel looks better by night than by day. But I don't know; I like well its sombered, quiet, devotional aspect of the day; and when the sunshine at times slantingly peeps in through the heaven folds of these superb damasks and is lost, absorbed all — no not all, for see there a stealthy ray descends, makes its way to the chainlet that supports the folding, there it sits for a time and looks all around—then with that soft, mellow light which alone enters, sifted sunshine as it were, I think our little oratory has its most impressiveness.

These Stations of the Cross too, circling like a chaplet of gold the whole contour, how rich they are! How full of eloquent meekness, and suppliancy to do right! Everything inspires piety and makes one feel that "it is good to be here."

While we thus rightly extol the becoming comeliness of our chapel, its grace, its embellishments, we must not forget those whose generosity enabled us to make it such. Our heartfelt thanks then to Rev. M. Letellier. of

Menominee, Mich., donor of these rich and beautiful curtains. We are also much indebted to the following former students for their kindness in raising funds to purchase the Stations of the Cross. Rev. Fr. R. Clancy of Woodstock, Ill., Rev. A. Lauzon, of Osseo, Minn., Rev. Z. Bérard, of St. Anne, Ill., Rev. G. E. Griffin, of Chicago, Ill., Rev. P. J. Hickey, of Chicago, Ill., Rev. F. O'Reilly, of Gilman, Ill., Rev. J. Gibbons, of Leadville, Colorado, Rev. Dunnion, of Davenport, Iowa, Rev. J. Moysant, of Chicago, Ill., Rev. J. Soumis, of Beardsley, Minn., Rev. J. Shannon, of Monmoth, Ill., J. Maher, Esq., B. A., of Chicago, Ill., F. Marcotte, M. D., of Concordia, Kansas. Besides these also a handsome donation by a friend. For all your liberal contributions, Friends, you have our best, sincerest thanks and our prayers. When you visit the Grove, fail not to be shown to the College chapel.

Of course the chapel is not perfect yet—I did not say anything of the new altars; it is because they are yet to be. But when they come oh won't our little oratory be a gem!... Let us however, in the meantime, thank God and our good friends for what we have and trust to Providence for what is to come and will no doubt come.

Tom.

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#### ANOTHER CATHOLIC NEWSPAPER.

Under the guidance of P. V. Hickey, the well-known Editor of the Catholic Review, a new Catholic paper has just been started in New York which is to be semi-weekly with the Catholic Review itself and which bears the beautiful name: *The Catholic American*.

Considering the ability of Mr. Hickey and of his splendid staff, and the amount of good effected by his older paper, we welcome the new Catholic American and hope in all sincerity that it will be encouraged by the Catholics of the country at large and live a glorious life. Its subscription price, only \$1.00 a year, is sufficiently low to enable any family to subscribe and thereby possess a good, safe paper that can intrusted into the hands of all the members of the household without scruple. The Catholic American is of eight pages, ordinary form, and proposes to produce supplements now and then if properly encouraged by the public. We confidently recommend the newspaper to our readers and to their friends, for whom they would perform an act of charity by letting them know of the new paper just started. It is evident to all that it is quite a pleasure to receive a paper from its very beginning and thus be enabled to follow its march gradually as it advances in age and prosperity. Address: The Catholic American, 13 Barclay Street, (or P. O. Box 3166,) New York City, New York.

### McMASTER DEAD.

"A great hero of Catholic Journalism has departed. A pure, good and brainy man has gone. One of the ablest defenders of Catholicity in America has laid down his pen forever. This will be a sad New Year's to many. Fortunate it is that his best friends have the consolations of religion and of hope beyond the grave to comfort them in this trying hour."

Thus speaks the Brooklyn Examiner of the great man whom we have just now lost. After such eulogium we would try in vain to add our expression of esteem and respect. We will simply give a few words of the life of the great journalist in order to make him better known to our college friends. The example of such a man should not leave us unmoved.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;—"

We quote from the same paper:—"Mr. McMaster was born in 1819, in the upper part of York State, his father, the late Rev. Gilbert McMaster being a noted Scotch Presbyterian minister of the time, who traced his ancestry back to the stern Covenanter, Claverhouse. Brought up in the iron tenets of his father's creed, Mr. McMaster was sent to Union College, where under the presidency of the celebrated Eliphalet Knott, he made his studies, but did not graduate. After leaving the college his active mind turned much to controversial research, and, becoming dissatisfied with his old creed, he was received into the Catholic Church about forty-six years ago, and wished to study for the priesthood. For that purpose he joined the Redemptorist Order, but found after a year or so that his vocation did not lie in that direction, and left to re-enter the world again and became a journalist.

"The New York *Catholic Register* was commenced in 1839 and the *Freeman's Journal* in 1840. Both were combined in January, 1841, under a united title and editorial control of the late James W. White. He was succeeded by Eugene Casserly, afterward United States Senator from California and son of the famous classical schoolmaster of New York, Patrick Sarsfield Casserly. In 1842 the paper came into the hands of Bishop Hughes, who, in 1847 sold it to Mr. McMaster, and he has been its editor and proprietor ever since.

"He invested its columns with the vigor and fire of his own individuality, and, when in his prime, and before the era of telegraphs and other modern accessories of journalism, it was one of the influences and features of metropolitan life, and the recognized official organ of Catholicity in America. Mr. McMaster was always an

Ultramontane of Ultramontanes, and has often been called the Louis Veuillot of American Journalism. In personal temperament and in his literary style he very much resembled Carlyle, and few could equal the variety or penetration of his invective when he chose to hurl it at the unfortunate object of his ire. He ranked high as a theologian, but was utterly lacking in all the lighter qualities that go to make up the versatility of the modern journalist, and hence his bent would probably have had more scope in a review or pamphlet than in the editor's chair.

"In American politics Mr. McMaster was an uncompromising Democrat and strict constructionist of the Constitution. He was a follower of Douglas in the stormy time before the rebellion, and on the death of the "little giant" drifted, with the opening of the war, into a fierce State Rights advocate. In this course he came into conflict with the Administration. The *Freeman* was suppressed by Secretary Seward in 1862, and Mr. McMaster was locked up in Fort Lafayette, where he remained for some time. On his release he resumed his editorial chair, which he has held uninterruptedly ever since.

"He married early in his career, but his wife has been dead some years. He has four children living, three of whom are in religion, one a Sister in a Philadelphia convent, and two are Carmelite nuns in Baltimore; the fourth, a son, about twenty-two years of age, is engaged in the *Freeman* office. Mr. McMaster has been a resident of Brooklyn for several years, living near his great friend Major J. D. Kieley, on Clermont Ave. He had associated with him in the editorial management of the *Freeman's Journal* another Brooklynite, Mr. Maurice F. Egan, who has, in fact, been its conductor for several years, since Mr. McMaster's health began to fail, and who in all probability will now succeed to the control of the paper."

Mr. McMaster died on the 29th. ult., at St. Mary's hospital, Brooklyn, where he had been detained for a number of days by a sickness occasioned by a fall. *May his great soul rest in peace.*

N.B.—We see by other papers that Mr. McMaster was never fond of being compared to Carlyle in regard to his style. He considered this Englishman a *colossal sham* and used to say of himself that he had no style.

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### EXCHANGES.

We had indulged in just a sweet little bit of honest conceit, one of those many, airy, harmless cogitations the wisest of men will sometimes find fitting across their sober imaginations. It was with us this: that our little paper was pretty fair after all; that perhaps it was very passable, even sometimes pronouncedly excellent! We did indulge the thought, fondled it most carressingly

all during the holidays when we had nothing else to think of and ennui would court us. We were enticed to come back on time by the hobby (a mere hobby must I now call it, oh profanation!) that *St. Viateur's Journal* was a first class paper, and so hither we rode on that very train of thought. . . . Again oh why, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? . . . Entering our sanctum we find our fairest air castle burned to the very ground. The incendiary is a famished, sneaking, pox-marked individual who carries *Messages* for a livelihood and is would-be-gallant, or *attaché*, to the *Index*, of Don Quixote fame. So *College Message*, you too are piqued? Could not endure a little fair criticism? You must feel deeply, for you know, "how hard it is to criticise well." Very hard. . . . To pass time, then, and to amuse ourselves, not by way of satisfaction, ('twere an empty contest at best) but just to practice this rusty steel we will presently make answers to your untrue, and we believe, not responsible notice. In the first place, believe us, in all fraternal truthfulness, we are really quite satisfied, elated to sit on your *second* shelf. You have no top shelf. Secondly, we would counsel you, do pray come off from that too well shaken old bough—"You are sleeping." You borrowed that chestnut from your first cousin of Niagara who has been feeding it to the world these last three years and is no doubt chanting it still. Know, then, by keeping your own eyes open, that these our "learned criticisms" are *fortnightly*. Can you read *Italics*? . . . Let us agree that it is condescension on our part to notice your articles, since you must so call *our pleasure*. . . . Here, *Message*, (you've certainly made a mess of this all) here is verbatim what we said of you on page 137 of our *Journal* dated Nov. 13, 1886: "The essay on Moore in the *College Message* is written with some gusto and winds up gracefully; but it is not a complete view of Moore. ( *And why?* ) What you say Mc., on the rapturous flow of the "Melodies" is all true enough; but are you so enamoured of these as to see nothing objectionable in his Epistles, Odes and other Poems? ( *This is the reason your Moore is not complete and therefore* ) You might have judiciously spent a "half hour" in cautioning your fellow members against his looseness in a moral point of view. *Understand?* . . . "Criticism concluded." "The Novel Chap. V." We were not tempted to read. Continued stories, articles, etc., should not, as much as possible, find place in College Journals. They belong to Reviews, Periodicals, Magazines." This is what we said because we thought it true, fair. Here is what you say and make us say: "The first article he reads (Moore) is not complete. So he says: In order, friend, to give a complete life of a man like Moore, we would need to have the article continued in many issues of your paper. This would not suit you at all, as you never read continued articles." Do you see

where you lie? You are ubiquitously lying, or lying all over, if you prefer the commonplace. . . . Did you notice, *Message*, that in your criticism of almost a full column you never give the least appreciation of any article in our *JOURNAL* French or English? . . . On the whole we consider your false *exposé* of our "learned criticism" far from the magnanimous, at the antipodes from the truth, in a word. . . . As for the sentence "some-what obscure" address to the wide awake *Illini* gentlemen, rest assured that it was abundantly clear to the parties concerned. As a Christmas number, which by its date it seems intended for, the *Message* in question contains not a note which partakes of the joyous spirit of the times so happily impressed inside and outside our many college exchanges. You failed here miserably. Your *Messages*, besides, are always abominable slangy; this time exceptionally so—low-toned. We must come to your *coup de grace*. Be it this: That you have our forbearance for your past mistaking, and if you have not yet arrived there, our wishes of a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Many of our exchanges deserve commendation for their gay Christmas attire. Among others are especially noticeable the *Fordham Monthly*, *The Stylus*, whose frontispiece is very suggestive; the *Hamilton College monthly* with its "Angel's Wish" as happily conceived as the "Builder of Ages" of a year ago; *The Catholic Home*, and *Catholic Illustrated American* illustrations were also quite appropriate and full of christian thought. In all these and our other visitors the words are an accompaniment to the Christmas chimes, an explanation of glad scenes.

The *St. Mary's Sentinel* in soldier-like rigidity does not seem to notice more than by a mere nod, the advent or passing of the Christmas Visitor and the dying Old year. The veteran bodies forks his whole sentimentality to his readers in the old four-line formula "A hearty Christmas and Newyear and many returns of the same," or about so, and in two other editorials of equally poor taste. The rest of the paper is of average merit.

The *Catholic Monitor*, of Columbus Ohio, born December 24, 1886, pays us a first visit. It is full of instruction, particularly well chosen advices to boys from Bishop Dupanloup. The articles are short and spicy, such as boys will read with profit. Come again *Monitor*.

*The Joster Academy Review* and *The Student* from Tenn., and the *Critic* of New York, revisits us after a long lay-off. Come oftener, you are welcome always.

*Le Progrès*, of Los Angels, California, gave a reproduction of "Le Sourire" by M\*, which appeared in our French supplement some time ago, but failed to credit the author for it. This may be some advanced form of French liberty, *Progress*, but it is not etiquette, you know.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Ave Maria fund for Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers of Molokai, amounts to \$946.60.

A code of rules with regard to ecclesiastical discipline in the United States has been completed by the Propaganda and submitted to the Pope.

The Foreign Missions of Paris and of Lyons registered in the past year the baptism of 19,705 adult pagans; of 205 heretics, and of 180,966 children, in danger of death, in pagan lands.

On December 16 ult., Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebeuf of Denver, Col., celebrated the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The venerable prelate received many letters of congratulation.

The Rev. Bernard J. McManus of St. John's, Baltimore, has been raised to the dignity of monsignor. The new monsignor was born in Roscommon County, Ireland, in 1819, and is therefore sixty-seven years old.

In '86 the French Academy gave its chief prize "for virtue," \$600, to the Abbe Lemoine, who has brought up 750 Alsatian orphans and attended 336 hospital penitents.

The 15th centenary of the conversion of the great St. Augustine, Bishop and Doctor of the Church, will occur on the 5th of May of this year 1887. The Augustinian Fathers, the world over, are preparing to celebrate the feast properly.

Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State to his Holiness Leo XIII, has been compelled through ill-health, to seek relief from the duties of his high office. His resignation is very painful to the Pope who appreciated his wonderful ability as a statesman and diplomat.

Cardinal Geovanni Battiste Franzelin died lately. He was seventy years of age and a very well known Theologian. He was born in Altino, Italy, became a Jesuit and a professor of Philosophy at Rome and was created Cardinal in 1876 by Pius IX.

Mr. L. W. Rielly has resigned the editorship of the Catholic Columbian to accept a position on the staff of the Catholic Review and Catholic American. Mr. Rielly is one of the most accomplished Journalists in New York. He is capable of conducting any department of a paper with discretion, talent, and good taste. (St. Louis Catholic World.)

A Washington City letter-writer says, there is a large Catholic church in Washington attended exclusively by colored people, with black saints in the niches and other things to correspond. It is attended by a colored aristocracy, and a membership in it is considered a sign of tone by some. There is a fine choir of negro voices, and the masses are sung quite as well as those attended by the whites. (Catholic Columbian.)

The triumph of the Catholics of Germany over the

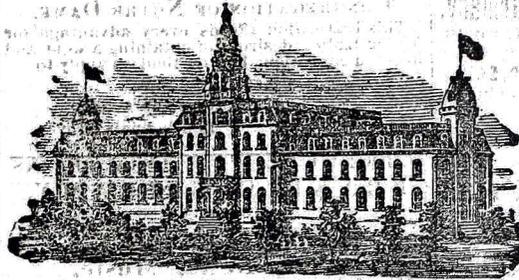
tyrannical laws of the Culturkampf is indeed something admirable and consoling. The kindly disposition of the Emperor and of Bismarck towards the Holy See continues to draw the attention of all the world, and if nothing happens to change these charming sentiments, we may safely hope that Germany will soon again enjoy the blessings of religious peace.

The Bishops of Belgium have founded at Louvain, under the patronage of St. Albert of the Congo, a seminary for priests destined to bear the glad tidings of Christianity to the thirty million souls now sitting in the darkness of heathenism in the Independent Congo. The missionaries will learn there the Congo dialects and thus be prepared to meet these poor peoples. While exercising the ministry they will remain secular priests and be under the direction of the Sacred College of the Propaganda.

Sister Louise the head and founder of the 27 houses of the Order of Notre Dame in this Country, with their 700 sisters and 23,000 girl pupils, died on Dec. 3rd. ult., in Cincinnati. Six houses of Notre Dame on the Pacific Slope also lose in her one of their principal founders. Josephine Susannah Vanderschreck was born on November 14, 1813, in Holland. Her father was a rich merchant in Antwerp. She came to America in 1836. In 1845 she became superior over all the sisters in this country and remained so until her death.

An idea of the pitiful condition of the South in regard to the Catholic Faith will be had by reflecting on the following figures which we clip from an article in the Catholic Standard of Philadelphia. "The diocese of Richmond comprising the whole State of Virginia almost equalling in extent the State of Pennsylvania, with an aggregate population of about one million and a half, has only 33 priests. The Vicariate Apostolic of North Carolina has only 9. The diocese of Charleston 18. The Diocese of Savannah, 28. That of St. Augustine 16. That of Mobile, 40. The diocese of Nashville has 25. That of Natchez, 30. Natchitoches, 18. Little Rock, 24. Galveston has 44, Brownsville, 16. San Antonio, 43." Throughout the eight States of Virginia, the two Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, extending from the Potomac to the Mississippi, there are but 205 Catholic priests. Is the South with its 8,000,000 negroes to become infidel, unbelieving, or Catholic? There is the question to be solved. The scarcity of established missions and the poverty of the dioceses would seem to allow for the present of none but itinerant missionaries. Where will they be found?

The Pope has given permission to continue with the examination of the English martyrs, beginning with Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher, for beatification. The announcement of such a step has rejoiced all the friends of the Church.



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