

ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. II.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. SATURDAY, April 12 1884.

No. 4

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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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MY CRUCIFIX.

In bronze this image carv'd, before me lies,
On bed of ebon dark and hard;
In death transfix'd these limbs, death-veil'd these eyes,
Christ crucified his angels guard.

Press'd sore against this wood with triple nail,
Faith's deep-drawn vail, from sight conceals
The suffering God, men, righteous judge shall hail,
When earth aflame, Heaven's wrath reveals.

Sweet Saviour mine! with bleeding hands outspread
On altar built by love divine!
The sword of grief, the thorns that crown thy head
Were sins of mine, O Lord, not Thine!

Victim and Priest of blood, to make amend,
Thou first didst walk the narrow road!
With wounded feet, Thou didst the hill ascend,
Bearing our sins—O weighty load!

This cross was blest for four by Pontiff's hand,
Hor'd Mortis blessing ceding;
Two hearts I lov'd, have sought the better land,
Two remain, indulgence needing.

This cross through wordly strife a light has been,
God's saving gift to me and mine;
Whate'er success has come 'gainst snares of men
Thy vict'ry, Lord, has been, all Thine!

Hearts and hands I priz'd, oft this cross have borne,
Their secret sorrows I have known;
Yet in this Passion-time no ills I'll mourn,
Since Calv'ry's triumph joy hath sown.

O cross of beauty! dear art thou to me,
Thy sweetness breathes of death and life;
Heav'n grant our end may calm and peaceful be,
Like that of those released from strife!

S.

Passion Sunday, 1884.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

Whilst looking over some of the Exchanges sent to this office, it occurred to us that, in more than one instance, their contents appeared in singular contradiction to their title and object. This kind of Journalism, it seems to us, departs from both these standpoints in seeking, by elaborate and extensive essays, to enter the domain of politics, the field of religious controversy or the high realms of state polity. These questions are amply provided for by experienced and well paid pens in the magazines and press of the country. If the writers of college journals left such themes severely alone, confining themselves to their own legitimate sphere, much valuable time might be saved and their efforts thus wisely limited, might perhaps result in some permanent excellence.

We venture an opinion, and by no means wish to imply that the subjects mentioned, may not be well handled from a literary point of view by college journalists. Indeed, trained literary merit ought to be a qualification, and visible, if any where, in this kind of journalism. That it is not always manifest we confess in advance, and need no one to throw a stone into our garden, to acknowledge that at times, our own window has been pretty badly damaged. All we intend saying is that, few college men are, by experience, trained to practically discuss these questions, with aptitude, precision and logic. The reason is plain. One phrase will, with all respect, convey our conclusion as profitably as if we consumed time and a page in detailing it. College men are *young*; "they must tarry at Jericho until their beards grow." With age generally comes added wisdom, and many a man at twenty five and thirty, has already lived long enough to regret the crude effusions of seventeen and even of the day of manhood's estate, twenty one; *a fortiori*, will he lament at forty over what he considered genius, in the spring and summer time of his career.

Let no one imagine any slight is hereby put upon college journalists on account of youth. This would be ungracious and unjust to them and ridiculous in us; but, our proposition is that many journals, at times, forget their title and their object. After all, a college paper is nothing more than a college record, and

its object a college publication *by students, of students, for students*. Whatever is embraced in this wide range—and every professor and student knows there is enough and sufficient variety to make a college paper interesting and instructive—may be termed suitable students' or college literature, students' news in order, and may become matter proper for college journalism. To emphasize this range is to mention, philosophy, history, science, the classics and a hundred things that a student finds included in college life. Departing from this standard to enter other fields, is not, and no sound reason will adjudge it, college journalism. That this is true in its full sense, any College journalist, wishing to try an experiment, may learn. Let him send an essay on any of the first subjects we have mentioned, and to which he has devoted much time, to a first class magazine or to some great morning daily, and at the same time, name and await a price for his matter. The answer he will receive in nine cases out of ten, will convince him of his inability to satisfy the public's demand for energetic writing. It will show him, unless conceit blinds him, that the public knows the difference between flowers and fruits, and again, that between these two, it is even discriminating. His answer will probably tell him that he has done what the reading public does not i. e. confound fact with fancy: in one word, his first experiment in this direction will show him, perhaps, better than he ever knew, that the outside world and those who cater to its demands, know precisely what, when and how much they want to buy and read; know what are and are not well developed, pertinent arguments; know their relative importance when gauged by experience, by judgment and especially by hard money value. In this connection, it is well to remember that literature, in our age, above others, has become, like news, merchandise. The most buys the most, and though the best is not always purchased, yet, there is somewhere a market wherein to sell.

We think enough has been written here to suggest thought to the readers and purveyors of college journalism. In its sphere it can be made useful for the present and for the hereafter years of life. Assuming too much, it loses its title and its object, and thinking to be of interest to those who are not within its influence or its requirements, it becomes distasteful and a bore. When college journalism, as it sometimes happens, leaves just criticism behind and seeks to be personal and insulting, it is contemptible and unworthy of decent notice. Its aims, like the aim of education and American, christian education, should be high, noble, above littleness and petty tricks; its object should be the students' elevation to the worthy plane of the best American, Christian manhood.

H.

MILLSTREET, Co. Cork, Ireland.

March 28, 1884.

DEAR JOURNAL:

After my first trip over the Atlantic and weary enough of twelve days sailing, I am happy to sit down in my quiet little hotel and be able to send you a few lines. We had a rough passage. Before starting from New York, I had read so much about icebergs and the many encountered by in-coming steamers, that I was looking out for them anxiously. We did not however meet any. Our good ship, like a thing of life, seemed tired of buffeting with mountainous seas, and if the thing be possible, seemed glad to rest with us in sight of shores. "whose aspects of vivid greenness refreshed our eyes weary from the Ocean's tides."

But now to begin.

All over the United States, I had heard a great deal said concerning Ireland and the injustice shown that country under its present government, and I had heard no less said of the good qualities and merit of the Irish people. But I must say, strangers to the country have scarcely an idea of those things, as one actually finds them in Ireland. I have so much to tell you, I do not know what to say first and where I may end, is a puzzle already. Shall I describe Cork harbor the first harbor of this country I saw—the most beautiful harbor in the world; or shall I commence with the lakes of Killarney, or the groves of Blarney, or shall I say anything concerning the character of the people, for all have abundant charms for the traveller and each seems inviting to the stranger. Well! a word about the people may interest you.

The Irish people on their own soil are perhaps the most hospitable people the sun shines on to-day. They are both honest and industrious and their mode of living is simple. As the government is deadly opposed to the prosperity of the country and the happiness of the people, there is no capital developing the resources of the country. Almost all the lands are given up to pasture. There are but few factories, no steam mills, no foundries, no trade of any importance, the mechanical outlook is very small; and I think it is impossible that this people can ever better their condition while the government holds them as it does now—crushed under severe laws and coercion—otherwise the Irish would be prosperous and happy. At this season of the year it is a charm to visit this country. The spring commences earlier than in the States. All the valleys are green, the trees are budding forth new leaves, the black-bird and thrush are heard from the bowers and their songs are delightful. The farmer with his whole household is now busily engaged in cultivating the land and

sowing the seed. Generally a whole family—parents, children and all, are found side by side in the garden. Some level the ground, some sow the seed, and others throw the mould over it. They love to see a stranger approach them. This is easily seen in the open expression of their countenances, but this joy and welcome for the stranger is not so manifest till they know he is an American. Then they invite him to their houses and ask him to dinner. Their politeness and generosity astonished me. They seem to live united and peaceful, and this is no doubt a great source of happiness. All alike young and old hate almost to a frantic degree the English government, from which they have suffered unheard of persecutions. They love and speak enthusiastically of the States, and seem to think that the Americans will one day free them from the yoke of oppression and tyranny.

In the suburbs of this pretty little town situated midway between Cork City and Killarney, I hunted up some old friends and a relative of mine. The lucky finding of these friends made access to the neighbors and to the people about, comparatively easy, and I learned a good many things otherwise difficult to find out.

When I had rested a few days, my cousin and myself set out on a jaunt to the far-famed Blarney. As we drew near to the castle, C. said to me: "I trust we have not come in vain, but I think that visitors are admitted only on certain days, and to-day Thursday, is not one of them." Sure enough, on application at the lodge we were informed we could not enter. But I had come too far to be disappointed. C. told the good natured keeper that I was an American. Like magic seemed the words to the Irishman in charge. "An American is he? Then, be gorra! Sir, he'll see Blarney and no mistake."

"Where is the gentleman from, Chicago or New York? Chicago, they tell me, is a great place, and bates the world; well come on gentlemen, Chicago or New York, it's all the same. New York may be ahead of Chicago but they're both American cities and that's enough for me. Come on, gentlemen." And we entered Blarney.

I need not tell you about Blarney. Its fame and its beauty are world-wide and you know them better than I could describe them. Besides, Blarney is a bad place to write from. You might imagine I had kissed the stone, but you know me better than to think me guilty of such an indiscretion. Suffice it to say, we saw all that was to be seen. Such groves, such scenery, the winding river, the fields, Cork harbor in the distance: "Blarney, Blarney thy charms to me &c." But I must stop. Regards to all my dear friends at the college; let me wish them as they do in Rome—happy, holy cus-

tom—"Happy Easter." You may expect another letter from me soon.

T. L.

AN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Some talk has lately been indulged in about the propriety of forming an Alumni Association, and we think the sooner the better. With the age that our institution now possesses—together with the reputation it enjoys at home and abroad, we cannot see why any obstacle should exist as to the foundation of such an organization or to its success as a factor in the general welfare of St. Viateur's.

The last ten years of existence since our college has become generally known, have witnessed many graduates from the different courses into the various learned professions and various departments of business. The ministry, the legal, the medical, mercantile profession, each in its turn has received not a few from our midst and these have reflected no small credit upon the institution. Of the utility of such an association there cannot be a doubt. Experience teaches us that absence begets forgetfulness, and hence it is that, very often, former students when once engaged in the practical duties of life, scarcely ever return to the halls of their Alma Mater, or even inquire after her welfare,—or the welfare of kind instructors.

As an incentive to keep alive the intimate friendship that should always exist between the mother and the son she educated, the association will be a powerful aid. As a reminder amid all the duties of life of old friends—old companions—old members of some class—old members of some society, the alumni association will exert no small influence. No better scheme can be conceived for cementing together the college friends of our youth, of encouraging our successors in their labors towards the acquisition of knowledge—and no better means can be suggested of perpetuating and spreading always the fair name of our College home. We see by glancing over the columns of our many exchanges, that mostly all of the institutions, of which they are the organs, have associations of this kind. We see that every year the halls of these schools and colleges resound with the glad some shouts and merry laugh of old students returned to do honor, and to sing the praises of the home wherein they were educated, thus perpetuating the honor, manifesting the love and affection they bear towards their dear *Alma Mater*.

We can see no reason why we have not the energy to do likewise. Aside from such an organization being the source of wholesome pleasure—a re-union of old

soldiers engaged in the same intellectual battles, we have every reason to think that the influence of an Alumni Association abroad would materially serve the interests of our college,—and that the old students and graduates could show their generosity towards their "Bountiful Mother" in few ways more acceptable.

We merely wish to touch upon this subject, and shall await the opinions of some of our prominent old students abroad, as to the advisability and opportuneness of taking action in regard to the matter.

J. P. M.

FROM DEATH TO RESURRECTION.

We have just passed through a season of sorrow. We have gone back in thought to the first Holy Week: we have seen our Redeemer in agony in the garden of Gethsemane; have seen Him betrayed by the kiss of one of his chosen Apostles; have seen Him dragged before Pilate, scourged, crowned with thorns, spat upon, derided and mocked by an ungrateful rabble. We have beheld Him, weary and faint with bleeding wounds, taking up the heavy cross, and mounting the stony hill of Golgotha. We have seen Him stretched out upon the cross; have seen His tender hands and feet nailed to the wood; and beheld Him lifted up amid the scoffs of the multitude, abandoned by His dearest friends; have heard Him crying out in His agony: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The God of all sanctity is crucified between two thieves! The Creator of the world has but three friends beside Him in this trying hour; Mary, His mother, Mary Magdalen and St. John. For three long hours He hangs upon the cross, enduring the most excruciating pain,—and all to redeem those very men who are crucifying Him.

The moment of dissolution has come. From out the awful silence of that scene He cries aloud: Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit! His head sinks upon His breast—the Son of God is dead! Nature feels the wound. The sun is obscured by a mysterious cloud. The darkness of midnight broods over the earth. The mountains rock to and fro on their bases; the depths of the ocean are moved; the earth is convulsed to its centre. The grave yields up its dead; sheeted ghosts flit through the darkness, turning eyes of death upon the sinful men who have crucified their God. Men look at each other in terror. Hell seems to have triumphed. The God-man lies buried in the tomb. An awful gloom hangs over Jerusalem, and only the spirits of the dead flit through the deserted streets. The second night has come. The guards about the Holy Sepulchre are trebled, and patiently they watch during the long drawn hours of

night. The crucified had said that He would rise again on the third day.

The first grey streaks of dawn have just appeared in the East, when, lo—a host of angels descend to the Sepulchre. The heavy stone rolls out into the midst of the soldiers who fall terrified to the earth. Christ comes forth in all the brilliance of His humanity. His body is no longer torn and bleeding as when taken down from the cross. It is glorified: His wounds are as shining stars; His face is the face of God; He is clothed as with the sun. The angels sing "Alleluia to the risen Saviour! He is risen! He is risen!" The clouds which had covered the earth since the sad hour of the crucifixion, disappear and roll away. The sun bursts resplendent from the East,—all is joy and gladness, in heaven and on earth, for death and hell are conquered. Fallen man has been redeemed. It is Easter Sunday.

The life of every Christian is a picture, though a faint one, of that first Holy week which we have been commemorating. As our divine Master and model passed through sorrow, humiliation, and death before He arose triumphant from the grave, so, we too, His children and followers, are to pass through a trying ordeal on this earth before we are brought up to heaven to enjoy the reward which He won for us. There may be times when we are maligned, calumniated and persecuted by our enemies; when we are betrayed by those in whom we trusted and confided; when we have been abandoned by our dearest friends; when, in our grief, we think the heavens are closed against us; and we cry out under the heavy cross laid upon us: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" But in the hour of affliction we should cast our eyes back to Calvary and behold the unspeakable torments of our innocent Redeemer. We should consider that what we suffer, we suffer for our sins; whilst He suffered, not for Himself, but for us. We should be strengthened, moreover, by His promise, that after this hour of trial is over and we have passed through the ordeal of death, whether like Mary, ever Virgin, we have kept our souls immaculate, or, like Mary, the Magdalen, we have purified them by tears of repentance, in either event, we shall rise triumphant from the grave to enjoy the never ending bliss of heaven.

Alpha.

LOCALS.

- Eggs.
- Fast no more.
- John, lend me your key.
- Whose day was April 1st?
- Did you get your "stuff" yet?
- "Good bye old cod fish, good bye."

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. I.

BOURBONNAIS, ILL. Samedi, 12 Avril. 1884.

No. 6

QUERELLE ET TRAITE DE PAIX.

Deux pièces de métal un jour se rencontrèrent
Sur la table d'un grand qui de l'or était fon.
Ces pièces par hasard un moment se touchèrent :
L'une sonnait le cuivre et s'appelait un sou ;
L'autre brillait aux yeux, elle était neuve et belle ;
Elle savait le prix de son lustre éclatant
Cette fière guinée entame la querelle,
Et, pour parler au sou, prit un ton important :
— Loin de moi, s'il vous plaît ! . . . gain de la ménagère,
Trésor du ramoneur, par ses doigts tout souillé ! . . .
— Allez récompenser la traînante prière
Du mendiant déguenillé !
— Passez à la cuisine . . . Et c'est là votre place :
— Vous y consolerez les pleurs du marmiton
— Mais faites mieux encore . . . En montrant "pile ou face,"
Hâtez-vous d'enrichir l'écolier d'un toton
— Allez ! chétif objet que chez moi l'on méprise,
Qui se trouve partout et qui n'est bon à rien.
— Moi, j'honore, du moins, la main qui m'utilise.
— Par moi l'on fait du grand, par moi l'on fait du bien ! . . .
Le sou resta muet devant cette boutade ;
Il savait ce qu'en doit aux gens bien vus en cour.
Quand il eut écouté tout au long la tirade,
Il prit la liberté de parler à son tour :
— Madame, je suis loin de nier vos mérites,
Dit-il à la guinée ; on sait votre pouvoir ;
Je n'ai point le dessein d'en fixer les limites
Et vous louer bien haut me paraît un devoir.
Je pourrais, je le sais, sans trop de suffisance
Répondre à votre honneur qu'à beaucoup j'appartiens ;
Que dépensé par tous, j'acquiers une puissance
Et qu'à votre niveau presque je me soutiens !
Vous le savez, Madame, on vous lâche à grand' peine ! . . .
Vos plus chauds partisans vous collent à leurs doigts ! . . .
Ou, s'il arrive enfin que d'assaut l'on vous prenne,
Ils jurent de serrer plus fort une autre fois
Je n'ai pas ces chagrins ; librement je circule,
Et sur plus d'un comptoir je tiens un certain rang.
Je puis même enrichir celui qui m'accumule.
Voici comment parfois le petit fait du grand ! . . .
En voulez-vous la preuve ? . . . Ecoutez les merveilles

Que dans l'Indre accomplit l'œuvre du sou par an ! . . . (1)
Et que font, grâce aux sous, deux œuvres sans pareilles
Qui propagent la foi par de là l'Océan." (2)
— "Mais vous savez, Monsieur, que, dans certaines Cour-
Je ne reste jamais, quand passe le malheur," [ses,
Dit l'or d'un ton piqué ; "que j'offre des ressources
A plus d'un infortuné, à plus d'un noble cœur."
— "Oui, mais je sais aussi que le pauvre, la veuve,
Sans moi n'auraient jamais le bonheur de donner, . . ."
— "De quoi se mêlent-ils ? . . . Si leur lot est l'épreuve,
Cette prétention doit les abandonner . . .
Moi, je fournis matière à de grands sacrifices
Et dans le Paradis j'ai mis des saints de plus ! . . .
Si je sers quelque fois de trop fâcheux caprices,
Je sais aussi prêter de l'éclat aux vertus ! . . ."
— "Ah ! ma sœur, calmez-vous ! . . . vous êtes admirable !
Depuis longtemps déjà tous les sous vous l'ont dit
Signons, je vous conjure, une paix désirable,
Et vous ferez partout honneur à votre esprit."
La guinée un moment resta dans le silence . . .
Le mot était adroit, peut-être il porta coup . . .
Bref avec son confrère elle fit alliance.
On dit que tous les deux y gagnèrent beaucoup !
A ce petit récit faut-il une morale ?
Pour l'aumône chacun cherche conseil en soi
Pourtant, à tout hasard, mettons la plus banale :
"Donnez, beaucoup ou peu, mais donnez . . ." c'est la loi.

C. SAULIN.

(1) Pour instruire gratuitement les enfants qui ont la vocation ecclésiastique.

(2) L'œuvre de la Propagation de la Foi (un sou par semaine) ; L'œuvre de la Sainte-Enfance (un sou par mois) toutes les deux produisent des sommes énormes et régénèrent le monde païen.

SEANCE ACADEMIQUE. (Suite.)

LES RICHESSES.

Mon honorable ami a cru trouver le bonheur dans le pouvoir. C'est sans doute le dépi de se voir assujéti à une règle qui le fait ainsi soupirer après le commandement universel. Après avoir été obligé de se soumettre à une inflexible discipline pendant sa jeu-

nesse, il voudrait régenter tous les autres; moi, j'ai des idées moins élevées, mais plus propres à me conduire au but qu'il s'agit d'atteindre. Ce n'est pas dans le pouvoir que je placerai le bonheur, mais dans les richesses, sources des plus douces joies intérieures, causes directes d'une foule de jouissances aussi diverses que les désirs du cœur.

Quand, un jour, après bien des travaux, bien des sueurs, un homme peut se dire: enfin je suis riche, j'ai fait fortune! de quel légitime orgueil son front ne se couronne-t-il pas alors? Avec quelle vive satisfaction, ses regards anxieux ne se reposent-ils pas sur cet or amoncelé devant lui? Non jamais les feux du diamant, les splendeurs de l'aurore n'ont ébloui ses yeux d'un aussi doux éclat! Non jamais ses oreilles n'ont entendu plus ravissante harmonie que ce bruit de l'or frappé par l'or! Non jamais ses mains, en le touchant, n'ont frémi d'une joie aussi vive lorsqu'ell's pressaient la main d'un ami! Cet or qu'il caresse, c'est le fruit de ses sueurs, c'est le fils de ses œuvres! Ah! il est parvenu au sommet des richesses; voilà pour lui l'apogée du bonheur!

En effet, maintenant, il est maître, il est souverain! Il est riche, il peut tout. Son pouvoir n'a plus de borne: le roi, entouré de pourpre est moins puissant sur son trône que sur la pièce d'or qui porte son image; son effigie a plus d'empire que la majesté de sa personne. Rien ne résiste à l'influence suprême des richesses; tout s'incline, tout se courbe devant elle: et l'homme des champs, et ceux qui portent la couronne du génie et les peuples de la terre, et ceux qui leur donnent des lois!

Les richesses sont aussi la voie qui conduit aux honneurs, aux dignités. Les distinctions de toutes sortes pleuvront sur celui qui vit dans l'opulence: les grands et les princes le rechercheront et seront flattés de l'admettre en leur présence; il se mêlera à tout ce qu'il y a de plus élevé, conduira toutes les célébrités: les princes de la science et de l'art. Qui ne connaît le fameux Roschild, l'hôte des rois et dont les rois sont les humbles tributaires. D'ailleurs, la richesse n'est-elle pas considérée comme la meilleure, la seule aristocratie des temps modernes? ses titres ont éclipsé ceux du sang.

Mais les richesses procurent encore des jouissances, des amusements de toute espèce. Autant le pauvre est dénué de tout bien, autant le riche est comblé des dons de la nature; autant la vie du pauvre est sombre et pleine de désespoir, autant celle du riche est riante et semée de plaisirs! Quand l'hiver, de son haleine glacée, a flétri les bois et les plaines, que son voile de frimas a recouvert toute la nature, alors le pauvre dans sa cabane, ouverte à tous les vents, essaie en vain de réchauffer les membres de ses enfants déjà assez froids pour le tombeau. Mais le riche, que fera-t-il? Ah! lui, il fuira les intempéries des saisons, il ira sur quelque plage

embaumée, sous un ciel d'azur, là où il règne un printemps éternel. Et puis quand l'ardente canicule reviendra embraser les airs, il retournera respirer la fraîche bise des mers, pendant que le pauvre brûlera sous un ciel de feu! Chaque jour est une fête nouvelle pour le riche. Lorsque la pauvre mère, mourante de faim, voit se flétrir sur son cœur, son enfant, la fleur de son âme, lui, le favori de la fortune, s'assiera avec sa famille et ses amis à la table d'un splendide festin. Tout s'unira pour l'enchanter: le vin coulant dans des coupes d'or, les mets les plus suaves au goût, les chants et les ris retentissant dans des salles somptueuses. A sa porte, l'attendent de brillants équipages qui l'emporteront dans des routes ombragées, en soulevant des nuages de poussière. Le soir, sous des lustres ruisselants de lumière, aux accords d'une musique ravissante, il se mêlera aux rondes d'une danse joyeuses, ou bien il assistera aux représentations émouvantes du théâtre où les charmes du drame, la beauté des scènes le rempliront d'indéfinissables émotions.

Voilà la vie du riche! N'est-elle pas une chaîne infinie de fêtes et de plaisirs? Qu'est-ce qui rend son existence si fortunée et si digne d'envie? Ne sont-ce pas les richesses? Qu'est-ce qui a répandu sur tous ses traits, cet air de gaieté, ce sourire éternel? Ne sont-ce pas les richesses? Qu'est-ce qui a plongé son cœur dans un contentement et des délices inconnues? Ne sont-ce pas les richesses? Ah! ami! ce sont les richesses; et c'est parce qu'elles rendent les hommes heureux, qu'ils font tant de sacrifices pour les obtenir. Tout agit, tout se meut pour acquérir des trésors. Pourquoi, partout, cette activité fiévreuse qui s'empare de tous les hommes? Que veulent-ils? des richesses. Pourquoi le laboureur arrose-t-il de ses sueurs le sillon qu'il trace? Pourquoi le commerçant s'emprisonne-t-il, du matin au soir, derrière son comptoir? Pourquoi l'homme public se prodigue-t-il sans réserve aux intérêts de l'état? Pour obtenir des richesses. Ah! si ces sacrifices de tous les jours ne parlent pas assez haut; s'ils ne prouvent pas décisivement que c'est en elles que l'homme place le bonheur, demandez à celui qui s'éloigne du ciel natal, qu'est-ce qui l'arrache ainsi à toutes ses affections? Et il vous répondra encore, les richesses. Si ce n'est pas encore assez, interrogez la terre; demandez aux mines d'or du Pérou, de la Californie et de l'Australie—qui ont attiré des quatre coins du monde des flots de peuples,—pourquoi les a-t-on remués en tous sens, pourquoi les a-t-on—avec une sorte d'acharnement—remuées jusque dans leur profondeurs? Et elles vous répondront toujours que c'était pour en extraire des trésors, des richesses, le bonheur!

LA SCIENCE.

Mes Dames et Messieurs,
Mes deux confrères ont prétendu trouver le bonheur,

l'un dans le pouvoir, l'autre dans les richesses. Je crois que tous deux n'ont pas fait une assez large part à l'intelligence. Ils ont été trop prodigues pour le corps et pas assez pour l'esprit. Ce qui domine surtout chez l'homme, c'est l'intelligence, et l'intelligence est faite pour la vérité : voilà sa fin. Qu'est-ce qui étanchera cette soif de la vérité, cette soif de toutes les connaissances ? Ce sont les sciences. Ce sont elles qui lèveront le voile du mystère qui cache les phénomènes de la nature et qui dissiperont les ténèbres qui obscurcissent l'esprit humain. Les sciences ont paru sur la terre comme un astre lumineux ! Elles ont été le "Fiat lux" de l'humanité !

Qu'étaient les peuples avant que les sciences brillassent sur eux ? Ils étaient tous plongés dans la plus profonde barbarie : ils erraient dans les forêts comme des troupeaux sauvages, se dévorant entre eux ; la force écrasait le droit et l'équité ; le meurtre impuni rougissait la poussière du sang de l'innocence ; et, marqué du stigmate de la dégradation, l'homme, ce roi de l'univers, courbait vers la terre, ce noble front fait pour porter les cieux ! Mais dès que la science parut, parut aussi la civilisation. La poésie adoucit les mœurs en berçant les peuples de ses chants harmonieux ; l'histoire anima le courage, en retraçant les immortels faits d'arme des héros ; la philosophie illumina l'esprit par les enseignements divins de la sagesse ; l'architecture replia la tente des bergers et lança, jusqu'aux nues, la pierre en tours menaçantes ou en gracieuses tiges de fleurs. Sous le souffle bienfaisant des lettres, les hommes se groupèrent et purent jouir des charmes et des douceurs de la société. C'est par elles, qu'ils fondèrent les cités qui ont nom Athènes, Rome, Bysance, et formèrent ces institutions monarchiques et républicaines qui firent leur grandeur, leur gloire et leur bonheur !

Oh ! qui, à la vue de semblables prodiges, ne proclamerait pas la science la bienfaitrice de l'humanité ? Ce titre, elle le mérite par ses pacifiques conquêtes sur l'ignorance, la cruauté et la barbarie ; elle ne traîne pas à la suite de son char de victoire des nations et des rois vaincus ; ses esclaves sont les muses qui, sur le passage, répandent l'aisance et la félicité.

Ce que la science a fait pour l'homme, au berceau des sociétés, elle le fait encore aujourd'hui et son action pour en être plus ancienne, n'en est que plus sensible. C'est elle qui a valu à notre siècle le glorieux nom de siècle du progrès ; elle a pris les peuples par la main et les conduit pas à pas au perfectionnement, au bonheur. Par ses découvertes et ses inventions de toutes espèces, elle a adouci la peine du travail qui pesait sur nous comme une malédiction et en a presque fait un délassement. Encore un peu de temps et l'homme reprendra sur la nature son empire qu'il avait perdu et que lui a

rendu la Rédemption ; et la vallée des pleurs sera changée en paradis de délices !

La science a tout condensé, et le temps et l'espace ; une année d'à présent est un siècle d'autrefois : la vapeur a été emprisonnée dans des machines merveilleuses, et l'homme, emporté par ces chars de feu, escalade les montagnes et franchit les fleuves et les plaines, avec la rapidité du vent ; le balancier aux impulsions invincibles a remplacé la voile capricieuse, et dompté la fureur des flots ; l'imprimerie a répandu des torrents de lumière qui ont pénétré jusque dans l'intelligence des masses ; le feu de l'éclair a embrasé des fils métalliques où la pensée vole plus vite que l'aile de l'aigle. Mais nous qui vivons dans cette immense république qui a déjà égalé en puissance celle de l'antiquité, et qui fait maintenant trembler l'Europe, à qui devons-nous ce bonheur ? A la science ! Oh ! ami, à la science ! C'est elle qui a montré du doigt à l'illustre Christophe Colomb ce continent jeté de par de là les mers ; c'est elle qui a fait présent, au monde ancien, d'un monde nouveau !

Voilà les bienfaits signalés que la science a accompli pour le bien de l'humanité ! Développement de l'intelligence, créations des sociétés, adoucissement des mœurs, inventions propres à satisfaire tous nos besoins. O science ! tu rends l'homme semblable à Dieu qui sait tout ; tu conduis ses pas jusque dans le sanctuaire et illumine son esprit des plus radieuses clartés ! C'est à toi que je dois les plaisirs de mon adolescence ; à toi aussi que je devrai mon avenir, mon bonheur !

(A continuer.)

ALLELUIA.

Resurrexit !

Satan vient de s'enfuir au fond des abîmes,
L'immense sacrifice est enfin achevé ;
Le monde a consommé le plus grand de ses crimes.
Et le monde est sauvé !

Sion ! ne balance plus tes riches eucensoirs dont la fumée embaumait ton temple ; n'égorge plus d'agneaux sur tes autels sacrés ; ne brûle plus dans tes urnes d'argent l'encens, la myrrhe, et le cinname ; ne te rassemble plus le soir à la lumière des sept lampes d'or.

Tressaillez de joie, ô peuples de la terre, chantez un cantique d'allégresse car Celui que le ciel pleurait est sorti du tombeau.

Pendant que la nuit et le silence entouraient le Calvaire, soudain une lumière a lui—Jésus-Christ vit et secouant la poussière du tombeau, il se lève resplendissant, glorieux et immortel. Aussitôt, le ciel s'ouvre : les Trônes, les Séraphins, les Dominations, aux ailes d'or, brillants d'une céleste beauté, s'avancent à la rencontre du Maître de l'Eternité. Le front caché sous leurs ailes, ils l'adorent et s'envolent en triomphe, vers les de-

meures éternelles. La lyre résonne sous leurs doigts de rose et remplit l'air des plus harmonieux accords. Au son de cette musique enchanteresse, se mêlent les notes éblouissantes des cantiques de gloire. Des Chérubins, aux vêtements de neige supportent des guirlandes de fleurs autour du Sauveur, et, comme les globes suivent, dans leurs courses aériennes, la reine des astres, ainsi cet essaim d'anges accompagnent le Roi des rois.

□ Leurs voix roulaient encore dans l'espace... mais tout à coup le ciel incline devant eux ses parvis sacrés, les portes éternelles s'ouvrent et le Dieu fait homme entre dans la gloire.

Jardins garnis de fleurs, champs couverts de moissons, rochers tapissés de mousse, montagnes dont les chênes dentellent l'horizon, rivières, fleuves, océans dont les flots tour à tour se jouent sur les sables dorés, soleil qui règle les saisons, et vous, oiseaux, qui chantez si bien, réjouissez-vous tous, et célébrez le nom du Seigneur.

Et vous, peuples de la terre, chantez à Dieu le plus beau des hymnes, et mêlez vos louanges aux accords angéliques. Gloire! Hosanna! Alleluia! La Mort est vaincue, Jésus règne et dans le temps et dans l'éternité!

P. J. Lesage.

UN SONNET.

O délicieuse surprise!
Ce matin, quel joyeux réveil!
Mon réséda frais et vermeil
M'embaume de sa fleur exquise!

Enfin est fini son sommeil.
Quand tout dort, glacé par la bise,
Sa soyeuse grappe s'irise,
Au premier rayon de soleil.

Tout l'hiver, ô plante adorée,
Ma main, à ta tige altérée,
Donna l'onde et les feux du ciel.

Maintenant, répands ton arôme,
Tes parfums doux comme le baume,
Plus purs que l'encens de l'autel!

M**

CUEILLETES.

- Pâques!
- Alleluia!
- Poisson d'Avril!
- Décidément c'est le Printemps!
- Depuis qu'Alex porte l'habit militaire il ne rêve

que combats et gloire. On dit que Geo. Bergeron, sous l'influence des mêmes idées, passerait une partie de ses récréations à lire les campagnes de Bonaparte. Voilà du nouveau.

— "J'aime mieux faire du guérêt qu'écrire des lignes."

— F. Prairie doit ouvrir une brasserie l'été prochain, les pratiques promettent d'être nombreuses.

— Ambroise prend du repos. On le voit quelquefois au bois cueillir des violettes ou le soir revenir du... poulailler, chargé d'un fardeau d'un autre genre. Bien! ami, prépare-nous des œufs de Pâques.

— On lira avec plaisir la pièce de poésie que le Rev. Fr. Saulin a bien voulu envoyer au CERCLE. La morale est aussi spirituelle que juste.

— Paul Wilstach est bien mieux depuis qu'il est chez lui. Le jour qu'il est arrivé à LaFayette il a visité le Palais de Justice et le soir il devait aller au théâtre. Du train qu'il y va, il nous reviendra certainement après le congé de Pâques.

— "Fat" Brosseau pèse 250 livres! En voilà un qui n'a pas à se plaindre du Collège. Depuis samedi, il pensionne chez son frère afin de diminuer son poids. Mais malheureusement ce qu'il perd par l'exercice, il le gagne en appétit. Philippe parle de le renvoyer au Collège.

— Notre cher malade, J. Bonneville, est descendu ce matin de l'infirmerie pour se rendre chez lui. Il n'avait pas laissé sa chambre depuis plus de deux mois. Comme il a souri lorsqu'on lui a annoncé que la voiture l'attendait! Puissent les soins d'une bonne mère le ramener à la santé! Nous avons fait tout ce que nous avons pu pour te sauver—Dieu et ta mère feront le reste.

— Ed. Caron nous a laissés pour entrer à la pharmacie de MM. Babel et Stamm. Rien de plus charmant que de le voir dans sa toilette de droguiste: pantalons gris perle, habit taillé à la Oscar Wilde, gants beurre frais, petit chapeau tapé, sur le coin de la tête, tout prêt à s'envoler... Les pratiques vont affluer à son comptoir, et l'on peut être certain que les fioles et les cruches seront bien remplies. Comptez sur nous Edouard!

— Une des Assistantes des Dames de la Congrégation, Rev. Sœur Ste. Luce et Rev. Sœur St. Alexis sont arrivées de Montréal pour faire la visite des missions de Chicago, de Kankakee et de Bourbonnais. Ces Révérendes Dames doivent se rendre à Minneapolis pour y fonder un établissement qui s'ouvrira en Septembre prochain. Nous faisons des vœux pour cette nouvelle mission. Les Filles de la Vénérable Marguerite Bourgeois accomplissent, parmi nos compatriotes de l'Ouest, une œuvre tout à fait religieuse et patriotique. La fondation d'autres couvents ne contribuera pas peu à la conservation des pieuses traditions de la famille Canadienne.

— Messrs Q. and F. are the coming Sullivans.

— J. C. B. and his red handkerchief attract much attention.

— Boys, this fine weather admonishes you to secure your straw hats and dusters.

— The band practices the Dead March no more, Knieri is better.

— Sullivan is constructing a "fruit elevator" and it is said that he will have it patented.

— On Wednesday evening the societies closed work for this scholastic year. Don't forget your pic-nic.

— Base-ball is making great headway and we will soon be ready to accept challenges.

— Pat Sullivan wishes to know three things, 1st. Is April 1st a holiday of obligation, 2nd. What is the price of squirrel's eggs; 3rd. Who was St. Helena?

— Pat Tierney says he knows a man who ate 40 eggs at one meal and did not die. Mr. Tierney is truthful but we think if he had not made the number so large we could believe it more easily.

— By a letter received lately from P. Bertrand who left us all in pain, we are happy to learn that Muskegon has lost none of its charms and Peter is enjoying them immensely.

— Quinn says that he begins to feel as if he was an Irishman, since the Wilmington paper says that "Capt. McQuinn informed us that St. Viateur's Cadets will assist at the decoration exercises in Kankakee on Decoration Day." The Cadets may assist at the ceremonies, but they will be commanded as of yore by Capt F. J. Quinn, and not Capt. McQuinn.

— "The Anglo-Saxon Commission Agency" under the supervision of Parks, Gallet and Quinn makes the commercial class quite interesting. Messrs. Fay, Donahoe and Rev. Dandurand "run" the bank.

— The Seniors and Juniors have organized base-ball leagues containing 2 and 3 clubs respectively. Messrs. Sullivan, Fay, Conners, Moysant, Quinn, Hughes, Parks, Knieri, McAuliffe and Fox, in one team and Messrs. Bertrand, Baker, Gallet, Tierney, Morrissey, Cusack, Krause, Rivard, Meagher and Quinlan the other. A schedule has been made out and exciting games may be expected.

— The hand ball alley has been repaired, and is now in fine condition.

— Dean, you should study your bible history. A man is out on three strikes if the third strike is caught.

— The military drill on last Friday was witnessed by Rev. Frs. Foster and Horgan of Chicago. When the company presented arms, Fr. Foster addressed the members, complimented them on their progress and called upon Fr. Horgan for something to which the Rev. gentleman responded in quite a substantial manner giving

the boys two boxes of cigars. The boys gave three cheers for the Rev. gentlemen and repaired to the armory where they exchanged their muskets for cigars.

— The Banking department of the commercial class is once more in full blast, the following are the officers Prof. Murphy, Pres., J. Dandurand, C. S. V., Sec. Teller, C. Fox, Paying Teller, J. Donahoe, Cashier. The Mdse. branch is controlled by Messrs. Quinn, Park and Gallet who regulate the stock markets with considerable skill.

— We are sorry to learn that Ambrose Granger who has been compelled to leave school a short time ago on account of sickness, will not be able to return for some time.

A STEP FORWARD.

A step forward in the battle of life is always important. The vessel safely anchored in the harbor has the protection of the land and the ready help of many hands to assist her in case of danger; once out on the deep, amid storms, only her captain's skill can guide her, and to reach port and deliver her freight in good order, he must have studied and know the ocean over which he sails. The future is like the unturned page of a book. From what has been read, one may guess what is to follow; yet how often one is deceived. The unread portions of the volume not unfrequently belie what has preceded. Sequence and conclusions, though natural things, do not always flow in life, any more than in books, in natural order. A man knows the present; he may argue, though not always correctly, to the future. Firm and secure where he stands, a step forward may precipitate him into an abyss on the other side. A step forward is therefore an important thing and worthy of consideration.

The motives to advance, to venture on untried currents and new seas, are perhaps more deserving of thought than the future itself or the end proposed. Unfortunately, in this connection, men do not always weigh motives. The boy of fifteen wishes he was twenty-one. Why? A hundred to one, he cannot give a solid reason, which his own judgment would approve ten years later. A man of twenty-five wishes he was in such and such a position? Why? He sees it from afar. Some other man occupies it to-day, occupies it well, surrounds it with becoming dignity, discharges all its obligations, gilds it perhaps with a glow of splendor. Twenty five would like the same. Yes! the dignity, the splendor, but the obligations, the discharge of ever multiplying duties—these, in his unwisdom and poverty of reflection, he has not seriously considered.

The more important the future, a man looks forward to, the more important should be his consideration, the

onger should he dwell upon and sift his motives. Man owes a duty not only to himself but to society. He cannot fulfill the one or the other, unless he is properly equipped. However he may discharge the first, is his own venture and will be his own gain or loss; of how he completes his task towards society, the latter will judge and decree condemnation or reward, in proportion to failure or ability. A man jumping from low ground to an eminence is handicapped. Better remain on the plain, or, by toilsome march of preparation, seek slowly to round the hill. Then the athletes of the elevation may at least be encountered with some degree of equality. If a man does not always jump as far as his superiors, any how he rises with them, and their company adds glory to his humbler but deserving, though it may be, less successful efforts. The difficulty with a great many is that, they aim too high for the slender strength nature has given them. Others again, with fair abilities, forget they have eyes, that the heavens are above them, not in the earth below, on which their vision forever rests. In general, it is well to aim high, but always within the possibilities.

When a man seeks great things, let him make great efforts. The results will generally correspond with his endeavors. Otherwise, he is likely to fail. Because weaklings, to our knowledge, have succeeded in difficult places, it does not follow that like success will crown our ambition to imitate, what, by a mild name, may be termed their rashness. There are men to-day, gentle reader, in all the professions, whose absence would be better than their company; whose ignorance and lack of qualifications, stand out all the more, from the very eminences, on which, like jackdaws, they have dared to perch. There are men to-day, preparing to enter the professions of divinity, law, and medicine, whose shallowness of head and narrowness of heart, no more fit them for such honors, than the cattle, they might, with some expectancy of profit, be driving to good markets. Why? Because they do not realize the future and cannot, for their motives are all wrong. A noble career but with noble intention of generously performing noble duties, is something glorious for a true man, to ambition. A high sphere of duty, sought only with eyes framed in cupidity, eyes bleared all over with rank desire of personal enjoyment will, in the long run, weigh down the selfish, unthinking clown who undertakes it and brand him for his incapacity as a foul intruder into halls of sacred trusts.

Hail-fellow-well-met in any profession or from any walk in life, who takes an innocent by the hand, leading the innocent to think he's a great man or an equal does the shallow pate harm; particularly when h. f. w. m. makes him think the journey of life is one of roses. Life from beginning to end, to lead to happiness, must be one of duty and sacrifice; and for most men, even to lead to fortune, must be one of self-denial. To think any thing else is to think as a fool. Not to think at all is to blot out the future. To blot out the future does not depend on man. If he must meet it, let him meet it prepared, with honest intent, with noble, manly aim. If he must step forward, let him go in armor clad. Let him go, not as the long-eared did, lion-disguised, nor

as master Reynard, minus his distinction, but like a man! a David to kill Goliath.

B. T. D.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Thomas William Cosgrove '83, sang his first High Mass in St. Mary's Church, Winchester, Mass., on last Sunday; Rev. Fr. Daly, rector of the church, assisting. Rev. Father Murphy, of Lynn, preached an excellent sermon on the passion of Christ during which he made appropriate allusion to the Priest who that day commenced the solemn and responsible work of the Ministry. Father Cosgrove who is a native of Winchester, was ordained on Tuesday, the 25 ult., in Indianapolis, and went home on a visit to his parents. It was an interesting and touching sight to see the whole family receiving Holy Communion from their beloved son and brother.

On the 26th. ult. Alfred Lebeau an old student of St. Viateur's died in San Antonia, Texas, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. He leaves a wife and one child who had the mournful satisfaction of arriving at his bedside a few moments before his death. The body was brought to Manteno for interment. To the bereaved wife and relations of the deceased we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

THANKS.

The JOURNAL of late has received some very flattering notices. To all interested in its welfare we are thankful. An excellent way to manifest interest in a newspaper is to widen the circle of its capacity for good, by introducing it to one's friends. Whilst returning thanks to those whose good opinion we value, and calling the attention of all our readers to what has been considered good, we promise renewed excellence, if our hands are strengthened by what is due the JOURNAL in *ammunition and supplies*. *Verb. Sap.*

CATHOLIC NOTES.

There are now sixteen Monsignori in the United States.

The first twelve Bishops of the See of Ossory, Ireland, are canonized saints.

New Britain, Ct., has a church-debt society which turns in \$1,000 a month.

Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, has sent \$10,000 for the relief of distressed christians in Tonquin.

A new moral Theology written especially for this country, will be issued soon by Rev. A. Sabetti, S. J., Professor of Moral Theology at the college of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Woodstock, Md.

At a consistory held in Rome lately, the Pope appointed the Rt. Rev. F. X. Leray, Archbishop of New Orleans, and the Rt. Rev. D. Mauney, now at Corpus Christi, Texas, Bishop of Mobile.

LITERARY AND OTHER NOTES.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler's views of the character and career of Peter the Great, the real founder of modern Russia, have been made familiar to many American

readers through the columns of the *Century* magazine. The *Century* papers have been collected and published in two handsome volumes. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"DARWINISM."

Darwinism, as Darwin himself stated and expounded it, is spread over twelve volumes. Necessarily there is in these volumes a good deal of repetition, as he was in the habit of giving a full account of the processes by which he arrived at his conclusions. To the ordinary reader the narrative part of Darwin's volumes is the most interesting. There is a natural charm about Darwin's style. It is so clear, so simple, so unaffected. As a consequence there are very few books which treat of scientific subjects which are so readable. At the same time the actual conclusions of the author occupy but a small portion of the twelve volumes, and any effort made to put us in possession of the great leading features of Darwin's teaching without the necessity of plodding through all his volumes is deserving of encouragement. This is what Mr. Nathan Sheppard has attempted in a volume published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.

"THE WORLD'S OPPORTUNITIES."

"The World's Opportunities and How to Use Them" is the name of a bulky and elegant volume from the pen of Dr. Alfred H. Guernsey. It presents a view of the industrial progress of the United States, a study of the spheres of woman's work, and estimates of the servants which art and science, invention and discovery have in store for human endeavor, with an analysis of the conditions of present and prospective prosperity. Dr. Guernsey tells all about the soil and its products, all about the mine and its wealth, all about live stock and dairy products, all about manufactories and manufactured goods, all about fisheries, all about capital and how it is employed, all about workmen and their wages and all about many other things besides. (Harper & Bros.)

"A SYSTEM OF RHETORIC."

Mr. Bardeen has given considerable attention to the science and art of discourse. It has been his business, he tells us, for years to read, select and publish manuscripts. He knows from experience the actual difficulties and faults of young writers, and he would like to help them. It is a generous enough motive, and it ought to be appreciated at its proper value. The book is meant to be practical rather than scholastic. The author treats successively of sentence making, of conversation, of letter writing, of the essay, of oratory and of poetry. The student will find this book exceedingly helpful, and even the ordinary reader will find in its pages

amusement as well as instruction. The examples and numerous quotations give value to the work. (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

"TRAVELS IN MEXICO."

Mr. Frederick A. Ober, who is already favorably known as the author of "Camps in the Caribees" and a "Young Folk's History of Mexico," now publishes a bulky volume of travels in the last named country. Mr. Ober seems to have made a very thorough exploration of Mexico, and there is evidence everywhere in these pages that he was neither blind nor indifferent to the scenes and events with which he was brought into contact. The book which is pleasantly written, is brimful of information. It is also richly illustrated. (Estes & Lauriat.)

The *Quarterly Review* for April has an article from the pen of Dr. O'Reilly, D. D., on "The Propaganda Question and Our Duty." He takes the ground that the entire Catholic body—clergy and laity—should at once memorialize Congress on the necessity of protecting not only the Propaganda, but the Holy See, from the oppressive measures of the Italian government. His reasons are ample and conclusive, and will be acknowledged to be just by the great majority of Americans as well as Catholics.

Two portraits of Cardinal Manning by George Peixotto, of Ohio, are on private exhibition at the Cardinal's house at Westminster. The smaller portrait is a Kitcat. The Cardinal is represented in a red mazetta skull cap. The colors are painted in natural tone, while the flesh tints are fine and luminous. In the second the Cardinal is in full pontifical robes. The rendering of the textures is masterly and the coloring strong. It is altogether a fine piece of work. The artist is now engaged upon a full length portrait for exhibition in the United States.

(Abridged from N. Y. Herald.)

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Wilmington Advocate is one of our sprightliest weekly exchanges; Messrs. Conley and Quinn manifest no small share of tact and ability in conducting a newspaper.

We welcome to our *Sanctum* this week for the first time the "High School Index" of Ann Arbor, Mich. It is one of the most practical and strictly educational journals in our category of exchanges.

The "Danville News" under the control of our friend Mr. Geo. Flynn is a first class family newspaper. The weekly edition with which we exchange is newsy in every respect. Its humorous clippings are excellent.

The "Horæ Scholasticæ" is published by a Missionary society of Concord, N. H., and now and then, we

have the pleasure of reading a fair essay in its columns. In the last issue the author of the article—"Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day"—should have read up the history of the times of which he writes, with more of a student's care and less of the bias of bigotry—and then should not have, from facts that are recorded, drawn the entirely erroneous conclusion—that the Catholic Church is accountable for the destruction of so many Huguenots.

We are glad to learn that the Ex. Ed. of the College Chronicle of Naperville has a conscience; never knew it before, shake Brother, or perhaps, Sister, let us greet you in accordance with your deserts.

With the opening of spring, the "Wesleyan Bee" has buzzed in our ear. As this is the first time the Bee comes from its busy hive, bearing to our regions the intellectual honey of Bloomington, we welcome it and shall treat it with gentlemanly courtesy. *Id decet*. Were we sure there was no "sting" concealed in the questions enumerated by the Bee, we would answer them at once and with pleasure. Until so assured, we

respectfully withhold our answer. We think however the Ex editor has had ample time to satisfy his curiosity, since he says he has noticed "rolls of honor in most Catholic college journals." Why not have asked before and from older friends? Courtesy to new acquaintances precludes questions "too previous." So our training has taught us.

The Drake Index is an ably edited and well-conducted journal. Its clippings are exceedingly *à propos* and good. It is always a welcome visitor to our *Sanctum*.

The Boston College Stylus for March possesses its customary qualities of excellence, taste, neatness and soundness of thought. The Stylus is a worthy *Confrère* in Catholic College Journalism.

"School Work" of Crete, Neb. comes to us this week for the first time. As its name indicates, it is chiefly devoted to essays having for their object the best methods of instructing the young idea how to shoot. We are pleased with the general make up of the "School Work" and its visits to our *sanctum* will be always appreciated.

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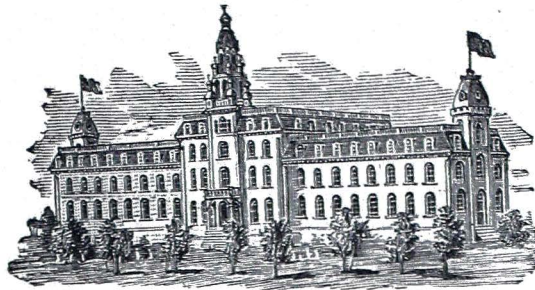
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