

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. IV.

BOURBONNAIS GROVE, ILL. WEDNESDAY, Dec. 22, 1886.

No 13.

A. H. PIKE.

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## ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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### EDITORIALS.

OLD CHRIS already is tuning his chimes—to play over the grand Overture of Christendom.

\* \*

THE LAST NOTE is read—the weary lids of our mental enlighteners, our well thumbed text-books, instinctively close themselves for a fortnight's deep repose.

\* \*

WE GO, but we return!—Remember 'tis on the fourth (4th.) day of the New Year, that is the first Tuesday of January 1887. Let us all return in good time.

\* \*

WHEN AT THE FIRESIDE, before the glowing coals of our own home's cheerfulness, if perchance you find time, read "Recalcitrancy" on the other side of this page. It is long but I warrant, it will hardly weary you. It will amuse you, that's sure—it has attic salt too that you'll relish—in fine it will instruct you. Read one page, and you will perhaps want to read it through. Forsooth you may find yourself in (the) print. Look out!... Or if you want to laugh outright, you who know Jackie

Moore of the first Grammar class, and St. Viateur's of '86, read his "St Viateur's of '96."

\* \*

DURING OUR COMING pilgrimage to the shrines of domestic joy, and festive rejoicings we must not forget to visit the poor, lowly little Stable of Bethlehem, the central figure of the Nowell landscape.

\* \*

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THE CAROL'S rehearsal sounds jubilantly all around; the antiquated "Lord of Misrule," first cousin to Santa Claus, prepares to wield his wand of merriment unres-trained. All will court his favors and his smiles. Do not, however, too confidently swear allegiance to him. The merry Lord sometimes makes the scoffing tyrant.

\* \*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE, of course we'll gather round, that famous, proud, glitteringly luminous little fir tree with its abundant crop of goodie goodies, and the bright, happy faces and merry hearts all around. Oh how different that dainty little tree from the unlucky tree of knowledge—the walnut desk—with its faded old spelling-books, algebras, geographies, and its time-worn isms and alogies—wormy apples all!...How you talk, my green goose quill! Enough! Let's go to the little fir tree!



## RECALCITRANCY.

The Mussulman performing his devotions at the tomb of his prophet, or fighting his battles of conquest and plunder, cries out with enthusiasm—"Great is Mahomet;" but with greater truth may it be said "Great is recalcitrancy." Great indeed is it in its power, and great also is it in its extension; mighty is its influence for good, prodigious is its power for evil.

But what then is recalcitrancy, what is its nature? Derived from two latin words, "re" (back) and "calcere" (to strike with the heels) it means literally "to kick back." In its legitimate acceptation, it is used to signify all lawful opposition to what is false or unjust: but in a perverted sense, it is the same as obstinacy, and is therefore something irrational. Its meaning being now understood, we proceed with our theme.

Recalcitrancy is as universal as nature's laws and holds in its dominion as many subjects. It holds sway in inanimate nature, nor does animate nature fail to pay it tribute; it rears its head in the temples of religion, and fears not to invade the courts of kings; it enters into the regions of philosophy, and treads fearlessly along all the roads of science; it shows its face on the pages of history, and its shadow penetrates even the privacy of the home circle. It breathes in the actions of the multitude, and gives most certain signs of life in every individual member of society. It pervades all the ranks of the political world from the foremost of its leaders to the stuffer of the ward caucus; and is acknowledged as a friend both by the monopolist, who grinds down his employers, and by the laborer, who is oppressed. Though it often obtains peace for its followers, yet it is ever restless in peace; though it often befriends the lovers of liberty, yet it as frequently assists in riveting the chains of the oppressed.

Great therefore and mighty is Recalcitrancy!

Deprived of it the world would be an inert, a lifeless mass, whose cohesion could not exist for a single moment. For is it not this force that enables matter to resist com-penetration of its atoms by other atoms? Does not rock by its aid resist the action of water falling on it from the cataract, perhaps for ages. What is it but the angry growl of combatants we hear, when the warring elements above us clash like knights of old, in their headlong career? Powder and flint, water and fire, flame and fire-damp, carbon-gass and oxygen, does not their meeting proclaim its presence by their rebound from each other and their angry voices.

The same characteristic is discovered in animate nature. From the electric fish with its sparks, to the festive mule with its lively, active heels, nature has given them means of defence against their enemies, or in other words has bestowed on them the power to *kick*.

But though nature gives timely warning against the aggressiveness of many of its progeny, yet against that of others it affords no protection. Against the blind and furious rush of the bull, we are forewarned by his mad bellowing; but against the stealthy stern chase (to use a sea phrase) of the ram or the swift and unerring heels of the mule, nature gives no warning cry. Yet if nature had any regard for the proprieties of polite life, surely, she would have provided some means of defense to the unwary.

Consider what must be the sensation of the lover, hastening to the trysting place, his thoughts all a-glow at anticipated pleasures, to have his blissful reveries broken in upon, and to feel himself suddenly moving towards the moon or encounter that sudden concussion from behind, which destroys the equipoise of his mind, the equilibrium of his person, and the immaculate stainlessness and integrity of his apparel. Certainly, nature should have foreseen and provided for such contingencies, especially in our days when so little thought is given to what is interior, and so much depends on the exterior appearance.

Volumes might be written on the recalcitrant qualities of the mule, apparently so demure and peaceful. Goldsmith in his *Animal Kingdom* soberly affirms that he (the mule) has but four legs; but he is contradicted by universal experience: unless perhaps the species coming under his observation differs from that of this and other lands.

If he has but four, how is it that he can hit a man all over at one and the same time, as those affirm who have ever come in contact with his heels? How is it, unless his legs are legion, that the inner circle of by-standers, is hurled back upon the others, when he has let fly with his heels. As difficult also is it to explain how at one and the same kick he can break the legs of the driver in the carriage and knock the hat off the occupant of the near seat; or how, when placed in the barn, he can simultaneously knock boards off opposite sides of the barn.

These are mysteries which, though coming under our daily observation, yet will perhaps never be solved. Yet the attempt has been made again and again, but always with the same empty result: the fool-hardy inquirer has either been rendered for ever speechless or paid for his temerity with his life.

The mule on account of his excellence in the art of recalcitrancy justly wears the crown in the brute creation, but in the rational kingdoms he not only has his compeer but even his superior from whom he could gain many useful hints in this art.

Considering man's proficiency in this science (for to such he has reduced it since it has method, rules and conclusions) one is greatly inclined to give consent to Darwin's theory that man is but a more perfect evo-



lution of a lower species. How else can this propensity to recalcitrate be explained? We know it is not the growth of a few years; but that like other qualities and inclinations it has been transmitted from generation to generation. But however this may be, man is The Recalcitrant.

The history of every individual, and the records of all nations and tribes of all time prove it. What are their wars but manifestations of this spirit! If one nation rubs up too closely or impolitely against the shoulders of another, they fall to fighting, to see which can first knock off the other's cap; if one has fairer pastures than the other, there is a struggle for its possession; if one has discovered more pleasant dwellings it is not long before other claimants appear upon the scene; if one nation is more prosperous or powerful than his fellows, these unite and endeavor to drive him from the field. If one is weak or internally divided, if it interferes by its position with projects and ambition of another, if it is of the same race or an opposite one, if it is independent in spirit and will not enter into the views of its neighbor,—for any of these reasons or for all them combined it is the legitimate prey, according to the world's ethics, of that nation whose power, greed, cunning or ambition is the greater. Such is the world's history.

Medes and Persians, Persians and Greeks, Greeks and Romans fill up the records of ancient recalcitrancy. Then Rome and the barbarians, then these among themselves, then Spain against France, France against England, England and the German nationalities against France, all marshal their forces under recalcitrancy's banner in modern ages. Such is the history of nations: like the unclean spirit of the Gospel, they are never at rest.

But what is true of nations is also true of individuals. The first cry of the infant on his entrance into the world is not a one of joy and satisfaction but a wail of grief and disappointment. While the mother strives to soothe him and swings him in her arms to some old nursery tune whose author was never known, he kicks and cries his disapprobation of all that he sees and hears. He yells with delight at every new toy, but soon grows weary of these, he screams with rage because he has not others. If told, when he begins to be able to toddle across the floor, to beware of the scalding hot water or the fire, through very obstinacy, he will turn the water on himself or put his mischievous finger on the burning stove lid. Then, ye gods! what a yell! No wonder the hair of the father turns grey before its time, or the mother's bonnie form droops while yet young.

Again if forbidden to soil his newly ironed clothes or disarrange his hair, curled with so much labor and motherly pride, he deems it incumbent on him to show his independence by tumbling into the first convenient

mud hole; and having carefully wiped his fingers on his face and taken off the remaining particles of dirt by running his digits through his hair, he hurries home to his mother bawling to the full power of his unlimited lungs; or perhaps, runs to her with extended arms and smiling face, as if deserving of praise, and dainties, instead of blame and the slipper.

And as the child so is the youth. Scarcely has he exchanged his short clothes for the costume of more pretentious years and become, in some degree, familiarized with the doings of the world around him, that his imagination is filled with projects which are to render his name famous. They are only projects as yet: but when the first diminutive down casts a doubtful shadow over his upper lip, the spirit of recalcitrancy breaks out with renewed vigor (as if to compensate for past inaction) and now he longs to put his designs into execution. Perhaps his imagination has been fired by "Munchausen" stories (Munchausen was one of nature's most gifted liars) of the two-cent novel, which are cast about so lavishly over the land.

He pictures himself perhaps, far out on the western plains, separated from his companions, surrounded by Indians, whose discordant and blood-curdling yells would take the kinks out of an ordinary man's hair. But he is not an ordinary man; at least so he imagines. Although alone, and one against a thousand, yet what wrecks he of their superior numbers, the greater the number, the greater, he argues, is the victory. Therefore, "armed to the teeth," as the novel generally says, he stands undismayed. One after another the savages fall before his deadly aim until at last he remains alone upon the field. Of course it was an imaginary victory against imaginary foes, but it is the spark that fires his will to put in execution a long dormant project.

He determines to seek fame and the Indians. He knows the "governor" would only smile if he were to broach the subject, and would relegate him to the coal-cellar to cool his ardor by feasting on disappointed hopes and pump-water, so he determines, wise youth, not to take him into his councils. Accordingly, when the family has retired for the night, all unconscious of the ambitious designs of the young hero, he slips noiselessly down the back stairway, his heart throbbing pitifully, and emerges upon the cold and deserted street. Soon he is beyond the suburbs of the city, and the lonely country road lies before him. But as he walks along hearing only the patter of his feet and the rustling of the leaves as the winds disturb their rest, the silence and loneliness become oppressive, and he begins to think that after all perhaps Indian fighting was not exactly his *forte*.

Still onward however he travels, but gradually his footsteps grow weary and slacken as hunger begin



to assert its sway over a frame even so powerful as his; and as the thoughts of his cosy bed and daily companions come before his mind. A few steps further he advances during his indecision and then—he turns his face towards home and the cheering prospect of rawhide for breakfast. This last thought gives speed to his wearied limbs. At last home is in sight and so is his father. . . Here the curtain must drop for a few moments as what happened then is private and behind the scenes. . . .

Light diet and other influences cool the arder of our would-be hero; for a time he forgets or foregoes his dreams of ambition, is once more admitted to family circle, condescends to come down from his lofty thoughts, and to take part in the sports of childhood. But lessons of experience are gradually forgotten. The spirit of recalcitrancy again asserts her sway and leads him into dark and devious ways. A council of war follows: uncles, aunts, and cousins are summoned and that question, which so often comes before the family board with so much anxiety and heart-aches, that question "what shall we do with our boy" is brought forward and discussed. After long and sorrowful deliberation a vote is taken and it is determined to send him to college.

To college accordingly he goes; but here his evil genius follows him; and, after creating the utmost disorder by his irregularities and insubordination, after being again and again counelled, admonished, and threatened, he graduates suddenly as so many have done. The world now lies before him and he is told to choose the occupation he wishes to follow. He makes choice of the avocation which is to be the object of his life, but his familiar demon is ever at his side, making him dissatisfied with whatever he undertakes. At last manhood's estate is reached and now he launches his bark on the stormy sea of politics, "recalcitration" as his motto nailed to the masthead, battles for a time, with his accustomed obstinacy, against its power, but at last dashes broadside upon its rocks, and plunges headlong beneath its waves never to rise again.

Is this all that can be said on this subject. No; volumes might be written on it so varied are its species and so universally is it diffused. It makes itself felt in all the conditions of life, enters into all our pleasures and sorrows and take its seat at our very table. If fortune frowns on us we recalcitrate; if it smiles, we recalcitrate because it did not shower down its golden rain in the quantity and at the time we wished. If we are in good health or bad; if friends surround us, or if loneliness weighs upon us; or if the sun shines, or if clouds obscure its light; if the rain pours, or the fountains of the skies are dried up, if harvests are plentiful or if they are scanty; if the roads are dusty or if they are muddy; if we succeed in our undertakings or if obstacles impede our progress; in any case and in every case there is always room for a "kick".

Moralists "kick" against the corruption of the age and the wicked against the just restraints of law; the wise kick against the presumption of fools, the practical man against the wild schemes of the visionary, the lover of truth against the advocate of error.

Luther kicks against the authority of the Pope and, the Pope kicks him out of the church; the aristocracy of England kicks Charles X from the throne and then kick themselves for having installed the tyrant Cromwell in his place! The people of France snatch the diadem from the head of Louis XVI and install the Reign of Terror: Briem Borrhoime kicks the Danes into the sea; the Colonies of America kick against the stamp act of the mother-Country England, kick up a war, kick the tea into the sea, kick the English out of the country, and scarcely a century later fall to kicking among themselves.

But why continue the enumeration: more than sufficient has been said to make good the proposition with which this article began: namely, great is recalcitrancy and Man is the Recalcitrant "par excellence." For he kicks in his infancy and childhood, develops this propensity in youth and perfects it in mature age. He begins with a kick, makes his way through life by kicking, and gives a last jubilee kick when "he kicks the bucket" and steps into the grave.

O'B.

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#### CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

Considering the great power for good or for evil which lies in the press in our age of enlightenment; considering the awful truth that most of this extraordinary power has been seized by the unbelieving element of society; considering the terrible prostitution into which has fallen this noble art of journalism—to spread false doctrines, ignoble principles, destructive of all faith and morality: considering all these and many more crying evils springing up on all sides, the natural result of such a sorrowful condition of things, many sigh for some much needed remedy to that terrible abuse of this the noblest invention of man's genius. Many sigh for the day when printing shall have been rescued from the debasing purposes for which it is now so often used, to be elevated by the preponderating influences of believers, the god-like men of our race. Then indeed would the press fulfil its lofty mission, then would it lead the multitudes to belief and righteousness, then would it echo and re-echo the praises and the beauties of faith, then would it truly be the grandest, the noblest of all blessings to man.

The task of bringing about such a desirable state of things and of wresting the press from the hands of unscrupulous men is indeed an arduous one, yet not entirely impossible. There is a power among us which is



not wholly of this earth, a power which is the spring of the noblest zeal and devotedness that the world ever gazed upon: that power is the Church. In former times, at the simple bidding of that Power there arose such glorious contests as those of the Crusades, when the world beheld the grand spectacle of whole nations rising in a body to obey, at the cost of pleasures and of life itself, the magic voice of a feeble old man, who had nothing to give in return but the assurance of a future reward in heaven.

In our day that Power still exists; it is the self same One that called forth the Crusades. But instead of calling men to fight with the sword, it calls them to fight with a still mightier arm, it calls them to wield, each in his respective sphere, the all-powerful weapon of the pen. The Turk of to-day is irreligious in its thick array. Our altars, our homes we must defend.

As there are yet countless generous souls in the world who can be moved more by the promise of priceless rewards in heaven than by the paltry pleasures and riches of this earth, we can trust in the future and be confident that the soldiers of the new cause will be many and of a strong heart. We may be confident that a grand response will be given to the call and that the many sacrifices that stand in the way of Catholic journalists will render their enthusiasm the greater since they believe, as all generous souls do, that nothing great can be accomplished but through sacrifice.

Fresh impetus is indeed already given and it is with a legitimate pride that we can point out to the many Catholic papers published throughout our extensive country. We have of late received and examined a certain number of these sheets and have been cheered by the true Christian spirit that animates them. They are as far as we know, interesting and instructive at the same time. Their tone is manly and firm, but never bold.

Their defence of Catholic doctrine when attacked by the few fanatics who still refuse to see the light of truth and reason, is indeed able, sound and irresistible. Their columns are not defiled with the recital of sensational humiliations nor do *Criminal Court Reports* find place in their well-filled pages. The ability and soundness of judgement, displayed in reviews of the week, week's budget, topics of the hour, etc., are above all to be admired and praised. The duty of the writer is not only to give facts but, as he is supposed to be more learned as a rule than his readers, to draw the right conclusions from these facts and show their bearing upon society or upon any question to which they refer. This being done with the aid of true philosophy it can not but benefit those who have the good luck of receiving such kind and generous help through the pages of their esteemed papers.

Some have a children's column or departement

suited to the mind of the little ones for whom it is destined. This portion of the paper, when resorted to should not be too lightly dispatched for it is important as dealing with young, innocent, flexible intellects which may be influenced for life.

Politics is not and should never (in the sense in which *Politica* is generally understood) be suffered to become the main object of a Catholic paper. We admire the one who gives a cool, well-weighed judgment on the situation of the moment, showing thereby that he is independent of blinding party-spirit. Then his advice has the weight of sterling common sense and honesty. And indeed this is not to say that Catholic Journalists are to stay outside the field of great discussions, aloof from the great questions which interest our country and our country's good. We are aware of the advice given, not long ago by Leo XIII to the Catholics of the world on this important subject. But surely there is Politics and Politics, and it is for us Catholics to understand and put in practice the right and honorable way of meddling with that all-absorbing topic of our Century. *Noblesse oblige*; we have to act in consequence.

We have also to note here the broadness of views displayed by the production of news from all parts of the earth which seems so fitting for us and so well in accord with the beautiful name of *Catholic*. If it has been said of the American that his thoughts are as grand and liberal as the prairies of his country are vast and immense, in the spiritual sense, can not the same apply to the Catholic whose mind is free from the shackles of sectarian prejudice, and who looks upon all men as being his real brothers, in whose welfare he takes the deepest interest. This would appear from the universality of scope manifested in our Newspapers.

In fine, to sum up these promiscuous remarks, Catholics may well be proud of the splendid beginnings of Catholic Journalism. Catholic Newspapers are well edited and moral besides, so that they can be received in our home without scruple and without danger to the young. In fact the day is perhaps not far when honest and sincere Protestants will also subscribe for them in order to have reliable instruction and to avoid the corrupting filth of the dailies now freely circulating.

We subjoin the names of some of these Newspapers which will bear us out in what we have just said their member speak eloquently:—

The Catholic Review, the Freeman's Journal, the Illustrated Catholic American, the Tablet, the American Catholic News, the Catholic Herald, etc, in New-York City alone.—The St. Louis Catholic World, the Western Watchman, in St. Louis City.—The Pilot and the Republic in Boston.—The Catholic Mirror in Baltimore,—



The Morning Star in New Orleans.— The Central Catholic Advocate in Louisville. — The Kansas Catholic in Leavenworth. The Catholic Citizen in Milwaukee.— The Catholic Telegraph and the American Catholic Tribune in Cincinnati.— The Catholic Universe in Cleveland.— The Catholic Columbian and the Little Crusader in Columbus. — The Catholic Sentinel in Portland, Oregon. — The Catholic Standard and the Vesper Bells in Philadelphia.— The Catholic in Pittsburg. — The Catholic Visitor in Providence.— The Adam in Nashville.— The Texas Monitor in Galveston.— The Catholic Visitor in Richmond.—

The Canadian Freeman in Kingston.— The Catholic Record in London, Ont.— The True Witness in Montreal.— The Northwestern Chronicle in St. Paul.— The Michigan Catholic in Detroit.— The Messenger in Davenport.— The New Record in Indiana.— The Ave Maria in Notre Dame.— The Connecticut Catholic in Hartford.— The Colorado Catholic in Denver.— The Monitor and the Pacific Catholic in San Francisco.— The Brooklyn Examiner in Brooklyn.— The Catholic Telegraph in Albany.— The Catholic Union and Times in Buffalo.— The Catholic Weekly in Troy.— And in our own State the Emerald, the Pilot, the Western Catholic, the Catholic Home, in Chicago.— The Church Progress in Marshall. — The Western Catholic Press in Quincy.

#### LOCALS.

- O Merry Christmas!
- Merry Christmas O!
- Joseph Duffy, of Kansas City, Mo., is one of the late arrivals among the seniors.
- Why is it that J. S. don't write any more philosophical compositions?
- "United we stand, divided we fall,"— Tim, Jim and John.
- "Well don't get red-headed about it, Shakespeare."
- Smiles are getting high-priced; it now takes two pieces of pie to buy one.
- The orchestra attended mass at the church last Sunday.
- We wonder if Louis got "congé" for his classmate in his honor.
- For Rent during the Christmas holidays: I will rent out, to some quiet person, one pair of shoes, one pair of socks, Terms reasonable. Address P. K., East side, Study Hall.
- Dr. Louis Grandchamp says "It is undeniable fact as it has been attested by some of the greatest physicians of the day, that chewing tobacco in bed is very unhealthy."...
- Rev. A. Dooling C. S. V. very generously treated

all the Chicago boys last Sunday. The Indiana boys come next.

— Eugene Graham was called home to assist his father in the store during the holidays.

— We wonder what it was that made Wilson sick last Sunday.

— The plate glass transoms lately placed over the doors of the class-rooms, greatly improve the appearance of the corridor.

— August Muehlenfordt has resumed his old position as second violinist in the orchestra.

— Mose Roy is now the happy possessor of an elegant silver watch, a present from his Professor, E. Therien.

— Rev. Charles Mugan was called home to attend the bedside of his mother, who is seriously ill.

— The members of the orchestra and of the Cercle Molière express their sincere thankfulness to Mr. M. A. Roy for his able and ever ready services to them. Moise goes to Chicago where he contemplates devoting himself more exclusively to music. While we regret his departing we wish him all success in the field of his choice.

— Monday morning, the 20th. inst. Louis Duret took his leave of us for good. He carries with him the good feeling of all his fellows and Professors who all wish him well.

— The Staff gladly accuse reception of a box of fine "Havanas" from Dr. Bergeron of the "neat little office." Many thanks, Doctor.

— Rev. P. Hickey, of St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, paid us an agreeable visit yesterday the 21st. inst.

#### AT OUR TABLE.

"Our" satchel is already made up, and our gloves on the corner of the table—we are going. Many of you have, long since, wished us a happy new year etc. and have already ceased "pouring in." We respectfully and sincerely thank you for these genial feelings which we would here assure you, are with us quite reciprocal. May your sleigh-bells ring gaily and swift over the sleeky snow, your music flow in happy measures and your hearts to them keep time ever and ever more!... We have of course read you all—all that have come so far, for we can never resist the temptation of instantly devouring you as soon as you appear; so now, crammed with intellectual college fodder we can comfortably tannerize for a fortnight... come in.

Little Boy—Mr. Chamberlain is waiting for you, John. Hurry up if you want to ride!

Life is made up of partings. We must away. A warm shake to you all, college brethen, and a hearty good-bye.

Ye. Edit.



## RESUME OF SOCIETY DOINGS.

During the past term—

Oct. 27.—Mr. Cutsinger's name was proposed for membership. The Reading room was discussed and also periodicals and magazines. A Committee was appointed to see Director on that matter. Librarian asked that regular hours be appointed for the members to go to the library. From eleven to twelve on all recreation days was decided upon. As it was the first regular meeting there were no exercises. Adjournment.

Nov. 3rd.—Mr. Cutsinger was voted in and unanimously elected to membership. The moderator and the committee had seen the Director and reported that nothing definite was arranged. Names of several papers were given to choose from. There not being much money in the Treasury, it was proposed that we solicit contributions. The exercises, a debate between Messrs. Deveney negative and Normoyle affirmative were now in order. Messrs. Wilstach, Harbour, and Leach were appointed judges, and Mr. Ball critic. The debate: "Resolved that the negro was more cruelly treated than the Indian," then took place and the society adjourned.

Nov. 7....Special meeting. Reading matter reconsidered. Motion made and seconded that the monthly fees be collected in advance. Carried. Adjournment.

Nov. 16....Mr. Ricou was proposed for membership. Judges gave the debate of Nov. 3rd to Mr. Deveney. Criticism read and approved. Considerable discussion as to whether the criticism should go into the minutes, nothing decided on account of lack of time. Mr. Normoyle was appointed critic. The exercises followed: Comic Reading, Mr. Duret, and an explanation of the "Philosopher's Stone" by Mr. Saindon. Adjournment.

Nov. 17....An addition to the by-laws with regard to the critic and his criticism was laid upon the table. Mr. Ricou was voted in unanimously. Report of treasurer stated that the funds of the Society now amounted to \$8.85. The exercises of the evening now took place consisting of a discussion of the five professions Doctor, Lawyer, Priest, Farmer and Merchant, and they were defended by the following gentlemen respectively: Messrs. Ball, Wilstach, Golden, Legris, and Convey. Messrs. Granger, Normoyle and Leach were appointed judges and Mr. Deveney critic. After the various speeches the society adjourned.

Dec. 1st....Amendment to by-laws voted upon. The debate of last meeting was rejected. The debate of the last meeting was awarded decided in favor of Mr. Golden. Mr. Deveney's criticism read and accepted. Of the evening's exercises, Mr. Convey was appointed critic. They were as follows. Essay on Abraham Lincoln Jos. McGavick, Discussion on Poetry, Mr. Leach. Mr.

Harbour failing to read his essay pays mulct. Mr. President read a paper on "The Church & Civilization." Adjournment.

Dec. 15. A vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Father Legris for a year's subscription for the *St. Nicholas*. There was an animated discussion on what was to be.

Dec. 19th.—Special meeting was called to elect a treasurer as Mr. Knox will not return after the holidays. Messrs. Ball and Saindon were proposed. The former was elected by a neat majority. A vote of thanks was then tendered Mr. Knox for his late services. Adjourned sine die.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

## LATIN COURSE.

Gold Medal awarded to.....J. McGavick.

## SILVER MEDAL.

Equally deserved by T. Normoyle and V. Lamarre.

DISTINGUISHED—J. Suarth, L. Falley, P. Wilstach, W. Convey, J. Golden, Jno. O'Callaghan, P. Granger, J. Ricou, R. Fitzgerald, S. Saindon, G. Roy, J. Rivard, A. Leach, P. Kelley, F. Dandurand, D. Cahill, C. Harbour, D. Ricou, L. Grandchamp, A. Besse.

## COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Gold Medal awarded to.....A. Lesage.

1st. Silver Medal equally deserved by J. Moore, and Burns.

2nd. Silver Medal equally deserved by J. Belton, D. Welsh, W. Tynan.

DISTINGUISHED—J. Bennett, E. Bennett, A. Letourneau, T. Ehrich, V. Cyrier, J. Palissard, T. Whalen, C. Ball, J. Bigham, J. Barry, M. Conlan, E. Harbour, D. Calvin, A. Granger, G. Brosseau, F. Baker, W. Pendergast, C. Leggett, J. O'Connor, J. Ruger, W. Butz, H. Baker, R. Adams, J. Belle.

## GUILFOYLE COMPOSITION MEDAL.

Equally deserved by P. Wilstach, C. Ball, J. Cleary, J. McGavick, T. Normoyle.

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

## Department.

Muehlenfordt, Suerth, Saffer, Whalen, Fitzgerald, Graham, P. Granger. Distinguished—Brosseau, Cleary, Legris, Burns, and Lamb.

## POLITENESS.

Graham, P. Granger, A. Granger, H. Lesage, Legris, Muehlenfordt. Suerth, Saffer, Whalen. Distinguished—Ball, Brosseau, E. Grandpré, Cleary, Grandchamp Knox, F. Lesage, Moore, Cahill and Roach.



## APPLICATION

Graham, P. Granger, Muellenfordt, Suerth, Whalen, FitzGerald. Distinguished—Cleary, Saffer, Cahill, and Burns.

## DILIGENCE AND PUNCTUALITY

Graham, A. Granger, P. Granger, Suerth, Whalen, FitzGerald, Burns and H. Lesage. Distinguished—J. Bennett, Cleary, Ehrich, Grandchamp, Legris, Cahill, L. Durett and Roach.

## NEATNESS AND ORDER.

Cahill, Durett, Brosseau, Bennett, Graham, A. Granger, Muellenfordt, P. Granger and Suerth. Distinguished—Wilstach, Convey, Roach, Burns, E. Bennett Cleary, Legris and Moore.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

## Department.

W. Lehman, E. Rajotte, T. Maloney. Distinguished—J. McGavick, A. Marcotte.

## POLITENESS.

W. Lehman, E. Rajotte, W. Roach. Distinguished—A. Marcotte, C. Knisely, J. Kelley.

## APPLICATION.

Lehman, E. Rajotte. Distinguished—T. Maloney.

## DILIGENCE AND PUNCTUALITY.

W. Lehman, E. Rajotte, T. Maloney. Distinguished—C. Harbour.

## NEATNESS AND ORDER.

C. Harbour, C. Knisely, J. Kelley, W. Lehman, E. Rajotte. Distinguished—T. Maloney, J. Ricou, W. Roach.

## MINIM'S DEPARTMENT.

## Department.

L. Falley, V. Lamarre. Distinguished—A. Besse, V. Cyrier, M. Fortin.

## POLITENESS.

L. Falley, V. Lamarre. Distinguished—G. Roy, A. Besse, V. Cyrier, B. Frazer, E. Harbour, Fontanelle, L. Legris.

## APPLICATION.

V. Lamarre, L. Falley. Distinguished—G. Roy, A. Besse, V. Cyrier, L. Legris.

## DILIGENCE AND PUNCTUALITY.

L. Falley, V. Lamarre, G. Roy, A. Letourneau, M. Fortin. Distinguished—J. Friedman, E. Harbour.

## NEATNESS AND ORDER.

L. Falley, V. Lamarre, J. Tierney, G. Roy. Distinguished—E. Harbour, Fontanelle, M. Fortin, Kehoe, J. O'Connor.

## NOWEL.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy talks, no witch hath power to charm,  
So hallowed and so gracious is the time!

*Shakespeare.*

## SPORTIVE.

Among the best players at checkers the names of McGavick, Lesage, Ricou, Moore and Ruger stand pre-eminent.

The best skaters in the senior department are Roach, Duret, Leggett and Moore.

Calvin and Knisely still retain the lead in gymnastic performances.

The "Dude" can now "get over the pole." Shakespeare is following him closely and will soon become a gymnast.

The devotees of "borrow" acknowledge Roach and Deering as leaders.

Fitzgerald "knocks them all out" but on the pole.

Mr. Sullivan is the champion athlete of the "corridor."

Practice your gymnastic exercises boys, there may be a medal for the best performer at the end of the year.

Fred Lesage is fast getting the rings under his control and will soon be in the lead with his difficult feats.

The billiard players average as follows: W. Cutsinger 25, E. Bennett 22, C. Leggett 17, J. Bigham 17, T. Ehrich 17, J. Moore 15, C. Harbour 15, J. Bennett 10, D. Welsh 10, T. Lyons 10, J. Spielberger 10, H. O'Neil 10.

## A VISIT TO ALMA MATER. — 1950 A. D.

It was a beautiful May morning, while the sun was still in the East and the atmosphere cool and refreshing, that I stepped into my aerial boat, lit my cigar, and ordered Nero my helmsman to steer directly for the city of Bourbonnais. Soon the hum of voices and the tread of busy feet began gradually to die away until at last all was silent as in the dead of night, save the wizzing sound of the boat as she flew through the air, serving as an annoyance to me in the perusal of my morning paper—The Aurora Astonisher.

At last being molested beyond the limits of my patience, I arose and walking to the bow of the boat, directed Nero, who was stationed there to somewhat



moderate the speed, that I might more fully take advantage of the greatly exhilarating breeze which to me is always so consoling, especially when many feet above the restless world with naught to trouble you save the beautiful, heart-captivating scenery of the surrounding country, from which you cannot withdraw your attention. I stood for some time wrapt in the contemplation of this delightful scene, and the great variety of objects which it represented, but recollecting myself somewhat I retired from this scene of poetic vision and once more resumed my old seat took up my cigar and newspaper. While looking carelessly over the "Sparks from the wires" and puffing vigorously at my one cent tobacco cane, my eyes suddenly came in contact with a paragraph which caused a cold perspiration to stand on my brow. I repeatedly read the paragraph before I could believe my eyes. I read thus:—*James Hambig a wealthy merchant committed suicide at Indianapolis by boarding at the E—h hotel for five weeks without changing. He died yesterday evening in great agony.* James Hambig—James Hambig, I murmured to myself; it is he. Poor Haor; I never thought that of—. I went no farther in my reverie for the clear tones of Nero fell so abruptly on my ear, that I stood upright in the boat and began staring vacantly around, and indeed several minutes elapsed before I could well understand what business I had in front of what seemed to be a mountain chain of bricks.

At last recovering myself somewhat, the words Alma Mater flashed through my mind, and I was again transfixed staring intently on the much transformed home of my childhood, while warm uncalled-for pearls began trickling down my cheek and falling one after another on the upturned face of Nero who was looking up at me with great astonishment. He again ventured to arouse me by blurring out in dull, soothing tones— "Is you sick massa John?" "No! No! Nero" I replied. At this I alighted on the platform and found that we had landed at the sixth story. Taking the elevator, we quickly descended to the ground.

You can imagine the feelings which arose within me as I obtained my first bird's-eye view of the place beneath whose roof I had spent the days of my youth, unmolested by naught save the light burden of happiness, while knowledge was steadily stowing herself unperceived within me until at last I became wise before I knew it.

Upon a closer examination, the changes which this institution had undergone were still more awe-inspiring. Instead of a building some four stories in height and covering a surface of some two hundred square feet, was a stately mansion of ten stories and spreading over at least seven acres of ground.

As I was winding my way through the beautiful grove which encircled the college, many fond recollec-

tions passed through my mind of the days when I had roamed over the same ground and in the shade of the same trees, which like myself have begun to show the lack of that youthful vigor with which they were once so thoroughly saturated.

With such reminiscences chasing each other through my mind and scarcely knowing where I was going I rounded a sudden bend in the walk and found myself face to face with an amiable looking personage whom I immediately recognized to be Mr. Frod, my grammar professor in days long passed.

After an exchange of congratulations we started in the direction of the College and obtained entrance by a deep archway, reaching to a great height, and circular within. I now found myself in a long corridor with numerous door openings on either side. Those doors explained my benefactor were the entrance to the rooms of the senior students. The old method of living all together being completely forsaken and now each division having its own apartment.

In order to reach the junior and minim division which was two stories above, we were obliged to take the elevator and on arriving on that floor I found every thing as neat and compact as below and in the same manner arranged except instead of preparing their lessons in their rooms there was a general study hall where each reviewed his lesson and at an appointed hour proceeded to the next story to recite it.

It is really worth stopping to relate the actions of those little chipmunks whenever a visitor happens past the door. First one discovers you, and that before you have been there long, and immediately gives the signal to his companions by a little snicker. The next instant not only two but every eye in the room is fixed upon you, then a general snicker ensued, another peep from behind a book and each has already formed an opinion, and is quite willing to bet "the cigars" and who the "old crab" was that appeared at the door, and, "wonder if he'll get us a congé."

Having completed our survey of the little chipmunks' den we again boarded the elevator, which was continually in motion, passed by the next floor, which was divided into several class rooms, and on leaving the elevator found myself in the center of the most beautiful art gallery my eyes ever beheld.

The entire eastern end of the room was occupied by a gorgeously colored landscaped painting which presented the beautifully situated city of Bourbonnais on Lake Viateur, while the two corners were occupied by the marble busts of the Reverends M. J. Marsile and G. J. Legris who occupied the respective positions of Director and Prefect of Studies during my course.

On either side hung numerous portraits, some of which I recognized at a glance to be old associates



while others did not strike me so vividly and still others who were entire strangers to me. On the side of the clerical personages I recognized Archbishop McGavick—Bishop Finn and his Eminence James Shannon of the see of Monmouth. Upon closer examination I beheld a painting of a priest with long gray beard and smiling countenance and immediately I recognized in him the person of my old professor of Literature, Fr. Rivard. Passing on to the pictures of the laymen, the first that struck my eye was an elegant life-size painting of Gov. William Powers of Illinois; without flattery he was the finest looking statesman I ever saw. Continuing my walk I noticed paintings of the Hon. James Roach and also the German American poet Wm. Saffer.

We now pursued our course around the sides surveying the numerous pictures and relating some fond reminiscences of old friends, as they appeared before us, until at last we came to a beautiful statue which by its prepossessing appearance and sublime carriage I recognized to be that of Rev. Fr. Dooling who filled the position of Prefect of Discipline during '86."

As the day was fast fading away and not wishing to travel by night, I was obliged to bid farewell to the scenes of my childhood and as I took the hand of that venerable old man, who had done so much to make my visit a day of happiness, I could not suppress the tears of gratitude which flowed freely down my cheeks. As I was departing he presented me with a copy of the *College Journal* which is now published daily at five o'clock.

Bidding my friend a last good-by I took the elevator to the aerial boat station on the sixth story where I found Nero sitting on the bow of the boat, impatiently awaiting my arrival, and after taking a longing look at old St. Viateur's, I stepped into my boat and was soon sailing swiftly through the air which seemed to be continually humming—

We tread the land that loves us  
Her stars and stripes float o'er us  
The friends we've tried are far and wide  
And nineteen fifty still before us.

J. Moore, 1st. Grammar.

## PERSONALS.

Kearney—After a three and a half year's course Theology in Baltimore, Thomas Kearney, '83, was ordained priest in Chicago on the 17th. Inst., by Archbishop Feehan. Our best wishes to the young apostle.

Soumis—We thank Father Soumis, of Beardsley, Minnesota, who has lately forwarded a "note" to the *JOURNAL*. May this generous, kind-hearted Father meet with all possible success in his arduous mission among the savages of the West.

McGavick—James McGavick, '83, is now pursuing his course of Theology in Baltimore and received Minor Orders at the Christmas Ordinations. James is a brother to Mr. Alec. McGavick, Subdeacon, and to Joseph, both now in our midst.

Kelly—Joseph Kelly, '86, is now at his first year's Philosophy in St. Sulpice Seminary, Montreal. He thinks it is mighty strict to go without a Christmas vacation.

Tierney—With equal pleasure do we announce to his many friends that Patrick Tierney, '83, is also in Baltimore making his first year's philosophy.

Mulhall—William Mulhall '77, is Cashier in a bank of Rock Valley. He is well satisfied with his position which is indeed a lucrative one.

Meehan—News reach us that James Meehan, '86, is employed in a Wholesale Grocery Store in Elgin, Ills.

Lancaster—Miles Lancaster, '86, acts as clerk in the Post Office of Paris, Ill.

Carr—By the latest news, Robert Carr, '84, is devoting himself to imparting knowledge to the youngsters of Meriden, Illinois. He is well satisfied with his position at present and contemplates studying Law in the near future. He will probably visit us by St. Patrick's Day. Welcome!

Fay—Charles Fay, '84, is now acting as Bill. Clerk in the Northwestern Depot of Spring Valley, a booming young town, about 20 miles from Ottawa, only two years old, but promising a great deal for the future.

Libert—Father J. Libert, '82, is now assistant pastor in Ivesdale, Illinois. We understand that he has met with a field of labor proportionate to his well-known zeal and earnestness.

We receive the following short but pithy note from our old friend Napoleon Fortin who for these last four years has been successfully engaged in the wholesale grocery business in the far west. We thank him for the handsome epistle and hope he will, as he promises brothers George and Max, visit us sure *this* Christmas.

Springer, New Mexico. Nov. 25th. 1886.

Rev. M. Marsile. C. S. V.

St. Viateur's College Journal, Bourbonnais Grove, Ills.

Rev. Father:-

Herewith I beg to hand you N. Y. draft for \$10.00 to cover the bill for subscription to the *Journal*, say \$5.00, and the balance I would be pleased to have placed for the general good of the paper.

I am pleased to receive the *Journal* from time to time and quite often notice some little reference to an old school acquaintance and should any of them still be among you, I would be very pleased to be kindly remembered to them.

With kind regards,

Yours Very respectfully,

Napoleon Fortin.



## THE STORY OF THE MAGI.

It is a lovely morning in the month of December and with your consent, indulgent reader, we will transport ourselves upon the wings of fancy to Jerusalem, at the time that the long expected and anxiously awaited Messiah was to make his advent upon the earth.

The sun has just arisen in the East and all nature has awakened from her silent repose of the night to join in welcoming the bright herald of the day. The birds sing their sweetest songs, and even the flowers, which were to be found in profusion in the parks and private yards, gayly lift their heads heavenward to do homage to their Creator. Soon the streets are filled with a mass of struggling humanity hurrying hither and thither: some in search of pleasure, others to acquire riches, while others seek for the means necessary for subsistence.

All is life and bustle, where but a few moments ago silence reigned supreme; the busy hum of industry greets the ear from every side.

Jerusalem did not present the same appearance that she does to-day. She was then in a flourishing condition; commerce from all parts of the earth passed through her gates; all nations had representatives among her inhabitants. Caravans richly laden with earth's most precious treasures are to be seen on all her principal thoroughfares. One of these is particularly noticeable on account of the splendor and brilliancy of the trappings of the camels and the richly dressed retinue by which it was accompanied. From its appearance, one could plainly see that it belonged to no ordinary trader, and that the occupants of the train could be no other than royal personages. This opinion gained credence when the caravan was seen to direct its course towards Herod's palace. Arrived at the royal residence, three men of venerable mien and foreign aspect ascend the steps of the magnificent palace. When at length admitted into the presence of Herod, they request of him to conduct them to Israel's Infant King. He, astonished at their strange request, replied that Israel had no other King than himself, and asked them to explain who they were and whence they had received their knowledge concerning such a personage.

The princes reply that they are men versed in astronomy and starry lore, and are rulers in far distant lands; that one evening while scanning the heavens about the hour of midnight they observed a bright and luminous star, while from heavenly realms were seen wafted these words: "trust yourself to the guidance of this star and you will be conducted to the presence of Him whose mission on earth will be to redeem and regenerate mankind." And obedient to this summons they had left home

and kindred and had proceeded thus far on their journey Herod feigning to take great interest in the success of their mission, while inwardly thirsting for revenge against this new usurper, dismissed them with the request that they should report to him as soon as they discovered the object of their search. Promising to comply with his wishes, they take their departure and wend their way towards rock-girt Bethlehem.

They had proceeded only a few miles when they observed that the star, which for so long had been their unerring guide and constant companion, ceased moving in the heavens. In vain do they look around for a princely castle; nothing meets their gaze but a bleak and lone mountain. Ascending its slope for a short distance, they find instead of a royal dwelling a cave, hollowed out in the side of the mountain, which was used by the shepherds in housing their flocks. Beside themselves with astonishment to think that He for whom heaven is not fair enough should be sheltered in such a place, they enter. What a spectacle presents itself to them! There reposed the infant Jesus in a manger, with a halo of glory encircling his brow, having no other companions than the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and a few dumb beasts. No courtier train, clad in robes of gold and purple, pressed round His couch to give Him welcome. There was heaven's fairest gem enshrined in this hovel. What a reproach to us undiscerning mortals who place all our happiness in the possession of riches and the gratification of our passions! Who can contemplate that scene without emotion?

There on bended knees are the three Kings acknowledging the Divinity of that Infant, while angels hover near singing anthems of joy. There they are, the wisest and most powerful men of their age, bowed down in silent adoration before this apparently weak and helpless Babe. Tears swell unbidden to their eyes to think that the Redeemer could possess no other habitation than a mere stable, forgetting that His mission on earth was not to inculcate a love for riches and perishable things, but to teach mankind poverty, charity, humility, and obedience. Having finished their acts of adoration and love, they present to the Infant Jesus earth's fairest treasures—gold, frankincense, and myrrh—as a token of their love and veneration. Then bidding a fond adieu to their Redeemer and God, they depart with joyous hearts feeling amply repaid by the scene just witnessed for any inconvenience they had suffered on their journey. Warned by an angel they do not report to Herod what they had seen but take a different route homeward so as to avoid Jerusalem. As they proceed, they announce to the people along their way the glad tidings that a Savior was born into the world.

J. C.



## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Let every one hearken to the voice of the angels on Christmas Eve: "Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will!"

The widow of ex-Minister Hunt has joined the Catholic Church. Her conversion caused quite a sensation at the capital.

There are about 15,000 Catholics in the diocese of Wilmington, Delaware, over which bishop Curtis was lately consecrated to preside.

Of late Protestants have tried to organize religious communities. We hear that a certain Rev. Mr. Rose, founder of the "Brothers of the Common Life," has joined the Church along with Mr. Pooek, one of his novices.

They talk about the ballet as "poetry of motion." There is more poetry in the jumps of a bull-calf than in the contortions of a shameless half-naked woman tectotuming on her big toe.—*Watchman*.

At the suggestion of Bishop Ireland and other distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen interested in the work of Temperance, a meeting was held in Chicago to determine upon some means to raise a fund for the support of a couple or more of zealous temperance preachers in our part of the country.

The Catholic Germans of New York City, who, fifty years ago, had barely one church, can now boast of twelve beautiful edifices of worship with about 15,000 parishioners each on an average. They are a thrifting people, quiet and religious as a rule. They preserve their customs to a great degree and thus cause themselves to be respected.

Father Kenelin Vaughan, one of the five priest-brothers of Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, England, is about to found a new order whose object will be to promote throughout the world a public permanent manifestation of penance as amends for the terrible apostasies of nations and persons, with a view of satisfying Divine justice and of averting the arm of God's anger. This praiseworthy thought is approved by the Bishops and by the Pope.

Conversions to the Catholic faith are still very numerous in England among the higher classes of Society especially. Of the 40 peers of that country, 24 are converts; and of baronets, 22 are also converts. There are 18 Catholic Lords holding courtesy titles, 12 of whom are converts. One of the latter, Lord Charles Thyne, although nearly 70 years of age, has lately been ordained by Cardinal Manning.

Cardinal Lavigerie has submitted to the French Government the plan of rebuilding the city of Carthage

which would be the centre and starting-point of the Catholic missions in Africa. Many nations being interested in the protection of the missionaries and of the European colonies there established, they might all bear their share of the expenses required to effect that noble work.

Having completed her novitiate, Melle. Chesnelong, daughter of the eminent Catholic senator, the eloquent Champion of the Church in France, will shortly enter the order of the Daughters of Charity. M. Chesnelong's son is a priest, and is attached to the service of the church of St. Augustine, Paris.

On Wednesday morning Dec. 1, at St. Bonaventure's Seminary, Alleghany, N. Y., Mr. Michael Dwyer, a student in his first year of Theology, passed from this life. Apparently in the perfect enjoyment of health, he was suddenly stricken down by the bursting of a blood vessel in the brain. The Rev. President had barely time to anoint him when he passed to his reward.

The plan of the Catholic University has been exposed at Rome and it is generally understood that the beginning of this grand monument will be at first simply the Chair of Theology, to which the other Chairs will gradually be added in course of time. Mr. E. Baldwin, the architect, is supposed to have been entrusted with the construction of this vast undertaking.

Rumors apparently well grounded, say that the Rev. Father Fanning, of Ohio, Illinois, is to be the first Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska. Father Fanning was a classmate of bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and of Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, at Louvain. He is a scholar and well qualified for the position. (Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.)

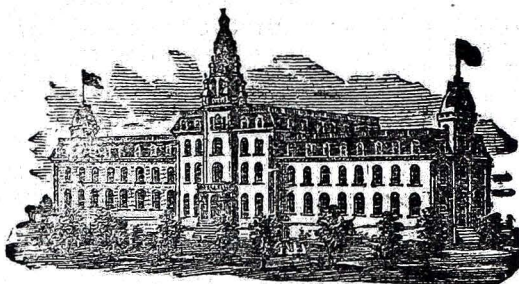
Archbishop Kenrick lately administered Confirmation to over 90 persons and then preached on the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost. The Venerable Prelate is now in his 81st. year, and celebrated the 45th. anniversary of his consecration as bishop on the 30th. ult. Truly is his life that of a devoted and zealous apostle.

On the 23rd. of November last, three young ladies were received and professed at the colored Convent of the Holy Family, New Orleans. The Church shows her spirit of true and real fraternity on such circumstances as these. All men are equal before their Creator and in the sight of the Holy Catholic Church. When will her enemies recognize this and act in consequence?

To the readers of the Catholic Notes of our JOURNAL the Editor of this department wishes in a special manner a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The year now terminating has been fruitful for the Catholic world in news of no small importance. If we have not always presented these news in the most perfect manner desirable, we hope to be able to do better with the coming new year.



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