

# ST. VIATEUR'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

LECTIO CERTA PRODEST, VARIA DELECTAT. Seneca.

VOL. VII

BOURBONNAIS GROVE. ILL. SATURDAY, Feb. 1 1890.

No 8

## DISDICHA DO.

"One other chance," the student pleads  
The Rector shakes his old, gray head,  
"The evil of your own misdeeds  
Lie at your door" he sternly said

"Go forth and seek in other climes  
A purer life henceforth to lead,  
Wash out in prayer your many crimes,  
Go forth; I wish you, boy, God speed."

The boy went forth, his heart was sore,  
His destiny was all unmade,  
The energy of life was o'er,  
He cared not whether now he stranged.

The gambling hell, the vile saloon  
Oped wide their doors - he rushed within;  
But oh! he found, alas how soon  
There is no peace, no joy in sin.

With bended head and wearied limb  
He wandered on 'neath snow and rain,  
Not joy, but sorrow came to him  
And oft he fell but rose again.

And often in his darkest woe  
He paused, and something seemed to see,  
And heard in accents soft and low,  
"A widowed mother prays for thee"

And God will hear that mother's prayer,  
And guard her boy by night and day,  
That he may see e'er she die,  
And chase her sorrows far away,

Oh, ye who 'scape the ills of life,  
Take pity on the fallen man,  
Turn not aside—aid in the strife,  
And help him upward while you can.

Sunu.

## CHICAGO FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

New York has indeed neatly played a good joke on Chicago. She of course never expected to secure the world's fair, but she knew how dangerous it would be to her interests to let Chicago think she could get it without an effort. She provoked Chicago by her taunts aroused the sleeping giant by her rivalry and has compelled him to arise, shake himself and make the necessary preparations for what will be the greatest world's fair ever held.

In the first place Chicago's central location is peculiarly favorable especially to those whose means and inclinations, would prompt their attendance to the fair. Apart from that important consideration of centrality the abundance of public spirit, could only to those features of abundance so prominent in her natural advantages; the abundance of good air, pure water, space for all exhibits, hotel accommodations rail road facilities as well as many of the most desirable sites for the exposition. The temperature is favorable, and Chicago has by far the most desirable climate in summer, advantages, with which other cities are not blessed. The breezes from both lake and prairie tend to bring about this happy result. To this is due in a great degree, the absence of disease and the general healthfulness of the climate. Now this unquestionable fact cannot be overestimated, in considering the place of location for the expected congregation of millions in the hottest time of the year. They would be assured in Chicago, freedom from sun stroke and such diseases as accompany oppressive heat.

In the second place, the fair should not only be international but distinctively and grandly American. To be this it must be held where Americans can be best accommodated. The comfort and convenience of our own people should receive the first consideration, and should not be surrendered for the supposed advantage of pleasing of a few thousand foreigners. Our brethren from over the ocean would know less of this country by merely seeing New York, than they would by visiting the fair in the interior of the country, where they would get an idea of the vast magnitude of our territory, our inland resources, and besides they would



come into instructive contact with our people. But the most startling as well as the most instructive of the exhibition would be Chicago.

Chicago's claims are championed by the lake, by the thermometer, by her central location, by her space of hotel accommodations, by her rail roads, by her colossal Auditorium, by her vast inland resources, by her rapidly growing art institutes, by her extensive libraries, and by that citizen's pride which shows itself in monuments such as those to Lincoln, Grant and Douglas, and the one lately erected to La Salle. The surprising growth and prosperity of Chicago is the pride and glory of the west. And therefore let us all agree in this that Chicago is the city of all cities for the location of the fair and favor such location with all enthusiasm.

T. K.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH OF ROBERT BROWNING.

Man progresses with the advance of time. History shows in each age, a marked degree of improvement over the preceding one, and knowledge, with the passage of years, becomes more widely diffused. Everywhere improving, everywhere perfecting, the arts and science, under man's zealous care have become more perfect and man himself improves in all his works, in all his actions until today, the progress and discoveries of centuries have placed him in an exalted position: the possessor of countless resources, a being of intelligence and power. Extraordinary times and circumstances repeat themselves and especially in the present century. The spirits of the warrior and the statesman of the artist of the critic, have been transmitted through succeeding ages, and robed in the success and experience of the past, and strengthened by our nineteenth century perfection, live today in the breasts of our general's politicians, artists and reviewers. The arts are now more perfect, and have become things subject to man. Painting sculpture and architecture are again prominent and promise to equal, if not surpass the glorious triumphs of former times. Music is now more widely cultivated, and the benefits of such culture are everywhere seen. And Poetry, the flower of peace, nourished among the smiles and tears of nations, sheds its fragrant perfumes on all sides and though the production of today, may lack the intense passion of a Homer or a Virgil, or the imagination of a Milton or a Dante, yet it has a touch of delicacy and refinement which renders it quite as desirable as the less moral productions of former ages.

Dryden and Pope and many other cultivators of the gift divine, have been succeeded by many talented ingenious writers, and the people of our time have recognized as their worthy followers, Tennyson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Bryant, Lancreft, and last, but not least, that greatest of psychological poets, Robert Browning.

The head of what is called the psychological school of poetry, Browning first attracted attention in 1836, and is again brought prominent before us, by the news of his death, the knowledge that we may no longer look for another production from his able and gifted pen. Mr. Browning was born in Camberwell, a suburb of London in 1812. From his early youth he displayed a love of poetry, and while yet young, vowed, in his own words, "to be a poet or nothing." His father made several attempts at the poetic in writing which early puzzled the boy's brain, and Robert, himself, at the age of twelve, was the author of countless verses, remarkable only for their flow of sounding words. He was educated at the London University, and while at college, made Keats and Shelley his models. His first poem "Pauline" published in his twenty-first year, was successful, in so much, that it gained friends for him among popular and learned men. After a period of study, Browning, in 1832, went to Italy, where he mingled with all classes, obtaining a thorough knowledge of Italian life, and storing his mind with the history of by gone years. This beautiful and inspiring land was Browning ideal home, so congenial was it to his poetic nature. After a residence of three years, and at the age of twenty-four years, Browning published his first drama, *Paracelsus*. It did not gain many admirers, but was full of promise, and prophesied the birth of a genuine poet. The play resembles *Faust*, with a hero of the same character, who endeavors to partake of all pleasures, and at the same time to possess all knowledge. It is a specimen of Browning's writing, being at times, strong and passionate, while in other passages surprising by weak. Like "Pauline" it gained friends among men of intelligence, among whom was the talented actor Macready, who asked a play from Browning's pen. In answer to this request, the tragedy "Strafford" was written. Despite many unfavorable circumstances, the work achieved popular success, and afterward appeared in a small volume, which was widely read. "Sordello," his next publication, proved the greatest puzzle ever given the poetry-loving world. It displayed that love of psychological theory, which afterward characterized his later works. It is obscure, and its structure, is ungraceful. It may live as a contrast to his finer works.



The next six years Browning was most lavish in his productions. From 1841—46 he displayed the greatness of his mind and the diversity of his genius and proved a rival to Byron in extravagance. The order of his works during this period was as follows: Pippa Passes King Victor and King Charles, Dramatic Lyrics. The Return of the Druses, A. Blot on the Scutcheon, Colombe's Birthday, Dramatic Lyrics and Romances and a Soul's Tragedy. These works are superior to the tragedies of Byron and Bulwer, and were written to revive or to perpetuate this form of Drama. There are passages in Pippa Passes, and in A Blot on the Scutcheon, seldom equaled and never excelled by any English poet.

In this same year, 1846, Mr. Browning married Miss. Elizabeth Barrret, a writer whose fame, at that time, was greater than his own. The union was in every way a happy one, and the congenial taste of these too great writers blended harmoniously. Mr. Browning found in his wife a kindred soul whom, with poetic talent equal to his own, aided him in his social and professional career. Under the favorable circumstances the highest wedded felicity was the result. The first work after his marriage was "Xmas Eve," and "Easterday." Both are written in the same, sluggish styles of Dorsello and being somewhat of a religious nature, their theology is not of the highest order. The Lyric Men and Women next appeared and was made up of small poems written after marriage.

In 1861, after fifteen years of unalloyed happiness Mrs. Browning died in Florence. For several years after the death of his wife, Browning wrote but little. In 1862, was published *Dramatic Personal*, a collection of small poems written years before. In 1869, the first really finished publication after the death of Mrs. Browning was 'The Ring and the Book,' Unbounded wealth of language, and description appears in this, his longest and, by many, considered his best poem. In no work is his genius displayed to better advantage.

The daily papers at home and abroad, quoted freely from this poem. In a word, it is an intellectual marvel. To comment on all Browning's works would be a thing impossible. Let it suffice, therefore, to but mention them, and also to say that at this time, Browning, by the production "In a Balcony, had reached his zenith, and was now on the decline. This most emotional of his poems, is written exquisitely and full of intense passion, triumphant alike o'er life and death.

The principal of his late publications are 'Bal'aus-tion's Adventure'—1871. 'A Translation of the Age-

memnon of Aeschylus 1877, Fifine at the Fair—1862, Red Cotton Night Cap Country.—'73, Sun Album, '75. The two Poets of Croisic,—'78, Dramatic Idyls 79—80, Joseria—83. Ferish tales Fancies, '84, Parleying with Certain People of Importance appeared in 1887. But there is no need of speaking further. You all, through his works, know Mr. Browning, who among us, has not beat time to the music of "How the Brough, who, when young has not listened with childish glee, to the Pied Pipe of Hamlin, whose cheek has not flushed with excited, and whose heart has not beat highly at the dangers and triumph of Herve Riel. These are poetic gems, which the most enthusiastic admirers would not recognize as productions of his pen, so unlike are these to his general style but which nevertheless will live forever in our literature.

As a summary Robert Browning is undoubtedly the greatest genius and dramatic poet of his time, and whatever may have been his faults, he was certainly not an atheist. Though at times he is obscure, and ungraceful, yet this may be the result of a want of expression for his lofty sentiments; and because he was ahead of the spirit of his age, intrenched himself in the stronghold of philosophy, whither the average of reader was not prepared to follow.

As a man, Mr. Browning was most sociable. No poet, who has ever enjoyed his fame has been more accessible. He was quite brusque in manner, and his loud but well modulated voice has often filled the fashionable drawing room and chained the attention of the most accomplished scholars. In Browning, the world has lost a genius and a most amiable gentleman. His death, which occurred on the 12th. of last December, was a surprise, and a cruel blow to his many friends and admirers. His bier was surrounded by the greatest and most popular men of his nation. His last resting place is in Westminster Abbey among the storied great of his exalted profession. To his fame, and to his genius, his contemporary Landors has most appropriately said:—

"Shakpeare is not our poet, but the worlds,—Therefore on him no speech:—

And brief for thee Browning: No man hath walked our roads with steps so active, so inquiring eye, or tongue so varied in discourse."

\* \* \*

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## EDITORIALS.

PERSEVERANCE is the secret of success. The concentration of effort, though a power in itself, is of no advantage, unless continually applied to the work to be accomplished. The power and determination of the will, to do and to overcome, is so necessary in every station of life, that without this resolution, men will fail in the accomplishment of their objects in life. Determination in any pursuit, is the characteristic of a man. To be vanquished by every difficulty, to shrink from every obstacle is the action of the coward and laggard. The strong manly courage of self control the determined to surmount all obstacles and to compel success, are qualities ever alive in the breast of the earnest man, the man who sees life in its true light who recognizes the fact that he exists and acts for a purpose, to the attainment of which he shall if necessary, sacrifice pleasure, and comfort. Failure, is the portion of the weaker and less energetic worker; triumph is ever the reward of the persevering. The great characters of history were not born great. The greatest men the world has produced have known failure, but have not been overwhelmed by losses; have not been balked by difficulties. They have gained fame through their own efforts. Ever ready to sacrifice pleasure to duty, they have toiled long and resolutely, and by their continued efforts, compelled success. Their motto was: "Try, try again." Let it be ours also.

D. F.

ONE AIM of every conscientious student in college must be to make himself acquainted with the beauties and defects of the standard authors; and to increase his knowledge of polite literature, so that when he is in the society of educated people he will be able to understand their conversation, to give himself the pleasure of discussing the merits and demerits of an author, and of being able to pass a just criticism on a work. Now if a student pays no attention to what he reads, but dives into every book that interests him for the time, he will in the end have a vitiated taste and will not be able to judge a good book. Nothing is more fatal than the practice of desultory reading. The student then becomes possessed of a morbid appetite for light literature and of a chronic dislike for his studies. But if he reads carefully, he soon learns to select his matter and acquires a taste for elevating and wholesome literature only.

his kind of reading acts as a mental tonic—intrinsic the enjoyment of the pleasures of the imagination and inciting the young mind to the researches and serious study necessary for the proper appreciation of the works of genius and indispensable for the discharge of the grand duties that await the student in future fields of activity. Let the thoughtful student then, not lose sight of this important aim, the acquiring of a correct literary taste; let him throw aside the trashy novel, the thousand shapes of worthless literature, and let him pore over the classics of his language.

## YOUNG CATHOLIC WRITERS.

Since the late congress at Baltimore, the subject of literature and the press has been frequently mooted, and attention called to the small number of our Catholic writers here in America in proportion to our numbers and influence. It is certainly somewhat surprising that of the many young ladies and gentlemen who have graduated with honor from our academies and colleges so few are animated with the desire of following writing as a profession, or even attempt, after they have entered on some other pursuit, to exercise the literary accomplishments they have spent so many years in acquiring. Amongst the Americans whose stars have risen above the horizon in the world of letters are counted Bryant and Longfellow, Cooper and Hawthorne, Lowell and Whipple, Bancroft and Parkman and a whole host of others all belonging to some Protestant denomination, receiving much of their spirit from their own religion, and reflecting on it in turn much of their glory and influence; whilst in this galaxy



# ➤ LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS ➤

SUPPLEMENT MENSUEL.

NOTRE FOI ET NOTRE LANGUE.

VOL. III.

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No 7

## MA CHAPELLE.

C'est une modeste chapelle  
Adossée à quatre piliers,  
Où le vent passe, où l'eau ruisselle,  
Et qui remonte aux Templiers.

Le portail mérite une halte:  
C'est un beau cintre surbaissé  
Surmonté d'une croix de Malte  
Et d'un blason fleurdélié.

Ses colonnettes à volutes  
S'élancent gracieusement  
Le long des pierres presque brutes  
Dont est construit le monument.

Mais, à part cela, tout le reste  
Est vulgaire, nu, délabré.  
Au grand chagrin, je vous l'atteste,  
Des paroissiens et du curé.

Jamais les riches de la terre  
N'ont fait ici le moindre don:  
C'est la tristesse et la misère,  
La solitude et l'abandon.

La voûte, sorte de soupente,  
Est faite de bois vermoulu;  
A travers on voit la charpente  
Et même un peu le ciel à nu.

Seule, une longue nef existe,  
Sans sculpture et sans chapiteaux:  
C'est froid, c'est humide, c'est triste,  
Plein de silence et plein d'échos.

Les fenêtres n'ont plus d'assise.  
Elles ont perdu leurs applombs:

La lumière entre dans l'Eglise  
Par deux vitraux veufs de leurs plombs.

Trente bancs et soixante chaises  
Y sont offerts à tout venant;  
Les tenons sortent des mortaises,  
Et le reste est à l'avenant.

Le tout est d'aspect lamentable,  
D'un effet tragique, émouvant,  
Plus encore que l'humble étable  
Où naquit le divin Enfant.

Sur l'autel un grand Christ se penche,  
Si beau, si résigné, si doux,  
Qu'on croit sentir sous sa chair blanche  
Son cœur encor battre pour nous.

A voir cette tête meurtrie,  
Ce flanc percé, ces bras en croix,  
Emu, malgré soi, l'on s'écrie;  
"Mon Dieu! je vous aime et je crois!"

Parfois le rouge au front me monte,  
Lorsque j'entre dans le saint lieu;  
J'ai comme une sorte de honte  
D'être mieux logé que mon Dieu.

Ah! que n'ai-je de la fortune!  
Je voudrais si bien restaurer  
Ma pauvre Eglise que pas une  
Ne lui serait à comparer.

Je la rendrais une merveille,  
Digne des plus nobles cités,  
Une chapelle sans pareille  
Qu'on viendrait voir de tous côtés.

Hélas! durant ma vie entière,  
J'ai vécu si peu prévoyant.  
Qu'après vingt ans de ministère  
Je n'ai pas un denier vaillant.



Et qu'il faudra que le beau rêve  
Dont mon cœur aime à se bercer,  
Ici-bas tristement s'achève  
Sans jamais se réaliser!

L. Briault.

## CORRESPONDANCE.

Chicago, 3 Jan. 1890.

Monsieur l'Editeur:

En parcourant aujourd'hui le journal du Collège St. Viator j'y vois avec plaisir, la formation d'une Société Scientifique. Nous n'avons que des paroles d'encouragement pour le maintien et la prospérité de cette nouvelle Société et c'est de tout cœur que nous adressons nos meilleures félicitations à ceux qui en ont pris l'initiative. Outre l'avantage de travailler à enrichir leur maison d'un musée d'histoire naturelle et d'un cabinet de physique ces jeunes gens apprennent, sur ce plan restreint, à accomplir les devoirs de la vie sociale. Le noble sentiment qui les pousse à s'unir dans l'intérêt de leur Alma Mater, leur indique celui qui devra les animer plus tard dans l'intérêt de l'Eglise et de la patrie. Je mets ici l'Eglise en première ligne parce qu'ils ne devront jamais oublier que c'est grâce à l'Eglise s'ils sont en mesure d'acquérir des connaissances historiques et scientifiques et le premier sentiment qui devra surgir dans leur cœur, est celui de la reconnaissance envers cette divine gardienne de l'Histoire des sciences et des arts.

C'est l'Eglise qui a perfectionné l'Esprit humain dans la connaissance du vrai, en respectant plus que tout autre le but et les lois de l'Histoire. Elle a été encore pour les sciences un arche de salut en sauvant du naufrage leur méthode et leur principe; de plus elle a propagé leur enseignement et concouru aux plus précieuses découvertes. Appliquez-vous donc plus tard à faire bénéficier l'Eglise de la somme que vous aurez acquise sous sa bienfaisante égide. En terminant mille souhaits de prospérité au nouveau cercle.

Un ami.

## INFLUENCE SOCIALE DES CONCILES.

(Suite et fin.)

Le Christianisme n'a pas seulement reçu de son divin fondateur la mission de travailler au triomphe de la vertu sur la terre. J.-C., en envoyant ses apôtres à la conquête du monde, les a chargés d'instruire les hommes, d'établir à la place de l'erreur le règne de la vérité. L'ancienne société n'avait rien fait pour populariser l'enseignement, elle ne voyait que le côté ma-

tériel de la vie sans s'occuper de satisfaire aux besoins de l'intelligence: aussi le peuple était-il plongé dans une ignorance qui retardait indéfiniment la solution du grand problème de la civilisation. A l'Eglise appartenait l'honneur de faire cesser cet état de choses si dégradant pour ceux qui en étaient victimes. Quand elle eut assuré le pain du corps à ses enfants pauvres ou infirmes, qu'elle leur eut procuré la sécurité et la liberté, elle voulut leur distribuer la nourriture de l'âme, l'instruction! Voici ce qu'ordonne le sixième décret du concile de Paris: "Que pour l'honneur et l'utilité de l'Eglise les évêques mettent tous leurs soins à ouvrir des écoles, se souvenant de ce que dit le prophète Daniel: "Ceux qui enseignent aux autres brilleront comme des étoiles pendant toute l'éternité." Qu'on remarque que cette protestation en faveur d'un enseignement public remonte au neuvième siècle, c'est-à-dire à une époque où le voile de l'ignorance menaçait d'envelopper le monde intellectuel. Le même concile demande à l'Empereur qu'il soit établi des universités ou écoles publiques dans trois villes au moins de l'empire. Aussi après avoir exhorté d'abord les évêques à ouvrir partout de petites écoles, ils demandent ensuite au pouvoir temporel son concours pour la création de ces établissements d'instruction supérieure d'où devaient rayonner sur la société toutes les lumières.

Plus tard Philippe Auguste et St. Louis relevèrent l'ancienne école palatine de Charlemagne et fondèrent l'université de Paris de concert avec les Papes et les évêques. Pendant que cette célèbre université et les autres universités de la France s'occupaient de la haute éducation, l'Eglise continuait jusque dans le seizième siècle de promouvoir les plus chers intérêts de l'instruction primaire. Les conciles successifs de Cambrai, de Rouen, de Bordeaux décrètent qu'un concile ne peut rien faire de plus saint que de propager la bonne éducation parmi la jeunesse qui est l'espérance et l'avenir de la nation. La vulgarisation de l'enseignement primaire dont se glorifie notre siècle ne date donc pas seulement d'aujourd'hui. L'Eglise a par ses nombreux conciles, sur ce point comme sur tant d'autres, donné l'exemple aux gouvernements séculiers. Comme un phare élevé, elle a éclairé les bas-fonds de la science aussi bien que les plus hautes cimes. Oui! ne l'oublions jamais lorsque la barbarie répandait partout sa sombre nuit, c'est elle qui conserva dans les cloîtres les chefs-d'œuvre de la Grèce et de Rome; et dans ces temps néfastes si le flambeau des lettres ne s'éteignit pas complètement, si le fil de la tradition ne s'est pas entièrement rompu, le monde le doit aux fréquentes assises de la catholicité.

Par le peu que nous avons dit des Conciles, il de-



meure-établi qu'ils ont exercé sur la civilisation des différents peuples modernes une influence dont il est aisé de saisir les principaux caractères. Ils ont d'abord commencé par poursuivre la réforme de l'ordre moral en faisant régner la vertu en souveraine dans un monde auparavant esclave de tous les vices.

Ils ont ensuite travaillé au perfectionnement de l'ordre social, en appelant toutes les classes à jouir des droits religieux et civils qui avaient été jusqu'alors l'apanage des classes élevées. Ils ont enfin aidé à la transformation de l'ordre intellectuel en rendant la science accessible à toutes les intelligences.

On le voit, leur histoire est une chaîne infinie de bienfaits; mais que de glorieux chaînons ont été forcément laissés de côté! On a passé sous silence le beau rôle que les Conciles remplirent dans la querelle des investitures et l'héroïque élan des croisades; la part qu'ils prirent à l'abolition du servage, à l'établissement du droit d'asile et de la juridiction ecclésiastique en matière civile et criminelle et combien d'autres! Les règles des conciles ont été une semence qui a produit une grande arbre dont les rameaux multiples ont couvert toute la terre: à son ombre ont fleuri la chasteté, la justice, la liberté, les sciences! Eh bien! ce sont des services aussi incontestables, aussi éclatants que les adversaires de l'Eglise méconnaissent tous les jours! Ces cruels, ces ingrats déchirent avec une joie barbare ce sein qui les a enfantés à la vie sociale! Mais comme l'astre géant, l'Eglise immortelle poursuivra jusqu'à la fin des siècles sa course bienfaisante inondant également ses enfants et ses ennemis de lumière et de vie!

Lua.

#### ALBANI.

Notre diva canadienne a partagé avec Patti et Tomagno les honneurs accordés aux artistes qui ont prêté leur concours à l'inauguration de l'auditorium de Chicago. Albani s'est surtout distinguée dans la création du rôle de Desdemona de *Otello* de Verdi qui était représenté en Amérique pour la première fois. Sa voix semblait avoir recouvré la fraîcheur de ses premières années et son action était du plus haut tragique. Elle a remporté un triomphe égal à celui de Tomagno.

Et ce qui est propre à nous faire plaisir, c'est que l'éclat de ses lauriers ne lui ont pas fait oublier sa nationalité et sa foi. J'ai lu avec plaisir une lettre par elle écrite en français au Curé de Notre Dame dans laquelle elle envoyait plusieurs billets d'opéra et signifiait son intention d'assister à la messe à l'église canadienne. Aussi le jour de Noël se trouvait-elle avec les siens pour célébrer cette joyeuse fête et contribuait généreusement

à la collecte du jour. Bel exemple donné à ses compatriotes dont quelques uns de ce côté des lignes oublient leur foi, leur langue, lorsqu'ils acquièrent la fortune.

Albani, Marie Emma Lajeunesse, naquit à Chambly près de Montréal en 1851. Elle reçut son éducation chez les Dames du Sacré Cœur, au Sault Récollet. Elle perdit sa mère, étant jeune encore et prit ses premières leçons de musique de son père, habile musicien. En 1864 elle résida à Albany, N. Y. où sa voix fut remarquée à la cathédrale. On organisa un concert dont les recettes lui permirent d'aller compléter ses études musicales en Europe où Madame la Baronne Lafitte devint sa protectrice.

Après avoir étudié deux ans à Paris sous la direction de Duprez et ensuite à Milan sous Lamperti, elle fit son début à Messine en 1870 et excita un grand enthousiasme. Mademoiselle Lajeunesse prit alors le nom d'Albani pour rendre hommage à la ville qui la première reconnut son talent et l'encouragea généreusement. Elle chanta à Malte et ensuite, pendant l'hiver de 1871-72 au théâtre de La Pergola à Florence.

*Mignon* d'Ambroise Thomas qui avait été condamné par quatre théâtres italiens obtint un grand succès avec elle; il en fut ainsi de tous les rôles qu'elle créa. Quand son nom fut établi en Italie, elle apparut à l'Opéra royal italien de Londres, passa ensuite à St. Pétersbourg, à Paris, à Berlin et aux Etats Unis. Albani n'interprète pas seulement les opéras italiens, mais aussi les chefs-d'œuvre français et allemands. Si sa voix n'a pas tout l'éclat et la fraîcheur de celle de la Patti, elle l'emporte sur celle-ci par la chaleur de son action dramatique. On a dit que la Patti vocalise, mais qu'Albani chante.

Elle épousa en 1878 Ernest Gye, le directeur du Covent Garden et a toujours gardé une réputation irréprochable. Elle chante souvent pour la Reine d'Angleterre et est souvent admise dans son intimité. Ses compatriotes ont raison d'être fiers d'elle: aussi lorsqu'elle visita le Canada reçut-elle partout les plus flatteuses ovations

M. J.

#### CUEILLETES.

- Beau temps!
- Mais quels chemins!
- "George est ressuscité.
- La Grippe nous quitte.
- L'Erable a deux représentants, cette année; MM. Bernier et Petit.
- Le P. Dugas et les FF. Roy et Dandurand nous ont visités pendant les fêtes.
- Les représentations qui devaient avoir lieu pendant la vacance ont été remises, à raison des mauvais chemins.



— Les Forestiers Catholiques ont eu une grande assemblée à l'opéra de Kankakee. Le Dr. Laberge a été un des orateurs. Nous espérons avoir le plaisir de publier son discours prochainement.

— Le Rév. T. Ouimet achève une jolie église en brique à Pullman.

— Le Rév. J. Lesage, curé de Briar'ton Park, est entré dans sa nouvelle église, le jour de Noël.

## A PROPOS DE GRAMMAIRE.

(Suite.)

Ah! Georges, pas d'insulte au génie de nos grands maîtres, s'il te plaît. Il n'y a pas un seul de ces plus petits détails qui n'ait son utilité et qui ne contribue à l'harmonie et au charme de la musique qui nous ravit et nous transporte dans des sphères sans limites, dans un monde tout céleste." Bravo! Gustave, dit Georges, je te reconnais bien là. Ton amour, j'allais dire ta passion pour la musique se montre dans toute son énergie.

Je suis loin de t'en faire un crime, car, bien que Dieu ne m'ait pas donné, comme à toi, les mêmes aptitudes pour cet art vraiment divin, après un beau discours, la musique est ce que j'aime le plus au monde. Puis saisissant le moment propice, Georges ajoute: puisque tu reconnais l'utilité de cette infinité de détails dont les compositeurs ont enrichi la musique, et que tu tiendrais pour une insulte à leur adresse de taxer tout cela de bagatelles et de niaiseries, pourquoi donc fais-tu si peu de cas de ces mille petits détails, de ces nuances sans nombre dont les savants ont enrichi notre langue incomparable? Mais ce sont précisément ces nuances, cette flexibilité qui se prêtent à tout, qui font son caractère distinctif, en montrent la beauté et le génie et sont la cause qu'elle est aujourd'hui, non-seulement admirée, mais encore parlée dans tous les pays du monde. Que penserais-tu d'un professeur de musique qui se contenterait d'enseigner à ses élèves le nom des notes, leur valeur, le nom d'une clé, d'une mesure, et sauterait tout le reste à pieds joints?

Je dirais, réplique Gustave aussitôt, que ce n'est qu'un croque-notes et que ses élèves ne seront jamais que des croque-notes comme lui. Fort bien, dit Georges. Or, cela étant, crois-tu bien fondée ta critique aigre douce de tout à l'heure, contre les fautes marquées pour un accent, une cédille, une apostrophe, etc?

Mais as-tu oublié qu'un accent grave, par exemple placé sur la conjonction ou, en fait un adverbe de lieu? et en change complètement la signification? que la même faute existe dans le sens contraire quand

l'accent grave est omis sur où adverbe? Il en est absolument de même pour à préposition et a verbe. Si l'on omet les deux points sur les mots Moïse, Isaïe, Saül, Israël, Joël, Jaïr, ces noms sont défigurés. Si l'on oublie la cédille sous le c des mots façon, tronçon, rançon, garçon, leçon, ces mots n'ont plus de sens.

Le mot mazon sans cédille ne désigne plus un ouvrier, mais une ville de France appelée Mâcon. Dans cette phrase: j'ai visité les côtes de France et d'Angleterre, la cédille placée par mégarde sous le c du mot côtes, devient injurieuse pour ces deux nations. Sans accent circonflexe, les mots jeûne, mûr, sûr, ont une toute autre signification. En effet, jeûne signifie abstinence; jeune signifie jeunesse; mûr signifie maturité; mur, muraille; sûr, veut dire certitude, sûreté. acide, aigre: sur signifie à la surface, Ex: écrire sur le papier.

Enfin, si l'on dit à quelqu'un: lève-toi *mâtin* et va prendre le frais, cela te fera du bien. Cette expression est loin d'être polie. C'est tout simplement lui dire: lève-toi chien! En supprimant l'accent circonflexe du mot *mâtin*, au lieu d'un animal, le même mot n'indique plus que la première partie du jour.

Donc l'omission et l'emploi à faux des signes orthographiques sont des fautes aussi considérables que n'importe quel barbarisme ou solécisme.

Georges apercevant Robert lui dit: approché Robert, tu n'es pas de trop ici. Tu arrives même fort à propos. Mes amis, répond Robert, je suis parfaitement au courant de votre conversation, et je vous félicite de vous occuper de vos études au lieu de balivernes et de bilvesées ou de quelque chose de pire, comme on le fait malheureusement quelque fois pendant les récréations.

Je suis tout à fait de l'avis de Georges, qu'il faut préférer un maître sérieux et soigneux jusque dans les plus petits détails, parce que les jeunes gens qu'il formera deviendront à leur tour des hommes d'ordre capables et utiles à la Société. Tandis que le maître qui manque d'ordre d'énergie et de fermeté: qui se contente d'à peu près de la part de ses élèves, n'en fera que des hommes superficiels, sinon des nullités qui feront triste figure dans le monde. N'étant propres à aucun emploi, à cause de leur incapacité, on ne pourra jamais leur confier rien d'important.

Combien de jeunes gens, aujourd'hui, insoucians de leur avenir, étudient en amateurs, comme on dit vulgairement, c'est-à-dire pour la forme, sans se donner beaucoup de peine. Aussi, après être restés plus ou moins de temps sur les bancs d'une maison d'instruction, où ils disent avoir suivi des cours de ceci et de cela, ils en sortent le plus souvent avec un simple vernis des choses qu'ils disent avoir apprises. Ils ne sont forts sur rien parce qu'il n'ont rien approfondi.

(A continuer.)



of American writers, the number of Catholics is so small as almost to be counted on our fingers, including the one or two who have attained to anything greater than a local reputation, or who reflection our religion any appreciable glory or esteem.

The remedy for this is, to a great extent, in the hands of our students and graduates themselves, of those ladies and gentlemen who have cultivated their natural endowments by a careful training and are now capable of using them to their honor and profit. A more favorable opportunity than they have ever had before is now offered to them. It may be that in the past they have not received the aid or encouragement from our Catholic editors and publishers which was expected; but we must remember that the latter were often so engaged in the struggle to keep afloat themselves when receiving no adequate support from their unsympathizing co-religionists, that they were not able to aid those who wish to join them. Now, however, Catholics are beginning to read their own literature and encourage their own writers; and under the impulse given at the late congress, they will continue to do so in the future even with greater zeal and energy. If this be the case, and such it certainly is, it is likely that our young writers shall have their chance: their labors will be in demand; their works will be appreciated; and they may confidently expect to receive the encouragement they may require. Catholic editors, seeing the necessity of training up assistants and successors, will not fail to help them to that prominence in the literary world which they may merit.

Again, it may be that in the past our young writers themselves have been deficient in the requisite qualifications, especially in that energy and laudable ambition without which there is positively no success. It seems to us that many of those who are capable of distinguishing themselves in the paths of literature have not an adequate idea of the nobility of the writers' profession, or of the immense good that can be accomplished in it. They do not know the benefits which the Catholic literateur, who is animated with the principles of his holy faith, can bestow on his fellow men in general, and his fellow Catholics in particular. They do not know the powerful and salutary influence which he can exert in counteracting the trash that is daily and hourly issuing from the press, and in raising our current literature's tone and standard; or of the still more positive influence in favor of Holy Mother Church, by defending her rights in making known her doctrines. Why is it that so many are groping in the darkness of error, and burdened with their load of prejudice and misunderstandings? They are misled by the calumnies of the journals and periodicals of the day, and stand in need of the light and assistance which our young writers can

easily afford. These are not all the motives which might be adduced, but they suffice to show how noble is the end the Catholic writer may propose to himself.

This end, moreover, if ever kept in view, will suggest an important requisite for success—one whose deficiency has been probably the cause of many a writer's shattered hopes and pitiable failures in the past. We mean the common sense, the lofty tone, and the honest straightforward manner, or in a word, that earnestness which will always win for an author attention and respect. Common sense in writing, as in everything else, is the best preservative, and rule, and indication of success; yet it is the common fault of young aspirants to intellectual renown to aim far too high, and, as it were to walk or stout on literary stilts. This is a fault that is often acquired even when undergoing the process of a collegiate formation; but nothing renders a composition so insipid or distasteful, or so greatly disqualifies a writer for success.

As the *Catholic Review* has recently said: "There is plenty of room for those who can write plainly and practically on the common things of this life, which most of us hear about but have not the time to see."

G. in *Catholic Home*.

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## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

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According to the "Western Electrician," a New Jersey inventor thinks he has hit upon a method of establishing peace permanently upon the earth by means of electricity. He does not propose to remodel human nature, but expects to make warfare so deadly that it will be sheer madness for one nation to attack another. According to his plan, warfare would result in the substantial extermination of all who ventured to engage in it. The inventor describes his ideas thus: "In a word, my scheme is to produce artificial lightning. Thus for the experiments have been confined within narrow limits, but with the use of a small dynamo attached to my invention a slight shock can be produced, effective enough to kill the flies in a twenty by twenty room. I claim with the use of powerful dynamos, under my plan, a flash of lightning can be directed against an army a mile or more away and without injury to the party operating the gun, scattering death and consternation among the troops. With powerful dynamos thousands of soldiers can be killed at a flash, and a number of flashes are enough to destroy an army.

It can be used at any time except on rainy or damp days. If the effect of giving this discovery would be, as I hope to put an end to war I should feel repaid, but I



dread to think of electricity being used in war under this plan. The consequences would be enormous. It means nothing less than the extermination to the opposing army.

Investigations of scientists and engineers corroborate the statement recently made concerning the sinking of the northern coast of France. Thus between Marseilles and Lille a distance of five hundred forty miles—the sinking amounts to ten inches annually. If this movement continues, the northern part of France may in a few centuries become submerged. It may here be mentioned that off the coast of St. Malo, in fine weather, fossilized trunks of trees may be seen at the bottom of the sea, indicating that these parts were once above water.

Mr. Francesco Tosso a Venetian manufacturer of mirrors exhibited in the Champs de Mars, a statue that attracted much attention from the visitors. It represented Gæthe's Marguerite standing before a mirror. This latter gave by reflection the image of Faust. The artifice was well concealed by the sculptor. In reality it was not a double statue, but the figure of Faust was skillfully obtained by means of the folds of Marguerite's robe.

Marguerite holds her arms in front of her, and these same arms form those of Faust, who holds them crossed behind his back. Faust's face is carved in Marguerite's back hair, and the man's figure is obtained, as before stated, by means of the folds of the woman's robe. This statue was of wood and nearly life size.

*La Nature*

\* \* \*

#### AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The Agassiz Association cordially invites the faculty, and the officers of the St. Thomas, St. Patrick, St. Charles, and St. John Baptist societies to assist at the exercises of their grand meeting to be held February 9th. 1890.

The following are among the latest donations received.

Rev. M. A. Dooling C. S. V. the generous benefactor of the scientific department presented a \$5.00 bill with best wishes.

James J. Condon of Bloomington is the donor of many curious and rare specimens, some of which are a large piece of turf eight by ten inches; a pedestal surmounted by a cross carved from bogwood; lava from the celebrated volcano Vesuvius; a cross artistically studded with precious stones; several fossils, quartz and galena.

Mr. Fred Westney handed over many beautiful shells, the rarer ones being the following: Pearly ear shell, Volute, Winged shell, Paludina, Auger shell, Cowry, Chiton squamosus, a star fish, and a beautifully mounted limb of sea weed.

#### LOCALS.

— 1890.

— Sky ball.

— La Grippe.

— Gus. got a box.

— Get the Doctor.

— Eve of Posterity.

— Who will be the first?

— How about the Punch Jim?

— Skating eh! Did Hugh get cold?

— Over two hundred boys enrolled.

— D. "Are you sick? Take three black pills."

Patient, "No Doctor, I am a victim of the McGinty joke."

— Harry Jones and Alfonse are with us again the former has taken resolutions to finish his meals in the refectory.

— Soloist "What is the Chorus?"

— Quartet—"Don't know, let's go off." *Extent.*

— Three new Pickwicks. This has no reference to the Junior department.

— Jay makes quite a Colonel, he is good in any position. This is not a paid notice.

— After several unsuccessful attempts to obtain guns, we are pleased to inform the cadets that the guns have at last been promised and will be here in time for the next drill.

— We are pleased to see all the professors on duty and using their best efforts to prepare their classes for the next term.

— There seems to be a gloom cast of the seniors and the Pickincheff have been going about with a look of sadness upon their faces. It is owing to the fact that their esteemed prefect Bro. Cregan has been ill, we hope to see Bro. Cregan soon cheering the boys and removing these lines of sorrow from their brows.

Rev. Fr. Letellier, who is known to all the friends of the college for his many acts of kindness, has again proven that the new year is to be but a repetition of the past one. He sent Fr. Marsile a splendid Missal and book stand. The book is richly bound, in fine leather and ornamented with silver clasps. The stand too, is a real work of art and when seen upon the altar the precious stones far out shine any we have yet seen. Fr. Letellier has always been a friend and benefactor of the institution and knowing him as we do, it would be useless to try to flatter him we simply say, Thanks.

— Any person desiring information in regards to the resources, (liabilities) and etc. of the Lone Star State can obtain same by calling upon Solon Shingle Esq., Parlor 1. Poop Promenade.

— Hammerton an eminent living writer, in a late work upon French and English Society, says: "A



'Scholar' in France most of all things be accomplished in his Latin author. In England a great scholar is a man who is thoroughly familiar with Greek", Moral-study, Greek and Latin.

### WHEN?

How many playful children rollicking youth and men have an anxious "When" to propose for solution?

When says the restless boy shall it stop raining so that I may go out to play; or later in life when shall I be through with my books and cease to live under the continual gaze of an exacting teacher? When, says the ambitious youth, shall I begin life for myself and enjoy the independence that manhood brings? When, says the man of toil, may I hope for, better days and the prospect of an easier life? When, says the miser, shall my heart be satisfied in the contemplation of its lucre? When, says the poor wretch languishing in a felons cell, shall I gain my freedom and begin life anew? When, says the consumptive, whom death has played with for months, when shall I enter on my last day and bid my last farewell to friends and country? When, says the Optimist, shall men cease to deride this lovely world made for man's enjoyment, when peace and contentment follow those who make life sweet by good lives; or says the Pessimist when shall men cease to be wicked and when may we hope to see one good or disinterested man? Or says the Minister of God when shall I have seen the last members of my flock in peace with God and his own soul? When, says the Materialist shall men cease to be priest-ridden and bask in the true light of science? When, says the man consistent with himself and alive to the proofs of a Higher being, so evident to all who are not wilfully blind, when, says such a one, shall men cease to rave about an omnipotent science and acknowledge the God to whom they owe everything? And oh! when, says the pure soul shall the happy day of eternity dawn upon me and the joy of the Lord be mine? When, says the worldly one, shall I be content with what I have, or when shall these fleeting pleasures give me true delight?

Thus the world goes. Nothing here is satisfactory or brings the pleasures we so earnestly wish for. Rich men lack health without which life is pain; poor men sigh for riches, and contentment is a stranger to all. When, then may we expect to realize the boundless desires of our souls; when satiate ourselves in real joys that will never end, or when cease to suffer or behold other's pain? Not here. No Fountain of Perpetual Youth to keep us young; no panacea to relieve all

pain will ever be realized on the shores of this life. Only in the other life shall our "When" be answered and our temporal miseries give way to eternal rest.

*Xtra.*

### THE NEW CHAPEL.

On the morning of Dec. 6th. '89 we had the pleasure of opening the new chapel. The occasion was the first Friday of the month, which day is dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. M. J. Marsile C. S. V., assisted by E. L. Rivard C. S. V. as deacon; Rev. F. Kirsh as Sub-Deacon; and Mr. John Kelly as Master of Ceremonies. Father Marsile who saw realized the plans which he has had so long in view, was happy to say the least; and expressed his thankfulness to the old Students the benefactors and all the kind friends, who have so generously aided in erecting this great monument to the glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the memory of the saintly Father Roy. All the students approached Holy Communion, after which Mass proceeded. Prof. Bourget, was not deficient in his musical selections, which added no little solemnity to the occasion.

The sun shone brightly, its ray catching up the gorgeous colors of the beautiful windows, spread them over the chapel with delightful effect. When we consider that in these windows is found every color known to the artist, we may have some idea of the beauties they present. It was eight o'clock before the impressive ceremonies terminated. At the end of mass the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in thanksgiving for the successful accomplishment of this glorious event.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at 8 p. m. Father Rivard and Prof. Anderegg, our distinguished vocalists, rendered a beautiful duet, followed by a select quartett.

The event of the day however was the Congé given in the afternoon. Only a student can realize the pleasures of a free day, and Friday afternoon was all that could be desired, in fact more than could be expected on the 6th of Dec. Altogether the day was a memorable one. A great event was commemorated and every one was impressed in a way that will not soon be forgotten.

The Chapel is not yet completed. All the decoration is still to be done, which when completed, will be one of the finest, if not the very best Chapel in America. Let us hope that the generosity shown thus far, may not be lessened and that the day is near when our chapel will be finished, and that it will be no less beautiful than the ideal the founders have in View.



## EXCHANGES.

We have received some good Christmas numbers; good as to their appearance,

*The Paddle Chronicle* says Christmas number and that is about all the special Holidayness about it. However it is a good issue and readable.

*The Owl* has an excellent Christmas issue one that does credit even to the *Owl*. Football receives the most attention, for it seems the 'Owl' of Ottawa are great kickers; football kickers of course. Some of the illustrations are more practical than beautiful, but are expressive of the prowess of the men of Ottawa as footballers. The issue of the *Owl* for Nov.-Dec. '89 was a magnificent issue designed to commemorate the Inauguration of Ottawa University.

*St. John's University Record* has its Christmas issue. "A Christmas Lay" the only Christmas article, is a somewhat lengthy poem.

*The Fordham Monthly* comes out as usual with the most complete as well as with the handsomest Holiday number.

These are the principal Christmas numbers we received.

*The N. W. Chronicle* thinks it "a downright shame" to rank the late Centennial of Washington's Inauguration as first President of the United States. It says also, "It is a known fact that the last named institution (Catholic Church) is not only antagonistic to the principles of our blood-bought liberty, but would, if able, destroy this boon from heaven and substitute in its place an inquisition worse than France ever witnessed." We would like to know when France had an inquisition? If you refer to the French Revolution, know that it was Atheists who perpetrated all the horrors of that awful period and that all their efforts were directed against Catholics. To defend such butchers is to put yourself on the side of murderers. To speak of the French inquisition is to show your ignorance something which the ex. man or woman of the *Chronicle* has in abundance, lastly to commend on the Catholic Church as the *Chronicle* does is craziness well worthy of that sheet.

We learn with regret that *St. Mary's Echo* has not received the JOURNAL regularly. We see to it that you are not deprived of that boon for the future.

*The Adelphian* is very illogical to say the least. It says of us: "There is no literary matter".... further on it continues. "The printer has blurred the most of this paper so that it is positively unreadable." We wonder how the novelist of the *Adelphian* could judge(?) the literary

matter of the JOURNAL if it was not legible? We are sorry to see our friend have such a sore head. Now that we know your weakness we won't tease you any more. Bye bye.

*The Young Collegian*, a spicy little Monthly comes to us regularly from New Orleans, La. The January number contains a good sketch of Archbishop Carroll besides poems and other interesting matter.

## LITERARY NOTES.

"Hoffman's Catholic Directory" for 1890 is the fifth annual edition of that publication. This edition is compiled with the great amount of information which may be received from it and the extremely low price at which it is sold.

The "Magazine of Poetry" which has attained such a wide success among the literary people of the country is an excellent periodical which contains sketches contributed by eminent writers in prose and verse. The biographies which appear very often are accompanied by portraits of the poets or authors discussed. The Magazine also gathers gems of poetry from its contributors for republication under the heading "Single Poems." Besides these in each number is a list of the utterance of many poets on same subject of general interest. The publication surely deserves the great success it has won in the past and we hope that this, as well as all other works of the kind, may still continue to spread around that pure literature which is so uncommon in this country.

In the "Duel" between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Blaine in the January number of "The North American Review," on the subject of Free Trade vs. Protection, Mr. Gladstone's argument on Free Trade is a model of lucidity and logical arrangement. Mr. Blaine's tactics in his reply suggest those of the small boy who, finding an adversary too strongly entrenched for attack, puts his hands in his pockets, whistles and carries a jig with the hope of bringing him out. It will be of interest to see whether Mr. Gladstone will indulge by making a sortie and if he does to witness what comes of it. "The Crisis."

"The Souvenir Volume of the Catholic Congress," by Mr. W. H. Hughes is a handsome work containing a full report of the proceeding of the First American Catholic Congress and the centennial of the establishment of the Catholic Church in the United States. The speeches and addresses delivered and the papers read at the congress, the sermon preached at the dedication of the Washington University, the responses and addresses at the banquet, the orations at the university, and the Baltimore festivities are all reported in full. The volume is magnificently illustrated by many portraits of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States, there is one also of Pope Leo XIII. Besides the solid matter which the work contains it deserves special credit for its elegance and neatness. This book should be in the library of every Catholic in the United States.

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