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A GENTLEMAN.

How often do we hear the remarks—yes, such a man is a scholar; such a man is a good mechanic; such a man is successful in business—but yet he is not a gentleman. From such statements the ready inference follows, that something, some special requisite over and above all other qualities must be possessed by, and should shine forth in, a man in order that he may appear in our eyes as elevated above the material plane whereon he labors and toils. Such in our opinion is the quality of gentlemanliness, the lack of which is so recognizable in the busy world around us, if not even evidencing itself in the inner sanctuaries of the home, amid the radiant embers of the domestic hearth. A gentleman may be defined as one, who possesses, in the highest degree, all the noblest traits of the masculine sex combined with the gentler, the more tender, the almost angelic characteristics of the feminine kind.

A gentleman is one that possesses bravery, valour, patience, tenderness, charity, love of country and love of God. He is a gentleman that seeks the needy in his clay-built cabin and assists by words and by works.

He is a gentleman, that when God or Country calls him, goes forth to fight the battles of *Right* and to destroy the supporters of *Wrong*. A gentleman is one who preserves, as far as human nature will permit, an unruffled temper amid the vicissitudes of life. In a word a gentleman is one who comforts the distressed, consoles the afflicted and sympathizes with the circling races of humanity in general, knowing that he himself should not be a broken or rusty link in that great chain of friendship that should perpetually unite all nations and all individuals—no matter what creed, no matter what national distinctions may exist; as all have the same Father, the Supreme God of heaven. As no man here below is perfect and as the earth consequently can not furnish the truest model of a gentleman for our imitation, yet there is one who by assuming our human nature has elevated the same from that degradation into which it had fallen through the sin of Adam—he is the only one that we can and should always refer to with glory and pride; we mean the God-Man Jesus Christ.

If we carefully peruse and meditate upon the life of Christ; in Him, the fountain, whence flowed all graces

and blessings to the human family, in Him do we find all those natural as well as improved qualities that go to make up a perfect gentleman.

His manifested tenderness for His mother, when a youth as well as when a man; His response to her on finding Him in the Temple of Jerusalem; His changing water into wine at her request at the marriage feast of Cana; His raising the widow's son to life; His quelling of tempest; His various responses to the Jews, whose questions could elicit the most unbounded wrath; His ultimate answers before Herod, Pilate and Caiaphas; His last teaching and heart-rending words on Calvary's hilltops—all of these, regarded from a human point of view, show us, mark plainly what *these inestimable qualities* should be that constitute a true gentleman.

Good clothes, good looks, showy jewelry, dangling watches and a dazzling profusion of rings do not constitute a gentleman, much less do they tend towards that behaviour and general demeanor that characterizes a Christian. Education, excellence in some particular art or science, or in all of them does not, can not compensate for the want of gentlemanly qualities, for this or that attainment is at best insignificant when compared with the *many accomplishments*, like the many and variegated flowers of a parterre, that are necessary to form a true gentleman. And indeed while men are many, certain it is that gentlemen are few, and that the deeds of certain famous men in this wise generation are daily rehearsed before the admiring, gazing throng of the world's spectators; while the deeds of earth's noblest sons and daughters are entirely forgotten. In our times the death of some noted bandit, the death of a distinguished desperado, or the shooting down of some brawny pugilist, demands the first place in the columns of our papers. The Press teems with glowing accounts of the so called valourous actions of such characters; the minutest incidents connected with their lives are detailed; but on the other hand the action of a gentleman, the saving of a soul from eternal perdition, the snatching from the wolves of society the lambs that are destined for final slaughter; the offering of a morsel to save the beggar's life; the consolations offered to the desolate widow and the barefooted orphan—all these are left unmentioned amid the noted signs of progress of this

century. Popularity, influence, money, these are the outlines of the gentlemanly character manifested to us in bold and glaring colors by the artists of the 14th century in their portraits of men in general; while the pure unadulterated *gold* the best and noblest of God's creatures sometimes are entirely disregarded. With the close of the days of chivalry, faded the flower of honor that decked the manly brow of the past generations and with its decay came that specified lack of gentlemanly qualities that we cannot behold, to-day, without sorrow and without gravest fears for an honorable and peaceful future.

Since the modern Temple of Fame has arisen from out these materials that wrath and luxury generate, fraud and robbery have been predominant; the select, the pure, the good have been spurned; gentlemanly qualities have decreased, and pride, vanity and pomp seem to have taken their place among the noblest attributes of nature.

These qualities whereof we speak were never so necessary as now, as so few possess them, and hence how incumbent it is upon us Catholic students, who are fitting ourselves for the world and for heaven, to study to acquire all these perfections that belong to a true gentleman; those perfections that Christ himself has so admirably manifested by his examples, that thus we may really merit the name of *true Catholic gentlemen*, than which there is no greater beneath the heavens.

Yours Truly

J. P. MURPHY.

FRIENDSHIPS OF THE CLOISTER.

As modern science has, out of the base lines and debris of some ancient marvel of architecture, been able to restore those and show us on paper that which to others long ago stood out in the sunlight, a living and potent fact; so modern scholars ranging through the fields of hagiology have gathered together the scattered fragments out of which has been reconstructed the great monasticism as it existed in the past. Of its many beautiful phases, there is none which does more honor to the human heart under the beneficent influence of the true Religion, than the friendships of the cloister.

It is not to be wondered at that a system, whose primal principles are the selling of all to follow Christ, and the love of one's neighbor, should produce striking examples of friendship. "Friendship" says Cardinal Manning, "is the highest, the purest, and the most unselfish, and therefore the most perfect form of love." Aye, it is even, as the inspired word has told us "*medicamentum vite et immortalitatis*." "What a charming book," says Montalembert, "might be written on the friendships of the cloister, and how sweet the task of

writing it! How many delicate traits of character, how many charming expressions to be collected, since that abbot of the 8th century who said: "I have left but one brother in the world, and lo! how many have I found in the cloister." Down to the day when two religious of the order of Fontevault, of whom one, being dead before the other, appeared to his companion in a vision and predicted his death in these words: "Learn, dear friend, that I now enjoy great peace, but that I do not know how to enter paradise without thee; prepare thyself and come quickly, that we may be presented together to the Lord."

Who shall tell in proper words that beautiful attachment which linked the great hearts of St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazianzen, so that in the latter's own words they were two bodies with one soul. And the first of these great saints was, next to Benedict, the most illustrious of monastic legislators and has been accorded the title of the christian Plato; the other was the most brilliant orator of the church before St. Chrysostom. They were both cenobites, until bishoprics were forced upon them. And who has not heard of the saintly friendships existing between St. Benedict and his disciples, Maurus and Placidus,—the latter, like Benedict himself, a tender cion of the Roman patriarchate in its waning days—whom Raphael, following tradition, has not even separated in fresco, but has shown them an extatic trio contemplating the open heavens.

Through the epistles of St. Gregory the Great, there runs a golden current of friendship, having its faithful source in that monastery from which he was torn, like the nail from the flesh, to be placed upon the seat of Peter. The narrow banks of predilection could not confine this affection. It spread out over the whole christian world fertilizing the seedfields of the church from the Canaries to the British Isles. It not only embraced such epochal characters as St. Leander, the founder of the monasticism in Spain and the father of her civilization, but it touched at many a hermitage as well as every great monastic institution of that age.

Fortunatus, the author of the "*Pangloss*" has woven into luxuriant verse that friendship which existed between himself and the abbess, St. Radegonde. And this same saint, who was also a queen, when she saw her numerous convents about her, unceasingly addressed them: "So greatly do I love you that I have forgotten all of my own relations, and that I was ever the wife of a king. I love none more than you, my daughters, youthful flowers which I have planted, you who have become to me as eyes, life, repose and happiness." And St. Alfred, the most amiable of British saints, abbot of a monastery of 300 monks, speaks of their mutual love in a most affecting manner, says Bishop Butler, and tells

us that words fail to tell the joy he felt at the sight of every one of them.

And the more celebrated, says a great writer, the personages of these friendships, the more saintly and intense they were. So it is that we see St. Bernard, in his discourse upon the Canticle of Canticles, when with seraphic fire he is painting the traits of divine love, turn aside to apostrophize a brother and friend whom death had recently snatched away.

Traces of these sacred friendships run through all the records of the monastic ages. They crop out in the poetry, the legends, and works of learning and devotion of those times—coming to the surface under all circumstances. We find not only in letters of those central characters of their times, every product of whose pen is now precious, but also in the formulas for familiar letters between the friends of distant monasteries or absent brothers. In these pure affections never was found language more expressive. The sweetness of the sentiments shows more strongly than any other illustration to be adduced, the angelic character of monasticism. Within those pure precincts how many beautiful attachments! We have the records of many it is true; but how many more must have existed, the traces of which have perished in the clash of nations and the wreck of empires.

J. W. W. LaFayette, Ind.

HOW WE CELEBRATED ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Although the day, dedicated to the memory of St. Patrick, is already some distance in the past, still we find a secret pleasure in recurring to it, and dwelling once more on those scenes which at the time seemed so lovely and so admirably fitted to the occasion. Never perhaps, before in the history of the college, did the students take such a great interest in celebrating St. Patrick's Day. The weather was peculiarly favorable and everything seemed to second the efforts of the students and add beauty and splendor to the occasion.

From early morning till late at night, the stir and bustle of the students; the joy that shone from every countenance; the patriotic zeal that seemed to animate every heart; all bespoke a day of joy and festivity, a day when we should raise our thoughts from every-day cares, and with pure hearts and souls pay our first homage to the Apostle of the Land of our forefathers. At nine o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated, after which a very eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Father Dunne. He spoke long on the true Irish Saint and apostle; his profound faith and untiring zeal for the conversion of heathen Ireland. Lastly, he depicted the distress and affliction to which the people of Ireland are now subject,

and exhorted us to pray that peace and prosperity should soon reign in the beautiful green Isle of the sea. This eloquent sermon touched the hearts of all, and inspired them with a greater love for the land of their forefathers. Precisely at eleven o'clock the student arranged themselves in rank, on the college walks;

And banners of a thousand dyes,

Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

The sign being given all advanced with joyful countenances and hearts burning with patriotic love. They presented a most beautiful appearance as they marched in step with the music, and the sun shining on their richly embroidered green badges made their appearance still more beautiful. As they passed along the street crowds rushed to the windows and not a few boys followed up attracted by the soul-stirring tunes such as "St. Patrick's Day", "The wearing of the green" etc. After having serenaded Rev. Father Beaudoin and Alphonse Legris at their respective residences and the Sisters at the Academy, they returned to the college where they soon partook of an excellent dinner. The tables were laden with every thing which the taste and generosity of the good procurator, Bro. Bernard, could suggest. The afternoon past off very pleasantly, every one enjoying himself to his heart's content. But we have yet to mention the most beautiful part of the celebration, viz: the entertainment given in the evening. This was a grand affair, and reflected with great credit upon those who took part in the exercises. The entertainment partook somewhat of a serio-comic nature, being composed of speeches, songs, recitations, clog-dances, and music by the band, under the direction of Mr. F. N. Perry, and the orchestra guided by the skillful hand of Rev. Fr. Oser. Mr. A. McGavick opened the evening's entertainment by a beautiful speech on "The Day we celebrate," this was followed by recitations by Messrs. McCann, McGrath and Maher. Next in order were songs rendered by Prof. Murphy and P. A. Terry, followed by a triple clog-dance by Messrs. Gibbons, McAuliffe and Cameron which actually "took down the house;" they received wild approbation from the audience and were most emphatically encored. The next on the programme was "St. Patrick's day" very beautifully rendered by the band. After this Father Marsile made some apt and very fitting remarks for the occasion; he referred to the great work which the Irish had done for this country, and how they so untiringly labored for the promulgation of the Gospel. Father Dunne also spoke of the love we should entertain towards Ireland "our beloved Island." The entertainment was closed by a brief, but very appropriate speech, by Very Rev. Father Fournier, who spoke on the union and brotherly

love which should exist between all catholic students no matter what might be their nationality. On the whole, the entertainment as well as the celebration during the day was a grand success; and showed that all had at heart the true devotion to St. Patrick; it showed that they revered the memory of him who left friends, wealth and country to preach the Gospel to our forefathers, and remove the cloud of darkness which had so long enshrouded dear Erin.

R. J. S.

DECISION AND ENERGY.

In order to insure success in after life, nothing perhaps is more worthy of the consideration of the young collegian, than a firm decision as to the profession which he ought to follow, and an energetic concentration of all his abilities in perfectly understanding and fully accomplishing the object or design, which he must necessarily propose to himself in the undertaking of that profession. Multifarious are the designs of the Creator as to the means to be employed by man for the acquisition, not only of that happiness which is to be of eternal duration, but even of that temporary felicity which, depending as it does on the current of human affairs, must be attained by the proper management of terrestrial concerns, or of what is generally denominated "the work of life."

"Nil agit nisi propter finem" is one of the fundamental principles of reasoning. Analogous to this principle is the truth demonstrated by both reason and experience, that in every undertaking there should be a stability of purpose as to the object proposed to be attained. To understand how to conduct life properly is truly a science; and to be able to apply the principles of that science, is an art whose value cannot be too highly estimated.

Before launching on the stormy voyage of life, the young man should possess an accurate foreknowledge of the course to be pursued; he should correctly adjust the compass of his reason, with which, assisted by the helm of will power, he should so direct his sails as to skillfully avoid, or if necessary, encounter the adverse winds and tempestuous surges which have wrecked so many a hopeful bark on the rocks of the merciless sea of life. Yes, the work of life is a great task, and in this, as in all other undertakings, to have in the outset a clear conception of what is to be done, is an essential requisite. What would be thought of one who should undertake a voyage, without having in view any particular destination? The artist before whom is laid, in all its natural deformity, the huge block of marble from which, under the operation of his chisel, is to spring the almost living and breathing statue,—first

has the ideal in his mind. St. Peter's at Rome, with all its captivating grandeur, from the entry to the high Altar, with all its architectural strength and beauty from the base seat to the dome,—this noble edifice in the totality of its massiveness, existed eminently in the mind of Michael Angelo, before a mason laid a single stone in the foundation. When Raphael gave to the world his immortal *Transfiguration*, did he not do more than to imbrue with a visible form what existed in his mind before he took the brush in hand?

As it is with artists, and their productions, so should it be with every one and his profession. "The first thing with the painter, the sculptor, and the architect, is to go and design. This settled, every thing tends toward the great consummation." So should it be with the great task of life. A young man before merging into the busy scene of life, should have in his mind a perfect picture of his subsequent career. In choosing his profession, however, let him not imagine that he is to be swayed by fancy's no, or by dreams of future glory. The future will be a stern reality; then let him, at present, deal with realities. Every young man should weigh well the abilities and the aptitudes with which he is by nature endowed; and in deciding his profession, he must be governed by the ideal of that character which he intends to establish for himself, and by the ideal of character which to everyone should be an object of endearment.

The choice of a profession is therefore of a paramount importance; no less so is the steady pursuit of the profession chosen. Does History afford illustrations which verify these assertions? Or can there be found a personage, immortalized by his deeds, whose biography is not a virtual expression of these facts? Let the young American confine himself to the brief history of his own country, and even there will he find living proofs of the facts above enunciated. Nor are these proofs few. The simple recollection of Washington, Henry, Franklin, Jackson, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and of many others, shows conclusively that

"Honor and shame from no condition rise," and that there is no royal road to distinction. Let the young American reflect on the climacterics of a few of Columbia's glorious sons; for he will be reflecting on lessons of wisdom. In the early career of Daniel Webster occurred an incident which, as it is strikingly illustrative of the importance of the subject under consideration, it is deemed proper to briefly relate.

Webster's father, a farmer of very limited means, succeeded in giving his son a collegiate course, but not without pecuniary embarrassment. Young Daniel fully determined to be a lawyer, and left the walls of his *Alma Mater* buoyed up with the hope of successfully

carrying out his project. Having taught school for a year, and having received the stipulated salary of three hundred and fifty dollars, he set out for Boston to devote himself to the study of law. "Soon after, the clerkship of the court of common Pleas of his native county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, became vacant. The emoluments of that office were about fifteen hundred dollars per annum. Some of his friends procured the appointment for young Webster. The information was first conveyed to his father, and he was requested to forward it to his son. Such was his respect for his father, that Mr. Webster would not send a reply in writing, but went, in person, to make known to him that he could not accept the position. "What! said the father when he found, from the son's conversation, that he was speaking against accepting the place, "what, do you intend to decline this office?"

"Most assuredly," replied the son when the question came direct, "I cannot think of doing otherwise."

The father at first seemed angry; then assuming the air of one who feels the pangs of disappointment in realizing long-cherished hopes, he said, "Well, my son, your mother always said that you would come to something or nothing; be a somebody or a nobody." The emphasis showed that he thought his son was about to become a *nobody*.

The reply of the son was;—"I intend, sir, to use my tongue in court, not my pen; to be an actor, and not a register of other men's actions." Nobly has that pledge been redeemed. The decision with Webster, as to his future course had been made. The ideal of that character which he desired to establish had been formed. And to the fixedness of purpose with which he adhered to it on that trying occasion, when the strongest inducements of parental entreaty and pecuniary gain were presented to divert him from it to his firmness of design, the world is indebted for that name and fame which are the pride and admiration of his countrymen, and that towering reputation which sends its light and effulgence to the remotest regions of civilization."

Reverting to the subject, the young Collegian must have not only a clear conception of his purpose but also a will and energy to carry it into execution. Energy, in its present acceptation, defines itself to be application, activity, zeal, untiring perseverance; in a word, all that tends to the success of that pursuit, whatever it be, that is undertaken. To heat a room it is not sufficient to procure a stove. Fuel must be put into the stove and be ignited. Nor is this sufficient. Other fuel must be added from time to time, otherwise the fire will die out and the desired effect will not be produced. A house without furniture is comparatively useless. A student proposes to commit to memory a certain poem: a first

reading gives him an idea of what he has undertaken; but how many times will he have to read it over before he knows it by heart! Would the "Transfiguration" have immortalized Raphael, had he stopped with the outlines? Had the Unionists given up in despair after the defeats of Bull Run, and Ball's Bluffs, the United States would not be a nation. Such is life. A project once undertaken, a successful issue depends for the most part on a steady, energetic, persevering push. "Motion is the law of living nature." An ocean steamer, with strength and capacity sufficient to carry the heaviest cargo across the stormy deep, is utterly useless without a motive power. In life, energy is the steam power, the motive principle. As in Physics, the momentum depends upon the quantity of matter and the velocity, so in the highest sphere of Ethics the extent of human accomplishment depends, not only on the amount of human endowment, but also on that of human exertion.

And as in nature, a small body moving with considerable force is capable of imparting a greater power than that produced by a larger body moving with less velocity; so it very often happens that a man of ordinary abilities and of much energy, does in the arena of distinction, far outstrip a man of many talents, who has not the will power, to use them to advantage.

T. K.

PERSONALS.

Rev. J. J. Bennett '72 remains Pastor of Braidwood, Ill.

Mr. A. C. Labrie '72 practices law in Frankfort Dakota, Ty.

Hon. Thomas Colfer '74 is a prominent Lawyer in Pontiac, Ill.

T. D. Ryan '79 is pursuing his Theological course in Troy Seminary.

Mr. T. L. Sullivan '79, is now a prominent business-man in Dixon, Ill.

F. D. Marcotte M. D. '76 is a successful Physician in Concordia, Kansas.

Mr. Jas. Walsh '80 is doing a fine Grocery business in Wilmington, Ill.

Mr. Jos. St. Louis '76 ranks among the most prosperous business men of Kankakee, Ill.

W. Schubert '76 is working with his brother J. J. in the Drug-store at Kankakee, Ill.

Mr. F. X. Hebert '81 of happy memory has a lucrative position in the first business-house of West de Pere, Wis.

Rev. Goulet '77, once known as the "College-detective" was lately promoted to Holy Orders in Cohoes, N. Y.

Mr. V. Bergeron M. D. '72, now located in Concordia Kan. is becoming very popular in the practice of medicine.

Mr. J. Libert '82, whose pleasing smile was wont to cheer us, continues his Ecclesiastical career in the grand Seminary of Montreal, Canada.

Among the list of business-men in the Bloomington directory we find the familiar name of John Condon '75 who has charge of a large meat market.

The many friends of James Curran '80, better known as "Judge," will be happy to hear that he still lives and is at present enjoying excellent health among the legal fraternity of San Francisco, Cal.

We are sorry to learn that our old friend P. J. Hickey '82 has been necessitated to give up his studies, for the time being, on account of sickness. He left St. Francis Seminary last week and is now at home in Evanston, Ill.

Those who once had the pleasure of listening to Daniel D. Danahy '79, thundering forth his political opinions, with full, orotund voice in the hall, will be sorry to hear that he has withdrawn from the political arena and taken the job of rail-road contractor, making his home in Aurora, Ill.

N. B. Those who receive the Journal, and know the address and occupation of any of the old students of the College, will confer a great favor by dropping us a card of information.

MUSICAL.

Manager Abbey of New York thinks of bringing the entire La Scala Orchestra from Milan.

Joseffy, a Hungarian by birth and the greatest piano virtuoso at the present time, will soon be in Boston.

Wagner, it appears, had composed his own funeral march which has just been discovered among his MSS.

A chorus of 600 voices is being organized in Denver Col., to assist the Theodore Thomas Orchestra in a series of concerts to be given there in June.

Remenyi the violinist who continues to delight large audiences throughout the country got off a good "bon mot" on Ingersoll not long ago. He asked the dauntless Bob in what they resembled each other. On Robert failing to see any points of resemblance, the Hungarian said: "Because I am de fiddle and you de infiddle."

F. N. P.

LOCALS.

I don't care!

Who took my bow?

Look out for the bicycle!

What are you going to be?

Have your hair sand-papered.

Who missed the step in the triple clog-dance?

On account of my left ear I can't hear a base bawl.

Rev. A. Mainville assisted at the Cathedral during Holy-week.

G. Well; I understand you won the grinning match.

M. Who said I grun?

A duel is spoken of. Weapons, tin pails; time and place, not decided.

Prof. J. P. Murphy colored eggs—with his friends in Chicago, last week.

Charley still maintains that a man on a large bicycle cannot make "less than a mile a minute."

Moses Roy says he does not want to remain in the office, if that's what the printer's boy is called.

The bicycles and roller-skates have caused the college-druggist to order an other invoice of Arnica.

Mr. McKenna is a very tasty artist, as may be seen from the work on the halls, which he has just finished.

Mrs. Child, a distinguished artist of Chicago, has promised to paint the picture of our former Director, Rev. T. Roy.

Gibbons thinks Prendergast and Kelly are "longer" for this world than he. Be consoled Tom: you have the "breadth of understanding."

Prof. T. Deveny took advantage of the leisure time during Easter, and recreated with his friends and relations in Aurora and Huntly Grove.

The members of Prof. Maher's Geometry-class measured the height of the church-steeple while the prof. was taking his vacation in Wilmington.

One of our really nice young men, in speaking to his friend said: "Bro. Bernard has one of the largest hogs I ever saw; present company excepted."

Last week we forgot to mention that our artist, Prof. T. Ouimet was ordained Subdeacon, by most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, on the 24th. of February.

The youth who tends to the illumination of the halls does very well; but would do much better and prevent many emphatic expressions, if he would place the benches and chairs where they belong. We speak from experience.

Our reporter called on the Rhetoricians at the close of the retreat; leaning against a column and putting on one of those enhancing smiles, he succeeded in learning the following: (which, of course, is strictly confidential) R. J. Sedlier will go on the stage; T. Gibbons will follow the carpenter-trade; P. C. Conway, tailoring, J. O'Callahan, Architecture; F. McAuliffe will perfect himself in the cure of balky horses; T. McKinrey becomes a weather prophet; P. Lesage, a dentist; E. Caron, a tonsorial artist, while J. Lamb, A. McGavick, W. Hart, C. Fay and Ed. Knierly will follow the legal profession.

Still we are receiving liberal donations from friends who are interested in the welfare and success of "The Journal." Since our last issue, those who have given material manifestations of a lively interest in our work, are viz: Rev. Jno. B. McKune of Leavenworth Cathedral, Ten Dollars, Rev. Jns. Cote, Pastor of the French Church in Chicago, Five Dollars, Rev. J. Waldron jr., Pastor of Pullman, Ill., Five Dollars, Rev. P. A. McGair, Pastor of Gilman, Ill., Five Dollars, and Rev. N. N. Gosselin of Ashland, Ky., Two Dollars and the promise of augmenting the amount as soon as convenient.

We are indeed grateful to the Rev. Gentlemen for their generous contributions; and for this and many other preceding favors, ask them to accept our sincerest thanks.

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