

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

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AFLOAT.

The North River before you,—the great bustling, whirling, surging New York world around you; the huge steamer lying peaceably by the wharf, indolently smoking from its huge pipe, seems to say to you and the crowd of men around: "Hurry up, little fellows—pile in your freight and provisions; and you, my merry *voyageurs* and *voyageuses*" (it's French boat, bound to Havre), "come right along; the more the merrier; no danger of going to the bottom. I'll carry you safe to *la belle France, la bas*, little ones,—so come right along,"—and the good-natured looking giant rolls a heavier, thicker and blacker cloud of smoke from his pipe, *bien culottée*; mountains of freight are hidden away down in the lower depths of the capacious monster; trunks are piled on deck mountain high—well no, but as high as a pretty good-sized hill—to be soon stowed away below. Anxious faces peer through the crowds, anxious mammas huddle up troops of young lads and lasses who are "all adrift" in the crowd, and are in a state of delightful bewilderment. Anxious papas look after that "hat-box," and make selection of the particular trunk or trunks he shall save from the lower depths to crowd into his cabin. Anxious looking servant keeps a sharp eye on the man whose

luggage he is carrying, and the man keeping a sharp eye on servant—one for his pay, the other for his luggage. Yes, and anxious parents bid good-by to pale-faced consumptives, who are seeking the mild climate of Italy or southern France, for health, and who may find only a grave. The bell rings, the lazy monster sends forth thin, white smoke, showing he is now well "warmed up" and ready to begin his trip.

"Good-by, mother."

"Good-by, my child; God bless you and bring you back safe to me."

White handkerchiefs are waved, kisses are wafted from boat to shore, from shore to boat, and the huge monster shakes as he nerves himself to put his iron muscles in motion. And so we are off.

"We! who's we?"

Why you, gentle reader; of course you're gentle, good-natured, sociable, talkative, chatty even. You and I are we.

[YOUNG LADY READER, IN A MAJOR KEY WITH SIX SHARPS *vivace con anima*].—"Ah, wouldn't that be nice?"

[YOUNG MAN READER, SAME KEY, WHO HAS HEARD THE CONTINENTALS].—"Oh, wouldn't we have a jolly time, jolly time?"

[TUTTI, IN UNISON, IN MINOR KEY, FIVE FLATS, *dolorose*].—"If, instead of only reading about it, we were really on the deck of that fine screw-steamer steaming down the glorious New York harbor, and bound for France!"

"Well, well, my young friends, perhaps some of these days you *will* make the trip. Who knows? But if you would, what would you make it for?"

[IRREPRESSIBLE YOUNG LADY].—"Make it for? Why, to see new places, beautiful landscapes, the nice *stores* in Paris, the drives, and Eugenie and the Prince Imperial, and the *boys* of Boulogne, and—" She stops for the sixtieth part of a second to take breath, when a—

[PRESUMPTUOUS BOY CUTS IN].—"Yes, and the

Musecums, and Mount Blanc, and the goats and the dogs of St. Bernard, and the avalanches, and the place in Paris where they keep all sorts of birds and snakes and monkeys,—and bears, too,—and hippopotomusses, rhianocerusses, and all kinds of beastusses!—Git out!—I know all about *them* *there* places!”

[GRAND CHORUS OF ALL, *vivacissime*.]—“And oh! it would be such fun going over the sea!”

[BOY, MUSICALLY AND POETICALLY INCLINED.]

“Oh, a trip on an ocean steamer,
Whether sidepaddle or a screw,
Provided she were a screamer
And bound to put it through!”

[Air,—“Life on the Ocean Wave.”]

[SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.]—“Ah, indeed, delightful would it be to skim o’er the deepy deep and view with raptured gaze the enchanting flight of the feathered sea moguls!”

[LITTLE BOY, CATCHING THE ENTHUSIASM WITH A QUICK START.]—“Yes, Sis’, and to hunt the eggs of Mother Carey’s chickens.”

[HISTORICAL YOUNG LADY, OR A GIRL OF OUR DAY, WHO HASTILY, THOUGH, AS IT PROVES, IMPERFECTLY, CALLS TO MIND SOME REMINISCENCES OF HER SCHOOL-DAY READING.]—“And how grand the thought that we would be following the example of Columbus Bonaparte, who, after crossing the Alps and subduing the Medes and Persians, laid aside the sword, and, like Cincinnatus passed the rest of his life in plowing the briny deep. For, in the figurative, exquisite language of the poet:

Columbus was a rolling wave,
That first crossed over the Atlantic brave.”

Oh, enthusiastic youth, with exuberant life, bright hopes and glorious anticipations, yearning for so much, yet pleased with the least little favor,—who that will never see thirty again, would not exchange his experience, his superior knowledge of the world, and all he has seen of life after twenty, for the inexperience, the innocence of boyhood!

With merry lads and some older ones—under twenty—I’ll make this voyage; older than twenty need n’t read this,—they don’t belong to Gideon’s band.

We sail down the bay, and are charmed by the easy going of the vessel, and, after looking at the beautiful scenery and the receding city, we go below and write a “last line” to friends at home, to be taken ashore when the pilot leaves us. We take supper with excellent appetite: the sea breeze is bracing and salty, but the big vessel is

not affected by the puny wavelets such a breeze can raise. We proudly walk the deck, imagining that we have our “sea legs” already, and begin to think that we are born sailors. No premonitory qualms of sea-sickness. Our stomach is as calm as our conscience, and, as we are all good Catholics, you may be sure we were at Holy Communion this morning, after having been to Confession in the Redemptorist Fathers’ church, or to Father Quinn, at St. Peter’s, Barclay Street, just near the Astor House, where we stopped during our short stay in New York. We walk the deck and make acquaintance with our fellow-travelers, slyly at first, for it is by no means laudable to receive everybody with open arms;—polite to all, and treated politely by all. We examine the countenances of the little world of men, women and children around us, pass our judgment interiorly on all, perhaps make some remarks, among ourselves, on the “funny” dress of this one, the extra fine patent-leather boots of a third, or at the out-and-out exquisiteness of a fourth—and so forth. We go down to our cabin; four bunks in ours—two on each side of the little room; two, one on each side, nearly on a level with the floor, and another above each of these. You say your prayers and turn in. Neat little curtains shut you in your bunk, and there you lie—with only a plank between you and eternity—as securely as if you were in your own mattress at home, for God protects you on the sea as on land, and the protection of our dear Mother Mary, “Star of the Sea,” encircles you on the broad ocean as on dry land. Sleep in peace!—the gentle noise of the waves outside lull you to slumber, and the regular shudder of the boat at every revolution of the screw, as the immense piston is moved backward and forward by the mighty steam, almost makes you imagine that that is what is meant by being “Rocked in the cradle of the deep.”

Wake up,—jump—quick! Prayers said,—here we are on deck. Weather still fine, but the waves run much higher. Ha! there’s a brave sight, my fellow-voyagers!—water all around—what a broad expanse! And what a splendid dome—look! azure blue, with here and there a snowy cloud; over head, darker ones to the west, and those gorgeously-tinted ones in the east where the sun is coming up. Here we are, the constant, moving center of this enormous dome, and thus it will be, day after day, until there, thousands of miles east, we shall meet with a foreign land and foreign manners. Always the same enormous dome, unless a storm comes on, and then light fleecy clouds become

charged with rain, and the fog arises from the sea; then the clouds will press down around us, the fog will inclose us in, and you must have a very short nose indeed, if then you can see the end of it.

But now the breeze blows stronger; the waves roll higher,—both steam and sail propel the vessel and “She walks along” grandly, leaning to our side so much that we find our “sea legs” of yesterday are not quite up to the exigencies of the occasion; and we ignominiously cling to ropes and to the side of the boat, as we make our way forward to the bow of the boat. Here we are at last, after having made various involuntary deflections from the direct line; and being thrown in a state of excessive wonderment because you have apparently lost control over your nether limbs, while your head tells you that the straight line of duty is to keep to the laborard, your disobedient legs carry you to starboard with bewildering velocity, and dump you suddenly and sternly on a coil of ropes, while your boots, as if rejoicing over their share in this rebellious victory over the head, rise aloft in air and display their brave souls triumphant to the smiling lookers-on.

You regain the proper position of man,—or as near the perpendicular as the inclined plane of the deck will allow; by dint of a firm determination of the will and compression of the muscles, you obtain half command over your traitorous members, and with steps that are a complicated complication of the waltz, polka, schottische and all the round dances including the German, you arrive at the bow of the boat.

Here we are! hold fast! and forgetting your mishap, forgetting every one around you, let your soul expand. Look down over the gunwale: the habitation of myriads of God’s creatures is below you. What wonders and mysteries lie hidden there! With all the boasted progress of physical science how little it can tell us. When we consider how *much* it can tell us, we certainly must admire the efforts of men devoted to it; but when we compare it to the store of knowledge it does lay before us with *hidden* things, even of this earth, we cannot fail to see how vain and silly and presumptuous are the pretensions of modern science, which claims, forsooth, that revealed religion must give way to it when a dogma of the Church of Christ is in *apparent* contradiction with real science, and in evident contradiction to some fine-spun theories based upon assumptions which, in their turn, have no foundation, but on half discoveries and imperfect investigations.

A big wave ahead of you gently falls as the boat approaches it, and rising again, before going the length of the ship, it lowers the bow. It seems as if you could almost touch the surface of the water; and then comes another big wave which seems as if it wanted to dash over the vessel and make a riddance of you and all on deck; but it puts its shoulder to the ship and hoists up the bow and you feel yourself high up in the air, and the horizon suddenly grows wider. If the wind increases to a severe gale these exaltations and depressions of the bow—these ups and downs—become higher and lower; and should a storm threaten, I advise you, as your guide and mentor, to leave that spot as expeditiously as possible. But with a moderate breeze you can remain and enjoy yourself as you can never enjoy yourself on land. The motion of skating is graceful, but the curves are all one plane. Riding a swift horse is exhilarating, but the motion, even of fast a racer, is in a straight line, or in insignificant curves also on one plane. Going forty-five miles an hour in a breakneck railroad car is exciting, especially when you know the train may tumble over an embankment, or fail in jumping over a creek sixty feet wide with the bridge washed away. The motion you have when you swing yourself standing erect on a high swing is delightful. But it becomes monotonous, and you soon feel too much like an animated pendulum. But the motion when you are at the bow—especially if you get out some distance on the bowsprit—unites the gracefulness, exhilaration, excitement and delightfulness of all these motions, together with the smoothness of an easy-going coach, and then multiplies them all an hundredfold. You speed ahead like in a railroad car; you veer to right and left, (or seem to do so) as when you skate, and while thus going forward you rise up and down as if you were in an enormously high swing. Sitting quietly thus, looking at sea and sky, the thought gradually grows on you: How little and contemptible is this big boat in comparison to the expanse which God spreads before me, and how insignificant do I appear clinging to a little spar of this boat, like a mosquito to a bed-post! But that train of thought is soon switched off the track, and the almighty power of God, His immensity, His goodness, His kind protecting providence, fill your soul, expand it, elevate it, elevate your entire being, and if you do not pray then, my good friend, if your heart does not pour out acts of adoration and love to our Heavenly

Father, it's because the noble heart God gave you and enriched with graces, has become, even at your tender age, contracted, narrow, centred in self so that no other thought than of your own petty self can creep into such a puny receptacle. But none of my young friends are like that; I wouldn't want any such along with me. Go up there alone, at least once a day, either early in the morning or in the dim twilight of evening, and offer up a prayer to God. A prayer of adoration, inspired by His works; a prayer of thanksgiving, for His blessings; yes, and a prayer for protection, and an act of contrition for your sins; for though there is but little danger from the water, yet you have a treacherous servant on board. That roaring, blustering slave below, that is now in subjection and carries you along so fast, may suddenly get the upper hand, and you may be roused at dead of night by that awful cry—most awful at sea—of Fire! Ah, yes! there is danger everywhere; consequently be prepared for death always. But with a pure conscience and brave heart, never give way to fear; for God is always with you! So now when you leave your place at the bow and go back to mingle in the crowd of friends, acquaintances and half-acquaintances, with the fear of God in your heart,—but no fear of danger,—add your quota to the general cheerfulness and good humor of the little world in which you must live for eight or nine days.

"Down to breakfast?" Certainly; that cup of coffee you took early in the morning before going out only helped the sea breeze to give you an appetite. "Steady, now, my boy!"—"Beg pardon, Madam, your trail is long enough for a sea-serpent."—"What a blessing hoops are out of fashion!" Now we're seated: "Coffee? to be sure!" All begin with good appetite and merry converse. "Secure your plate." "Hold your coffee-cup well up to the perpendicular." You are enjoying your meal, enjoying, too, the see-saw movement that one moment gives you a decidedly superior position to those on the other side of the table, and then quickly "turning the table" on you, lowers you down and makes you look humbly up to those you had just crowed over. Thus it keeps on until you finish one cup, when looking around, you perceive that several are making desperate efforts to get to the door. Suddenly your opposite neighbor turns a little pale; he will soon feel like kicking the bucket,—

he hastily retires from the scene. The captain and some "old salts," who have made the trip time and time again, smile audibly—and take another "ham and eggs" or a fresh piece of steak. You nudge your neighbor, and say "Poor fellow," meaning your vanished opposite neighbor, and begin to be a little jocular, when all at once the meat on your plate, that a moment ago was delicious, has a greasy, sickening flavor, the coffee is dish-watery, altogether the food on the table is disgusting, shocking! How can men, reasonable beings, swallow such a mess? you, too,

Trip the light fantastic toe
And mutter "Gracious" as you go,

being uncomfortably aware that there is some trouble in the interior, and, if unfortunately you go to your cabin instead of on deck, you will soon perceive that you have a tendency to take radical measures, and do the utmost in your power to turn yourself inside out. But, courage and patience; dieting, gruel and fresh air will soon make you well, and you will feel all the better for sea-sickness. If all the men in France had the same appetite that you will have when you sit down at the *table d'hôte* of the first hotel you can rush to, their would be a famine o'er the land in less than a week. And when you get well, after from three to forty-eight hours' wretchedness, what times you will have!—pleasant conversation, pleasant reading, pleasant meditation, all by yourself! you can't help withdrawing to some place—as I pointed out before—to meditated by yourself; or if you can help yourself, if you have no impulse to be alone at times and fill your mind with grand, sublime thoughts, you are more frivolous than I thought you. Then evening songs, music on deck, any amount of "strange stories" and "great expectations;" and this and more day after day, until, when you begin to tire of it—the novelty wearing away—the great expectations increase. Spy-glasses, opera-glasses, big telescopes, all in demand.

"Is that LAND, over there?"

No! only a cloud.

Vessels are seen oftener. Then there is the *fun* of looking at the man running up flags, and another man in one vessel looking through a glass at another man in the other vessel running up flags, too; pieces of boards and sea-weed float by, and you think of Columbus perhaps. Then a little cloud away off—immoveable—is pronounced to be land by an old sailor by your side; you make an act of human faith—and are glad

to do so,—you begin to dislike water for the time worse than the veriest toper. But, mind ye! after this trip, if you've enjoyed it, you will always like sea-voyages. Steamboating down the Mississippi or any other river will be dull for you; going up, doubly dull. Railroadng will have no attraction, unless the mild one of meeting strange people, or the somewhat more exciting one of having a chance of breaking your neck and making the Railroad Insurance Company pay \$1,000 for it.

Now you are in sight of land. I had intended to get you over sooner, and show you France and Italy, and come back by England, Scotland and Ireland, and even take a short excursion into Germany and Belgium, but it seems we embarked on a slow boat and I must leave you to get ashore as best you can. Perhaps I may pick you up next week—on land.

Meeting of the U. S. A.

The Regular *Soirée Scientifique* of the United Scientific Association, took place on the evening of the 24th inst.

The Head of the Department of Natural History delivered an instructive and elegant lecture on "The Necessity of Labor in the Pursuit of Science."

After the disposal of matters pertaining to Scientific Interests, the meeting adjourned.

By order of the director.

H M. D.

PRESENTATION—On Thursday, May 21st (Ascension Day), the members of the Notre Dame Cornet Band made a beautiful presentation to their respected leader, Prof. J. O'Neill, Mus. Doc.

His energy during the time the Band has been under his guidance, perfectly won the esteem of all who know him, and especially of the members of the Cornet Band, who owe to him directly the rapid advancement they have made in the charming Art of Music, and the happy time they have spent as members of this excellent Association.

No one can doubt, then, but that this testimonial was richly deserved, and although only the members of the Cornet Band made the offering visibly, yet virtually every student of the University co-operated in it.

A man's life is too long when he outlives his character and his health.

"My Bird has Flown."

The day waned softly o'er the grassy lawn,
And twilight shadows lent to shrub and flower
A varying beauty, as when breaking morn
First peeps into the neatly trellised bower,
And o'er its 'waking loveliness a shower
Of mellow brightness sheds, while shadows play
Fantastic capers, eagerly the hour
Improving, ere the full-blown rosy day
Disperse them by its brilliant, darkness piercing ray.

While nature thus displayed her artist skill
In varied touches on the twilight scene,
I sat enchanted by the joyous trill
Of a fair songstress, nature's warbling queen,
That occupied, in happiness serene,
A richly ornamented cage, whose bars
Were of the finest metals, though between,
At lengthened intervals, like scattered scars,
A rod of baser kind the general beauty mars.

Yet was my bird content and joyous still,
And deemed her cage a palace rich and rare,
And while her song my soul with bliss doth fill,
I sink to rest from day's annoying care;
My fancy roams through flowery regions fair,
And drinks the soothing draught of pleasure pure,
I covet not wealth's bright, yet scathing glare,
Nor heed ambition's sweet deceitful lure—
With present happiness I am content, secure.

But as I slept, and dreamed my dream of joy,
An enemy, with stealthy step and sly,
Entered, intent my comfort to destroy,
And teach my soul with bitterness to die.
He whispered to my songstress fair a lie—
He said her cage was but a gilded cell—
A prison, where in bondage she must sigh,
If she heard not the tale which he would tell,
And by escaping break the base enchanter's spell.

He said the golden bars were worthless lead
Gilded, to make them pleasing to the sight.
To prove the words his poisoned tongue had said,
He ran his filthy fingers,—schooled to blight,—
Along each bar, and blurred its lustre bright.
Thus foully stained, he pressed the bars aside,
And urged my songstress fair to freedom's flight.
Then through the bars, distorted harshly wide,
My bird from mis-called bondage and from me doth glide.

The morning broke; I listened for that song
Which never failed to greet the rising day;
I feared mishap, nor nursed conjecture long,
But rushed, to find my bird had flown away,
I knew not whither, but a sudden ray
Illumed my mind; the blurred, distorted bars
The hand of envy in this deed display.
This thought, with sense of loss, my spirit jars
And forced from their deep fount the bitter, scalding tears.

I wept, ah! bitterly, my songstress fled,
Yet blamed her not; how could I justly blame?
Still in my grief I could have wished me dead,
But then I asked: "Have others felt the same?"
Ah yes! such is our life; when virtues claim
Esteem, and friendship's words rejoice our ear,
The poisoned tongue of envy oft doth name
Our highest good deceit, a gilded snare,
And leaves us then to erring scorn an injured heir.

"ORNITHOPHILOS."

LOCAL:

Exploration Party of the U. S. A.

On Saturday, May 23d, the United Scientific Association undertook their first exploration, the region to which their attention was directed being the banks of the St. Joseph River, near the confluence of Cottin's Creek.

The meteorologist reported that the weather would be propitious. Although the clouds presented a threatening aspect, the Association, placing magnanimous confidence in their meteorologist, sallied forth in linen coats. Some of them, indeed, carried umbrellas, but, we presume, it was only to keep off the sun.

The Commissariat Staff came provided with a wagon containing a supply of *ta epitedeia* sufficient for the temperate habits of the Association. The place chosen for the encampment was an opening in the groves, an elevated and pleasant spot, which had evidently been once the location of a human habitation. Apple-trees still remained from what had been the orchard, and the closely-cropped green sward, and thickly spreading cedar bushes gave the whole a park-like appearance.

The company dispersed in search of specimens. The results of their exploration have not been yet all classified, but we give a few of the most striking.

The zöologist secured, at some personal risk, a specimen of the *Arvicola Austera*, but not until the incisors of the animal had inflicted a sanguinary wound on his digital extremities.

The ornithologists, armed with shot-guns, brought down brilliant specimens of the *Pyranga æstiva*, *Sialia sialis*, and others of the feathered tribe, whose red and blue plumage rivaled in brightness the contributions of the botanists.

The latter found a gorgeous field of research before them at every step. The woods were adorned with the white blossoms of the dogwood, resting like snow-flakes on the trees, while here and there a spray of red-bud blushed among the white and green. The waxy flowers of the May-apple were very plentiful, and a meadow near the encampment was gay with painted-cup, phlox and trillium. The wild geranium was just coming into bloom, and that rare and curious orchid, the lady's-slipper or moccasin-flower, was found in a secluded nook.

The ichthyologists unfortunately did not get a bite.

Serpents were scarce—a small *Nerodia* was captured.

Oölogy, however, was bountifully supplied. Reports have not yet been handed in.

The Entomologists were perhaps the most active of any of the gentlemen attached to the Department of Natural History. The liveliness and subtlety of the objects of their research stimulated them to unceasing watchfulness and care. One gentleman having secured a bug of unparalleled enormity, put it for safety into his *porte-monnaie*, and that again into his pocket, but before he could submit it to the inspection of the Head of his Department and have it classified, it had—alas!—escaped.

The Geologist observed remarkable alluvial deposits about the *embouchure* of Cottin's Creek, probably caused by the freshets this spring. He narrowly escaped being swallowed up by a quicksand in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Mineralogist reported on a specimen of rock which he said was *gneiss*. The Commissariat Staff thereupon claimed it as an addition to the lunch, but not finding it so "nice" as they anticipated, resolved to drop it.

The Association returned to the College loaded with their specimens, with which they intend to adorn the Museum.

Base-ball and Concerts.

A match game between the Star Club, of the Junior Department, and the Mutuals, of the Senior, took place on Monday, the 25th inst., and resulted in the complete triumph of our young friends.

We do not belong to either club, and consequently are not influenced to make statements injurious to either party, since the defeat of one or the victory of the other is a matter of indifference to us. Justice, however, demands that honor be given to whom honor is due, and in accordance with that principle we must say that the Juniors acquitted themselves nobly. Though inferior to their competitors in bodily strength, yet the Juniors possess more agility, and are better skilled in ball-playing than their older friends.

Thus passed the day of recreation among some of our friends in the invigorating sports of the field, while others were indulging in celestial harmony. This pastime, though pleasant and entertaining, savors of effeminacy and ill becomes young men of strong muscular frame. The strength that has been impaired by hard study stands in need of vigorous out-door exercise.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.—*Week ending May 22.*

J. McBride, P. W. Weaver, J. Harrison, C. Hertich, J. Edwards, H. B. Keeler, I. Buddeke, G. Haines.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Foote, J. Broderick, J. McGuire, F. Ingersoll, J. Flanigen, J. Wilson, J. Sutherland, A. Cable, J. Dooley, G. Fletcher, F. Kaiser.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

John Chandonai, A. Bader, George Lyons, Ernest Lyons, James Murphy, G. Gross.

Grand Annual Composition.

All the Classes are now giving their special attention to the compositions which are expected from them during the course of the two following weeks. From the highest to the lowest, the laudable ambition of doing oneself credit animates the student, and on one remains indifferent to the momentous question at stake: viz: keeping high the honor of the Class, and contending manfully, with or even without chance, for the prizes to be awarded in the competition for honors. The little Junior is on equal ground with his Senior brother; for, the relative merit of the composition, not the absolute excellence, will decide its right to the prize. In every Class, therefore, each student is called to compete and do his best. Let not the thought of not being able to do well in these circumstances, check or deter any one possessing good-will and energy.

We must declare that the professors have given us great expectations, and we readily believe that they will even be surpassed by the results themselves.

It must be well understood that these compositions will be safely preserved in bound volumes and left in the parlors of the University, and therefore we cannot too highly recommend to each student the necessity of displaying his good taste in the writing and arrangement of compositions.

With regard to the awarding of the prizes, the three courses taught in the University, viz: the Classical, the Scientific and the Commercial, and also the Preparatory course, will be equally retributed, each having their prizes. Of the nature of these prizes more anon.

A. LEMONNIER, S. S. C.,
Director of Studies.

CORRESPONDENCE.**SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.****TABLES OF HONOR.**

Senior Department.—Misses K. Livingston, K. Cunnea, Emma Longsdorf, C. Wolfe, B. Millington, Rosanna Mukautz, L. Bicknell, S. Benton, Nora Sherburn, H. and E. Thompson, A. Ewing.

Junior Department.—Misses M. Toberty, J. and M. Walker, T. Morse, Anna Clark, M. Sissons, A. Byrnes, Leonora Mills.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Miss Florence Alspaugh.

First Senior Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, Eunice Crouch, Anna Machin.

Second Senior Class.—Misses Anna Cunnea, A. Adams, Agnes Mulhall, F. North, C. Davenport, Virginia Brown, L. McManman, M. Walton, E. Conan, Christina Thompson, Teresa Stapleton, Martha Noel.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Lorena Rettig, A. Sissons, Josephine Greishop, K. Carpenter, Clara Foote, L. Commerford, K. Conor, Rose Joslin, Mary McColly, Leonena Leoni, Hattie Neil, M. Sherland, Amelia Boyles.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Mary Simms, Josephine Lonergan, Julia Gittings, M. Hally, Mary Oechtering, B. Moriarty, H. Croul, M. Coffee.

Second Intermediate Class.—Misses L. Jones, A. Woods, L. Neil, Anna Boyles.

First Junior Class.—Ida Furbish, C. North, E. Sanders.

Second Junior Class.—Miss Rosa Conall.

The Little Drop of Water and the Pearl.

Away up in the Catskill Mountains of Eastern New York, on the summit of the highest peak, was a little lake, clear as crystal, with no visible outlet and no visible inlet except the clouds of vapor that hovered over it. They, it is true, when too heavy to sustain their own weight, would shower down in pearly drops their refreshing burden, and this lake was the recipient.

For almost the entire year the mountain was covered with snow, but sometimes in the warm days of summer, when soft winds of the south blow through the murmuring pines, the genial sunshine steals from the little lake many of its liquid diamonds.

It happened one pleasant day that a sunbeam, with a good intention, took from its watery home one of those precious drops. Away through the murky atmosphere it was borne by the strong winds, over many a beautiful hill and pleasant valley. The little voyager scarcely knew herself, so changed was she. At first her buoyancy and brightness seemed to convey her onward without the least exertion on her part, but on approaching the snow-capped summits of the Adirondack, a heaviness oppressed her and she felt herself falling. Down through dark clouds, kissing adieu to the blue sky, wavering, suspended in mid air, she at last fell on the bosom of a green leaflet, growing upon its fostering stem beside a rill of the mountains. There, over white pebbles and dark green mosses, under cliffs and at the feet of sturdy pines, ran, in abundance, her own natural element.

Oh, how she longed to be back again mingling with those of her own kindred; but there she lay in the bright sunshine, liable at any moment to be carried off again.

It was not long before a courteous breeze blew across the domain of the leaf, and swept our little heroine into the place for which she so longed. With a joyous bound over rocks and earth, down the mountain side, carried with a rapidity that almost frightened her, courageous as she was, she at length reached the bed of the beautiful Hudson, and her surprising velocity ceased, while she had time to throw a passing glance over her novel surroundings. Hills, dales, mountains with white cascades and jutting rocks, villages and cities, were passed in turn, until the great metropolis of the Western Hemisphere was in sight. There, resting on the shining sand of the beach at Brooklyn, where she arrived just past twilight, the little traveler had an opportunity to behold, for the first time, that thronged and busy city. She saw majestic moving lights on the numberless noble steamers ploughing their course through the turbulent waters of New York Bay. The dark cloud that overhung the city served but to heighten the grandeur of the scene. Looking across the ferry, to the City of New York, she saw, like a dazzling wall of fire, the lofty buildings radiant with lamps of crimson green and gold, of azure purple and amber.

Here the Drummond light; there huge inscriptions printed in letters formed by gas jets, scintillating and flashing as if in triumph, and all this brilliancy was reflected in the waters of the river, forming another city in the mirror of

the waves. No wonder the wanderer from the mountains was bewildered by this magnificence.

The hum of machinery, carriages, and voices; the sight of such an immense collection of humanity in active occupation, with such a wonderful display of the works of art, made our little heroine experience a sense of troubled insignificance, quite unlike her once contented spirit.

The complaints murmured to a passing zephyr was so like the impatient words of some poverty-stricken but ambitious souls, of which our world is full, that I will translate them from her dialect: "Of what use, or what good am I? A mere speck in God's universe, unnoticed, uncared for; what purpose could have actuated the great Creator in bringing me into being? Nothing seems to be the better from the fact that I exist!"

How many, many useless complaints like this have been made, and will be made while we live in a world where all things are imperfect. They are useless complaints, because they are untrue. Nothing was made without some wise purpose. No, not even the little drop of water, for we will find that even she had her legitimate place to fill.

The next wave that increased the swelling tide, carried her to a new home in the blue waters of the broad Atlantic.

Weeks were passed in the ocean, until one day she was thrown upon the beach of a tropical island, where, much to her astonishment, a little oyster suddenly opened the door of his submarine dwelling, and not only invited and urged, but at last actually compelled her to enter. Several years succeeded, carrying with them numerous changes, and what was once a little drop of water, was transformed into a pure white pearl.

This pearl now decorates the diadem of an Asiatic princess. A pearl-diver in pursuing his ordinary avocation had one day chanced to secure the oyster who had so long imprisoned the little representative from the Catskill Mountains, and he discovered her as a pearl of great price. By its sale he brought peace and joy to his humble household. Who will dare to assert that while a diminutive drop of water can accomplish so much good, or that such a trifle can benefit mankind, that a creature endowed with an immortal soul can be of no service to his fellow-beings. Each heart is in possession of wealth not to be computed, and whether that wealth be brought out or not, depends in a great measure upon the possessor.

KATE LIVINGSTON.

St. Mary's, May 25th, 1868.