There probably is no character in history more honored and admired by men of all shades of political and religious faith than Sir Thomas More. Sir James Mackintosh compared him to Socrates. But the great lawyer’s comparison was hardly just, even setting aside the immense superiority which the true religion gave to the Christian philosophers. Socrates, in so far as his noble sentiments by positive act, wanted that pith of manhood which we admire in More. The pagan sacrificed his principles at the moment of death. The Christian died for them. The pagan was sustained by the presence of sympathizing friends who enabled him to bear with equanimity the dread ordeal to which injuries had subjected him. The Christian was calm and unconcerned even though the faces of enemies surrounded the scaffold, and friendship was diversely absent. The pagan died as an enlightened heathen. The Christian, as a champion of Jesus Christ. The pagan suffered for his own ideas. The Christian, for the revelations of God. The pagan died with the stoicism of the Indian. The Christian, with the unbending firmness of the martyr. The courage of Socrates was a victory of nature over pain. That of More was the triumph of grace over nature. Socrates was a proof of the divine origin of man and a natural answer to our modern philosophers who affect theories of pure reason in the expression of which they can convey nothing. More was an example of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and that supernatural process, by which we are made partakers, by similarity, not essence, of the divine nature. Socrates was a proof of the divine origin of man and a natural answer to our modern philosophers who affect theories of pure reason in the expression of which they can convey nothing. More was an example of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and that supernatural process, by which we are made partakers, by similarity, not essence, of the divine nature. Socrates was an example of the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and that supernatural process, by which we are made partakers, by similarity, not essence, of the divine nature.

The religion which enabled More to bear testimony for the faith however hissed him to betray the Faith and the teachers and rulers of Judea for their hypocrisy and crimes. It was inexpedient for St. John the Baptist to reproach Herod with his scandalous life. It was inexpedient for St. Peter to rise up and preach Jesus Christ whom his hearers had put to death as an impostor. It was inexpedient for St. Paul to face the refined corruption of Athens with the rude paganism of the Greeks. It was inexpedient for the confessors and martyrs to act with the liberty of the children of God in the presence of pagan despotism and cruelty. It was inexpedient for More to refuse obedience to Henry VIII, when such obedience would have been a mere rendering of the things of God to Caesar.

The fact is, wherever this question of expediency is introduced, there we may look not for the champions of a good cause—not for the heroes in the hour of trial. It was not for the graver from hence thrown over the shoulder of More, and in a thousand ways loved to testify his esteem for a man who was at once an honor to religion, the boast of science, and the most high-minded statesman of Europe. Nor was this consideration confined to the King. The English people loved More, while the boldest men of other nations considered themselves honored in his friendship. The great Emperors, whose vassals even in the presence of Providence. They are disposed to exaggerate difficulties, They can never take a step without fear of a pitfall. They are rich to exaggerate difficulties, even in the presence of Providence. They are like the Israelites whose unworthy fears filled even the Promised Land with “monsters, gorgons and chimeras dire.” They are a close to the wheel of true progress, and spend their lives in an absurd effort to reconcile God and the world.—Truth and Error.—Light and Darkness.

Of course there are times when expediency is necessary, but the trouble is, some men confused the natural with the supernatural in this respect. There can be no question of expediency or inexpediency when God speaks. In human matters, we may exercise our opinion as to such or such a question, but only considered the law and equity of the case. Compared with any of England’s Chancellors, he shines in the solitariness of a character which the most tempting allurements of a court could never subdue. His enemies, in their vain attempt to justify Henry in the eyes of posterity, strove to blacken him in every way but one. They dared not insinuate abject against his administration of his high trust. Calumny itself stood arrested against the incorruptible integrity of More. When he was going to his execution, he met the courtier, a woman—unnamed for him for a decision which he had given against her. He calmly replied that they were the case submitted to him at that solemn moment, he would pronounce a similar judgment. What he said of one case he might have said of all.

It is a mistake to suppose that vaccination is a modern invention. It was practiced on Negroes in the Augustan Age, as is evidenced by a line in the Second Elegy:

Alta ligna taurina; vaccina nigra legendum.
The Easter holidays at Roslyn lasted about ten days, and as most of the boys came from a distance, they usually spent them at school. Many of the ordinary rules were suspended during this time, and the boys were supplied every day with pocket money; consequently the Easter holidays passed very pleasantly, and there was plenty of fun.

One morning of the Easter holidays, Eric, Montagu, and Russell started for an excursion down the coast and back for dinner. In about ten minutes he overtook the other two, just as they were getting out of the town.

"When an age you've been buying a few Easter eggs," said Russell, laughing; "have you been waiting till the last laid?"

"No; they're not the only things I've got," said Eric pleasantly, and there was plenty of fun.

Eric didn't guess how much he was hurting Edwin's feelings, and he was smoking more to promote conversation, and Russell thought that he had never before seen his friend look so ridiculous, and entirely unlike himself, as he did while strutting along with the weed in his mouth. The fact was, Eric didn't know much he was hurting Edwin's feelings, and he was smoking more to make things look like the holidays, by a little bravado, than anything else. But suddenly he caught the expression of Russell's face, and instantly said:

"Oh, I forget; Edwin; I know you don't like smoking;" and he instantly flung the cigar over the hedge, being really rather glad to get rid of it. With the cigar, he seemed to have flung away the reproaches of his friends, and the devoted monster, who was usually more gay and popular than ever, and felt as if nothing were wanting to his happiness. But this brilliant prosperity was not good for him, and he felt continually that he cared far less for the reproaches of conscience than he had done in the hours of his trial; sought far less for help from God than he had done when he was lonely and neglected.

When he began to "learn" smoking, he found it a great time for excursions all over the island, and the boys would often be out the whole day long among the hills, or about the coast. Eric enjoyed the time particularly, and was in great request among his chums to fish with him. He was now more gay and popular than ever, and felt as if nothing were wanting to his happiness. But this brilliant prosperity was not good for him, and he felt continually that he cared far less for the reproaches of conscience than he had done in the hours of his trial; sought far less for help from God than he had done when he was lonely and neglected.

Eric always knew that his great safeguard was the affection of Russell. For Edwin's sake, and for shame at the thought of Edwin's disapproval, he abstained from many things into which he would otherwise have incalculably gilded in confirmation of the general looseness of the school morality. But Russell's influence worked on him powerfully, and tended to counteract a multitude of temptations.

Among other dangerous lessons Upton had taught Eric to smoke; and he was now one of those who often spent a part of their holidays in lurking about with pipes in their mouths at places where they were unlikely to be disturbed, instead of joining in some hearty and healthy game. When he began to "learn" smoking, he found it a great time for excursions all over the island, and the boys would often be out the whole day long among the hills, or about the coast. Eric enjoyed the time particularly, and was in great request among his chums to fish with him. He was now more gay and popular than ever, and felt as if nothing were wanting to his happiness. But this brilliant prosperity was not good for him, and he felt continually that he cared far less for the reproaches of conscience than he had done in the hours of his trial; sought far less for help from God than he had done when he was lonely and neglected.

Talking in this way they got to Rilby Head, where they found plenty to amuse them. There was a splendid headland, rising bluff four hundred feet out of the sea, and presenting magnificent reaches of rock scenery on all sides. The boys lay on the turf at the summit, and thong innumerable stones at the sea, each sail they saw from the shore. They caught the fisherman, whose boats heaved on the waves at the foot of the promontory. When they were rested, they visited a copper-mine by the side of the sea, and filled their pockets with bits of bright quartz or red shining spar, which they found in plenty among the rocks.

In the afternoon they strolled towards home, determining to stop a little at the Stack on their way. The Stack formed one of the extremities of Ellan Bay, and was a huge mass of isolated chert, accessible at low water, but entirely surrounded at high tide. It was a very favorite resort of Eric's as the coast all about it was bold and romantic; and he often went there with Russell on a Sunday evening to watch the long line of golden radiance slanting over the water from the horizon—sunset—a sight which they agreed to consider one of the most peaceful and mysteriously beautiful in nature.

The two boys didn't guess, and Eric said, to Rose:

"Well, will you have one?"

"Yes, sir," said Pietrie, putting his tail between his legs.

"And don't your parents disapprove it? And doesn't it throw you among some of the worst boys, and get you into great troubles? Silly child," he said, pulling Pietrie's ear (as he sometimes does, you know), 'don't talk nonsense; and remember next time you're caught, I shall have you punished.' So off went Pietrie, looking foolish, as our friend Homer says. And your humble servant was convinced.

"Well, well!" said Eric laughing, "I suppose you'll give me in. Two to one it ain't—Not even Hercules to two, since you're in a quoting humour.'
Immediately they scrambled, by the aid of hands and knees, down the Stack, and made their way for the belt of rock which joined it to the mainland; but to their horror, they at once saw that the tide had come in, and that a narrow gulf of sea already divided them from the shore.

"There's only one way for it," said Eric; "if we are plucky, we can jump that; but we mustn't wait till it gets worse. A good jump will take us nearly to the other side—for enough, at any rate, to let us loiter across somehow.

As fast as they could they hurried along down to the place where the momentarily increasing zone of water seemed as yet to be narrowest; and where the rocks on the other side lower than those on which they stood. Their situation was by no means pleasant. The wind had been rising more and more, and the waves dashed into this little channel with such violence, that to swim it would have been a most hazardous expedient, particularly as they could not dive from the ledge on which they stood, from their ignorance of the depth of water.

Eric's courage supported the other two. "There's no good thinking about it," said he, "jump we must; there's the matter. We can but be a little hurt at the worst. Here, I'll set the example."

He drew back a step or two, and sprang out with all his force. He was a practised and agile jumper, and to their great relief, he alighted near the water's edge, on the other side, where, after slipping once or twice on the wet and sea-weed covered rocks, he effected a safe landing, with no worse harm than a wetting up to the knees.

"Now then, you two," he shouted; "no time to lose."

"Will you jump first, Monty?" said Russell; "both of you are better jumpers than I, and to tell the truth, I'm rather afraid."

"Then I won't leave you," said Montagu; "we'll both stay here."

"And perhaps he'll drown or starve for our pails. No, Monty, you can clear it, I've no doubt of you."

"Can't we try to swim it together, Edwin?"

"Murder! look there!" And as he spoke, a huge furious wave swept down the entire length of the Stack, and sent him, reeling and swimming along till the whole water seethed, and tearing the sea-weeds from their roots in the rock.

"Now's your time," shouted Eric again. "What are you waiting for? For God's sake, jump before another wave comes."

"Monty, you must jump now," said Russell, "if only to help me, when I try."

Montagu went back as far as he could, which was only a few steps, and least wildly forward. He lighted into deep water, nearly up to his neck, and at first tripped in vain to secure a footing on the sharp slippery sand, but, having a couple of handkerchiefs tied about him, he soon got to his feet, and struggled on, and leaped, and turned, and was seized by the stream, which was tearing through the sea-weeds from their roots in the rock.

"Now's your time," shouted Eric again. "What are you waiting for? For God's sake, jump before another wave comes."

"Monty, you must jump now," said Russell, "if only to help me, when I try."

Montagu stood where he could, which was only a few steps, and least wildly forward. He lighted into deep water, nearly up to his neck, and at first tripped in vain to secure a footing on the sharp slippery sand, but, having a couple of handkerchiefs tied about him, he soon got to his feet, and struggled on, and leaped, and turned, and was seized by the stream, which was tearing through the sea-weeds from their roots in the rock.

"Now, Edwin," they both shouted, "it'll be too late in another minute. Jump for your life.

Russell stood on the rock pale and irresolute. Once or twice he prepared to spring, and stopped from fear at the critical instant. In truth, the leap was now most formidable; to clear it was hopeless; and the fury of the rock-tornorous waves rendered the attempt to save himself on the other side terrible to contemplate. Once in the grasp of one of those billows, even a strong man must have been carried out of the narrow channel, and hurled against the towering sweep of waves beyond."

"Oh, Edwin, Edwin—dear Edwin—do jump!" cried Eric with passion--like excitement. "We will rush for it now."

Russell now seemed to have determined on running the risk; he stepped back, ran to the edge, missed his footing, and, with a sharp cry of pain, fell heavily forward into the water. For an instant Eric and Montagu stood breathless—but the next instant, they saw Russell's head emerge, and then another wave foaming majestically by, made them run backwards for their lives, and hid him from their view. As the storm passed, they saw him clinging with both hands, in the desperate instinct of self-preservation, to a projecting bit of rock, by the aid of which he gradually dragged the faint words, "I can't, my legs are hurt."

Besides, they both saw that a jump was no longer possible; the channel was now more than double the width which it had been when Eric leaped, and from the rapid ascent of the rocks on both sides, it was now far out of depth.

"Oh, God, what can we do?" said Montagu; "you will die if you spend the night on that rock."

They could not catch the reply, and called again. The wind and waves were both rising fast, and it was only by listening intently, that they caught the faint words, "I can't, my legs are hurt."

Montagu had sunk back on the rock. "Now, you two," he shouted; "I'll get back to you somehow. If I fall, I'll sink; let him know."

Again the wind carried away the reply, and Russell had sunk back on the rock.

"Monty," said Montagu; "just watch for a minute or two. When I have got across, run to Edwin as hard as you can, and tell them that we are cut off by the tide on the Stack. They'll bring round the life-boat. It's our only chance."

What are you going to do?" asked Montagu, terrified. "Why, Eric, it's death to attempt swimming that. Good heavens! He had drawn Eric back hastily, as another vast swell of water came rolling along, shaking its white curled mane, like a sea-monster bent on destruction.

"Monty, it's no use," said Eric, hastily tearing off his jacket and waistcoat; "I'm not going to let him suffer in consequence. Make all haste, and bring round the life-boat. It's our only chance."

"Oh no, sir," said Montagu, pleadingly; "do take me with you."

"Very well; but you must change first, or you may suffer in consequence. Make all haste, and bring round the life-boat. It's our only chance."

It was pitch dark, and only one or two stars were seen at intervals struggling through the ragged masses of cloud. The wind howled in stifl gusts, and as their road led by the sea-side, Montagu shuddered to hear how rough and turbulent the sea was, even on the sands. He stumbled once or twice, and then the Doctor kindly drew his trembling arm through his own, and made him describe the whole occurrence, while the servant stood on in front with the lantern. When Montagu told how Eric had braved the danger of reaching his friend at the risk of his life, Dr. Rowlands' admiration was unbounded.

"Moble boy," he exclaimed, with enthusiasm; "I shall find it hard to believe when I read of any evil of him after this."
It is with sincere sorrow we hear of the death of one of our students who left some time ago on account of his fast failing health. Robert Finley died in Pans, Illinois, last October, at the residence of his uncle, with whom he was staying. The students of the college will greatly regret their loss by the death of one whose qualities of mind and heart had endeared him to them all. We think he was a member of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association.

The Rev. Vice-President writes us:

"I have received the sad intelligence of the death of a good friend and exemplary student, Mr. R. Finley, of Pans, Illinois, who died on the 17th ult. Mr. Finley had been ailing for some time with diabetes. He sought in vain to regain his strength wasted by this terrible disease, but could not succeed, and his case being aggravated by exposure in rainy weather, he died after a short struggle of a few hours."

"All the numerous friends of Mr. Finley will be grieved by this sad news. They all remember his fine qualities and excellent dispositions toward all. In the classroom, he showed himself a hard working student, and his rapid progress testified an excellent mind. He received his Diploma last June, in the Commercial department and was well established for business life. His demeanor as a student was always that of a perfect gentleman, and in his relations with his fellow-students he showed himself a kind and amiable companion. Often as we sit in the class-room upon the lawn, we think of Mr. Finley, the reliable stable car of the "Pinta," the champion of the lake. We will miss him in our societies and clubs. However, we must bow to the hand that struck him, and say our heartfelt prayers for the repose of his soul."

We heard for a second time the shrill tones of the "Trumpet" some days ago. The tone was excellent; we would say an improvement on the tone heard the first, were not the companionship, and if it would not appear that we were finding fault with its predecessor. We are not finding fault with anybody or anything. Quite the reverse; on the contrary. The tone was excellent, as we have already said, and most charming; and even though it condescended to blow a sharp note at the Schola- stic, for taking the present for the future, the general effect of the performance was melodious, wholesome and harmonious. We do not wish the graduate to lack grammatical precision, yet we do hope that their present and future may both be so present that they will be able to prefer one to the other, but, as in the case for which they blame the Schola stic they may refer to either one of the other with perfect security, and with no fear of being criticized unless by those—when we sometimes do find—who are rather hypercritically disposed.

The description of a First Communion, an editor's article, was written, and listened to with profound silence. As the lighter articles—jokes and poetry, the onbits and little hits—were read, the silence was broken by pleasant laughter and the smiles that lit up their countenances showed how highly all the young ladies appreciated the efforts of St. Mary's graduates to please them. The "Trumpet" is a decided success.

The "young man" has taken the hint we gave him two weeks ago. He credits not only the author of a poem that was printed in his paper, but also the paper from which he took it. This is as it should be. But it was a cruel joke on the part of the Editors, whom we hold in high respect, to give the "young man" all the available editorial space of the paper to show irritation at our charitably calling him to a sense of his duty. It had been better for him had he stuck to his scissors and paste-pot. He put his foot in it, when he left them for the pen.

We cannot take upon ourselves to inform the "young man" every time "he writes or copies anything sensible or comic off," as he haughtily requests us to do. But we can say here, once for all, that he will have our standing condemnation if he displays as much good will in observing the canonical rules of "clipping," as the Editors display zeal and talent in writing their excellent editorials. We have taken much pleasure in reading the editorials of the "Vindictor" and the Star, even before they formed a conjunction; and we sincerely hope that our little hint will but give zest to our interchange, and that the "Vindictor" and Star may soon count its subscribers by the thousand and maintain, as it ever has done, the true interests of education and religion.

SIXSON BLITZ came and went without our knowing anything about it. From all we can learn of his other performances this was the most wonderful trick which the illustrious prestidigitator performed while here. A friend who saw his performance says: "Blitz, the conjurer, was at the College on last Friday afternoon and gave an exhibition of his skill in Washington Hall. Some say that before they formed a conjunction, "he turned his tricks up; all were pleased with his performance."

The Bulletins will be sent home next week.

"American Elocutionist" is used in the first reading classes by 80 students. The work is quite popular.

"Very Rev. Father Sonn" is about to leave for New Orleans, on a visit to the establishments of the Order in Louisiana and Texas.

There are nearly 80 students attending the book-keeping classes of Prof. L. G. Tong. Good progress is reported from that quarter.

A SEVERAL snow last week announced the premature arrival of winter. Saturday night brought on a thaw which did away with the snow. Snow again on the 8th.

"St. Cecilia's Day," a very pretty Cantata, published by O. Ditson of Boston, has been received by the Professor of Vocal Music and will be rendered at the Mason Concert.

The Appy Concert Troop was expected to give a concert at the College last Tuesday, but the arrangements made previously, prevented those excellent artists from appearing in our midst.

The various College classes, from the reports of the Professors are progressing very favorably. Students are more interested in their studies, and better disposed to earn their work the fourth month of the session than during the first months, and were it not that the Christmas holidays will interfere to some extent with this present state of affairs, the whole season would show a highly gratifying success. We hope, however, that the holidays will not interfere more than necessary with the studies.

Mr. Paul Bracken of St. Louis, an ex-postulant of Ozero, was at the College this week. Mr. Rockwell is a fair specimen of the knightly spirit which breathed in the old crusaders—self-sacrifice, and ready to uphold all that is good and righteous. When the villainous thieves who occupy Rome to-day have met their fate, the Zenoves of the olden time will once more flock to the standard of the Holy See. It is Mr. Bracken's intention to rejion his regiment as soon as the order is issued.

Dancing classes is attended by some 70 students. Although this is a very fair number of terpsichoreans, still, many more students ought to
join these classes. Dancing considered from a salutary point of view, may have its use, but as a polite and refined accomplishment it is the very thing for students. It is never to late to acquire good manners or to improve those we have already, and the lessons in dancing given by the teacher here have a wider scope than the meaning of the word dancing would import. They cannot fail to improve those who attend them.

Notices of Publications.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR, published monthly.

In the many exchanges we welcome to our sanctuary is the Catholic Expositor, a monthly published in the East Indies and kindly sent to us by the Editor, Mr. G. P. Savidumyamgum Pillai, B.A., B.L., of the Madras High Court Bar.

It is in pamphlet form, and contains twenty pages, ten or twelve of which are printed in English, the remaining pages in the Tamil language.

The Expositor is devoted to the vindication of the Catholic doctrine, for in India as in the United States there are papers that systematically misrepresent the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and attribute to Catholics doctrines and practices which Catholics abhor more than do the calumniators of their tenets. The Expositor sets forth the true doctrine of the Church, and takes up by one by one the tracts and newspaper articles in which misrepresentations and false statements are found, and calmly but forcibly shows wherein they misrepresent and bear false testimony against the Church of Christ. The Editor's legal training contributes not a little to the cool and irresistible logic of his pen, as he takes up, examines, cross-examines and refutes the falsehoods of the anti-Catholic missionaries, and with it the most perfect good humor. We have no doubt of his succeeding in his laudable undertaking.

The American Elocutionist.

Mrs. Butler & Co., the well known publishers who have issued many excellent school books,—among other Mitchell's series of Geographies—have done full justice to Professor Lyons' book in the manner they have prepared it for the public. Many good judges have already expressed a favorable opinion of the book, and from the letters containing their favorable opinions we select the following from Professor Howard:

PROFESSOR LYONS—Dear Sir: I have taken particular pleasure in examining your new book, "The American Elocutionist," from which we were led to hope for any good which we had expected. It is plain, in matter, type, paper and binding, the most excellent and elegant of "speakers" and "readers," and I congratulate you on the production of a book which deserves the very first success.

The splendid introduction is what we have expected from the combined literary tact and musical and dramatic powers of its eloquent author, Rev. M. B. Brown. It is questionable whether, in the same compass, there is elsewhere a more complete treatise on the subject of elocution and voice culture.

In the selection of pieces for rhetorical reading and declamation, it seems to me that you have been most judicious,—eclipseness, and truth, humor and wisdom being very excellently adapted on every page.

But the theme of The Recognition should alone win popularity for your book. Excellent itself in itself a work of art, it is especially adapted for exhibitions where male characters only are represented. Even in reading classes this play must prove an admirable means of exercising a character's personality, for the characters are sufficiently numerous to give one to each member of a very large class. Your scenes from Shakspere and the numerous dialogues are also well suited for this exercise.

I must say that one of the finest things in the book is the debate, by the lamented Gardner Jones. Here our young men may find an example of what a debate should be,—intelligent, brilliant, adroit, humorous and truthful, but, more than all, manly and courteous.

R. E. HOWARD,
Professor of English Literature.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPT.


JUNIOR DEPT.


Nov. 17, 1871.

D. A. C., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Honorable Mentions.

CLASSICAL COURSE.


Second Year—P. White, D. Hogan.

First Year—W. J. Clarke, F. Chamberlain, C. Dgos, G. Gansche, J. Walsh, H. Hayes, D. Maivoney.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Fourth Year—N. Mitchell, T. O'Mahony.

Second Year—D. Dunand, F. O’Connell.

First Year—F. J. Leffingwell, J. McFingan.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.


PREPARATORY COURSE.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Fourth Class—J. O'Mears, C. Walsh, E. Cleary.

Our Choristers.

We read with pleasure, in a previous number of the Scholastic, an interesting article on our Acolytes, and we thought at once that something similar should be written about our choristers, who, although made a little less than the angels, have, however, many claims to their companionship.

Our choristers, indeed, may claim the glorious Archangel Michael for their patron and model, for St. Michael is the angel of sacrifice, as is also the Archangel Gabriel, who stands on the right side of the altar of the Incense. But our chorists may claim for their model the burning Seraphim, those great choristers of heaven, who cry out one to another, without ceasing: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of Hosts!" All the moral qualities,needed, required, in the choir are no less necessary for the Chorister.

Now, as with the Acolytes, we might wish to see a greater number of our students swelling the ranks of our Choristers. We know personally some good students, gifted with excellent voices, and we wonder that they do not join the choir. It is true that some are prejudiced against the style of music used in our choir; but they should know better, and understand that a chant consecrated in the Church by so many centuries, and in the hands of those holy men, is the best for their voices, and that in singing a chant they are not singing Chaos, but the One and Only, which should be sung before the Pope himself, by the Apostolic choir.

And we think that this chant is heavy and hard on the lungs is without foundation. If, at times, it seems so, it is because the music is not executed as it ought to be, viz., slowly, with measures, and with expression, because the voices are not sung as in the Church, but as an expression of the one's voice, is not singing. The simple but beautiful melodies of the ecclesiastical chant are ignored, because they are not appreciatively expressed. We must do justice, however, to our Choristers, and declare here that they have improved much, and promise to give ere long full satisfaction. They must frequently frequent, and listen to the lessons of their able director, Prof. Delome.

We hope to hear soon the beautiful "Alma" of Palestine, and a Teatricus "Areta" of his which is sung every year before the Pope on Corpus Christi, and we hope that on the 5th of December our choir will give us the beautiful music of Canada in full —that is, including the Credo.

In the next number we intend to write a few lines on Palestine and his music.

A. G.

St. Gregory's Society.

EDITORS SCHOLASTIC: Owing to the large addition of new members to our Society, and the amount of practice necessary to familiarize them with our kind of chant, we have, until last Sunday evening, unable to hold a parliamentary meeting, all our attention being devoted to the practice of our song.

On the evening of the 26th the Society met in
the room of the Rev. A. Granger, and proceeded at once to the election of officers, the above-mentioned Rev. gentleman in the chair. The election resulted as follows:-- Rev. A. Granger—President. M. Carr—Vice-President. J. W. Nash—Recording Secretary. P. Flanagan—Corresponding Secretary. J. McGil—Treasurer. A. W. Flitton—Librarian.

The election and rules are being remodelled, and will be put to the vote at the next meeting. The St. Gregory Society can look to the past with pride, and, judging from its present state of prosperity, to the future with high hopes.

Cor. Sec.

St. Aloysius' Philatelic Association.

The eighth regular meeting of the above named Society was called to order on the evening of the 28th of November. The minutes being read and adopted, the Society proceeded to choose a Treasurer and a Corresponding Secretary, these offices having been vacated by the resignation of the gentlemen previously filling them. The result of the election was:—Treasurer, J. L. Godfrey; Corresponding Secretary, T. A. Ireland.

The discussion of the question of this evening—Resolved,—"That the Pulpit affords a wider field for eloquence than the Bar," could not but be highly interesting to the Society, on account of the tact and ability displayed by the contesting parties.

Mr. M. J. Moriarty, the first speaker on the affirmative, introduced the subject, and brought forward good arguments to prove his position.

Mr. Moriarty was followed by Mr. D. Maloney, who, in defence of the negative, offered a few but effective remarks.

T. A. Ireland filled the place of second speaker on the affirmative. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in closing the debate for the negative, occupied the floor for a considerable time, interesting his audience by an admirable train of reasoning, manifesting his experience as a very important character, one of the primary features of which was the election of Professor J. J. Lyons as an honorary member, the house was treated to an elegant production from the pen of Mr. T. O'Mahoney, in the form of a criticism on the faults and merits of those who participated in the exercise of a previous evening. The same gentleman read an essay on "Ambition." He was followed by the other essayists of the evening, namely, Mr. Mitchell, who, gave us in a glowing style "Reminiscences of a Truant evening," Mr. McElroy, who displayed his aptitude for story-telling in The necessity of being clean, and Mr. Keeley, "The Students' Walls," the three former evincing in no slight degree the literary attainments of the writers.

On the evening of the 28th inst., the Association was entertained by the discussion of the question:

Resolved, That the burning of Chicago was a National benefit.

A very novel question, and treated in a very novel manner. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Hogan and Murphy, while the maintenance of the negative depended upon Mr. McGahan, his colleague being absent. Yet though Mr. McGahan was alone, he nevertheless carried the question. Not that his opponents did not make a fine display of arguments,—for they did,—but because his were irresistible.

Messrs. Nash and Smart have shown their wise appreciation of the excellence of the Association by their making application to be enrolled as members, and they were elected at the above meeting.

Thus it is, Mr. Editor, that our Association is pursuing its onward course, and surely approaching that degree of perfection which the laudable cultivation of science, literature and eloquence is so well calculated to secure.

M. KEELEY, Cor. Sec.

[Translated from the German.]

The Death of Abel.

PART II.

[CONTINUED.]

"Not long after the joyful day of reconciliation, as I was walking home in the bright evening sun, after my day's work had been finished, to recite my weary lines in our hot in the company of Eve, I found her sitting at the spring, weak and tired, with you, my first-born in her arms. She wept tears of joy upon you, and then smilingly looking up to me exclaimed:—"Welcome father of the human race! the Lord has assisted me in my trouble, and I have brought forth this son whom I called Cain." I also wept tears of joy and gently took you into my arms. "Welcome thou, mother of the human race!" I said, "the Lord be praised! welcome Cain thou first born of woman! the Lord has mercifully looked down upon thee till this hour; all the days of thy life shall be dedicated to His praise. Mayest thou bloom like the young flower in spring time. May thy life be a sweet perfume to the Lord!"

"Oh Lord, graciously look down from heaven upon thy weak creature and bless his newly budding life! How sweet will it be to me to instruct the tender soul in the wonders of Thy mercy. Early and late I shall acclam the young lips to lip Thy praise!"

"Yes, thou mother of the human race; thus shall thou name spring around the earth in the morning, as the sun rises from morn, but as often as spring returned, young shoots sprouted lovingly around it, and now it has become a fragrant little grove, spread out far and wide. Thus shall our children multiply upon this hill. We shall behold from this hill their peacock plumes scattered far and wide over the plain. If death do not take us away too soon from their midst, we shall see them gather into their huts like industrious bees, joining their united help, food and comfort and all the sweets of this life."

"Then we shall see from the top of this hill a thousand domestic altars sending up smoke, and the sacrificial smoke will surround our hill with sacred clouds; and when the feast of reconciliation arrives, when the fire of heavens descends upon the first holy altar, then shall they assemble upon this hill, and we advancing from their midst shall sacrifice while they kneel around us in a large circle."

"Thus Cain, I spoke in joyful ecstasy and kissed with great delight your cheeks. Then your mother received you again into her arms, and I assisted her to rise from the flowers and carried you to the hot close by. Strength and vivacity soon came to your limbs, and joy and smiles beamed from your eyes. You were already able to skip among the flowers with your tender foot, and your little lips already began to utter words when Eve gave birth to Methala. Joyfully did you dance around the new born babe and kiss her, and throw newly plucked flowers over to her. Then Eve gave birth to you, Abel, and to you, Thirza. Oh how joy overpowered us when we watched your youthful sports and your innocent joys, and your young souls as they were trying their nascent powers which finally grew up fully developed. Then we carefully guarded you and directed your thoughts heavenward and instilled into you thoughts of virtue. For while you were yet children I saw that the one born of sinners needed as much care and attention at the earth cursed by God; only amid watchful care did the faculty for noble inclinations develop itself; and now you have grown up like fruitful trees from young plants. Praise be the Lord who performed so many wonders of his mercy in our regard! Let tender love and pure virtue never depart from your being, for the kingdom of heaven will always remain within your huts." Adam was silent; all had quietly listened to the father; the different scenes of the recital had made various impressions upon them; often tears came to their cheeks, often palesness, often joy and smiles. Now they all began to thank their father for the favor. Cain also thanked him, but he, had neither wept nor smiled.

PART III.

The company broke up; and Abel before leaving the grove tenderly embraced his brother once more. They now separated, each pair going, in the beautiful moon light, to their respective huts.

On the way Abel said to Thirza:—"What joy penetrates my soul! My brother is no longer angry with me but loves me! Oh how the tears which course down his cheeks to-day, delighted me! for your eyes do not reflect the tears as those tears refreshed my heart. The raging storm in his soul has ceased, and peace and joy have returned to us. Thou, oh God, with infinite mercy dost look with favor on this earth, and it alone inhabited this large earth, command this fury to be for ever at rest in his soul.

Thirza replied:—"Gentle rain does not thus refresh the parched fields; refining spring, after the first..."
long dreary winter has not thus enpampered them who wandered alone upon this earth, as the tears of our brother’s returning love have delighted me.

Oh blessed hour! Youth and gladness restored again to us the presence of our paramour and delight flow through every heart. Oh blessed hour! nature appears more beautiful to me, and thy light oh, silent moon, appears brighter.” Thus did the gien vest to her joy.

In the mean time Cain accompanied by Melaha also weended his way towards his hut; she looked tenderly up to him, pressed his hand to her lips and said: “Dearst! how solemn and earnest you look. Cannot the peace restored to your heart pour joy into your eyes and smooth the wrinkles of your brow? I know full well that your manly sense has always moderated every joy and cherished it in your heart. But oh! what joy and ecstasy smiled upon every cheek and boomed from every eye, when you, dearest, embraced your brother with tender affection; then, the Eternal from His high throne above blessed you; then, also did the angels hovering around us weep tears of joy.” Cain replied: “Your excessive joy offends me; you offend me. Does it not seem to me if we were saying to me ‘Cain has amended his life; before, he had been a wicked, vicious man, a hater of his brother? I was not so very wicked and.... edited the least in my hatred my brother because I do not always pursue him with my tears, with my embraces? No, I did not hate him, I have never listed him; but his effeminate unmanly demeanor by touching my soul from my every affection, that... that has offended me! and ... Melaha! this ear­nestness does not wrinkle my brow to no purpose. "

Unwisely has our father always acted, when he wished in the building as it then stood. Michael Angelo was given full authority to change whatever he wished in the building as it then stood. Michael the Pope commenced a building on plans of Bernardino and formed the plan for it as it now exists. The nave was finished in 1613, the facade in 1626. Under Alexander VH, 1607, Bernini finished the Colon­nade. The building of St. Peter’s from foundation in 1450 until its dedication, occupied one hundred

and seventy-five years; and if we include the work done under Pius VI, three and a half centuries past, it has been completed during which time forty-three Popes reigned and died.

The DIMENSIONS OF THE CHURCH are as follows: Length of the exterior, 737 feet; length of transept, 500 feet; height of nave, 190 feet; width of the great nave, 89 feet; of side aisles, 51 feet; the pillars that support the dome are of immense proportion: the cupola is 208 feet in inte­rior diameter, and 193 feet in exterior diameter. A stairway leads to the roof broad and easy enough to allow a loaded horse to stand. The VOLUME of St. Peter’s is 233 feet long. The height under the arch of the great nave is 131 feet. Upon four enormous pillars runs a great frieze, on which is carved the inscription:

[TO BE CONTINUED]
SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, November 23, 1871.

TABLE OF HONOR—DR. DEP'T.


HONORABLE MENTION—DR. DEP'T.


First German Class—Misses J. Hogue, M. Dillon, E. Rollins, K. Miller.

Second German Class—Misses V. Ball, R. Wile, J. Milla, N. Hogue.

TABLE OF HONOR—MR. DEP'T.


HONORABLE MENTION—MR. DEP'T.

Second Senior Class—Misses M. Kearney, L. Welt, A. Chacka, N. Gross.

Third Senior Class—Misses M. Quin, J. Kearney, C. Davis.

First Preparatory Class—Miss Mary Walker.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses L. Tinsley, A. Byrne.


Third Preparatory Class—Misses B. Schmith, L. Buchalar.

A new invention for boring has recently been tried at the quarries about the New York Central Park, consisting of a set of grains of spars thrown from a small pipe in a continuous stream, and driven by a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch. Three cubic inches of marble, or ten cubic inches of soft sandstone, are bored out in one minute, while at a higher pressure a hole can be made through a quarter of an inch of hard steel.

The Bermuda Islands are four hundred in number, yet measure but twenty-five miles in length, and three in breadth.