By the bold Band with drums and cymbals loud
We've leapt at once the spring days' chilly time.
How soon we glide to summer's balmy prime!
But how— ?"

"There! that's enough, boy
Accepts the record. This the cause you'll And ."

His poisonous fangs are all innocuous made.
Where strophes mixed with anlistrophes blend,
Don't ask so many questions." So she said;
Of music's charms." "Oh! yes; I've read all that;
Records its approbation, and the mind
A titillation, either strong or weak.
"Study anatomy, and then be wioc ;
Such transports, that, to other instincts dead—
Forgets his subtlety and lists to song;
But Icivcs him
horse dc combat
on the plain at last.
They leave the eat a strophe at the end.
And back to ever-bright Parnassus fled.
Or present, the sensorium at last
With other titillations lately past
They give themselves entirely up, nor earo
In man, and man's worst enemy, the snake.
Tell then, 0 Muse, the bidden powers that wake,
That thrills ray feline heart." If not expressed.
But when some sweet orchestral air is played,
Have we not seen the hound in terror cowed
But lower animals as well the fascination Und.
Some caterwaul thy plaintive strains suggest,
For the prince of bitter winds is with us still.

Eric and Wildney were flogged and confined to
gates for a time instead of being expelled, and they
both bore the punishment in a manly and penitent
way and set themselves with all their might to repair
the injury which their characters had received.
Eric, especially, seemed to be devoting himself
with every energy to regain, if possible, his long-
lost position, and by the altered complexion of his
earlier sins. And he carried Wildney with him,
influencing others of his late companions in a
greater or less degree. It was not Eric's nature
to do things by halves, and it became obvious to all
that his exertions to abandon his old temptations
were strenuous and unavailing. He could no
longer hope for the school distinctions, which
he would have lain so easily within his reach, for the
longer hope for the school distinctions, which
all that his exertions to abandon his old temptations
had achieved. Eric no longer headed
the school society. Cheerfulness and unanimity
began to prevail once more at Roslyn, and Eric
had the intense happiness of seeing how much
good lay still within his power.

So the Easter holidays commenced with promise, and
the few first days glided away in innocent en-
joyments. Eric was now reconciled again to
Owen and Dunan, and, therefore, had a wider
circle of companions more in accordance with his
higher nature than the narrow circle of his late
associates.

"What do you say to a boat excursion to-mor-
or?" asked Dunan, as they clattered together
one evening.
I won't go without leave," said Eric; "I should
only get caught, and get into another mess.
Besides, I feel myself pledged now to strict obedi-
ence."

"Ay, you're quite right. We'll get leave easQy
enough though, provided we agree to take Jim the
boatman with us; so I vote we make up a party.
"By the bye, I forgot; I'm engaged to "Wildney
to-morrow."

"Never mind. Bring him with you, and Gra-
ham too, if you like."

"Most gladly," said Eric, really pleased; for he
saw by this that Dunan observed the improve-
ments in his old friends, and was falling in with the
endeavor to make all the boys really cordial
to each other, and destroy all traces of the late
factions.

"Do you mind my bringing Montagu?"

"Not at all. Why should it?" answered Eric,
with a slight blush. Montagu and he had never
been formally reconciled, nor had they, as yet,
spoken to each other. Indeed, Dunan had pur-
purposely planned the excursion to give them an op-
portunity of becoming friends once more, by being
thrown together. He knew well that they both
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portunity of becoming friends once more, by being
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were not aware of their general course.
Feeling that the day would pass off very unpleasantly if any feeling of restraint remained between him and Montagu, Eric, by a strong effort, determined to "mike up with him" before starting, and went ashore with that purpose after breakfast. Directly he came in, Montagu jumped up and welcomed him cordially, and when, without any allusion to the past, the two shook hands with all warmth, and looked the old proud look into each other's face, they felt once more that their former affection was unimpaired, and that in heart they were real and loving friends. Most keenly did they both enjoy the renewed intercourse, and they found endless subjects to talk about on their way to Starhaven, where the others were already assembled when they came.

With Jim's assistance they shoved a boat into the water, and sprang into it in the highest spirits. As just as they were pushing off they saw Wright and Vernon running down to the shore towards them, and they waited to see what they wanted.

"Couldn't you take us with you?" asked Vernon, breathless with his run.

"I'm afraid not, Verny," said Montagu; "the boat won't hold more than six, will it, Jim?"

"No, sir, not safely."

"Never mind, you shall have my place, Verny," said Eric, as he saw his brother's disappointed look.

"Then Wright shall take mine," said Wildney.

"O, dear, no," said Wright, "we wouldn't turn you out for the world. Vernon and I will take an immense walk down the coast instead, and will meet you here as we come back."

"Well, good-bye, then; off we go;" and with light hearts the boatmen and the pedestrians parted.

Eric, Graham, Duncan, and Montagu, took the first turn at the cars, while Wildney steered. Guidance was Wildney's rather crooked steering, gave plenty of opportunity for chaff, and they were full of fun, as the oar-blades splashed and sparkled in the waves. Then they made Jim sing them some of his old sailor-songs as they enjoyed the luxury of the vernal air. It was one of the sunniest of days, and the calm sea-breeze, the gentle rays of the sun, all warmth, and looked the old proud look into each other's face, they felt once more that their former affection was unimpaired, and that in heart they were real and loving friends. Most keenly did they both enjoy the renewed intercourse, and they found endless subjects to talk about on their way to Starhaven, where the others were already assembled when they came.

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"O do let me look," said Eric.

"No! stop, stop, Eric; you'd better not, I think; you mustn't; you'd better not—but it looked—yes, you really mustn't, Eric," he cried, and, as if accidentally, he let the telescope fall into the water, and they saw it sink down among the seaweed at the bottom.  Eric looked at him reproachfully. What's the sense of that? Monty! you let it drop on purpose."

"O never mind; I'll get Wildney another. I really don't understand why you should fancy the same as I did, for 'tis must be fancy. O don't let us put in there—at least not all of us."

"What was that thing in the water—?"

When Wright and Vernon left the others, they walked along the coast, following the direction of the boat, and agreed to amuse themselves in collecting eggs. They were very successful, and caused great delight, and also much pleasure.

So they whiled away the morning, and when the eggs was over, Vernon took a great stone and threw it for amusement over the cliff's edge. It thundered over the side, bounding down till it reached the strand, and a large black cormorant, startled by the reverberating echoes, rose up suddenly, and flapped its way with protruded neck to a rock on the further side of the little bay.

"I bet you that animal's got a nest somewhere near here," said Vernon eagerly. "Come, let's have a look for it; a cormorant's egg would be a jolly addition to our collection."

They got up, and looking down the face of the cliff, saw, some eight feet below them, a projection of the cliff several yards wide, the base of this projecting mass was covered by scattered pieces of stick clearly showed the existence of a rude nest. They could not, however, see whether it contained eggs or not.

"I just bet that nest, it's too small to have eggs in it," said Vernon, "and I can get it at easy enough."

He immediately began to descend towards the spot where the nest was built, but he found it clearer and more remote than he expected.

"Hallo," he said, "this is a failure. I must climb up again to reconnoitre if there isn't a better dodge for getting at it."

He reached the top, and, looking down, saw a plan of reaching the ledge which promised more hope of success.

"Will you better give us it, Vernon," said Wright, "I'm sure it's harder than we fancied. I couldn't manage it, I know."

"O no, Wright, never say die. Look; if I get down more toward the right the way's plain enough, and I shall have reached the nest in no time."

Again he descended, in a different direction, but again he failed. The nest could only be seen from the top, and he lost the proper route.

"You must keep more to the right."

"I know," answered Vernon; "but, bother taking it, I can't manage it, now I'm so far down. I must do it in the morning."

"Do give it up, Verny, there's a good fellow. You can't reach it, and really it's dangerous."

"O no, not a bit of it. My head's very steady. As soon as I see a ledge, I'll give up; I've only to get at the tree, and then I shall be able to reach the nest from it quite easily."

"Well, do take care, that's a dear fellow."

"Never fear," said Vernon, who was already commencing his third descent.

This time he got to the tree, and placed his foot on a part of the root, while with his hands he clung on to a clump of heather. "Fahra!" he cried, "it's got two eggs in it, Wright; and he stretched downwards to take them. Just as he was doing so, he heard the root on which his feet rested give a great crack, and with a violent start he made a spring for one of the lower branches. The motion caused his whole weight to rest for an instant on his arms—unable to sustain the wrench, the heather gave way, and with a wild shriek he fell headlong down the surface of the cliff. With a wild shriek—but silence followed it.

"Verny! Verny!" shouted the terrified voice from the bottom of the precipice. "O Verny for Heav'ns sake speak."

There was no answer, and leaning over, Wright saw the young man stretched out on the stones.
three hundred feet below. For some minutes he was horror-struck beyond expression, and made wild attempts to descend the cliff and reach him. But he soon gave up the attempt in despair. There was then nothing for it but to wait in the school that the boat had once been accomplished by an adventurous and active boy, but Wright, at any rate, found it hopeless for himself. The only other way to reach the glee was by a circuitous route which led to the entrance of the narrow gorge, along the sides of which it was possible to make way with difficulty down the bank of the river to the place where it met the sea. But this would have taken him an hour and a half, and was far from easy when the river was swollen with high tide. Nor was there any house within some distance at which provisions could be procured, and Wright, in a tumult of conflicting emotions, determined to wait where he was, on the chance of seeing the boat as it returned from St. Catherine's Head. It was strong enough to move; ruddy the boy's light weight, and in a few moments more would have tossed it up and down with every careless wave among the boughs of the glee. And then it was that Wright perceived his sparkling eye of golden splashes and crimson streaks upon the white stone on which his hand had fallen, and washed away the poor, red devil of grief as quickly as the April sunlits the blue of heaven around which his fingers were closed in the grasp of death, and played softly with his fair hair as it rose and fell and floated on the undulation of the wide green sea. A man would have hung, with the lowest murmur of the musical laughter, and blushed and dimmed the vivid splashes and crimson streaks upon the white stone on which his hand had fallen, and washed away the poor, red devil of grief as quickly as the April sunlits the blue of heaven.
The debate between the Pulhemcrs and St. Ed's did not come off on Tuesday evening. It fell through.

Rev. Father Joseph Dwyer, C. P. S., has been appointed by the Holy See to the bishopric of Fort Wayne.

The Museum is gradually becoming enriched with specimens donated by friends of the University. Prof. A. A. Griffith presented lately some valuable minerals.

Our monthly specimen from the Penmanship Classes were, as a whole, very good. The best will be noted in the Honorable Mention for Penmanship, in next number.

Last ice had quite a long lease of our lakes this year. Some think that skating is played out, and would prefer good fishing with hook and line. Others would rather ply the oars and have a good time.

We hope that the Junior Orchestra, which performed so creditably at our last Exhibition, will continue to improve until it may be the rival of the University Orchestra, which will soon be in full glory again.

The "Gospel" is a neat, inexpensive periodical, ably edited by the pupils of the First Senior Class. The second number, which we had the pleasure of reading, is full of fine, fanciful as well as forcible pieces. To both the "Trumpet" and "Gospel" we wish prosperity and success.

Mr. George Foyles, an old inmate of Notre Dame, and one of the best representatives of the Manual Labor School, who for some years has been a resident of South Bend, met a cruel death, Tuesday, the 5th inst., near the depot in South Bend. His foot caught in a "frog," and before he could extricate it he was run over by a train. He lived but a short time, and was attended in his last moments by Rev. Father Spillard, S.S.C., Pastor of St. Patrick's Church.

The health of the inmates of Notre Dame has been, and is still, excellent, notwithstanding the severe weather this winter. The few cases of bad colds, which brought Students now and then to the Infirmary, were the result of improvidence, and yielded promptly to good nursing. As soon as the weather moderates and gentle spring invites the Students to outdoor exercises, the healthy will grow healthier and the weak will become vigorous andget good instruction.

The Drawing Classes are quite largely attended this year, and reflect credit on their teacher, Bro, Albert, S.S.C. If all our young Students knew the importance of that branch of studies they would soon join some of the Drawing Classes. Builders, manufacturers, mechanics, architects, carpenters, joiners, moulders, masons, and many others, are absolutely in need of good instruction in drawing.

Those who do not intend to follow any trade might very profitably study Landscape or Academic Drawing.

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families, "firms;"

mind that in those days the commercial spirit was hard, which the writer afterwards

and that

remains me that he owes me a letter.

Our Article on Politeness, by Our Polite Correspondent.

The next up the two pages. In this article is displayed Sir Walter Scott's delicate and dedi­
cated appreciation of true politeness, joined with hard common sense, which the writer afterwards

fully being in this in his on Politeness.

"Travelling in the South" is a very interesting paper describing a trip from New Orleans to

near him. P. H. Can any of the Old Boys tell me who P. H. is? I have in vain rescued my

no less—of Illinois, and I place them to his credit.

Duties we owe to our parents as are expressed in

the article designated, and which he now, doubt­

though Michael is now settled down as a

juxtaposition of Character," by C; "Works of

Hers, by C;

"The Duties we owe to our Parents," by M. F.; "Description of a Storm," by J. H. S.; "Promenadetism," by P. F. Still up the other pages, except those taken up by locals.

I cannot call to mind the names represented by

the initials appended to these articles. Such is

Perhaps some of the Students of ’01, into which

some or all. I cannot imagine who C—is or was.

I, think, stands for Wm., and that particular

William, or either Shakesp. or Soloan, M. F.

words, Michael Pfurcmrung may, or may not, have

though Michael is no. settled down as a poter fameli, we doubt whether eleven years ago he

had such decided and well-fixed ideas on the duties

we owe to our parents as are expressed in

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less, impresses on the little Michael who calls him

"Pa." If Michael is still a bachelor, I beseech

him to pardon me for ranking him among the

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P. S. are initials that are familiar to me, having

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H. S. are the full initials—so more, no less—of Ill. and I place them to his credit.

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His method is good. In sixteen chapters he

sends: Dom. It bene psallse laudantes Romea. Pius Pp. IX.

words only to inform you that

his Holiness himself, who, with his own hands,

condescended to write the desired words of encour­
gagement, as will be seen in the following lines:

Rooster, February 6, 1872.

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had such decided and well-fixed ideas on the duties

we owe to our parents as are expressed in

the article designated, and which he now, doubt­

less, impresses on the little Michael who calls him

"Pa." If Michael is still a bachelor, I beseech

him to pardon me for ranking him among the

Beneficent J. H. S. are the full initials—so more,
however, could be executed with advantage by four good voices only. And it is our conviction that sixteen voices will easily express the beauty of Pat­
catchy incidents in their melodious phraseology.

But, we cannot say it too often, the voices must
well exercised by frequent practice and rehear­
sals. We therefore expect to have on Easter a fair presentation of the labor and devotion of our
Choir.

A. G.

St. Alycus’s Philo­demic Association.

The evening of the 27th inst. was made extreme­
ly interesting to the Society by the able manner in
which the contending parties discussed the ques­
tion:

"Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be Aboli­
shed."

As first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. B. E. Gumboe occupied the floor for a considerable time,
but by no means urged its heels. He brought forward some excellent arguments in favor of the side of the question which he had espoused, evincing to the society that it had good
reason to rejoice in again numbering him as one of its
members.

The first speaker on the negative being absent, Mr. Carr volunteered to fill the place of that gen­
tleman, and in his usual happy style, showed arguments and conclusions seemingly irresistible to be fallacious and erroneous.

The other speakers, Messrs. Wernert and Wing,
respectively defending the affirmative and nega­
tive, gave proof of the zeal with which they had studied and prepared the question at issue.

After the debates of the evening had retired from the floor, the Critic addressed the Society with a few remarks, which, no doubt, will have the desired effect, as the members of the Philo­
demic Association were so disposed to listen to him who is
likely to benefit them and promote their improve­
ment.

The President, having considered the several arguments brought forward by the contending
parties, expressed the difficulty which he experi­
enced in deciding the question, as the arguments
on either side were strong, but finally gave the preference to the negative, as the gentlemen on that side had refuted the principal arguments advanced by their opponents.

On account of an unusual amount of miscellane­
ous business, it was not until the wretchedman, by his heavy rap at the door, repeatedly put us in mind that the ever-welcome Mr. Morpheus was impa­
tient awaiting our advent, that we adjourned, well pleased with the transactions of the evening.

T. A. IRELAND, Cor. Sec.

St. Cecilia Philomathian Association.

The twenty-fourth regular meeting took place
February 28th, at which there was election of
officers for this season. They are as follows:

Director—Rev. A. lemonnier, S.S.C.
Judge of the Moot Court—F. C. Bigelow, S.S.C.
President—J. A. Lyons, A. M.
Director of the Drama—Prof A. J. Staen, A. M.
Vice-President—Chas. Dodge.
Honorary Vice-President—D. J. Wile.
Vice-President of the Dramatic Branch—Chas.
Berdel.
Vice-President of the Philo-Historic Branch—
Mark Fote.
Vice-President of the Orphic Branch—J. Rumerly.
Clerk of the Moot Court—C. Hutchings.
Secretary—S. Dumm.
Corresponding Secretary—D. Hogan.
Treasurer—P. B. Bylow.
Librarian—J. McOsker.
Assistant Librarian—J. Hogan.

Monitor—M. Mahoney.
Assistant Monitor—J. McHugh.
Censors—B. Roberts, E. Shan, F. Egam and W. T.
Dodge.
Marshal—P. Cooney.
Sergeant-at-Arms—J. Annts.

This over, the regular exercises commenced, a
report of which we write for you in our next. The Society numbers forty members.

Denes Hogan, Cor. Sec.

Mr. Editor: Will you please inform a new
sub­scriber if the "Afflicted Reader" is a sub­
scriber to the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC? The
depth of his affliction will excite sympathy among
a large community of friends.

Yours respectfully,
HERALDUS.

A PUZZLE.

A reward has been offered in Paris to whoever
will make the following diagram with one stroke
of the pencil or pen. The thing can be done, as
has been proved to satisfaction:

The Philodemics feel it to be their painful
duty to pile up the weight of their just indigna­
tion on the shoulders of the "Afflicted Reader," on reading whose article the Correspond­


ing Secretary broke out into a profuse per­

sonation and resigned his office. It is true that
after much smothing down and the promise of a
new paper color, he was induced to come back,
and did not till the most interesting (and this week's
poems were particularly interesting) part of the
performances were over; he could therefore fur­
nish no report. Now, this kind of thing is played
out. We cannot conceive any circumstances un­
dar which any reader (with the single exception
of the proof-reader) of the NOTRE DAME SCHOL­
ASTIC would be justified in prefixing the epithet
"Afflicted" to his style and title. If he doesn't
like to read it, can't he let it alone?

Don't.

The question of Latin and Greek pronunciation
is a very vexed one, and the researches of the
learned are only making it worse. As for the
"Continental system," there is no such system in
existence, as may be easily shown by proposing
such a word as "ingentem" to representatives of
the various European nations, when the Italian
and the Englishman will be found to pronounce it
both nearly alike, while the Frenchman's pronun­
ciation will disgrace the word so thoroughly as to
render it unrecognizable by anybody else. But
regarding the quantity of Latin words there is no
dispute of any consequence among good Latin
scholars. Here all agree in theory, but alas! in
practice many of the accents which we constantly
hear on the lips of those who ought to know bet­
ter than we do, are evidently wrong.

"Maria" being a name introduced into the Latin
through the Greek, is an exception to the first rule
of prosody, having the "i" long, under the com­
taxation of prosody, having the "i" long, under the com­

and consequently

"myth" about our Secretary and his book. If
you never heard any report from him, it is not
his fault, for he blows hard enough—we charita­
bly suppose that your acoustic organisation is
somewhat in disorder.

Now, besides our Society, we enjoy the luxury
of a President and Vice-President—all alive; for
the leader. one who leads us right on. We are
willing to bet, Mr. Editor, that there is not another
Society in the University which can boast of
possessing a leader. In addition to all this, we
have a great many nice things—a Treasury, for in­
stance—you know what that is, and one appointed
to take care of the contents thereof; whom we call
a Treasurer. We'll wager a box of cigars that
you would like to know what is in the treasury—
so would we; our Treasurer knows.

We rejoice further in the acquisition of two Censors, indi­
viduals who take charge of sense, good common
sense. N. B.—There is always a good supply on
hand and in our caputs. N. B. No. 2.—Any per­
or in want of this useful article, for we never
suffer by any comparison with us, for we never
suffer any honor too great for a Roman lady) even a
"Maria" is addressed, we will not deny to the
various sexes throughout the world, for
in particular, that our Society is still alive.

In the first place we are a "thing" of the present; besides this well-established fact, if you need no
proof, we exist also on the roll of our Secretary's
book, for we are not ashamed to indulge in such a
publication. As a Secretary, and to our surprise,
has the audacity to indulge in the luxury of a book
bought and paid for. So you say we are a "myth" about our Secretary and his book. If
you never heard any report from him, it is not
his fault, for he blows hard enough—we charita­
bly suppose that your acoustic organisation is
somewhat in disorder.

Now, besides our Society, we enjoy the luxury
of a President and Vice-President—all alive. We
number about twenty-eight pieces. As far back
as you can go, no President has been insinuated
into the executive, as may be easily shown by
proposing such a word as "ingentem" to representa­
tives of the various European nations, when the
Italian and the Englishman will be found to
pronounce it both nearly alike, while the Frenchman's
pronunciation will disgrace the word so thoroughly as to
render it unrecognizable by anybody else. But
regarding the quantity of Latin words there is no
dispute of any consequence among good Latin
scholars. Here all agree in theory, but alas! in
practice many of the accents which we constantly
hear on the lips of those who ought to know bet­
ter than we do, are evidently wrong.

"Maria" being a name introduced into the Latin
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of prosody, having the "i" long, under the com­
taxation of prosody, having the "i" long, under the com­

and consequently
as we can remember, they used to take us, not eat, and place us at the head before all the other Societies which afterwards came into the old colony times. We were to march to the "bottoms" (what became of them, Mr. Editor?) or slightrided to Niles, or railroaded to Elkhart, and we never gave up the lead. We were to set the pace of society, and every inquisitive chap might remark: "That's all very true; it used to be thus in the good old colony times, but now, tenta- maser et al., etc., or "tempus fuga," etc.) "Those time-honored customs, such as "homing," slightriding, railroadering, are a 'thing' of the past, but where are you now?" Well, my friends, we are now in a state of expectation, patiently waiting for something to turn up; let but the signal be given and it will still find us at the head of all the other Societies. (Scene—Chap showing heels.)

They know all that we have said and done, we are too humble to claim to be the pride of Notre Dame. No, Mr. Editor, we are not proud—not we. We are of a modest and retiring disposition. When we are obliged to appear in public, we invariably seek to take the lowest and most retired place. Witness Washington Hall. You know we used to be sown away in the garbage behind the audience. Here some inquisitive nobody could see us. There we were happy. Lately, when the fate compelled us to appear in front of the audience, we became so mortified at the mere sight of the platform that we would be driven to cut a big hole in the floor and to lower us somewhat, then we caused a huge fence to be put up to screen us, and we were again made happy in the church, where we can go and do our prating, but let us blow. It is our exclusive privilege with each and every one, desirous only of our exclusive privilege, to blow us to atoms, but will likewise have the right to blow. We have done "blowing" for the past, but where are you now?" "Well, my friend, we are now in a state of expectation, patiently waiting for something to turn up; let but the signal be given and it will still find us at the head of all the other Societies. (Scene—Chap showing heels.)

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beyond his time. It is to be hoped that Spring and genial, gentle Spring is too kind and modest to assert her rights, but lets the old monarch reign recreation there is no inter­ference with graver ions, not that they may become ball-room de­

easy, modest self-possession in their movements, other's pleasant songs and merry twitterings. The exhilarating exercise afforded by danc­

ing is not that they may acquire that habitual,

The daily routine of devotions, duties, rest and

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