

"Moral Training," in the Notre Dame *Scholastic* is a very sensible article. We also enjoyed "The Ride to Shoshone Falls." An exchange column would be a grand improvement to that paper.

✧ Faults. ✧

"Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections."—*Larater*.

"Every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbor's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own."—*Shakespeare*.

"Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them."—*Johnson*.

✧ Resignation. ✧

"It seems such a woful waste
Of precious talent and time,
To be lying here day after day,
Just in my life's best prime.—
With such a weight on my breast,
And such a mist in my brain,
That I little or nothing know
Save that living is only pain,—
When I might be doing some work,
Or saying some helpful word,
To hasten Thy kingdom on—
But thou knowest best, O Lord !

Thy purpose will not fail
Because of my idleness,—
The stars in their courses fight
For the cause which thou dost bless,—
The angels move at thy word
Swifter than light of sun,—
And the patient soul works best
When it prays, 'Thy will be done.'
It may be that never again
I shall march, with the plough or the
sword ;
It may be— No matter. Amen ;
For thou knowest best, O Lord !"

"It is not the thing we do, Dear
But the thing that is left undone
That gives a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun."

✧ A Miracle. ✧

BY M. F. BUTTS.

It was a miracle. My scanty store,
So scorned by my desire, became enough.
My shadowed path was on a sudden flushed
With sunrise. In the searching light I saw
That I was blessed who thought myself
accursed.

My blinded eyes became like eagles' eyes,
And on far heights celestial things descried.
Mine ears thrilled sensitive to harmony,
That erst were deaf And yet more mar-
velous.

My heart, that shuts its gates upon the world,
And starved within its fortress, roofed and
walled,
Now joyed in dew from heaven. And its
fruits,

So fostered from above, were free to all.
How can I but believe in miracles ?

✧ Trust. ✧

"I trust thee, O Father ; thy word cannot fail ;
But storms are about me ; the night-winds
prevail ;
I'm alone in the darkness ;—oh, lead to the
way
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the
day !

"I sure must find harbor ; or may it not be
The tempest shall drive to a safe open sea,—
The winds proving friendly to pilot the way—
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the
day ?

"Black clouds are above me ! O God, what a
sight
The lightnings reveal in their flash of clear
light !
Rocks all around me ! Oh, where is the way ?
Right here I'll cast anchor, and wait for the
day.

"I trust in God's word, in his love, in his
might ;
He sees in the darkness as well as the light.
Not a rock in the sea but he knows its lay ;
I'm anchored in safety, and wait for the
day."

"Faith is likened to an anchor because of
its holding power."