

of the University; and moreover the gratefulness of the pupils for the many moral lessons given by him. In reply, the retiring Rector thanked the students for their good wishes, and said that his work here had been greatly lessened by the hearty cooperation of the Faculty and teachers. In conclusion, he said, that in the future, as in the past he would always be the friend of the students, and promised to treasure their tokens with care. Three hearty cheers were then given for Father Emery, and the gathering dispersed.

An Ingenuous Undergrad.

(The trio mentioned in these letters came here in September, 1904, from New York. They were chums. Thomas Barton, James Wagner, and Willie Hughes. Their general appearance was dignity and innocence combined, but, I thought I detected a mischievous gleam in the eyes of all three. My suspicions proved to be well founded, for, in a couple of weeks, the prefects were heart broken with the tricks that were being daily played. They knew, and, in fact, all the student body knew that the trio was at the bottom of all, but, though the tricks were kept up all year until they became almost unnumberable, the offences could never be brought home to the three mischief makers.

"Foxy," the writer of these letters, was the brains of the trio. He was the greatest schemer for his age, that it has ever been my fortune to see. He could circumvent the college rules with the ease of an O'Connell. It did not take the student body long to recognize his abilities, and he was immediately dubbed "Foxy." "Spider," derived his name from his climbing abilities. There was nothing ever made in the shape of a wall, or a fence, or a pole, that "Spider" couldn't climb. One had but to see Hughes to know why he was called "Angel," for he had a face like one of Fra Angelo's cherubs. When he was plotting mischief, his face took on even a deeper air of holiness. I had marked this characteristic so carefully, that I often astonished him when he had on a more sanctimonious air than usual, by whispering mysteriously into his ear, "Don't do it, Angel."

I was apparently the only one whom Foxy would trust, and he made me his legal adviser. Many a night I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks as the two, seated in my room, told me of the last trick they had played. I am afraid I most villainously abused their confidence by advising them not to return this year. I felt lonesome for Foxy, however, and made him promise to write me every month. With apologies for the slang he uses.—[Ed.]

Dear Father,

You see I am keeping my promise about writing you every month even though you did call me "The Prince of the Terrible