

January,

THURSDAY, 39.

I felt very sleepy this morning, but had to get up with the other boys. Today is our weekly recreation day, and it proved to be most weakly to me (pardon reader this most unsuccessful attempt at a joke). Most of the morning I was writing my speech, which I finished about three or four in the afternoon. At ten or eleven o'clock in the morning I received a long letter from papa. It is the first one I have received in 1873. I am glad to see papa has begun as well as he usually writes very short letters, seldom if ever reaching the middle of the second page. I believed I answered the letter "de mon pere" during the hours of <sup>between</sup> three and six p.m. In the evening I received a long letter from Bayard Brasher. It was five pages and a half of business paper. An excellent letter, well written, and filled with interesting news. In the course of the letter he says that Mary and he went to the concert of the Amateur Philharmonic on Sunday the 8th inst. I went out walking with Mrs. the seminarian to day. Went as far as the village, had a very nice walk. The wind was very ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> but, as I had on my overcoat, I over-looked its boogish freaks. I retired to bed somewhere near nine o'clock, and slept soundly, as far as I can remember. About half past nine, Mike came up with a candle, and as its blaze was thrown in my eyes, we quarrelled.

FRIDAY, 10

Woke up and got up (after the prefect had come to my bed for the third time). The hour before topic class, or in other words at a quarter of nine, I brought my speech up to Father James, and read it ~~for~~ <sup>to</sup> him. It was too long, so I left it with him to be reduced. In the afternoon the boys got permission to go out sleigh riding. As I had no desire to have my ears or frozen, my hands chapped, and my nose turned into a red icicle, I stayed at home. This good example was followed by about ten more besides myself, so I did not want for company. As there was nobody <sup>young</sup> but Father James, and as we were allowed to go just where we wanted we had a nice time. I received my speech back to day, it was terribly cut up, but a copy of it, with the corrections inserted, made all things lovely. This is the last time I suppose I ~~will~~ <sup>shall</sup> be made write it. This evening I received a letter from Mary. It was very short. Small note paper, lines for between each word occupying more space than is ordinarily allowed, and only two pages and a little over after all. The excuse was headache and stupidness feeling. The boys did not return from their sleigh ride till after half past seven, and as we usually have supper at seven, I felt very hungry and did not notice my reputation when at last I did get something to eat.

SATURDAY, 11.

Six o'clock found me awake; half past six saw me in the Study Hall. Was for the first time in class with our new teacher, a Mr. Phillips, a very nice old gentleman, one, who will prove a good teacher. He was once a Protestant minister, or some such thing, but has lately become a convert to the Catholic Church. In the evening I received another long letter from Bayard Brasher. He is a most excellent correspondent, and tells me so much about society news in Brooklyn and New York, that I always look forward with great pleasure to the arrival of a letter, with his well known hand writing.

Sunday, 12<sup>th</sup>

Went to half past ten o'clock mass. This is the first Sunday I have been in St. John's Hall for about three or four weeks. Just one week ago I was working over the papers up in Johnnie's room. Stayed in the Study Hall to day, writing a letter to Bayard Brasher. I finished it about four o'clock. It was eight pages in length, but full of nonsense. I was prevented from going to early bed to night, because the clothes, or rather change, had been "mussed." <sup>uttering</sup> <sup>very</sup> <sup>kind</sup> to me. I do not notice him. I have scarcely spoken to him since.