1947

Essays

URSULINE ACADEMY
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I

[illegible]

[illegible] the years;
[illegible] unthinkable ways
[illegible] the mist of tears
[illegible] running laughter
[illegible] glad;

And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
Unrushed as unresting Fate,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat — and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet —
'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.'

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And trampled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon

I said to Dawn: Be sudden – to Eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover –
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn
o' their feet: –
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat –
'Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.'

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies.
They at least are for me, surely for me
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
'Come then, ye other children, Nature's - share
With me' (said I) 'your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured daïs
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.'
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one -
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.

I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spun of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapes
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.

Louise Rivet

du Couvent des Ursulines de la Nlle Orléans

1905-06

Bayard

Le Chevalier sans peur et sans Reproche

Il fut brave, loyal, généreux, et fidèle au précepte du Christ qui ordonne d'aimer son prochain comme soi-même.

et à son roi, et dont la fière épée combattit pour son pays jusqu'à son dernier soupir.

Durant trente années et sous trois rois de France il fut le plus illustre défenseur de son pays, et non seulement il se couvrit d'une immortelle gloire dans de nombreuses batailles mais il obtint une si grande célébrité par sa générosité et sa droiture que tous ses gestes et faits devinrent d'une popularité étonnante et il était aussi redouté des ennemis qu'aimé de ses soldats et de tous ceux qui l'approchaient.

Le nom de Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche lui fut

[illegible] rapport à
[illegible] prix dont il
[illegible] et à cet
[illegible] de grandes
délicatesses [illegible] en lui
[illegible] les [illegible] exemples
[illegible] à [illegible] bravoure
[illegible] apportait
[illegible] à [illegible] capitaine
[illegible] exclamation: "Ah!
[illegible] et la moitié
[illegible] serais heureux
[illegible] toute ma
[illegible] le prit au
[illegible] et, [illegible] saluant la
[illegible] ce, il lui dit
[illegible] sa parole
Dans [illegible] circonstance une

Les agent assemblés après la victoire, ainsi que les capitaines et les autres officiers et leur dit en présence de tous: "Bayard mon ami, je veux être autour d'lui armé chevalier de ta main, parce que je t'en déclare le plus digne". Bayard confus d'un tel honneur s'excusa avec modestie; mais au commandement réitéré du roi, le bon chevalier obéit et prenant son épée il en frappa trois fois l'épaule du Monarque agenouillé devant lui. puis après les cérémonies usitées il regarda son epée, et la baisant avec joie il dit: "Tu es heureuse mon épée d'avoir donné l'Ordre de la Chevalerie à un si beau et si puissant roi, désormais tu serais précieusement gardee comme relique, et sur toute

autres [illegible]

[illegible] ou les [illegible]

[illegible] fut fait [illegible] à la [illegible] si le [illegible] et près [illegible] à lui [illegible] pour sa [illegible] mes [illegible] crainte [illegible]

[illegible] capitai[illegible] portère[illegible] héroïque [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] peut [illegible]

[illegible] "Mon Dieu! [illegible]! Puis, ramant son épée dans la plaie, il informait une sorte de croix, il la baisa en disant: Ayez pitié de moi Seigneur selon l'étendue de votre grande miséricorde.

Il fut tiré de la mêlée immédiatement et porté sous un arbre; et c'est là non loin du champ de bataille qu'il se résigna à mourir en héros chrétien. Pendant qu'il se livrait à des sentiments d'une sincère et touchante contrition de ses fautes, le duc de Bourbon qui avait trahi son pays et son roi en passant du côté des ennemis vint

alors à passer devant lui en poursuivant les fuyards, ses compatriotes qui avaient perdu la bataille. En voyant Bayard il mit aussitôt pied à terre et lui dit: "Ah! Capitaine, vous avez pris longtemps ainsi que j'ai de la peine de vous voir en cet état." Le bon Chevalier ouvrant ses yeux déjà à demi fermés par la mort, et ayant aperçu devant lui le prince qui ne croyait pas de rêver la ruine de la France, "Monseigneur" lui répondit-il avec cette liberté de paroles qui le caractérisait "ce n'est pas de moi qu'il faut avoir pitié, mais de ceux qui combattent contre la justice, la vérité et la foi." Cette dernière phrase adressée sur un moment à l'orgueil révolté

fut plus sensible au traître que tous les arrêts du parlement contre lui. Sans répliques Bourbon remonta à cheval pour continuer sa triste besogne pendant que Bayard reste seul continuait à implorer la miséricorde de Dieu. Un prêtre put heureusement arriver assez tôt pour lui donner la dernière consolation qu'il désirait vivement et après avoir reçu l'absolution, il expira dans les sentiments d'une admirable piété, c'était le 30 Avril 1524.

La tristesse de l'armée fut immense. Chacun croyait avoir perdu un père, une mère, un bienfaiteur, un ami un protecteur; les hommes d'armes de sa compagnie étaient dispersés et inconsolables. Et toute

la France illustre ne fut en deuil en apprenant la perte irréparable qu'elle venait de faire.

L. M. Rivet
C. de M.

Ursuline Academy,

New Orleans, La.

La Bénédiction

Or en mil huit cent neuf, nous vîmes Saragosse.
J'étais sergent. Ce fut une journée atroce.
La ville prise, on fit le vide des maisons
Qui, bien closes, avec des airs de trahisons,
Faisaient pleuvoir les coups de feu par leurs fenêtres.
On se disait tout bas : « C'est la faute des prêtres. »
Et, quand on voyait s'enfuir dans le lointain,

Eucharistie

Ce pain de froment pur, ô chrétien, tu le crois,
Est le corps de ton Dieu, Jésus mort sur la croix.
Il te l'a dit. Adore à genoux, le Mystère.
Mais si, parfois, t'effleure un doute involontaire
Que repousse aussitôt ton cœur qui se défend,
Souviens-toi d'une mère allaitant son enfant.

Essays

The Bride Veil

Ursuline Academy

June 28, 1906

The Poet Priest of the South

Among [illegible] poets the [illegible] estimation is [illegible] Not on account [illegible] nor of the [illegible] Father Ryan, [illegible] comes spontaneously [illegible] and strikes [illegible] his readers [illegible] can turn in [illegible] soul-stirring [illegible] and joy. [illegible] must study [illegible] the record of [illegible] us the truest [illegible]

adeline dotur

Sr. St. Augustin
Ursuline Convent
New Orleans Oct. 29th 1861

J. M. J.

Book of Letters. Jan 1st

1 Kind and respected Sir. To a Benefactor

The renewal of the year affords me an occasion of addressing you which I seize with delight. Were I to live a century, I could never suffer this day to pass without renewing my sentiments of gratitude, for the numerous favors you have conferred on our family, since the demise of my dear Father. What would have became of my poor Mother and her helpless offspring had you not, kind Sir, tendered a charitable hand in our behalf. Accept, respected Sir, our most cordial and sincere thanks, which are all the return we can offer. Our constant prayer shall be sent up, to the throne of the Most High for your health and prosperity. May you receive a hundred fold in this life and the eternal recompense of your charity in the rept. Such, kind Sir, are the sentiments of your grateful and very obedient servant. Anna.

2 Dear Pa and Ma. To Parents

How hard I find it to be compelled

to have recourse to my pen, in order to wish a happy new year to my dear Parents, instead of passing this agreeable time under the paternal roof, and receiving the visits of all my young friends. But do not conclude from this, dear Pa and Ma, that I intend to begin the year in a bad humor; I am, on the contrary, in a very good humor and fully determined to improve this year to the utmost of my abilities. My prayers and good wishes, dear Parents, are cordial and sincere; I consider this day the happiest of the whole year, as it affords me an opportunity of reiterating my sentiments of gratitude to the best of Parents, who have already expended so much on my education. Although I am yet young, dear Parents, I feel a sentiment of gratitude, which my inexperienced pen cannot portray.
My only hopes are in the future; when I leave School, I intend to repay to the best of my power all your parental solicitude. I shall then, assist my dear Ma in housekeeping, and take upon myself all the sewing of the family. In waiting this happy day, dear Pa and Ma, I wish you all the blessings of Heaven. Your affectionate daughter. Herminia.

3 My dear godmother, To a godmother

It is a duty incumbent on me to address you a few lines, at the beginning of this new year; to express my sentiments of gratitude for all your kindness. Be assured, that your benefits have not fallen on unfruitful soil; my teachers can confirm the truth of this assertion, for they know how assiduously I apply myself to every branch taught in the institution. I duly appreciate the benefits of a Christian and liberal education, which I am now enjoying from your bounty. I shall endeavor, dear godmother, to exert all my energies to correct my faults and to acquire a good solid education; and I flatter myself that you will never regret your liberality towards me. Receive, dear godmother, the thanks and best wishes of your grateful Emma

My dear Madam, To a Benefactress.

Morning and evening my most ardent supplications are addressed to the throne of the Almighty, to conjure Him to shower down his choicest blessings on my opulent Benefactress.

Nothing will be wanting, my dear Madam, to complete your temporal and eternal felicity, if the Lord

responds to the prayers of your much obliged

Mathilda

5 My very dear Ma, To a Mother.

This New Year's morning I went to Mass and prayed, most fervently, for all our dear family. I begged of God to convert dear Pa, for he is really a kind and excellent father, to whom nothing is wanting but to become a good practical Catholic: I solicited the same grace for my eldest brother. As for you beloved Ma, I implored final perseverance, for you have the happiness of practising our Holy Religion.

O dear Ma, how swiftly the years roll round! What an energetic symbol the ancients chose to represent the celerity of time; since Saturn or time is represented with wings and holding an hour glass in his hand. This is truly significant, for our life passes imperceptibly like the grains of sand; and nevertheless some thoughtless persons talk of killing time. This is my last year at school and next New Year, if God spares my life, I shall be at home; then I intend to take charge of the education of my little brothers and

sisters, until they are ten or eleven years old if you and Pa think proper. I have almost a passion for teaching; Moreover, our family is numerous and we are not in very affluent circumstances, therefore it would be too expensive to keep so many children at school. But I perceive that I am too prolix, consequently, I must conclude, by wishing dear Pa and yourself a long succession of peaceful years.
May you both live to see your children happily established in life, and May the evening of your days be calm and serene; and May you both die the death of the just, is the prayer of your dutiful daughter Caroline.

6 Dearest Ma, To a Mother

How happy I am, even by letter, to express to you, at the beginning of this New Year, how much I love you and how many wishes I form for your happiness both here and hereafter. I offer up my most fervent prayers, to our Heavenly Father, to grant you all the blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which will make this year the happiest of your life. How I would prefer, dear Ma, to wish you a happy New Year in person,

but as that pleasure is denied me, I will console myself with the hope, that before long, I may again be with you, when I will prove to you, by my docility and affection, the esteem and gratitude which I owe to the best of Mothers. Till then, dear Ma, receive the embrace of your affectionate daughter. Clara.

7 My dearest Ma, To a Mother

Although I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow, I can not let this day pass without expressing to you, what is the ardent desire of every moment of my life. That you may enjoy, this New Year, better health than you now have, and that our Heavenly Father may grant you his choicest blessings, together with a long life, to be the consolation of your fondly attached child Eugenia.

8 My very dear Parents. To Parents.

I can not let this day pass, without expressing to you, my profound respect and gratitude for all your devoted parental care, every year adds to that debt. Although I shall never be able to repay you both, for all

you have done for me, yet, I hope to merit your approbation by my assiduity to my studies while here, and my docility and obedience to your least wish when I shall have the happiness to be with you. Waiting that happy time, I will send up my most fervent prayers to the throne of the Most High, that He may make this coming year the happiest of your life, and grant you every blessing you need, both here and hereafter. I remain, my dear Parents your elevated daughter Julia.

To a Sister

My dear Sister

What shall I ask for you on this day, consecrated to good wishes; fearing to ask for what may not be in the order of divine Providence, I apply to the Giver of all good gifts, to grant you all those graces and blessings, which may make you happy both here and hereafter. I desire very much to see you, that I may have it in my power to tell you how much you are loved by your dearly attached Sister Jane.

To Parents

My dearly beloved Parents,

After having thanked our good God for all he has done for me, especially for having

Compositions.

First book of letters.

First book of Letters.

Sister Saint Augustin,

Ursuline Convent,

New Orleans,

La.

"Sunday, April 5th.—Albert and I went to see a doctor who is staying at the Comtesse de Maistre's; then I breakfasted with Pauline, and the conversation turned on the difference between various kinds of affection. It soon became an argument. Albert called for me just when the dispute was at its height, and carried me off to the Villa Reale, where we took a little walk. He scolded me, said that he hated disputes, and in everything loved peace. In the evening we had music and company. I liked then to be well-dressed, and to move about from one corner to another of that great drawing-room of the Palazzo Gallo. Albert, on the contrary, used to go to his room when people came, and often regretted Pisa.

"Monday, April 6th.—I was with Pauline at a party at the Duchess of San Teodoro's, and that was the last time we went out together. This made Pauline always remember the dress I wore that night; she has often reminded me of it. I had on a black velvet gown, and in my hair, round my neck, and on the front of my dress, pink rubies set in black enamel. I am not sure which day it was, but about that time Albert complained once quite seriously, that I had left him for five hours. I had been out on some necessary business, and I exclaimed: 'How could I help it? Was it to amuse myself?' And provoked at Albert's injustice, I scratched his finger, as a little cat might have done. He laughed, and looked at his finger in such a funny manner, that I saw the quarrel was made up. But I was very much ashamed of my bad temper, and I went and accused myself of it to Pauline, who burst out laughing.

A. E. R.

Eugénie ALEXANDRINE TO EUGÉNIE.

"DEAR ~~LOVE~~—Our dear Montalembert is gone. We could not get him to stay longer. We sat up with him last night till half-past two, and then he started with tears in his eyes. He regrets so much this comfortable family life, as he calls it, which we lead, and which he had become quite accustomed to. There is one comfort, and that is, that we are friends with him for life. Tell Pauline that I have received her letter, and am going to write to her, but we have not got a man-servant yet, and we are quite at a loss, now Montalembert is gone, who used, in a friendly and good-humored way, to do all sorts of little things for us, such as carrying all our letters to the post, buying us chestnuts, &c. Our little maid servant will not go to the post after dark, and at any time I am afraid of her making mistakes about prepaying or not prepaying letters, so that this want of a servant prevents my writing."

No. 9.

ALEXANDRINE TO M. DE MONTALEMBERT.

Dear Montal,

"Venice, December 3rd, 1835.

"Do you recognise this paper? You bought it for me yourself at Leghorn! How comes it that I have delayed, not for a week but for a single day, answering your letter, which has given me so much pleasure? I was afraid of what you might say in reply to mine, and now you write more kindly to me than ever. I am so grateful, and you have made me so happy! Dear friend, when I spoke of your sensitiveness, it was not from our experience of it; on the contrary, we always think and say that few friends, even the most intimate ones, would be so unceremonious and so like a brother in every way, as you are with us; but it is your austerity of character in other cases which makes us a little afraid for ourselves. You would pity and laugh at me at the same time, my dear Montal, if you knew how I am given up body and soul to household cares. There is not a trace left of 'the *poetical* Alexandrine.' The present one is surrounded with stores of oil, potatoes, rice, candles, &c., and is perfectly well acquainted, as I beg you to believe, with the prices of everything, *eggs included*. You would be charmed with our lodging. It is ten times as comfortable as the house at Pisa, in the best situation, and with the best view in Venice. I am quite engrossed by domestic duties, seeing that I have a kitchen-maid seventy-four years old, and that our poor Julian has been ill for the last four-weeks. Oh! what absurd things I write to you. My pen, as usual, draws me on to chatter away most unwarrantably. The immense time I waste with my kitchen-maid has proved to me that our Antonini (at Pisa), in spite of the apparent moderation of his prices, used to take me in a little. But if our purse suffered, *poetry* fared better. We are living in the same house as Mr. Rawdon Brown, an Englishman, who lends us books, amongst others the Koran, which interests us very much, and Byron, and numbers of others about Venice. But he hates Moore, and will not admit that he has written a single good line of poetry.

No. 10.

MADAME DE LA FERRONNAYS TO PAULINE.

"Paris, February 10th.

"The Anniversary of Olga's Death.

"MY POOR CHILD,—You are hearing Mass to-day for our dear Olga, and it is to-morrow that you will hear of our new sorrow, which is such an intense one to me, but which I feel more deeply still on your account. Beloved child! you are always present to my thoughts; but what can your poor old mother do to heal so cruel a wound? God alone can do this, and that dear friend, in the midst of her present happiness, will not forget the sister who mourns her loss with a breaking heart; she will obtain for her the consolation she so much needs. You must not distress yourself about the wish she had expressed to live at the beginning of her illness, and which had surprised you in Alexandrine; it only lasted a short time. During the last ten days, she more than wished, she passionately desired to die.* Every delay was irksome to her. She was continually asking *how long she would last*, and when she was told, 'perhaps a few days,' she used to say, with regret, '*Then I shall not see God to-day!*' Once she said, '*Let Pauline know how very sweet it is to die.*' And another time, turning to me: '*And you, dear mother, do you not also long to see God?*' Yet, coward that I am, I felt afraid that she would carry me off with her into the next world, just as she had tried to take me with her into the noviciate of the Daughters of Sion, and to share her retreats, and then to live in this house. I told her I had not courage to call upon death in that way, and that it was enough for me to leave myself in God's Hands, Who would do with me as He would.

"Now I am going to pray beside her *if I can*. To-morrow there will be a service at l'Abbaye au Bois, and then your brothers and Adrian will take her to Boury, with my new sorrow in that sorrowful place. Alexandrine has left everything she had power to leave to two charitable institutions. God bless you, my poor child!"

LITERARY EXERCISES
BY THE PUPILS OF THE
URSULINE LADIES
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
1893

Essay

on

Clouds

By [illegible]

Clouds.

Were I required to write a purely meteorological treatise on the formation, classification, etc. of clouds, I should certainly find the task a rather tedious one; but, being allowed to treat the subject as best suits my fancy, it is not entirely void of charms.

There is, indeed, a peculiar fascination in the various masses of vapor, so ethereal in appearance, which lie between us and the azure vault of heaven... Who among us has not gazed with delight on the polished Strata, laying so placidly near the horizon; on the majestic piles of cumuli, guilded with varied and brilliant hues, or on the fleecy cirri, floating far off in the clear, blue ether of the firmament, and who has not loved to weave strange fancies in connection with their ever changing forms!... How often do scenes such as these cheer the heart of the lonely exile, by recalling fond and endearing recollections of his far distant home; for

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;

They come, in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear."

The lovely azure of the heavens is, indeed, a beautiful sight; yet how much more is its beauty enhanced, when viewed through the delicate lace-work of clouds, by which it is shrouded, and by which we are protected from the glare of the noonday sun!... And just as these graceful awnings help to ward off the scorching rays of the king of day, so do the clouds of adversity serve to shield the human heart from the baneful influence of uninterrupted prosperity; for —

"A life devoid of sorrow, where no tempering
shade is seen;
Where never cloudlet overhangs, where never care
has been;
Which has not felt the healing balm, bestowed
in some dark hour,
The grace which springs from out the Cross,
with sweet sustaining power —
Ah! such a life is arid, since it lacks that
heavenly dew
That softly falling, cools its heats, refreshes it
anew:
Rekindles purer ardors, till we long to do and
dare...
What hitherto so weighty seemed, we now
have strength to bear."

URSULINE CONVENT

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1893

Specimens of Penmanship

By

The Ursuline Pupils

N. Orleans

M. C. Fontelle

Speak Gently.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Louise Howe

Self Conquest

Heaven is not gained at a single bound
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And we mount to its summit round by round

Katie Iyy.

EXERCICES LITTÉRAIRES

PAR LES

ÉLÈVES DES DAMES URSULINES

NOUVELLE-ORLEANS, Lne.

1893

Exercices Littéraires

PAR LES

Elèves des Dames Ursulines.

Ville. Orléans, Lne.

1893.

Mon Départ pour Le Couvent

Le temps était froid, et, chose extraordinaire en Louisiane, la neige tombait à gros flocons; toute la famille, réunie auprès du feu, paraissait triste, et mes larmes, quoique silencieuses, coulaient en abondance, car c'était la veille de mon départ pour le Couvent, et, pour la première fois, je devais quitter le foyer paternel.

J'avais tant entendu parler de la sévérité du règlement chez les Dames Ursulines, que cela contribuait à doubler mon chagrin, mais mes deux Grand'Mères ainsi que Maman y avaient été élevées, et selon leur jugement, il n'y avait pas de meilleure Institution pour les jeunes filles. Je devais donc me résigner. Cependant, ma bonne Mère souffrait aussi de cette séparation; je le comprenais à ses baisers plus tendres, mais forte et courageuse lors qu'il s'agissait du bonheur de ses enfants, elle m'encourageait, en me disant tout ce qui pouvait me porter à désirer le bienfait d'une éducation solide et religieuse, et tout ce qui pouvait me faire estimer les bonnes maîtresses auxquelles elle allait me confier pour cultiver mon intelligence, for-

mer mon coeur, et redresser mon caractère malheureusement trop volontaire. Ce soir-là tout en essuyant elle-même mes larmes, elle me dit avec une douceur particulière: "Quelquechose me fait pressentir, ma chère enfant, que ton chagrin se changera bientôt en joie, car tu me rappelles ce que ma bonne Grand'-Mère à moi, me racontait en me parlant du Couvent:

Lorsqu'elle fut comme toi, obligée d'y aller, son chagrin fut si violent qu'elle en tomba malade. Sa Mère était au désespoir, et son Père aurait fini par céder à ses instances, s'il n'avait eu un de ces caractères qui ne reviennent jamais sur une détermination qu'ils jugent nécessaire. Elle dut donc partir, et elle entra au Couvent, quelques jours seulement avant l'arrivée de plusieurs religieuses qu'on attendait de France. Comme les autres élèves, elle fut bientôt anxieuse de les voir Quitter son pays, sa famille, le bien-être pour venir instruire des jeunes filles dans un pays inconnu et uniquement pour Dieu, cela lui paraissait quelque chose de si extraordinaire qu'il lui semblait que ces Dames devaient être plutôt des anges que des personnes comme les autres. Par une heureuse rencontre, elle se trouva justement au parloir lorsqu'elles arrivèrent à la porte du Monastère, et fut la première élève du Pensionnat qu'elles embrassèrent. Une d'entr'elles s'arrêta quelques instants pour lui parler, il y avait tant de

La jeune fille

et

la violette.

par

Mlle. Hedah Sharp

La jeune fille
et
la violette

A l'âge où tout est délices, malgré les quelques nuages qui assombrissent en passant le front de la jeunesse, une jeune fille, preste et légère, quittant sa chambrette à l'aurore, pour jouir des charmes d'un beau matin de printemps. Seule, dans le parterre, elle respirait à l'aise le parfum dont l'atmosphère était embaumée, et contemplait chaque fleur, en même temps que son âme simple et pieuse s'élevait vers celui qui leur avait donné et leur couleur et la suave odeur qu'elles répandaient. Chacune lui indiquait un devoir à remplir. La rose, cette reine des jardins, en lui montrant la puissance du Créateur, lui rappelait l'amour que le divin Jardinier attend du coeur qu'il cultive avec tant de soin. Le jasmin, lui demandait d'être aimable envers tous ceux qui l'environnaient, l'héliotrope l'engageait à garder son coeur contre la séduction, et l'amaranthe, en lui montrant l'immortalité, l'invitait à suivre courageusement la voie de la vertu, dont le prix doit être le bonheur éternel.

1934

Ursuline Academy,

New Orleans, La.

Letter to Parents

Ursuline Academy,
New Orleans, La.,
September 13, 1[illegible]

My dear Father and Brother:

Though pressed by class duties, I think it my duty to write to thank you for the great sacrifice you

are now making to send me to this beautiful institution. I cannot tell you, dear Parents, how much I miss my home and the delightful time we had together, yet I realize how much good I will derive from a Christian Education.

I have been promoted in my English class, but not in French. It will be very difficult for me to put my mind to my studies after having amused myself so very much during vacation. Nevertheless, I promise, dear Parents, with the help of God and Our Blessed Mother to try my best to be promoted in all my classes next year.

It was a consolation for

me to see that so many of my friends had returned.

There are many new girls, they all seem very amiable.

Hoping that I will keep on liking my convent as much as I do now.

With love and kisses
I remain, as ever,
Your devoted little girl,
New Orleans, La.

Death of Mary Stuart

After the death of Francis II, King of France, Mary returned to her native land, Scotland. After passing many unhappy years in her own dominions, Mary resolved to leave for England. She crossed from Scotland to England in an open fishing-boat.

When she reached England she was received very coldly by Queen Elizabeth, her cousin, who sent her to Tutbury castle where she was placed in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

After Mary had passed eighteen long years in captivity, Elizabeth signed her death warrant.

When the messengers reached the castle to announce the news to Mary, they found her saying evening prayer with her servants. She heard her death warrant read very calmly. After, she placed her hand on the Bible and protested her innocence. The Earl of Kent said the oath was of no value, since the book was only a "Popish Bible", she answered that it was a Catholic

Testament and, on this account, she prized it more; and therefore, according to his reasoning, he thought it judgment rather the more satisfactory.

The night before her death she wrote many letters to her friends, one to Elizabeth telling her that she wished her remains to be brought back to France and laid next to her mother's. Before retiring, she called her servants and asked them to forgive her any offence she had done them and, distributing the rest of her money and jewels among them, she took an affectionate leave of all.

She retired at the usual hour, but spent most of the night in prayer as she had been refused to see her confessor. As it grew

towards morning, she dressed herself in a beautiful gown of silk and velvet. The sheriff entered the room and told that her hour had come. - She said, 'I am ready'.

On passing through the hall, she met the master of her household and told him to give her last farewell to all her friends and, in particular, to her son; she was no longer able to restrain the emotion of her heart and burst into tears when she mentioned the name of her son.

She advanced into the hall with the grace and majesty which she had once displayed in her father's palace. She seated herself on a stool and held an ivory crucifix in her hand. The Dean of Peterborough exhorted

her to renounce her Faith and die in the Protestant religion — She replied that she was born in the Catholic religion, in that religion she had lived, and in it she would die. Then offering her last prayers for the Catholic Church and her son, she placed her head on the block and it was severed from her body. Thus ended the illustrious life of Mary, Queen of Scots, the most unfortunate of the unfortunate Queens.

Ursuline Academy,

New Orleans, La.

Bird's-Eye View of the Ursuline Convent

A

[illegible]

[illegible] Tennessee [illegible]

[illegible] Tennessee [illegible]

[illegible] the center of [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] mountain [illegible]

[illegible] random.

[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] and flower [illegible] Lieut. of Lewis [illegible] there is [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] passage of this [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] Lewis [illegible] the settlement [illegible] Texas [illegible] South.

Letter of Friendship

Ursuline Academy,
New Orleans, La.,
Sept. 15, 1916.

My dear Lizzie:

Your last letter was received a few minutes before my departure for the Convent.

Last Sunday, Claire and I went to Spanish Fort. We stopped at the Penny Wonderland and had our

fortunes told. I wish I could send you mine, but I have left it home. We had a grand time in the Roller Coaster. Francis and I were sitting in front of Claire and her gentleman friend. I wish you would have seen Claire, she was so afraid that she screamed. How do you like the Roller Coaster? I think it is simply grand, especially the first dip. On our way home, we were in the same car as Germaine and George, they did not see us until we were in front of the Lafaverette house, then they recognized us, so they were kind enough to leave the door open for me. The baby was downstairs so you can imagine the foolishness that dummy Francis did.

Well, Léonie dear, this was the end

of my joyous vacation; two days after, I returned to my Convent Home for one more year.

It was a consolation for me to see that so many of my friends had returned.

There are many new girls, they all seem very amiable.

To our great surprise, we have Madame St Clair as teacher, but just imagine how happy we must be, we have her for every subject of Third Year!

Lionie dear, as time is precious, I will tell you good-bye.

My best regards to your Father and Mother. Love to Marguerite and yourself.

Your devoted friend,

[illegible]versation for any

Ursuline Academy,

New Orleans, La.

Compositions

ADIEU VACANCES

Quand il m'a fallu dire adieu à mes chères vacances j'ai senti mon coeur se serrer car cela voulait dire aussi qu'il fallait se séparer de papa, de maman et de tous ces êtres aimés qui composent la famille.

Les moments agréables que j'ai passés pendant ces deux mois restent

long temps gravés dans ma mémoire, et j'y reviendrai souvent par la pensée, afin d'adoucir un peu l'amertume de la séparation.

Adieu vacances! adieu, jours heureux passés dans l'intimité de la famille et des amis. Je vais maintenant me remettre à l'étude avec plus d'ardeur afin de faire plaisir à ma chère maman qui est si bonne et qui mérite tant d'être heureuse! Oui, chers Parents, je veux que vous soyez contents de votre Benjamine qui espère un jour pouvoir vous rendre au centuple tout ce que vous avez fait pour elle.

J. J. ROUSSEAU

Jean-Jacques Rousseau naquit à Genève en 1712 et mourut en 1778. Auteur du Contrat social, de l'Emile, des Confessions. Il partage avec Voltaire la triste gloire d'avoir propagé les plus pernicieuses erreurs

2

sociales et religieuses.

Les idées sont celles d'un esprit utopique mais son style est plein de charmes.

Transversal

LA JUMENT BLEUE

Tous les soirs quand Jean-Marie Binic partait avec ses juments, sa mère ne manquait pas de lui faire

toutes sortes de recommandations. Elle était veuve et avait cinq fils dont Jean-Marie était le dernier.

La ferme (la Chrétienne comme on l'appelait) était entourée de riches pâturages où vivaient en liberté pendant presque toute l'année les six juments qui faisait son orgueil. Leur pelage se rapprochait de la couleur de l'ardoise. Une de ces juments, la préférée de Jean-Marie Denis, avait le pelage bleu et une étoile blanche au milieu du front. On avait souvent offert à la fermière de la Chrétienne de la lui acheter mais elle répondait: "Nenni, bonnes gens, mais ne l'aurez pas". Alors l'empereur la prendra. Mais la bonne femme ne pouvait croire qu'on lui enlèverait la Belle. Et pourtant elle savait bien que l'empereur envoyait les

hommes à la guerre puisque deux de ses fils étaient déjà partis; mais de la Pielle, l'empereur ne connaissait ni la beauté ni la vitesse, ni le poil bleu, ni l'étoile blanche du front. Elle se trompait: la Pielle fut prise et Jean Marie Bénie partit lui-même la présenter à la commission. Il obtint de s'engager dans le même régiment que sa fiancée car il ne pouvait se décider à s'en séparer tout à fait.

Elle échut à un colonel jeune brave et la Pielle était fière de porter un tel homme.

Un jour cependant l'empereur commanda à ses lancier d'attaquer un royaume: le colonel monté sur la jument bleue, chargea avec impétuosité, mais ayant eu les mains brisées il

il ne pouvait plus guider la Belle; Jean-Marie Béni monta en croupe et conduisit la jument pendant que le colonel donnait des ordres: Jean-Marie Béni et la Belle gagnèrent la victoire.

Le soir, en faisant sa ronde, l'empereur aperçut le jeune homme qui pleurait tenant de son bras valide la bride de la jument blessée. "Un lancier de ma garde qui pleure un jour de victoire, dit l'empereur étonné, "tu es donc blessé?—Oui, mon empereur mais cela n'est rien... mon colonel est mort et ma jument est blessée" et il se remit à pleurer.

L'empereur le congédia en le remerciant d'avoir bien servi son pays puis il ajouta: "Guérissez-vous tous deux, je le veux; puis retournez au pays des Côtes, seulement je retiens

le premier fantassin de la Vieille et d'ans vingt-six d'ici là m'enverras ton fils : j'en ferai un officier.

Jean-Marie Béric revint à la Grénetière ; il n'avait qu'un bras ; la Vieille n'avait que trois fils ; mais quand ~~tous deux~~ se rendaient au village les farauts disaient tout bas aux gamins : "Voilà Jean-Marie Béric voilà, la Vieille bleue, les deux bleuets de l'empereur."

Ursuline Academy

New Orleans, La.

COMPOSITION

14 - 15

January 8, 1815

The Battle of New Orleans was fought January 8, 1815, two weeks after a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain.

Previous to the engagement General Jackson had sent word to the Ursuline Nuns to please pray that Almighty might give him the victory.

Mother Marie Olivier de Vezin made a vow to have a solemn High Mass in honor of Our Lady of Prompt Succor and the Te Deum chanted every year on the 8th of January, if the Battle were in favor of the Americans.

The Miraculous Statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor had been placed on the main altar where mass was offered by the Abbé Dubourg, while the cannon boomed. At the close of the Holy Sacrifice a soldier ran in crying aloud, "Victory is ours!"

This great Battle was fought on the Plains of Chalmette, it began at dawn and was over at 8 o'clock. The class rooms of the Ursulines were turned into infirmaries for wounded soldiers, and the Sisters devoted themselves in nursing them.

January 8, 1915

On January 8th 1915 was celebrated the Centennial of the Battle of New Orleans.

A grand feast, befitting the occasion, took place at the Ursuline Convent. In the morning, a Pontifical Mass was sung of His Lordship Right Rev. J. M. Laval.

The Convent had been draped with American flags and bunting while the British flag occupied a place of honor in the large reception room. At half past three in the afternoon, a solemn procession was organized. At its head were the Ursuline pupils attired in symbolic blue uniforms, then followed a

large number of altar boys and priests, while in the rear was seen advancing the Right Reverend Vincente Castellanos carrying the Most Blessed Sacrament.

A temporary altar had been placed at the main entrance, while without had gathered an immense crowd of distinguished Louisianians whose grateful hearts had prompted them to join the Ursulines in their thanksgiving ceremonies. The Te Deum was chanted and at the tinkling of bell all heads were bowed to receive the blessing of the Lord of Battles.

This impressive part of the program was followed by an entertainment which all enjoyed.

Letter of Friendship

Ursuline Academy,
New Orleans, La.,
February 8, 1915.

Dear Friend:

I am very sorry to hear that you will not be able to come and spend the Carnival with us.

Kate's little sister, Jane, broke her arm a few days ago and she is now in bed with fever and her arm is in a sling. Poor little Jane seems to suffer a great deal from that miserable arm.

Yesterday, Madame St Vincent pronounced her first vows. The ceremony took place at half past nine.

We passed our examinations last

week. The first four days were divoted to English and Friday, to French which was the climax of our ordeal.

To-day, Sunday, His Lordship Bishop Castellanos came so we could take his picture, we had a fine time I took four pictures and I hope they will be a success.

Give my love to all the family.

Hoping to see you soon,

I remain, as ever,

Your friend,

Chasme and vanity.

A Son of Adam.

A workman digging a trench in his master's field, suffered so intensely from the heat that he complained of his lot and said many hard things about Adam.

His master overheard him and he asked, "Why do you blame Adam? You would have done just as Adam did, if you had been in his place."

The workman answered gruffly, "I should have known better."

"Well, I will test you. Come to me at dinner time," said the master.

Noon came and the workman went to his master's house, this gentleman led him to the dining-room where was a well-laden table. After saying grace, the master told him he could eat of every thing on the

table, but not to touch the covered-dish until he returned.

The laborer helped himself generously to every thing on the table. Then he grew curious and thought surely that the forbidden dish must contain something delicious, he saw no harm in taking a peep at it.

He could not resist the temptation any longer, so he raised the cover a tiny bit, a little mouse popped out which scurried out so fast that he was unable to hold it back.

The workman made a great clatter in trying to capture the wee creature that ran from one corner to the other. During the hubbub his master entered and laughing heartily said: "My good man, never blame Adam again."

Des armoiries et du Blason

D. Qu'entendez-vous par Armoiries ?

R. On entend par armoiries l'assemblage de tout ce qui compose l'écu armorial, et représente, en images, la naissance, la noblesse, les alliances et les actions remarquables des personnes ou des familles illustres.

D. De quoi se composent les Armoiries ?

R. Les Armoiries se composent d'un écu ou écusson, représentant un bouclier où se trouvent peints des emblèmes, ou des pièces héraldiques, quelque légende ou inscription héréditaire, et certains signes affectés à des dignités personnelles, outre les tenants ou supports.

D. Qu'est-ce que le Blason ?

R. Le Blason ou l'art héraldique est la science particulière qui apprend à déchiffrer les Armoiries des maisons nobles. Blason se dit en général de la connaissance de tout ce qui compose les armoiries ; il se prend aussi quelquefois pour l'écu même, lequel est le

fondement du blason.)

D. Qu'est-ce que l'écu?

R. L'écu, qui est la partie la plus importante d'un armoirie, est le champ ou fond sur lequel se peignent les figures qui indiquent quel en est le possesseur. Il y a donc à considérer dans l'écu le champ, les émaux et les figures, sans parler de ses différentes divisions qui font qu'il est dit écu parti ou coupé ou tranché ou taillé, ou écartelé, et formant plus ou moins de quartiers. Ecu vient du latin et signifie bouclier.

D. Qu'entend-on par les émaux de l'écu?

R. On appelle émaux, les métaux (or et argent) les couleurs et les fourrures employées dans les armoiries. Il y a deux métaux, cinq couleurs et deux fourrures qui sont l'hermine et le vair.

L'or se nomme soleil, topaze ou jaune.

L'argent se nomme lune ou perle.

Le rouge se nomme Mars, rubis ou gueules.

Le bleu se nomme Jupiter, saphir ou azur.

Le pourpre se nomme Mercure ou améthyste; mélan

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Le bleu se nomme Jupiter, saphir ou azur

Le pourpre se nomme Mercure ou améthyste, mélange de noir et de rouge (violet).

Le vert se nomme Vénus, émeraude ou sinople

Le noir se nomme Saturne, diamant ou sable

Ces différents noms d'une même couleur s'emploient selon qu'ils se trouvent dans les armoiries des princes, des pairs ou autres.

Les Anglais ont deux couleurs de plus, l'orange et la sanguine.

D. Quelles sont les figures portées sur

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