

The THOMAS McDONNELL CO.
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS
AND PAPER RULERS
44-46 LOMBARD ST., TORONTO



MADONNA.

Being the detail of a group by Bernadino Luini, in the Milan Gallery. His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., when curator of this famous Gallery, discovered its true authorship, which had formerly been ascribed to Da Vinci, Luini's master. The picture is a favorite of His Holiness.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

A MESSAGE

The World-wide Crusade of Weekly Communion and Chivalrous Service, inaugurated in 1915 "to re-establish all things in Christ!" Approved and Blessed by His Holiness Pius XI. and the late Pope Benedict XV. Also by Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops throughout the world.

Autograph Letter from the Holy Father.

"With all our heart we bless this holy and providential work which is called and truly is, "The Crusade of the Most Holy Sacrament," and as many as participating in its noble spirit promote and favor in themselves and others, in private and in public, its most holy aims."—Pius P.P. XI.

The Crusade aims at carrying out the ideals of Pope Pius X., of blessed memory; to revitalize the languid and regenerate the weak; so that each may be a living lamp, perpetually burning with Faith and Love; thus making a fervent service of the Blessed Sacrament the centre of Catholic life and restoring the chivalry of the ages of Faith. It is not a Confraternity, Guild or Sodality, but an Individual Service—a Life.

The Crusade has no extra prayers, no meetings, no subscription, and, consequently, being a style of life, it works in conjunction and har-

mony with any existing organization to which the Handmaids may already belong. It is an added splendor—the golden thread which unites and helps all.

The H.B.S. is pledged to be at least a weekly Communicant, which pledge does not bind her under sin. If through any circumstances she has missed her weekly duty, like the Knights, she will endeavor to make it up by an extra Communion. The weekly duty may be made on any day. The following practices are recommended to H.B.S.

1. The H.B.S. offers her weekly Communion for all the H.B.S. and K.B.S. throughout the world, which offering does not exclude other intentions.

2. If she be a wife and mother she will endeavor to use her influence in her home, training her children to the practice of frequent Communion, seeing that the boys from their First Communion become candidates for the Knighthood as Pages of the Blessed Sacrament, encouraging her sons and her husband in their practices of zeal and devotion as K.B.S.

3. She salutes the Blessed Sacrament reverently when passing a church, saying, "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord."

4. She encourages the saying of the An-

gelus in her household. The H.B.S. assists the Altar Society in her parish church by personal labor or occasional gifts.

5. She keeps in a special manner all the great Feasts of our Lord and His Blessed Mother by receiving, if possible, Holy Communion herself and, if she have the care of a household, encouraging others to do the same. These Feasts should also be kept by some extra festivity in the home.

6. She endeavors to encourage attendance at week-day Mass.

7. She is faithful in attending Sunday evening service if circumstances permit, not forgetting week-night Benediction.

8. Like the K.B.S., she makes her vigil in an occasional visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

9. Both the K.B.S. and H.B.S. in married life endeavor to restore the ancient Catholic custom of short night and family prayers, the recitation of the Rosary being much recommended.

10. Like her Queen and Mother, the H.B.S. is prudent in pastimes and modest in attire. She belongs to the Queen's Court.

These practices do not comprise the Handmaid's entire duty. She does all things well, in gracious style—at home, at work, in company, at recreation—as becomes one who is pledged to promote the honor of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Confession.

Although frequent Confession is to be highly recommended to all who are striving to lead a perfect life, the H.B.S. is not bound to weekly Confession, and if she is conscious of nothing but venial sin, and it is difficult or impossible to go to Confession, she will please God more if she make an Act of Contrition and receives Holy Communion according to her promise.

The H.B.S. Thanksgiving.

She makes a special feature of her thanksgiving, and unless pressed for time, always remains some time after the end of Mass.

Religious.

Religious, Contemplative or Active, are admitted as Maids of Honor by simple consent to have their names on the Roll of Honor. They promise to pray for the Crusade, and to promote it as circumstances permit.

The Age of Admission.

Handmaids may be admitted at any age from first Communion. Any member over 13 years of age may admit new members, either personally or by mail. Candidates may apply to any member or to the Local Secretary, giving their "Word of Honor" to practise weekly Communion and Chivalrous Service of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Or they may write to the Secretary, K.B.S., "Marieville," Edith Avenue E., St. John, N.B.—"I wish to be a H.B.S.," enclosing 5c. stamp. If Badge is required, add price of same.

The Handmaid is recommended to wear the badge not as an obligation, but as a chivalrous Profession of Faith!

Leaflet-Certificates, similar to this, 50c. per 100, post free. It is necessary that each new member should receive one of these leaflets and that her name be sent to the Central Secretary to be added to the Roll of Honor.

The H.B.S. "Promise" Card, 2c. each; \$1.50 per 100. The card and leaflet should be preserved as a reminder.

Crusade Extension.

There are no obligatory subscriptions, but voluntary donations towards printing and postal expenses of Crusade extension in poor districts throughout the world, will be gratefully received at any time by the Secretary, K.B.S.,

Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W. 15, England; or by Local Secretaries, who will forward them to the centre at Roehampton.

"Stella Maris," the Crusade Magazine.

To keep in touch with the Spirit of the Crusade, Handmaids are recommended to read *Stella Maris*, 50c. yearly, 40c. per dozen of one issue, mail free.

All Names of New Members must be sent to the Secretary, K.B.S., "Marieville," Edith Avenue E., St. John, N.B., or to the Secretary, K.B.S., Manresa Press, Roehampton, S.W. 15, England; Local Secretary, Miss F. Bartlett, 179 Albany Ave., Toronto. These Central Secretaries supply Badges, Leaflets, Cards, etc., either directly or through local Secretaries. Please add stamp for return postage on small quantities (under \$1).

The Promise.

I promise in all faithfulness to devote my life to the service of our Eucharistic King as a "Handmaid of the Blessed Sacrament," and to assist the Knights in the Great Crusade, faithfully observing all the customs of the Handmaids.

Signature.....

N.B.—Although the Handmaids pledge themselves to be at least weekly Communicants,

they will endeavor to lead the Crusade of Daily Communion by every means in their power, and a vast number of Handmaids are daily Communicants.

A few years ago on the suggestion of the priest who gave the College annual retreat, there were recruited from among you a number of Handmaids of the Blessed Sacrament. Somewhere farther on in this number of the *Rainbow*, is a copy of the pamphlet of the H.B.S., which those of you who once enrolled yourselves in the Crusade and have known its sweet power will love to ponder. But to all of the now almost-a-hundred scattered daughters of Alma Mater I want to make that crusade the theme of my message. You will like the simplicity and individuality of the H.B.S. crusade, and if you join it, the light from the Tabernacle will be the solution of the many questions, little and great, which beset the high-minded and lofty girl in the workaday world, and the warmth from the Tabernacle will be the impetus to join also in all the good works of zeal and charity that present themselves.

May that Light and Warmth shed Its glorious power round about each one of you!

M. Margarita, I.B.V.M.



RE RE-UNIONS

Last year, as previously announced, we duly celebrated at the Annual Banquet the decenary of the College. (We made that word up, but it was in the dictionary all the time). It had sweet peas and other white and mauve decorations for itself and a birthday cake which dear Mother Gertrude was asked to cut, and there were toasts and speeches, emotional and humorous. Some that were intended to be emotional had an unexpectedly humorous effect, and some of the professedly humorous moved the company to the verge of tears. (There are tears and tears as well as dears and dears, Mary). There were also various proposals for making the Easter Banquet a still more heart-warming affair. One of these in particular we have decided to adopt.

Do you remember the thrill you had at the Seniors' Banquet when you were the guests of honour? When the girls sang your prowess and the Faculty made the nice remarks about you that they had been saving up for four years? And the best of it was that even though you felt very humble and convinced in your soul that you hadn't deserved it, they meant it all. Well, we propose to model the Re-union dinners largely on the Seniors' Banquet, taking one or two classes each year to make the special objects of attention. There will be songs and reminiscences of undergraduate days and sketches of "subsequent careers," but in lighter vein, so as not to embarrass the most tenuous cuticle.

As undergraduate days recede into the past and subsequent careers grow more extended, the more interesting do both become, so our plan ought to unite the tender grace of a day that is dead with enthusiasm for what Loretto girls are doing in the present and encouragement for future endeavor.

Do you remember in your first-year the college spirit that was enkindled in your hitherto perhaps dark and wayward soul by the sight of so much mutual appreciation and the heartfelt loyalty of the graduates' speeches? Though we have passed out of that early tenebrous state our love for our college and our realization of its meaning might be quickened still further by hearing what a class whose loyalty had been ripened in the field of experience had to tell us.

The business of collecting material sufficient to make the fête a success will devolve on the three years succeeding the class which is being honoured, taking charge of impersonations, songs, reminiscences and speeches in such fashion that the classes which are not coeval may be suitably entertained by the proceedings.

It is also proposed to present a trophy at the Alumnae Banquet each year, or as the occasion arises, to the girl who has done some distinguished work to promote directly the ideals for which the College exists, in the domain of literature, scholarship, social service, education, public life, or last, but perhaps most important of all, the Christian home. The trophy is to be a cup, medallion or shield, on which will be engraved the successive names. The idea is that of the Laetare Medal, the Golden Rose or the Nobel Prize, if we take the liberty to quote famous examples. So go forward and win it by illustrious deeds.

Details of these and other matters of intense interest to all of us will be discussed at the Easter Reunion this year, which we hope will be largely attended by out-of-town members. Absence of a town member—let it not so much as be named among us!

M. Estelle.

SATIRE OF BERNARD SHAW DISCUSSED IN "THE MAN OF DESTINY."

WHEN so many well-known writers of to-day have chosen George Bernard Shaw as their subject, it seems a presumption for one of the mere rank and file to step forward to express an opinion. But since Shaw is so much in the public eye and interests so many people, the presumption may perhaps be excused.

In discussing the works of Bernard Shaw, the essential thing is first to grasp the kind of writer he is, i. e., a dramatic satirist, one who writes not to reform, but to ridicule things which do not agree with his own conception of them. Shaw's plays are intended exaggerations and misrepresentations of life, to the end that the people and ideas in them may appear absurd. Chandler in "Aspects of Modern Drama" says "that in satirizing our misconception of popular ideals, Shaw is the disciple of Ibsen, who is a satirist of unreal ideals that men have erected to govern their conduct, and which they blindly uphold yet in secret evade. Yet Shaw satirizes these ideals with a gaiety and liking for caricature quite foreign to Ibsen."

Shaw's satires may be divided into two classes, those on things and those on our misconception of things. A very good example of this second type is his one-act play, "The Man of Destiny," and one which lends itself very well to discussion, being short and having for its subject Napoleon Bonaparte. "The Man of Destiny" is a satire on our so-called misconception of this popular hero. Shaw would have us believe that a hero is one who acts through self-interest, one whose ambition is so great that he can overcome enormous difficulties to achieve his own ends. In this case the character of Napoleon is perhaps not greatly exaggerated, but the play was written at a time

when Napoleon was remembered by his "late and corrupt title of "The Man of Destiny," a title only given to him when he was already fat and tired and destined to exile. They forgot that through all the really thrilling and creative part of his career he was not the man of destiny, but the man who defied destiny." Hence the underlying idea of the play is a satirization of our idealization of a popular figure.

The scene of the play is laid in Northern Italy at an inn on the road from Lodi to Milan in May, 1796. The young general Napoleon is staying at the inn awaiting despatches after the battle of Lodi, which he has won from the Austrians. He is described as "imaginative without illusions and creative without religion, loyalty, patriotism or any of the common ideals. Not that he is incapable of these ideals; on the contrary he has swallowed them all in his boyhood, and now, having a keen dramatic faculty, is extremely clever at playing upon them by the arts of the actor and stage manager." A lieutenant, the bearer of the despatches, arrives late and enraged, having been tricked out of his despatches by an effeminate youth. A lady, who has just come to the inn, proves to be the thief, and begs in vain to be allowed to retain one private letter—a letter written by a wife to a man not her husband. By degrees, Bonaparte perceives that the wife referred to is his own and that she has compromised herself with his patron, the director, Barras. He has now no wish to be warned more authoritatively of his dishonour.

Accordingly, he assumes a lofty pose, pretending that generosity moves him to restore the packet to the lady. But she spoils his attitude by refusing to accept it. Then, in order to convince the world that he has never received it, Bonaparte commands the lieutenant

ant, on pain of being publicly degraded, to find the thief and the despatches. Of course, the lieutenant cannot succeed, and the lady, shocked to behold Bonaparte's ready sacrifice of the poor fellow, goes to the rescue. The lieutenant is saved and Bonaparte is outwitted. The piece closes with the ladies burning the tell-tale letter at Bonaparte's request. Grandiloquently, he decides that Caesar's wife is above suspicion, and yet on the sly he has read the compromising letter. When the lady learns that he has done so, she is outspoken in her admiration of his unscrupulous self-assertion.

She assures him that she adores "a man who is not afraid to be mean and selfish." Then, as she sits with him in the gloaming, holding the letter to the candle-flame, she says coyly: "I wonder would Caesar's wife be above suspicion if she saw us here together." And Bonaparte echoes her remark with, "I wonder."

The speech: "I adore a man who is not afraid to be mean and selfish," is the key-note of the play, and embodies the idea that a great man is really one with enough force to achieve his purpose at any cost. The lady goes on to say: "You didn't want to read the letters, but you were curious about what was in them. So you went into the garden and read them when no one was looking, and then you came back and pretended you hadn't. That's the meanest thing I ever knew any man do, but it exactly fulfilled your purpose, and so you weren't a bit afraid or ashamed to do it."

Shaw thinks that Napoleon liked to appear in the light of a real hero, and in several places in the play has his assume the pose of a truly great man. But he also takes delight in having the lady upset these poses and make Napoleon admit his motive was anything but disinterested. She gets Napoleon to admit that he won the battle of Lodi for himself alone, but he suddenly realizes his admission, and says: "Stop, no! I am only the servant of the French Republic, following humbly in the footsteps of the heroes of classical antiquity. I win battles for humanity—for my country—not for my-

self." But the lady retorts, "Oh then you are only a womanish hero after all."

Again when trying to persuade him to allow her to keep the despatches, she attempts to flatter him and says, "You were not born a subject at all, I think."

Nap. (greatly pleased, starting on a fresh march) "Eh, you think not?"

Lady—I am sure of it.

Nap.—Well, well, perhaps not. (The self-complacency of his assent catches his own ear. He stops short, reddening. Then composing himself into a solemn attitude, modelled on the heroes of classical antiquity, he takes a high moral tone.) But we must not live for ourselves, alone, little one. Never forget that we should always think of others and work for others and lead and govern them for their own good. Self-sacrifice is the foundation of all true nobility of character.

Lady—Oh it is easy to see that you have never tried it, General.

Nap.—(Indignantly forgetting all about Brutus and Scipio) What do you mean by that speech, madame?

And so again his pose is spoiled.

Shaw also satirizes our ideals of heroism in war. Although the very word soldier conjures up visions of bravery and self-sacrifice, Shaw would have us believe a soldier is really a selfish coward. Napoleon says: "There is only one universal passion, fear. Fear is the main-spring of war. It is fear makes men fight; it is indifference makes them run away. Has fear ever held a man back from anything he really wanted—or a woman either, Never." He goes on, "Suppose you had come safely out . . . knowing that when the hour came your fear had tightened, not your heart, but your grip of your own purpose—that it had ceased to be fear, and had become strength, penetration, vigilance iron resolution."

The lady exclaims, "Oh, you are a hero, a real hero."

But Napoleon answers, "Pooh; there is no such thing as a real hero."

Shaw admires realism and individualism, and holds them up for our admiration. But if there were no sentimentalists in the world to misconceive things, what a dreary place it would be. Chesterton expressed it in true Chestertonian fashion when he says: "The world has kept sentimentalities simply because they are the most practical things in the world. They alone make men do things. The world does not encourage a perfectly rational army because a perfectly rational army would run away."

And isn't it true? Shaw objects to us all

being sentimentalists, but imagine a world where we were all realists. A happy mingling of both is more to be desired. Yet Shaw is very stimulating, and although we may not agree with him, we must perceive our own opinions in a new light and perhaps revise them. Again the point to be emphasized is our attitude towards him—to keep in mind that he is first and foremost a brilliant satirist. To quote again: "Consider him as an artist seeking to represent life as it is, and you must censure his persistent distortions of the facts of life. But consider him as a dramatic satirist and his work at once becomes intelligible."

Eleanor Mackintosh, 2T2.



Master of Life



Master of Life, across the pages

Of Whose infinite plans, I seek my part;
 Visioning the great and mystic shores
 Whence all decrees and beings start,
 Treading the strange, sweet margin
 Where each morrow follows to-day;
 Trusting all to Thy guidance—,
 Yet plodding a blinded way.

Master, I ask and pray

That in the mercy of a heart so kind,
 Thou wilt not longer leave me
 As I now must travel, blind.
 As first across Thy eternal plans
 My soul in vision flashed,
 And, touched by Thy Almighty Hand
 From heaven to earth was dashed;
 As You chose me from the mighty throng
 Whose being might have been,
 I pray for the light to know my part,
 And grace to follow them.

Margaret M. MacIntosh.

(Written in Colorado, Jan., '23).

Torrey Pines

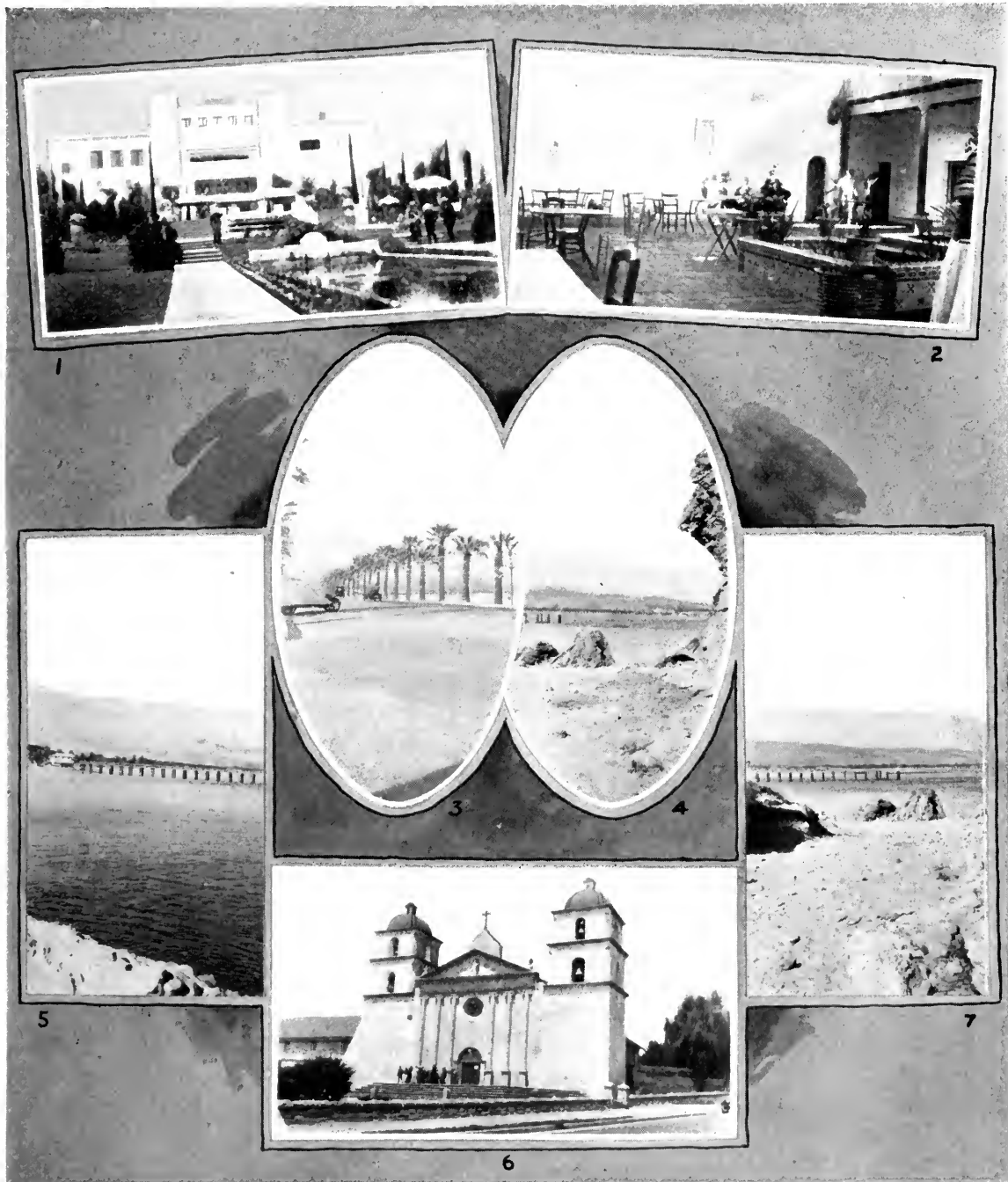
Tempest-worn Pines of the bleak plateau north of Saint Diego

Spectred forms of dark living things
 Burgeoned against the sky,
 Catching the swish of aëried wings,
 And lilt of the sea birds cry.
 Forms, battered and torn and shapeless,
 From up where the needles spread,
 Down to roots that stretch from the trunk,
 Into their firm hard bed.
 You stand, and your strength is wondrous,
 Defiant of wind and sea;
 Challenging canyons neath your gaze.
 In laughing ribaldry.
 Battered, bent and tenacious,
 Yet with none of your courage lost,
 Unbroken still, unconquered,
 Weird sentinels, element tossed.

What is the message you're sending
 Out to the sea's soft blue?
 What is the thing you're wishing
 That the hills and valleys do?
 Would you have our hearts be loyal,
 And firm as your roots are strong?
 Would you have our souls, though battered,
 Still cherish the tune of a song?
 And teach that storm and tempest,
 And Life with its varied hues,
 Can leave us still unconquered,
 And unbroken, if we choose?

Your domain and your sway are mighty:
 You are lulled by night's kind peace;
 You are bathed in the sun of the morning,
 And kissed when he seeks release.
 The ocean is your vanguard,
 And the coast highway your child;
 Weird and wind-swept sentinels,
 Careless and undefiled!
 We honour the stand you've taken,
 To blazen and mark this spot,
 Where God's Hand was strange in creation,
 And endurance what nature sought,
 When we seek for knowers of wisdom,
 And builders of mighty shrines,
 Then shall we choose your rugged strength,
 Weird, wind-swept Torrey Pines.

Margaret M. MacIntosh, Ex. 270.



1. Samarkand Hotel, Santa Barbara, destroyed by earthquake.

2. Spanish patio, California.

3. Promenade along Waterfront, Santa Barbara.

4, 5, 7. "Where the mountains meet the sea."—Santa Barbara.

6. Tower and Bells of Santa Barbara Mission.

THE ALUMNA PLAYS—1925—FROM THE INSIDE

No names shall be named, but at a meeting of Loretto College Alumnae in November, 1924, some enthusiastic souls (*mea maxime culpa*) urged that the Alumnae produce a play. This was moved, seconded and carried. A committee was formed and three one-act plays were chosen. January was to be the time of production, but owing to the usual press of other occupations, the time was changed to two weeks after Easter.

Before proceeding farther in this our confession, let us remark that the plays were a success artistically. At least so we have been told by many kind friends. We know they were not "teasing," because we have been urged to produce a play this year—and are considering the proposition.

The beginning of Lent was a signal for rehearsals to commence, so a cast was chosen by Dr. Kirkpatrick for the three plays, "Rosalind" by Barrie, the "Minuet" by Parker, and the "Maker of Dreams" by Oliphant Downe. From the beginning a "hoo-doo" seemed to pursue "Rosalind." Rehearsals upon it were begun two weeks later than upon the others owing to the difficulty of procuring a Charles. This difficulty overcome, however, rehearsals began. Alumnae who were not acting in the plays can have no conception of what those rehearsals were, and at what ungodly hours they were held. Saturday afternoons saw many of them; some were at nine in the morning, and others later on from five to seven o'clock at night. As we grew desperate towards the time of production, rehearsals were held in the evening. Good Friday morning we rehearsed, and our dress rehearsal was held

on a rainy Sunday, and lasted from ten to one-thirty in the afternoon.

Nevertheless, it was fun, and we enjoyed it. Amateurs studying a character often prove most amusing to onlookers, and even for other members of the caste. The trying part of some rehearsals was the fact that the castes of the other plays sat in the hall, and were only restrained from open mirth by the presence of Dr. Kirkpatrick. Even then a glance in their direction was apt to prove upsetting. The sight of Rosalind flitting about the stage in a tailored suit, her feet encased in huge, flopping bedroom slippers, upset out gravity one afternoon, and the Dame's first appearance in her apron and padding made even Dr. Kirkpatrick laugh. Pierrot's first attempt to leap upon the table was greeted with mirth, and the Marquis' shyness in making love provided some amusement.

Of course the usual committees had been appointed to look after printing, advertising, and staging, but alas, at least two of these committees failed to function, with the result that the weight of production and the worry of finance was thrown entirely upon the caste.

Easter Week saw trips to the Royal Alexandra and Ryan's Art Galleries, arranging for scenery, besides trips to the dressmakers for costumes. The morning of the production the men of the caste were busily at work hanging the curtain for the background. We cannot be too grateful to Mr. Norman Lenehan, Mr. Gerard Beaudoin, and Mr. Howard Rutsey, for their help throughout the plays, which alone made their production possible.

Monday night, first night, was to have been

the performance for all the schools, and was the evening when we looked forward to a full house. That night was tragedy. Even now we shudder to think of it. To put it mildly, the hall was not well filled, and that always makes acting easy. Then, in the "Maker of Dreams," the audience laughed in the wrong places. They warmed to the "Minuet" and it is rumoured that the Marquis became the matinee idol of the College. A delay was caused in placing the mantel for "Rosalind," and then the "hoo-doo" appeared. The scene opens with the Dame asserting to Rosalind over the tea cups, "And mind you they had forty-seven grandchildren." She reached the forty-seven as the supports of the mantel gave way and it crashed to the stage with its load of ornaments. The curtains were drawn amid laughter. The caste pulled themselves together, up went the curtain, and they began again only to have the mantel crash at the words forty-seven. The house rooked with laughter. What Dr. Kirkpatrick said, and the Dame, and Rosalind, is as well not recorded.

At the third attempt the play got under way, and nothing untoward happened until the cue for Charles' entrance, when Rosalind, looking up, discovered to her horror that he was not in the wings (the time being too short to permit of his change of costume, as he had been goaler in the "Minuet"). The Dame proved more than equal to the occasion, and by a well-timed remark, which got a laugh from the audience, steadied Rosalind to tide over the break. Both did some improvising upon Barrie, and when Charles arrived he had to be told to go on. We were told the audience did not notice what had occurred.

But we felt far from happy that evening. We had before us the gloomy prospect of poorer houses, and worst of all, of not being able to pay expenses, which were high. Already we

felt the hand of the bailiff upon our shoulder, so it seemed something like a miracle to be greeted the following night by a packed house, which laughed when it should and wept in the sad places. Even the subtleties of Barrie were not lost upon it, and the plays "went over with a bang." The third night was the same, and a great anxiety left us.

Cyril Maud declares it is astonishing the queer things that are left in theatres. We declare it is astonishing the things that can happen during plays. The wrong placing of a table caused Pierrot to bump his head on a drop. On the third night the goaler swallowed the sticking-plaster gaps in his teeth, causing him to deliver his lines in a strangling voice. Rosalind in her excitement took one of Charles' lines, and their consequent astonishment nearly mixed up the following words. But the best of it is that the audience see so few of these little mishaps. It is truly surprising what one "can get away with," and our sentiments were well expressed by the Marchioness, who putting away her costume for the last time, sighed, "Oh dear, I know I shall never be as pretty again."

Mary Frances Mallon, 2T3.

The Maker of Dreams

By OLIPHANT DOWNE

THE CASTE.

Pierrot	Miss Elsie Irvine
Pierrette.....	Miss Edna Dawson
The Manufacturer.....	Mr. Norman Lenchau
THE MINUET, by	PARKER
The Marquis.....	Mr. Howard Rutsey
The Marchioness.....	Miss Eleanor Maekintosh
Goealer.....	Mr. Gerard Beaudoise
ROSALIND, by	J. M. BARRIE
Beatrice Page	Miss Mary Mallon
Charles.....	Mr. Gerard Beaudoise
Dame Quickly.....	Miss Angela Hamon

IMPRESSIONS OF O.C.E.—BY REQUEST

Due to the extreme kindness of the educational powers that be a means of diversion has been discovered for feminine Bachelors of Arts. This delightful place was described by an unappreciative creature as a place of torture in this life where some souls suffer for a time before they get a school. This unfortunate opinion may be dismissed as warped, probably due to melancholia, a symptom very prevalent during the Michaelmas term. Nothing could be more misleading. I declare the antithesis of this to be the real truth, for a few of the following reasons:

With customary thoughtfulness it was early noted that the social activities of this Olympus would be a bit dull without some masculine company. By holding out as inducement the promise that at all times the stronger sex would be given preference in the matter of schools and salaries, a nearly sufficient number nobly responded and gave up their lives.

To mention the curriculum would be to expatiate unduly. In short, anything may be cultivated: swimming, fancy diving, histrionic tendencies, the culinary art, music and first-aid, to say nothing of the methods of discovering the points of similitude between one's neighbours and their Simian ancestry. Besides these essentials the weak are made strong by indulging in a thorough course of physical training, while those who are too strong are made weak by attempting a course in Public School Methods.

One of the kindest attentions is what is affectionately termed practice teaching. For periods varying from twenty to forty minutes the fortunate ones are given the pleasure of teaching a class of the rising generation. Words fail to convey all the attendant joys of this procedure. Intimate little chats with the re-

gular teacher of the class precede and follow one's lesson. In the former, information vaguely relative to the subject of the lesson is dispensed; in the latter, even more intimate and mostly in the nature of monologue, an exhaustive account of one's more prominent defects provides inspiration for succeeding lessons. Obviously one very beautiful result of all this is the knowledge of one's faults and failings, acquired not by uncertain and vacillating notions, but by "the direct method," so that eventually one concludes that all the points of character as yet unrealized are desirable, all others having been called in question.

Again, should one feel a bit shy and backward about coming uninvited to lectures, a kindly intimation is gently, but firmly, offered to make one feel exceedingly welcome.

Those without the sacrosanct precincts of this earthly paradise sometimes regarded by the envious as belonging to the late Victorian Era, according to the time-honoured custom, eventually exchange their estate for one more blessed. When, as sometimes happens, the more blessed estate delays its appearance and an exchange of hearth, to speak the truth, seems not immediate, times are a bit troubled. Not so with pedagogues. If all else fail and the worst comes to the worst, after a life of ease the person who has grown mellow with age and teaching has always the consolation of a pension to supply the luxuries of senility.

But of all the blessings incident to such a life, one is most conspicuous. Once one enters this realm of calm and leisure, he feels "as though of Lethe he had drunk." All extraneous cares slip away and a new life in a new world is filled with a multiplicity of things unknown, undreamed and unloved by those who have not ventured.

KATHLEEN McGOVERN, 2T5



A PIECE OF GOOD NEWS AND A REQUEST



The long-wished-for and joyful tidings have reached us from Rome, that the Cause of Mother Mary Ward, venerated Foundress of the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary," is going forward, and all who can testify to her aid in their spiritual or temporal concerns, after invoking her, or applying her reliefs, are requested to send in to the "Rainbow Office," 403 Wellington St., Toronto 2, as soon as possible, a concise record of the event to be forwarded to the Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, that it may bear witness to the fame of sanctity of this great servant of God. The Consultor, Rev. Father Angelucci, bids the Institute push on the Cause with energy and constancy. It has been suggested that all who have profited by Mary Ward's intercession should enclose a small alms to help on a cause so dear to all her children and to all who are reaping the fruits of her sufferings and labours in the cause of education. This notice will remain in our columns until her beatification has passed from the burning desires of her children to a blessed fact, bearing the final seal of Rome.



1. Mission in Ventura.



2. Brother Michael, Ste.
Barbara Mission.



3. Crucifix in Garden,
Santa Barbara Mis-
sion.



4. Stairs, San Gabriel
Mission.

MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA

There's many a road to travel, but it's this road
to-day.

With the breath of God above us on the King's
Highway.

—J. S. McGroarty.

I HAD vaguely remembered hearing of the Missions of California, but had given them scant notice. I supposed "Missions" mere terms applied to modern, everyday structures of worship of our faith in that particular state. And yet one can not be long in California before he feels the very atmosphere of the Missions themselves; hears about them on every side, and finds they are the chief land-marks and places of interest in the Golden state.

Alas, the Missions are in ruins,—with the exception of a very few—all are deserted; only crumbling walls, decaying bricks and outlines of defiant frame and porticos are to be seen, yet a beauty, strength and matchless majesty remain to hold one interested and more than fascinated.

But the Missions of California. They have made it and sustained it, given it its colour, background and history. They tell of the saintly Franciscan padres and an era that is gone forever; they bespeak courage, zeal for souls, sacrifice, gentleness, and always of the enduring and undying Church of God that has ever brought civilization, faith and the Gospel of Christ to heathen, far-flung lands.

The complete story of the Missions is too long for me to narrate, if only in barest detail—and even then it would not be the story of the Missions unless woven into its fibre were the colorful tales of beauty, wonder and romance, and Spanish life and song. It began with the Franciscan enterprise in 1769, when the saintly and renowned Fray Junipero Serra, a Franciscan priest, and the first Father president of the Mission, by order of the King of Spain, set out to convert and redeem the race of

savage Indians who peopled California and to take possession of the country both for the Crown and Holy Church.

Fray Serra, the priest, poet, orator, musician and scholar of Old Spain, laboured unceasingly in the face of the most discouraging difficulties, with his Franciscan brothers,—and the Missions rose and flourished, and the dusky Indians were converted, taught to raise stock, till and irrigate the soil and many European trades, to love and trust under the banner of religion and to gather in to prayer and worship when the Mission bell sent its clear-toned, soul-inspiring call across the twilight fields.

There were twenty-one Missions in all—each an establishment of great extent, including not only a church, but living quarters and shops. They stretched from San Diego in the south to Sonoma "in the Valley of the Seven Moons" in the north, a distance of over seven hundred miles, and lay each a day's journey from the other. "El Camino Real, or the "King's Highway" is the name given to this original trail of the Missions. It is to-day the beautifully paved coast highway and main thoroughfare of the lengthy state. Each mile of this historic route is marked with a large Mission bell on a high iron pole. Both on the bell and on a sign, attached to the pole, impressively and indelibly stand out the words "El Camino Real."

Countless times did Fray Serra visit and re-visit his beloved Missions, making the long fatiguing trip always on foot. Gain was unknown and entirely unthought of by the noble friars; even the Missions, after establishment, belonged to the Indians. Everybody was contented, and peace and prosperity prevailed; real happiness, such as comes to only the sincere and simple

of heart, was universal across and in the sweet land of California. Everywhere was honest toil, prayer, song and laughter.

Then came the tragic decay and ruin of the Missions—after over fifty years of glory and accomplishment—when the Mexican Government confiscated all the Mission property and unscrupulous and avaricious rulers of the state drove the priests and Indians from their havens of love. Santa Barbara, the tenth Mission to be founded (1786), was the “one gray fortress that never surrendered.”

I visited San Diego Mission with several friends; some of them claimed no religion, others adhered to various beliefs, and none held to mine; yet all recognized in this ruined temple a shrine to God, and manifested the greatest interest in and reverence to this, the first Mission, which had its birth in 1769. And lovely San Diego and its Harbor of the Sun became “just different” under the glamour and spell of Mission memories; and oh how changed the coast highway seemed on the trip back to Los Angeles (360 miles), what new thrills of elation to be on “El Camino Real” again; but there was a sad, sweet longing, too, to see the brown-robed friars and swarthy Indians who travelled this same—but then unpaved and weary—road, in the years long past.

On towards the fascinating, weirdly beautiful Torrey Pines, “spectred forms of dark living things” the Mission road leads, with the ocean rolling to the left, and on to beautiful, forsaken old San Juan Capistrano Mission (1776), lying beside the “sunset sea.” Within its walls there is such a garden—with every imaginable rare old flower, and there is room for them to multiply and spread and stretch and entangle themselves wildly—for now no hands are there to train and love and cultivate them. Oh beautiful San Juan, they were commencing restoration of your chapel when I was last there. May you be restored, bit by bit, and your porticos and patio rise and be again alive; and what a hungry-loving soul for beauty the padre had who planned your location beside the dreamy, rolling, sapphire sea.

It is interesting to note that the first irrigation ditch used in Western America was laid in San Diego by the Franciscans. By means of these irrigation devices water was brought down from the mountains, and because of that, California has changed from the barren, terrible, desert wastes it originally was to the fertile land it is throughout its entirety to-day; where cities prosper, and orange and lemon, grapefruit and walnut, and so many other luscious fruits, nuts and vegetables flourish; and countless millions of blooms play their part in the “wondrous scheme of things” at any and all months of the year.

In San Diego, too, the fathers planted the first palm and olive trees of California, and to-day the olive is one of the chief products of the state, and the graceful palms line numerous boulevards and highways and beautify the lawns; and south, in the Imperial Valley, where it is sufficiently warm for its fruit to ripen, the date palm is cultivated extensively. At the Mission of San Luis Rey, the 18th establishment, 85 miles south of Los Angeles, the first pepper tree introduced into California was planted. And what would California be without its thousands and thousands of pepper trees with their lacy, feathery, dainty leaves, and their clusters of crimson berries! Thus how far-reaching in Life is the word one speaks and the seed one plants.

The Mission of Santa Barbara was founded in 1786. It was in December that I first drove into and through Santa Barbara (112 miles north of Los Angeles). I thought I had been transported into some paradise of bloom. On every side huge tall poinsettias, often reaching to the second storey windows, flaunted their cheery welcome, and every shade and combination in all God’s colour scheme seemed arrayed in garden, lawn, hedges, vines and along pathways. The Mission stands on the higher ground up and back from the city. Above and behind it tower and encircle the mighty hills of the San Ynez mountain range,—the Riviera climbs and winds up and off to the left, and below beautiful, picturesque, flower-masked,

wave-washed Santa Barbara, where the mountains meet the sea, and the romance of old Spanish days still clings to the modern city, and where over a thousand artists have made their homes.

Perhaps the reason I love Santa Barbara Mission most is because it was the first of the old Missions I visited, and because in a five week's stay in the city, nearly a year later, I regularly attended Sunday Mass and Benediction in the old church; thus I learned to know it and more closely realize its real and stupendous worth. It is very large, and the Franciscans have a monastery there and seminary for students. Visitors, tourists and strangers throng to its doors in large numbers, and one of the padres, Brother Michael, escorts the curious, eager crowd from room to room explaining all that is to be seen and making one live again the Californian Mission days. Here are to be found bibles and religious books and translations dating back to the 12th and 13th centuries, and brought to America by the Spanish priests; old sheepskin parchments which often took 20 to 30 years to complete, original vestments, statues and many priceless chalices and sacred vessels, each with a history, fill the rooms. The wonderful old church walls have paintings by the most noted of Europe's masters, and all these priceless things did the untiring earnest friars bring from the old, old world.

Brother Michael escorted us through the interesting old garden and explained its growth and history. Here on this sacred ground the priests and Indians worked and laboured and loved, and thousands and thousands of the latter were baptized at various times. The walls of the Mission Church and tower are four, five and six feet in thickness. The stones about the court and porticos and the steps leading up to the famous tower have been worn deep and

smooth and sure by the millions of stops that have caressed them in their time. There is also the "Forbidden Court" or priests' garden where it is said no woman's foot has ever trod.

Then June of 1925—and lovely Santa Barbara Mission the victim of an earthquake; and the mighty Mission tower destroyed and crumbled and fallen down to the bells, and several of the buildings badly damaged and cracked: another blow in the long list of Mission tragedies. But it is not the first time this Mission has been shaken and mangled by earthquake. In 1812 it was almost entirely destroyed, and again in the eighties. But an artist friend writes from Santa Barbara that the city is rising from its ruin, and building firmer, stronger, more lovely buildings and streets than before—thus come progress and good from what we at one time consider disaster.

And the Mission, too, will rise—reinforced, restored, more loved and admired than ever before. Time, confiscation, fire, ruin, enmity and oft repeated earthquakes cannot lay low this "gray fortress" or subdue its sweet-toned, resonant bells or the chant of its brown-robed priests;—and always within its walls there will be peace and hope;—and outside the towering mountains, rolling foothills, the pepper trees and flowers, the Indians' crude fountain, the mighty cross that stands in the centre of the green, abundant, purple-topped alfalfa, the bees seeking honey, and the old stone fence with its border of scarlet geraniums; always there will be the blue sky and clouds and the sun-kissed, restless ocean beyond.

And the old invincible Santa Barbara Mission and its defiant, ponderous bells, from this latest fruitful tragedy, will fling their omen of hope and promise far out to the waiting world. That hope—that the Missions of California may all in time be restored—"and again a cross on every hill on the green road to Monterey."

Margaret M. MacIntosh, Ex. 270.



CAESAR'S BRITAIN

There is a time in the life of every man who has been wise enough to learn something of languages other than his own, when he does not consider "De Bello Gallico" as the most delightful book in the world, and is even less interested in the fact that "all Gaul is divided into three parts." But the time comes when he is heartily thankful that the iron hand of the law compelled him in the hours of his foolishness to progress beyond "amo, amas, amat," to the mastery of Caesar's classic description of his Gallican adventures, of how to build bridges over Gallie rivers, and so forth; but we are happy in this knowledge that would not otherwise have been ours, and in a finer mastery of English which owes much of its rugged strength to the continental languages.

At this moment comes to mind Caesar's description of the blue painted savages, with their horrible human sacrifices, degraded religion and polygamous life, who in his day inhabited England. As one reads again his stolidly given account of the burning of women in wicker work baskets one is less concerned with the "beginning of the basket industry," than that these atrocious barbarians might possibly be our ancestors. The average Britisher thinks of England as Westminster Abbey, St. Pauls, the Houses of Parliament. He does not like to imagine himself as a cultivated savage. But as John Bunny used to say "Pigs is Pigs," and Greatness is measured in terms of Progress.

It may be supposed that these British ancestors resisted the attempts of the Italians to teach them manners. Nobody likes to admit

a foreigner can teach him anything, and the Britons vigorously resisted Caesar's attempt to persuade them to substitute spaghetti for raw bear. But the Romans, being the most tenacious of civilized people, stuck to their task; and if from the top of their great wall they did not succeed in civilizing England and Gaul, they left a heritage of good things—Roman roads, Roman laws, a language reeking with Roman terminology, and we scrape through in the Spring with a bare fifty per cent. on "De Bello Gallico."

No longer, after the terrible lesson of the World War, with its fruit of gravestones, must we think of the spirit of "all Gaul is divided into three parts," rather must we revert to the fundamental spirit of our first conjugation, "amo, amas, amat." Caesar strove to inculcate in his conquered peoples the high arts of the civilization he represented.

But we in the twentieth century have advanced beyond the standards of the Caesars. In the collapse of every empire created by war we have learned the futility of the sword as a means of permanent civilization, and now we are applying our brains rather than our brawn to the solution of world problems. No longer do we divide and rule. Locarno is the outstanding witness to this fact, for in the internationalized pact there signed we see recorded the resolution of the nations to forgo the utter futility of War in favour of Peace. May we all do our part to broadcast this spirit of charity.

Helen McGrady, 1917.

Editor

Mary Frances Mallon, 2T3.

Assistants.

Grace Elston, 1T9; Madeleine Smythe, 1T9.

OUR SECOND NUMBER.

The first Alumnae number of the Rainbow was so well received that the Executive definitely decided to continue to issue a number each year, so we present for your approval our second Alumnae Year Book. Our purpose is the same, to keep the Alumnae, resident and non-resident members in touch with each other, and to record our activities. For the former purpose we publish our pages of news of graduates under the heading, "Lest Old Acquaintance Be Forgot." Please note the number of engagements announced. It is our longest list, and we are proud of it.

THE HOPE CHEST.

This year money for our scholarship fund was raised by means of a Hope Chest. Letters were sent out to all members asking for donations, and a shower was held on Sunday, January 17th. The Executive donated a blue and fawn blanket, and a pair of hemstitched sheets. The chest was walnut, panelled in mahogany and was filled with lingerie of silk and dimity, towels, bath towels, tea towels, pillow cases, articles of table linen, a bridge table cover, in short, all the things the heart of a girl could desire.

The out-of-town members were most generous in their response, and many members sold more than their allotted books of chances. Most of us had more than one chance for ourselves, and somehow felt we must win it. The drawing took place on March 4th, at the College, after a lecture by Reverend Father Sie-

denberg, S.J. It was a breathless moment as one of the little girls from the College School put her hand in the capacious bag and drew the name of Mrs. McCarron of Manning Ave., Toronto. Mrs. McCarron had one chance, and was most pleased and surprised. She tells us it is the first time she has ever won anything of the kind. But then, it was worth waiting for.

CLEVER PEOPLE AND DEARS.

When we saw Cyril Maud in "These Charming People," we carried one line away with us. Said the flapper to her fiance, "It is so easy to be clever, but so hard to be a dear." Such compact utterances are always half truths, and any discussion of them is apt to be as complicated as the negro's definition of an alibi, "Provin' you was at prayer-meetin' when you wasn't, and weren't at the crap game when you was."

Nevertheless, the line explained for us a remark we once heard a clever woman make in the presence of several other clever women. She said, "I hate clever people." But, my good woman, someone should have said, there are clever people and clever people, just as there are dears and dears. It is commonplace to say that one may be clever, and yet boast of no great education, just as one may be a dear, and possess no very great intellect. The flapper of 1926 boasts above all things of her outspoken honesty, hence it takes a clever person, or an initiate, to know that when she says, "Well, I really can't say just now. If I can go to your party I will 'phone later," that she means, "I think your party will be an awful bore, but in case nothing else turns up I'll leave the invitation open, and as I don't care what you think of me, I don't need to 'phone." A clever person would be bitterly satiric. A dear would find some excuse, but a clever dear,

the golden mean, would say nothing. She knows the world and makes allowances accordingly.

The dear, with a minimum of intellect is classified by certain friends of ours as a "lovely girl." The "lovely girl" is sweet, in fact sugary. She rhapsodizes upon trifles, upon everything. Nothing displeases her, and everywhere one hears, "Isn't she a lovely girl?" She is as objectionable as the fault-finding, clever girl, for she is not human, lacking that "sense of the imperfection of all things which proves us half divine."

A clever dear, like the poet, sees life clearly and sees it whole. Besides, who said it was so easy to be clever? It seems to us that one is

born that way, and that acquiring cleverness by means of education means great toil and tribulation. We only speak of the subject, anyway, because the world at large has the erroneous idea that all university graduates are clever, and might possibly hate us therefor.

A SUGGESTION.

The staff of the Alumnae Number of the Rainbow suggest that if graduates have any time to themselves during the summer they spend a portion of it dashing off an article, or story, for next year's number, thereby saving the future editor from becoming a public nuisance and prevent her from making her own life, and the lives of others, a burden.



The Desert's Problem

Across the desert the tracks are laid;
 Across the desert steel paths are made.
 Off on one side rise the mountains high,
 Rugged temples against the sky,
 And the sands lie all between.
 On the other side away beyond
 The hills begin, as a friendly bond
 To watch the desert and stand as guard,
 That these mighty stretches shall not be marred,
 Nor confusion intervene.

The sage brush blows and though cold and gray,
 It helps to hold the sands at bay;
 It runs right up to the train track's bed,
 As if to see where those strange things led
 That defy the yellow sands.
 For peace is broken in rumbling noise:
 The desert seeks for its old time poise,
 But the sky that guards it promises not,
 T'will again be the wide unbroken spot,
 Untouched by man's mind and hands.

Margaret M. MacIntosh, Ex. 270.
 Written on Santa Fe, California Ltd., crossing
 Arizona Desert, Oct., 1923.
 Los Angeles Times, Nov., 1924.

The Storm

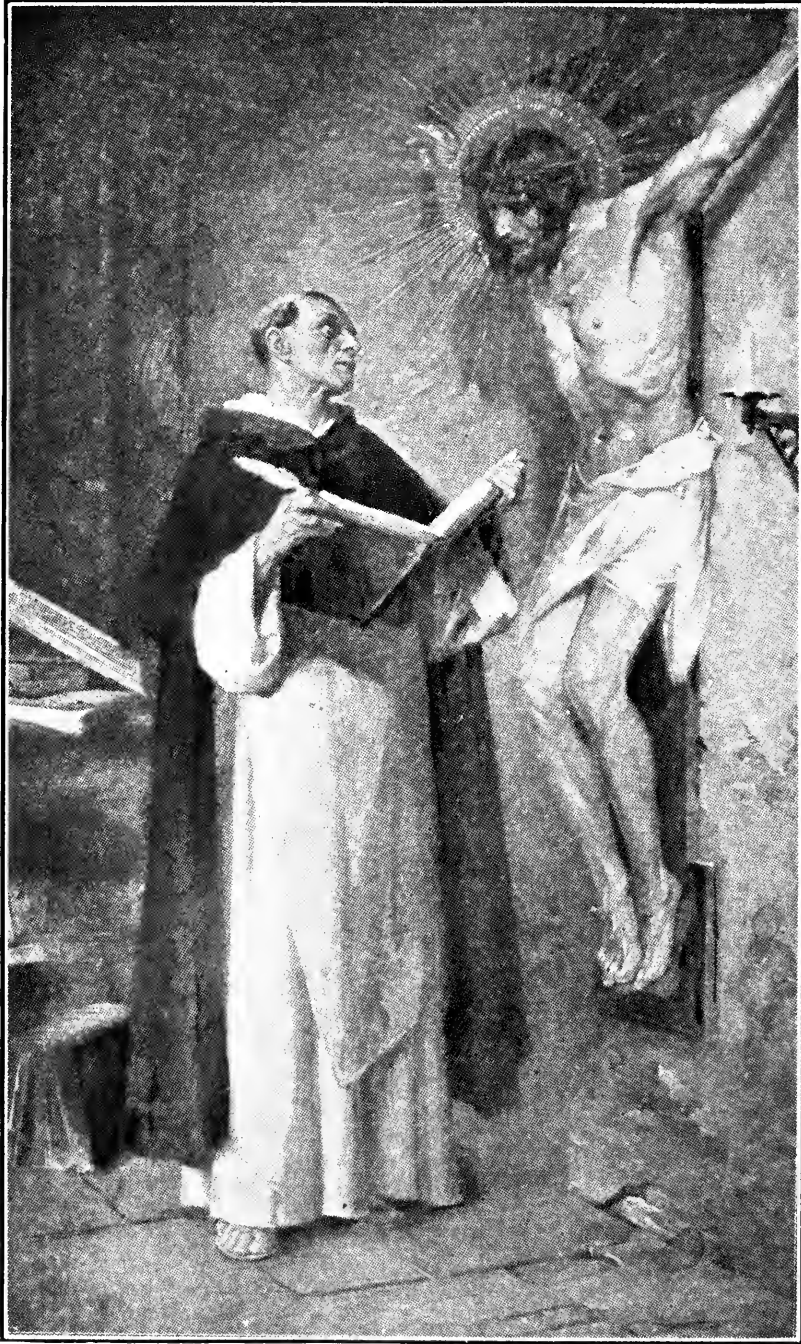


<p>It stormed in the night and I heard the wild turmoil, Uproar of tempest and rain lashing free, Heard the deep thunder take birth in the moun- tains, Echoing down to the valleys and sea.</p> <p>It stormed in the night and I saw the fierce lightning, Give terror and flame from its mark in the sky, Heard the wild beating of rain on the window And menaeing haste of the wind rushing by.</p> <p>I lay a-listening; it lasted for hours; In the merciless fury and wrath of its might, Somewhere I knew that destruction was ram- pant, And out on the ocean the billows foamed white.</p>	<p>And yet as I listened I worshipped, well-know- ing, No touch of man might such wonders per- form: I thrilled at the marvel of nature's wild actions, Where could be pageant to equal this storm?</p> <p>Slowly it lessened as day-light was breaking, Retreating in deep, grumbling accents afar, Clouds hurried by and the cool breeze of morn- ing, Coaxed with its freshness our doors to unbar.</p> <p>Already in tree tops the robins were singing; Grasses and bushes in their green fresh- ness born, Joined with the sun as it burst through the blueness, Tributing thanks to the God of the morn.</p>
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Margaret M. MacIntosh, Ex. 270.

Written in Los Angeles, Cal., Nov., 1924.

Published in Los Angeles Times, Dec., 1924.



ST THOMAS AQUINAS

THE PORTRAIT

AN autumn sun was shooting its last red rays through the topmost branches of a world-old elm against the gray walls of the Paradeiser House in the Wein Strasse. Under the spreading branches a group of novices were gathered about a distinguished-looking woman in the black pleated dress, linen coif, veil and white cuffs distinctive of the Institute of the English Virgins in 1681. Fraulein Helena Catesby, the seion of a family notable in English history since the days of the conqueror, possessed much of the grace and winning charm of Mary Ward, the foundress of that Institute, whose storm-tossed life had closed under the clouds of misunderstanding thirty-six years before. Many a time while her white fingers plied the busy needle had Fraulein Catesby told these eager young listeners of that band of noble English girls who had been the first to cross the seas and east in their lot irrevocably with that remarkable woman whose mere presence could excite a life-long devotion which neither prison nor any kind of ignominy could shake. Helena herself had come under Mary's influence at nine years of age, and after her death had been a pupil of Mary Poyntz at Paris. From her novice-mistress, the self-effacing Winifred Wigmore, she had learned the histories of all, their adventures by land and sea. She could make the novices merry with the code by which they concealed their innocent actions from prying enemies; the letters written in lemon-juice on brown paper which firelight alone could render legible. She could inspire them by quoting Mary's exhortation on fervour in which she vindicates the rights of women to a share in the saving

of souls; by her intrepid courage as she walked into the jaws of death at Lambeth. She could make them weep over the sad days of the suppression and all that heroic life which moved toward its close with the inevitableness of a Greek tragedy.

This evening Mary Cramlington, who felt how precious was this link with the heroic past, had pressed a point regarding Mary Poyntz, the late General of the Institute: "Dear Mother, how comes it that while you have told us how God's call came to all those others, we have never yet heard you speak of our late Mother Chief Superior, Mary Poyntz? Surely He must have drawn so rare a character with a more than ordinary grace. We have often longed to know."

"I myself, dear Mary," replied Fraulein Helena, "had the same curiosity. When a pupil in the Paris house I felt a strange fascination for this woman of lofty resolves and dauntless courage which mocked defeat and marched straight to a goal. There was about her a beauty and warmth and colour which might have won her a personal following, but if ever she saw anyone becoming too warmly attached and that she could not use that attachment to lead the person to God, she was ruthless in rejecting it. Her history I learned from Mother Winifrid Wigmore, her cousin, who had the earlier part of it from her sister Frances, who became a religious of our Society, but until yesterday when you remember a post came from Rome, I was not free to make it known, that is with names and facts. All being now passed from this world whom it concerns, it may be told to the honour of those connected

with it. Fold your sewing, sweet Sisters, and I shall tell the tale as it came to Winifrid Wigmore in the words of Frances Poyntz:

“I was but ten years old when Sir Harry Fortescue first came to Tobington Park. I overheard my father say to my uncle, Sir John Poyntz of Iron Acton, that he had come wooing my sister Mary and that it would be an excellent match, but I knew not then what it meant, yet I held my peace, my father not liking his children to be froward, especially in the presence of our uncle. However, I soon learned, for Sir Harry came often after that. He would come riding up the lime-tree avenue almost at full speed, give his mount to the groom, who came in running to wait upon him, for Sir Henry would fling him a crown piece for his service,—a thing my father much disliked as tending to corrupt her servants—and hasten up the stone steps with more of eagerness in his pace than was usual with the other gentlemen who visited at my father’s. When he entered the great chamber he would bow low to Mary, the plume of his hat sweeping the ground.

He was a gay, handsome cavalier full of the joy of life, a Catholic, but one on whom the persecution had not yet fallen, for his kinsmen were in high favour with King James and had been so with Elizabeth. To me he seemed a hero, dark-splendid as a hero should be, and I thought my sister Mary should be happy to have pleased so noble a knight. That she had pleased him I did not doubt, for no day passed without some attention from him. He would bring a bunch of rare flowers from the Italian gardens at the ancient seat of the Fortescues, or a book of Petrarch’s sonnets for Mary, who was reading Italian with Mr. John Foster, the priest whom my father harboured in his house. Again his body servant would be charged with a small image of Carrara marble

that Mary had admired, not to speak of lampreys to my father from his fish ponds or a brace of grouse or quail from his coverts.

And indeed our Mary was of that countenance and presence that she pleased all who looked on her, but Sir Harry, to be sure, most of all. You, dear Mother Winifrid, remember her beauty and in particular the large, soft, dark eyes and the great coils of chestnut hair that made her glorious to look upon. Especially do I recall how fair she looked one evening as she sat with the glow of the fire-light on her face which was rapt upon the red embers. The knight leaning on the mantel in white satin doublet and hose (for he went as gaily apparelled at Tobington Park as to court, for he thought it fitting to behave to his lady as to his sovereign). I thought that night that his suit must soon be won, for I had heard my father say that in these days it would be a comfort for him to have Mary marry into a family which stood so well with the King as did the Fortescues, he himself having suffered sundry losses for our holy faith and like to suffer more, the King’s majesty in a list of recusants having already given him over to be made profit of by a Mr. Stephen Le Sueir in case two other gentlemen “be entered for others,” all which losses my father gladly bore, thinking it a glory to suffer for Christ His sake, but wishing, as was natural, that his children should be spared to live in peace if it were God’s will.

But I did not then know Mary as I afterwards came to know her, for she was older than I by full six years and had lived with the Morningtons, our kinsfolk in Herfordshire, after our mother’s death. But as I was now constantly with her although so young—for she loved me well and I exceeding her, bore her great affection—I began to see that her mind was no way settled as to her way of life. She

loved the beauty of the world, it is true, and longed passionately for happiness, but suddenly, sometimes in the midst of the spring, with the sun warm overhead, the song would die on her lips, she would sigh deeply and turn away as if she could not endure the sight of transitory beauty.

At this time she was reading a book called the *Consolations of Philosophy*, by Boethius, and also the Italian poet Dante Alighieri, which may have given her mind a serious bent. But apart from books there was much to put even a young maid in a serious way of thinking, for almost no week passed without news of some of our kinsfolk or near friends being searched, fined or imprisoned in some straight and pestilent place where many fell sick and contracted such diseases as never left them to their dying day.

Sometimes when listening to Mr. Foster's relation of the martyrdom of Father Edmund Campion and of Margaret Clitheroe and others which were still fresh in memory, or when gentlemen riding down from the north would tell of pursuivants' visits, men condemned to *praemunire* for the oath and also to death, and what great shifts they used to have a priest brought to them, I have seen her eyes kindle and her cheek glow with I know not what of fervour, but she spoke no word to me or to anyone. Yet at this time she sought much to be alone and passed long hours in reading and meditating. In a book she had asked me to bring from her chamber—it was the same Boethius, his *Consolation of Philosophy*, I found these verses in her hand-writing which gave me to think what might be the subject of her meditations:

The monks prayed in their oaken stalls,
In the sun without on the Abbey walls
Were roses red with their dropping leaves,
And roses white as when love decrees.

How they bloomed and swayed in the garden
there,

While the bell tolled out on the warm still air
Eternity!

“Eternity!” the great bell rang,

“Leave life and love and youth,” it sang,

And the red rose scattered its petals wide

And the pink rose dreamed in the sun and
sighed,

And the white rose pined on its stem and died,

Ah, life, love, youth, ye are sweet, ye are strong,

But barren lives will bloom in a long Eternity.”

This and other circumstances made me think she might one day pass the narrow seas to become a religious, perhaps with the English Benedictines at Brussels, where my father's cousin, the Lady Mary Percy, was Abbess, and I grieved for Sir Harry Fortescue, that good knight who both from the favour he enjoyed with my father and from Mary's own pleasure in his frequent presence at Tobington Park for the best part of three years, had some reason to think he would win her who was to him the crown and summit of earth's fairness.

His was a spirit turned outward rather than inward—gallant and carefree, nor prone to reflect or seek the causes of things, counting no cost where his eye and heart were engaged, but expecting a return of earthly happiness, too much of springtime joyousness in his nature to think of winter to follow. All this I felt then by a sort of instinct, though I could not have explained it. And I pitied him.

My father, who saw that matters stood in this doubtful posture, though he much disliked to speak, fearing to hinder God's designs in his children, did finally address my sister, begging her to declare her mind, setting forth the claims of the gallant gentleman who was the last of his name and noble house, the advantage of the match to the Catholic cause, the loss to the same if she refused; his own com-

fort; the disposition of Sir Harry that could ill brook a thwarting of his wishes. I never heard what passed on her side, but I believe she told my father of her thoughts of a monastic life, yet her longing to do something in an active way for England, for it seemed to her a penuriousness to save her own soul and to leave the souls of others in such evil case. My father having found her hitherto well-affected toward Sir Harry gave it as his opinion that a marriage with a Catholic of influence would be the best way and well nigh the only way of helping England, that in justice the matter must be settled one way or another, forwith. That night Mary passed alone in the little Gothic chapel at the east end of the manor, begging I think, for a sign of God's will. Next day came Sir Harry for it had been arranged to ride to a point above Tintern Abbey on a party of pleasure. Returning thence he kept with Mary. They had reigned their horses to wait for me on a hill which looked down on a scene of varied and wonderful beauty where the gleam and murmur of the Wye descending from its source in the mountains of Wales came softened through woods and copses and the steep and lofty rocks gave a sense of seclusion. They seemed to have been talking earnestly, for they scarce noted my coming, but as my sister always kept me by her at home they had begun scarcely to think of me.

"Mark you, Mistress Mary," he was saying, "the gleam of the Wye through the tender green of yonder wood. The whole land is green as hope except for those gray cliffs that shut out the world, and the river is like a silver lute which plays a melody of love. 'Tis a scene on which I could linger forever." Eagerly laying his hand on her bridle-rein he added, "But without you it is nothing. You are the key that unlocks all the beauty of the world to me."

"Ah, the beauty of the world!" sighed Mary,

ignoring the reference to herself, "but it cannot last and moreover it cannot satisfy while it does last. It fills only a corner of the soul. Even had I not the truths of faith I would know I was not born for the things of time."

"But see all the fair things of the world—in art, in nature. Surely God set them there to be used, and did not give us our powers of acting and enjoying to frustrate them. By mine honour there is nothing in court or city or country, at home or abroad, that you shall **not** enjoy if you but give me that without which life will be but death to me."

"Sir Henry, these sights and worldly pleasures would have not the weight of a single hair in determining my decision—rather the contrary. Besides, in the present state of England, imprisonment and martyrdom would not unlikely be yours and mine some day despite the present favour of your kinsmen."

"Forgive me, my dearest lady, I would not go to court nor travel abroad except to let all the world know that my lady is the queen of love and beauty. I would throne her high above all comers as the knights did in days gone by. As to the shadow of death or imprisonment, it would not come nigh us. I have lands in the colony of Virginia beyond the sea, where the rivers roll down ingots of gold and the fruits and flowers grow in rich abundance all the year. There will I build you, my beautiful Mary, a palace of rustic beauty in which I will set my peerless treasure and guard her with my life. My Mary, you cannot know what your beauty means to me. Your face is the star which guides my destiny. It is with me always by day and by night, and without it I am lost, groping vainly in the darkness."

I saw a shade of pain pass over her countenance as she listened. Then she spoke gently, for his boyish earnestness touched her.

"You set far too high a price upon that poor

beauty of mine which a little sickness may spoil. Nay, which in a few years will be dust and ashes. Time at this moment is busy upon it. What is the body but what your poet calls it—"a muddy vesture of decay."

"Nay," he returned "I cannot couple you in my thought with old age or death or the grave. Where you are is a changeless heaven lit up by the radiance of your face."

"My poor friend, these are foolish words. Trust me; I have learned that what is transitory can never satisfy our immortal part. Eternity! Ah, beautiful word! the complete possession of unlimited life in a moment. Only that beauty, every ancient, ever new, is worth striving for."

"Nay, Mary. God Himself cannot in all the length and breadth of eternity, satisfy me for the loss of you. My faith tells me I must believe it, but my heart cries out against it."

"Ah, you do not know God. In Him is everything we have ever loved or hoped or dreamed, its real self. You do not understand the force that draws you to the good or what it is you seek. Some day we will understand the Italian's song of the Beatific Vision:

"Within its depth I saw contained, bound by love into one volume, what is dispersed in leaves throughout the universe."

The pages are shown to us now that we may know and love the book. Why will you cling to the poor page and seek no further when the book itself is to be gained?"

"Why, then, are my eyes ravished with the beauty of the body and my ears attuned to sweet harmonies? Why does the rose thrill me with its perfume? Pale, attenuated monks with a special gift for seeing spirits may content themselves with visions of the other world, but I am of the earth and I needs must love, nay worship the highest that I know thereon. You

are that highest and my only link with the world above."

"Your senses were given you for another end. But I know full well how vain it is to convince the mind if the heart be not changed. Kindly grief 'that espouses us to God' will some day teach you."

On the word she wheeled her horse and they rode homeward, speaking little, but I, riding some paces behind, saw Sir Harry once lean toward Mary and knew that he was pleading his cause with the earnestness of which he was capable.

On coming home we dispersed to our several chambers to rest and make ready to meet the company below at supper.

What happened that afternoon, dear Winifrid, you know better than I, and how it changed all life for Mary and gave light where none had been before and strength to follow that light.

"This paper which has lately come to my hands," said Fraülein Helena, pointing to a manuscript she had brought, has been my guide at this point of the tale. The exact circumstances I can now make known.

Sir Harry Fortescue on entering the great chamber had found Mary standing by the tall oriel that gave view upon the pleasure garden. Her colour was heightened by the long ride in the open air and above the gown of grass green silk she wore her face looked like a rose rising from its calyx.

Poor Sir Harry, whose courage was great, though his hopes had been dashed by Mary's words that day, determined to put his fortune to the test and to stake all on one throw. His word was brief:

"My lady, can you resolve this day to crown my three years' waiting with your consent?"

Into Mary's soul came the longing to re-

nounce all earthly things and to live a life of poverty and devotion to God. After a pause and in words scarcely audible came the answer, "I cannot so resolve."

Again a silence.

Then Sir Henry asks, "Are you, then, resolved to enter a cloister beyond the seas?"

Into her heart came the yearning for the souls of so many in England whose faith was faltering and the desire to do some little brave thing to succour those whose danger she so well knew. She felt on fire with that flame caught from the Sacred Heart itself which drives souls along the path of self-devotion. Could her gallant impetuous heart brook the sweet peace and stillness of a Benedictine cloister, knowing the state of that England which she would seem to be deserting forever?

Still more faintly came the answer, "No."

Eagerly he caught at the hope the word and tone implied, and kneeling, he would have taken her hand with knightly reverence, but at that moment through the open window came the sound of voices from the garden below. Looking down, Mary saw her father walking toward the house in deep conversation with a lady whom she had never before seen. She was rather tall, but her figure was symmetrical. Her complexion delicately beautiful, her countenance and aspect most agreeable, mingled with I know not what that was attractive. More than this Mary Poyntz must have seen in the moment when Mary Ward—for it was indeed our dearest Mother—looked up toward the window and their eyes met—the eyes of her who sought light on a dark course, and those eyes which having groped through the dark labyrinth of doubt had been bathed in the effulgence of the vision and were now mirrors of God's will.

Instantly all doubts as to her course vanished. "See," she exclaimed, "there is she

through whose instructions God will save me."

Sir Harry felt in that moment as he followed her fixed and earnest gaze, that the final and irrevocable decision had been made. Turning like one in a dream, he groped his way to the door and presently the clatter of hoofs down the long avenue told the tale of a rider galloping toward the sunset with a burden of blighted hopes.

Mary Poyntz from that moment attached herself to our mother as her guide, clung to her through the evil days and saved the Institute after the death of that blessed one. Ah, little Sisters, if you had but known our Mother Mary Ward! Her presence and conversation were most winning, her manners courteous. It was a general saying that she became whatsoever she wore or did. Her voice in speaking was very grateful and in song melodious. In her demeanor and carriage, an angelic modesty was united to a refined ease and dignity that made even princes find great satisfaction, yea profit, in conversing with her. Yet these were withal without the least affectation and were accompanied by such meekness and humility as gave confidence to the poorest and most miserable. There was nothing that she did seem to have more horror of than there should be anything in herself or hers that might put a bar to the free access of any who should have need of aught in their power to bestow. These things I know through Mother Winifrid and myself observed, child though I was."

Fraülein Catesby in her enthusiasm for the Mother Foundress, was diverging from the narrative.

"But what of poor Sir Henry? Is there no more to tell?" asked Mary Cramlington.

"Sir Harry, when Mary Poyntz was about to cross to Flanders, sent to implore her likeness that there might be some faint gleam of herself to light his loneliness. Mary, knowing

well of what his soul was capable despite its blind attachment, at first refused positively, but finally consenting to his request, sent him the portrait I am about to show you."

Fraülein Helena unfolded the picture, a small painting in oils. The novices gathered around eager to see the youthful beauty of which they had heard so much, imagining the consolation of the cavalier on receiving this portrait. But suddenly, on beholding it, an exclamation of horror escaped from their lips as they recoiled, looking from one to the other. What was this? Approaching again, they saw and understood. One part was her living likeness, very beautiful, with a large, soft, dark eye and delicately marked eyebrow, a slightly arched nose and a high forehead whence the long, brown hair was pushed back and fell over the shoulder in front. From the cheek down to the chest she was pale and emaciated

like a dying person. The upper part on the other side was painted like a death's head, a skull, and from the cheek down to the chest the flesh was quite corrupted and eaten by worms.

"This likeness of herself she gave him," said Fraülein Catesby when the shocked exclamations had subsided. "And it made such an impression on his mind that he forsook all and entered a religious order. A few weeks ago he died in Rome in great reputation for sanctity. On his death-bed he ordered this picture to be sent to the Institute House in Vienna, with a humble request for our prayers, declaring it to be the means used by God for his salvation. It arrived only yesterday, and I had brought it out intending to tell you its history this evening, when Mary's question by a coincidence gave me another incentive.

M. Estelle.



THE NON-PROOF HUMAN SPEAKS.

I have travelled the world in its areas wide,
And thought not of the stones I hurled;
I have gazed at the ships of nations' wealth,
And laughed at their flags unfurled.

I meant no wrong and I did no harm,
While 'I journeyed defiant and free;
I said no one in all the world,
Would ever be master of me.

I defied the ways and wills of lands,
And flaunted my freedom-born pride;
Yet I come back a prisoner, bending low,
In shackles and chains to your side.

Was it I who said I defied the world,
And my heart would have no master?
That was before your ship came in sight,
And made my pulse race faster.

Margaret M. MacIntosh, Ex. 270.
Colorado, Summer, 1923.

AS ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER

“In the Spring a young man’s fancy—” and anyone would know that the poet belonged to the sterner sex, otherwise how could he have failed to include in his Spring Song the daughters of Eve?

Scarcely has the snow begun to melt from the winter-locked gardens and long before even the most daring of bulbs has pushed through the protecting coverings—while howling winds and flurries of snow are sending folk home to their own firesides—the feminine world is considering the Eden-old problem of new clothes.

Perhaps the first authentic sign of Spring in these days of enlightenment is the bustle caused by the announcement of the first “Spring Opening.” By which is meant the first showing of the latest fads and fancies approved by that capricious lady known variously as “Dame Fashion,” “The Mode,” “The Vogue”—each and every one designed to lure hard-earned

sheekles into the pockets of the commercial world.

To be a complete success, each season must launch some new idea which will make last season’s Fashions look as antediluvian as a faded fig leaf to the instituter of clothes. If skirts for the last six months have been too long and narrow—this year they must scale the heights even to the knee cap. And for fear one might possibly shorten any existing creation, they must flare in circular manner, and in front only. Sleeves have been taboo from the realms of the Smart. Then by all means let there be sleeves, as voluminous and as long as possible.

Not content with cropping the crown of glory, the past seasons have advocated a hair fashion as close to the masculine clip as possible. And now ladies must find again their long luxuriant tresses or don a transformation. Why? Because the new mode demands it.

Grace Elston, 1T9.



Life Complete

While I have scaled the heights of joy
In exaltation rare,
With the same measure can I plumb
The depths of my despair.

No middle path would be my choice,
If choice were given to me—
For little grief means little joy,
Small hate, weak amity.

No—let me feel the whole of life,
Its each experience meet,
Though bitter are the woes of life
Yet life—ah life is sweet!

Grace Elston, 1T9.

Just Boys

I sometimes try to write about
 Young boys and the pleasures they seek,
 The castles they build, as in phantasy,
 They climb the mountain's peak.
 I try to write of their cares and joys
 And the deep, deep thoughts that are theirs;
 But I find it very hard to do,
 For my mind wanders, unawares.

With them I listen to songs of birds,
 And follow the paths they tread;
 I climb fences and go through brush,
 Adventurously plodding ahead.
 I wade through waters cool and clear.
 That are part of the mountain stream;
 I bate my hook for the fishes' mouths
 As their tiny bodies gleam.

I climb the trunk of an old oak tree
 And turn from a lower limb;
 In the heart of the day I go again
 Down to the pond to swim;
 And a faithful dog comes with me,
 For a dog is a boy's best chum;
 He understands whatever is said,
 And his eyes speak, though he's dumb.

I dream again the mighty hopes
 That were mine as a country lad,
 When I conquered the world and made the most
 Of the few play-things I had.
 And thus I go back in fancy
 To share youth's fondest joys,
 For the first and last words of perfection
 Are summed up in these, "Just boys."

Margaret M. MacIntosh.

—Pasadena Daily News, June, 24.

Twilight

Of, when the light in the western sky
 Fades, as the day is done,
 And the crimson streaks that mark the clouds,
 Lengthen, one by one;
 When the mountains loom, because the day-
 light
 Has been suddenly taken away,
 And the falling stole that is twilight,
 Envelopes the world in its grey;
 When a hush and a warning silence
 Herald the thing that is night,
 And the leaves are still in the gloaming,
 And we wonder at the sight—:

'Tis then that I fain would listen
 And long to be all alone—;
 For surely Benediction's hour
 Could call this time its own.
 For clouds and lights and silence
 With faint chanting of birds' songs,
 Take me far into peace and rapture,
 And away from Life's busy throngs.

Oh, the night may have mystery enchanting,
 Bringing wonders, deep and strange,
 When the moon and dotted heavens
 Sentinel earth's broad range;
 But the peace of a falling twilight,
 At the touch of an unseen wand,
 Comes, as shadows from slumbering willows
 Fall soft o'er a tranquil pond;
 Bringing peace and calm and contentment,
 With a hush that holds me awed.
 'Tis a thinking and thanking hour—,
 And I commune with my God.

Margaret M. MacIntosh, Ex. 2T0.

Written in Pasadena, Cal., May, 1924.

L'ILE DE LA CITE

Probably the most interesting part of Paris from an historic point of view is L'île de la Cité, which was the nucleus of the city in ancient times, and which is still the centre of its civil life. This is the spot where the tribe known as the Parisii dwelt when Paris was a little collection of mud huts, inhabited, by a semi-barbarous tribe. In this section we now find the stately Palais de Justice, the venerable Sainte-Chapelle, the Pont-Neuf, and the world-famed Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

The Palais de Justice is quite modern in spite of the fact that justice has been administered on its site for two thousand years. The older buildings have been destroyed, and practically the only mediaeval touch is that given by the old clock in its Tour de l'Horloge, which was erected by Charles V in 1370. As we go down a flight of stairs that lead to a restaurant for lawyers and judges of the Palais, we are reminded that these formerly led to the gloomy cells of the Conciergerie, where victims of the Revolution were imprisoned. In the days of the "Great Terror," the carts stood in the courtyard outside waiting to carry the victims of the Revolutionary Tribunal to the guillotine on the Place de la Révolution.

Leaving the Palais de Justice, we pass on to the Sainte-Chapelle. This splendid Gothic chapel was built in the reign of Louis IX to serve as a shrine for the sacred relics of the Crown of Thorns presented to the King of France by Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople. The visitor marvels at the richness of colouring displayed when the sunlight filters through the eleven hundred panels which form the windows. In those panels are scenes from every part of the Bible, and in one window is depicted the translation of the relics for which the chapel was founded.

Not far from the Sainte-Chapelle is the historic Pont-Neuf, which dates from the time of Henry IV. A statue of this monarch, situated near the Pont-Neuf, brings us back in thought to the sixteenth century when the famous open-air art exhibitions were given here, when the wandering minstrels played for the Parisian populace, and the strolling actors performed their comedies and miracle plays on this bridge.

The Cathedral of Notre-Dame now absorbs our attention, and its majestic grandeur almost defies description. One might spend hours gazing on its massive western towers, its facade with its lifelike statues of the kings, and its ponderous west portal covered with intricate carvings representing the life of the Blessed Virgin and the Last Judgment. Mingled with the religious ornaments are the grinning and grimacing gargoyles which look down from every nook and corner. When we enter the cathedral we are impressed by the vast proportions of the nave and transepts, and the lacelike carvings around the choir. The magnificent rose-windows in the transepts help to make the cathedral one of the triumphs of Gothic architecture.

While visiting the interior of Notre-Dame, we recall to our minds hundreds of scenes which have taken place here. The kind old priest, who delivered an address of welcome to us when we attended High Mass in the cathedral one Sunday, pointed to a statue of Our Lady of Victory, and told us that it was under this statue that Joan of Arc's mother prayed for her daughter's success when Joan was leading her army into Orléans, and it was before this same statue that the mothers of the French soldiers knelt to pray for their sons who were fighting in the Great War. Down through the centuries "Te Deums" have been

chanted from that massive choir. We are reminded of the pomp that attended the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, and of many other scenes that have been enacted within these hallowed walls.

To complete our ramble through L Ile de la Cité, let us climb to the gallery in one of the towers and look across the Seine. There lie

the buildings of the University of Paris, nestling at the foot of the Mount of St. Genevieve, on which stands the Panthéon. It is interesting to note that this section across the Seine formed a suburb of the town which existed on the Island in Roman times, and that during the Middle Ages it became the principal part of the city.

Teresa O'Reilly, 1T6.



The Lake Gull



Wild, wild bird on the wide, wide lake,
 With neither shore your home,
 Swirling down where the wavelets break
 And the blue-toned waters foam.

Resting a moment, then raising slow,
 Spreading your graceful wings,
 Peering out where the soft winds blow,
 And the smoke clouds drift in rings.

Straight for our steamer you swiftly make,
 Though its course o'er the waters is wide;
 Following closely in its wake,
 Dipping up and down its side.

Perhaps out of pity we throw you food,
 Though for pity you offer no thanks,
 For you are one of a great free brood,
 That owns the lake and its banks.

The sky is yours and each fleecy cloud,
 And day and night you are free
 To spread your wings, and cry aloud
 You care naught for destiny.

Margaret M. MacIntosh.

(Written crossing Lake Ontario, July, '25).

LEST OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT



Mary Leaving Antwerp on the Minnedosa

Mary Power, 1T5. conducting the publicity work of the Provincial Board of Health. Mary was in Europe again last year on a six weeks' holiday, before taking up her new duties. The preceding summer she took the Mediterranean trip with her father, spending some time in Southern France—Avignon, Carassonne and Lourdes—going on through Paris and making a considerable stay in Ireland. Last summer England, Northern France and Belgium were the playgrounds in which she and Mona did "gythe and gimble."

Gertrude Ryan, 1T5. Still teaching in a Windsor High School, "magna cum laude." Curly, like a true impressionist, forbears to curb the imagination by giving any definite outline of her doings. We hope to see her at the Easter re-union to supplement that biennial postcard. She is engaged, but we have forgotten her fiancé's name.



Mona on Montroyal at Liverpool

Mona Clark, 1T5. Editor of a little magazine, new and original, called "Gossip." "Gossip," it informs us, "of the unusual," and continues: "This little book is sent each week to the better homes in Toronto." It tells of social and club activities, the important events of the week and the interesting offerings of the exclusive shops. For instance, we learn: "The undergraduates of Loretto Abbey College are holding their annual At Home on Feb. 1st," that "the Lady Ross Chapter of the I.O.D.E. are holding a bridge in the King Edward" and continues: "Did we tell you before that this year your handbag must be a pouch? And not only that, but a flat pouch. It's all in keeping with the idea of having something that will hold a great deal, so long as that great deal is hidden in the same mysterious way we hide ourselves in our clothes—by flattening the silhouette. The new bags that Ellis Bros. have are what we mean. Such bright colors to make the new tailored suits stand out! But the very smartest are the lizard models. They are Paris itself. . . ."

Mona was abroad last year, when, we presume, she satisfied her two desires—to see London thoroughly from the top of an omnibus and to fly to Paris. Though it was purely a holiday, we saw some of her impressions charmingly recorded in the Dry Goods Magazine, which she was then practically editing. Mona's little talk on "Journalism" in the common room last term was followed by a request for another on the same subject, which resulted in Mr. Vernon Mackenzie, then editor-in-chief of MacLean's publications, addressing the students. Mr. Mackenzie has since shown a very practical interest in the undergraduates of literary bent.

Gertrude McQuade (Sr. M. St. Ivan). The alumnae extend deepest sympathy to Sr. M. St. Ivan on the death of her brother. Sr. St. Ivan is Mistress-General of Loretto College School. The school is doing some very fine Mission Crusade work. A chapel in the West with sacred vessels and altar linens all complete is among the accomplishments of their unit in less than two years. The missionary spirit of the school was shown at the meeting, when the attainment of the objective was announced, by the exclamation, "Let's build another!"

Teresa O'Reilly, 1T6. Head of the French department in Collegiate Institute, Vankleek Hill. When last we saw her, Teresa had form-

ed a project of going to France again probably next summer, to study at the Sorbonne. She is represented in the present number by an article. *Semper fidelis.*

Irene M. Long, 1T6. (Sr. M. Irma). Is still teaching at Loretto Academy, Hamilton. Irene's life is written in minuscule text, "not suitable for this publication," but 'tis a volume well worth reading in the original, being nicely illuminated with gold and vermilion and emerald, for kindness and love and hope, with some queer little beasts running down the side of the page, put in just for fun. She sends her love to all Loretto girls and good wishes for the year to come, and means, if possible, to be at the re-union.

Ellen T. Madigan, 2T6. Mother Marguerita and Mother Estelle have had some very dear letters from "Nellie," who was still quite ill. The old affectionate interest in everybody and regret for "the days that are no more" in every line. Her address is 333 E. 58th St., New York City.

Edna Frances Duffey, 2T6. Married last June to Mr. Frank L. Hasencamp of Los Angeles, where she has been living for some years. Mr. Hasencamp is a cousin of the well-known Father Lasance, writer and editor of so many devotional and liturgical works, and is a Fourth Degree Knight of Columbus and other excellent things. A telegram of good wishes from



MR. AND MRS. FRANK HASENCAMP—EDNA DUFFEY

the Alumnae brought a characteristic note of appreciation from our dear Edna. Her address, is 807 Westlake Ave., where "the latch-string will always be out for any Loretto College girl who comes to Los Angeles." We publish pictures of Edna and her husband taken near the delightful Carmel-by-the-Sea, where part of their honeymoon was spent.

Claire Smythe, 1T7. Clare has been quite ill since Thanksgiving. She writes her good wishes to the Rainbow. Our dear "Professor" is always most interested in the friends of undergraduate days and in all alumnae activities.

Helen Mullins, 1T7. Mrs. McGrady is well represented in this issue. We hold her up as an example to you all! She sends her love to all and singular.

Marian Smith, 1T7. In Campbellford High School teaching Mathematics, the devastating effects of which she pleads as an excuse for not adding a tint to the Rainbow, though we should have thought that the proper business of a Sunshine. No, Sunny, you can't put your hand in the pot of gold at this Rainbow's end—or, at least, you couldn't if you hadn't sent us those nice good wishes.

Esther Flanagan, 1T7. Helen Mullins McGrady writes that she saw much of Ettie before Christmas from which we gather that Ettie has been in Fort William. We hope that the special effort to collect her year for the Easter reunion may bring her to Toronto.

Mary Downey, 1T7. Mary says she has heard nothing of the girls for some time, "except the odd letter about the Hope Chest." She teaches in Olean, a sort of half-way house, we understand, between Toronto and New York. Her coming to the decenary banquet last year was frustrated by her father's illness. He hope to see her this year as well as

next, when we wine and dine the 1T5-1T7 group. Mary's sister Anna, a small gold butterfly who flitted about as a Freshman in 1921-1922, was married last autumn.

Genevieve Twomey, 1T8. Paid a flying visit to Toronto last summer. Seen in her flight by Grace Elston, who reports that her transit was almost as rapid as the eclipse and quite as interesting. Still teaching in the Normal School, Camrose, Alberta.

Eileen Kelly, 1T8 (M. M. St. Margaret). Teaching Honour Matriculation at Loretto Abbey. M.M. St. Margaret spent last summer in Southern California for her health, which since then is greatly improved. She sends love and best wishes to all the old girls, especially the friends "so linked together" in the old days in St. Teresa's.

Kathleen Macaulay, 1T8. Also seen by Grace Elston. Kathleen never fails to achieve at least one visit a year to the College. She is quite as enthusiastic as ever about her secretarial work in Frankford.

Alice McLelland, 1T8. Mrs. W. B. Horkins had a severe illness last fall from which, we are glad to hear, she has recovered. She has at last produced that picture of her baby, a most worth-while child. We don't blame her for missing a few meetings.

Frances Galligan, 1T8. At home in Eganville. Attempted the Sisters of Service last year, but was frustrated by ill-health.

Dorothy Brady, ex-1T8. Still following a business career and distinguished by a spirit of co-operation in alumnae enterprises.

Mertis Donnelly, 1T9. Still on the staff of Barrie High School, was in town last autumn when she visited the college and enjoyed a sleep in her old cubiculum.

Hilda Von Szeliska, ex 1T8 (Mrs. Bernard Hintzmann) writes that she is sorry she cannot help, but sends pictures of her babies. The College is growing quite proud of the younger generation. So many enjoyed Hilda's article last year that another from her pen would be welcome provender for ye famished editor.

Florence Daley, 1T9. The engagement of Miss Florence Daly to Mr. John Harkins has been announced. A serious illness from which she has just recovered has somewhat interfered with her flourishing legal practice, but she is shortly to resume it. For the same reason the Rainbow must forego a contribution from her pen.

Gertrude Walsh, 2T0 (Sr. M. Annunciata). Still at Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, where a few of the Red Men still survive to remind her of a precious bit of vaudeville which used to delight us in her undergraduate days. Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, is the leading school in the Upper Peninsula. It is accredited to the University of Michigan and also, like a good school, sends its graduates to Loretto College.

Dorothea Cronin, 2T0. Seen in Simpson's at Christmas by Mary Mallon. Dorothea is still teaching in Haileybury and doing some graduate work with the University of Toronto; looks well and professed great interest in the Rainbow. Dorothea, where is that story?

Frances O'Brien, 2T1. Our private detective, Grace Elston, reports that when seen in New York, Frances was busily engaged in the disposal of Hope Chest tickets and quite worried as to whether she must needs pay duty on the contents. Around her all Loretto College girls in New York do congregate. Frances visited Mary Pickett last autumn in Hamilton. Mary was coaching the Loretto basket-ball team, so there were some nice foregatherings of Mother St. Clare, Irene, Mary and Frances, and a game with "Brunswick" brought Gertrude.

Kathleen O'Connell, 2T1. We hear of Kathleen's engagement to Mr. Tom Moran. She is at present translating French and Spanish for the Confederation Life.



Baby Horkins

Edwin, Franziski, and
Betty Hinzmann

Madeleine Smythe, 1T9. Still of invaluable assistance to ye Bursar, University of Toronto. Madeleine has contributed largely to the success of this number by extracting literary matter from pre-occupied and tardy, but well-intentioned alumnae for ye distracted editor.

Grace Elston, 1T9. Still enticing customers for T. Eaton Co., Ltd. Here is a story: A Canadian lady told us recently that she was asked by her niece, a Minneapolis girl (who had a little more than the usual American vagueness about things beyond the Great Lakes) if Toronto was in Eaton's. And that is all due to our Grace! She was in New York not long ago on business for the firm. No doubt the opinion now prevails in little old New York that Canada is in Eaton's.

Frances Redmond, 2T0. Teaching in Durham High School. The Sophomore presentation of "The Rivals" this year reminds us of the "Bob Acres" of 1920 who helped to provide the common room furniture for posterity.

AWAY BACK IN 1918



Gertrude, Margaret, and Frances

Kathleen Costello, 2T0. Still very much in love with her position on "The Catholic Educational Review," the publication of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C. We miss the bright remarks with which she favored us last year.

Helen Mullett, 2T1. Helen is still teaching in her native Carleton Place.

Act I. Scene I. A summer school; Physical Culture.

Act. II. Scene I. A second summer school; Art.

Act III. Scene I. A third summer school; Commercial Specialist.

Act. IV. Enter villain in the shape of a Ford sedan.

Act. V. No more summer schools; no more sojourns at L.A.C. The rest is silence.

Madeline Daley, 2T1. Still teaching in High School, Welland. Always with an eye to prospects for Loretto College, as becometh every good alumna.

Margaret McIntosh, ex-2T0. Our largest contributor this number and a most interested member of the Alumnae. Margaret is living at home with her father and managing her house.

Helen Guinane, 2T2. Dear Helen lost her mother last March, after an illness of several months—a loss of which we were all very sorry to hear. She also is ministering at the shrine of the household gods, having taken over the direction of domestic affairs for her father and brothers. She is engaged to Dr. Bill Armstrong.

Eleanor McIntosh, 2T2. Our president, ladies, and a very fine one. Eleanor is still in the Library. She is preparing to take a European tour this summer and looking for another Loretto College girl to fare forth with her in June. Who'll go?

Kathleen Lee, 2T2. Was called to the bar last June and is now practising with her father in the firm of Lee, O'Donohue and Harkins.

Claire Coughlin, 2T2. Teaching at the Wyandotte High School, Windsor, Ont. We were all glad to see her at the meeting of the Alumnae at Thanksgiving. Claire takes part in a very interesting and active chapter of the Loretto Alumnae which holds alternate meetings in Detroit and Windsor.

Betty McGrath, 2T2. Betty's engagement to Mr. James Conroy of Newfoundland is announced. Mr. Conroy is a barrister, a hereditary occupation descending through three generations. The marriage is to take place this spring. Our beloved Betty has been so busy as Registrar of the Normal School and also of the new Memorial College at St. John's, Nfld., that she has had very little time to write for the Rainbow.

Marguerite O'Donnell, 2T2, is at present teaching in the city. The present first year graduates from the Abbey testify to Marguerite's "magnetic personality."

Maire Hannon, 2T2. Muskoka, a canoe, Maire and Colette; a launch rounding a point; collision; quite serious injuries; three weeks in activity; our two dear Irish girls quite the lionesses of the resort; several socialists reformed; a quantity of agnostics brought back to faith in God and man; a number of anarchists made sane and soaped citizens; poems mutually written; general feeling of the goodness of human nature; all ends happily. Maire is at present in the Parliament Buildings, but Ireland and Carmel are her aspirations.

Shiela Irvine, ex-2T2 has a position in the office of the American Consul in Toronto.

Shiela Doyle, 2T2. Teaching in the city and studying vocal. Sometimes drops in for a little chat, which is greatly enjoyed by the Faculty.

Teresa Langeway, 2T2. High School, Hailybury. Still allured by the magnetic north.

Ann Henry, 2T2. The-optimistic-and-refreshing-in-these-days-of-analysis-and-introspection Ann is teaching this year in Port Arthur. We hope the Easter reunion will bring her back to Loretto. We deplored her vacant chair last year.

Anna Mullett, 2T2. Finished her secretarial course in June. Now we believe on the south side of the line.

Margaret Kelly, 2T3. Teaching in Alexandria High School. Very interesting, but unconfirmed rumours coming from nowhere in particular are afloat about Margaret. A recent letter gives the welcome news of her intention to attend the Easter re-union quandmêne.

Edna Dawson, 2T3. Successful president of Alumnae 1924-1925, is our third member to fall under the spell of John Doe and Richard Roe. This is her first year at Osgoode. Soon all our alumnae transactions, transfers of property, endowments, building funds, Home Bank accounts, etc., can be managed by our very own lawyers. It will be such a convenience, not to speak of the help of all the husbands we're getting! Edna is getting experience in the well-known firm of McMaster Montgomery.

Mary Mallon, 2T2. Teaching piano; studying piano and organ and editing this paper. Que voulez-vous encore?

Anastasia Hughes, 2T3. Still teaching in Amherstburg High School. Anastasia attended the Thanksgiving Alumnae meeting. She and Edna have the loveliest habit of dropping in for a social hour whenever she comes to Toronto.

Cicely Wood, M.A., 2T3. Took first class honours in the examinations of the Library

School. Now on the staff of the Public Library. Her last visit to the College was the annual 22nd of February celebration. Still looking hopelessly young for an M.A.

Dallas Legris, 2T3. On October 15th Dallas entered Maryknoll, an order devoted to mission work among the Chinese and Japanese. Dallas hopes to go to China some day. She has charge of a part of the missionary correspondence. Her reception to the habit will take place at Easter. Did we ever suspect that our dear "Rath Use" was about to follow such a high and romantic call?

Mary Pickett, 2T3. Mary's engagement to Mr. Frank Walpole is announced. Mary is at present teaching in Orillia, whence she sends us her best wishes for success and a picture which shows the joy of living in a northern clime.

Angela Hannon, 2T3. Received her M.A. in Philosophy last June. She is teaching in Toronto High School, conducting various organization and loving it all. Angela is greatly missed about the College.

Louise Gibbons, 2T3. High School, Parry Sound—English, Physical Culture, Latin, director of literary and athletic activities and really everything one can get in between the hours of eight and six. Louise is now expending on the youth of Parry Sound the energy conserved during her undergraduate days. Her pedagogical experiences would make pleasant reading—at least they make delightful hearing—but oxen and wainropes could not hale them forth.

Agnes Ballard, ex-2T3. Agnes was married in June to Rev. J. Robins, Anglican rector of Markham. Shortly before her wedding Agnes was at the College for a 2T3 reunion in the common room in honour of the three M.A.'s of

that year—Ciely, Agnes and Angela. The College wishes dear Agnes much happiness.

Lota Williams, ex-2T3, has gone to Miami, Florida, for her annual few weeks, but not without doing her duty by the Hope Chest. The Faculty have quite nice times with Lota at the Falls, helping her spend her substance.

Marion Sullivan, 2T4, passed her examinations at the Library School in January, and is now on the staff of the Public Library in Hamilton.

Marie Campbell, 2T4. The alumnae extend their deepest sympathy to Marie on the loss of her father, whose death occurred during the Christmas season. Marie was a welcome visitor at the College for a few days recently.

Eileen Dunigan, 2T4, is with the firm of Wilton E. Geddis, chartered accountants, and with the Loretto College Alumnae as its capable corresponding secretary.

Genevieve Mulvihill, 2T4. On the staff of the Arnprior High School. Her reported social and professional success is much regretted by her neglected correspondents.

Eleanor Garden, 2T4, is in town attending the College of Education and occasionally enlivening the halls of her Alma Mater. She has just been in looking for social background for Julius Caesar.

Kathleen O'Neall, 2T4. This scion of the Tyrones is still doing secretarial work in Brantford. Kathleen came down to the Thanksgiving Alumnae meeting, a noble example for out-of-towns, as she sat there in her old place in the Siege Perilous.

Madeline Roach, 2T4. Teaching and directing athletics in Woodstock Collegiate Institute. Her occasional visits to the College are much relished by Faculty and students.



1. A House Party at Burlington Beach
2. A Group in 1920.
3. Mary Pickett Teaching School.
4. Outside the Main Building after a "Term."

Elsie Irvine, 2T4. Passed with honours the examination of the Library School. At present assisting in the Lenten production of St. Peter's Dramatic Society, "The Upper Room," having acquired a continental reputation through her "Pierrot" last year.

Agnes Pineau, 2T4. Living at home in Windsor and occupying a secretarial position.

Geraldine Coffey, 2T4, at home waiting to grow up. Intends entering the College of Education in September.

Lois McBrady, 2T4. Also cultivating the household gods. Lois' health is slowly but steadily improving.

Estelle Walsh, ex-2T2. Mrs. John Kelbe, 168 N. Garland Ave., Dayton, Ohio. We have not heard from Estelle lately, but presume this address is correct.

Elsa Kastner, 2T5. Business: College of Education. Dissipation: skating, hockey and music, but no traffic with the muses.

Margaret Marks, 2T5. College of Education, in residence at L.A.C. studying vocal. The spirit (to be) in the Masque of Comus.

Lucy Booth, 2T5. College of Education, engaged to Mr. Murdoch Martin.

Coletto Hannon, 2T5. Tutoring for matriculation in Oakville may sound easy, but it isn't. This year for the first time since 1918 we were confronted with a completely Hannonless college, and we confess we shrank from the prospect. Occasional visits from Maire and Colette are the levamen of our state.

Dorothy Latchford, 2T5. Illness has prevented Dorothy from completing the year at O.C.E., which seems the logical next-step after graduation, or at least a laudable way of filling time while waiting to see what Providence has

in store, but a little surgical attention recently will have no doubt put her in a position to confront the pedagogical dragons fearlessly next year, if so be she wills it.

Kathleen McGovern, 2T5. College of Education. Has not had time to make history yet, but intends to. She has taken all education for her province from kindergarten to honour matriculation. It will be a clever child that can escape Kathleen.

Camille Blanchard, 2T5. A small but highly impressive figure at O.C.E. No youthful barbaroi even at the redoubtable Bloor Collegiate dare display their effrenatam audaciam in the presence of that lion-taming eye.

Madeleine Coffee, 2T6. A suspicious three months' course at McDonald Hall (O.A.C.); Greek and French conversation classes; a season in New York combined with a course in interior decorating, will prove Madeleine not one of the idle rich. In a letter a few days ago she mentioned seeing Walter Hampden in "Cyrano de Bergerac," in company with Angela O'Boyle Murphy. Cyrano is an old college hero.

Marjorie Walsh, 2T5. Marjorie decided to be sensible and take a year at home in Lindsay. Such an unusual resolution we must admit, argues a strong and original mind when the universal urge is to be abroad and doing. But you can't tell what she may be at in that Lindsay town.

Clara Yates, 2T5. With her family in New Liskeard; also doing some clerical work at present, but is destined for the College of Education quod annia bella devorat.

Margaret McCabe, ex-2T1. Married last June to Mr. Graham King, and now living in Vancouver. The Alumnae extends all good wishes for her happiness.

THE CLASS OF 2T6.

The "serve it eanes" of 1922 (a title self conferred) have survived to be a credit to the college as doth appear by the following litany:

George Anna Dell. President of Class, President of Literary Society.

Mary Carroll. Vice-President of the Sodality. Major sports, mathematics and astronomy.

Callista Doyle. President of Athletics. Dramatics, Debating.

Mary Dwyer. President of Sodality and of College Unit Mission Crusade.

Noreen Kingsley. A Voiture doublé with a Roche fou cauld.

Vera Michell. All sagacious in the Latin tongue, dispenser of sunshine-in-ordinary to the college hockey representative.

Josephine Phelan. Leading debater of the University women, Vice-President of the Literary Society.

Dorothy Sullivan. A scholarship student, maintaining her initial high standing throughout her course.

Nora Storey. Winner of the Moss Scholarship.

Rosemary Silvester. Of "all-round" students most orbicular—scholarship, dramatics, athletics.

The Class of 2T6 have initiated a movement for an endowment fund, binding themselves to contribute one hundred dollars each within the next ten years.

 THE QUEST.

Not for the love of sceptre's sway,
 The noise of arms again is heard;
 Again the cannons roar;
 The human army marches on
 To combat stern once more—
 To combat stern, but triumph sure
 Does Christ, the Captain, them allure.

THINGS TO REMEMBER



"Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life. Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite of adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man over fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and at star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing, child-like appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt, as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair. In the central place in your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is love. So long as it flourishes, you are young; when it dies you are old. In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long you are young. When the wires are down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism, and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at twenty, and may God have mercy upon your soul!"—Selected.

FACULTY NOTES

The students arriving for the Michaelmas term were glad to learn that Mother Athanasia had returned to the English staff.

* * * * *

The College also welcomed to the Department of Anglo-Saxon, Mother M. Jerome, who has succeeded Mother M. Theodosia as Superior of Loretto Abbey College and School.

* * * * *

M. M. Theodosia, whose departure was deeply regretted, is now in charge of the Science Department of Loretto Academy, Hamilton. The Alumnae wish to thank her for many courtesies extended to them during her three years at the College.

* * * * *

Mother M. Bernard, whose year on the English staff of the College won her many friends among the students, has returned to Chicago and is now directress of studies at Loretto, Englewood.

* * * * *

The Alumnae extend congratulations to Mother M. St. Clare on the success of Miss Mary Fitzpatrick of Loretto, Hamilton, who won the second of the Knights of Columbus Scholarships offered to Ontario.

* * * * *

Mother M. Dorothea having recovered from her serious illness of last year, has resumed her classes once more. The Alumnae are glad to know she is well again.

UNDERGRADUATE NOTES.

It is devoutly to be wished that some member of the Faculty or graduate body could be miraculously rescued from the all but ineluctable onward tide of modern life and placed in some quiet back-water where she must perforce take to sailing paper boats for pure

fun, as wise children do before they embark on the true frivolity of a business career. These argosies freighted with nice fresh undergraduate or other college news, would be sent down stream whence we who are engaged in the current would draw them in. An occasional "Varsity" might be put on board also—no unwelcome cargo, I ween, to a far-away girl.

Meanwhile—until this delightful means of communication is secured—a few of the events of the present year must here be briefly chronicled for everybody's pleasure.

* * * * *

Since 1921 inter-year debates have done much to raise the standard in the college and the result has been shown in the distinguished part Loretto girls have taken for some time past in the series of inter-collegiate debates. Of the recent graduates Miss Louise Gibbons and Miss Eileen Dunnigan were among our forensic stars and at present Miss Norah Story, Miss Josephine Phelan and Miss Josephine Brophy are winning laurels for the College.

* * * * *

The Inter-Collegiate Debating Shield has been held for three consecutive years by St. Michael's women, and now, ipso facto, becomes their property. Much excitement reigned the other evening when the McMaster girls came for the final contest which was waged over Mussolini's dictatorship. In the rebuttal Miss Josephine Brophy with shafts of gentle satire, impaled two truly worthy opponents and carried off what we may call the civic wreath.

* * * * *

But we must tell you about the Spolia Opima. In the Inter-University debates this year, of the four debaters chosen to represent Toronto two were from Loretto, Miss Norah Story and Miss Josephine Phelan, who effectively upheld the negative side of the argument, "Resolved

that the Tendency of Modern Literature is Anti-Social," against McGill in Montreal. Their victorious return was duly celebrated in the College.

We have also to announce that Miss Norah Story is the winner of the Moss Scholarship for 1926. This scholarship of the value of three hundred dollars, as you perhaps remember is awarded to one of the four students elected respectively by the four arts colleges. The decision is based on scholarship and distinction in College and University activities. Service during the war is also taken into account.

A thing you would have all enjoyed was "Mission Week," when the bulletin board blazed with lurid advertising, the most ingenious devices for money-making being resorted to, Marcel wavers, darners, teachers of bridge, dancing, French and Mathematics, servers of breakfast in bed, charwomen, lady's maids, fortune-tellers vying with one another in prose and verse to secure public patronage. Even teachers swelled the receipts by fines exacted for mistakes in Latin prose. But no further disclosures lest we infringe on the undergraduates' number for July.



Alluring West

Alluring West, I am coming,
 I have answered your strange, sure call;
 Outstretched my arms to beckoning charms,
 Where the sunset shadows fall.

Others may write of ancient lands,
 But I care not for customs old;
 Your strange delights are your mountain
 heights,
 With their wonders manifold.

They have ever called me onward,
 In Imagining's wondrous ways;
 Each mighty peak is a goal I seek,
 And a marvel to appraise.

Oh wonderful West, receive me,
 For generous and broad is the code
 Where Nature's building outlasts man's gild-
 ing,
 And yours is the luring road.

Margaret MacIntosh.

Written on Burlington line, approaching Denver,
 with Rockies in the distance, Dec. 22.

Review of Books

The following books, all published within the last few months by the Firm of Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barelay St., New York, N.Y., are recommended with the certainty that they will make a valuable and entertaining addition to the book-shelf at home or at school, or for use during an hour of devotion at Church. **The Rainbow begs its readers to consult the list before making purchases of new books for their Libraries.**

It Happened in Rome, by Isabel C. Clarke. 8 vo., cloth. (Net, \$2.00).

Miss Clarke is to be congratulated on the setting of a very interesting novel, both as to time and occasion. Her pen betrays here that predilection for the Eternal City, common to all cultured minds, as to Catholics. The pageantry of Mother Church, always so wonderful and admirable, is enhanced many-fold by the ceremonies connected with the Anno Santo, than which nothing could be more gorgeous and impressive. The title of this story alone, is sure to enlist the sympathy of a wide circle of readers. How many who achieved their pilgrimage last year, will live over again, in these pages, those days so absorbing and inspiring, and will enjoy it all the more, in the leisurely retrospect afforded by this book, while they follow with keen interest the conversion of Fergus Challoner, and the romance that develops between him and Lady Jane Inlay, an English girl, admired and coveted by half the elegibles of Rome. The plot is full of incident and character-painting, so well balanced that the reader's interest is sustained throughout; and all ends happily.

Pamela's Legacy, by Marion Ames Taggart, sequel to "The Dearest Girl," with four illustrations. (Net, \$1.50).

To be a girl, and but sixteen years of age, an orphan and a dependent upon relatives, and suddenly to inherit a fortune of a million dol-

lars—would seem to involve a host of problems, which few girls could solve with due credit to all claims of justice and personal desire. One has often been called upon at composition hour, to arrive at a purely speculative solution of some problem, but Pamela's million offered a tangible problem, one which she solved with a minimum of loss and a maximum of satisfaction to all concerned. Her readers will follow this charming, naive girl through all the stages of her career and learn many a lesson by the way, not the least of which will be, how one can, in a sense, be independent of many of society's laws and by-laws and yet retain the respect and honour of those within that charmed circle, whose opinion is worth having. One suspects and hopes that there will be a sequel to this sequel, and some more phases of Pamela's life and character to admire and love.

Mary Rose Keeps House, by Mary Mabel Wirries, author of "Mary Rose at Boarding School." (Net, \$1.00).

Poor little Mary Rose, home for vacation, finds a family ready to hand, and is called upon to bear a burden she little dreamed of. How she meets the daily happenings in a house full of children, none too docile, and how her recreations and perplexities that crop up at every turn—all go to make a story which is sure to hold the attention of every young person that reads it or hears it read. That her training at a Convent equipped her in part for such an emergency is self evident; and when the necessity for taxing her powers to the utmost arrives, it finds her "not wanting." The lesson is clear, but not so much so as to impair the charm of the story.

Teacher Tells A Story. Book 1. Story-Lessons in Conduct and Religion for every day in the school year; containing also Teacher's Helps for use with the "Religion Hour," by Jerome D. Hannan, D.D. (Price, \$1.50).

Religion Hour. Story-Lessons in Conduct and Religion, by the same author, for use of children in Grade 1. (Price, 28c).

The author of these books has developed a sequence of 182 stories for the teacher to tell

pupils day by day at Religion Hour—supplementing the pupil's hand-book with appropriate illustrations, and providing, in the teacher's book, class-dialogues drawn from the subject assigned for the day, a plan both entertaining and educative. This method has already made its reputation in multigraphed copies, and the book appears in its present form in answer to the demand of many teachers who have found it an invaluable ally during Religion Hour.

The Little Flower and the Blessed Sacrament, by Rev. Joseph Husslein, S.J. (Net, 50c)

Among the many good things which the coming Eucharistic Congress has called forth, this testament of The Little Flower's love for the Blessed Sacrament is far from the least. It is an artistic and dainty volume from the pen of one who is filled with her doctrine, and whose heart has evidently been touched by the beauty and significance of her "Little Way." It is printed in prayer-book size with old-rose colored covers, and is illustrated throughout. Nothing could be more appropriate for the use of those who attend the Congress in Chicago next June, or as a souvenir for their less fortunate friends at home.

Thy Kingdom Come, by J. E. Moffatt, S.J. Series III, with fly-leaf page for gift inscription. (Net, 30c). The sub-title "Chancel-Chats," indicates the character of these little spiritual conferences on such subjects as: Real Love, Exiles, False Zeal and True, Selfishness, and On Being Natural. Series I, "Morsels From The Kign's Table"; series II, "Under The Chancel Light," at the same price.

A Short Life of Christ, by Rev. M. V. McDonough, profusely illustrated. (Retail, 15c., \$9.00 per hundred).

Rosary Novenas To Our Lady, by Charles V. Laeey, of uniform size and prices as the above one can hardly praise these two little books enough. The illustrations, on every page, are in sepia, and quite unique, nearly all of them, as well as excellently reproduced. The first, justly claims to be the shortest life of Christ ever published, but its brevity is aided by apt and beautiful pictures, inspirations in themselves. In "Rosary Novenas" we have a charming method of reciting this prayer with the help of pictures and devotional text between the decades. A small chart at the end affords space for entering each day's recital of the novena. The charm of these little books, and the modest price should make them popular.

The Mass For Children. Instructions in story form for use in Primary Grades, with colored drawings accompanying text, according to modern educational methods, by Rev. William R. Kelly. (List price, 28c, net, 21c per copy. 64 pages; illustrations in three colors).

A more useful and delightful means of teaching children how to hear Mass with understanding and reverence, can hardly be imagined. The pictures alone, which represent, not only the chief steps of the great Sacrifice, but the meaning and history of the ceremonies observed (make this a precious little book for the class-room. As a supplementary reader, nothing could be better. The Little Flower's Love for Her Parents, by Sr. M. Eleanore, C.S.C., Ph.D. (Net, 20c. each, \$18.00 per hundred). Heavy paper cover, with colored pictures, 64 pages.

A companion to the two supplementary readers for Primary Grades, is this little book. The illustrations are attractive, the type large. It will delight the little ones and bring the lesson of the Little Flower home to them more forcibly than a mere recital of her story could hope to do.



CAN YOU PRONOUNCE ALL THESE WORDS PROPERLY

If So, Try Them on Your Friends.

This test, which aroused a lively controversy in certain circles, some months ago in New York, is contained in a letter by Frank Crane, published in the New York papers. Try it:

“Under the azure crouched an indisputable Indian. His forehead was bedizened with herbage, and he wore a scarlet belt about his abdomen. Though his conduct was exemplary and decorous, he lived in extraordinary squalor.

“Though, like a patriot, familiar with the tribal legends his parents had taught him, he knew little beyond legendary lore, and was ignorant of our national literature, and of the process of telegraphy.

“He knew little of calligraphy, and very little about finance. He was not an aspirant for Parliament, but he hopes to exorcise evil spirits from the epoch by the advertisement of an Indian sacrifice. When granted a favour he sought the apotheosis of his patron.

“A piquant maiden by his side was his housewife, to whom he gave alternately a meagre maintenance and a peremptory command, for he considered the position irrefragable, that to perfect a woman she should be isolated and made obey. On this point he considered his arguments irrefutable. He appeared to care little for hymeneal harmony. His peculiarity was bronchitis, which he hoped to cure by launching a tiny raspberry into the interstices of her larynx. The two made a squalid but interesting tableau.

“The dramatic personae of this scenario were named Elihu and Minnehaha. While she was no pianist, she was a dutiful wife. He was glad to have her as his co-adjutor. Yet in her lonely life he would often harass her with some sardonic inquiry or with a virulent threat to

put her in gaol. She would then placate him by cooking for him some flaccid sweet, potatoes fried in oleomargarine, hoping he would not longer treat her as a pariah.”



Wanted

Most any Miss whose wrist is unadorned with the voguish odd-shaped wrist watch, harbours a distinct — if secret — longing for one.

And what gift so pleases as that which fills a want.

Ryrie-Birks
Limited

Diamond Merchants
Yonge & Temperance Sts.
TORONTO

REFLECTION

Out on the broad, broad ocean,
 And far on the inner land,
 In the works of all creation
 I see Thy Master Hand.
 Up and down cities' highways,
 Where life's industries compete,
 You know how hard is the going,
 And I hear Thy Master Feet.

In the lives of unselfish creatures,
 And the courage of noble souls,
 Who smile and are ever cheerful,
 Though hidden are victory's goals;
 In the heart given a friend o' mine
 Whose life runs simple and true,
 In all things noble and ennobling,
 I see the Heart of You.

In weeds by the trodden highway,
 In the grass, or the river's sheen,
 In the rose, the favoured flower,
 In all beauties, known and unseen:
 In the clouds that vault the heavens,
 In Thy creatures, each in his kind,
 I see only Thy Love and Mercy—
 And bow to Thy Master Mind.

Margaret M. MacIntosh.

(Written after trip to Balboa Harbour and
 Newport, Calif., May, 1923).

Mrs. Elston: "Now Grace, do you know
 what becomes of bad little girls?"

Little Grace: "Yes'm, they have dates
 every night when they grow up."

Jew: "How much was dose collars?"

Storekeeper: "Two for a quarter."

Jew: "How much for vun?"

Storekeeper: "Fifteen cents."

Jew: "Giff me de odder vun."

INDIAN SUMMER.

'Tis said, in death, upon the face
 Of Age, a momentary trace
 Of Infancy's returning grace
 Forestalls decay;
 And here, in Autumn's dusky reign,
 A birth of blossoms seems again
 To flush the woodland's fading train
 With dreams of May.

—Father Tabb.

J. CRITELLI 675 FERRY STREET
 NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Fancy Groceries and Choice Meats.

Fruits in Season Direct Importer of Olive Oil

**FOR PURITY, CLEANLINESS AND
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THE STAR BAKERY

High-Grade Fruit Cake, Delicate Bonbons, Delicious
 Jelly Rolls, Cakes of all kinds,
 Toothsome Sweetmeats.

Our Homemade Bread is still in the lead.
 Cream Bread is the choice of many bread-winners.
 Wedding Cakes on hand and made to order.

W. J. MANUEL, Ferry St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

*Speed—Though the chameleon love can feed on air,
 I am nourished by my vituals.—Two Gentlemen of
 Verona.*

Most of us, being constituted like speed, prefer
 the best victuals we can get. Secure them at

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JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA



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VOL. XXXIII.

TORONTO, JULY, 1926

No. 2

The Festival of Blood

ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARTYRDOM
OF FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S.J.

By P. J. COLEMAN

Where stole the Indian's swift canoe,
Of old along the Mohawk's stream,
'Neath sad October's skies of blue
The heights of Ossernenon dream.

The purple pageant of the field,
The scarlet pomp of vale and wood
Recall the saints to Christ who sealed
The land in crimson of their blood.

O happy land of martyrs trod,
Washed white by such absolving flood!
O land regenerate to God
In font of their baptismal blood!

In deeds, by hands of angels scrolled,
Their glorious chronicle is writ,
Where Autumn leaves have hid in gold
The footprints of the Jesuit.

Still memories of Isaae haunt,
The forest, vocal of his fame;
The rapids of the river chant,
The ripples murmur Rene's name.

For Christ the wilderness they sought,
To loose His children from their chains—
O precious souls from bondage bought
By priceless rubies of their veins!

Now, in the twilight of the year,
When Autumn leaves are sere and shed,
The sumachs and the maples wear
The martyrs' livery of red.

The soft breeze swings above the sod
The perfumed censers of the pine;
The tapers of the golden-rod
Are kindled in their forest-shrine.

Its meserere moans the wind,
And sacerdotal glade and wood,
In chasubles incarnadined
Observe their festival of blood.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON DELIVERED AT LORETTO ABBEY BY REV. E. J. McCORKELL, PRESIDENT OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

The secular ceremonies which mark the close of a University career leave something to be desired. Did you not assemble this morning to assist at the baccalaureate Mass you would feel that the atmosphere of religion in which you moved and lived and had your being as undergraduates of St. Michael's had somehow failed you at the most needful time. Your college stands for the paramount importance of religion in education. The mantle of religion should therefore be thrown over these days of parting with your professors and with one another. Such is the significance of this ceremony to-day.

I should like to speak to you about one of the ideals of the Christian life for which your college and University years were designed to prepare you. That ideal is the life of Charity. It were best to begin with a simple definition. Charity is the love of God directly for His own sake, and the love of God indirectly in the person of our neighbour. But of course a simple definition does not reveal its surpassing grandeur. We must compare it with other virtues. It is the queen. The other virtues pay court to it. The others attend upon it as subjects in the retinue of their sovereign. If it is wanting the others avail not. The power to touch men's hearts and sway their minds is an accomplishment almost divine. Yet St. Paul says: "If I speak with the tongue of men and angels, and have not Charity I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Great learning is a noble gift, fraught with the ex-

tremist possibilities for good. Yet St. Paul says: "If I should know all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not Charity, I am nothing." Yea, even faith must yield the palm to Charity; faith which discerning men prize so highly, which has been the cause of so many noble sacrifices; faith is something less than Charity. "The greatest of these is Charity." "If I have faith so that I can move mountains and have not Charity, I am nothing." This is what the great St. Paul thought of Charity, and he further described it in these words: "Charity is patient, is kind; Charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not with iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." Charity is indeed the greatest thing in the world. It is in the world, but not of the world. It is part of the wreck of Eden floating on the sea of life. It is a foretaste of heaven, which is its proper and eternal home, for St. Paul says that in heaven where faith is changed into vision and hope realized, Charity alone never falleth away.

How is this most excellent virtue realized in our lives? Are we men of Charity? I have spoken of it as an ideal, and surely that is the proper way to speak of it. An ideal is something we strive for and which eludes our grasp; something which should be, but as yet is not. Will any one claim that the world to-day is a realm in which Charity rules as

queen? Is this beloved country of ours one in Charity? Even in the household of the faith has Charity its legitimate place? I am afraid that the answer is in each case, No. The fact is that people to-day take too narrow a view of Charity, and even within the limits of this view do not on the whole practise it.

Let us take this limited view of Charity first. Let us consider Charity in the sense of giving money to worthy causes. These causes are numerous to-day on account of the complexity of modern life. It is not merely the hungry and the naked who are the objects of Charity: it is the suffering and the ignorant as well. Gifts to the starving poor through the St. Vincent de Paul Society are Charity, but so are gifts to churches, hospitals, and educational institutions. Do Catholics give to these causes in the full measure of the spirit of Charity? Do they give as generously as Protestants give to similar causes? Happily the figures are available in the case of donations by will. If you examine the wills on file in the Provincial Government Department which deals with succession duties, you will find that practically the only donations in Catholic wills are for Masses, while in nearly every Protestant will at least one institution is mentioned. Now why is this the case? It will be said that Catholics are not blessed so abundantly with the goods of this world. But I am taking examples of those who are blessed with the goods of this world; they would not be liable to succession duties if they were not so blessed. Why this difference between Catholics and Protestants? Only recently I heard another explanation. Catholics lost the habit of giving when they lost their institutions at the time of the Reformation, Protestants who retained these institutions retained also the habit of giving to them generously. There was no reason why they should lose it. Catholics lost the habit when they lost

the cathedrals and monasteries which were stolen from them by the Reformers. It is no longer in the blood. Behold the result to-day. Whether this is the true reason or not, the fact is that Catholics are notably inferior to Protestants in the matter of gifts to their institutions. And we ought not merely to be ashamed of it, but to do our best to remove the reproach.

Now let us take Charity in its wider meaning; I must insist that it has a wider meaning, that it includes activities mistakenly regarded as outside the field of charity. Charity is not merely the giving of money. It is the giving of time, of advice, of encouragement, as well as money to worthy causes, provided that the motive be the love of God. All co-operation for the common good and animated by the love of God is Charity. Public welfare movements entered into with this motive are fields for the exercise of genuine Charity. Now in this wider sense what is the Charity of our Catholic people? To what extent do they co-operate with others? Is there not a certain apathy on the part of Catholics to enter into public movements, and even to perform the duties of citizenship? Can we deny that on the whole they are somewhat lacking in public spirit? Of course there are reasons good and sufficient for this. It has its roots in the past. It is not very long since that Catholics were not allowed to vote or hold office. They were long regarded as inferior people and prevented from taking part in public affairs. The habit of being public spirited is of slow growth, and it will take more than one generation to remedy the ill effects of centuries of social injustice. And this is especially so because of the handicap a Catholic is under in public life to-day. It is notorious that we are thwarted by lodge influence. Perhaps the most potent force in public life to-day is religious bigotry. I grant all

this. I grant that there are difficulties in the way of co-operating with non-Catholics. One is very naturally tempted to withdraw altogether from activities in which he does not get fair treatment. One is naturally tempted to return hatred for hatred, forgetting that this is not Christ-like, forgetting that this is to give up the ideal of Charity altogether. We ought not to do this. It may, of course, be necessary to fight for our rights. It may be necessary to meet lodge influence with lodge influence. But it ought to be possible to differ and even to contend with our non-Catholic fellow-citizens without hating them. We ought not to permit ourselves to use the language of hatred, or of ridicule, or contempt. We ought to remember that Charity is patient, is kind, hopeth all things, endureth all things. We ought at all events to keep before us the ideal so that in practice we may approach closer and closer to it.

But it is not merely a question of religious antagonisms; there is question also of racial antagonism, which is a far more serious matter. Every thinking person knows that the Catholic Church in this country is weakened by racial cleavage. Here there is deplorable failure to co-operate. And while Catholics fail to co-operate the great new Canada of the West is fast slipping from our grasp. The faith is being lost at an alarming rate among the new Canadians of the West. While Protestants are working together to win this land, French-speaking and English-speaking Catholics are fighting each other and thwarting each other's enterprises.

Now what is the purpose of saying these unpleasant things to a gathering of University graduates? The reason is that we have need in this country of a crusade of Charity, and those best fitted to be crusaders are those who have a grasp of Catholic principles which your

studies in Philosophy, History and Literature have given you. It is a commonplace to say that we look for leadership to the graduates of our Universities. We look for Catholic leadership to the graduates of our Catholic Universities. I do not know that you will become rich, those of you who remain in secular life, and as a consequence be able to give an example of generosity to Catholic institutions. I hope so. But I do feel sure that you can set an example of co-operation with those of other races and creeds, a co-operation that without compromising your Catholicity, nourishes and quickens and enlarges your Charity.

We have here the fairest land under the sun—rich in natural resources, fitted to be the home of a hundred millions of people; rich too beyond the dreams of avarice in Catholic traditions. It was cradled in the Catholic religion. Three hundred years ago intrepid Catholic missionaries and dauntless Catholic explorers laid broad and deep the foundations of the faith. The mantle of sacrifice which they wore has fallen upon us, the tradition of service which they inaugurated is our heritage. How many of these hundred million are to be ours? Remember that Protestants are asking themselves that question too. The number that is to be ours will depend upon our efforts now; and our efforts are at present feeble because English-speaking and French-speaking Catholics are as strangers and as enemies to each other. Throw over these bickerings and quarrels, by which the bosom of the Canadian Church is rent; throw over them, ye graduates of St. Michael's, the mantle of Charity. Give our people a lead in the only way to unity.

There is a mountain in the stately Alps which rises above its fellows in towering majesty. At its base nature blooms smilingly, around its crest the storms howl; its peak is crowned peacefully with the eternal snows.

Its conspicuous grandeur once caught a romantic poet's fancy, and he sang of it:

“Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.”

That mountain always seemed to me to typify the man of Charity, the ideal University

graduate. The love of God which is the flower of Charity lifts him high above the petty things of earth, above the storms, above the bickerings and clashes of grovelling minds, into the serene atmosphere of peace and unity, observed from afar, admired and sought by all. That is the ideal which I hold up to-day before you as graduates. God grant it may be to you a holy inspiration.



A Tryst With Him



At early dawn across the leaden grey
A glimmer steals.
Is it a setting star? A sunlight ray?
I know not,—but it feels
More like a Presence in the morning mist
Bidding me keep with Him a loving tryst.

All thro' the day the Presence hovers near;
And every sacrifice,
And every longing crushed in holy fear,
E'en tho' mine eyes
Suffused with unshed tears are dim,
Mean faithful keeping of a tryst with Him.

At eventide, when weary of my tasks,
In Him I rest.
To keep the tryst again is all He asks
And He knows best
The pleading words my soul cannot resist:
He speaks them in the keeping of the tryst.

The wakeful moments of the silent night
With Him are passed.
Earth's day thus all illumined by His light
Will merge at last
'Into Eternity among the seraphim,
Where I shall keep unending tryst with Him.

Dorothy B.

GRADUATES OF 2T6



Miss Vera Michell, B.A.



Miss George Anna Dell, B.A.



Miss Josephine Phelan, B.A.



Miss Dorothy Sullivan, B.A.



Miss Norah Story, B.A.



Miss Noreen Kingsley, B.A.



Miss Callista Doyle, B.A.



Miss Mary Carroll, B.A.



Miss Mary Dwyer, B.A.



Miss Rosemary Sylvester, B.A.

CONVOCAATION DAY

CONVOCAATION DAY.

Cloudless and cool rose the great day of Convocation; joyous, excited and perhaps a little awed, rose the youths and maidens to greet it—undergraduates for the last time. Yea, even the most unsentimental and unemotional of this strange offspring of the first quarter of the twentieth century, these changelings whom their elders regard as the hen “her false daughters in the pool”—even these—let them not say me nay—were passably thrilled.

At half-past two the long procession issuing from the beautiful main doorway, wended its way across the campus to Convocation Hall—a colourful (I must have that word) procession still, though the Caput had decided to concentrate in itself most of the colour by the sinister warning, “No Flowers.” Nevertheless the line of graduates looked far from funereal, and it must be confessed that the academic dignity of the historic ceremony was better preserved by their absence.

From a coign of vantage I recognized my ten young friends, looking prettier than all the rest—at least, more interesting—and my eligible bachelor looking even more lamentably few than I had supposed, and there and then fell into the brownest of studies regarding them, their pasts and their futures; recalling the priceless things they used to do and say; conversations heard and overheard; flashes of wit and wisdom too delightful, one felt, to be lavished on a single auditor; brief gleams of something great which one longed to see developed. Within each one, besides a variety of heterogeneous and formless elements, the essential personality. Would the world—circumstances—which a poet, using another figure, has called ‘machinery just lent to give the

soul its bent, mould us and turn us out sufficiently impressed,’ be for them an alchemy to transmute the heterogeneous potentialities and assimilate them to the essential so as to produce a rich, rare and noble character? Or would it end in only partial fulfilment of promise? That there could be disintegration was not to be thought of, for the alchemist is the will, not pitted against stern Fate, but working with Divine Providence which prepares the alembic of circumstances. But whither, O perveiax musa, are you hurrying me who fain would stay and watch this procession of lovely little girls? (’Tis a joke to call them women in those abbreviated robes and tresses, only partly disguised by college gowns and trenchers).

Inside the rotunda hooded and gowned ushers from University College, Trinity, Victoria and St. Michael’s had been passing to and fro, seating the audience in the various galleries, and now Dr. Mourè’s sonorous march has led the academic train to their appointed places, and the dais is refulgent with the scarlet and pink of the Doctors of Laws, the black velvet and gold of the Chancellor, the white and crimson of the Doctors of music and the still more brilliant plumage of other professional gentlemen.

Convocation then began, taking us back to feudal days, as the undergraduates kneeling, with joined hands, silently pledged fealty to the university, while the words “Te admitto” sounded in their ears; the hood was slipped over their shoulders and they rose, amid the plaudits of their compeers, baccalaureate sons and daughters of Alma Mater.

Most of us go through life with doubts and misgivings (though perhaps with outward bra-

vado) as to whether we are worthy of love or hatred, praise or blame, whether or not our poor best is immeasurably below the standard toward which we are striving, and when a power we trust gives its approval and those we love are happy because of us—talk not to me, ye youthful cynics—at such moments we touch the summits of life. To-morrow the doubts may return, but for the time we are

“Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air.”

We stayed to the very end, lest the Y's should notice a depleted audience, and also because we like it—till Sir William Mulock pronounced the “Convocatio dimissa est” and all was over for 1926.

THE GARDEN PARTY given, according to time-honoured custom, in the University quadrangle by the Chancellor, the President and the Senate, after Convocation, was as enjoyable as perfect weather, a perfect company and perfect spirits could make it.

LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATION.

Commencement Exercises at Loretto Abbey College, Brunswick avenue, took place on Friday evening, June 4th, at 8 o'clock. They began with the usual pretty ceremonial of the Rose Garland Processional, the ten graduates who had received their degrees at University Convocation in the afternoon advancing between festoons of roses carried by the undergraduates, while the college song, “Gaudeamus Nos Alumnae,” was sung. The embargo of the afternoon regarding flowers, having been lifted, the stage was a garden in full bloom.

After the hymn “Ave Maria Loretto,” to Our Lady, whose statue rose, flower-crowned, above the scene, Miss Florence Richardson (pupil of Dr. Von Kunitz) rendered a beautiful serenade on the violin, and Miss Margaret Marks, B.A., '25, the Chanson Provencale by

dell'Aqua, in a charming lyric soprano. Miss George Anna Dell, B.A., president of the class of 2T6, spoke the Valedictory.

Loretto College graduation medals were then conferred on Miss Mary Carroll, B.A., Miss George Anna Dell, B.A., Miss Callista Doyle, B.A., Miss Mary Dwyer, B.A., Miss Noreen Kingsley, B.A., Miss Vera Michell, B.A., Miss Josephine Phelan, B.A., Miss Story, B.A., Miss Rosemary Silvester, B.A., Miss Dorothy Sullivan, B.A.

Hon. Mr. Justice Kelly in his address to the graduates, gave an interesting history of the admission of women to the University and of the affiliation of St. Michael's and the subsequent federation of the four Arts Colleges within the University of Toronto. He recounted the progress of Higher Education amongst the Catholics of Ontario in recent years, which had been previously retarded by the very reasonable fear that faith would not be sufficiently safe-guarded in a purely secular institution. This difficulty had been happily removed by the present arrangement. Catholic women, too, had come into their rights through such opportunities as were afforded by Loretto College, which as a part of St. Michael's had begun formally to carry on higher education in 1911. The Catholic students had this year taken a distinguished place in the class and scholarship lists of the University and their success had been very favourably commented on in the highest circles of the University. Judge Kelly congratulated the graduates of Loretto College, 1926, on their success, and on one of their number winning the Moss Scholarship.

Rev. Dr. Treacy also addressed a few words to the graduates. Among other things he pointed out that the need of the world at the present time was leadership, also that there was no absolute propriety amongst men. God

alone was the Absolute Proprietor. Therefore those who had received so largely had a corresponding obligation to their country, to their fellow-men, and to God.

Two violin numbers—Kramer's "Song Without Words" and Rissland's "Harlequin," by Miss Richardson, and the singing of "Tota Pulehra Es," a motet dedicated to Loretto, concluded the programme.

On Saturday all the St. Michael's graduate class met at Loretto Abbey for High Mass. The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by Rev.

Father McCorkell, President of St. Michael's College, after which the class and representatives of the Faculty were the guests of the Community at a formal breakfast which was laid in the large drawing-room.

On Sunday afternoon the graduates and their families were entertained at tea at Loretto College, and afterwards attended Benediction.

A house party at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, planned for the following week, owing to circumstances, had to be postponed till after August 15th.



VALEDICTORY

As year by year the self-same scene is presented on Commencement Night, when successive classes of graduates appear before you to receive the honors of their college, which mark their passing from the undergraduate stage to the larger arena of the world of varied endeavour which awaits them, it is to be expected that the words of farewell uttered on these several occasions will strike much the same note.

We are familiar with the figure of the proverbial college graduate standing on the top of the world on Commencement Day holding the precious and inevitable scroll. If this picture is to represent a feeling of proud pre-eminence, nothing could be farther from the truth. A series of relentless examinations, blue-pencilled essays and abundant criticism has chastened our spirit so that, when from the steps of the main building, amid an awe-struck silence, we hear our own poor name pronounced, surprise,

incredulity, relief, humble gratitude that our worst fears have not been realized, struggle for the mastery, leaving little room for self-gratulation. But if it denotes the exaltation of spirit which comes from having attained success in an undertaking which has demanded of us "to scorn delights and live laborious days" and to persevere through many vicissitudes, then the picture does possess, in spite of its exaggeration, a certain value as a symbol. For something of this exaltation is ours to-night, and it is increased by the knowledge that we have about us those to whom our modest success is of moment, and who share with us the joy and reflect it. This day, on that account, will always remain blanchéd in our annals. It can never be duplicated in our experience.

To-day we are vividly conscious of many things; of the past, the present and the future. We do not regard a university degree as an

open sesame to all doors; we do know—and the experience of others warrants it—that there are some doors that will not open without it, while it smooths the path to several others, but the chief value consists in the college course which lies behind it. For this reason we turn to the college in which our four years were spent,—our college which represents to us so much of what is true and beautiful and good—our college whose aim it is to have us “see life steadily and see it whole.” We have had four years in which to evaluate in some degree our actual experiences and those of others in the realms of literature, history, and philosophy and in the atmosphere of religion to learn that this life with its high lights and deep shadows, cannot be beautiful and happy except when seen as a part of a larger life without which it becomes hopelessly foreshortened—an enigma of conflicting movements quite beyond solution.

We feel that these four years have enriched us in a way that nothing else could have done and have left us under a deep obligation to render to the world in the same measure as it has been rendered to us.

Nor in rendering our best service shall we forget the college within whose walls these four most happy years have been spent. We pass over now to add another decade to the seventy-five graduates of Loretto College of the University of Toronto who have preceded us from these doors within the last eleven years and who are now reflecting honour on their Alma Mater in varied pursuits. May we, too, justify her faith in us!

And now the moment comes when farewells must be spoken. We shall meet again and

many times I hope within these precincts, but the warp and woof of our lives will never be woven into the same pattern again. We regret that we must part from those with whom we have spent such happy years, for the intimate associations which we have enjoyed we prize above all the experiences of our undergraduate years, and especially our close contact with the kind and considerate faculty, who have given to this class the best, the most precious of life's gifts, the gift of knowledge, and I am sure that the ideals and training that have been inculcated during these four years will always be a treasured inheritance to us who have received them.

It is only fitting that to-night we should express our appreciation to our mothers and fathers, who by their unselfishness have made it possible for us to receive this education. It has been through their faith in us, and through their loving inspiration that we have been enabled to use this opportunity to advantage, and if in the future success is ours, it will be the result of their foresight and sympathy.

Our graduation, which is in a way a completion, is yet also a beginning. It means setting adrift down different channels, whose end we cannot foresee. Ways that have run side by side now diverge and we respond to the call of a new life, but whatever our different careers may be, we shall never forget the debt we owe our Alma Mater, Loretto Abbey College, and may we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-six, continue to add prestige to her name, and may she always have good reason to feel proud of the results that have crowned her earnest labour.

George Anna Dell, 2T6.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE MISTLETOE

It was the day before Christmas. Large flakes of snow had been silently falling all day, and everything out of doors was covered with the fleecy carpet of winter. The peaceful hush of the Christmastide could be almost felt descending slowly with the snow, and you could imagine the angels already softly beginning the low chant of their annual carol of peace:

“Glory to God in the Highest

And on earth, Peace to men of good will.”

I was sitting cross-legged on the attic floor, before the big box, in which the Christmas decorations were kept, sorting them out, so Santa would not have any trouble on Christmas Eve. I had been busy all afternoon, and piles of tinsel and sparkling ornaments of all colours, were in little mounds over the floor. It was becoming dark in the attic; for the storm had sent the Spirit of Darkness into the city before its usual time, and there was strife between it and the Spirit of Light. The Spirit of Light was being slowly overcome. The two candles, standing lit beside me, sent flickering lights and shadows on the walls and ceiling and cast loving, wavy gleams over the baubles before them, as if they were tiny fairies dancing with glee at the sight of the gaudy trinkets. At last I thought I was finished! But no! Here is something more—a little withered spray of mistletoe.

Lying there in my hand, so dry and brittle, its leaves cracked and broken, its berries blackened and crushed, it seemed to bring back the fun of the Christmas gone by, when, secretly suspended from a door-frame, the mistletoe had caught some “Lady, lady” in its charmed circle. I chuckled, seeing again the startled

faces, “looking sweet in those moments of confusion.”

But I began to wonder where the mistletoe received its power and what its history really was. And this is what I found:

Far back in the time of the gods, the mistletoe was given its symbolic meaning. At Balder’s birth his mother laid about him a charm, protecting him from all plants and animals. But as she was enumerating the names of the plants, she omitted that of the mistletoe. Loki, a wicked spirit, hated Balder for his popularity among the gods. One day he discovered the omission of the mistletoe from the charm protecting Balder. Loki fashioned an arrow of mistletoe and gave it to Hader, King of Darkness, to test. The arrow struck and killed Balder. He was, however, restored to life, and the mistletoe was given to Venus, Goddess of Love. Everyone passing under it was to receive a kiss, to prove it was the emblem of love, not of death.

The custom of “kissing under the mistletoe” came down through the ages, and in Elizabethan England the mistletoe began to hold a prominent part in the Christmas season’s festivities. Picture the scene! A joyous party in a bright, holly-decked room, the fire crackling cheerily, but not outdoing the cheeriness in the merry voices; a branch of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier; a stately gentleman in velvet waist-coat, frills at neck and wrist, bowing low before the lovely lady he has cornered beneath it, and she, gowned in shimmering satin, responding with a deep curtsy; he then lightly saluting her half-averted blushing cheek as his reward.

Among the Druids the mistletoe was the object of special reverence and veneration, but only when it was found growing on the oak tree. On New Year's Day they held a "Mistletoe Cutting" ceremony. A great procession was formed. First walked the Prince of Druids with his assisting priests; then the heralds, carrying a golden knife or scythe. This company was all in white. Then came the men, women and children in best ceremonial attire. When the sacred tree was reached the Prince ascended it, and with the golden knife cut the plant from the tree, the pieces falling into the white robe of a priest. They were then distributed to the people as a cure for diseases, and as a power to hasten the visit of the ghost of a deceased ancestor!

Then, later, from Palestine, came the story that the mistletoe had once been a high tree (for the pieces of mistletoe common to Asia grow so large that they resemble "trees growing on trees"). But its wood was used in making the Cross of Christ, and the plant was doomed, henceforth, to live only as a parasite plant; a plant which must obtain life through the life-blood of another.

In scientific language, the mistletoe is a species of "Viscum" of the order of Laran-

thoraceae. It grows as a parasite, on deciduous and evergreen trees, but especially on the poplar, the hawthorn, the pear and the apple. It forms a bush from two inches in some species to several feet in others. It twines its arms about the branches of its support very lovingly, but oh! how treacherously; for those arms are creeping down and taking the very life itself from the heart of the tree. In the fourth season of its growth a fruit is produced: white, yellow, brilliant orange or gorgeous purple according to the order. In summer, the plant is hardly distinguishable from the green draperies surrounding it, but in the winter it stands out sharply, flaunting its rich colour in leaf and berry against the black skeleton of the slowly dying martyr tree.

This is its biography; but the mistletoe has not become popular because of its parasitic tendencies. It is because entwined with the mistletoe are poetry and myth, superstition and mysterious lore, which have made it beloved through the years. It has a firm grip on the sentiment of the world, for who is there, either young or old, on hearing the name "mistletoe," that does not thrill with the memories it recalls?

Victoria Mueller, 2T8.



WHAT DOES THE GIRL OF TO-DAY GET OUT OF HER UNIVERSITY COURSE

WHAT does a girl get out of her university education? A rash question to set an about-to-graduate or even a recently graduated, and one apt to have explosive consequences. If Charles Dickens, on leaving the establishment where he pasted labels on blacking bottles, had been asked what he had got out of it, he would probably have delivered himself of some decided opinions on the place. But a lucid statement to the effect that as a result of this experience he felt he would eventually write "David Copperfield" and other stories of middle and lower class English life would hardly have been expected. In the same way on first leaving the university, which by no means is to be confused with a sweated labour industry, the graduate is more apt to make pungent remarks on the subject of higher education than to present any clear-cut plan of future conduct.

In the Varsity—the undergraduate paper of the University of Toronto—there appeared an editorial entitled "A University—The Graveyard of ambitions," and in the Champus Cat column of the same paper, at another time, the following attempt at wit:

"Did you take the job?"

"No; the man positively insulted me."

"How?"

"Offered me five dollars a week. What does he think I am?—a university graduate?"

The editor and the Champus Cat! There is the alpha and omega of enlightened student opinion as to what one gets out of a university course, and it includes the women as well as the men.

The average girl arrives at university fresh from collegiate or high school, and she is filled with rosy ambitions of a career, generally rather vague—the vaguer the more typical the case. Marriage is in the background, but very remotely. If, as commonly supposed in the case of other people, marriages are fatefully arranged in heaven, why not in the case of the college girl also? It offers a convenient and pious excuse for shelving at least one modern problem, and in the meantime there are more interesting things to do.

"Ah, college days! They are the happiest of your life. You will never have anything like them again," says the experienced members of the older generation. They nod their heads in a knowing way and tell tall stories of their own college careers.

The young thing is intrigued, especially when she reflects that this glorious form of existence once reserved as the special privilege of the man, is now open to her.

"The chances of success are all on the side of the college graduate," say those who profess great knowledge on this as on other subjects. And this the average girl, being well tinged with the materialism of the age, naturally interprets in terms of dollars and cents. She goes to university seeing it as a pleasant road leading in some mysterious way to a life of indolence, luxury, travel and possibly fame.

But once at university, more alarming and enlightening than any initiation ceremony is the attitude of the professors, summed up in the cryptic remark: "You get out of a course what you put into it." The keen and ambi-

tious freshman experiences some chilling premonition that all is not as it should be, then succumbs to the fascination of this unique and impractical mode of existence. Somewhat in the Bacchic spirit she takes the whole of university life to mean her course and indulges, with more or less discrimination in the many forms of university activity. She takes to athletics and executives willingly enough; to social life very willingly, and, if she shows any signs of being opinionated or is ever overheard airing knowledge on such subjects as Free Trade or Chinese labour, willy-nilly she debates, or goes through such form of public declamation. And I almost forgot to say she studies. For she does study, sometimes with real pleasure, sometimes not, but always rather conscientiously. I have never met a college girl who didn't study (though I have met many who said they didn't and were very devilish about it). But were statistics to be made on this interesting subject, the "Jazz Baby," while not a frequenter of the library, would probably be found the most assiduous attendant at lectures.

Of course in intellectual and pedagogic circles a profound controversy is waged over the advantages of the mental discipline of being entombed for several years among books of antique erudition as contrasted with the stimulation and development of the same number of years spent in pursuing, in a rather dilettante fashion that union of the intellectual and active called by the Greeks the "good life." It is this latter ideal, whatever its points of superiority that the majority of students to-day follow.

Four or five years of this sort of thing and the—the deluge! The sweet girl graduates. A graduation ceremony is an affair of many frills and like a wedding, has an air of great finality. "Life," and one's supposed entrance

thereto, is spoken of as though one were being shot into some future state of existence. It is all most formidable, and underneath the transitory exhilaration of wearing a white dress and parading behind from six to twelve dozen roses, the poor graduate is in a state of confusion and uncertainty. There are some, of course, who leave college with definite aims which they follow to higher degrees or into the professions, but these are the minority and generally those who entered college with definite aims in the first place. But for the average girl there is only the abrupt realization that fame and fortune are as vague, alluring and in the distance as ever; and having so pleasantly and symbolically been shown the door at Convocation she feels strongly tempted to sit down on the step, roses, white dress and all, to wonder, "What next?"

The enthusiasts who urged her towards the university seem to have taken themselves elsewhere. The professors inform her coldly that it is not the purpose of the university to turn out mechanically so many experts for so many jobs. The practical person of affairs tells her hotly that she is unfitted for anything until she has gained some mysterious and apparently vulgarizing quality called experience. Through newspapers, periodicals and other inspired mediums she learns that there are already too many of her kind in the country, that the government finds them costly intellectual pests and that she will probably have to migrate to the States or starve. Gloomily her thoughts turn to Faculty and its prospect of High School teaching. Why gloomily, I cannot say. Teaching has many practical advantages, but possibly she has had enough experience of both schools and teachers to make it all seem rather prosaic. In any case there is an aversion to it that amounts to a positive psychological complex. At twenty one is temperamental.

About graduation time the magazines blossom forth into pictures of young persons of either sex wearing cap and gown (usually in the wrong way) surveying creation with smug expressions and in Napoleonic attitudes. It is very humorous. It is also a most flagrant misrepresentation of the feelings of the average graduate. This engaging poetic fancy of being atop of creation belongs, not to the poor, impractical student, but to the worldly-wise people who ought to know better. In reality the girl graduate is a harassed and hunted creature, the object of quite ferocious interest and the Spanish Inquisition pales before the ruthless examination to which she is subjected.

She is treated as an economic problem, a social problem, one might almost say a religious problem for her conservative relations are sure to suspect her of being an atheist. Her programme of future action is examined as rigorously as that of a presidential candidate. Great disappointment is evinced when it is found that she cannot immediately cash in her degree like a cheque. The utility of a university education is sharply criticized if she takes a position for which a B.A. is not a rigid qualification. She is advised to teach, to write, to take a post graduate course, to get married. It is more or less covertly felt that since she cannot enter into immediate possession of some dazzling job entailing a fat salary, great responsibility and imposing social prestige the whole thing has been a fiasco. The unhappy graduate, speechless with wrath and crimson with embarrassment, is either reduced to agreeing with the popular dictum or exasperated into meeting her critics after the fashion of Hamlet, with the reminder that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their materialistic philosophy.

This last is quite another side of student and graduate opinion on the burning question,

“What does one get out of a university course?” It is, perhaps, less frequently expressed than that represented by the caustic remarks of a Varsity editor and the Champus Cat. What would be the use? We are all tarred with the same brush of materialism. To plead the case of friendships, new ideas, broader interests and greater tolerance is quite certain to move the practical-minded—and in this case everyone become practical-minded—to the unoriginal but crushing remark that all this won't earn a living. Of course, as H. G. Wells says, “What's the use of living unless there is something to live for?” And about 2,200 years ago Aristotle, whose wisdom has stood the test of ages, pointed out that it is unworthy of noble minds to be always seeking after the useful and that the “good life” consists not only in being able to work well, but also to use leisure well. The expression of such lofty sentiments is quite permissible for Aristotle, but coming from a youthful graduate, it is simply the object of cheerful contempt. The college girl, herself being just a little practical-minded, is by no means dedicated to poetic poverty or high-brow obscurity; nor is she as ignorant of the ways and aims of the world as the pictures, articles and jokes of the June publication would have one believe. But even the most cynical and disillusioned of graduates would hardly say that college had given them nothing. The value of a degree is potential and the only safe answer to all the soul-searching questions fired at a graduate is the non-committal one, “Wait and see.” It is too soon to be more explicit.

True, the average graduate has no definite aim; is this not the case of the majority of young people? The graduate at least is given every occasion to realize this unedifying lack of purpose and is therefore more apt to take steps to remedy it. In the event of a decision

the college student has one practical advantage which even youthful impatience does not entirely underestimate—that of a trained mind. The graduate of an arts course, being trained for nothing definite, is, paradoxically, fitted to attempt anything. Specialized education, that is mere technical training for one particular position, may bring more immediate results, but a broader and more cultured training insures, ultimately, sounder and more lasting success. In this game, as in others, to try for each trick as it is played is the natural and obvious thing to do; but to be willing to lose at the right time, to see the game as a whole and play with an eye to future moves, is better tactics, as any bridge-player will agree.

And there are other things—things which move the Platos and Aristotles to exalted enthusiasm and the less gifted, especially when they try to explain their college days, to mere incoherence and sentimentality.

Why belong to civilization if you can't spend a little time getting civilized?

What's the use of contributing to society if you can't also enjoy it?

What's the use of belonging to the only terrestrial species with a mind and the power of

speech if you don't know how to philosophize and have nothing to talk about but the weather?

What's the use of paying taxes to support libraries and art galleries if you don't want to read the books and look at the pictures?

What's the use of cheap trips to Italy if you know nothing about the Renaissance?

And what's the use of being a modern woman if you can't have some of her privileges?

All these things may not be necessary, but they are very pleasant. Though a university may not be the only means of obtaining them, it is one of the best that has so far been found.

For a more calm and considered comment on the question perhaps one should wait about thirty or forty years, when all the unknown quantities of the graduating classes of to-day will have been neatly classified in some statistical bureau under the headings of failure and success. Then will be the time to ask of what use a university education has been in leading a life of either variety. Then, perhaps, it will be possible to give a serious and careful evaluation of that epoch-making event of one's career—College.

Josephine Phelan, 2T6.





“EXEGI MONUMENTUM AERE PERENNIUS”

Scene I.—A room in St. George Street. Time, 2.30 a.m. any night between May 23rd and June 4th. The room, though small, is furnished in the princely style common to professors of colleges where endowments are unknown. A series of neat packing cases piled upright makes an elegant, though simple, book-case (“simplex munditiis” as the professor would say), to contain several well-worn volumes of Aristotle and his philosophic, a tome or two of Plato and some other books printed in queer-looking characters. As we don’t know what they are they must be Sanskrit, which is always a safe guess when you eliminate Greek and Hebrew. The principal object in the room is, of course, the professor reposing among his household gods. A chair and table on the right complete the furniture. On the latter, rest the Professor’s alarm clock, fountain pen and blue pencil and a pile of examination books marked “Latin—Horace. First Year Arts.” The fountain pen is really not necessary to the stage setting, but gives a desirable touch of colour. The examination books, on the contrary, are closely connected with the action and with the sardonic smile on the harassed face of the sleeping Professor. They are, in short, the Villain of the piece.

Enter four pseudonyms—Pillow, Pounder, Fouch and Postscript.

Pillow—I say, Pouch, how did you translate
 “Gratia cum nymphis gemisque sororibus
 audet nuda choros

Immortalia ne speres monet annus et hora . . . ?”

Pouch—O that was easy. I only wish I knew everything as well as I do my Latin. “Truthful thanks dares to lead the cho’rs with the nymphs and grumbling sisters,” of course. How else?

Postscript—Listen to him wresting the line to his own destruction. This is how I did it: “The grateful cloud dares to lead a dance.”

Pounder (thrusting in)—You’re both off the scent. I found it a little hard too till I caught the spirit of it, “Grace scantily clad with the nymphs leads the dance. You can’t hope that this thing will go on forever.”

Pouch—That’s what I call stark realism. Let us see what Pudding has. He was wont to throw off the prettiest translations in class. Father Walsh couldn’t keep up with him at all—thought him a wonder-child. He had a fine new and strange key—none of your Kellys for him! Here’s his paper. Now for something worth while! “May grace along with the sisters of men dare to lead the choirs of nymphs, Immortal one, lest thou mayest hope he that advises the year and the month may pass the time. They bear the cold southern blast. Spring will be able summer at the same time. Pomifer will cool autumn and then Bruma will come, and soon sap runs again!” Well, where did he get the sap? I wouldn’t have minded anything else—even those chaps Pomifer and Bruma. Must be a pair of pseudonyms he met in Examination Hall.

Postscript—Here comes Packer along with Purple. Come, Packer, unpack your wisdom and tell us how to do this bit.

Packer (very refined)—Aw, really, don't you know, "Grace with the nymphs and her twin sisters dares to lead the dance—ahem!—in evening gown." "Ver proterit aestas interiura—Spring follows summer immediately."

Pillow—Why, man, that's nonsense.

Packer (deeply hurt)—Well what's Latin but nonsense, I'd like to know?—a very difficult kind of nonsense.

Purple—It's the very best of sense if you only translate it right, like this: "In the broiling heat (aestas) among his groaning (geminis) sisters he leads the dance gratefully nak—"

Pillow—That's quite enough, Purple, to give us your idea. Let's get on to something else. What about the first passage,

"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?" etc.

Who's this Clio he talks about? Let's see Panic's paper (reads): "Clio was an old flame of Horace's. He used to whimper over the wine cup at her when she saucily left him. He respected and beloved her very much."

Orpheus—Horace composes a great deal about this Orpheus.

"Come, let's do it together. I always did like pooling our brains."

All—Begin, Pouch.

Pouch—"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel
acri

Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?

Quem deum?"

"What man or hero can play on the lyre or shrill pipe, what god?"

Postscript—Good. My turn. "Cujus re-
cinet joeosa nomen imago—Whose name shall

she cut out with her playful image?" Your turn next, Pounder.

Pounder—"Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris Ducere quereus: With peaceful attention the imposing oaks listen to the musical fiddle."

Pillow—So that's done. Let's take the next passage:

"Dum longus inter saeviat Ilion
Romamque pontus, qualibet exules
In parte regnanto beati,
Dum Priami Paridisque busto
Insultet armentum et catulos ferae
Celent inultae, stet Capitolium
Fulgens triumphatisque possit
Roma ferox dare jura Medis," etc.

Pouch—You begin, Purple.

Purple—"While the length of Ilium flows between Rome and the Pontus."

Pouch (aside)—I thought it was "the long bridge."

Postscript—"Dum Priami Paridisque busto insultet armentum et catulos ferae celent inultae: While the monument of Priam and Paris decks the armament and the sheathed swords (ferae)."

Packer—Or better still, "ferae armentum, etc.: Let the iron herd hide their young."

Pouch (severely)—Quite wrong. It's "while Priam and Paris hurl arms and strong catapults."

Pillow—No, no, it's clearly: "While Priam insults the armour-bearers of the proud Parthians."

Pounder—Oh, what's the difference? I'm sure Kelly and the Interlinear aren't a bit alike in some places. Let's hurry. We have to get away from here before the Professor wakes up. "Fulgens triumphatisque: Let the frenzied Fulgens give the Medes to Roman rule."

Postscript—Good, we're getting on. Now for the last verse:

“Qua medius liquor,

Secernit Europen ab Afro”: “What liquor from Africa strengthens Europe?”

Pillow—That doesn't sound right.

Postscript—Why, yes, when you have the historical background. It appears they had the O.T.A. in Rome at that time, but they didn't have the Volstead Act in Carthage yet. But what's that meanny noise?

(From a dark corner emerge some half-dozen or more pale and squalid figures marked $11\frac{1}{2}$, 9, 7, $3\frac{3}{4}$, $2\frac{1}{8}$, 1, 0. Hand in hand they circle about the Professor's pallet to a weird incantation of half-intelligible sounds. They are the ghosts of recently strangled pseudonyms).

Ghosts of Pseudonyms (gibbering)—The horrible late name in the farthest mouths, one of them being Orpheus, quieted the woods and waters—by thy mother's art thou hastenest the dying river to the overcomed Meds.

Professor (sitting up, wild-eyed)—Is that the alarm? A faculty meeting at nine! Why, who are ye? Ah, too well do I know ye (catching up an umbrella as an *épée de chevet* and laying about him à la *Cyrano de Bergerac*). Rouse, Riot, Rank! Boil, Bellow, Button! Take that and that and that! At night as well as by day! I'll not stand it! (Ghosts break and retire again to dark corners). And now, gentlemen or ladies—if I can distinguish you by the fashion of your blunders—may I ask a few questions? Pouch, what is the reference in “*triumphatis*”?

Pouch (trying to get behind the book-case)—It refers to the triumphs of the Persians in

the Punie wars. The Meds had just completed several successful campaigns in Italy.

Professor—You're probably thinking of the basket-ball season of 1925-1926 and some personal experiences. What do you say, Pounder?

Pounder—“*Triumphatis*” — er — means—means those who have returned with a splendid record and no scandal attached to their names.

Professor—I see a faint gleam of intelligence in this answer. I've become quite accipitrine in discovering the half of an eighth of a mark buried beneath the debris in the last few days. What is the point of the whole passage, Postscript?

Postscript (carefully placing the table between himself and the Professor)—As long as Rome is victorious it is time to drink and make merry.

Professor (sternly, but more in sorrow than in anger)—Your mind seems to dwell with pleasure on a phase of human nature and experience which is not altogether creditable. I know what you said about “*medius liquor*.” Let's get to a safer topic. Be good enough to connect, “*Gratia, eum nymphis*” with the rest of the ode.

Purple (affably)—Spring is here, cease to worry; you may be dead to-morrow.

Professor—I shouldn't wonder. But I shall not descend to Oreus alone, I warn you. A moment with you, Pillow (opening an examination book). I find embedded in your translation of “*Gratia . . . nuda chorus*,” a Latin word which is not to be found in the text, “*inluerae*.” Kindly explain.

Pillow—Why, that isn't Latin. It's one of Mother Estelle's big words. “The elder grace with the nymphs and her twin sisters ventures to lead the choric dance *inluerae*.” (Sudden death of the Professor).

Scene II.—(After the autopsy. Enter Pounder, Pouch and Purple from right, who meet Paeker and Postscript coming from left. Each carries a copy of *The Globe* and all seem greatly agitated).

Pouch—A star in Latin! Everyone of us! Can you believe it?

Pounder—Isn't it a shame the way they try to wipe out First Year Arts?

Paeker—And didn't we do that whole examination perfectly in this very room the other night?

Purple—Of course we did. And if the Professor hadn't passed away we'd have proved—

Postscript—Let's petition! There must be some mistake.

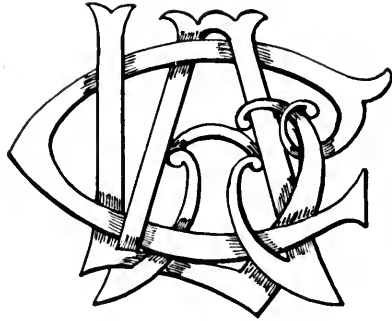
Pounder—Let's appeal to have our papers re-read.

Pouch—I'm going up to see Dr. Brebner and tell him what I think of this university.

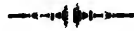
All—Yes. Let's all go together.

(Exit Paeker, Pouch, Pounder, Purple and Postscript in high dudgeon).

L. des E.



A PIECE OF GOOD NEWS AND A REQUEST



The long-wished-for and joyful tidings have reached us from Rome, that the Cause of Mother Mary Ward, venerated Foundress of the "Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary," is going forward, and all who can testify to her aid in their spiritual or temporal concerns, after invoking her, or applying her relics, are requested to send in to the "Rainbow Office," 403 Wellington St., Toronto 2, as soon as possible, a concise record of the event to be forwarded to the Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, that it may bear witness to the fame of sanctity of this great servant of God. The Consultor, Rev. Father Angelucci, bids the Institute push on the Cause with energy and constancy. It has been suggested that all who have profited by Mary Ward's intercession should enclose a small alms to help on the cause so dear to all her children and to all who are reaping the fruits of her sufferings and labours in the cause of education. This notice will remain in our columns until her beatification has passed from the burning desires of her children to a blessed fact, bearing the final seal of Rome.

THE CLOSING OF THE HOLY DOOR

(Rome, December, 1925)

By M.M. BERNARD, I.B.V.M., RCME

The Holy Door is closed at last! Ceased has the never-ending stream of pilgrims which, during twelve months strove with a quiet violence to pass over its consecrated threshold! No step will cross over it for another quarter of a century, when another generation and other races will be ushered into the World's Basilica! Who is the Pontiff destined to re-open it? Will it be the Flos Florum, or Pontiff-King of prophecy? or Pastor Angelicus or Christ-Pontiff to be?

One thing is certain, that as long as the world shall last there will ever be the wide-open door of the abundant outpouring of divine mercy and grace.

During the last days, many smaller pilgrimages had passed through the Porta Santa, also the larger ones from Germany and England, and that largest of all in the Holy Year, consisting of forty thousand Romans. The last salute to the Basilica was given by the big Spanish Pilgrimage of December 23rd.

On Thursday, the twenty-fourth, all was in readiness in the portico of St. Peter's for the great ceremony. To the right of the Holy Door had been erected the Pontifical Throne; opposite it, the tribunes for the Diplomatic Corps and the Roman nobility; further away, the seats for the Vatican Canons, the various prelates and the Milanese pilgrims with their offerings of the different utensils to be used in the closing of the Holy Door.

Within the Basilica there was the usual adornment of red damask silk, making the simple, severe lines which emphasized the colossal

dimensions of piers and pilasters. In the centre of the nave strong wooden barriers marked off a wide space for the procession and similarly around the Papal Altar. Before it was the faldstool for the Sovereign Pontiff. The loggia of St. Veronica was enriched by clusters of light and on the balustrades, candles illuminated the Sacred Passion Relics exposed there, the True Cross, the Holy Lance and the Veil of Veronica.

Behind the barriers waited with patient expectancy the immense crowd of 50,000 pilgrims of every nation and tongue. They reeked not, the not seeing the actual closing of the Door as long as they caught a glimpse and received a blessing from the Great Father, the Christ upon earth!

The modernity of the crowd was picturesquely touched up and blended with the rich mediaeval costumes of the Papal Chamberlains, the Palatine Guard, the Pontifical Gendarmes, the Swiss Guards who kept watch and ward in their alletted spheres.

A little before 10.30 His Holiness in white soutane and mozetta left his private apartments accompanied by the prelates and members of the Papal Court, and by the noble Swiss Guard, and betook himself to the Hall of the Vestments. Here His Holiness was received by the Cardinals who had already vested in the Hall of the Congregations, and by the Patriarchs and Archbishops and Bishops who had vested in the Hall of Benediction.

The Holy Father having been vested, blessed and put incense into the thurible and took

from the hands of the Cardinal First Deacon the lighted candle. He then ascended the Sedia Gestatoria. Preceded by the various Prelates, by the private Chamberlains, by the Auditor of the Rota who carried the Papal Cross, by the Penitentiaries of St. Peter's, by the Abbots and Bishops and Archbishops, by Patriarchs and Cardinals, all bearing lighted candles and surrounded by Commanders of the Noble Guard in high uniform, they went in procession by the Scala Regia to the Portico of the Basilica.

Arrived at the statue of Constantine, the Holy Father was covered by the canopy held by eight Prelates of the Refereudi and surrounded by eight mace-bearers and flanked by the traditional flabelli, or ostrich fans. At the portico he was received by the Chapter and Clergy of the Vatican Basilica, and thence he passed into the Basilica, going on foot through the Holy Door.

His entrance was announced by the festive beat of the silver trumpets after which the Papal Singers under the direction of Mgr. Perosi, intoned the antiphon, "Thou Art Peter." Arriving at the Confessional, the Holy Father alighted from the Sedia and knelt at the faldstool prepared for him, venerating the Sacred Relics of the Passion exposed in the Loggia of Veronica.

Having once more ascended the Sedia, he was borne around the Papal Altar, showering blessings all around. The circuit completed, the Sedia halted near a platform erected before the Confessional. To satisfy the desires of that vast crowd who could not assist in the portico at the Closing of the Holy Door, the Holy Father in his paternal goodness devised a means of giving them also the Apostolic Benediction.

Amid a silence so profound, that the very

heart-beats of that crowd could be heard, the Sovereign Pontiff rose to bless them. What were his thoughts and desires on this last hour of the Holy Year? Long ago his Master had blessed and fed 5,000 by the lake-side. And now, around him, His Vicar, ten times that number had assembled, not for bread, but to purify yet more their souls in the living tide of Jubilee graces. As Christ had done so often in His own person and through His Vicars, once again was to be done through His Vicegerent. Lifting up his eyes towards heaven, he raised that hand of tremendous power, which holds the Keys of Heaven, and with it imparted to that bowed and kneeling throng the Apostolic Benediction. How well we all know those familiar and joy-giving words heard on all red-letter days at St. Peter's "Sit Nomen Domini benedictum."

Quickly the procession resumed its way, whilst the Pope with the Cardinals made their adoration before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. As he rose from his knees and ascended the Sedia, the choir intoned the antiphon, "Cum Jueunditatis."

Within the Basilica, near the Holy Door, were waiting all those Roman Archconfraternities and Confraternities who had lent their services during the whole of the Holy Year and who were now especially blessed by the Holy Father.

Then alone and on foot, he passed for the last time through the Holy Door.

Having laid aside his mitre, he blessed with the prescribed rite, the stones and the mortar. The prayer "Sume Deus" being said, he gave the lighted candle to the Cardinal Second Deacon, re-assumed the mitre, put incense into the thurible and aspersed and incensed the stones and mortar. Then he girt himself with an apron, presented to him by a Priest Cleric of the Chamber, and received from the Cardinal

Grand Penitentiary the beautiful gilt and ivory-handled trowel.

Kneeling before the Holy Door, he placed in the middle of the threshold three trowels full of mortar prepared by saying "in the faith and power of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God." Then placing some mortar on the right corner, he added, "Who said to the Prince of the Apostles, Thou art Peter"; ending the words whilst he laid the mortar on the left side, "And upon his Rock I will build my Church." Having spread the mortar and given back the trowel to the Grand Penitentiary, he received from him three gilt bricks on which his name and arms were inscribed. Then he placed in the mortar, saying on laying the first, "We place this first stone," and at the second, "For closing of the Holy Door," and at the third, "And to be reserved for each Jubilee Year." A priceless little casket with bronze, silver and gold medals, was immured in the Holy Door.

Lastly he blessed them. Whilst the Holy Father performed this ceremony, the choir sang the hymn, "Caelestis Urbs Jerusalem," which he, after having washed his hands, recited alternately with the Cardinals and all present.

When the Holy Father had returned to his throne, the Grand Penitentiary approached the Holy Door with a trowel in his hand. On the

same line where the Pope had placed his bricks, he put on the right three and on the left two white bricks. Then came the Penitentiaries of St. Peter's, also girt with aprons and equipped with trowels, and laid their common bricks, whilst within the Basilica the work was carried on by the Mgr. Procurator of the Sacred Fabric of St. Peter's, together with the architect of the Sampietrini. The first row of bricks having been laid, the door was provisionally closed with a canvas made to resemble a wall and with the black cross in the centre. The hymn being terminated, the Holy Father laying aside his mitre, sang the versicle and prayer proper to the occasion. Resuming his mitre, he sat on his throne, whilst the candles were extinguished. Rising once more, he intoned the *Te Deum*, a fitting Amen to a year which had been inundated with the graces and blessings and mercies of heaven.

On its termination, the triple crown was placed upon him and from the throne, with wide, extended arms, he imparted the Apostolic Benediction, in form of the Jubilee Plenary Indulgence, which was promulgated by the Cardinal Deacons in Latin and Italian.

Then all arose, the procession re-formed and went before the Holy Father, who was borne back to the Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, where having unvested, he returned to his private apartments.





A FRAGMENT

It was the ruin of an old French fort. In the olden days it had been, perhaps, a brilliant centre of love and intrigue, in the midst of a wild, dense country. But now, its brilliancy was gone; it had died, as the men who had so courageously built and loved and protected it, had died—now, it remains only a few moss-covered stones and walls—a memory of past greatness!

It stands back from the roadway, and only the wanderer, the flower-seeker, would take the narrow, weed-covered path and ever come upon it. How magnificent it is! Even in ruins can be seen the love once spent on it. Towers, half-broken, crumbling to dust; turrets, more fallen than standing, glistening like mother o' pearl where the sun strikes them. The palisade wall, which had often held back the gleaming-bodied Indian besiegers, is now decayed; in some spots it has entirely disappeared, but what remains is draped luxuriously with flowers, glowing in the hot July sun. The courtyard lies behind the wall like a splendid wilderness, almost as Sleeping Beauty's palace garden must have lain when Prince Charming passed through. Beyond is what remains of the old fort proper, the rugged contour of the walls toned down by festoons of ivy, as kindness softens an old heart. To the right stands

the sentinel tower, the peaked roof of which has fallen, but from whose cornice hang vines and creeping star-flowers of every shade. In the centre is the entrance door, now only an arch, through which the vista of soft, moss-cool walls and floor is a relief from the intense light outside. At the extreme left is the old well with a canopy of crimson rambler roses climbing over the frame. The cracks in the old stone rockery surrounding the well, are filled with tiny flowers: a beautiful home for a little seed to grow up in and live. A curious bronze cannon stood among the shrubs of the garden—a Spanish cannon captured probably in a marauding party.

This is summer, but you can imagine the Fort when autumn comes. Wild asters—white, purple and red—Dominating the garden; bright colours splashed over the grey walls. The ivy turning various shades of lemon, scarlet and brown, then clings to the loopholes and waves long tendrils in the breezes. The stone wall becomes a glorious mass of shaggy chrysanthemums, vivid orange tiger-lilies and clumps of golden-rod. The arch is triumphant with wisteria.

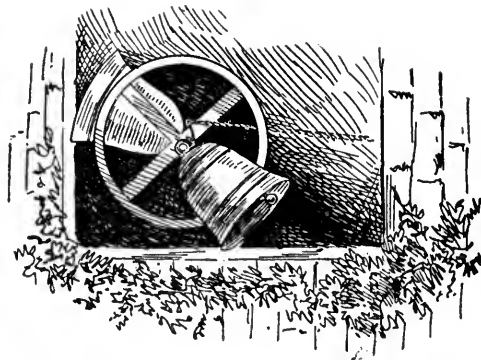
Then winter, and all is covered with a soft, white blanket of snow. Buried under a lovely, round mound is the wall, together with the

sleeping crocuses and tulips, awaiting their awakening in some soft day of spring. The tower, you could plainly picture, standing erect, stiffly bearing its burden of snow. Over the walls of the fort is woven a tracery of lacy, white crystals and from the ivy hang glimmering, blue-cold icicles. The hardy shrub moss shows through a thin layer of snow in the garden, where the wind has been romping merrily with the bushes, laden with red berries, swaying and crackling protestingly.

But oh! to see the ruin at its loveliest spread out in the calm white radiance of a summer moonlight! The moon lays her fairy, silver finger on the mass of stone and on the beautiful garden, with lingering tenderness. The walls gleam like alabaster; the flowers become milky

pale. The lilies raise their heavy heads, shedding a fragrance about the old fort. The tower catches and entraps the light and the crumbling building is bathed in a white glory. The heavy scent of jasmine floats in puffs of breeze. Mousy dusk-moths dart from flower to flower, wall to wall, their wings making an occasional fluttering sigh. The old bronze cannon is transformed into a ruddy splash in the whiteness, shining out like the glint of a jewel in a silver setting. The calm, severe loveliness is like a marvellously beautiful harmonic chord of unheard music, its source unseen, which comes back to you in the gloaming of a summer evening in a far land, and it is greater than music heard, for you carry it in your heart.

Victoria Mueller, 2T8.



2T7 LORETTO



FIRST ROW—Misses H. Kerr, E. Fry, Catherine Cronin.

SECOND ROW—Misses E. Farrell, K. O'Connor, M. Sheehan, M. Cain, N. Kavanagh.
K. Barthelmes, (absent).

FREDERIC OZANAM

AN adequate appreciation of Frederic Ozanam, his life and personality, would be impossible without at least a brief survey of the times in which he lived—the background against which he played such an outstanding part.

The Catholic Church in France, persecuted during the Revolution and enslaved under Napoleon during the first Empire, seemed all but extinct—for, though the government of the Restoration attempted to re-establish it in its pre-revolutionary status, the forces which had worked for its destruction had been only too successful. Contempt, hostility, and worst of all, indifference to religion, was almost universal. Rationalist thinkers and preachers filled press and pulpit, and the doctrines of Voltaire were everywhere accepted. Truly, the Church had need of a champion who would not only defend her, but throw down the challenge to her adversaries and meet them on their own ground. Such was the mission destined for Frederic Ozanam.

Born in 1813, son of an eminent physician, Antoine Ozanam, descendant of a long line of scholars and scientists of Jewish extraction, he passed his childhood and youth in the City of Lyons. He was educated in the famous school of Abbé Noirot, of whose class of one hundred and thirty pupils he, the youngest, was first, and distinguished himself as a student of Latin, English, German, Hebrew and Sanscrit, as well as his mother tongue.

At the age of fourteen Frederic passed through an experience, the outcome of which was to have such an effect as to shape the course of his whole life. Up to this time his

faith was that of a child, placid and trusting, but as his mind matured he became the victim of torturing doubts. He wanted to believe, but could not satisfy his mind. One day, when the struggle was almost unbearable, seeing a church near, he went in and prayed, promising that if God gave him light to see the truth he would forever after devote himself to its defence. He considered this in the light of a solemn pledge, and, his peace of mind restored, the whole course of his life was shaped towards its fulfilment.

On the completion of his course in philosophy he was to study law, but his father, reluctant to send him to Paris in view of existing conditions there, decided to keep him at Lyons for some time longer, and Frederic, accordingly became clerk in a lawyer's office. It was during this time that he published his first work, a treatise against the brilliant but specious arguments of the St. Simonians—a sect then very popular—the chief of whose tactics was to vilify Christianity in the present, while glorifying it in the past. The treatise dealt them a severe blow and was so successful as to attract the notice of the famous poet Lamartine, who wrote to congratulate Frederic and prophesy further success in the same field.

Letters written by Ozanam at this time show how strong was his impulse to use his great talents for the cause of Christianity—and it is his unflinching fidelity to this conviction which constitutes his greatness not only as a scholar, professor, and philanthropist, but above all as a man.

At the age of eighteen Frederic went up to the Law School in Paris. Here as in all other

institutions of learning, the anti-clericalism of former administrations had done its sinister work. Professors and students alike were avowedly atheistic, while the lectures were filled with contemptuous allusions to Christianity or attempts to discredit its doctrines.

There were, however, a little group of Catholic students who, after holding aloof from their associates because of their attitude towards religion, gradually began to find each other out and finally banded together for the purpose of defending their faith against such attacks. There are many instances related in Ozanam's "Life" which show that their efforts were not in vain, and that many a professor was forced to retract his words when confronted with the arguments and objections advanced by those who thus devoted their time to the vindication of truth.

Frederick was as yet far from realizing that he was the mainspring of the movement, yet such was already the case. From this time forward a notable change was observed in the tone of the professors of the Sorbonne; their teachings continued as radically anti-Christian as before, but they were more guarded in their language, more considerate for the feelings of the Christian portion of their audience. This change was attributed by everyone to young Ozanam's influence. He modestly speaks of an able letter which had been written to M. Jouffroy as "a protest which we drew up," but it was in reality entirely his work, and displayed an amount of scientific and historical knowledge which showed the infidel philosopher that Christianity would defend herself with those very weapons which he and his school fancied were their own exclusive possessions.

After his old teacher, the Abbé Noriot, the man whose influence made the deepest impression on him, was probably the great mathema-

tician, Ampère, at whose home Ozanam lived for some time on coming to Paris. His literary knowledge was greatly strengthened by the scientific knowledge acquired by association with M. Ampère, which made it impossible for Ozanam to treat any subject superficially. The older man's strong and simple faith was also a source of inspiration to his young friend.

It was at this time that the ever increasing group of Catholic students began to hold weekly debates and have discussions on questions of historical and philosophical interest. They met first in the office of the "Catholic Tribune," a newspaper whose editor was always their sympathetic patron, but when they admitted non-Catholics to their meetings in order to enliven the debates, so great was the concourse they were obliged to meet in a much larger hall.

Though these meetings were the occasion of brilliant oratory on Frederic's part, he was dissatisfied with them as being mere literary and rhetorical discussions, not a direct effort in the interests of truth. This viewpoint was emphasized by the taunt of the St. Simonians, whose challenge was, "Show us your works." This urge to do something caused Frederic to suggest casually to a couple of friends the advisability of a meeting to discuss some practical way of doing good. Acting on this, eight members met again in the old newspaper office of the Tribune, with M. Bailley in the chair. Thus in 1833 was founded the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Their object was to help the poor, not by the aid of money only—of which indeed they had little—but especially by placing at their disposal their intelligence, their education, their special knowledge of law and science, and their general knowledge of life. (Ozanam with characteristic humility always repudiated the title of founder. "We

were eight," he used to say, yet it was to him the others looked for leadership). It is only necessary to consider the universal establishment of Conferences of the Society to realize the essential worth of its ideal as well as the simple disinterestedness of its originators.

After passing his bar examination with great success, Frederic went up for the degree of Doctor of Law, and on obtaining it, began to practise as a lawyer, rather in response to the call of duty than from personal preference. However, he did not abandon his literary pursuits, and in April, 1832, he went up for his Doctorship of Letters. He was recalled from Paris by the death of his father, whose greatness of mind and heart had endeared him to his son. Added to the sorrow of this great loss was the task which now fell upon him of taking his father's place.

For this reason he accepted, though not without a struggle, an appointment to the Professorship of Commercial Law which had been established at Lyons, that he might be named to it. While waiting for the appointment, he had returned to Paris for his degree of Doctor of Letters, and had delivered two theses, one in Latin, the other in French, with "Dante" as the subject of the second. His success was phenomenal. "In revealing the unsuspected beauties of the pathetic, mysterious figure, he rose to heights of inspiration which it is seldom given to human eloquence to reach. He evoked the spirit of the dead poet, and bade the living look upon him. The audience, spell-bound with admiration, listened in breathless silence." They wept, applauded, and at the close, rose with an irrepressible shout. Such was Ozanam's triumph when he descended from that tribune which he had conquered as the pedestal of his future glory.

For one scholastic year Ozanam gave his course of lectures in law in his native city, and

here, too, testimony was given to his eloquence by the great crowds which attended as well as by an eminent judge and jurist of that time.

His mother, for whose sake he had undertaken this course, having died before it was even begun, Ozanam on its completion, felt free to return to that field of activity to which he had always had the greatest attraction, and in which he felt he could best serve the interests of truth, thus achieving his one ambition. In order to obtain a professorship in the University of Paris, he tried a gruelling examination of one week, consisting of dissertations in Latin and French, eight hours each; argumentations on Greek, Latin and French texts, three hours each; examination in four foreign languages; and finally two lectures on different subjects, one assigned twenty-four and the other one hour beforehand. He came first among the competitors, and was offered the position of Assistant Professor in the Chair of Foreign Literature at the Sorbonne.

Despite the fact that he had recently become engaged to Mlle. Soulacroix, the daughter of the rector of the Academy at Lyons, and had received the offer of a more lucrative position in his own city, he accepted the first, because he believed that in Paris he could serve the cause of Christian philosophy efficaciously. His fiancée consented to this choice of the better part, and in June, 1841, they were married.

His decision was triumphantly vindicated.

When at the age of twenty-seven Ozanam took his seat amongst the veterans of the proud old university he electrified young and old by the splendor of his gifts and the burning ardour of his faith. The State as yet held the monopoly of the University, and looked with an evil eye on the men—for there were others, like Montalembert—who were leading the war against it on behalf of the rights of the Church. Ozanam, availing himself of the

precedent established by the rationalist professors, did not hesitate to use his rostrum as a pulpit for the propagation of truth through the medium of science, poetry and history. It might have been more prudent in his own interest if he had confined himself to lecturing on these subjects in themselves, instead of making them the vehicle of Christian philosophy; but personal considerations weighed lightly with Ozanam against the dictates of duty. He remembered his vow, and kept to it as the stars keep to their course. The sceptics heard him in astonished admiration, the Catholics applauded with a sense of victory.

Ozanam was a born teacher as well as orator and had the gift of arousing interest in whatever subject he was lecturing. He was loved almost to idolatry by his pupils, and in his turn he was never too busy to talk things over with them individually and encourage them. In 1844 he was appointed professor at the Sorbonne for life—and his pupils of the College Stanislaus were the only portion of his friends who did not rejoice at it—for it meant his removal from their college—at which change they were heart-broken. In the holidays of that year he finished his "History of Christian Civilization Among the Germans."

Ozanam was always an untiring worker, first in the preparation of his lectures and in his leisure, in literary pursuits such as those connected with the "Cercle Catholique" founded in 1843, and in the evening lectures to workmen. Even during the journeys which the state of his health forced him to take, he was busy gathering material for his books.

Throughout his life he was the never-failing friend of the poor, whose welfare was always the subject of his tenderest care.

Journalism, too, was one of the many fields of activity in which Ozanam saw an opportunity of serving his faith. A contemporary says, speaking of the state of the press in France: "Ozanam was the Providence of the Catholic press in France from 1833 to 1840; without his talent and M. Bailley's energy, it would have utterly disappeared." When the revolution of 1848 broke out, he saw no more efficacious barrier against the invading flood of revolutionary socialism than the influence of an enlightened press; and this belief induced him to start, with the co-operation of Péré Lacordaire, a new paper called the "Ere Nouvelle," a democratic Catholic organ, whose mission it was to reconcile Catholics with the Republic. In its pages we see Ozanam, not the politician, but the social reformer, not content with pointing out the evils of society, but advocating measures which would change the conditions which gave rise to them.

Despite the warnings of frequent breakdown, Ozanam continued his unremittingly cherished work—that work which had made of his life one long crusade in the interests of truth and religion. When death came at the age of forty, the loss was felt not only by his family and that great circle who called him "friend," but by France itself, for whose progress he had labored so unceasingly and, and above all by the Catholic Church in whose service, as a loyal and devoted son, he had spent his life.

Norah Kavanagh, 2T7.



Father Isaac Jogues, S.J.

By PATRICK J. COLEMAN

The sunset dwindles in the darkening West,
Empurpling shadows mantle hill and vale;
A soft light haloes Ossernenon's crest,
Where mounts the moonrise pale.

The land is lulled save for the night-owl's flight,
The torrent moaning in the deep ravine,
The multitudinous murmur of the night
From grass and forest green.

The palisaded village lies in peace,
The pillowed brave dreams not of war's
alarms.

When shall I taste, O Jesu! sweet sureease
From sorrow in Thine arms?

When shall I find the solace that I seek?
For howso'er the spirit, Lord, be fain
To suffer for Thy sake, the flesh is weak
And, shuddering, shrinks from pain.

Thou knowest, Lord, I have not scorned to bear
The bitter burden of Thy chastening cross,
Nor shirked of all that men hold sweet and dear
The sacrifice and loss.

Friends, fortune, fame, my country and my kin,
Ambition's dream, the beckoning hopes of
youth,
To lead this nation from the night of sin
To the bright morn of truth.

So sweet it is to suffer for Thy sake,
So sweet to win one pagan soul to Thee,
One bondsman's chains of ignorance to break,
To set one captive free;

To lead one sinner to salvation's goal,
Tho' thrice ten thousand suffered sacrifice
Of life itself, of that one pagan soul
It were not worth the price.

For this I sought the savage Iroquois;
For, so we rest, O Lord of love, in Thee,
Thy heart our home, Thy will our sovran law,
What matter where we be?

For this I've borne the torture and the stake,
Stripes, hunger, hardship, nakedness and
shame,
Rejoicing, Lord, to suffer for Thy sake
And glorify Thy name.

Now, weak and worn, with torment torn and
wreck'd,
I hide within the shelter of Thine arm;
For Thou art still more powerful to protect
Than savage foes to harm.

Nay, in the Martyr's death I would rejoice,
My blood to Thee, O Christ! would freely
give,
So these, the dusky children of my choice,
To Thee in grace might live.

One golden day doth all my darkness pierce,
One memory shineth starlike in my gloom—
The fires were lit, the Mohawk warriors fierce
Pronounced on us the doom.

My captive comrades elomb the torture-stage:
They knelt to sate the captors' wrath in
blood,
One made a sign—an old man white with age—
I saw and understood.

Beside him lay, to ease his hunger's pain,
A stalk of maize; sparse dewdrops hung
thereon—
Bright gems wherewith to Thee from Satan's
chain
His ransomed soul I won.

I poured the dewdrops from my hollowed hand
In rite baptismal on the Huron's head;
First Saint and Martyr of this pagan land,
His bright soul heavenward fled.

The blood of martyrs is of faith the seed:
We've ploughed in grief, and sown with sigh
and tear—
Lord, shall Our Christian heroes vainly bleed,
Nor any fruit appear?

My Rene perished at the fortress gate;
The blow that felled him gave the martyr's
crown.
Three days I hid me from the warriors' hate,
Then, darkling, left the town.

I laid him where the golden sunbeams slant
Twixt willow bough and slender maple stem;
The torrent sings; the pines, in priestly chant,
Entone his requiem.

The ground whereon he poured his precious
veins

Not fruitless, aye, nor fallow, Lord, shall be;
Such field, made fertile by such heavenly rains,
Shall blossom yet for Thee.

Forbid us, Lord, to question or repine!
Some day, when all the destined days are
run,
The world shall know Thy purpose all divine.
Thy will, not ours, be done!

If seeming failure wait upon our toil,
To sow the seed be ours the chosen hand;
In Thy good time along the teeming soil
The harvest ripe shall stand.

Poor race of men! All flesh, we know, is grass
That grows to fall beneath the sickle's stroke.
The dusky warrior of the wild shall pass
Like his own wigwam's smoke—

Shall vanish like the vision of a dream
And only leave a memory and name
Where yonder winds his paradisaal stream;
But Thou art aye the same.

The future dawns in glory on mine eyes—
Tho' war shall waste and scorching ven-
geance scathe
Yon holy hill, upon it shall arise
Bright sanctuaries of faith.

Yea! for in vision I have seen it crowned
With pillared domes and alabaster piles;
And years unborn shall gird its holy ground
With consecrated aisles.

When pensive twilight walks the valley sweet
Where ringèth now the Indian's whoop and
yell,
Oft shall the bells of Angelus repeat
The words of Gabriel.

Yea! for while yonder smiling river runs,
By bloody trails Thy martyrs' feet have trod,
Thy children here shall chant their orisons
To Thee, Eternal God!

Lord! Thou art light in midnight's deepest
dark,
Refreshment cool in noonday's burning heat;
Thou'rt with me in my lodge of birchen bark,
And straightway pain grows sweet.

We chased the deer when autumn woods were
red;
By flaming forests wound the tortuous trail;
At night I groaned upon my fevered bed;
My faith began to fail.

Sore throbb'd my wounds; the stars shone
thick above,

Like swarming fireflies in a field of maize,
I felt the healing comfort of Thy love,
And sang aloud Thy praise.

The warriors heard, they left the pipe and
dance;
Like ghosts they gathered in the moonlight
dim.
They knelt, the while I saw Thee, Lord, in
trance,
And swelled the forest hymn.

Oft in the night when sings the whippoorwill
And far away the gray wolf 'gins to bark,
Unseen I pass from Ossernenon's hill
And gain the forest dark.

There at the cross within that dim retreat—
The cross I carved upon the fragrant pine—
With Christ, my King, I hold communion sweet
In ecstacy divine.

Last night, methought I heard an angel choir,
I faring home, sing o'er the hill in flight:
And all its summit, lit with mystic fire,
Shone lamplight in the night.

So may it in the golden years to be
Amid a world of darkness brightly shine—
A lamp to lead the hearts of men to Thee
With light of faith divine!

Yestreen the sachems murmured at debate;
They railed at Christ, His cross, my country,
France.

The young men slew me with their eyes of hate,
The maidens looked askance.

To-day they bade me to the fatal feast;
Beside the threshold lurks the treacherous
foe.

Have mercy, Lord, upon Thy faithful priest!
They call me, and I go.

Oh! is mine hour of manumission come?
And shall I lean, like John, upon Thy breast?
And wilt Thou call the weary captive home,
Forevermore to rest?

For their souls' sake I give my blood to Thee,
Nor at the last forsake me, sweetest Friend!
Into Thy hands, O Christ of Calvary!
My spirit I commend.

[Our thanks are due to Mr. P. J. Coleman, Editor of The Catholic Register, for allowing us to print the two beautiful poems inserted in this number. They were read by Dr. Conde Pallen last September at the dedication ceremonies on Martyrs' Hill, Auriesville, New York.—Ed.]



TRYING IT ON ZENO.

DEBATING

Of the various activities which come under the patronage of the Literary Society, debating is recognized as holding the highest place, and this statement is substantiated by the fact that in nearly all of the successful debates held under the auspices of the University, Loretto has been ably represented and given renown by capable and accomplished debaters. We may justly say that Loretto is surpassed by few in the oratorical art. It is thus hardly a matter for surprise that St. Michael's women should carry off the Inter-Faculty championship for three successive years, and succeed in winning the long-desired shield which will now

remain with them as a permanent possession.

In the first Inter-Faculty debate held in the autumn, Miss Josephine Phelan, 2T6, of Loretto, and Miss N. Duffy of St. Joseph's, were successful over St. Hilda's in discussing the statement that "Pacifism is necessary to the preservation of our civilization." In the final series St. Michael's, represented by Miss Josephine Brophy, of Loretto, and Miss M. Thompson of St. Joseph's, met McMaster University at Loretto College on March 18th and again were successful in holding "that the dictatorship of Mussolini is in the best interests of Italy."

A more spectacular debate and one which evoked Dominion-wide interest and brought much fame to our beloved college, was the Inter-University debate held in Montreal in February, when our two famous and outstanding Ciceronians, Miss Norah Story, 2T6, and Miss Josephine Phelan, 2T6, were the chosen representatives of the University of Toronto against McGill, and who made up the team that went to Montreal. These two young ladies, eloquently gifted in oratory and the art of convincing, brought laurels to the University and to their college by successfully contending "that the trend of English and American literature is not anti-social." All Montreal papers highly commended their art and achievement. College appreciation of this victory was shown by the hilarious farewell and the enthusiastic welcome on their return given them by the students.

This year the Women's Debating Union inaugurated a new feature in debating modelled after parliamentary precedent, and in this debate held at the Women's Union, Loretto was again to the forefront, when her representative, Miss Callista Doyle, 2T6, was chosen as the leader and mover of the motion, "Resolved that this House would rather be Agnes McPhail than Mary Piekford." A most interesting and enthusiastic discussion ensued and the vote of the House went to Agnes McPhail, which again demonstrated Loretto's prowess.

A series of inter-year debates is sponsored by the Literary Society throughout the year, which gives each member an opportunity for self-expression and further development along

the lines of the most commendable of undergraduate activities. Each year a beautiful shield is awarded to the successful class, and after a process of elimination, the trophy was awarded this year to 2T6 for the second year in succession. In the final debate Miss Rose Silvester and Miss George Anne Dell convinced the judges that "Man's use to society does not decrease after the age of fifty years." Able opposition was maintained by Miss K. O'Connor and Miss M. Sheehan of 2T7.

Efforts were made to choose subjects of general interest and affording some variety for these inter-year debates. The following represented their various classes in this year's forsenie contests and gives promise of future distinguished debaters:

Misses C. Doyle, D. Sullivan, G. A. Dell, R. Silvester for 2T6; Misses E. Fry, N. Kavanagh, K. O'Connor, M. Sheehan for 2T7; Misses J. Brophy, F. Fitzpatrick, R. Huggins, M. Rouselle for 2T8; Misses V. Harris, G. Maloney, M. Smith for 2T9.

Loretto College has certainly made decided advances in debating in recent years and to this art the class of 1926 has always given strong and active support, so it is the wish of each graduate of this year that Loretto Abbey College will continue to hold the reputation she now enjoys and that her students will continue to bring renown to their Alma Mater in a pursuit which has so great a bearing on society and is destined to become a matter of still greater importance in the years to come.

George Anna Dell.



2T8 LORETTO



FIRST ROW—Misses V. Mueller, C. Nolan, M. McDevitt, H. Lavelle, V. Hiland, R. Huggins.
SECOND ROW—Misses S. Dwyer, M. Rouselle, C. Carroll, F. Fitzpatrick, N. Lachford, M. Hamilton.

“ THAT MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN ”

OF course one could not say with any degree of certainty that there is significance in the fact that John Knox, dying in 1572, was thus freed from a world almost wholly under the sway of women. But at least there is interest in that fact, for is not this John a precursor of those who, even now, with some idea that their theme is original, rail against the seemingly undue prominence of women and their ways in this day and age. He too, struck to his Presbyterian heart by the “ungodly beauty,” and gay demeanor of his own sovereign, thundered forth against “that monstrous regiment of women” which was then treading the page of history.

Poor Mary Stuart! Scotland, where “she did declare she found naught but gravity,” was a rude change from the joyous life of the court of France where she was fêted and adored as the beautiful sovereign of three fair kingdoms—for the claims of Elizabeth in England obtained but scant credence on the continent. The still immature sect of the Covenanters possessed for youth all the intolerance usually accredited to youth and those very qualities which have ever made Mary a living person of romance and charm to the most professional of historians, were her greatest defects in the eyes of such monitors. Beyond a doubt, she was dutifully aware of the common dust whence she came, but one might forgive her for the belief that the splendours of her state might relieve her of the necessity of being constantly reminded of it—at least one might if one were not a Scotch Puritan of the sixteenth century. However, the “divinity that doth hedge about a king” was given small acknowledgment by the elders, and was entirely lost sight of when the maze of politics involved

her fate with that of England. Small wonder that Mary could grant with gracious favour her executioner’s request for pardon before he severed the fair head from this, the undoubted “flower of the army” which her countrymen condemned; and that she could agree with him in at least one point—that she went to a fairer world.

Meanwhile one quiet corner of the continent had for many years been growing prosperous beneath the guidance of women. But the contrast between peace and a reign of terror was to be clearly illustrated when masculine rulers succeeded Margaret of Austria, Mary of Hungary and their niece, Margaret of Parma, in the Netherlands.

Apart from an, at times most provocative irascibility, Margaret of Austria as a sovereign left little to be desired. What position we should assign to her in this unique army it is difficult to decide, but as Maximilian, her father, had reason to believe, it would certainly be an assertive one. Perchance she is the patron of feminine diplomacy, for when one considers many of those ambiguous and vague treaties which the lords of the earth have penned from time to time, it really gives one (if one is feminine) a sense of satisfaction to see what the ladies as represented by Margaret and the dowager Queen Louise of Savoy might achieve. Certainly when, by their “*Traite des Dames*” the gallant Francis and the peppery Charles were restored to a condition in which they would give attention to their own houses of state they proceeded to show how quickly the masculine genius could prove an invading force bringing chaos where all had seemed secure.

But the astute Charles had learned the value of his feminine aids and the Netherlands readily responded to his choice and later to that of his son Philip, who bestowed the regency on his sister, the romance-weary Margaret of Parma. This, the last of the Governesses, displayed such marked ability that some historians feel bound to explain that after all, you know, she really cannot be casually classed with ordinary women when Providence had seen fit to bestow on her such masculine attributes as a rather obvious moustache and quite troublesome attacks of gout—the peculiar disease of the English aristocracy. However that may be, the comparative calm of her regency must not have appeared in keeping with the general state of upheaval in Europe, so Margaret was dismissed and the Duke of Alva dispatched to secure a most striking contrast to feminine rule and to begin a real monstrosity.

But this array of feminine authorities becomes as a group of minor officers before the militant possibilities of Elizabeth of England and Catherine de Medici of France. The monstrous regiment could be equipped with no more effective captains, though of course it would not be military diplomacy to place them in the same camp. They were too much alike. Jealous to grasp at a power somewhat rightfully hers, Catherine brought to the fore a ruthless courage and a capacity for intrigue which have made her one of the most fascinating characters of history. Somewhat similar was the reaction on Elizabeth of the necessity of jealously guarding a position somewhat wrongfully hers. The different atmosphere surrounding the childhood of each must have moulded their actions to a striking degree. The reserved and impersonal attitude of Catherine is vividly reminiscent of the suave Medicean uncle who betrothed her to the son of the French king, while the passion of her father

lives in those lives of the English Queen written during her brief imprisonment in the Tower. Briefly summarizing the events which have brought her, a princess of England, to such a condition, she prophetically concludes: “So God send to my foes all that they have wrought,

Quoth Elizabeth’s prisoner.”

There is a considerable relation too between the way in which the one pampered the effeminate inclinations of her three sons, and that in which the other made subservient cavaliers of those of noble birth who elected to remain at her sumptuous court even in those times of unparalleled adventure. Renaissance politics do indeed leave much to be desired, but they did at least form the most effective background for the peculiar glories of the sovereign ladies of the sixteenth century.

And if such versatility of powers was found amongst those few officers whom destiny had assigned to difficult tasks, what might be the possibilities within the vast body of the regiment? What indeed would have been the effect on poor John if he could have seen the result of four centuries of development within those ranks? Probably but a reinforced lamentation which would be not nearly so effective in securing him prominence since familiarity has robbed such criticisms of so much of their force. But once Individuality supplanted Destiny as the appointer of leaders, that army became a concerted force. Before its triumphant advance colleges opened their doors, the Professors relinquished their exclusiveness, and the sacred field of politics itself experienced a new invasion. Given four more centuries in which to “carry on,” one must stop appalled before the thought of what the record of such a force may be—no prophet can venture to forecast so distant a future.

Josephine Brothy, 2T8.



MEMORIES OF A RETREATING CLUB

From remote antiquity—be it known to the present generation—there has always been a French Club in this college. In fact the writer can trace it to prehistoric times. It generally burrows underground, to be sure, being ill-adapted in the struggle for existence to cope with its more lusty rivals, athletics, debating and class “meetings”—the last a pestiferous brood which create great havoc during the Michaelmas term but are killed off annually by the approaching frost of examinations, or simply because people are tired of them. They seem to be let loose with particular violence whenever the French Club shows its “nez retroussé” above its subterranean retreat. Sometimes, however, it stalks abroad for a season undismayed, performs some notable deed of prowess, and again disappears—it may be for one, two or three years, so that whole generations may spring up as Freshmen, blossom as Sophomores, ripen as Juniors and decay as Seniors without being aware of its essential continuity. Its last appearance, however, has been marked by what may be the beginning of a new era in its history, viz., organization. Organization

has saved the lives of many worthy enterprises, and some not so worthy. Let us hope that the French Club, which so eminently deserves salvation, will from this time onward be an up-standing and even a progressing institution, and that the days of skulking, irregular existence are happily gone forever.

At the Abbey, long before the days of bulletin boards, it was the custom of the Cerele Jeanne d’Arc to post its doings on the “ehute” where the delectable information could be had in passing down to breakfast that “Stella, Comedie en un Acte” might be witnessed for the modest sum of ten cents, reserved seats three cents extra, the gods and back stairs being let to the financially embarrassed at five cents a head. The next year effective “upper case” advertisements announced Labiche’s “La Lettre Chargée” and Miehaud’s “Une Héroïne” presented by an all-star cast. See Mlle. Maloné (our Geraldine’s sister, by the way) in her great Fainting Act! Box seats (parlor sofas and screens) 25 cents; children in arms, 2 for 5.”

Its first venture, after the college evolved

from the Honour Matriculation and Finishing Classes, was "La Poudre aux Yeux," an ambitious two-acter in which dear Teresa Coughlin, taking the rôle of Frederic, the dapper young "parti," was mightily perturbed in the act of proposing to Emmeline, by an electrician in the wings wrathfully claiming the Derby hat which the prospective fiancé was then jauntily wearing. The outside audience consisted of Professor Squair, Professor Fraser and the ladies

the evening of Feb. 22nd. Then there was the "Hotel de Rambouillet," which began in 1921 with an evening or two of French games, readings, conversations, etc, and culminated in a most original and highly diverting entertainment portraying the Chambre Bleue and all the more famous characters, men and women, of the seventeenth century. But that note-worthy event of which the 2T3's were again the main supports, has been duly chronicled heretofore in these pages.



SANDRO

of their families, Rev. Father McBrady and Professor de Champ, who were afterwards entertained with tea and seed-cakes in the drawing-room. Would that we had still that noble apartment to lend dignity to our efforts!

Nothing more was heard of the Cerele Francais till "La Grammaire" in 1917, in which grace Elston and Madeline Smythe made very palpable hits. 1920 saw another revival when the 2T3's, as little, young Freshmen, gave Mother Margarita a taste of their mettle by acting a little young French play, telling tales and singing songs in French in the breakfast-room on

After this achievement, protracted hibernation was felt to be necessary. Consequently a laetna occurs, scarcely bridged over by the memory of the oldest inhabitants such as Camille and Margaret, lasting till the event which it was the real purpose of this narrative to Chronicle—the presentation of two one-act plays in 1924, "Les Romanesques" (Rostand), and "Le Luthier de Crémone" (Coppée). There had been much throwing about of winged words behind the scenes as class meetings and athletics were particularly rife that season, but on the afternoon of Nov. 28th all was peace on both sides of the foot-lights when the group of Breton singers in native costume greeted the distinguished visitors, Mother-Geeneral Raphael and Mother Borgia, who after visiting the Loretto institutions on five continents, were returning to Ireland accompanied by Sister M. Victore of Australia. Percinet (Norah Kavanagh) sat on the flower-bedecked garden-wall and made love as rapturously as though he had that moment recognized himself as a Romeo to Sylvette's Juliet. Sylvette (Ethel Fry), a golden-haired and pretty "jeune fille française," was becomingly shocked, as a "jeune fille bien élevée" should be, as such a suggestion. Staforel (Agnes Lee) and his minions were as black and terrible, and laid about them with as much gusto as if they had never balked at practices or gazed forth the window where a coach, lithe and lean, was

getting the basket-ball team into form for Monday's game. The old fathers (Catherine and Kathleen) plotted to gain their end, the marriage of their children, by crafty opposition, and a happy ending for all concerned was attained through the "deus ex machina" Straforel. And improving on the author, we allowed them to live happily ever after by the simple expedient of omitting the second and third acts.

In Coppée's charming poem, "Le Luthier de Crémone," Camille Blanchard won floral tributes and golden opinions as an actress by her sympathetic interpretation of Filippo—but ye little Freshmen will not know the story, so I needs must tell it. It is a simple one, but affords opportunity for sounding a most delicate note of pathos in the character of Filippo: Tadeo Ferrari, the master violin-maker of Cremona, has promised the hand of his daughter to the apprentice who shall win the gold chain offered by the Podesta to the one who will make the best violin. Filippo, the hunchback, and Sandro, both pupils of Ferrari and both in love with his daughter Giannina, are striving for the prize. The day on which the award is to be made has arrived and the violins are finished. Sandro has heard Filippo trying the tone of his instrument and fears defeat by the hunchback. Filippo, who has entertained a secret hope that by winning in the conquest he may gain Giannina's love, now seeing that Sandro is the favoured suitor, to secure the success of his rival, exchanges his violin for that of Sandro. The latter, however, in carrying both to the contest, overcome by temptation, changes the violins, all unwitting of the previous change. Thus,

through his dishonest act, he loses, and Filippo, through his generosity wins, but when the golden chain is presented to him he puts it around Giannina's neck and places her hand in Sandro's, then departs, taking his violin, which alone can console him for his sacrifice.

There were some doubts when the parts were being cast as to whether Camille were not too small for a masculine rôle, even that of Filippo, though Noreen kindly offered to be the hump, so as not to use up any of the much-needed Camille. But the event proved that the part was literally made for her and that a new Coquelin had arisen in our midst. The part of the Maestro, Taddeo Ferrari, was excellently taken by Sally Dwyer, who succeeded in being delicately, unostentatiously, but effectively "uvidus," and in extremely good French at that. Sandro, whose picture is somewhere around here, was played by Mae Rouselle with true eighteenth century grace and a touch of gallantry which greatly improved him. Colette Hannon, whose native shyness was very becoming to the part of Giannina, the blue-eyed and fair-haired divinity of the two violin-makers, was most successful in a character she disapproved of.

The acting was excellent throughout, the French much more than average, though there were some sounds that simply defied all attempts to polish them into Parisian perfection—which enables me to point a moral to this province of ours—why not base matriculation partly on oral tests and free composition? After remedies come too late.

L. des E.



THE FRENCH CLUB OF TO-DAY

In spite of its "jeunesse" the French Club already possesses all the characteristics of an old, well organized society—steadfast, important, honourable. It will take its place side by side with the Sodality and the Literary.

An underlying purpose common to all college organizations is the practice and, if possible, the perfection of the art of speaking and of holding office, for which a knowledge of club methods is necessary. The French Club perhaps more than any other fulfils this purpose, because the meetings are conducted in French.

A girl receives a pleasant surprise when she finds herself following the discussions and programs, with very little difficulty. She has gone through High School and possibly a year or

two of college, without having put her French to this particular practice.

The encouragement consequent upon the pleasant little first surprise, is practically all that is necessary to make her continue to speak French and enjoy listening to conversations in "cette belle langue."

Under Mother Gertrude's direction the Club has made rapid progress; it has held business meetings, organized conversation groups and has even had a programme of songs, dialogues and readings—all in French.

With this record one cannot hesitate to predict a wonderful future for the "Club Français."

May Rouse'le, 2T8.



Silence - Distances



There are silences measureless by miles,
 And they lie between
 Souls that interact in smiles
 And inter-blend in friendly mien,
 Each with each;
 But no magic word is ever spoken
 From heart to heart,
 And the seal remains forever unbroken,
 That severed would impart
 A knowledge of each to each.

So 'tis oft between a soul and God,
 Tho' united in prayer,
 As life's way is trod,
 Giving due care
 Each to each;
 Until He whispers the mystic word,
 And breaks the seal
 With the sweetest sounds that were ever heard,
 That the soul may feel
 Across silence-distances they've come—each
 to each!

Dorothy B.

MISS NORAH STORY WINS MOSS SCHOLARSHIP

The winner of the Moss Scholarship for the year 1926 was Miss Norah Story of Loretto College. This Scholarship, belonging to the John Moss Memorial Fund, is awarded by a committee consisting of the President of the University, the President of the Alumni Federation, and three other members, to one of the four students selected respectively by vote of the graduating class in Arts of University College, Victoria College, Trinity College, and St. Michael's College, as in their opinion "the best all-round man or woman in the college."

Miss Story has been prominent in inter-university and inter-college debating, was a

member of the staff of "The Varsity" and "St. Michael's Year Book," head of the House Committee of Loretto College, and took part in intercollegiate athletics.

At the recent university examinations she led her class in Fourth Year Modern History, with first-class honours. She has received an appointment on the History Staff of the University of Wisconsin, where she will also pursue graduate studies.

Miss Story is a daughter of Admiral Story, R.N., of Guelph, Ontario.—Catholic Register Extension.



MISS JOSEPHINE PHELAN WINS FELLOWSHIP

The Alexander Mackenzie Fellowship in Modern History at the University of Toronto for 1926-1927 (value \$500) has been awarded to Miss Josephine Phelan of Loretto College. Miss Phelan has made a distinguished course, winning several scholarships and prizes and taking a leading part in college activities, particularly dramatics and debating. In the inter-class, inter-collegiate and inter-university series of debates her record was the best in the University of Toronto. Miss Phelan will pursue graduate studies in Modern History at this university.

Self-Sacrifice



'Tis not the pain of pleasure we deny
To any sense;
But 'tis the worth-while joy,
Serene, intense,
We find along the nobler way,
When turning from the lesser, old ideal
We reach a loftier level,
Where we feel
In giving up of lower,
No shadow-play across
The taking up of higher.
The end is self-fulfilment, not self-loss.

Dorothy B.

*A thought from Professor J. G. Hume's essay, "Evolution and Personality."

SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

For which Loretto College Students May Compete

1. Scholarships and prizes announced in the University Calendar as open to students in the whole university:

The J. H. Moss Memorial Scholarship (value \$300), was awarded in 1926 to Miss Norah Story.

The Alexander Mackenzie Fellowship in History for 1926-27 (value \$500), was awarded to Miss Josephine Phelan.

2. Scholarships and prizes offered by St. Michael's College:

The Dockeray English Prize (value \$25) in Fourth Year, 1923 Miss Edna Dawson, 1924 Miss Marie Campbell.

The Dockeray English Prizes in Third Year, 1926 Miss Kathleen O'Connor.

The Hughes Second Year Honour English Prize (value \$25), 1926 Miss Josephine Brophy.

The Mahon First Year Honour English Prize (value \$25), 1925 Miss Victoria Mueller.

3. The First Mary Ward Scholarship (value \$70), the gift of the Institute for highest First Class Honours in an Honour Course:

1925, Miss Victoria Mueller and Miss Frances Fitzpatrick, Victoria Mueller and Dorothy Clark.

4. The Second Mary Ward Scholarship (as above) for highest A standing in the Pass Course: 1926, no award.

5. Prize for the highest First Class Honours in English (value \$20), the gift of Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., St. Augustine's Seminary:

1924, Miss Elsa Kastner; 1925, Miss Josephine Phelan; 1926, Miss Josephine Brophy.

6. Prize of \$10 for highest standing in Religious Knowledge in First, Second and Third Years:

1924, Miss Kathleen McGovern; 1926, Miss Frances Fitzpatrick.

7. Prize of \$10 for Honours in First Year Greek, the gift of Dr. Paul O'Sullivan:

1924, Miss Esther Farrell; 1925, Miss Mae Rouselle.

8. Loretto Abbey Alumnae Tuition, scholarship with cash prize of \$25, for highest standing in Junior Matriculation to Loretto matriculants who enter college:

1922-1926, Miss Dorothy Sullivan; 1923-1927, Miss Agnes Lee.

9. Knights of Columbus Scholarships (\$100 per year, throughout the course chosen by the student who obtains it) open to all Catholic Matriculation students in Ontario:

1925, Miss Mary Fitzpatrick.

In 1926 the College Debating Society succeeded in winning for the third time the Debating Shield contested by the women of all four university colleges.

The following students distinguished themselves in successful debates in the three years: Miss Louise Gibbons, Miss Eileen Dunnigan, Miss Josephine Phelan, Miss North Story, Miss Josephine Brophy.

LITERARY EXECUTIVE



Misses V. Harris, J. Phelan, G. A. Dell, J. Brophy, M. Sheehan.

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY

Reverend Frederic Siedenburg, S.J., Dean of School of Sociology, Loyola University, Chicago, speaking on "Evolution and Christianity," at Loretto Abbey College, Toronto, on March 4, said in part:

Man is no longer the lineal descendant of the ape, according to the last word of even materialistic scientists; we are either cousins or grandfathers. At the most, say they, man and monkey are both descended from an extinct common ancestor who has erroneously been designated the "missing link." Anthropologists also assure us that the chimpanzee and the gorilla, our nearest ancestors, have branched off from the missing link in one direction, while modern man is the last leaf on the other branch. In fact, it is even questioned if any of the so-called "Fossil" or "cave" men are to be reckoned as direct ancestors of mankind and should not rather be considered as ancient, collateral relatives who split off from the main line of human development.

In spite of the progress of biology and anthropology, in spite of hundreds of excavations and thousands of researches, the doctrine of evolution is still a theory; a good working hypothesis it is true, but nevertheless far from being an established fact. Neither Darwin nor Lamarck, his precursor in the field of evolution, concerned himself with the beginnings of things; both assumed that God created a few forms, animal and vegetable, and then left it to the natural selection and inheritance to do the rest. To-day, both of these theories are generally discredited, for natural selection forces us to explain everything by chance, and inheritance demands a mysterious transmission of newly-acquired traits.

The question of evolution as applied to the human race narrows down to this: Has man evolved from some non-man ancestor, or was he always man from the beginning? Written history knows nothing about evolution. Manuscript and monument reveal only the man and woman identical in body and mind with the man and woman of to-day. The relics of prehistoric periods give us civilization side by side with barbarism, just as we have them to-day. Evidences of civilization before the Iron, the Bronze and even the New Stone Age (neolithic) may be seen in the Lake dwellings of Switzerland and of Hungary and especially in the artistic frescoes found in the caves of Altamira, in south-western Europe. These masterpieces of primitive art are 10,000 years earlier than the most ancient monuments of Egypt and Chaldea. There may have been barbarism; there certainly was civilization.

The assumption that evolution or progress is a necessary phenomenon is historically false. Man rolls down hill periodically and progress goes in cycles. This is true whether the development be physical, intellectual, artistic or moral. Betterment, if it does come, is due not to chance, but to some positive force.

From the Christian point of view, God could have brought into existence all material beings, including even the body of man, either by a process of evolution or by direct creation. Both methods are possible and in keeping with the attributes of God, and hence could logically be held by Christians. This would not deny the initial creation by God of all things, and the special creation of each spiritual soul, as revealed in the first book of Genesis. There is no conflict between the Bible and the evolution

of non-human life, but with regard to the soul of man, the Christian must exclude it from the process of purely materialistic evolution. Reason shows that a spiritual effect cannot be produced by a material cause because the spiritual is essentially independent of matter and hence cannot be evolved from matter. Christians can only be partial evolutionists because they must admit a Creator of the Universe and the divine origin of the soul.

The evolutionists who try to eliminate God from their doctrines presumably to deny free-will and its consequent law of morality, are forced to create a God of their own making in order to explain the phenomena of the universe. Some call their God "energy," others "will," while Professor Conklin, of Princeton, worships at the shrine of a "symbolic God."

There are very plausible arguments in favour of evolution and it is not the business of Church or State to hamper or misrepresent them. These arguments come to us from the fields of biology and paleontology, and since men instinctively seek natural reasons for natural phenomena, they are also prone to magnify arguments into evidences, and theories into facts.

More plausible as well as more popular arguments for Evolution are based upon the so-called fossil remains of primitive men. A critical study of these fossils shows that we have in most instances only a few isolated bones and that the scientists most competent to discuss them are divided in their opinions. We can say for the present that the fossils are either

distinctively human, like the Neanderthal Man, or purely Simian, like the Java relics, or a heterogeneous combination of human and Simian bones, like the Piltdown fossils. The animal ancestry of man is far from being an established fact; at best, it is a plausible theory.

Outside of man's origin there is no immediate connection between Evolution and Christianity. The one belongs to the domain of science and the other to religion. Since an attempt has been made in several states to prohibit the teaching of evolution in public schools because of its opposition to Christianity, a controversy has arisen implying a conflict between Evolution and Christianity. A distinction must be made between theories and facts, and between schools public and private. The citizens of Tennessee would be justified in preventing in their public schools the teaching of a doctrine which would be the equivalent of teaching religion, the negation of the Christian religion. They would hardly be justified in preventing the teaching of evolution as a theory and not as a fact, although at variance with their religious ideas.

Evolution as a scientific hypothesis should be taught with the facts for and against it impartially presented. It cannot honestly be preached as a dogma nor should it be attacked as a heresy—least of all should it be proscribed in legislatures and tried in courts. The world will not be won to the truth by strangling opposing doctrines; rather it will make martyrs out of the champions of error and delay the ultimate triumph of truth.





BASKETBALL—A GAME

You have never seen L.A.C. play basketball before? Then you do not know Loretto's place in Athletics. To-night we play V—— and they are strong opponents. But our manager, "Mac," seems to think that this time we'll carry off the victor's palms. Mary's always full of energy and hope. She needs it, for she has to see that all are present at that unseemly eight o'clock a.m. practice-hour.

The one in the corner there is Callista—an excellent captain and a sure forward.

The energetic being next is "Buttercup," who is our mainstay on the defense line. No one is ever too tall or too quick for Marion, and no doubt for plucky playing the laurels are hers.

Next is Tillie, the Freshman, who has proved her quality, and who in a year or so will be

an outstanding, if not the outstanding player on St. Michael's team.

Norah Latchford is a splendid side-centre, and it was only when she was missing owing to a sprained ankle that we fully realized her importance on the team.

Norah Story shows her versatility by playing a good game in defense.

Last, but not smallest, is our jumping centre, Ruth. Sometimes long arms are handy to have around.

See! they are lining up, things will start in a minute. Every one of the girls seems set on victory. The coach from the side-lines is exhorting them not to go to sleep, not to let the grass grow, and with many other well-known phrases. "Mac" is flying up and down the sides, encouraging everybody and count-

ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE



FIRST ROW—Misses R. Huggins, C. Doyle, H. Kerr, V. Michell.

SECOND ROW—Misses M. McDevitt, N. Kavanagh, E. Fry.

ing the oranges for half time. All the college is present, ready to cheer the girls on and to give any advice which may seem necessary.

The whistle blows and the game has started. Words fail me! The girls run madly around, while the ball zigzags in the approved style (or if it doesn't, well just listen to the coach!). Everybody is playing her best. Perhaps to a mere outsider there is a lot of unnecessary running around—but then they can't be expected to appreciate the delicate strokes of play—the throws by which a game is lost and won. They can't realize the importance of a referee's decision in regard to a supposedly free ball. Nor can they see the necessity of our jumping centre's frequent dusting of the floor—it takes an experienced player to understand that.

But back and forth the ball goes and baskets count up—for and against us. Half-time, when many oranges were consumed, and a somewhat flushed team recovered some breath—has passed. One senior was so exhausted that two Freshmen had to administer the orange juice.

There are but two minutes to go and the score is a tie. It is useless to attempt to describe the agony of those minutes, with their ties, and errors, slips and free balls. All is soon over—and we are one behind. What! One ahead? ? Hurrah, hurrah! Loretto to the fore!

Ruth Huggins, 2T8.



ATHLETIC NOTES

Among those who received the long desired M this year are Misses C. Doyle, V. Michell from 2T6, Loretto. Those from the Alumnae are Miss M. Walsh, 2T5; Miss G. Mulvihill, 2T4; Miss M. Roach, 2T4.

Tennis.

St. Michael's was represented in the Inter-Faculty Tournament by a joint team from St. Joseph's and Loretto. The players from L.A.C. were Misses N. Latchford, M. Blanchard, R. Huggins. Never mind, L.A.C., even though none of us lasted past the first round, there's still another chance—next year.

Baseball.

Loretto's quota for baseball was somewhat lower than usual this year, but still those who were there—well we all know Esther and Marion. As long as L.A.C. has these faithful daughters we will not lack representation. But next year, girls, how about a little better college support for baseball?

Hockey.

It seems fit that the mantle of oblivion be drawn over "hockey." Owing to the misfortune of our Sister College in the matter of quarantine there was no team from St. Michael's in the Inter-Faculty Hockey Games. Deep regret is felt by all—for we were assured by the manager, Miss Vera Michell, that there were great hockey possibilities this year.

Swimming.

Miss N. Latchford represented L.A.C. on the Varsity Swimming Club, but so far there seems no chance of Loretto having aquatic representation in the form of a swimming team.

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY 1925-1926

President—Miss Mary Dwyer, 2T6.

Vice-President—Miss Mary Carroll, 2T6.

Secretary—Miss Esther Farrell, 2T7.

Treasurer—Miss Frances Fitzpatrick, 2T8.

Sacristan—Miss Mae Rousselle, 2T8.

Under the auspices of the Sodality, the activities customary from former years were carried on also in 1926-27, and several new ones added. The first Sunday of each month, meetings took place at four o'clock; flowers were provided for the altar on that day of exposition, and students succeeded each other all day in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The Gregorian Benediction was sung by the students and the little office of the Immaculate Conception was recited afterwards.

At the monthly meetings papers on topics of religious interest were delivered on Nov. 1 by Miss Mary Carroll, "The Church and Science"; on Feb. 14, by Miss Norah Kavanagh, "Frederick Ozanam"; and on March 7, by Miss Norah Story, "The Temporal Power of the Popes." On Sunday, Feb. 14, Rev. Father James of the Catholic Church Extension addressed the Sodality with stirring effect on "Home Missions." On March 7 a lecture on Bishop Power, first Bishop of Toronto, by Rev. Brother Aloysius, described Toronto's earliest church days and the advent of the Loretto nuns for the first time to muddy York. On Sunday, April 19, Reverend Dr. Phelan of St. Michael's College, spoke of the great Cardinal Mercier and his place in the neo-scholastic philosophy. Dr. Phelan's personal acquaintance with the Cardinal and with the University of Louvain, lent special interest to his theme.

The usual Christmas tree for poor children was provided on Saturday, Dec. 13. All students showed a generous enthusiasm, and early in the afternoon the deputed chaperones brought to the college the various little groups, ranging in age from two years to thirteen, fifty-five children from seventeen different families. The work of the previous two weeks in collecting and planning and spending, Sodality and self-sacrifice money was fruitful in as much joy to the workers as to the little guests. Gay, childish games in which college girls and little folk all mingled, the story of Christmas and the Divine Infant told to the eager little circle and the singing of Christmas hymns and melodies, were but a prelude to the distribution of abundant gifts from a brilliantly lighted tree, and a happy luncheon. At about six o'clock the little folk were all again escorted home in cars with packed hampers for the families, and there is no doubt that the Sodality girls who planned and worked for it had more joy from this Christmas tree than from any gifts that later came to themselves.

At the first meeting of the Sodality in the fall it was proposed that a Catholic Press Club should be formed and also a college Mission Crusade unit as sub-organizations. Both ventures met with a promising success. The Press Club held an evening meeting every three weeks in the Common Room and held informal discussions to which each member contributed by supplying material from the *Commonweal*, *America*, the *Catholic World*, the *Catholic Register* and other Catholic papers, on the topics of the day. Father Gillis' book on "False

Prophets" formed the basis of discussion on modern authors.

The college unit of the Students' Mission Crusade showed a glow of enthusiasm and enterprise that paralleled that of its leaders. Regular candy sales, sales of paper and of used stamps, and bi-weekly Teas in the Common Room, finally culminated in a week of intensive activity, in which the whole college joined. The bulletin board attracted all passers-by for a week and called forth comment from most of them with its ingenious ads.—picturesque offers of hand-painted cards, of marcelle waves, of shoe-shines, of lessons in bridge, of type-written notes; inviting announcements of post-office service, of ladies' maid service, of neat darning and mending, of gold dust twins to transform rooms. It was a glorious week of selflessness. The main recipients of the funds of the Unit were missions in the Canadian West and in the far-away Yukon.

COLLEGE DRAMATICS.

Are all the conquests, triumphs, glories of the dramatic season of 2T6 shrunk to the little measure of one short line writ by the passing stranger to chronicle the production of "The Tidings Brought to Mary" (Paul Claudel), by 2T6; the presentation of a morality play by 2T7, and the near-presentation of Sheridan's "Rivals" by the class of 2T8; two one-act plays for the Mission Crusade, and a version of "Galatea" by 2T9 which was in prospect when the leaden pall of examinations settling down on us cut off the view of all the airy distances? Clever and of a high order as these class productions have been during the past two years, the general sentiment of the College seems to favour a single united production next year which will maintain the best traditions of Loretto in the field of dramatic art.

Lecture By Rev. Claude Pernin, S.J.

On Friday evening, November 27th, Rev. C. J. Pernin, S.J., head of the Department of English at Loyola University, was the speaker at the annual Loretto College Scholarship Distribution. In his inimitable way, Father Pernin spoke on "Humour."

"Humour," he said, "is essential to the sanity of man." Man alone has the power to laugh or cry, for he is the only one who realizes the difference between what things are and what they ought to be, which constitutes the basis of emotions. The speaker explained Hobbs' definition of laughter, "the sudden glory which arises in us when we see an individual in a circumstances to which we feel superior." This was illustrated with several humorous anecdotes. American humour, quoting Cobb and Leacock as leading exponents, was shown to be imaginative and exaggerated. The difference between wit and humour was clearly distinguished, quoting Oscar Wilde and Charlie Chaplin as geniuses in each sphere.

Father Pernin delighted the students of the College and Loretto College School with a masterly reading, entirely from memory, of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Who will forget the playfulness of the children and their small drama and the force and pathos with which the tale was unfolded? We were thrilled by Father Pernin's interpretation of the characters of Enoch and Annie. The delicate touches he gave to the courtship of Annie by Philip were distinctly original and the acting brought the characters vividly before us. We take this opportunity of thanking Father Pernin for an inspiring and enjoyable hour, and we hope he will come to us once again with his exquisite dramatic interpretation and his host of incomparable anecdotes.

Victoria Mueller, 2T8.

2T9 LORETTO



FRONT ROW—Misses T. Jackman, H. Dunn, M. Heffernan, K. Goodrow, G. Maloney, T. McEhane, M. Sheedy, N. Foy.

BACK ROW—Misses S. Cronin, V. Harris, R. Macklin, I. Devlin, P. Austen, M. Lacey, N. Duffy, H. Hynes, D. Ricci.

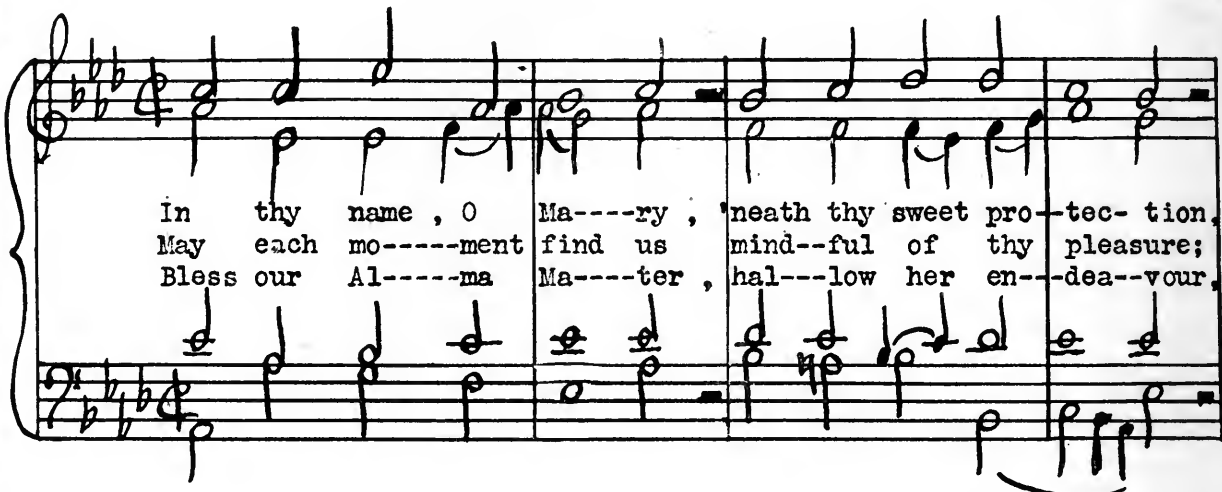
ABSENT—Miss D. Clarke.

Invocation to Our Lady—Loretto Alumnae Hymn

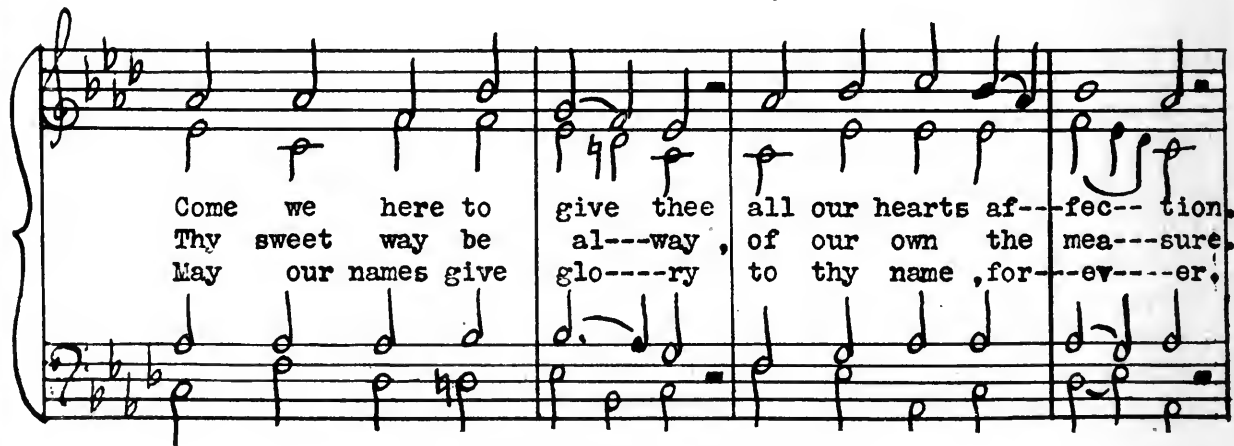
Printed by Special Request

Words by M. Alberta, I.B.V.M.

Music by Rev. Joseph Mohr, S.J.



In thy name, O Ma---ry, 'neath thy sweet pro-tection,
May each mo-----ment find us mind--ful of thy pleasure;
Bless our Al-----ma Ma---ter, hal---low her en-dea-vour,



Come we here to give thee all our hearts af--fec--tion,
Thy sweet way be al---way, of our own the mea---sure,
May our names give glo-----ry to thy name, for--ev---er!

Adapted from "Cantiones Sacra,"
With permission of Publisher
Frederick Pustet Inc.,
New York City.

IMPRIMATUR—

✠N. McNEILL, Archbishop of Toronto.

Approved by Nicola A. Montani,
Editor, "Catholic Choirmaster."

ALUMNAE NOTES

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
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Convener of Entertainment	MISS GERTRUDE SULLIVAN
Convener of Membership	MISS MADELEINE HERSON
Convener of Press	MISS MAY O'CALLAGHAN.

A meeting of the Association was held on January 27th, at which a most enjoyable program was given by Miss Evelyn Lee and Miss Leona Murphy. The former contributed three brilliant numbers on the piano, and the latter, several delightful violin selections, accompanied on the piano by Miss Brown.

* * *

The second meeting of the year was held on April 13th and a large audience had the pleasure of hearing a group of songs by Mr. Leonard Wookey, excellently rendered and warmly applauded.

* * *

The Annual Meeting of the Association was held at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday, June 1st. The President, Mrs. Harry Roesler, was in the chair, and reports of the work done during the past year were read by the conveners of the different committees. After the business meeting, the Alumnae entertained the Graduates of Loretto College and the matriculants of The Abbey and Day School, at tea. Mrs. Thos. Lalor and Mrs. Martin McCarron presided at the table, prettily decorated with June roses. The assistants were: Mrs. Ray McKenzie, Miss Edna McCarron, Miss Elizabeth Deacon, Miss Teresa Lalor and Miss Mary Power.

The Annual Convention of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae will be held at Notre Dame, Ind., September 4th to the 10th. Mrs. Harry Roesler will be the delegate from our Association, with Mrs. James Mallon as alternate delegate.

* * *

The Alumnae Bazaar and Bridge will be held on November 11th at the King Edward Hotel. Those in charge of the different booths are already busy preparing articles for sale on that day, and the Hope Chest tickets are being distributed.

* * *

A prize of ten dollars is being offered by the Alumnae for the best essay on patriotism, written by any child in any of the thirty-seven Separate Schools of Toronto. This prize is to be awarded at the Bazaar next November.

* * *

It has been decided to make some changes this year in the conditions for winning the Loretto Alumnae Scholarship. A scholarship of one hundred dollars will be offered each year to the Loretto pupil obtaining the highest marks on her matriculation papers, provided that she attains a certain standard.

* * *

Sincere sympathy and condolence are extended to Mother Clothilde of Loretto Abbey on the death of her brother, Mr. Joseph P. Downey, prominent statesman of Canada, orator, publicist, and one who had endeared himself by his splendid traits of character and gifts of mind, to an immense circle of friends. Special sympathy is extended to his sorrowing

wife and family who have lost so devoted a husband, father, brother.

* * *

The Alumnae extends sincere sympathy to Mrs. Hugh Ryan on the death of her husband; to the family of the late Mrs. Frank McConvey (Helen Heek); and to Mrs. Anderson (Evelyn Foley) on the death of her child; to Mr. Louis Burns on the death of his wife.

* * *

Miss Ann Kelly and Miss Edna Murphy have just returned from a visit to Mrs. Marshall (Jo Hodgson), in Cincinnati.

* * *

Mrs. David Smith (Elizabeth McCarron) of Winnipeg, with her little son, is at present visiting her mother, Mrs. Martin McCarron.

* * *

Mrs. Leonard Daudeno (Victorine Rooney) is coming to the city next week to visit her mother, Mrs. Peter Rooney, Kendal Ave.

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We have found in You
A wisdom that is deeper far
Than heaven's skies are blue;
A purpose purer and more fair
Than all the stars above;
A heart, that as the years roll on
All others will out-loye.

Refrain:

Ave Maria Loretto!
Lean from your heavenly sphere,
Blessings pour down on Her children
Gathered to honor Her here.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater!

We have learned to see
That labour may be leavened here
With prayer and charity.
Our memory will cherish them
Those comrades tried and true
Who've lived and loved and toiled with us
The long, long seasons through.

Alma Mater! Alma Mater!

Near or far from You,
Your honour fair shall be our care,
Our gratitude your due;
The claims of science and of art
We ever shall revere,
But those of Holy Faith we'll hold
A thousand times more dear.

M. A.

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you, love, remember; and there is pansies, that's for
thoughts. There's a daisy.—Hamlet.*

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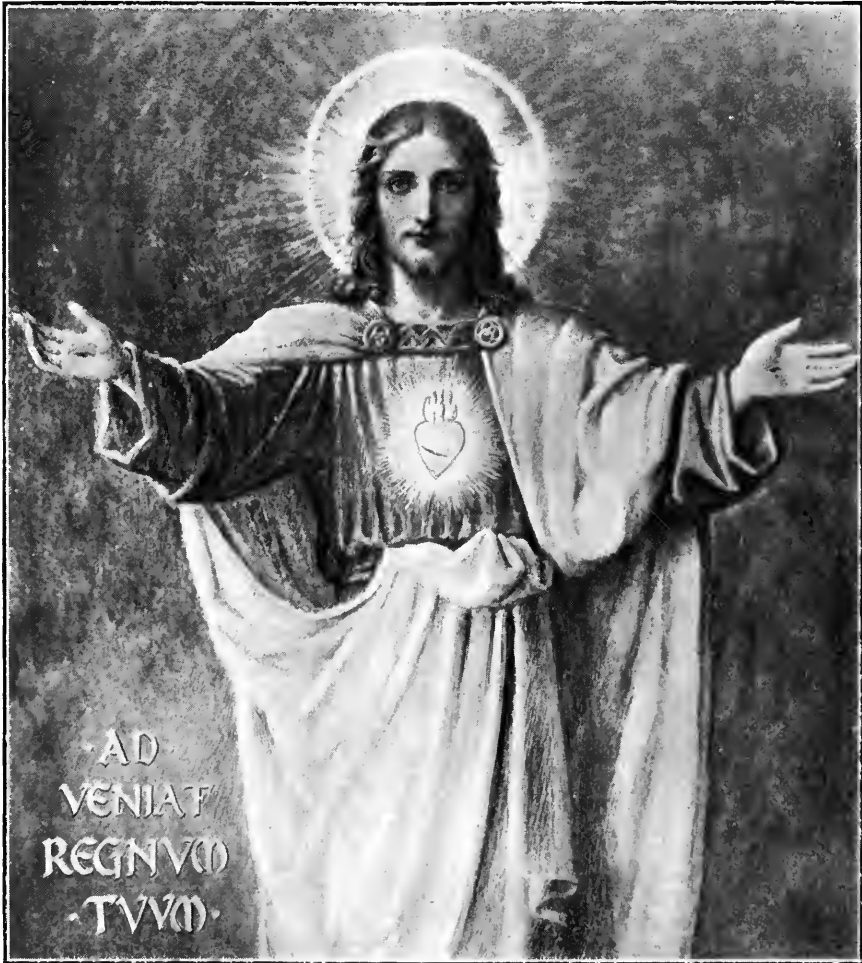
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He wore no robe of glory white
To make me all His own,
He hid His majesty and might
And showed His love alone.
A child upon His mother's knee
Was e'er a gentler art?
He made Himself in all like me
That He might win my heart.
He did not win with stores of gold,
Or gems of purest ray,
But gently did the robe unfold
That o'er His bosom lay.
And lo! a thorn-crowned heart was there,
Bathed in a soft, bright flame,
And writ in red upon it, were
The letters of my name.

Fr. Coleridge, S.J.

BRESSANONE

By MOTHER MARY SALOME, Institute of B.V.M., Rome, Italy

At eight-twenty-five the Berlin train steamed out of Rome. There was a lot of waving of handkerchiefs from a group of loving friends on the platform; last looks were exchanged, last greetings signalled; off alone went one of Ours on a sixteen hours journey to meet other friends and receive more love and kindness, and then to say another farewell.

Bressanone (Brixen) was the immediate end of the journey and a lovely little town it is with all the characteristics of a village, situated almost in the middle of the Tyrol, with four hundred houses and about eight thousand inhabitants, but with a history that dates back a thousand years or more. The march of the ages may be traced in its forts and churches and houses. Down a narrow street one sees a building with over-hanging storeys; oriel windows, like swallow-nests built upon the thick walls; grimly barred vaults stare out at one from the ground floor level. A turn in the road brings you to arcaded streets with cross-vaults supported on sturdy stone columns—a picture of medieval times. Gay little shops underneath display a mild kind of modern commerce. The twin copper-covered towers of the cathedral dominate the town, and near as a brother stands the white Gothic tower of the parish church.

The guide books say much of all these places; but as bits from guide-books are seldom enlightening, only a few words will be said here about the buildings.

Dating back to the tenth century is a tiny church, dedicated to St. John the Baptist. It is the oldest in Brixen and is used as a font chapel. In 1080 a most uneccelesiastical event took place there, the famous Council of Brixen, in which Bishop Altum, King Henry IV of Germany, with thirty Italian bishops "deposed" Pope Gregory VII. Not much later, the same grim little church received and kept as prisoner that Bishop Altum who would have judged the Vicar of Christ and have disposed of a tiara.

In the old Cathedral close is a gem of the middle ages, a quadrangle with gothic vaulting supported on the outer side by a series of triple Roman Columns with every variety of sculptured capital; a Way of the Cross is painted on the inner wall, the beautiful frescoes of which were only discovered in 1881. Another touching memorial of olden times is a little tower-like shrine, erected for the reservation of the Sacred Species as a comfort for the plague-stricken people, who, since they could not visit the churches, might come to the "Blessed Sacrament House" and adore in the open. Did not the people of the "Dark Ages" know Him in Whom they believed?

Bressanone nestles in a beautiful valley, closed in by wooded heights, overtopped by snowy peaks; two rivers flow through its midst, turning saw-mills and making themselves generally useful en route, then mingling their waters peacefully towards the south. White paths wind up the mountain sides, and dotted about at short distances are red-steeped churches with a cluster of chalets around. As one looks at the emerald green of the fields and woods, two things strike one forcibly. First, everywhere the human foot can tread are wayside crosses, or little shrines dedicated to the Mother of God, the Angel Guardians or local patron saint; second, the characteristic peace and calm of the people with their gentle greeting: "Grusst Gott," their reverence for all things holy and their quiet energy. Perhaps the two things are only after all.

Of course Bressanone was not visited for its natural beauty. It has something a vast deal better than that: a two-hundred year old Foundation of one of our Institute Houses, with flourishing Boarding and Day Schools and a community numbering something like one hundred. A huge, monastic like building it is with long, wide corridors, fine class-rooms, lecture halls and dormitories, up to date in its gymnas-

tie hall and drawing school, its theatre and concert rooms. Fields and orchards and farms surround the old house and a large church opens its doors to any and all. What can be said of the kindness of our dear sisters who welcomed a passing sister as if she had been a reigning queen, or better still, one of their own dear members. They took her for little excursions up the mountain sides, they made her days happy and interesting and they made her "goodbye" as heavy as they could.

Now, the impression of this visit to Bressanone, was one of pure peace and serenity. Yet the following happened:

Before leaving, a visit was made to the cemetery. After going the round and praying, we entered the mortuary chapel. On the ground was placed the poorest coffin ever seen and about

it stood four or five men, among them an old and a very young man, father and son. We knelt down by their side and prayed with them. Then one of the sisters compassionately touched the boy's hand. He looked up and sobbed out in Italian, "He was my brother; he was murdered yesterday." A few minutes later the parish priest came for the funeral; the coffin was shouldered, two little bare-footed boys carried the candles, two more the crucifix and thurible and all moved forward towards the grave. The beautiful prayers of the Church were reverently said, the last absolution given amidst the sobs of the relatives, and all was over. It had been a question of nationality and human passion. The "Trentine" including even Bressanone, is going through a time of trial and suffering and may well be included in our prayers for brotherly love and peace.

The Plodder's Petition

Lord, let me not be too content
 With life in trifling service spent,
 Make me aspire.
 When days with petty cares are filled,
 Let me with fleeting thoughts be filled
 Of something higher.
 Help me to long for mental grace
 To struggle with the common-place
 I daily find.
 May little deeds not bring to fruit
 A crop of little thoughts to suit
 A shrivelled mind.
 I do not ask for place among
 Great thinkers who have taught and sung
 And scorned to bend
 Under the trifles of the hour—
 I only would not lose the power
 To comprehend.

Helen Gilbert.

Little Child

A Morality Play

By M. M. ST. GEORGE, I.B.V.M.
Loretto Abbey College
387 Brunswick Avenue
Toronto



MISS MURIEL NORMAN
of Toronto
Who played the title-role in the first
production of "Little Child" at
Loretto Abbey College,
May, 1925

LITTLE CHILD—A Morality Play

By M. M. ST. GEORGE, I.B.V.M.

Loretto Abbey College, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

CHARACTERS.

1. Mother-Love.
2. Little Child.
3. Guardian Angel.
4. Dark Angel.
5. Queen of Beauty.
6. Vanity } Companions
7. Pleasure } of
8. Unfaith } Beauty
9. Bodily Ills.
10. Discipline } Servants of
11. The Story-Teller } Mother-Love.
12. Dame Folly.
13. Her child, Precocity.
14. Blessed Virgin Mary.
15. Voice of Wisdom.
16. Child Angels.
17. Demons.
18. Flowers.
19. Birds.
20. Butterflies.

5. *Queen of Beauty.* Rich costume of flame-colored or yellow satin. Crown of jewels. Bouquet of rich flowers.
6. *Vanity.* Showy dress. Powder and patches. Mirror at side.
7. *Unfaith.* Costume of cream cotton, with panel in front and back. Each panel decorated with Chinese dragon in brown or blue.
8. *Pleasure.* Ruffled skirt of pink chiffon. Bodice of blue satin. Long conical head-dress, with streamers of pink and blue, flowing from point. She carries a number of colored balloons.
9. *Bodily Ills.* Large circular cloak of yellow cotton. Names of diseases in large print all over cloak. Hair grey and face sickly. On her head an old hood. Her back bent, and she leans heavily on a cane.

PRESENTATION OF CHARACTERS.

ACT 1.

Scene 1.—A forest.

ACT 11.

Scene 1.—A room in the house of Little Child
Scene 2.—The home of Little Child.

ACT 111.

Scene 1.—A meadow or garden.
Scene 2.—The home of Little Child.

COSTUMES.

1. *Mother-Love* may be richly dressed but must be modestly so.
2. *Little Child.* In acts I. and II. any simple, modest dress. In Act III., scene I., a white dress. In Act III., scene II., a flowing, white gown like the Angels', and wreath of white blossoms.
3. *Guardian Angels* and *Child Angels.* Long, flowing robes and wings. Silver bandeaux.
4. *Dark Angel* and *Demons.* Black robes. Faces blackened or masked. Close black caps, with horns attached. The demons in tableau scene, Act III. may wear red.
10. *Discipline.* Girl scout's or Soldier's costume.
11. *Story-Teller.* Mother Goose costume. Long conical hat buckled shoes, spectacles, etc. She carries a brightly-covered story-book.
12. *Dame Folly.* A Folly costume, modified to suit the street; or she may dress in a foolishly extreme fashion, if preferred.
13. *Precocity.* Showily dressed.
14. *Voice of Wisdom.* Grecian Lady's costume. White. White dove with outspread wings to be worn as headdress.
15. *Blessed Virgin Mary.* Dress and veil of rich cream-colored material with gold trimming. She may wear a narrow blue sash, as worn by Our Lady of Lourdes.
16. *Flowers.* Daisy, violet, lily, rose, columbine, dandelion and poppy, may be represented in convenient numbers.
17. *Birds.* Robins, wrens and chickadees. Others may be represented as desired.
18. *Butterflies.* Three or four very small girls. Yellow or orange dresses of chiffon, with black patterns, Gauze wings. Small caps with black antennae attached.

PROLOGUE.

(Spoken by *Voice of Wisdom* before the curtain)

Ere we begin our story to unfold
 In forethought we would test our audience,
 That, liking not, their hearts and ears may close,
 And liking, they may open hearts and ears.
 This is our test, then.—Do you love the rose,
 Full-blown and flaunting on its stately stem?
 —And dreams fulfilled? And Life lived to its
 last
 Sweet pulse?—Or, are your hearts, perchance,
 enchained
 By this world's glamour, and fair fantasy?
 —If so, we say our tale is not for you.
 —Ere we begin, we give you warning due.
 But ye who love the veiled world of Dawn,
 Ere yet it widens to fulfillment in
 The gorgeous radiance of the day; who hold
 The transient, trembling blossoms of the Spring
 Far sweeter than the Autumn's sturdy store;
 Who love the folded bud that sleeps and dreams,
 —A thing of promise, and of mystery;
 Which promise is as perfect in God's sight,
 As that fulfillment, which to Him is naught,
 No more than is the promise;
 —For you the song is sung, the story told;
 The Life of Little Child we now unfold.

(As the last line of prologue is spoken, the curtains open, disclosing to view the assembled characters of the play. Little Child stands in the centre of the foreground. Mother-Love and the Guardian Angel stand on her right and left respectively, and hold her hands. Behind Little Child stands the Dark Angel. To the right of this central group stand Bodily Ills, Discipline, and the Story-Teller. To the rear, but connecting these two groups, may be placed the Child-Angels. To the left of central group, Dame Folly, and her child, Precocity. Connecting them with central group, but to rear, may stand Birds, Flowers, and Butterflies. To the extreme right of stage, the Voice of Wisdom. To extreme left, the Queen of Beauty, with Pleasure seated at her feet, and Vanity and Unfaith on either side.)

Mother Love—You know me, friends. I need
 no presentation;
 For I am Mother Love, enthroned supreme
 O'er all the world. More powerful, I than kings,

And when all kingdoms fail, I still shall reign.
 But this, my power, God-given, must not raise
 me

To heights of arrogance. Nay! humbly, lowly,
 I hold my sacred trust,—this Little Child,
 Whom God has given me for this one end,
 That she, His gift, return to Him again.

Guardian Angel—To help you gain that end is
 my sole task,

O, valiant Mother Love!—I am the Spirit,
 Assigned by God to watch o'er Little Child.

Little Child—And I am Little Child, of whom
 they speak.

Dark Angel—The rival of my Shining Sister, I,
 Sent by my master, Satan.—Day and night
 I slumber not, but watch with heart and will
 That I may guide this Little Child to Hell.

Queen of Beauty—Hell, did he say!—How the
 old tale persists!

—The foolish babbling of a bygone Age!
 No Hell shall salt this flesh of mine with fire,
 The flesh of Beauty's Queen. (She holds out her
 arms, admiring them.)

These cheeks of mine would lose the living rose,
 These eyes the lustre that has won my crown.

—Away, O dread phantasm, from my mind!
 The Queen of Beauty will have none of thee!

Unfaith—'Twas I, Unfaith, who taught her thus
 to east

Aside the monkish trammels of Belief.

Vanity—To show her her own fairness was my
 task,

The task of Vanity.

Pleasure—(tossing her balls lightly, as she
 speaks)

To drown her soul in Joy was my intent,
 Accomplished with much ease and little pains;
 For who in this, our merry, thoughtless Age,
 Does not love Pleasure? Verily, *not one*.

Bodily Ills—The dreaded, I, of all men, Bodily
 Ills.

In no Age have I been accounted so
 Accursed as now.—Men fear me more than Sin,
 Or loss of soul, or Hell, or Satan's wile.

Thus Folly reigns, and Reason sleeps the while.

Discipline—So too with Discipline, the servant
 true

Of Mother Love.—O'er all the waking hours

Of Little Child, I hold dominion kind.
 But she, the little sprig of Adam, loves me not,
 Because I do not let her eat the fruits
 Of certain trees, most fatal to the soul.
 Howbeit, I'll serve her truly to the end,
 And strongly from her ghostly foes defend.
The Story-Teller—The Story-Teller, I.—She
 loveth me:

O! *how* she loveth me, dear Little Child!
 Her eyes shine brighter than the brightest stars,
 When by the firelight's glow I weave my spells.
 I speak the word, and kings and fairy queens,
 And knights and beggars, bears and dragons,
 too,

And all the wondrous folk of Story-Land,
 Obedient to the magic of my voice,
 Gather pell-mell around the cheerful hearth,
 To render glad the heart of Little Child.
 —I fill her nights and days with pictures bright,
 And so she loves me with a dear delight.

Dame Folly—What foolishness, O, ancient
 Mother-Goose!

I thought it all had died these many years.
 Now I, Dame Folly, who am so mis-named
 By solemn, sanctimonious, long-faced cranks,
 —*I'd* tell to Little Child a different tale.
I'd teach her, as I've taught Precocity,
 To place her faith in what she sees,—no more.

Precocity—O, Mother, I have learned my lesson
 well,
 From that most potent source,—the mother-
 heart.

Thy child, Precocity, is wise,—is wise.

Voice of Wisdom—Who speaks of Wise?—For
 Wisdom's Voice am I!

And lo! like John of old, I loudly cry
 Through the world's wilderness; and there be
 none

Who hear my voice in that uproarious solitude.
 They pass me by with feet that beat and burn,
 As running madly in a frantic race,
 A-down a path that leads to Death and Night.
 I call and call, but no man pays me heed,
 And no man says, "Harken! 'tis Wisdom's
 Voice!"

But ever with fixed gaze on that dread goal,
 They pass,—and pass,—and pass.
 —So, wearily, I've crept aside, unnoticed,

Leaving the sun-bright glitter of the desert,
 To spend a blessed hour with you, my friends.

(She addresses audience directly)

For you have always held me, crowned and
 honoured,
 Within your hearts,—I fear not, then, to speak
 Familiarly, with fullest utterance,
 As one who knows that, hearing to the end,
 You still will love me,—still will call me,
 "Friend."

(*Curtain.*)

ACT I.

(Scene 1.—A forest. Little Child, asleep on
 a bank. The Guardian Angel watches her.
 Nearby prowls the Dark Angel, as if watching
 his chance. Grouped around are the Flowers,
 Birds, and Butterflies. To one side stands the
 Voice of Wisdom, as if interpreter of the scene.)

Prologue (Spoken by Voice of Wisdom.)

How fair the earth! How radiant the sky!
 So fair, so radiant, that many men,
 Enthralled by this, the gorgeous dream of God,
 Pass all their lives in blind idolatry.
 And so it is that this most lovely earth
 Is fit abode, in its compelling fairness,
 For only these,—wise men and little children,
 For, wise men, viewing it, uplift their eyes,
 And cry their exile to the listening stars:
 "O God, Our Father, Who dost hide Thy
 Beauty
 Beneath this vesture of Thy own creating,
 O draw aside the veil! Let us behold Thee,
 —Unchanging Beauty and Divine Enchant-
 ment!"

Thus, safe and sane, they look beyond the vision,
 And all is well.

Now with little children,
 —'Tis not that they are wise, but this it is:
 Their souls are innocent; their hearts are guile-
 less.

—See now how Little Child sleeps sweetly on
 yon bank!

A-weary is she chasing butterflies,
 And plucking ferns and wild-flowers in the glen.
 She does not, like the wise men, thirst for God.

She only thinks how pretty is the flower;
 How bright the wary, fleet-winged butterfly.
 She rests herself in these as tranquilly
 As any noblest pagan of them all.
 And yet, I tell you, Little Child is safe.
 She clasps by Innocence her Father's Hand,
 And He doth hold it close.—See how the birds
 And flowers now gather round her mossy throne.

(The Birds and Flowers draw closer.)

Hark to their song!

(The Flowers sing the "Flower-Song." During it, the Butterflies run in and out on tiptoe.)

FLOWER-SONG.

(Air—Christmas Carol by Noel Bourguignon.)

1.

Little, bright-eyed flowers,
 Dancing in the grass,
 Swinging to the music
 Of the winds that pass;
 Flinging sweetest perfume
 On the wingéd breeze,
 Little Child to gladden,
 Little Child to please.

2.

Lo! the sweetheart daisy,
 Rose and columbine,
 Pretty silken poppy,
 Yellow dandelion,
 Violet and lily,
 Join in compact gay,
 So that she may sweeter
 Find the pleasant day.

3.

God hath made us lovely
 For His Little Child,
 Coloured and adorned us
 With our beauty wild;
 Set our tiny patterns
 Flawlessly and true,
 So that all beholding
 Give Him blessings due.

(The Birds sing the "Bird-Song.")

BIRD-SONG.

(Air—Morning Invitation by Veazie. Music published by Oliver Ditson, Company, Boston, Mass.)

1.

Chirp, chirp, chee!
 Happy little birds are we.
 Chirp, chirp, chee!
 Robin, wren and chickadee.
 Chirp, chirp, chee!
 Singing in the forest free,
 Chirp, chirp, chee!
 So merrily.

2.

Joy we bring
 To Little Child who loves us;
 To her sing
 The praise of God above us.
 Chirp, chirp, chee!
 Hark our happy revelry,
 Echoing
 So merrily.

(As the last four lines of "Bird-Song" are sung, the smallest bird goes close to Little Child, and sings them into her ear. She awakes and starts to her feet. The little bird darts away.)

Little Child—You bold little bird! You'd better run away. Some day I'll put salt on your tail, and then you'll be sorry. Mother Love says you can catch any bird if you just take the salt-cellar and sprinkle his tail when he isn't looking. So you had better watch out, and not 'sturb me again when I'm sleeping.

(She looks about her at the sky and flowers. The latter are nodding their heads, as if falling asleep. Little Child peers closely into their faces.)

Little child (in consternation)—The flowers are all asleep. It must be getting late. If I am late, Mother Love will be displeased, and Discipline will punish me. They *told* me not to linger in the wood. They told me again and again. And I forgot till now.—O dear! (She covers her eyes with her arm and weeps) What *shall* I do? I am afraid of Discipline. She is so *awful* strick.

(The Dark Angel glides forward crouchingly, keeping his eyes on the Guardian Angel the while. He whispers into the ear of Little Child.)

Little Child (Raises her head and speaks slowly, as at a new idea.)—If I tell Mother Love that I am late because I went to visit erippled Granny Merle, she will not mind.—She will say that I am kind and thoughtful. She will not call Discipline to punish me, and she will never know I lingered in the wood.

(The Guardian Angel put her arm around Little Child, and whispers in the other ear.)

Little Child (in anguished tones)—But if I said that, it would be a lie, and God would be angry then, and would turn away from me. (She begins to cry again.) O dear! What shall I do?

(The Dark Angel whispers again.)

Little Child—If I tell the truth, maybe Discipline will send me to the garden for a switch like she did before. (She weeps again.)

(The Guardian Angel whispers again.)

Little Child (Raises her head and speaks with determination)—God is my friend. I haven't told the lie yet, so He isn't mad at me yet. I'll ask Him to help me. (She clasps her hands, raises her eyes, and prays.)—Dear God, help me! It's Little Child speaking. Help me, God.—I am in awful trouble.

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

(Scene 1.—A room in the home of Little Child. Dame Folly, accompanied by Preecocity, is paying Mother Love an afternoon call. The two women may be crocheting or knitting. Hanging on the back of her chair, is Folly's bag, from which Preecocity gets the magazine. Nearby, in some inconspicuous corner, stands Discipline, in the attitude of a sentinel. To one side stands Voice of Wisdom, as before, or she may give this prologue before curtain, if preferred.)

Prologue (Spoken by Voice of Wisdom.)

Friends, you have patience shown.—Be patient still!

Alas! (She passes her hand across her brow)—

What do I speak! Of truth, there is
No need to crave your patience, since you are
My friends.—The habit of apology
And servile deprecation hath made way
With me of late.—The cause is that loud World,
Blatant of voice, sufficeint to itself,
That pushes me aside with chill contempt,
So that my Heav'n-born majesty is hid
Beneath an outcast's shame.—But of that,
enough!

I'll speak my thought, and then I will to silence.
I have sojourned

Long aeons upon aeons on this earth.

I've watched the myriads born, the myriads die;
Kingdoms and empires rise and fall again;
All human systems passing with the years;
All, all,—save one.

That one?—The tiny empire of the Home;
Enclosed in little space; bound by four walls;
Narrow and secret in its government;
Retaining still the measure of its power,
Without a hint of waning or of change.

And oft have wise men strove to gauge that
power,

And lost the measure in Eternity.

Yea! even in Eternity, my friends!

—Hark to the message of my warning voice!

—Each soul that stands before God's Judgment-Seat

May cast its glance back to the distant earth,
May point to one small home, to one small
hearth,

And say: "Lo! *there* my Destiny was sealed!

There was my shaping done,—for good, or ill.

Folly (as if continuing a conversation)—As I was saying, Mother Love, I got the awfulest fright on my way to your house this afternoon. Positively, my heart is jumping still.

Mother Love—Why, what happened, Folly?

Folly—Well, I had almost reached here, when that old hag, Bodily Ills, came hobbling from a house up the street. I glanced at the door of the house, and there was a placard with "Smallpox" on it. I screamed, and held Preecocity's mouth immediately, and we hurried to the opposite side of the street. And what did the wretched old creature do but follow at our

heels, muttering and threatening to herself the while. I have the most ereepy feeling, (She looks about and shudders) that she has followed us here, Mother Love. Does she ever come to your house?

Mother Love (lightly)—O yes, she has been here,—quite often, Folly.

Folly—You speak as though it were a light thing to be visited by her.

Mother Love—I do not fear her so mightily, Folly. I keep my house clean, and take reasonable sanitary measures, and I do not court her presence in any way, as that would be tempting Providence. But if, in spite of all this, she comes, well, I remember she is God's creature, and, perhaps, even an angel in disguise.

Folly—O how can you, Mother Love! Why, to me, the very odour of her garments, as she passed, reminded me of Death and the tomb.

(Enter Bodily Ills. Folly begins to shriek.)

—O here she is! She *has* followed us! I knew it. I knew it. Precocity, come to mother. (Precocity obeys) Close your lips tight. There, bury your head in mother's lap. She *shall not* touch you.

(During the above, Bodily Ills hobbles about, pokes into the corners with her stick, and finally looks at Folly and laughs derisively.)

Folly—Look, Mother Love! Look at her disease-cloak! See all the evils she carries with her!—Adenoids!—Hide your face, Precocity! She shall not give them to you. Tonsillitis!—Measles!—Scarlet Fever!—Accidents!—Poison!—O Mother Love, I am fainting. I cannot endure her presence.—Water!—Water!

(Folly faints in her chair. Precocity elings to her in a terrified manner. Discipline brings water and bathes Folly's face. Mother Love opens a window, and Bodily Ills hobbles quickly out.)

Mother Love (sternly)—Stop that nonsense, Folly. Look! Bodily Ills is gone. There is no occasion for such a fuss. She slipped away at once as soon as I opened the window.

(Folly opens her eyes and looks about fearfully, sobbing a little and breathing heavily. Precocity looks around, also.)

Folly—O, I am so frightened, Mother Love. How can you be so calm?

Mother Love—Don't be silly, Folly.

Folly—But she so often carries *Death* beneath that awful cloak of her's. Do you realize it, Mother Love? *Death!*

Mother Love—None of us are immortal. We all must face Death, sooner or later.

Folly (with determination)—I shall not face Death, till it faces me. That is *my* policy. I put Death, and Disease, and all such Disagreeables out of my sight. I live my life, and drink of every cup of Joy that comes my way. My child, Precocity, shall also live life to the full. All that physical health and beauty, pleasure and wealth can give her, she shall have. And as for Death,—avaunt, grim spectre, from my path! (She makes an airy gesture of dismissal.) That is *my* creed.

Mother Love—They say the ostrich buries its head in the sand, when it sees the hunter coming.

Folly—Wise old ostrich! It thus spares itself the pain of watching Death's approach. It may even dream a sweet dream with its head in the sand, and thus die in the arms of Joy.

Mother Love—Yes, but the after-death, Folly!—Unhappily for you, you are not an ostrich.

Folly (shrugging her shoulders impatiently)—What a dreary, long-faced conversation! It all followed from the visit of that frightful, old Bodily Ills. Let us change the subject, and talk of something cheerful.

Mother Love—Very well, Folly. (To Precocity)—Precocity, go out to the gate, dear, and see if Little Child is coming. I do not know what is keeping her so late. (Exit Precocity). She is never late like this.

Folly—Perhaps she has slipped off to the movies. Precocity often goes after school with her girl friends, and I never worry about her. I know she is safe at the movies.

Mother Love (in horror)—The movies! Little Child has never been at the movies in her life.

Folly—Never at the movies! Why, what ails the child? Or, what ails *you*, I should say,

Mother Love? What kind of bringing up are you giving her? Forgive me if I speak plainly. I claim the privilege of an old school friend. Do you mean to tell me Little Child has never seen a movie?

Mother Love—Yes, I mean to tell you Little Child has never seen a movie. And I mean to tell you also that Little Child never *shall* see a movie, while she is Little Child.

Folly—Well, really, Mother Love! You deprive me of the power of speech,—almost.

Mother Love—The Innocence of Little Child is so frail a blossom, that even a single gesture, a word, a look, is sufficient to sully its fairness.

Folly (wonderingly)—The *Innocence* of Little Child! What are you talking about, Mother Love? *Innocence!*—What is it?—Ah! (as if suddenly enlightened) I knew now. You speak the old jargon,—the jargon of two centuries ago. You mean the *Ignorance* of Little Child.

Mother Love—No, Folly, I mean what I say. You have a child. Have you never beheld her *Innocence*?

Folly—The *Innocence* of *Precocity*,—since you insist on the old jargon,—died just a year ago.

Mother Love—A year ago! What was the occasion, Folly?

Folly—O, I took *Precocity* to a carnival masquerade, and that night saw the death of *Ignorance*, or, pardon me, (mockingly) *Innocence*, since you prefer it so. *Precocity* now shares all my pleasures and pastimes, and the *World* is hers.

Mother Love—The entire *World*, Folly, could not compensate for the loss of *Innocence*. I will do all in my power to guard my Little Child, and I leave the rest to her Guardian Angel. (Folly smiles sneeringly) I pray always that that good friend may hold fast her eyes, as she passes through the dangers of the streets.—Ah! here are the children now!

(Enter Little Child, Guardian Angel, and *Precocity*. The Dark Angel slinks in also, and crouches in a corner. Little Child runs to her mother and embraces her.)

Mother Love—Go and speak to Dame Folly, Little Child. I will enquire after why you are so late.

(Little Child greets Folly, giving her hand.)

Folly—What a beauty she has grown, Mother Love! Such hair! Such eyes!

Mother Love (in an annoyed tone)—She is well enough,—hair and eyes like all children have. Go to your play-corner, Little Child, and entertain *Precocity*. She has had a very dull afternoon, waiting so long for you, and no one to play with.

(Little Child runs to the play-corner. This may be situated at one side of stage, to the front, and may contain little table, doll's carriage, etc. *Precocity* follows Little Child with reluctance. The two mothers converse in an undertone, while the children play.)

Little Child—Let's play house, *Precocity*. I'll be the Mama, and you'll be my little girl. And I'll take you to visit Mrs. Brown. Her house will be under the table. And you'll be awful bad, and I'll have to take you home. And then *Discipline* will come and give you a good, sound whipping, and send you to bed 'thout any supper. Won't that be nice?

(*Precocity* makes no reply, but seats herself languidly, opens a compact, and begins to powder her face.)

Little Child—What is that, *Precocity*? And what are you doing?

Precocity—Can't you see what it is, and what I'm doing?

Little Child (holding out her hand)—No, I can't see what it is. Show it to me. (*Precocity* passes her the compact.)

Little Child (examining it closely)—What is it, anyway?

Precocity—It's a compact, of course.

Little Child—What's this red stuff for?

Precocity—To paint your cheeks with, Baby.

Little Child—And this black stuff?

Precocity—To blacken your eyebrows, Baby.

(Little Child examines them closely, and then jumps up and down with excitement.)

Little Child—O, I know! I know! We won't play house. We'll play Indians. We'll paint our faces just like they did.—Have you any green or blue, *Precocity*?

Precocity—No, Silly. What would I be doing with green or blue?

Little Child (in hurt tones)—Well, the Indians had it, hadn't they? They had all colours in *their* compacts. But, never mind! We'll have some good old fun with these.

Precocity (angrily)—You'll do no such thing, *Little Child*. Give me back my compact at once. You're not going to turn yourself into a dirty, little Indian with it. My Mama paid seven dollars for it last week.

Little Child (returning the compact)—Seven dollars! My, what an awful lot of money! But what good is it when you can't play with it?

Precocity—It isn't for playing. It's to make me beautiful.

Little Child (going close, and peering into *Precocity's* face)—Beautiful!—*You're* not beautiful, *Precocity*. You're too cross-looking, and you don't smile at all. There's a little frown in your forehead, and—

Precocity—Don't be impudent, *Baby*. Go on and play if you're going to.

Little Child—All right. What shall we play?

Precocity—*We* won't play anything. I said go on and play if *you're* going to.

Little Child (in disappointed tones)—Don't you like to play, *Precocity*?

Precocity—O, no, *Baby*. I've given up playing long ago.

Little Child—Well, come, and look at my picture books, then. (She places her chair beside *Precocity*, and brings picture books. She shows *Precocity* a picture.) Look! Here is Cinderella dressed for the ball. See her golden slippers, *Precocity*, and her teeny, weeny, dear little feet. Isn't she cute?

Precocity—What a baby you are, *Little Child*! How old are you, anyway?

Little Child—I'm seven. I'll be eight next month. (She holds up eight fingers.) Mother Love always lets me have a party on my birthday, and she always bakes a special cake for me, and puts candles and little red currants on it. I'll have eight candles next. It's awful exciting when Mother Love lights them. I'm always afraid my cake will catch fire, and be burned alive. But the candles always go out just in time.

Precocity—What a baby you are, *Little*

Child! But I suppose you can't help it. *My* Mama always gives *me* a big, grown-up theatre party on *my* birthday, and afterwards we go to the café, and have midnight supper.

Little Child (clasping her hands)—That must be awful exciting, *Precocity*. What's a theatre like? Is it like a church?

Precocity—Like a church! Ha! Ha! You're really funny, *Baby*. No, it isn't like a church. —But aren't you going to play?

Little Child—I don't want to play alone. That's no fun.

Precocity—Well, then, wait a minute and I'll get my Mama's new magazine, and we'll look at the pictures. I want to see them myself, anyway.

(She runs to her mother's bag, and gets the magazine. The children seat themselves close together.)

Precocity—It's the very latest magazine,—“The Yellow Book,” it is called.

(*Little Child* takes the book into her hands, and begins to peer at the pictures. The Guardian Angel glides softly up behind her, holds her eyes with one hand, and with the other seizes the book and throws it violently across the room.)

Precocity (angrily)—O, you bold little creature,—throwing my Mama's good magazine across the room! How dare you! (She stamps her foot.) My Mama's good magazine!

Little Child—I didn't throw it, *Precocity*. It flew out of my hand.

Precocity (scornfully)—Flew out of your hand! A likely story! You *threw* it. You know you did. I'm going straight to tell my Mama.

(At this moment Discipline draws near.)

Discipline—What's the trouble, little folks? *Little Child*, what have you been doing?

Precocity—She threw my Mama's good new magazine across the room, and now she's telling a lie, and saying she didn't.

Little Child—Well, I didn't. It flew out of my hand.

Discipline (looking across the room at the magazine)—That is ridiculous, *Little Child*. Don't expect me to believe the magazine has

wings. You must think till you're sorry, and then apologize to your little visitor for your rudeness.

Little Child (after thought)—Please forgive your Mama's book, Precocity, for flying out of my hand.

Discipline—Go and bring it to me till I see its wings. (Little Child obeys. Discipline opens the book, looks through it, and frowns sternly.)—(Aside)—Surely the book did fly out of her hand. And I'll wager the Angel's hand gave the impetus. (Aloud to children)—Now, stop quarrelling, children, and play in peace.

Folly (rising)—I think we must be going, Mother Love. The children are beginning to quarrel, and that's always the proper time to go. But won't you let Little Child come home with us to tea, and afterwards to the Serpentine Review? It's really a select theatre, patronized by the very best people in town. It would be such a treat for the poor little thing to see the pictures. No wonder she is quarrelsome, when she has so little amusement.

Mother Love—It is kind of you to ask, Folly, but I fear I must refuse.

Folly—Well, come, Precocity. (To Mother Love)—Precocity has an appointment with the dancing-master at five. So it will take us all our time. (To Precocity)—I hope you did not forget your dancing pumps this week, darling. It is *most* important that you have them. Did you remember?

Precocity—Yes, Mama, I have them.

Folly (to Mother Love)—Last week the little darling forgot her pumps, and I had to follow her in the limousine. You know the delicate bones of the foot are *so* easily injured, especially in dancing. When I reached the school, the lesson had begun. You should have seen them,—the cutest sight imaginable. All the little couples, girls and boys, were dancing just like grown-ups, with all the airs and assurance possible, and all the latest dances, too,—bobbing and wriggling about, like so many little—little—

Mother Love—Pollywogs?

Folly—Pollywogs!—O, dear no! I fear we shall never understand each other, Mother Love.

You do not realize that children, as well as their mothers, have received the charter of their emancipation.—Come, Precocity, say good-bye to Little Child. We must be going.

Little Child—O, don't say good-bye yet, Precocity. I'd just love to see you dance before you go. May she dance,—just once, dear Folly?

Folly (laughingly)—Why certainly, Little Child. Precocity, slip on your pumps, dear, and dance your prettiest for Little Child. A glimpse of the world will do her good.

(Precocity dances. Little Child watches closely, and, as the dance proceeds, tries to imitate it. When it is finished, she speaks.)

Little Child—O, it's lovely, Precocity. Do it some more.

Folly (laughing, and taking Little Child's face between her hands)—Not to-night, Little Child. We must say good-bye now, but we will come again. (To Mother Love)—She *is* a beauty, Mother Love. Try to give her her chance in life; won't you, like a dear?

Mother Love—As you say, I fear we shall never understand each other. Good-bye, Folly. (Exit Folly and Precocity.)

Discipline—Mistress Mother Love, may Discipline speak a word of warning?

Mother Love—Speak, good Discipline.

Discipline—If Dame Folly is to visit here, how shall we safeguard the Innocence of Little Child?

Mother Love—The same thought has occurred to me, Discipline. Folly is an old school-mate, and, therefore, it would be painful to offend her directly. But we must find some way of guarding Little Child.—And that reminds me, I have somewhat to settle with her. Stay here, good Discipline. I may have need of you.—Little Child, come to me.

(Little Child comes slowly, hanging her head, and stands at her mother's knee. The Guardian Angel glides to her right; the Dark Angel to her left.)

Mother Love—What kept you so late to-night, Little Child?

(Continued on page 156)

ELIZABETH ANNE'S CHRISTMAS

By MISS ANNE SUTHERLAND

Little Elizabeth Anne Poorehild was seven years old. And she lived in a little shivery, shaky wooden house where the wind blew in cracks at the windows and made ice on the top of the milk-jug, and where the table was much too big for the wee suppers on it, and where it seemed there couldn't ever, ever be the littlest kind of a Christmas tree.

Elizabeth Anne couldn't just understand about the Christmas tree. She knew, of course, why she couldn't have frills on her dresses and a doll-buggy and silver mucey to carry in a little red leather purse. She knew her Father and Mother didn't have money to buy her pretty things like other little girls had. But Elizabeth Anne knew that all the Christmas trees in the world belonged to God and she wondered why He didn't plant one somewhere in the little house. Christmas-when-she-was-five didn't matter so much. She had a rag baby then, with a funny stuffed head and a red smile. And Christmas-when-she-was-six there were brown sausages sizzling and popping in the oven and Elizabeth Anne didn't mind anything as long as she had a fat brown sausage all to herself on a tin plate. (I'll tell you why, now, but of course you won't mention it to Elizabeth Anne. You see, Mother and Father hadn't had any money at all that week, and the suppers had been very small, just a bit of plain bread to chew on, sometimes, and no milk at all!)

Well, anyway, Christmas-when-she-was-seven Elizabeth Anne suddenly began to want a Christmas Tree and she wanted it harder and harder 'till almost the tears squeezed out of her eyes when she thought of it!

Night before Christmas came and the snow outside was very sparkly and the stars in the sky put on their silver Christmas coats and stepped down a little nearer to smile at the world, and the Bethlehem Star was the biggest and beautifulest of them all. And Elizabeth Anne was in bed asleep in her plain little flannel

nette night-dress and the room was dark and cold and there were two big teardrops sitting right on the edge of her eyelashes. And while she was sleeping, in through the window came a snowflake Fairy and went and whispered in her ear, "Elizabeth Anne, go and see what's in the supper-table room!"

So she did. She wrapped a not-very-warm-kind-of-a-quilt around her and she tiptoed very softly out into the black hall, past the Mother-and-Father room and into the supper-table room, and there, over beside the little grey stove that Father said ate up so much money—what do you think she saw?

A Christmas Tree. A little fat green Christmas Tree growing out of a red paper pot and with all kinds of pretty things stuck on to its branches. There was a pink sticky Pop-corn Ball and a Candy Mouse swinging by his elastic tail. There was a long thin paper parcel that might be a Picture-book and a short fat paper parcel that might be a Plush Pussycat and there was a paper parcel no shape at all that made your heart go thump-bump-bump just with guessing! And right up at the very top of the Tree, just where it ought to be, there was a beautiful shining silver Star like the Star of Bethlehem!

Elizabeth Anne perhaps might have laughed out loud with being happy. But that would have wakened them up in the Mother-and-Father room. So instead she just clutched the not-very-warm-kind-of-a-quilt tighter around her and ran off to bed. And then she lay there in the big quiet kind Dark and said, "Thank You. Thank You. Thank You," over and over until she went to sleep. She didn't quite know who had put the Christmas Tree there, but she knew, whoever it was, that God had put the thought of it into their heart. So she said all her "Thank You's" to God, and Heaven is a pretty safe place for little lost "Thank you's" to go.

Well, anyway, pretty soon Elizabeth Anne

fell asleep and just as soon as she was asleep the door of a very nice Dream opened in front of her and in she went. She dreamed she was in a carpet of soft white snow. The little stove was in the room, only it wasn't grey any longer, it was red, and the coals popped like fat brown sausages and the snow carpet felt warm to her feet. You'll never find any warm snow out of a Dream, you know, but this was warm and Elizabeth Anne's raggedy shoes didn't matter any more. The supper-table was in the room too, and it seemed to have grown very small, but perhaps that was because there was so much supper on it. There was a fat brown turkey with the juice just bursting out of him, and there was a big dish of snowy-white potatoes all buttery. And there was a bowl of red jelly and a bowl of cream all puffy and white. And there was a round brown pudding full of raisins and currants with a sprig of holly in the centre. AND there was a little mountain made of pink ice-cream with a cherry on the top. Oh Dear-my-Heart! But that wasn't what made Elizabeth Anne the happiest, at all!

Over in the corner, all sparkly with snow, stood the little green Christmas Tree in the little red pot. And out of a door in the wall of silver stars came a little fat man in a red suit trimmed with fur. He had a long white beard and a face all broken up into smiles with loving people—and of course it was Santa Claus!

And Santa Claus spied Elizabeth Anne and he laughed such a big, jolly, nice-to-listen-to laugh and then he made her a very polite bow and said, making her name sound different, "Miss Elizabeth Anne Dearechild, Merry Christmas! And if you'll be very quiet and listen, everybody here's got a little speech to make you. We'll begin with the Tree."

And to Elizabeth Anne's great surprise, a soft green-and-silvery kind of a voice said from the sparkly branches,

'I'm Elizabeth Anne's own Christmas Tree.
God in a greenwood planted me,
And I've seen so many beautiful things,
Blue sky and blossoms and brown birds'
wings,

And I've grown as fast as ever I can
To be a Tree for Elizabeth Anne!"

Elizabeth Anne shut her eyes tight and saw the green forest and the flowers and the little brown birds singing their way into the blue sky and she said, "Thank You," right out loud.

"Candy Mouse next," said Santa Claus through his white beard. And the Candy Mouse swung out on his long elastic tail, bowed and began in his squeaky little Candy mouse voice,

"I'm covered with sugar. I'm pink inside.
I'm pleased to say that I'll burst with pride
If Elizabeth Anne so dear and sweet
Will think I am good enough to eat!"

And with that he walked shyly up into Elizabeth Anne's hand and wagged his elastic tail just like a very pleased-with-himself puppy!

Santa Claus put out his rosy finger and tapped a Picture-book that had fallen asleep and it stood up and untied its wrapping paper coat and said,

"Dear little girl, if you are good
And sit quite still as little girls should,
I'll tell you a story to make you smile
And to make you love me, after a while!"

Elizabeth Anne smiled her dear little-girl smile and said, "I love you now, Picture-book!" and then she jumped, because she heard something come bumpity-bump along the snow floor behind her. It was the pink Pop-corn Ball and it smiled all over its fat round face and mumbled at her,

"I'm only a fat pink Pop-corn Ball,
Some folks say I'm no good at all,
But if you will let me be your friend
I'll stick to you to the very end!"

And he climbed into Elizabeth Anne's other hand and sure enough he was very sticky!

Then the Plush Pussycat came out of her wrapping-paper—(my! she was beautiful!) (she had the prettiest whiskers!) and she said,

"I'm such a good wee Pussycat. I never
scratch nor fight.

I sleep so sweetly all day long and go for
walks at night.

But I'm so very lonely, I want a mistress
too,

Oh, if you please, Elizabeth Anne, may I
stay with you?"

Elizabeth Anne cuddled up the Pussycat and
then Santa Claus put his hand on her head and
smiled down at her and said—now listen to what
Santa Claus said. He said:

"Little Elizabeth Anne, it makes me feel
badly when a little girl wants something that
she can't have. But wouldn't it be a perfectly
dreadfully awful thing to have everything in the
world—and not want it! Merry Christmas,

little Elizabeth Anne!" and out popped Santa
Claus through the door of silver stars and then
it seemed the little green Tree reached up and
touched her gently on the cheek for good-bye,
and Elizabeth Anne woke up and found that
Mother was kissing her a Christmas Good-
morning!

And it's a very funny thing, but there was
the little Tree waiting for her in the supper-
table room and there was the Candy Mouse and
the Picture-book and the Popcorn Ball. And
there was a real Christmas dinner and Father
showed her a good deal of silver money Santa
Claus or someone had left with him, and the lit-
tle grey stove was red and the wind never seem-
ed to get in the cracks ever after that. I ex-
pect there wasn't any room for it. The little
house was much too full of happiness!

Heaven's Gate

By B.M.H.

It was at dawn upon that day of days.
The morning star bedecked the cloudless sky,
It's mellow light, a beacon from above,
Revealed the rugged lines of my grim arch.
Without, stretched blue-black ether, a waveless
sea,

Unflecked save by the lingering, waning moon.
Within, the peace of God, the home of love,
A sleeping garden at the break of day.

Then came a ringing call, a far flung cry
From eager throats, an ever strength'ning choir,
A thrilling paean, rifting the peace with joy:
"O hasten, hasten all! She comes, she comes!"
And then—the soft, swift pad of running feet,
The rush and whispering of wind-blown robes,
The fluttering and whirr of flying wings;
Behold! All Heaven was speeding towards my
gate.

I looked without into the azure depths,
And visioned, slowly mounting up from earth,
A shining cloud, where Angel's trembling wings
Upheld a precious weight with jealous care.
When at my doors it slowly spread apart,

Lo!—I behold our Queen within it's folds,
The curved silver moon beneath her feet,
Her diadem the golden morning star.

And in her presence melted all my bars,
My arch a span of beauty then became,
A bow of hope—a symbol of her power—
Above the mists that cloak the vale of tears.
And from the multitude of joyous threats
Came forth as if one sound: "Hail! Queen of
Heaven!"

And then a hush,—while humbly knelt the
throng,—

For there—before us—stood the King of Kings.
His garments white and dazzling as the snow,
His glorious Face resplendent like the sun,
His Eyes alight with love, and from His Lips
One word, like music, vibrant, harp-strung:

"Mother!"

Then o'er the breathless hush there rose a sigh,
A sob almost, from over happy breasts,
As, to His Mother, proudly stooped the Son,
And raised her from His Feet, up—to His
Heart.

Feast of the Assumption, 1925.

To a Laurentian Mountain

Great silent monument of Mother Nature,
Heaving your hoary, curved back on high,
Unmoved by the majestic scene around you,
Tell me, what is your hidden mystery?

Are you the tomb of some huge, mighty giant,
Who stalked across these wilds eons ago?
Whose bones are ever crumbling as time passes,
Whose name no one save you will ever know?

Are you the guardian of costly treasures,
Deep set within your wondrous, secret maze?
Fissures of glinting gold or shining silver
Hidden away from eager, curious gaze?

When the stars twinkle in the sky above you,
Or pale moonlight soft floods your rugged
crest,

Have you a heart responsive to such beauty,
Beating within a palpitating breast?

When sunbeams gaily dance upon your
shoulders,

Are you responsive to their burning rays?
When sweetest song birds light upon you gently,
Have you a soul to feel their winsome lays?

Unmoved and mute you stand throughout the
ages,

Garbed in your summer green or winter
snows,

Facing the storm, the lightning and the thunder,
Brave or in abject, quiv'ring fear, who knows?

All day you watch the fitting clouds above you
And gaze upon the silent stars at night;
Do they not sometimes whisper their sweet
story?

Do they not thrill you, fill you with delight?

Sphinx-like you stand mid nature's rarest
beauties,

And tho' your grey mist softly rolls away,
Leaving you outlined clear in radiant sunlight,
Silent you guard your secrets day by day.

Dorothy B.

THE REDHEAD

By FLORENCE M. MULLIN, Alumna

The heavy coat of snow, which covered the ground and enveloped the buildings like a blanket, caused Marjorie King's teeth to chatter as she huddled in the little old-fashioned sleigh, but her heart was warm with joy and anticipation of the welcome which awaited her.

An orphan, without sisters or brothers, she had been deprived of home life since she was ten years old, and while the boarding school where she had spent the intervening years, held many happy memories, still none of these was equal to the joy of once again partaking in the festivities of a real New England Christmas celebration. Although her last birthday had marked the beginning of her twenty-first year, she clapped her hands eagerly as a child, as each landmark took on a familiar air. She

questioned the old driver of the sleigh but his grunts and guttural speech, made more unintelligible by the thick woolen muffler wrapped around his neck, enlightened her but little and she was obliged to restrain her curiosity.

Suddenly, a turn in the road disclosed to view a rambling farmhouse, set far back on a spacious lawn, and the light streaming from the windows bespoke the hospitality within. Unable to wait for the ambling horse to make his way up the drive, Marjorie sprang from the sleigh and ran through the drifted snow to the house. The sound of the sleigh bells heralded their approach and in an instant she was welcomed by a tall white-haired woman, who was mistress of the house and a distant cousin. It was she, who had extended to Marjorie the in-

visitation to spend the holidays with her and the warmth of her greeting brought a sudden moisture to her guest's eyes.

The big, open fire cast a pleasant glow over the table, already arranged for the evening meal, and as Marjorie appeased her healthy young appetite she proceeded to ask about all her old-time playmates, with whom she had whiled away so many happy hours. The next morning when she opened her eyes to the panorama of ermine and silver, she eagerly hurried downstairs anxious to make the most of her stay. Her cousin smiled at her youthful enthusiasm and said, "My dear, why don't you go out and see some of the people you used to know? I told Mrs. Sargent yesterday you were coming and she is most anxious to see you."

Needing no further encouragement, Marjorie started out and soon reached her destination, a large, old-fashioned home, which looked exactly as she last remembered it. Her ring brought Mrs. Sargent herself to the door and she enveloped her in a great hug, drawing her into the house. She kept up a running fire of conversation and Marjorie's eyes were busy noting each little familiar detail. As she looked at the mantel, however, she noted one article, which was decidedly unfamiliar, the photograph of a young man probably twenty-four or five. Her hostess seeing her interest exclaimed, "O, you remember my nephew, John Graham, who used to make your life so miserable by dubbing you 'red-head.' Would you believe that such a harum-scarum as he was could grow into such a splendid man? He is now in Russia with a large American export firm, and although I have not seen him since he finished college, no son could write more devotedly than he does. I was just answering his last letter when you came in and if you will amuse yourself for a little while I shall finish it so it will go in this morning's mail. Why don't you write him a little note and I will enclose it in my letter?" Amused at the suggestion, Marjorie wrote the note, and after the letter was mailed promptly forgot it in the enjoyment of her holiday.

Several weeks later in Petrograd the mail was being distributed in the offices of the United

States Export Company and the lucky ones were devouring every word, while their less fortunate companions eyed them enviously. John Graham opened his aunt's letter eagerly, for being without father or mother she represented to him all that was dearest in life. He smiled at her descriptions of some of the well-remembered village characters and when she launched into a vivid description of Marjorie King, whom he hazily remembered as a small girl, who valiantly fought her own battles, he became more absorbed than ever.

"You would be swept off your feet if you could see what a beautiful girl she has become," wrote his aunt, "and those looks of which you often spoke so disparagingly are her crowning glory. She is attending college in Boston and I hope if you are able to return in June for a visit that you will have an opportunity to meet her again." John smiled at this remark for he knew his aunt's match-making tendencies and her desire to see him happily married. Carelessly picking up the second sheet of the letter he was surprised to see a strange handwriting, and glancing down saw it was signed—"Marjorie King."

"Dear John:—" it ran, "Do you recall the little red-head, whom you tantalized so unmercifully in your youthful days? Time and experience have changed that little girl, as I see from your photograph it has also changed you, and she is now a most proper young lady, who would not dream of retaliating if such insults were hurled at her now. I really should not be writing to you, for if you will recall our last stormy interview I vowed that I would hold no communication with you whatever 'until the snow trickled down from the sky.' However, to prove to you that besides numerous other virtues I have also cultivated a most magnanimous disposition, I promise to forget all your former misdemeanors, if you in return will promise to be especially kind to all ruddy-haired maidens for the rest of your life. Your aunt has just been telling me of some of your wonderful adventures since leaving college and I feel sure you will find life on this side of the water very tame when you do return. I hope

if only for your aunt's sake we shall have the pleasure of seeing you in the United States next Summer."

John promptly responded, declaring he had never forgotten the little red-head and this marked the beginning of a correspondence, which revealed far more than either of the writers dreamed. Marjorie, with feminine intuition, gave him many a word of counsel and he in turn told her of the almost unbearable conditions in Russia and of his joy at the prospect of seeing his native land once more.

Six months later when the big ocean liner docked at New York, a tall, bronzed fellow scanned the crowd eagerly and a lump rose in his throat at sight of a familiar face beaming a welcome to him. In a few moments he clasped his aunt in his arms and incoherently told her how glad he was to be home. Suddenly she raised her head and exclaimed, "O, John, this is Marjorie, and I hope you will like her as much as I do."

When he glanced at the girl standing nearby, he could scarcely believe that this radiant creature was his schoolmate of bygone days, but when she laughingly extended her hand, her frank manner put him at ease and they were soon chatting as though the intervening years had never existed.

The Summer days glided by all too swiftly, and as John realized that the time was almost at hand when he must return to Russia, he also came to the realization that Marjorie had become the most precious thing in life to him and that the thought of parting with her was almost more than he could bear. However, he knew that he must conceal his feelings for he had resolved that life in Russia was not the sort for a tender, sheltered girl, and that he must wait until circumstances would permit him to return

to the United States forever, before he would be justified in asking her to be his wife.

The night before his departure a pall of gloom covered the little household and as he packed his trunks he waged a last fight with himself to prevent a revelation of his thoughts to Marjorie. Braeing himself, he strode downstairs, resolving to keep himself well in hand, but the sight of a figure in white, waiting for him in the lower hall drove his resolutions entirely out of mind and with one bound he seized her in his arms and told her the old, old story, which is ever new to each pair of lovers.

He was suddenly reminded of what he had done when Marjorie exclaimed, "Now, dear, you will have to wait a couple of days longer so that we can be married and I can get ready to go with you." Gently he told her that she must remain behind until he could settle his business in Russia and return to remain forever in the land of his birth. He told her of the hardships that life in Russia entailed when the country was fighting domestic wars as well as foreign invasion; how food was sometimes very scarce and life at times very uncertain. But he had not reckoned on the determination of the little red-head's character, and after he had produced every available argument, she cried you have exhausted your useless arguments, I will run upstairs and do a few important things, while you go down and arrange for our marriage, because I am going to Russia, either to live with you or die with you."

Later in the evening Mrs. Sargent smiled to herself in the darkness to hear Marjorie asking from the depths of the porch swing, "O, John, isn't Russia the most ideal place in the world for a honeymoon?"! but John's answer was not audible to the human ear.



CONCERNING THE FOLLOWING VERSE CONTRIBUTIONS

By MISS ANNE SUTHERLAND, Guelph, Ontario

These prose-poems and bits of measured verse, unique and dainty in both matter and manner, come from the pen of one who is well-known to the readers of *The Rainbow*, one who, off and on through a decade of years has—in the goodness of her heart—made our pages richer by her contributions in both prose and verse. Miss Anne Sutherland is not unknown to the general reading public of this continent, her writings having figured in the literary columns of several newspapers and magazines. In a certain sense, hers may be called a new enterprise of thought, making it far from easy to measure her by ordinary standards. An unusual and delicate fancy united to a species of shy humour is her dominant note, and like Joyce Kilmer, she can touch up commonplace and humble things with the golden rays of her fancy and lift them to the true realm of poetic vision. Yet the trite and the commonplace are alike foreign to her style and manner.

To Miss Sutherland's understanding of and sympathy with the very young, is due a collection of bed-time stories, full of real charm, and containing an appeal to the small child. These stories were broadcasted in Toronto last Spring, and became instantly popular. We hope to see them in book-form some day. But like many an adventurer in new fields of thought, Miss Sutherland may have to await the audience her talent deserves. Her friends in Loretto are warm partisans, of course, and hope that very soon she will come into her own.

House-work

It seems so very queer to me that they should call it drudgery.

When I get up I think it fun to give a party for the Sun. I open doors and windows wide and let him stroll about inside. He feels it lonely in the West and he's a most delightful guest.

I serve my breakfast-fare and find how all the Nature-world is kind. The bees in some sweet clovered spot have filled my little honey-pot; my bowl of porridge means a field all burdened with its golden yield; and sure my yellow birdie's song would last a heart out all day long!

I like the way my little broom goes dance-and-prancing 'round a room, while Johnny Cake—obliging man!—grows fat and chesty in his pan; the pipe my good old Kettle smokes or splits his sides with telling jokes; the frills of crisp green lettuce-lace around a Salad's honest face!

—And then the hush that evening brings, soft music, laughter, homely things; the way a candle suddenly breaks through the dark to shine for me; the end of work, the end of play, the sweet-and-weary time of day; and how a cool white pillow seems to shove-and-love me into dreams!

Gloaming

Between the golden time and gray there comes the drowsy time of day when in my garden blossom-heads are drooping on their fragrant beds. The sun has said his kind good-night and tiptoed softly out of sight, the young tired winds come home and sigh soft prayers to the list'ning sky, and through the silver hush that rests on blossoms-heads and cuddled nests comes gently like some fairy-sprite the tender Spirit of the Night.

The Spirit of the Night goes round and smoothes the wrinkles from the ground and shakes the grass up in the breeze and dusts off vagrant bumble-bees and folds their wings and tucks them up, perhaps in some sweet blossom-eup. The Spirit of the Night with dew cleans off the larkspur's dusty blue, pours balm upon the battered wings of little weary flying things, sings young bud-babies lullabies and hushes any one that cries, then sighs quite gently with relief and lays it back upon its leaf. All softly in the failing light the tranquil Spirit of the Night stands up and lights the moon to keep its vigil while her darlings sleep.

And lo!—the world is still, outside, and watching, I am drowsy-eyed.

Hagary

I'd like to be Forget-me-not and stay in some sweet grassy spot for lovers, walking in the Dawn, surprisingly to come upon. I'd like to be a red, red rose and feel just how a petal grows, and have the Birds that came along all tell about me in their song. Or else I'd be a Buttercup and hold my sunkissed fingers up to eradle velvet bumblebees on mad-and-merry neetar sprees.

You'll think me funny, I expect, but really how could I object if I were made a Chickadee? He tunes his chirps so cheerily and hops about upon the snow and makes a person love him so! From any Chickadee-talk I've heard it must be sweet to be a bird.

Of course, to be a Lady-Fern I'd have to study hard and learn to wave most gently in my place with dignity and dainty grace; and if I were the Rainbow's End and Heaven didn't ehance to send a rain-and-shining kind of day I'd have to stay inside and play.

Oh dear! I hope no fairy tries to wave her wand before my eyes. I've got my heart in quite a whirl. I want to stay a Little Girl!

Sonnet for May

The little Earth is shaken and forespent,
Her fair young brow is moist with agony,
But ah! her travail ends in eestasy
And crowned with motherhood, she is content.
She dimly hears the feathered choristers
Sing tribute round the happy natal bed,
She knows that white young blossoms round her
spread

An incense for the glory that is hers;
And past the gentle patience of her smile
And through the blinding beauty of her eyes
There flashes sudden joy and sudden praise
For all sweet Spring-times of the yesterwhile
And yet that her last-born, since God be wise,
Is loveliest of all her lovely Mays.

Anne Sutherland.

"Birthday"

I can't remember one years old nor two years
old nor free,
I don't believe a baby boy could ever have been
me,
I just remember going on four for such a long
long year,
And then this morning Granny said, 'Wake up,
Bob, Four is here!
I fink my birfdays must've took an awful sud-
den jump
When four years old has comed along wif such
a drefful bump,
And won't I have no five years old nor six years
old? And then
Will I be four-and-four years old when birfday
comes again?
If I'd just fought that birfdays comed as fast as
this, you know,
I fink perhaps I could've took a bit more time
to grow.
Why, soon I'll be where Granny is, and Granny
—oh, dear me!
She's four and four and four and four—two
fousand, proberly!

Anne Sutherland.

Little Girl's Soliloquy on a Train

Little Boy, oh Little Boy, whatever makes you
cry,
With all the funny pretty things the train is
passing by?—

Naughty poles chasin' poles all along the track
An' not a single good pole ever comin' back
Big tall soldier trees starin' when you pass
An' little sleepy baby trees cuddlin' on the grass,
A giant Little Boy with a giant dish and spoon
Goblin' ice-cream an' ice cream an' smilin' at
the moon,

Tents in the corn-field for little mice to hide,
(Bet you there's a baby mouse runnin' round
inside!)

A bird callin' 'little Boy' on a fence rail
An' a colt cut out of velvet with a shiny tassel
tail,

Oh look! a little piggy with a stubby pink snout!

(That's how Little Boys look when they sit and
pout!)

Now we're on a little bridge. Don't you cry no
more!

P'raps you'll hear the baby fishes tappin' at the
floor!

An' if you'd put the blinds up, you'd get a nice
surprise,

There's little sunshine babies comin' sittin' on
your eyes!

Goodness gwacious, Little Boy! Don't you never
stops?

An' aint you 'fraid you're goin' to BURST
with eatin' lollypops?

Anne Sutherland.

The Lost Tea-Kettle

O should you go a-gypsyng along the north
Road,

(A blanket for to sleep in, a flint to make a
fire,)

Be sure to keep a-watchng for a fat Robber
Toad,

A Bobolink Thief on the telegraph wire,

A fleet of Squirrel Pirates sailing on their log-
ships,

Or a band of Goblin Highwaymen with pistols
at their hips!

They climbed upon the running-board of our
big car,

(You couldn't hear a rattle and you couldn't
hear a thud)

They took our little Kettle that had ridden so
far

And had never thought of jumping off upon
the cool mud,

Our jolly little Kettle with the water for our tea,
They took it off and never said where it would
be.

We looked away up and down the green North
Road,

(Above in the treetops, below in the ditch,)

We asked the Robolink and the fat Robber Toad
And we listened to a funny old signboard
which

Said with a grin, 'ONE MILE TO OWEN
SOUND,'

We went where it said, but the Kettle wasn't
found.

AND

PERHAPS the Ground Hog has a cosy coal-bin
With a handy coal-chute for to slide the coal in,

OR

PERHAPS the grey Bunnies are enjoying a
serub,

A-kieking up their heels in the new bath-tub,

OR

PERHAPS in the corn-field the little Ma Mouse
Is curtaining the windows of her new grey house,

BUT

My own idea is that any fine day,

(The sky very blue and the grass very green,)

If you go a-gypsyng the North Road way

(You've never drunk tea from a buttereup,
I ween?)

And knock on a round mound at half-past three,
The Wee Folk'll have you in to afternoon tea!

Anne Sutherland.



THE STORY OF MY COMING OVER

I was exactly fifteen years on my journey to Rome—or from an attitude of respect for religion in general, to that possessed by the great Mother of all Religions, the Catholic Church. Fifteen years! a very slow change, and so many good years lost!

When I graduated from Radcliffe College, deeply stirred but not satisfied by the courses in philosophy there, I felt a great hunger for religion. I had already met with Catholicism, but the searching respect I held for the religion of my Catholic class-mates led to nothing like an approach just then.

The very next year, however, I came upon it in a friend who lived near my home. Again came that desire to understand the religion I saw in others and felt in myself such a reverence for. I had always taken with delight to Mr. Chesterton's view of things. I read him again when Francis Thompson and Patmore were far beyond me, though they were Catholic writers.

Then there came to town a mission of the English Catholic Cowley Fathers. They taught us to put away our Protestant prejudices. To a sinner and a penitent, the urging upon us of the necessity of Confession, seemed not strange but most natural and welcome. I had so often offended that I could not sleep nor swallow a mouthful of food until I had followed the advice. This is a hard thing to do when you have a Protestant minister to face at his desk, instead of a priest in the Confessional. From that time, however, I date a practical enlightenment on the beautiful sacraments of the Church. During the war I had my chance to work over seas, and being thrown with a French Unit of nurses, I went often to Mass with them. A dear and holy bishop, who had refused other high offices in order to stay with his flock, used to preach to them in their ruined chapel. The stone gothic windows were covered over with sheets of cotton cloth to replace the shattered

glass; but the snow-flakes still drifted in through the sides, as white as the bishop's white hair. There he spoke to their very hearts, gently, taking from them their bitterness towards the enemy who had brought such ruin among them. It was real Christianity, shining in that influence of the shepherd on the members of his flock, whom he had baptised and married.

Near that fine old Cathedral, one morning in May, after the armistice, I was washing mud and oil from the red-cross car and cleaning the engine, when a most unheard of thing happened. I was just straightening up when I heard something heavy drop beside me, which gave me an unpleasant start. Looking down in the mud I saw a beautiful figure of Christ detached from a cross, exquisitely wrought in ivory. I picked it up and turned to see if it had dropped from a cross upon the stable door where I stood. But that was but a bare ruined place, with no sign of a cross upon it. I stepped out into what had once been a garden. No sign of the young boy next door, and a ten foot wall lay between us. No sound or sign of any one. So the beautiful figure is still mine, the ivory yellowed with age and some of the dust of Noyon still upon it.

When that year was over I came back to a small city in America, but I could not go to a Protestant Church where I could no longer hear the Mass. The High Anglican Church helped me very much, until I revisited France in 1924. The friend I was with preferred to go on the pilgrimage to Lourdes, rather than to see the Italian lakes or Switzerland. I had brought John Oxenham's book "The Wonder of Lourdes" with me. It guided us through a precious stay in the little town by the swift mountain water. My Catholic friend went to Confession and Communion. I had to content myself with absorbing the peace, the very present peace of the place. I went to Benediction with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and heard the prayers of the great kneeling multitude, pleading with all their souls for the sick. "Seigneur,

fait que je marche!" "Seigneur fait que je voie!"

I can feel it still, the blessed peace of Lourdes; the precious, nearer acquaintance with Our Blssed Lady, I made there. The picture I carried away of the vision of little Bernadette; the beautiful hymn sung in the torchlight procession, will always be remembered.

Then we came back to America and after six more long months I began to go regularly to the Catholic Church, after two Sundays starting instructions, and after six months I was received into the Church where I am very happy and thankful to be. Could that crucifix have had anything to do with my conversion?

L. W. Stockton.

"GROUND CEDAR"

Christmas among the Pines, or beneath the Palms, is always the time when Heaven stoops to Earth. Whether Christmas is celebrated with festive hymns in the Cloister in France, or marks a pause in missionary labours at Ville Marie, the gap between time and eternity is spanned by a bridge of joy.

So thought Mère St. Joseph, as she hastened about the preparation for the coming feast. Mère St. Joseph was Sacristan, among many duties that seem to multiply around Missionaries. She also taught Indian children, and washed and dressed them too at times. Saving souls is not merely showing people the right direction to go. One must help them each day, else they lose sight of the one thing necessary, being like Martha, busied with many things.

Linen must be white, candle sticks polished and flowers—flowers must be dusted. There were real tears, homesick tears in Mère St. Joseph's eyes, as she tenderly handled the waxen blossoms. Now in France there were, in the Convent at Rouen and at the Chateau de Beauchamps, cultivated plants in bud, ready to burst into bloom for the birthday of the Infant King. True there were three little pots of foliage that Soeur Suzanne had brought with her from the old land. How tenderly they were nursed, and how slowly they grew, with the bitter cold and the dull days of the winter in this savage New World. If there were only a great many candles, but candles must be saved, so that the Easter altar be equal to that of Christmas. The savage children could only learn a little by the ear and so much by the eye, that each candle and

flower must be disposed carefully to teach a lesson.

Mère Ursula and Soeur Jeanne were even now busy with sweetmeats that would also convey their message of good will. Ville Marie, in the wilderness, thousands of miles from the gay cities and prosperous towns of France, knew how to celebrate Christmas. Mère St. Joseph was new to the wilderness, and not ignorant of the real beauty of the stateliest manners and customs of the Old World.

"Oh, Suzanne," she exclaimed to her lay helper, "Suzanne, if we only could spend an hour at Beauchamps to-day."

"If I could, I'd never come back here," moaned homesick Suzanne.

"But the flowers, oh, the flowers we could get for our dear Little Infant."

"He has them at Beauchamps, because He has permitted people to grow them there. Why the Good God made this cold country and filled it with those dreadful Indians, I do not know, but He doesn't want flowers here, else He wouldn't make it so cold."

"But it is a very beautiful country, Suzanne, and some of these Indians have very loving natures. Besides, we are teaching them to love God, and I should not be surprised if flowers lovely as those at Beauchamps will be grown here some day."

"Some day, when we're all dead!" mourned Soeur Suzanne, who always got very homesick at Christmas time. Mère St. Joseph, whose Mother had been Suzanne's godmother in Brittany, could usually cheer her up by talking of

the village where they had both grown to girlhood; one as Adele de Huberty and the other as Suzanne Courtot. No talk could cheer her to-day, as the two laboured. The floor was spotless now and the rude benches dustless and orderly. The little altar, with its small statues and its polished wooden structure was the only touch of refinement in the chapel and contrasted oddly with the roughness of its housing. Tall poles, like erude pillars, supported the roof at intervals, and the place was dark save for the lights from three small windows, one above the altar and one on each side of the door.

Evergreen boughs decorated the windows, also serving to check the draughts and conceal the bareness of the walls, but the pillars stood rough and hopelessly conspicuous. Mère St. Joseph's quick glance saw it.

"Do you remember, Suzanne, how last Summer we found the ground cedar in great long runners on that island where the pines grow?"

Soeur Suzanne knew well the enthusiasm of Mère St. Joseph.

"Mère St. Joseph, dear, it is growing dark, and there is much to be done."

"Not to-day, Suzanne, but in the morning, will you come with me? We'll cover the pillars and we'll drape it from the ceiling, and Suzanne dear, it will be like the village Church at Beauchamps, for these dear little children to see."

The next day was Christmas Eve. The snow sparkled with the hard brilliance of extremely cold weather, and Mère St. Joseph breathed a Deo Gratias at the sight of it. True she did not like the cold, which turned her tender skin a bluish grey and caused all the minor sufferings of chilblains and throat aches, that are very vivid reminders of heroic martyrdoms in the Lives of the Saints, but to-day the friendly frost would enable the two Nuns to walk to the island with the Pines and Ground Cedar, without difficulty.

Sturdy Suzanne did not like the cold either, though it seemed to bring into her face a rare colour and to give her a vivacity she usually lacked. The cold of New France was another way it was unlike her native Brittany and another cause of homesickness. What zeal

prompted Soeur Suzanne to volunteer for missionary service was not evident to many of her companions, but God works through many human attachments to bring labourers to His vineyards. Soeur Suzanne came to New France to be near her beloved brother, a soldier in the Carignan Regiment, whom she daily begged God to save from an Indian marriage, such as was becoming alarmingly frequent in the Colony.

As they carefully picked their steps on the slippery snow, Soeur Suzanne remonstrated with her impetuous leader. "Oh, my dear, it's not safe to be on this wicked stuff. The Good God would be just as pleased to see bare pillars in His Chapel. We should not run the risk of breaking our necks here. If he wished to have Ground Cedar, He would make it grow nearer the Convent."

"You know, Suzanne, it's to make the children understand and be happy, and we are just as safe on icy ground as in our beds."

They fell silent, as each reflected on the terrors of the nights when they had heard the wild shrieks of the Iroquois; the dreadful sights they had seen; the torturing fears of uncertainty, when even this short distance from the Convent was not safe ground. Those anxious days were over, for with the approach of Winter, the *Concours des bois* reported that the Iroquois had gone South. The bitter weather was friendly to the peaceful little settlement, taking root in new soil. Mère St. Joseph found opportunity for another Deo Gratias at the thought. Constantly her mind worked out such reflections, and doubtless her buoyant step and glowing eyes were the result of countless silent *Glorias* and *Te Deums*. An old lay sister in Rouen used to shake her head and say: "So active a brain and such a quick step will not plod along the rough road to Heaven. She will find a quick way, even if it is dangerous."

Soeur Suzanne always warned her: "You will die just like a branch snapped off a tree, if you do not learn to take care of yourself. If you had learned to do this heavy work when you were young, as I did, you would be content with enough work."

"If I die suddenly, it will be as my Mother died. There seems to be much to do to share with these poor savages our Divine heritage, that I can never say enough."

Soeur Suzanne would shake her head mournfully, but, as on the present occasion, would follow faithfully the bright spirit that gave to each daily task the charm of an original adventure.

The island which was merely a hilly bit of land, around which a rapid streamlet, now covered over with thick ice, ran hurrying to the great river, was safely reached. The Cedar was found in fragrant runners on the windy side of the hill. Yards of the graceful vine were soon shaken free of the snow and both Nuns were laden with it, when Mère St. Joseph's eager foot missed its hold on the cliff and she fell some ten or twelve feet to the ice below. She made no sound and Sœur Suzanne, still busy, did not perceive the fall.

To Mère St. Joseph it seemed that eternity was engulfing her.

Back in the Chateau de Beauchamps, she was playing with her pets. She was reading lessons with her Mother, or sewing. Now she was at the village Church on a glorious June morning, clad in virginal white, to receive her Lord for the first time. She stirred at the thought and tried to rise, but a wave of the Infinite swept over her.

At the Convent in Rouen she was happy in the companionship of the girls and her teachers. She was in the Chapel, listening to the call, the still small voice speaking to her. She had said—"Not Yet."

Oh, how cold she seemed and how frightened!

She was with her Aunt, attending fêtes and functions. She was taking her Mother's place as Chatelaine of Beauchamps, when lord and tenant feasted together. Her cousin was there, with ardent eyes gazing upon her. Her Aunt had told her she must marry, so that there would be "a sword" to protect her and her tenantry, when her Father died. She had answered that she loved Beauchamps only next to the Good God, but she could not marry for her people.

"Then the king will not permit you to inherit Beauchamps," her Aunt had warned her. "It will go to your cousin."

"Let my cousin have Beauchamps. Is it not enough for him, without taking me also?"

The ice was hard, as hard as the wood of the Cross!

Again she was in the Convent. It was the day of the solemn vows, with all its hidden meaning of answering the call of the Little Infant.

The Little Infant was calling; many little children were calling; the ignorant little brown savages were clamorously calling. She must struggle to rise.

Soeur Suzanne found her and, bending over, sought to rouse her.

"You must not lie here in the snow! You will die. Mère St. Joseph! Oh, please wake up, Mlle. Adele! You have fainted!"

"No, Suzanne," she murmured sleepily. "I did not faint. I am just weary. Where is the cedar!" She collected herself with a supreme effort.

To please Mère St. Joseph, Suzanne took the double burden of Cedar. It trailed in the snow as they went. Solicitously Suzanne sought to aid Mère St. Joseph, who seemed to have sustained no injury though her breathing was very laboured.

"Home, Suzanne, we'll soon be there. He is there, the Little Infant of Beauchamps. I see Him beckoning. Christmas Eve in New France is a joyful time, but Christmas in Heaven is better, Suzanne!"

Step by step back to the Convent they went. At last the Chapel door was reached and warmth and comfort awaited them. Mère St. Joseph sank on the bench at the door, her eager eyes seeking the Tabernacle. Slowly she slipped to her knees, quite unconscious of any presence but His, and there, in the familiar attitude of daily supplication, the light-hearted spirit surrendered for the last time the gift of life, which she so freely poured out in the service of the Author of Life.

Florence Prudhomme.

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN GOGGLES

It was the largest Mask Ball of the year. All the "Elite," as the Trowbridge Spectator commented, were invited to Colonel Carruther's colonial residence, one of the largest houses in town.

Let us take our stand in the receiving line, behind the dignified Colonel and his wife, and observe the guests as they enter the reception hall. Here comes a stately belle of 1860 with stiffly starched dress and powdered hair; next follows a very tempting, bright scarlet demon, and as if to balance him, comes a demure little nun. Crowds of jolly merry-makers pass one by one into the spacious ball-room.

When the hostess is almost certain that all her guests have arrived, the most peculiar figure yet seen confronts her,—a tall, green frog, still, apparently, slimy from contact with the stagnant water of his pool. The most striking part of his attire is a huge pair of green goggles which completely covers the upper part of his face, giving the glassy impression, conspicuous in the animal he personifies. The courtly colonel, assuming he is an invited guest, makes him a friendly bow, and in the spirit of the occasion, begs him to partake of the hospitality of the house—regretting only the lack of a pond in which he can enjoy his aquatic habits. His only answer is a profound bow, rivalling, if possible, that of the Colonel. Soon he is mingling with the guests, always an outstanding figure because of his height and his original costume. With admirable impartiality he dances with every one of the ladies in the room.

At last the sonorous voice of grandfather's clock in the hall is heard, telling in melodious chimes the hour of twelve.

There is a sudden query on the lips of all. Where is My Lord, the Frog? Who saw him last? Where has he disappeared to? He has completely vanished, as if into thin air. No one can find him.

Every one unmasks. Mrs. Carruthers, mov-

ing around the room, discovers in a few moments that all the invited guests are present, so the man must have been an imposter.

Just as the astonished hostess becomes certain on this point, a cry is heard from Miss Lois Webster. She had worn the family pearls to complete her costume and now she discovers them to be missing. A frantic search is made. The only person under possible suspicion is the odd looking fellow in the frog's costume, of course. Police aid is summoned and everything known to their art is done in order to locate the man, for both the detectives and guests are positive he has stolen the gems.

A week passes. A month of useless search. Nothing is heard of either the thief or the jewels. Rewards are promised. Still nothing is learned. At last the case is given up as hopeless.

One morning, many months later, there comes in with Miss Webster's mail, a queer looking package. On opening it she discovers to her surprise, a box containing her pearls. A hasty glance proves that the clasp is missing. Beside the box is the following note, scrawled in lead pencil, on a piece of paper none too immaculate:

"Dear Miss Webster,

You see I am returning your pearls. I had meant to keep them but some how I just couldn't. You see I was awfully hungry and weary that night I went to Colonel Carruther's. I was pretty nearly desperate, when I heard of the masquerade. As luck would have it some poor soul took pity on me and gave me a dollar as I stood shivering on a corner. I decided to stake my last chance of getting some money by renting a suit and passing in with the rest of you. It was a gambler's chance. I took it and succeeded. From then on it was easy. All I had to do was to undo the catch of your pearls, slip them in my pocket, and out of the house again. I got away in good time, changed my suit for my everyday one and went out and hid

in the woods till morning. I had meant to keep the whole loot, whatever it would be, and I don't know why but I couldn't. I thought the catch was the least valuable part of the neck-lace, so I slipped it off and when I got to the nearest town sold it. Oh, I made enough on it to keep me in money for a while, don't worry

about that. But, I'm returning your pearls, thanking you for the catch.

Yours truly,

The Man with the Green Goggles.

Catharine Shea. '27.

Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST"

"Time and Tide" that "waits for no man" would be just as uncompromising we knew when dealing with a certain guest we had reason to dread. Aunt Barbara was coming this very afternoon.

Yielding to an inclination, which is almost universal, of postponing disagreeable things, I had given very little serious thought as to our reception of her, and I felt quite sure Mother had given none. I had just decided it was time to talk it over with her when the door-bell rang.

"The postman," I concluded, as I hurried out for the mail. But there was Aunt Barbara in all her glory, standing in the doorway of the living-room, and looking in the direction from which I came. There was no possibility of beating a retreat or of giving Mother warning.

Poor Mother! Poor me, too! Our doom was sealed for the coming month, at least. At first I gasped, and then I feared my feelings would betray themselves in words, so I discreetly closed my mouth.

Aunt Barbara was the possessor of a long tongue and a short purse, I am sorry to confess. She owned a little house at a great distance from our home. This she occupied during the rare intervals when she was not quartered upon her relatives. She was Dad's only sister and of course Mother's only sister-in-law. I often reflected that, in this case, at least, one was an elegant sufficiency, and I am quite sure she was all the "in-laws" dear Mother could manage.

This bi-ennial visit was a period of sharp penance for me. I knew the lengthy lectures I was in for and how my ingenuity to escape them, and not desert Mother, would be taxed.

But coming suddenly face to face like this I could only try to be pleasantly polite. She gave me a peek that was intended for my cheek but only grazed my ear. Then she turned and entered the living room, sitting down with a bump in a wicker chair that fairly screamed with indignation.

Presently, Mother who had heard us talking came in but I was puzzled at her expression and mildly frightened. Of course she was offering a kindly welcome, but she looked rather as if trying to control a sneeze. Time and the topics on Aunt Barbara's ready tongue wore this away, and after tea, when we were all three sitting together waiting—at least I was, for our guest to launch out upon her lectures, she said:

"Mary do you allow that child to use powder, she looks foolish." But Mother made no reply, and she turned to me. "Dorothy, do you use powder?" I must have looked guilty, though all the time I was saying to myself, "You'd look a great deal better if you used powder yourself."—but I refrained from thus raising her wrath. I wasn't destined to hold her attention in this way for long, because turning to Mother she changed the subject by saying "Mary don't tell me you use those terribly modern curtains. Don't you know they can never stand up under even one washing? They look tolerably clean now, but—well you're as bad as the rest of this generation, you can't see farther than your nose." "They look a hundred times better than those old red velour dust catchers of yours," I thought, but again I said it under my breath, hoping against hope that some thought-wave would bring it to her, without causing offense. One thought-wave did

reach her when she said she was tired and would be glad to retire, a decision which we hailed with unconcealed relief. On the way upstairs she turned to me and said: "You didn't say a word all evening, Dorothy," then turning to Mother: "I find the children who don't say anything, are the last ones to miss anything that others say."

How good my bed-room seemed to me that night. I made my excuse to it and said that I couldn't have gotten a word in edgewise anyhow, and many other things I whispered into my pillow which I should loved to have said to Aunt Barbara. Perhaps the fear of becoming outspoken like herself and offending sensibilities all along life's way, consoled me a little for my reticence.

Needless to add my dear Aunt's tongue sharpened with the passing days. One speech she indulged so frequently, that but for Mother's merry laugh when we were alone, I should have taken it seriously. "Really dear," Mother would say, "you did look foolish, but it wasn't the powder that made you so. I thing it was the strain of controlling yourself."

I explained that by saying that, however, prepared I was for an onslaught, she seemed to have the power of giving me a surprise with it, which, added to the indignation I felt at being thus laid upon the dissecting table, must have mixed my sentiments within so woefully, that my face looked "silly" in consequence. "Someday" I confided to Mother, "I should

like to give Aunt Barbara a shock, by familiarly addressing her as 'Babs' I can't imagine her friends, even when she was a little girl, taking the liberty. But was she ever young?"

Fortunately, all things come to an end, the bad as well as the good, and that was a pleasure to reflect upon when our guest's company became unbearable. I fared well compared with Mother who had her alone with her the greater part of the day, while I was attending school. She pried into every hole and corner of the house then, as if she were convinced that a skeleton lay hid away somewhere and she was going to unearth it. Then, somehow, she suspected that her "dear brother" didn't get proper treatment at the hands of "strangers." I overheard her asking Dad if he got his meals on time and if his food was nourishing, because she remarked he wasn't looking well and there must be some such reason for it.

The end, so longed for by my Mother and—yes—Dad, and me, arrived none too soon. Aunt Barbara never knew me to be as gay and talkative as I was on that last Friday afternoon. I took a half holiday to wish her a fond 'good-bye.' "Did I shed tears?" you ask, dear Reader. "Yes, tears of joy,—unholy joy, perhaps, but my emotions were unmixed, and they all bore witness to an unmitigated joy, which those who do not possess an Aunt Barbara like mine, could never understand.

Nova Woodruff.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.



THE PATH OF PEACE

Jesus, the Nazarene, sat in the midst of a group of the smaller children of the village. His hand lay caressingly among the tumbled bronze ringlets of little Sar, son of the smith. And on the man's knee rested Nara, child of the widow of one of our caravan traders. These two I speak of particularly for I knew them by name and sight; the rest were known but to my smile alone. And with these two my story deals.

Some of those who were with the Man protested against the familiarity of the children, and were intent upon having the mothers take the little ones away, but the gentle voice of the Master made known to them his will: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come unto me." So the little people stayed on listening to his words, and receiving his caresses, unconsciously storing them up in the treasury of their minds.

Within the year the Nazarene was brought to trial, was crucified and died on Calvary. It was rumored that he rose again on the third day, though the murmurs were hushed up, denied.

But this man had made an impression on our villagers, and the stories of his life among us, and of his death on the mount were often repeated at eventide in the households. Quite naturally the children became familiar with these tales and cherished them as folk-lore of their generation.

Nara, son of the widow, in his secret heart remembered the soft voice and loving eyes of the man, and the memory lingered as he grew in strength and approached manhood. Like his father, he became a caravan trader, travelling from Jerusalem to the northwest country.

During his travels there he often met the disciples of the Nazarene preaching the gospel of their master. At such times as these the memories of those long-past childhood hours would become quite vivid, and he would pause to listen to these men. Soon his caravan began to go a little off its route if one of them hap-

pened to be in the vicinity. Frequently Nara spent whole days in the company of a disciple. The time came when Nara found it impossible to attend to the details of business, so eager was he to listen to the gospel teachings. And finally his unsatiated desire made him embrace their faith.

His zeal became so great that it communicated its fire to other hearts in the village, and Nara fell into disfavor with the pagan, Tamar, the king's emissary in our region.

At the first hints of persecution of the new faith, Tamar imprisoned all those whom he knew to profess it, hoping thus to gain favor with the king. Among the prisoners was Nara, steadfast, unflinching.

As the severity of the persecution increased in Jerusalem so also did it increase in the outlying districts. The pagan Tamar, not to be outdone by any of his fellow governors, ordered all Christians to be put to death.

When word was brought to the victims of what impended, Nara rejoiced, and kneeling thanked the Nazarene for the glorious privilege of martyrdom.

With head held high, he faced the judges with his companions, stood trial, and accepted sentence. His step was steady as he walked to the place of execution.

A guard of soldiers was stationed about, and the fellows hissed and jeered in low, mocking voices as the victims passed between their files. And the most derisive of these was the lieutenant Sar. Sar's appearance had greatly changed with the years. The bronze curls of the little lad had turned to brown, except for one small patch on the top of his head. Some said it looked as if a beautiful hand had been placed there and had left traces of its golden touch. His twitching mouth betrayed a nervous, unsatisfied nature, and the dark-ringed eyes and lined face bespoke many a late carousal with the rough soldiers and his fellow officers.

Sar naturally recognized Nara. Our village

was too small for faces to be soon forgotten. But recognition only goaded him on to further abuses, and his temper rose as the executions began. As Nara's time drew near, Sar was unable to restrain himself, and his comrades found it necessary to take him in hand in order that the executioners might not be robbed of their work.

Tamar noticed this, and he exulted. Sar was one of his favorites. With such zeal in the ranks, the will of the king would surely be carried out, and Tamar's prestige would be increased at court.

So Sar was called to his Excellency's chamber on return from the scene of execution, and was lauded and flattered in silvery tones and silly phrases. He smirked an evil, menacing grin, half hatred, half deceit, and bowing low acknowledged the flattery and accepted the boon offered him, an advance in rank.

But we of the village noticed the lines deepen in his face as the weeks passed, saw the dark rings hollow and grow darker; and the murmurs came more often of carousals among the soldiery. The greatest debauches always preceded the execution of the followers of the Christ, and Sar always managed to be in his surliest mood on the next day.

He found nothing too low for his demoralized nature. Intrigue, deceit of all kinds, were his common characteristics and he became hated by villagers and soldiers alike.

But he could not hold out against the Supreme Power. His cleverness in sin made Tamar fear betrayal, and the soldiers under his command hated him with all the malice of their beings. Every one came to despise him, and he was the most wretched creature we had ever

beheld. Even the Christians being led to execution dared to call out to him in low spoken warnings, hoping perhaps to convert his soul.

But the seed of love had been planted many years before when at the feet of a man called by some, the Seer. This seed had struggled for life through all the long years of adversity, and the seed was destined to bear fruit.

One day, while standing at the head of his guards jeering at the victims, he heard a voice, and turning, saw a boy in appearance exactly like himself, when years ago he had sat at the feet of his loved Nazarene. The boy at Sar's jeers said to him, "Sar, thou liest even unto thyself."

Sar raised his hand involuntarily to cuff such insolence, but the shock was so great that the arm he had raised dropped to his side. He recovered himself after a short pause and lifting his drooping head, he turned and, with all the accursed derision gone from him, walked to the judges. Facing the tribunal, he said, "Sirs, I have been a coward,—now I know no fear," and removing his helmet, pointing to his bronze and gray head, he added, "The King of all the Heavens once touched this head: now an earthly king may offer it to Him in reparation for my past. I am a Christian." And turning, he entered the ranks of the condemned. Too astonished to delay the judges permitted the execution.

And the executioners told some of the villagers that as Sar died he murmured, "My God, forgive me. Lead me unto Thy path of peace."

Catharine Delmage, '27.

Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls.



PAGES FROM MARY ELLEN'S DIARY

Mary Ellen lay on her back under the apple tree. It was fragrant with blossom and the wonder of its spring awakening. Ellen was ten, and at this age dreams are easy and seem within grasp. It was a wonderful morning for building Romance out of an every day world. The sky above the child was blue, the sort of blue only seen in May and best appreciated at ten. The grass was the greenest it could possibly be, the air was soft and balmy, and everything in nature contributed to Ellen's happiness.

Just now her thoughts were intently fixed on a small, black, much worn book in her hands. On the front, had been elaborately painted by its small owner, a large "D-I-A-R-Y," with climbing rosebuds wreathed around it and green leaves sprawled all over the cover. But what interested Mary Ellen was the contents. On the first page was the date, "June 25, 1924." That had been when Ellen was nine. The first entry was a description of the last day of school of the year. The little country schoolhouse had been lavishly garlanded with lilacs, and Miss Pierce had worn a new, white dress, and had pinned a spray of fragrant blossoms at her waist. Ellen, herself, dressed in her stiffly starched, pink gingham, had watched with wide eyes the events of the afternoon. Mr. Fordham, the Reeve of the District, gave the opening address. In glowing terms he praised the departing school mistress, lauding the good work she had done in the past year. According to Ellen's idea of things, it had been a most brilliant affair. In her diary she had set down her prophetic dream of the following night. In her vision she could see Miss Pierce as a big white angel floating in a sea of lavender, in which, huge lilac trees grew. She herself was there, another angel, but a very little one, almost lost in Miss Pierce's great beauty. Along the banks of the water grew more huge lilacs and among them were familiar houses, even her home. Her mother seemed to smile and beckon to her, but she had floated straight on, always holding

tightly to the teacher's hand, down to where the sun sank amid a riot of splendour.

Turning the pages, the child came upon an entry of a few months later. Aunt Louise, Ellen's favourite relative, had been married and Ellen had devoted a page, in her beloved book, in describing the wedding. Having read the newspapers, with an account of the wedding in them she had proceeded in true reporter-like style. It read somewhat like this, "The beautiful, dignified bride (Aunt Louise, that is) entered the church, reclining upon the arm of her uncle, Mr. Bradford, and proceeded up the centre aisle with the utmost grace and ease. She was gowned in a heavy, white satin dress and her veil was arranged in coronet fashion. She was attended by Miss Mildred Gay. She wore green georgette over silver cloth, and a becoming hat to match. The groom, Mr. George Bullock, was attended by his brother Herman." And here Ellen's account had abruptly ceased, and farther down the page were the sign of tears, much erased.

The next few entries were quickly passed, for these pages were frequently blotted with childish tears. They contained an account of the death of Ellen's mother. The entries were short and noncommittal where sentiment was concerned.

The middle of the book was characterized by a new style of handwriting, adapted by Ellen at this period. Here too, her style became much more elaborate and her words became almost the length of the former sentence.

Then a radical change came. Again she adapted her simple childish style. Newborough had a new school teacher, and this was the cause. She saw the literary value of her style, unhampered by long words and lengthy sentences, and asked her to give them up. The child could not at first understand why her elegant phrases did not meet with approval, but never-the-less she complied.

After turning the pages for a while, Ellen

grew drowsy in the noonday heat. Gradually her eyelids began to droop. At last they closed entirely. Again the child dreamed she saw a great white angel, but this time it was her mother. She seemed to smile sweetly on her,

but that was all. Ellen slept well, the calm sleep of childhood, dreaming the hours away with her memories.

Catharine Shea. '27.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

SHOES

The long line of shoes in a city street-car, the constant procession in one door and out the other and jumbled up about the conductor's fare-box in unpleasantly intimate communion with each other—what an interesting study they make! Particularly if we be small of stature, is it difficult for us, in a crush of passengers whose anxiety to get somewhere frequently vents itself in wriggles and pokes to satisfy curiosity by a search of the faces around us. So we concentrate our interest instead upon the shoes of our companions and derive immense entertainment and food for speculation therefrom.

We are quite well aware that shoes are inanimate things and are possessed of individuality only in so far as they are differently cut, colored or fashioned; but there is a subtle influence exercised upon them by the wearer which is often quite delightful to observe, and I swear I have seen frivolity flitting by on gold-brocaded heels, which, propriety knows, have no place in a prosaic street-car; geniality, twinkling from broad patent-leather toe-caps; efficiency, set primly in rubber-heeled Oxfords and gypsy camaraderie, in a pair of dusty brogues.

There is a sprinkling of well-kept and beautifully-fashioned foot-gear here, being borne to its destination for the negligible return (to the wearer) of six cents, but most of these patrician feet, we fancy, are to be found set delicately against the shining foot-rail of warmed and cushioned limousines that flash by in the sun-bright street. The shoes of the street-car world are a deal shabbier, but more intriguing and infinitely more lovable. The great thick-soled, clay-encrusted boot of the laborer is there, usually hobnobbing with its kind in a corner

comfortably aloof from silken stockings and smart skirts. It has a happy homely expression, this big boot, for all its apparent weariness. It is headed, no doubt, for home and the Missus, a supper of savory fried potatoes and a comforting pipe of 'baecy' by the kitchen stove, while the youngest of the 'kids' dozes off to Slumberland on Daddy's wide shoulder. All honor to the honest square-toed boots in the corner!

There are boots a little more pretentious and on which their shabbiness sits more pathetically, boots that are crinkled from curling about the rungs of office-stools, boots that have outlived more than one winter, gallantly resoled and patched, that the coal bill may be paid and Maisie may have her piano lessons. Mother's shoes are here, tucked up neatly in her small unselfish territory, a little thin for such rigorous weather, a little pitiful with their bulging toes, misshapen from over-toil and over-running and over sacrifice. Little square-toed, scuffed-up shoes are here too, all ready with a dear innocence for any beckoning pathway; slim eager school-girl shoes poised for venturesome flitting; grotesquely teetering shoes stretching fragile patent-leather arms about fat flesh-colored silken ankles; the gentle shoe of the nun; the extravagant shoe of the fop, carefully buttoned into its neat, oyster-colored overcoat; the joyfully squeaking shoe of the young tourist bridegroom; the little white embroidered shoe that comes no where near the floor; they are all here and each has its own little story, half-written or just begun—tragedy, comedy, villainy, virtue; some destined for fame, some for shame, some for obscurity. They laugh, they weep, they frown, they preen, they leer, they twinkle.

They weave in and out of our vision as their unconsciously revealed histories weave in and out of our thoughts; and it is sweet and thrilling and terrible to think that somewhere they

are all carrying on, the 'boots, boots, boots, boots, marching up and down again' of humanity, and our own small and diffident ones part of the great procession.

EDUCATION

Education—it means so much to us; it means everything, and yet so seldom do we stop to consider what it does mean. We get some idea of its meaning from the word itself, which is derived from the Latin *educere*, to lead, or draw out. Education then, is a development of the capacities of man, and so draws out the powers that are in him.

A learned man is not necessarily an educated man, for he may be learned only along certain lines, and consequently have a very narrow outlook on life. The view of an educated man is always broad, for his powers are trained, and he gives to all men, including himself, their due. Besides thus widening our lives, education renders us more capable of being happy. We are here to be happy, and happiness is a result of service to others. Education empowers us to make use of our natural faculties in the service of others, and therefore helps us to be happy.

Education complete, includes physical and intellectual training, moral education, by which the will is trained, and religious education, which is designed to teach the individual his proper relation to God. Thus complete development is only found in Christian education, which to us means Catholic education. A trained intelligence is but a highly tempered instrument whose use must depend on the character of its possessor. And it is only on complete education, where the will and heart as well as the mind and body, are trained, that sound principles are inculcated to form the basis of a character that will rightly actuate our

lives. Education is truly insufficient without any one of these four divisions, because each one of us is endowed with physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual capacities, all of which must be developed harmoniously. This, the embodiment of Catholic education, gives us education in its highest meaning, i.e. a co-öperation by human agencies with the Creator for the attainment of his purpose with regard to each individual.

This takes us off on a tangent, and presents to us something important that we should, but often do not realize. For it is not the possession of the attribute but the realization of the possession which brings power. This power is developed in some, which though others may have they do not use. And here lies the difference between our Catholic education and non-Catholic education. For we have that which cannot be duplicated by those to whom the Invisible Guest is unknown. It is the personal contact with our Sacramental King, with Him who has endowed us with these capacities, which develops in us the great power of life, Love.

So we come to the Crown of complete education—a life of service, a life that our Divine Lord has shown us how to live. The Church expresses the truth that education is indeed a holy work not merely a service to the individual and society, but a furtherance of God's design for man's salvation.

Geraldine Bliss, '26.

Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie.

OUR HOME MISSIONS

Away off in the sixteenth century the "Call of the West" lured many daring spirits from Europe to seek for new and shorter routes to the fabulous wealth of India and China. When these navigators came unexpectedly upon a new world, many others followed their trail and sought freedom, wealth or adventure on the western shores of the Atlantic, or in the forests bordering the great St. Lawrence. And so on down through the ages, westward and ever westward the quest has lead. Now the forests of the northland; now the golden harvests of the prairies; and again the wealth of the Rockies have drawn settlers of every nationality and from every country of the old world, to our shores.

Far and wide over the great Northwest, these peoples have scattered, ever seeking for wealth. A visit to any western town that has gathered its few small houses around its giant elevator, is a turning back to "the simple life," and is a revelation to this pleasure-seeking generation of the East. These towns thickly dot the whole area within reach of the railway, and then farther and ever farther away, lone settlers have "taken up land."

The pioneers have endured and are still enduring untold hardships and privations. There are absolutely no luxuries and very few comforts in any part of the Northwest, except such as are found in the large cities, which are few and far between. Even here our poor foreign, and even native Catholics have a hard struggle to gain their livelihood. Your western farmer is too busy cutting his wheat and making money, to save his soul.

Among others, many Catholics and the children of Catholics have settled in the West. The faith is their birthright, but in many cases religion has long ceased to mean anything to them in the busy, crowded life of the summer or the hard, idle existence of the winter. Hundreds are living at a great distance from any church and they rarely see a priest. In many instances, the old settler has died and his children and children's children, ignorant of the faith, in-

tent only on acquiring wealth, have forgotten, or have never heard of the "one thing necessary."

For a century, European priests have been at work in the West. The Oblate Fathers were the first missionaries in this vast field. They took possession of the Qu'Appelle Valley and planted a great cross on a high hill, overlooking the surrounding country, and they dedicated the prairie land to Christ. Le Bret is one of the best Catholic settlements of the West. Here, at the foot of the first mission cross, the Fathers have built a church in the valley. The sisters of the Mission have a flourishing boarding school, and a Government Indian School is established, under the control of the Oblates and the Grey Nuns. The little town itself has a generous supply of Indian huts with their red owners lounging in the shade of the rude structures.

Most of the priests and religious of the West are foreigners, and are now enduring every hardship and privation, while we, in the same beloved Canada, are living in comfort and luxury. They are penetrating districts as remote even as Alaska, establishing missions, schools and hospitals, but here, too many are carried on in the mad, heedless rush of pleasure-seeking. Here in our well-established parishes, with comfortable, luxurious churches, that for the most part were built and paid for by our grandfathers, it is hard to realize that much of Canada is a mission field; that Canadians are without churches and the sacraments; that if it were not for European priests and religious, the West would long since have fallen an easy prey to the over-zealous methods and campaigning spirit of our separated brethren. We have an enormous responsibility with regard to the souls of our fellow-Canadians, and the Catholic Church of Canada is becoming fully awake to this fact and to the corresponding difficulty of securing practise of their religious duties.

It is high time to second the efforts of our mission priests, who with little human encouragement, have faced, and are still facing loneli-

ness and want and hardship in this land. Some of these priests have parishes extending over sixty or seventy miles, and are frequently stuck in the mud of the prairie trails in the Spring of the year or lost in the trackless snows of Winter.

“Catholic Church Extension” is doing much to help on the cause, and among other benefactions, has supplied small mission chapels in many outlying districts. A mission chapel is one of the best memorials that can be erected to the memory of a departed relative or friend. The establishing of a chapel, or the furnishing of one is within the power of many a family or sodality, or Unit of a Mission Crusade. The children of the Loretto College Crusade have lately completed their self-imposed task of erecting the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto at Fork River, and their successful endeavor has brought real joy to this active Unit of the Mission Crusade. Not only have they raised the sum for the building but they have provided for an altar and have secured its furnishings, even to the chalice which is made of offerings of gold and silver jewellery given and solicited by them. All honour to the noble achievement!

The Sisters of St. Joseph have opened schools and hospitals in several towns from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert and Vancouver. In 1921 the Religious of the I.B.V.M. took over the Public School in Sedley, thus becoming the first English-speaking community in Saskatchewan. Owing to the untiring missionary zeal of the Pastor of this parish, it has now one of the finest churches in the Province, and the newly built Convent is spreading its religious and educational influence over a large and fine Catholic area. Our nuns are also teaching in two parochial schools of Saskatchewan.

About three years ago, Rev. Father Daly, C.S.S.R., with the warm sanction and co-operation of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Toronto, organized a new order of sisters, for work in the West. These “Sisters of Service,” as they are called, already number over sixty, and have begun their work of teaching, conducting hostels and social service centres in Halifax and throughout the Province of Manitoba and Alberta.

But each individual Catholic should share

some of the responsibility in the salvation of his less fortunate brethren, either at home, among the many foreign new-comers, or in the Home Missions of the West.

The obligation is ours whether we accept it or not, and we dare not, with impunity refuse to assist our fellow-Canadians in this crucial hour. Every little service is a help, from small donations of Catholic literature, old or new, or the tiniest altar furnishing, to the giving of our life’s work, by dedicating it to the service of the King.

A great work was set on foot last summer which enlisted all our prayer and missionary effort. The Paulist Fathers, at the invitation of His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Winnipeg, undertook a Crusade in Manitoba. With the Sisters of Service to look after the small children, and devoted lay-men to help materially and financially, they preached in the streets and lanes of the cities and along the highways and hedges. It was a continental effort, which, aided by the united prayers of all Catholics, should have and did work wonders. “More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams on”.

We call upon all Rainbow readers to recognize and appreciate their share in reclaiming the souls of foreigners and fallen away Catholics in our fair Dominion, for the Kingdom of Christ.

O.M., Loretto Abbey.

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE

Whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be. If we can rid ourselves of all untruth of word, manner, mode of life and thinking, we shall rid our lives of much rubbish, restlessness and fear. Let us hide nothing, and we shall not be afraid of being found out. Let us put on nothing, and we shall never cringe. Let us assume nothing, and we shall not be mortified. Let us do and say nothing untrue, and we shall not fear to have the deepest springs of our lives sought out, nor our most secret motive analyzed. Nothing gives such upright dignity of mien as the consciousness: “I am what I pretend to be. About me there is no make-believe.”—(Selected.)

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE

Slam! Bang! Splash!—“Ship ahoy!”—

I ran from the cottage as fast as my runners would take me, for I thought something, some terrible disaster must have overtaken my two small brothers, John and Hugh. The racket, however, was only caused by the launching of a raft which immediately sank to the bottom of the lake.

Our cottage was on a large and lovely island in Georgian Bay. Half a mile or so behind the cottage there was a string of small lakes, all of which we had explored over and over again. The boys, as soon as they could be reconciled to the fact that their raft was gone for good, turned their attention to a less romantic and daring mode of conveyance. They took out the row-boat and started on the hunt for gulls' eggs.

I watched them till they disappeared behind another island and then I walked to the tent where my guest, Dorothy, commonly called “Dot” was reading.

It was a scorching day, but Dot, always energetic and not easily turned aside by obstacles, suggested:

“Let's portage up the lakes.” So we pushed out a canoe, took a couple of cushions and a book, and paddled to the back of the island. Then we drew our canoe up on shore, Dot lifting one and I the other, and, after nine hundred and ninety-nine rests, we reached the first of the lakes. It was a glorious day, and we drank in the beauty of land and sea until late in the afternoon, when we walked back to the cottage, leaving the canoe in the lake.

Dot stretched herself on the dock, but I went to the tent and was just going to throw myself on my cot when I thought I saw something moving under the covers. My first fearful thought was that it must be a snake—we always think the worst things first. But no, a snake could never climb up on a bed and under the covers. Slowly I pulled down the rug and the cunningest baby turtle you ever saw crawled out. I couldn't imagine how it got there, of course?

but was quite sure it would be more comfortable in the water—resolving to settle with John and Hugh later on, and with a vengeance only made stronger by time.

Dot and I then had a swim followed by supper, and about nine o'clock we started off to bed. Neither of us could sleep, so we decided to take another paddle on the lake. We dressed and crept as quietly as we could up to the lake and settled ourselves in the canoe. The moon cast lovely little shiny ripples on the water and the whip-poor-wills sang pretty songs for our entertainment. Soon we stopped paddling and just drifted lazily along, neither of us speaking a word. It was happiness enough just to be alive and enjoy it all. Scarcely noticing where we were going, we drifted in very close to shore, and there, to add life to the beautiful picture before us, were three deer. They didn't see or hear us until we were so close we could have touched them. Then Dot raised her hand, and they bounded away.

The next day it was calm on land and sea. There wasn't the tiniest breeze, and we knew by this and many signs that a storm was brewing. It took so long to brew, however, that I—wise being—dared another trip across the lake to the opposite island. It was a long stretch of water and I had covered about two miles when the waves grew so high that I could scarcely manage my canoe. Seeing that it would soon be impossible to paddle, I turned for the cottage. The next half hour I struggled against the wind and waves and made hardly any headway—my only object being now to get ashore anywhere. It began to thunder and wicked flashes of lightning lit up the sky, and, and I was quaking with fear.

It is a terrible feeling to be on a lake in a storm, expecting every minute to be dumped out into the water. A panic seized me, and not realizing what I did, I let go of my paddle, which left me at the mercy of wind and wave.

My first impulse was to jump from the canoe

and try to swim the quarter of a mile of water which separated me from the nearest point of land, but upon second thought I decided to lie flat in the boat and see if the waves would carry me shoreward.

Then came the rain like the proverbial "cats and dogs." The whole of my world turned to water, above, below and all around. It was the nicest feeling I ever had, then to hear the canoe

grate on the sand—hours later it seemed, but only a few minutes in reality.

I was so exhausted with fear and exertion that I cried for about fifteen minutes, and then when the stormy waters calmed down, I set out again for home, using a board for a paddle. Did home ever seem half so sweet before, or friends half so dear? I think not.

Loretto Abbey.

Elaine Dent.

A MORNING'S TRAMP FROM ROME TO GENAZZANO

Portion of a Letter from J. J. McCarthy, Castel Gandolfo, Italy
October, 1925

Do you like early rising? And are you fond of walking? I hope your answer to both questions will be "Yes," otherwise I shall have to send you on the tram with the majority, whereas I would rather have you come along with me and a few others who intend walking the entire distance (about thirty miles.)—What shall it be—walk or ride?—Walk?—Good! I knew you would "choose the better part."

Alright then, just imagine yourself hopping out of bed at two in the morning, dressing quickly, and starting off in the general direction of the shrine. Isn't it great, though, walking along so early in the morning? The great vault of heaven, though draped in colors of sombre hue is ablaze with millions of tiny twinkling lanterns to light the way for the silver-footed Queen of Night, My Lady Moon, as she, in company with her modest handmaid, the Evening Star, drives her snow-white steeds majestically down the limitless expanses of the Milky Way. How cool and fresh and sweet everything seems!—What weird and fantastic shapes the trees and shrubbery in the woods assume!—How calm and peaceful is the lake!—How like to fairy cities look the "Rocca di Papa," hugging the side of Monte Cavallo, and Castel Gandolfo, clinging to the top of the cliff that overhangs the lake, as their gleaming street lamps pierce the shades of night and mirror themselves in the placid waters of the lake! Nature asleep, even as Nature awake, reflects

the beauty and loveliness of God, its Creator; and Night, as Day, gives abundant proof of His Majesty and Power!

It was about two-thirty when we left the college. It is nearly four when we reach the little shrine of the Madonna del Tufo. Our hopes of attending Mass and receiving Holy Communion here are to be crushed, as there is no sign of life about the place. The sanctuary lamp gleams out at us from the little grated window, telling us that there is One within, at least, Who would willingly receive us, and in silent adoration and thanksgiving to Him, we kneel for a moment and offer a short prayer. Now off we must start again, this time bound for Rocca Priora, where we are certain of getting Mass.

Our way leads through the village of Rocca di Papa, still buried in slumber; then out behind the town we strike, quickly traversing the fields trodden upon centuries ago by Hannibal and his valiant armies, which lie almost directly back of Rocca di Papa. Into another dark, gloomy and seemingly interminable forest we now plunge, still quite fresh and full of "pep." The reign of the Court of Night is waning; Diana and her silver chariot are but faintly visible; one by one the tiny lanterns in the heavens are extinguished; and already the Great Artist of the Universe is tinting the eastern horizon with slender silver bands preparatory to the painting of another Perfect

Day, ere we emerge from this forest and start briskly across the broad plowed fields that still separate us from Rocca Priora.

We reach the outskirts of the town about five-thirty. The whole sky has now been swept clean of its midnight drapery, and in its place hangs a thin mouse-colored veil. The East is a huge Joseph's coat of color, wide ribbons of pale blue, rose and cream blending prettily with veins of red, gold and silver. These are quickly blotted out as the Master flourishes his brushes and with a few deft strokes streaks the Eastern horizon with stripes of flaming scarlet and gold, at the same time mantling the gauze-like greyish veil with a robe of deep blue, embellished here and there with silver lines and downy, feathery balls of snowy-white. The decoration of the heavens is complete; there remains but the introduction of the "Golden Monarch of the Morn" to perfect the picture. He pops his fiery head up over the edge of the distant horizon just as we enter the tiny chapel of Our Lady of the Snow in Rocca Priora, and is guiding his flaming chariot swiftly across the heavens by the time Mass is over and we are once more ready to take up our journey to Genazzano.

From Rocca Priora our route lies through velvet-carpeted fields, tempting vineyards, and well-cultivated farm lands. We desert these for a time to follow the main road, but tiring quickly of this, hie ourselves back to the fields again at the first opportunity. Thus we go on for about two hours and a half. Nine-thirty finds us hiking up the steep incline that takes us into the town of Palestrina.

Palestrina is a fairly good-sized town located about twenty-three miles from Rome. It has an interesting history, being one of the earliest Pelasgic cities of Italy. As we trudge through its streets; we see many ruins of ancient walls, towers and houses. The village smithy, several coopers and other like artisans are busily exercising their respective callings in shops, the walls and roofs of which once served as habitations for some old Roman families. A gorgeous panoramic view of the Campagna is had from the principal square in the town, and this splen-

did view, together with the excellent air of the place, makes Palestrina a much frequented spot, especially during the Spring of the year. We wander about the town a bit, then, as it is getting late, and we still have a good distance to cover before reaching our ultimate destination, make a fresh start and determine to reach Genazzano or expire.

The main highway is best for our purpose now, so we tramp along this with unflagging spirits, though we must confess to ourselves, that we will be glad when we see Genazzano looming up before us. Six miles the signboards tell us is the distance from Palestrina to Genazzano, but after walking for what seems to us to be fully ten, we lose all faith in these road guides, and resolve to "trust no more in signs." It is just twelve-thirty when we finally drag ourselves into the Village of Genazzano and we breathe a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to Our Lady of Good Counsel who has guided and protected us on our journey and brought us safely to her shrine.

Genazzano's only claim to celebrity is this shrine of Our Lady. The town, though it is picturesquely located on a high hill, is inconceivably dirty and shabby-looking. Its narrow streets twist and turn without any more regard to general direction than a cow path, and its century-old houses, blackened and grimed, wear a look of despair and melancholy that plainly tell one that they have given up long ago all hope of trying to appear, or be respectable, and have just decided to allow themselves to run to rack and ruin completely and thus put an end to their miserable existence.

The sanctuary, though, is really beautiful, and well worth a visit. I suppose you know the history of this sanctuary. In case you don't, I am going to give you a brief account of it.

According to the tradition, there was a pious lady named Petruccia di Jeneo, living in the middle of the fifteenth century, who desired to restore an ancient and ruined church of Our Lady of Good Counsel which stood in Genazzano. It seems that this lady attempted reparations on a scale grander than her means allowed, and so was forced to give up her laud-

able purpose when only a bare beginning had been made on the work of restoration.

About this time, so continues the story, the inhabitants of Scutari, a small town in Albania, embraced the Eastern schism and became very immoral. This was followed by a general invasion of the Turks, who sacked Scutari and put the inhabitants to the sword. Among those who were able to save themselves and escape from the doomed city were a shepherd and a slave. As they were fleeing from the city, they conceived the idea of turning for a moment, to a shrine of Our Lady, once greatly revered, but for long abandoned and totally neglected, for a last and holy look. As they did so, what was their surprise to see the picture venerated in this shrine (this picture was a fresco) detach itself from the wall, pass out of the church and turn towards the west. They followed it by night and day, over hill and valley, even across the Adriatic, until at last it vanished near the gates of Rome.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of Genazzano were celebrating the Feast of St. Mark in the piazza near the unfinished church, when they were astonished by the sudden appearance in the sky of a picture of the Madonna. The picture descended, moved into the unfinished church, and remained suspended in the air above the partially completed walls. The news of this miraculous event soon spread through the country, and finally reached the ears of the two Albanian fugitives who were stopping in Rome. They hastened to Genazzano, and there sure enough, was their beloved Madonna, who had fled from a land of schism and sin to one of innocence and love. Pilgrims soon began to flock to the town and brought with them abundant alms, so that in a short time the pious Petruccia saw her church to Our Lady completed. Many miracles were wrought through the intercession of the picture, it being recorded that one hundred and seventy-one miraculous cures took place there in a hundred and ten successive days.

This is the tradition regarding the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel and of its miraculous translation to Genazzano.

Well, now that we have arrived at the shrine, and know the history of the picture venerated there, let us begin to take some notice of the shrine itself, and of the picture, too.

The shrine is built of rare marbles and is richly decorated with jewels, gold and silver. Before the picture, which is usually kept concealed by a finely-wrought, highly-polished bronze door, burn numerous lamps. They are suspended from the ceiling by massive chains of great value. The picture, which we are able to see with great clearness, well bears out its title of "miraculous." Although it is now more than four hundred and forty years since its translation from Scutari here to Genazzano, it is without a crack of any kind, and the coloring in it is as fresh and vivid as on the day the unknown artist who painted it carefully wiped off his brushes and gazed on his finished work. This, no less than the wonderful manner of its coming to Genazzano, is evidence of its miraculous character. Although we are not able to examine it as closely as we would like, still we can do so well enough to convince ourselves that it is in no way attached to the walls of the church. The heavy support which Pius IX. had placed beneath it in no way affects the popular tradition concerning the picture, for it can be seen plainly that the perpendicular position of the picture is entirely independent of this support. This is further confirmed by the fact that the picture may be seen to vibrate whenever any heavy vehicle passes outside the church. Kneeling before this miraculous image of Our Dear Mother and Queen, we realize that we are face to face with a vivid and convincing refutation of the shibboleth that "the age of miracles is past."

Another interesting sight in the shrine church is a miraculous crucifix. This crucifix formerly stood in the church porch, and was thrice struck with the sword by an impious soldier in the year 1530. Blood gushed forth from each place that was struck, and the sword was bent as though it was made not of steel, but of some soft, yielding material. Hanging in a case near the crucifix is this sword, bent and twisted all out of shape.

We remain at the shrine for a few hours and assist at Rosary and Benediction there. Then we take a walk about the town, get fully disgusted with its dirt and squalor, and are glad to see by our watches that it is time to go down to the station to take the electric car for home. We had enough walking in the morning to suit us for a good while to come, and are thankful for the opportunity we have of riding back home.

It is shortly after six when we leave Genazzano, well pleased with our day's outing. The town, for all its untidiness, is dear to us as the home of a celebrated sanctuary to Our Lady, and we find ourselves trying to overlook this general disregard for cleanliness by reminding ourselves that if it is clean enough for Her, we have little excuse for complaining of its dirt. And really, there seems to be some little excuse for its shocking condition when we consider the barren region in which it is located. The poor people of the town, forced to go down into the valley every day to earn their daily bread—(and a very meagre bit of bread they are able to earn even then)—probably lack the time or the energy to pay much attention to such apparently unnecessary things as cleaning up the streets or otherwise making the town look respectable. So, we shall not be too hard on them, but rather should we pity them who have so few of the comforts of this life, and let us, too, murmur a prayer to Our Lady of Good Counsel to bless these hard-working folk and make their lot in life a bit easier and more pleasant.

The House-Flies' Doleful Ditty

Who was it when the summer sun
Suggested heaps of "eats" and fun,
Who was it set us on the run?
Oh, WHO?

Who watched us o'er the sticky plate,
Circling around the tempting bait,
Her countenancee one map of hate?
Oh, WHO?

Who is it, though she has enough
Of pie and cake and sugary stuff,
Begrudges us the merest puff?
Oh, WHO?

Who, when we seek the window's light
Closes the dark'ning curtains tight,
And all our little pleasures blight?
Oh, WHO?

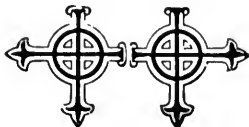
Who chases us from every spot,
Wielding the hateful rubber swat,
And makes one's life a weary lot?
Oh, WHO?

But who, when she went to "De Fall"
Shouted the tidings to us all,
And sent out invites to a ball?
Oh, WHO? (Not YOU!)

Who danced and buzzed and hopped and flew
And swam in milk as humans do
In swimming pools—Oh, who?
NOT YOU!

Oh, who would be a poor House-fly
To live but one short hour and die?
(My eye!—Is that a peach or apple pie?
Let's have a try)—Bye-bye!

By Musea.



LITTLE CHILD

(Continued from page 127)

(Little Child hangs her head, twists her dress in her fingers, and is silent. The Dark Angel stoops and whispers. Little Child raises her head.)

Little Child—O, Mother Love, I went to—to—

(The Guardian whispers with her arm about Little Child.)

Mother Love—Go on. Finish, Little Child. You went to—

Little Child—To—to—to—O, Mother Love, to nowhere at all. I forgot what you told me, dear Mother Love, and lingered in the wood.

(The Dark Angel withdraws, muttering, and crouches in a corner. The Guardian Angel ear-resses the hair of Little Child.)

Mother Love (sternly)—You lingered in the wood, Little Child?—Could you not remember what I told you?

Little Child—No, Mother Love. I truly forgot. I was chasing a big, blue butterfly, and I ran miles and miles after him. And every time he got away. And then I was tired, and I fell asleep on the bank.

Mother Love—Come hither, Discipline. (Discipline obeys, and Little Child buries her face in her arm and weeps.)—Good Discipline, this Little Child has disobeyed an oft-repeated order. She has lingered in the wood. She pleads forgetfulness as excuse. On the other hand, she has won a mighty victory over the Dark Angel, who urged her to tell a lie. The lie was on the tip of her tongue; then the faithful Guardian prompted her, and Little Child told the truth.—Now, what is your verdict, Discipline?

Discipline—The good is, indeed, *very* good; a great moral victory for Little Child. The evil was not wilful, since it was the result of forgetfulness. But again, forgetfulness must not be tolerated in Little Child, or we shall at once perceive in her a rapid failing of memory. It will be: I forgot, I forgot, if she finds that excuse accepted.

Mother Love—I agree with you, Discipline.

What shall be the penalty?

Discipline—I would condemn Little Child to take off that pretty, ruby ring she loves so much, (Little Child hugs the hand with the ring to her breast) and to wear a red string in its place, until such time as her memory shows signs of dependability. Come, Little Child, give me the ring.

(Curtain.)

(Scene II.—The same as Scene I., but later in the evening. Grate-fire, and shaded lamp. Mother Love at table, reading. Her work-basket is beside her. Little Child plays in her corner. She has a Mama-doll and a kitten. She wheels the doll back and forth, takes it out of carriage, adjusts its clothing, kisses it, etc. Finally she goes to her mother's knee.)

Little Child—Mother Love, will you play house with me, like you did last night?

Mother Love (looking up from book)—Yes, dear, if you wish. Who shall we be to-night?

Little Child (finger on lip)—Well,—let me see.—You'll just stay the same. You'll be Mother Love, and the kitten will be your little girl. And I'll be Dame Folly, and my doll will be Precocity. And I'll come to visit you. And I'll be in an awful hurry, because my doll will have to go to a dancing lesson. And I'll invite your little girl to tea, and to a big, grown-up theatre. And you'll be *awful* strick, and won't let her go.

Mother Love (aside)—The big ears of the little piteher have missed nothing, I perceive. (To Little Child)—I don't think Dame Folly would visit me twice in the same day, dear. That wouldn't be a correct thing to play at all. Can't we be plain Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, like we were last night?

Little Child (brightly)—All right, Mother Love. And will you lend me your work-basket again to play with?

(Mother Love empties basket, and gives it to Little Child. The latter returns to play-corner, and arranges basket on her head for a hat. She takes doll, and goes to visit Mother Love. She raps at end of table.)

Mother Love—Come in. Why, how are you, Mrs. Smith? (They shake hands.)

Little Child (in a tone affecting the grown-up)—I'm very well, indeed. And how are you, Mrs. Jones?

Mother Love—O, I manage to keep going Mrs. Smith. How's your dear baby?

Little Child—O, not well at all, sad to say. I don't know what to make of the child. (She raises the Mama-doll, and it cries.)—Maybe she's getting her teeth, or p'raps its rheumatism. I've had to walk the floor with her for the last sixty nights, and I haven't had a wink of sleep,—not a wink.

(Enter Story-Teller. Little Child jumps to her feet, throws doll and basket on table, and runs to greet Story-Teller. She throws her arms around knees of Story-Teller, who stoops to greet her.)

Little Child—O, Story-Teller, I'm so glad you've come? You dear, old pollywog!

Mother Love—Pollywog!—What a name to call the Story-Teller, Little Child!

Little Child (accusingly)—I heard *you* say it, Mother Love. You said it to Dame Folly. I thought it sounded so nice and funny. Pollywog! (She laughs.) What is it, Mother Love?

Mother Love (aside)—She misses no slightest word—(To Little Child)—Some day the Story-Teller will tell you about the tiny pollywog, and how it grows to be a great, big frog. But not to-night, Little Child. (To Story-Teller)—Good Story-Teller, my Little Child is to make her First Holy Communion in a month's time. I wish you to contribute an important share in her preparation. You will, therefore, cease for the present those tales that have given her merely amusement, and you will feed her mind, instead, with the true and beautiful tales of the saints and heroes of the Church,—especially those relating to the Blessed Sacrament.

Story-Teller (bowing low)—Good Mother Love, how wise you are! The stories of the saints and heroes of the Church are the most precious of my treasures, but how little are they prized by the children of the World!—Tales of fairyland?—Yes.—Of pirates staining the sea with blood?—Yes.—Of criminals baffling the

law?—Yes.—Of mythical Greeks whose creed was "the World and the glory thereof"?—Yes.—Of the wonders of Christ, and His saints?—"No," cries the World. "They are goody-goody, long-faced nonsense. We will have none of them. But *you*, good Mother Love, (again she bows low) are truly wise. It shall be done as you will by your faithful servant.—Come, Little Child, let us sit on our little throne by the fire, and we shall be happier far than kings.

(They seat themselves by the fire.)

Little Child (laying her head against Story-Teller)—Now tell me a nice story, dear Story-Teller.

Story-Teller—That's just what I'm going to do. I'm going to tell you the story of St. Imelda.

Little Child—Was she a little girl like me?

Story-Teller—Yes, not even as big as you. She was a very tiny girl.

Little Child (clasping her hands)—O' that will be dee-licious. Go on, dear Story-Teller.

Story-Teller—Well, this little girl, Imelda, was sent to the convent to live when she was very small. It was a very nice convent, and the nuns there did nice things. One nice thing they did was to give all the little girls dresses just like their own,—little long habits, and veils, and beads. So that, if you were to visit that convent, you would see a great number of teeny, weeny nuns, walking about everywhere.

Little Child—Really, truly, Story-Teller?

Story-Teller—Yes, really, truly.—Little Imelda was given a nun's dress like the rest, and she looked very sweet and pretty, but she didn't think anything about that. She thought only of God, and she loved to kneel and pray in the convent chapel. God loved her dearly, because she was so good.

Little Child—Doesn't He love us all if we're good?

Story-Teller—O yes, of course. But Imelda was especially good, so He loved her especially.—Now, First Communion time came around, and the Sisters picked out the children who were to make their First Communion. They didn't take Imelda because she was so small and young.

She was bitterly disappointed, because Our Lord had made her very wise, as well as good. And she knew well Who the little Host was, and wished so much to receive Him.—When the First Communion day came, the little ones went up to the altar in order, and Imelda knelt at the back of the chapel, and watched them. She felt very sad and lonely.—“O, Jesus,” she said, “I want you, too.”—The priest turned around with Our Lord in his hand, and—what do you think happened?

Little Child (eagerly)—Did God speak out of the Host, and tell the priest about Imelda?

Story-Teller—He did more than that, Little Child. Truly, He left the priest’s hand altogether, floated down the chapel over the heads of the people, and stopped before the little Imelda.

Little Child (clasping her hands)—O—h! ——Really, truly, *Story-Teller*?

Story-Teller—Really, truly, Little Child. This is not fairy-tale to-night, but fact. Little Imelda received Him into her heart, and so great was her happiness that she died almost immediately.

Little Child—She must have been awful happy.—Would she go straight to Heaven, *Story-Teller*?

Story-Teller—Yes, surely, Little Child.

Little Child (after a moment’s thought)—It must have been lovely to watch Him floating on the air. (She makes the motion of floating with her hand.) —I wish He’d come to me that way on my First Communion day.

Story-Teller—He won’t need to. The priest will bring Him to you, Little Child. You see the priest wouldn’t bring Him to Imelda, so He had to go to her when she wanted Him so much. He always comes to any one who really wants Him.—Now, this is all for to-night, dear Little Child. Your good friend, Discipline, is waiting to see you to bed. Good-bye, till to-morrow. (Little Child hugs her affectionately. Exit *Story-Teller*.)

Mother Love—Come, Little Child, and say your prayers. It’s time you were in bed.

(Little Child kneels at her mother’s knee, and blesses herself. Soft music plays in the dis-

tance, and soon Child-Angels enter. They sing. While they do so, a small Angel may go softly about, blessing the different places as they are mentioned. Two Angels carry censers, and follow small Angel)

ANGEL SONG.

(Music by a Member of Loretto Community.)

1.

From Heaven’s shining home,
We come to see
This Little Child in prayer
At Mother’s knee.

2.

Angels of God we come,
His blessing bring
To this sweet, hallowed home,
That owns Him King.

3.

We bless the peaceful walls,
The stout roof-tree,
We bless the cheerful board,
The threshold free.

4.

We bless the kindly hearth,
The homely blaze;
We bless this hallowed home,
In all its ways.

5.

Farewell, sweet Little Child,
At Mother’s knee!
No fairer sight on earth
Our eyes may see.

(While the last stanza is being sung, the Angels bless and incense Mother Love and Little Child. As the Angels withdraw, the curtain descends.)

ACT III.

(Scene I.—A meadow or garden. Flowers and Butterflies grouped around. Little Child seated, twining a flower-wreath. Guardian Angel and Dark Angel, as in Act I. Voice of Wisdom to one side of scene, as before. At rear of stage, concealed by curtain, the tablean representing the Future of Little Child.)

Prologue (Spoken by Voice of Wisdom.)
 The Mind of Man doth measure Life in years,
 And woven flowers of fair accomplishment;
 —The pattern finished to its perfect close,
 And all experience tasted in the toil.
 “He lived his Life,” they say of such a one;
 “Lo! he hath passed the age of Man decreed;”
 —And gentle are their sighs, and calm their
 tears;
 —“He lived his Life of many-fruited years.”
 But how doth God’s Omniscience measure Life?
 —We know not now that unsolved mystery,
 Whether the soul of Age, all battle-scarred
 With piteous falls and laboured victories
 Is best;—or Innocence, unstained, but meritless.
 But this much do we know,
 That Innocence, though meritless, is Perfect
 Life,
 —God’s Perfect Image, walking on the earth.
 ’Tis bud, and flower, and fruitage, all in one,
 And needs not Age to render it complete.
 ’Tis even thus of yonder Little Child,
 Who sits a-twining idle daisy-wreaths,
 And musing sweetly to herself the while.
 —But yester morn, the God Who dwells with us,
 Became her guest, as ne’er He did before.
 —To-day the Innocence of Little Child
 Shines with a strange, new lustre in His sight,
 Unutterably, tremulously pure,
 Being made one with God’s own Purity.
 What hold the coming years for that strange
 flower,
 Unearthly flower of Childhood’s Innocence,
 With Sacramental Kiss still lingering?
 —Is there a future moment when its life,
 Albeit less fair, less exquisite than now,
 Shall bring to God a greater glory still?
 Shall braving torrid heats and wrestling winds,
 Win it to sturdy strength, more pleasing e’en
 Than this most fragile loveliness?—In vain
 For us to question what the Future brings!
 —’Tis wasted breath, and idle reckoning.
 —God knoweth it, and hides it from our eyes.
 God knoweth,—and, perchance, yon Angel mild,
 Who watcheth night and day o’er Little Child.
Guardian Angel (slowly)—Yea, God know-
 eth! Blessed be His Name! (She bows low
 with hands crossed on breast.)—This very mor-

tal day of Time He spake to me regarding Little
 Child. And, as He spake, my eyes were opened,
 and I, too, saw the Future clearly. I beheld my
 Little Child go forward with fearless feet to
 meet the coming years. I saw Innocence accom-
 pany her into early maidenhood with spotless
 robe and unshadowed eyes.—Then,—more long
 years.—And before the feet of Little Child, I
 saw stretching a gay, broad pathway, brodered
 with luxurious flowers, that emitted a fragrance
 of deadly sweetness. I saw Little Child enter
 with gay recklessness upon that pathway. At her
 first step therein, I saw Innocence faint and fall,
 and Little Child pass on without her, unheeding
 and uncaring.

(The curtains at rear of stage open here, dis-
 closing to view the tableau. The Queen of
 Beauty, (Little Child in the Future) stands in
 the centre, in an elevated position. She is
 chained with ropes of roses about her waist and
 feet. Two Demons,—one at each side,—hold the
 ends of the chains. At her feet are Dame Folly,
 Vanity, Pleasure, and Unfaith. She clasps to
 her breast a large bouquet of rich flowers. As
 the curtain parts, the Angel Guardian raises one
 arm to direct attention to tableau.)

Angel Guardian (continuing)—And, finally,
 after more long years, I saw the Soul of Little
 Child, fluttering at the end of the path,—so
 blasted and shrivelled,—so blackened and de-
 filed, that I turned away in loathing from the
 awful sight.

(Here the Angel turns from tableau, and
 covers her eyes with her arm. She remains in
 that position until tableau scene is ended.)

Queen of Beauty (raising the flowers, and
 pressing them to her face)—How richly sweet
 the odour of these flowers! Their fragrance
 seems to penetrate the outer portals of my
 senses, and to course like delicious nectar within
 my veins. What flowers are they, Folly? I
 have never seen their like before.

Folly—Flowers of Time, they are called.
 They are always presented to the Queen of
 Beauty on her coronation night.

Queen of Beauty (regarding the flowers)—
 Flowers of Time!—How strange!—I have heard
 of the Flowers of Eternity. Mother Love used
 to tell me about them long ago, when I was Little

Child. But I never heard her mention the Flowers of Time.

Unfaith—With all due respect to the memory of your excellent Mother Love, great Queen, I must impress the truth upon you once more.—*There is no Eternity*, and, consequently, the Flowers of Eternity do not exist.

Queen of Beauty—Have no fear for me, Unfaith. I have cast aside forever the intolerable burden of Judgment, Hell, Eternity. Listen while I repeat my Credo.—*I—am a Phantasy; my Heaven, the World;—my End, Oblivion.* Have I not learned my lesson well?

Unfaith—Yes, great Queen. But you still persist in recalling the memory of your Mother Love. I thought you would have forgotten her long ago.

Queen of Beauty (shaking her head)—Nay, Unfaith. I have *tried* to forget, but her memory follows like a haunting dream on my pathway. This very night, when they were about to crown me Queen of Beauty, I heard her voice, low and clear beside me. “Beware of the chains woven by Vanity and Pleasure!” it said. “Beware of the blindness of Unfaith!”—Tell me, good friends, have you chained me? Verily, I do not wish to be chained. I wish only for the *largest liberty*. (She extends her arms wide, and throws back her head.)

Vanity (caressingly) — No, no, dearest Queen. We have not chained you. We would not chain our Queen.

Pleasure—And, as for liberty, you, of all women, surely possess it. The Queen of Beauty may do as it pleases her, may she not?

Vanity—And, as for chains, yours are but the rosy shackles of a thousand loves,—lightly borne, easily broken and cast aside.

Queen of Beauty (throwing back her head, and clasping her hands to her breast.) A thousand loves!—The World is mine!—Life and Life’s joys are mine! I *hug* my chains.

Vanity (rising and placing jewels on the arms and fingers of Beauty)—Here are jewels to make our Lady Queen fairer still. Their brilliance is only rivalled by the stars within her eyes.

Pleasure (rising and presenting wine-glass)

—And here is the cup of Joy, whose brightness pales when the ruby lips of our Queen touch the brim.—Drink, and be glad, for the World is yours,—Queen of Beauty!—Beautiful Queen!

(They all raise their glasses and drink. As they do so, the Demons tighten the chains, by throwing them around their own necks. The Queen of Beauty throws back her head and laughs, and the curtains draw together. The Angel Guardian slowly raises her head, and drops her arm, as one waking from sleep.)

Angel Guardian (continuing)—Then, as mortals awaken from an evil dream, I bethought me that this was all in the Future. And straightway, I fell on my face before the throne of Him, Who giveth Life and Death, and I besought Him to send Death to Little Child, as His sweetest mercy to her. And in His gracious kindness, He spake again, and told me that the boon of Death had already been asked for, and was to be granted this very day. Then I remembered how Mother Love had always prayed that God might take her Little Child, if Life for her would mean the death of Innocence. And I bowed before the throne with great content and gratitude, and blessed the loving mercy of God, as much as the Finite can bless the Infinite.—And so it is, that on this mortal day of Time, my guardianship of Little Child shall cease.—An hour hence, she will wander to yonder shrubbery. It is the deadly bittersweet. Her quick eyes will spy the bright berries on the branches. She shall pluck, and eat. Thus shall she die, that Innocence may live.—Praise be to our merciful God, (she raises her arm and points upward)—for His gift of Death!

(The Angel ceases, and glides to a position near Little Child. The Flowers sing the last stanza of “Flower Song.” While they are doing so, Bodily Ills enters, and remains near the bittersweet. During the song, the Butterflies run in and out as before. When the song is finished, Little Child jumps to her feet, and chase a Butterfly. At length she stops, as if exhausted, and pushes the hair from her brow.)

Little Child—It’s no use. I can’t catch you now, but I will to-morrow when you aren’t looking. I’m hungry. I wish I had something to eat.

(The Guardian Angel walks to a distance, seats herself on a stone or bank, and covers her face with her hand. Little Child looks around, and spies the bittersweet. She stands on tiptoe, but cannot reach the berries. She goes to a little distance, and looks up at them, as if calculating how to get them. Bodily Ills rises.)

Bodily Ills—The dreaded, I, of all men, Bodily Ills. Now, again will their voices be raised against me in the old protest. "Lo!" they will cry, "she giveth the fruits of Death to Little Child."—But I tell you that I bring to Little Child, not Death, but Life. For I, too, am a servitor of the Most High God, who exists only to fulfill His Will.

(She beckons to Little Child, plucks the berries, and gives them to her. Little Child holds out both hands to receive them. She goes to the bank, seats herself, and eats them. When finished, she rises and looks about for the Butterfly.)

Little Child—I'm not hungry any more now, and I'm not tired either. I don't think I'll wait till to-morrow to catch you. Mother Love so often says that to-morrow may never come.

(She chases the Butterfly. The Angel Guardian draws slowly near. Presently Little Child staggers, and puts her hand to her head. The Angel supports her to the bank, and places her in a reclining position. The Dark Angel approaches, but is waved back by the Guardian. The Dark Angel then beckons with sweep of arm to both wings of stage. More Demons enter silently, and creep stealthily to bank. They are repulsed again and again by the Guardian, who finally stoops and speaks aloud into the ear of Little Child.—"Pray, Little Child, that the Blessed Mother of God may help you." Little Child opens her eyes and prays with difficulty.

"Holy Mary—Mother of God,—pray—for—us sinners,—now—and at the hour—of—our Death."

(At the beginning of her prayer, the Demons withdraw to a little distance, but still reach towards her, clutching with their fingers. When she says "at the hour of our Death," the Blessed Virgin enters, accompanied by Child-Angels. They advance slowly to the bank. Gounod's "Ave Maria" or any suitable selection may be played softly in the distance throughout the remainder of the scene. At the Blessed Virgin's entrance, the Demons flee from stage, making

a loud noise as they go. In his haste one falls, and scrambles to his feet again, looking back at Her in terror. At Her entrance, also, Bodily Ills who has remained near the bush, bows low with hands crossed on breast. When the Angels kneel, she kneels, also.

The Blessed Virgin approaches the bank, seats Herself, and raises the head of Little Child to her breast. The Angels kneel.)

(*Curtain.*)

(Scene II.—The home of Little Child, a fortnight later. Mother Love seated at table. Nearby stands Discipline.)

Mother Love (with cheerfulness)—Good Discipline, bring me my knitting. (Discipline obeys.) I fear my knitting has been sorely neglected of late. But now I shall begin again. There are the orphans and the homeless still on earth to clothe and care for. Now I purpose to finish these little stockings this very night. I shall be idle no longer.

Discipline—That is well said, Mistress. And I am happy to see you so full of your old spirit of cheer. And yet, I would warn you, too, that grief, too strongly suppressed, often weakens, and sometimes even unseats the Reason, and that even Discipline is silent before a Mother's tears.

Mother Love (smiling)—To-night I have had strange comfort, Discipline. And my mind is eased of its weight of pain.

Discipline—Who has had the happiness of bringing you comfort, dear Mistress?

Mother Love (after a pause)—The good God, Himself, Discipline. Only He can comfort the broken-hearted.

Discipline—And how, Mistress?

Mother Love (smiling)—You are curious to-night. But, indeed, I am as glad to tell you as you are to hear. I was standing at the window, (she motions towards it) with my eyes fixed on the sunset, but seeing nothing except the face of my dead child. I had tried so hard to be resigned, and since that dreadful day, "Thy Will be done," had been almost constantly on my lips. But to-night, as I stood at the window, my will exerted itself for the first time, and the mechanical prayer became real, an up-

lift of my soul, and I was able for one supreme moment to give my child to God.

Discipline—And is that the secret of your cheer, dear Mistress?

Mother Love—Yes, but not all. As soon as my *whole* heart surrendered my Little Child to God, He instantly and sweetly gave her back to me. (*Discipline* shakes her head sadly, and lays her hand pityingly on *Mother Love's* shoulder.) —No, no, *Discipline*. I am not dotting or dreaming. It is God's comfort to me. He has given me to know by a strong inward conviction that she is near me, at my side, and that she is still *my* Little Child.

Discipline (aside)—My poor *Mother Love!* —It is as I fear. The stormier grief was the safer.

Mother Love—Go now, *Discipline*, and leave me. I shall not be lonely again, for I am no longer alone.

(*Discipline* departs, but pauses at the door to look back at her mistress, and shake her head sadly.)

Mother Love knits a little more, then rises and seats herself by the grate-fire. Presently she drops knitting, and looks into the fire. She begins to nod, then falls asleep. Soft music plays in the distance, and after a short interval, Child-Angels enter with Little Child. *Mother Love* remains asleep, but starts forward in her chair, and stretches out her arms. Little Child runs to her embrace. They remain in close embrace till end of second stanza, when they seem to hold a whispered conversation. From their entrance, the Angels sing.)

ANGELS' SONG.

(Music by a Member of Loretto Community.)

1.

The Soul of Little Child is saved forever!
We greetings bring
To *Mother Love*, who gave the priceless
treasure
To Christ, our King.

2.

God looketh down on her, His servant true,
With eyes of love,
And comfort sends her in her desolation
From Heaven above.

3.

This flower of Hope He sends, and consolation,
That she may see,

Awaiting her a life of endless ages,
From sorrow free.

(One of the Angels lays a flower on *Mother Love's* knee.)

4.

The Soul of Little Child is saved forever!
We blessings bring
To *Mother Love*, who gave the priceless
treasure
To Christ, our King.

(As the last stanza is being sung, the Angels retire from the stage. Little Child lingers last, embracing her *Mother* in farewell. Two Angels come forward, and lead her gently away. She throws kisses to *Mother Love* as she goes. When all are gone, *Mother Love* sinks back in her chair again. After a little she stirs, smiles, awakens, and discovers the heavenly flower. She lifts it slowly, looks at it wonderingly, then falls on her knees, her hands clasped and held high, with the flower between them. Then she slowly lowers them, and presses the flower to her lips. The music of "Angels' Song" may be played softly in the distance.)

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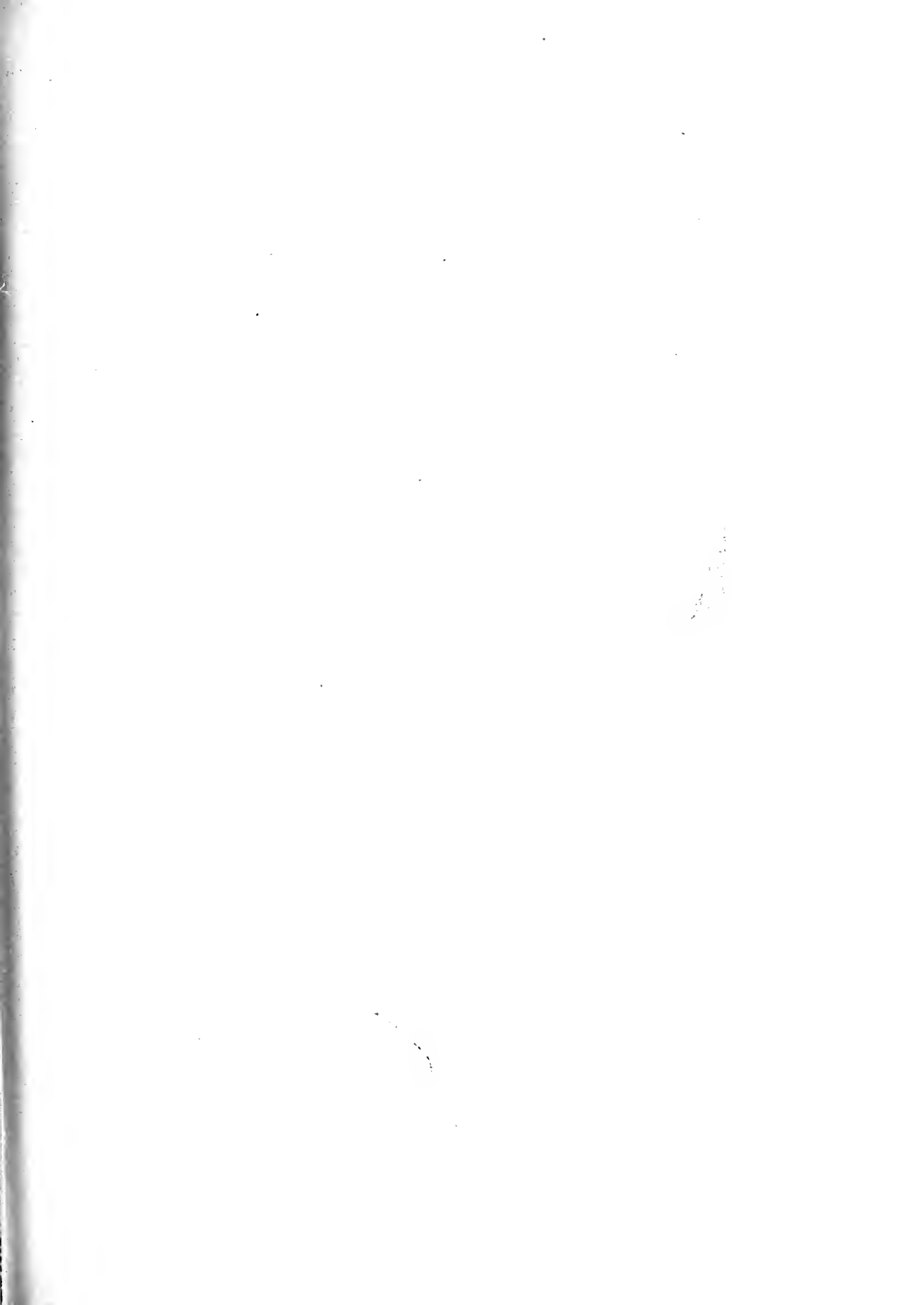
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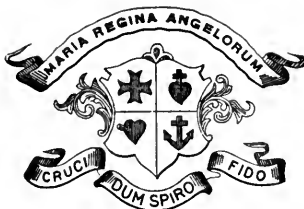
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VOL. XXXIII.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1927

No. 4

The Litany of Loretto

Fair, this garland of Loretto,
 Blessed Mother, for thee wreathed
 By thy Knights, the Roman Pontiffs,
 As to each the Spirit breathed;
 Adding beauty unto beauty
 In thy crown of titles rare;
 Jewels from thy casket-title;
 God's true Mother, Virgin fair.

Some are full of mystic meaning,
 And were typified of old;
 Thou dost realize thy symbols,
 And their mystic sense unfold.
 O Immaculate Conception!
 Master-piece of art divine!
 All but deity, God made thee:
 For the Word, the worthy shrine.

"Holy Mary!" name prophetic;
 Queen and Mistress, "Star of the Sea,"
 Sea of bitterness—reflecting
 All the woe of Calvary.
 Flower of immortal beauty!
 Joy of God! His "Mystic Rose,"
 In thy purity and sweetness,
 He All-Holy, found repose.

Ark of covenant containing
 Vase of manna, straight doth bring
 Type of thee, the Virgin Mother,
 Of our Eucharistic King.
 Lighted by the Sun of Justice,
 Faithful "Mirror," flinging far
 Silv'ry beams, all gloom dispelling,
 Thou, of hope, are "Morning Star."

"Queen of Angels," how their anthems
 Through the vaulted heavens ring,
 Praising thee—those first dear champions
 Of thy Son, their God and King;
 While they wreath earth's Ave-roses,
 Incensed with the breath of prayer,
 Into garlands for thee, Mother,
 Loveliest Rose that blossomed there.

"Help of Christians," shown in Eden
 To despairing, fallen man—
 From Creator to created—
 Thou, the infinite dost span;
 Thus God wills that all His favours—
 Whether saint or seraph call—
 Come through thee, whose humble "Fiat,"
 Gave us Jesus—with Him, all.

Loretto St. John.

A Message

WHEN the privilege is again offered me of inscribing a word of greeting on this first page, and the vision of a complete "assembly" of you all comes to me, I think I should now resign the chair at such an hour and call, instead, upon each of you to offer thoughts that have grown out of the testing of your wings since the several convocation days, or indeed to relate in a lighter vein some of the very interesting incidents of the college days that were never revealed to the Faculty at the time of happening—the best material for reminiscences.

Yet this time I want to tell you of a new college celebration which began last year and is to be annual—the dramatic performance of scenes from the life of our heroic foundress of the seventeenth century—Mother Mary Ward. The event, with its presentation of varied dramatic incidents and its addition of local colour of the days of persecution in England has come to mean inspiration to the students, and a share in the memories and precious traditions of the I.B.V.M. I need not tell you to which member of the Faculty we owe the preparation and the growth of this historic pageant, but I hope, and the students of '26-'27-'28-'29-'30 hope likewise, that many of you will sometimes share in person our enjoyment of this L.A.C. event.

You will like to know also that L.A.C. students have distinguished themselves in university debating and in university executive positions again this year. The details will be given in the graduation number of the Rainbow.

God bless you all.

Affectionately,

M. Margarita, I.B.V.M.

THE SUMMER REUNION

Dearest Girls of L.A.C.:

I hold the world but as the world—a stage where every man must play his part, but some, like Bottam, insist on playing many parts simultaneously. Not content with their own gentleman-like rôle of Pyramus, they covet to play the lion and Thisbe as well. Neither does a straight lion part suffice them; they insist on performing the complex and bewildering feat of roaring as 'twere a nightingale. Of such is the present writer who has managed to become so involved in various activities of dubious value that there has been no time for making articulate those loving thoughts and memories of you which ever abide amid all the "Sturm" and "Drang." While far from imputing to any girl a similar Bottam-like and bottomless temerity, am I wrong in thinking that we all share the same desires and regrets in regard to our intercourse which is so sadly interrupted by the manifold claims real and so-called of modern life?

It was reflections such as this that prompted the Faculty to propose the kind of re-union which would really re-unite; which would bring all together as they were before, or rather as they never were before; where everything possible would be done to fit each dear one back into the old relationship with the members of her class, and opportunity offered besides for getting to know the non-contemporaneous classes. —

The college opens wide its doors to greet you—hearts have always been "ouverts à deux battants." The date is August 12th-16th. We are not yet so numerous that even one can fail the tryst without being very dis-

tinety missed and deeply regretted. The nuns you know best, girls, will be there to welcome you and the house will be yours during your stay. The plans spoken of in last year's Rainbow will be carried out and others matured after Convocation, when the lion-Thisbe-Pyramus parts have all been discharged. In the meantime we presume that each dear one has received an advance notice on the subject to ensure the necessary interval for arranging to spend those days within "the reverend walls in which of old you were the gown." If no letter has reached you, 'tis the fault of the mails or a defective address. An affirmative answer directed to the college as early as possible would be very pleasing to those in charge and would be a help to the complete success we hope for.

You will observe the absence of the usual chronicle in this issue. News of the college and the Alumnae is being saved up against your coming, which let nothing prevent—not even the possession of a dependent husband. These interesting persons might conduct an auxiliary and make one another's acquaintance with great mutual pleasure and profit. As for children it is never too soon to have them properly registered and initiated. Some future October will find them devoutly grateful for the prudent forethought of their mothers.

Having settled these more difficult problems, may I be allowed to remain,

Expectantly yours,

M. Estelle, I.B.V.M.

Loretto Abbey College, April 10th.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

THERE are great men whose lives and thought are explained by the age in which they live, as the philosophers and men of reflection; there are others whose lives and thought explain many of the phenomena of their age as the statesmen and men of action; and there are others whose influence on their age or from their age is but a small portion of their greatness—men who are contemporaries of all ages—whose greatness shows itself in the unswerving ardour of intellect and personality bent towards a definite goal, less in harmony with their own age than with all ages. Such men, however broad and searching their grasp of the world and its enigmas, find in their own inner consciousness the vision towards which they are to work, and their lives are a dedication—

“They stand by the rudder that governs the bark

Nor ask how they look from the shore.”

Such a man was John Henry Newman.

His life and influence cursorily examined might lead one to suppose that his intellect and sympathies were narrower than those of other nineteenth century writers. A deeper study reveals an unusual breadth and sympathy. His sermons and lectures bear testimony to a nature and mind keenly alive, and painfully sensitive to the possibilities and the multifold miseries of the world in even minute detail. The misconceptions and misunderstandings that were his continual portion are the outcome of the subtle thought that could embrace the whole horizon of Knowledge.

He knew the tendencies and idols of his own age, and of every age of Christendom back to its beginning—he foresaw the ‘march of mind’ that rationalism and physical science

were ushering in apace, and he found its parallel in the conditions of scholastic philosophy at the end of the great thirteenth century. The very frankness of thinking his thoughts aloud, as he did his life long, showed the courage of a broad intellect, consciously well-disciplined.

The seeming narrowness of activity and thought was due to his dedication of himself to the search for truth in the realms of revelation. Christianity, revelation and the great Hereafter were facts of life as definite and undoubted as those of physical science, and much more likely to suffer neglect and distortion in an age of gigantic intellectual re-construction. He did not disdain the latter, but his genius recognized the former as the sphere of his work. The mission of his life seemed to be the counterpart of that of Coleridge or Carlyle. If they re-interpreted Christianity for their age, he showed how the mind of the age might reconcile its striding knowledge with the truths of Christianity. As St. Thomas Aquinas was the religious embodiment of thirteenth century deductive reasoning so was Newman the religious embodiment of nineteenth century inductive reasoning.

Newman’s religious career—and his career was as essentially religious as that of Ambrose or Athanasius—was the determined search, leading through a bewilderment of opinions, for a rock on which to anchor his keen thought. And though that rock proved to be Rome, and before the old bitterness of English minds towards Catholicity had yet burned away the fresh fuel of the forties and fifties, Newman could confidently seek a hearing for the history of his religious opinions, and at the outset rest assured of his ultimate triumph. “This

fulness of self-conscious confidence and joy is the essence of genius." This account of his religious opinions is the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." It was written some twenty years after the tragic search had ended. It had long been his unconscious intention to reveal the workings of his mind, and the strength of his convictions to the countrymen whom he loved so well. The imputations against himself and his co-religionists which fructified his intention, drew forth the keenness of his scorn and satire, but he himself in later editions omits those early pages, and the interest of the book stands quite apart from the occasion of its being written.

He divides his life into certain periods which might be called the Evangelical, the High Church, and the Catholic periods, with a few years of transition in each case. In a quiet, devout, essentially English family of more than ordinary intellectuality he grew up, impressed with the Evangelical love of the Bible, and an earnest outlook on life, which in his case became so tense and deep that his mother warns him in early Oxford days against a gloomy view of himself and his duties. Here was the sense of responsibility which led to the enormous mental application that marked his whole life. We get some attractive glimpses of this home, whose hero was John (Henry), in early Oxford letters. His successes were family joys, and joys to him, because he could contribute to the family purse. His brother Frank's success at college was doubly rejoiced over, because it was new honor to John (Henry). His works, his writings, his violin, his friends, are all of family interest.

To these years belong also that first glimpse of the "Vision Splendid." The angel world was always a more real world to him than the world of sense, and now there came that vivid understanding of his relation to the great God

of the angel-world—"God and himself the two only luminous self-evident beings." To the end of his life, he considered this one of its great experiences—the first half-lifting of the veil. And before the clouds of glory faded, the hand had written his mission on the heavenly wall—a life of devotion to the cause of revelation. From this time forth for many years, the creeds of men and of books met in him an extremely receptive mind, but one equally discerning. There is an element of genius in the searching, sifting, and adopting of opinions—The mind knows its own, receives its own, with the confidence of the poet. "My own shall come to me." The sources are incidental merely.

The Oxford years were probably the most interesting period—his happiest days in a human sense, he says himself. In the various influences of the early days, he experienced enthusiastic impulses towards an intellectual career. From Blanco White, and more especially from Dr. Whately, he learned the joy of disciplined intellectuality—he learned to think. He was putting his lips to the same cup as Lamennais, as Dr. Arnold, as Coleridge, as Goethe. He was drifting towards the religious liberalism of the day. Sickness and the death of a much loved youngest sister were a trumpet-call back to that early inspiration. The "drifting" into liberalism was checked, he directed his energies towards his mission again. Goethe's "Entbehren sollst du, sollst Entbehren," might well have been the motto of the long years of incredible application that were to follow. Now began that study of the early Fathers and Church history which was another example of the great mind finding and recognizing its own sphere. Here he was to choose friends and teachers for himself. In the long space of eternity his life was contemporary with these "lives in awful singleness,

each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom." The persevering study and the exactitude of thought and language were not less scrupulously cultivated because imagination and interest were kindled.

A journey to the continent—the only travelling the first half of his life was to see,—illness, and the haunting inspiration of the light that pointed towards his mission, were the prelude to the active High Church period. One phase of this period was controversial, though he was not naturally a controversialist. The broad fundamental influence of Christianity and of the rights and power of the Creator belonged to the whole human race, but the changing intellectual force of each age needed authority to preserve and enforce that influence. One part of Newman's mission was to bring that authority into clearer evidence, and place his intellectual force at its service. But his spiritual life and spiritual teaching at this time, is enshrined in the Oxford and parochial sermons,—and his personal influence is written in the hearts and lives of most of young Oxford of those days.

In the pulpit he was the young, ardent ascetic of the middle ages. A quiet, peculiarly distinct voice, an earnest magnetic manner appealed to the personal knowledge and love of the Master that travelled Judea; a note of the judgment impending, of the burden of sin on the world tinged the interpretation of the message of peace; a strong, introspective power, and a sensitiveness to all that is human gave him wonderful play on the keys of human heart and thought, and a majestic, lowly unworldliness was like a halo about him.

The young men felt a touch of awe in his presence, of which he was altogether unconscious. He says to a correspondent who had visions of his greatness: "Do not mistake about me, no one ever pays me defer-

ence or reverence," but his friends and disciples tell of an atmosphere of the heroic about him. It was the absence of a didactic manner and the habitual sense of the Divine Presence of which he speaks in his autobiographical novel, "Loss and Gain." He was beginning to lead others along his track—how little they or he would then have believed to what final destination. He always shrank from personal followers, but as yet he did not recognize that he was forming a school.

With as keen a sensitiveness to truth and its subtle distinctions as to the beauties of the world of imagination, he strove with hope and enthusiasm for the realization of his dreams for the English Church. His confidence received a shock—once, twice,—in the chosen field of his intellect and imagination, in the history of the Fathers. His cry in Italy, "O that thy creed were sound, thou Church of Rome," had a prophetic echo. Strange analogies of history—Rome seemed to stand supreme, imperturbable, secure now against the Church of England, as she had stood against the Arian and Monophysite heresies, and Newman shrank back into the shell which he had quitted on the glorious day when a messenger coming to announce an Oriel fellowship had found him in the seclusion of his room and the absorbed practice of his beloved violin. The swift-footed figure, with eager head thrust forward that a few moments later strode down and out and across to the Hall, heedless of the curious glances cast at him, had since that day become one of the most familiar and influential figures in Oxford life. That form was now to withdraw again to the solitude of his own thoughts. In later years Newman could recognize that even in the days of his enthusiasm he had had an unconscious premonition that his ultimate goal was not yet in sight—a pathetic admission when placed beside the

charge of "traitor" laid against him, when he went over to Rome.

There were years of grief and suffering ahead of him. He was in the fullness of the "circling gloom." To write the story of these experiences when more than twenty years' healing had intervened, was "an extreme trial both to head and heart"—"the ripping up of old griefs." But while imagination and inspiration pointed to a new goal, the disciplined mind said reason must concur. Newman was no visionary. He neither wrote nor acted under the force of extraordinary excitement. He must wait—

"The thoughts control that o'er him surge and throng,
They will condense within the soul and change to purpose strong."

In nothing is Newman more remarkable than in his many noble friends, and friendships. The brilliant encouragement of Hurrell Froude, the quiet faithfulness of John W. Bowden from undergraduate days, and the supporting friendship of the saintly Keble and the learned Dr. Pusey were a varied refuge for his sensitive soul. Of the many younger men there were Stanton, Delgairns and the well-beloved Ambrose St. John, not one of whom had ever failed him. And his love and memory of all the graciousness and fidelity was in proportion to the delicacy of his feelings.

Yet there are times when the soul must face its destiny alone, and other destinies involved make the agony greater. Such was Newman's ordeal at this time, a death-bed agony he calls it. His ideal edifice had fallen about him in ruins. It had seemed a narrow doctrinal warfare, but the principles were broad and certain as God and his own soul. Must he begin again to build? He writes: "It was my portion for whole years to remain without any

satisfactory basis for my religious profession in a state of moral sickness, neither able to acquiesce in Anglicanism, nor able to go to Rome." He must wait for the Kindly Light with the old petition,

"The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on."

He writes to his sister Jemima, "God intends me to be lonely. He has so framed my mind that I am in a great measure beyond the sympathies of other people and thrown upon Himself." In these months of pain the dear friend of his undergraduate days was nearing the great portal of death. When death came and Newman knelt beside his coffin, he felt that the distress of mind which Bowden had not understood in life, must surely be plain now, and some small ray of light might shine through the darkness of his own life when the gates opened to receive the friend and companion of so many years. But no light came, and he wept bitterly.

In the days at Littlemore, with a group of serious and earnest young men about him, while Catholic England was breathless for fear the great event might happen, and Protestant England was scornfully suspicious, Newman was working in solitude at that last attempt to adjust the questions of the world as he found them, to the truths of religion as he believed them—the essay on Development. Faith and the Future were subjects he no longer discussed freely. There were enjoyable walks and talks, but of the inward life and thought of their inscrutable Rector, these eager young men know only what they saw. For hours and hours every day he stood upright at a high desk and his busy pen was filling the page with the crowded thoughts and vivid imagination of the Essay. "Day by day he seemed to grow paler, and taller—at last almost trans-

parent as he stood in the light of the sun and worked at his task. They noticed that he no longer read the Communion Service as of old. The whole world knew that he had resigned St. Mary's.

August passed and September. The younger men would not wait. Dalgairns and Ambrose St. John left Newman for a holiday and were received into the Church, the one at Aston, the other at Prior Park. Stanton went away and wrote to Newman early in October that he would be received at Stonehurst. Then at last Newman definitely broke silence. "Why should we not be received together?" he wrote. "Father Dominic, the Passionist comes here on the eighth to receive me. Come back on that day."—Wilfred Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman*. And when the day came there was more of sacrifice and loneliness in Newman's heart than of exultation.

The Essay was finished or rather abruptly ended by the last immortal page and the great step was taken. Newman calls it the "coming into port after a rough sea," but it was into a port where the inhabitants were as yet mostly strangers. If there were open arms and great rejoicing awaiting him from the Catholic Wiseman, there were no ties of the heart to attract him, but many to break.

Yet he had reached just the central point of his life, and the maturity of his powers. In spite of the disappointments and contradictions and difficulties which he was still to meet, there is from this time a note of freedom and abandon in his thought and writings. The last pages of the *Apologia*, "the essay on the state of Catholics in England," and the *University Essays* are the work of a great intellect, well-anchored. The last-named is an evidence of the natural breadth and comprehensive insight of his thought and influence beyond religion. "The lectures on the

state of Catholics in England" and on Anglican difficulties are no longer interesting as to matter, since they did much to destroy the prejudices with which they deal, but they mark the attainment of his greatest facility of style with its slight irony.

That irony was close akin to a rather tactful reticence Newman displayed in conversation. During the Hampden controversy when Oriel Fellows were of widely different opinions, an American professor visiting Oxford dined with the Fellows of Oriel, and in the course of dinner asked, "Well, Mr. Newman, what about this Hampden controversy?" Newman at once seized a spoon, and taking up a dish, offered a hot potato. The sign was accepted and the subject dropped. During a crisis of a Roman question later, a member of Parliament remarked, "Serious complications in Rome, Father?" "Yes," answered the Father, quickly adding, "and in China." Something in his personal charm prevented any hurt to the feelings of a questioner, however. In a more serious moment his sparing of words was not less remarkable. A young man leaving the Oratory, who expected remonstrance from the Cardinal, told him of his determination. "By what train?" was the Cardinal's answer, leaving the impression not of indifference, but of acceptance of the inevitable.

A few months after their reception as Catholics, Newman and several of his companions of Littlemore, had returned from a sojourn in Rome and had founded the Oratory in Birmingham and in London, to conform their lives henceforth to the model of the genial love-consumed Saint of Neri. The quiet life of Edgbaston and the Oratory school, preaching sermons and teaching the classics, were not heroic occupations. Henceforth Newman's life, as far as it is of general interest, is that of the man of letters. Most of the active en-

terprise that devolved upon him either failed, as the Dublin Catholic University, or were opposed, as the Oxford foundation and the revising of the English Catholic Bible. The renunciation of works which he felt could have succeeded was not a small act of submission. He had brought with him into Catholic intellectual fields a freedom and courage and triumph which years of a hated and scorned, almost catacomb-life had made impossible to the majority of Catholic ecclesiastics. The misunderstandings and hesitating support that hampered him were the portion of a pioneer. Still, new friends and admirers from all classes were ever increasing, and all England rejoiced when he was made a prince of the Church. The cardinal's hat meant to him that approval from authority, from his bishop which had been precious to him in Anglican days as well. It was Rome's desire to honor the champion of truth.

Whatever be the judgment of Newman's life and influence, the judgment of his literary excellence is unanimous. In the thirty-nine or forty volumes of his works, he reveals himself to his readers, as he did to very few in life, as to Keble, Froude or Ambrose St. John. He had no literary ambition, no desire to form a style, but an intense desire to give clear, direct expression to thoughts and ideas, to differentiate, compare, explain and relate "what he thinks and what he feels in a way adequate to the thing spoken of and appropriate to the hearers." When he answered an argument, he began by writing out his opponent's position and reasons as carefully as his own answer was to be written. His own words in describing Virgil as an author will apply to himself—"his aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has

with him the charm of incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life." He is a true classic.

In preaching he revolutionized the fashion—his sermons were the sincere, personal, concrete picturing and realization of the subject—nothing of rhetoric, nothing of impassioned eloquence, but the persuasion of one who knew human hearts, and who could fearlessly search their depths. We recollect," he says in his quiet subduing voice, "a hand laid upon our heads, and surely it had the print of nails in it, and resembled His who with a touch gave sight to the blind and raised the dead." There was about him always the atmosphere of self-devotion and immolation. The musical simplicity and the warm imagery of his language recall the intense quiet of his manner, and the quick decisive gestures when speaking on an absorbing topic. There was much of the same vivid penetration of spiritual experiences in the "Dream of Gerontius." He has wrapped up his thought and emotion in the resounding liturgy of the Church, ministering to a dying Catholic, but it is the same imagination and love of the angel world of his childhood, with the old dread gone. "Now that the hour has come, my fear has fled."

Newman's mind and thought do not make a universal appeal, as his style and power of expression must. He was a mystic in philosophy, and he directed his religious reasoning and teaching to those who believed. His own belief was too firm and deep to admit of controversy on fundamental grounds. First principles—the source of life and its meaning—he never made the subject of discussion. His own nature was the support of revelation to him, and he marshalled the facts and experiences of life into an army for its defence. He realized

the greatness of human intellect and its probable raids into the field of revelation, but he dedicated the strength of his own intellect, the keen edge of his dialectic powers, the vivid poetic imagination which could still include the calmest facing of facts—all his talent and his life work to re-establishing the discredited, ravaged kingdom of the Invisible.

The power of intellect led him, as it leads all, to the parting of the ways, towards belief in revelation or towards agnosticism. The supreme motive power of Newman's life led him without hesitation along the former track. There are frequent indications that he understood the workings of a sceptic mind, but the

fervor of his soul is poured into thanksgiving that such a temptation was not his. His heart,

“The Almighty to the future set
By secret but inviolable springs.”

The last page added to the *Essay on Development* in October, 1845, set the seal of peace on his struggling opinions. Forty-five succeeding years of literary and priestly labor in the repose of certainty disturbed it not, and then the shortness of time was realized for him and the great chimes of eternity responded to his.

“Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.” M.M.

Spring Thoughts

Spring is here but I am lonely
Though the world is sweet and gay.
Spring is here but I am longing
For the paths of yesterday.
Flowers riot, and the sunshine
Bids the fields and trees awake.
Like the birds I might be singing
But for love and memory's sake.

Spring has come but I am weary
Of the months of youth's life lost
Spring has come but I am thinking
Of the days our paths first crossed.
Flowers sprang for us alone then,
Trees and shrubberies blossomed too
To rejoice that God was with us,
And the world held peace—and you.

Margaret McIntosh.

EARLY UNIVERSITY DAYS

In view of the Centenary Celebration to be held at the University of Toronto this year it is interesting to recall a few of the circumstances and incidents relating to the early history of the institution.

As early as 1790, John Graves Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, suggested the establishment of "a college of a higher class" and recommended the setting apart for university purposes of a portion of the crown lands. In those days the resources of the country did not permit of the carrying out of very ambitious projects of education. To Dr. Strachan was due the actual realization of the plan so long advocated. The charter he secured for the University of King's College in 1827 provided for the "education of youth in the principles of Christian religion" as well as "instruction in the various branches of science and literature." The authority and control of the State were clearly emphasized and it was to be a distinctively Church of England institution, the Visitor being the Bishop of the Diocese and the President and professors members of the Anglican Church. The terms of the charter aroused great opposition and delayed the opening of the College. Some amendments were made later, but the organized opposition of other churches led to the establishment of two denominational institutions, that of Victoria College at Cobourg by the Methodists, and that of Queen's College at Kingston by the Presbyterians. Various unsuccessful attempts were made to pass bills distributing the crown revenues among the various colleges.

The Act of 1849 (under the Robert Baldwin government) is regarded by many as the real charter of the institution. The name was changed to the University of Toronto and the

Governor of the Province was made Visitor. Mr. Baldwin's Act aimed at making the State university a common ground for the youth of the country irrespective of creed. It was unsuccessful because the movement for separate colleges had gone too far—the latter could not without financial assistance be concentrated in Toronto. The Act of 1853 aimed at the affiliation of the denominational colleges, but like the preceding acts, was not successful. Bishop Strachan had added one to their number by calling Trinity College into existence. In order to maintain intact a State college, undenominational in character and separate from the University, University College was constituted. As time went on the financial needs of the Provincial University were pressing and there was active resistance to increased State aid, as it was felt that the resources of the people were being spent upon several universities, when one would have sufficed. This led up to the Federation Acts of 1887 and 1901, with which we are all more or less familiar. Federation was accepted by Victoria in 1890 and by Trinity in 1903.

St. Michael's College was established in 1852 by the Basilian Fathers from Ammonay, France, the institution first being opened in one of the houses on Queen street opposite the present Metropolitan church. It was later moved to a wing of St. Michael's Palace and in September, 1855, the corner-stone of the present building on St. Joseph street was laid, and the work of teaching began there the following year. In 1881 the college was affiliated, by statute of the University Senate, to the University of Toronto, and by the Acts of 1887 and 1901 became a federated college.

In regard to the crown endowment, in

January, 1828, letters patent were issued to King's College, granting an endowment of some 200,000 acres of land, being portions of various townships throughout the province. The conversion into money of these lands was proceeded with immediately and by 1855 nearly nine-tenths of the whole grant had been sold. One of the earliest investments out of the proceeds of the land sales was the magnificent site occupied by the present University buildings. It contained over 150 acres, comprising the present University enclosure and the property known as Queen's Park. A further purchase of land was made for two avenues—now College Street and University Avenue. These were fenced in and furnished with gates and were a constant source of friction between the public and the academic authorities. In 1859 these roadways were handed over to the control of the city.

The first university building proper was erected in 1842, almost on the site of the present Parliament Buildings. By the Expropriation Act of 1853, this site was handed over to the Government for a Legislative Building and the main building of the University had to be erected in a much less imposing position. The present beautiful building was completed in 1859, and for thirty years it sufficed for the

University's needs. The Biological Building was erected in 1889-92; the Library in 1892; the Gymnasium (where Hart House now stands) in 1894; the Chemical Building in 1895 and the Medical Building in 1902-3.

In regard to fees in the early days it is an interesting fact that after the reorganization of 1853 no receipts from fees appear in the accounts, as fees at that time were paid directly to the professors as part of their emoluments. In 1866 the fees for lectures became payable to the Bursar. The fee for the general Arts Course was then ten dollars. At the formal opening, June 8th, 1843, twenty-six students signed the roll. In 1850 there were one hundred and nineteen students in attendance, sixty-nine of them belonging to the Faculty of Arts.

In this short sketch no mention has been made of many of the most interesting phases of University history, particularly academic matters and the recent period of great expansion. I think it will be of interest to "Rainbow" readers to know that the history of the University is being written by a member of the staff and will be published this year in connection with the Centenary Celebration.

Madeline Smyth, 1919.



SOME ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

Last summer, the very great pleasure was mine of driving through the south of England. There was a country of rolling downs, flowering hedgerows, thatched cottages and stately homes, all pervaded by an atmosphere of antiquity. Everything was softened and worn down by time. Every village and town had some interesting historical event or old legend behind it. The very essence of this spirit of antiquity was to be found in the cathedrals.

In our journey, we visited five of these mighty monuments of mediaeval faith, Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells and Canterbury, and they impressed themselves on my memory more indelibly than any of the other ancient buildings we encountered. There they stand, the work of a past age, unsurpassed by anything of a later period.

In the very word Cathedral, there is a suggestion of mediaeval colour. It calls up pictures of soaring columns and lofty arches losing themselves in the dim vaulting overhead. Today little remains of the former glory of these buildings, owing to the ravages of different historic epochs, but the spirit which built them survives, and one feels it on even approaching them. They have a great and solemn meaning. "The story of the building of these churches in their sequence and development, is the story of our forefathers' aspirations to enshrine in a framework of fitting and solemn beauty, the spiritual mysteries by which they felt themselves to be surrounded; and of their resolve to set the infinite in visible relation to their daily life. It is the story of their discovery of stone as a noble and abiding material; of their tenacious grappling with the problems of building and their wringing from the conflict new discoveries of beauty. It is the story too,

of their development in the ministrant arts of sculpture, wood-carving and stained glass, and of the rise of the mediaeval guilds of skilled craftsmen. In a word the beauty of these churches goes deeper than the mere sensuous enchantment of the moment, for it has its roots in the spiritual needs of man, in the history of our civilization, in the static necessities of construction and in the spirit which came to flower in the evolution of the Gothic arts."

The historic city of Winchester gave me my first impression of these wonderful churches. In the dusk of evening we sauntered out to view the town, and came upon the Cathedral, looming up out of the semi-darkness. We had stepped through an archway into the quiet of the Cathedral close, and found before us, rather indistinct of outline, this vast pile of ancient grey stone. All we could do was to stand there and breathe: "Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it beautiful!" thrilled by the atmosphere of peace and tranquility that prevailed around us. Winchester Cathedral has not as beautiful an exterior, perhaps, as some of the other English cathedrals, but it was our first glimpse of one of the relics of the glories of mediaeval England, and it made a lasting impression.

In the morning, we were taken through the Cathedral and shown all its glories. On entering through the door in the west front, there is the most wonderful impression of height and length. This combined with the mellow tint of the stone and the subdued light from the stained-glass windows, cannot help but raise the thoughts to God.

The nave, which is the longest in England is a fine example of the English Perpendicular style of architecture, very high and narrow, the pillars soaring straight up to form a pointed

arch. In the transepts, remains of the early Norman work are to be found. These arches are rounded and give an impression of great strength as well as simplicity and beauty, in spite of their crudity. There is little of the Decorative Gothic, as in Exeter and Wells. The reredos, or screen, behind the high altar, is particularly beautiful, being very elaborately carved, as is also the choir. This is quite shut off from the rest of the church by a high screen and was reserved for the monks. I might here say, that a cathedral is always built facing east and consists of the nave with its north and south aisles, the choir and sanctuary, and one or more chapels added at the east end and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and other saints.

Winchester Cathedral is very old. The city of Winchester is one of the oldest towns in England, and was the capital of the country for many years before it gave place to London. The Cathedral is built on the site of the Saxon Cathedral, built by Ethelwold in 971, which in turn had replaced an earlier church built in 643, where a Roman temple once stood. Bishop Walkelyn began it in 1079, and the greater part of the building was carried on by Bishop William of Wykeham, the founder of Winchester College (one of the famous English Public Schools) and Magdalen College, Oxford.

In no English church except Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, lie so many men of name. Here are buried two West Saxon kings, the founders of the church, Egbert Ethelwolf, Edward the Elder, and Edred and King Canute. The body of Alfred the Great lay a while in the church before being finally laid to rest at Hyde Abbey. William Rufus was the last king to be buried here. A few years after this event the great central tower collapsed and many thought that it was on account of the Cathedral sheltering his unhallowed remains.

Many stirring scenes of English history have been enacted in this great church, and it has been visited by most of the English monarchs on occasions of state. The marriage of Queen Mary Tudor to Philip of Spain was solemnized here, the chair in which she sat during the ceremony being still in the Cathedral. Since the days of Charles II., who was often at Winchester and loved it so well that he built his palace there, no striking historical events have been enacted within its walls.

Like so many of the English cathedrals which were in the hands of monastic orders, Winchester Cathedral stands, with the other monastic buildings, in what is known as the close, and is surrounded by a wall. The Deanery and its garden are very beautiful and the portions of the wall left standing, and one of the gates are very picturesque. Here, the Cathedral has recovered, by degrees, from the ruin of Commonwealth times, and stands a tranquil grey building, sleeping amidst its trees in the heart of the charming old city.

We reached Salisbury Cathedral on a Sunday morning, and while matins were being sung there we went to High Mass at St. Osmond's, the little Catholic church behind the Cathedral.

The exterior is very beautiful, built in the purest early English style and crowned by a wonderfully graceful spire in the decorative style which was added at a later period. The church was built on swampy ground, and its original builders did not think it could stand the weight of a tower. But this very lofty spire, in fact the tallest in England, was added eighty years later, and has stood there ever since, although it has had to be strengthened at different times. A charming explanation of the preservation of the spire was afforded in 1762 by the discovery, during repairs at the top, of a leaden box containing a piece of woven

material. This is supposed to be a fragment of the Blessed Virgin's robe, and by its miraculous virtue to have kept this beautiful building erected to her name, safe from all perils. It is a pleasure to hear that the box was put back in the place in which it was found.

The interior also, is very fine Gothic, yet with traces of the old Norman tradition. The arches and grouped pillars are very beautiful, there being such a wealth of the latter, that an old saying has it, there is a pillar for every hour of the year.

A lovely cloister is built outside the south transept and Salisbury boasts a fine Chapter House and Bishop's Palace. Here, too, as in Winchester, all these buildings stand in the seclusion of the wonderful lawn of the Close, surrounded by portions of the wall and the old St. Ann's gate.

Its history is most interesting. Originally, the Cathedral stood on the hill on which was built the city of Old Sarum, a very ancient fortification. This castle of Old Sarum had been the centre of many sieges and battles since the time of the Romans, and a flourishing town had grown up around it. But, gradually, through lack of room for expansion, many of the townsfolk moved to the low land to the south and the present city of Salisbury came into existence. Finally, there was left on the hill, only the Castle and the Cathedral. The Cathedral stood outside the castle walls, was subject to great exposure from the weather, and had no adequate water supply. Also there was a continual feud between the Cathedral and the Castle, and the Church of Salisbury, all powerful in the days of Roger, bishop and ruler, was now subject to secular authority which imposed all kinds of restrictions. The removal of the Cathedral to Salisbury was seriously contemplated, and, in 1217, Bishop Poore

obtained permission from the Pope and the King for the removal of the See.

There is an old narrative which relates how, when Bishop Poore was returning from Rome, a messenger met him with the news that the King was dead. The Bishop was very sad, fearing he had laboured in vain, but that night in his sleep "The glorious Virgin appeared to him and told him to fear nothing but to carry out his intended purpose and she would be his aid in all his difficulties. Whereupon, the Bishop, not a little comforted, hastened to the new King at Westminster and obtained permission for the work, and a charter and many privileges for the new city."

Thus in 1220, the foundation stone was laid, and in 1258, the building, except for the cloisters and spire, was completed.

Up until the time of the Tudors, the See of Sarum took a large part in the government of the Kingdom, but, from that time on, its temporal power declined. Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth and James I. visited Salisbury several times. Sir Walter Raleigh stayed there on his return from his unsuccessful voyage to Guiana, delaying his journey to London, and there wrote his "Apology." The Cathedral was the scene of several skirmishes during the war between the King and Parliament. James II. came there in 1688, with his army, to intercept the Prince of Orange on his way to London, and stayed in the Bishop's Palace. When he finally fled back to London, the very rooms he had occupied were used by William of Orange.

But from that time on, nothing of historical importance occurred at Salisbury, and now like Winchester, it enjoys a dignified, untroubled existence amidst an atmosphere of antiquity and mellow charm.

Exeter Cathedral, although perhaps not of such historical interest as Winchester and Salisbury, surpasses them in beauty. Like so

many of its contemporaries it, too, is built on the site of a Saxon church which was destroyed by Bishop Warelwast, nephew of William the Conqueror. This same bishop began the Norman church of which the twin towers remain, making it unique and greatly adding to its beauty. In the 14th Century, the nave and the west front were converted into the decorative style, and at the end of the same century, a very beautiful screen and east window in the Perpendicular style were added. One writer says, "The Church of Exeter forms a class by itself. As far as detail goes, no building of its age, shows the taste of that age in greater perfection."

The effect of the nave with its magnificent pillars and wonderfully graceful fan vaulting overhead, is one of stately elegance. The carving of the bases of these arches is remarkably fine, as it that of the minstrels gallery, and also of the choir.

Exeter Cathedral possesses a clock of great antiquity which is connected with a great bell in the north transept, known as Great Peter Bell and used for the ringing of the curfew, as well as striking the hours. The clock shows the hour of the day and the age of the moon. On its face are two circles, one marked from one to thirty for the days of the month, and the other, from one to twelve, twice over, for the hours. In the centre is a semi-globe representing the earth, around which a smaller ball, the moon, painted half gold, half black, revolves every month, and in turning shows the varying phases of that luminary. Between the two circles is a third ball, representing the sun, with a fleur-de-lys, which points to the hours, as the sun according to the old belief, daily revolved around the earth.

Among other objects of interest is a 17th Century font erected for the baptism of Princess Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., who

was born at Exeter, in 1644, and, later, played a prominent part in the court of Louis XIV.

Now, like the others, the Cathedral stands peacefully, reflecting its past glories, in the midst of the city, affording a haven from the rush of modern life.

We drove through the moors of Somerset, to Glastonbury and Wells. At Glastonbury, all that remains of a magnificent abbey, are ruined walls and pillars, but Wells Cathedral stands intact. Nearly all the other cathedrals suffered at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and this was because they were all in the hands of religious orders. But Wells Cathedral belonged to the secular clergy, and its outlying buildings remained untouched. Thus, without any difficulty, one can conjure up a vision of what church-life was in pre-Reformation times.

The Cathedral, as it is, dates from between 1135 and 1166. Many bishops helped to build it and it was a good many years before the last tower was raised. All the Gothic styles of architecture can be found there. The west front is magnificent. It is early English, simple in structure but enriched with hundreds of sculptured figures and subjects. There are nine tiers of these carvings, and it is supposed that they represent the *Te Deum*. The lowest tier consists of niches which once held figures of the early messengers of the Gospel. The second tier is made up of flower-shaped openings within which are descending angels. The third row of niches contains subjects from the Bible, the Creation, Christ in the Temple, etc. Then come two tiers of figures representing famous men and women of England, both of the Church and the State. Above these again are figures representing the resurrection. In the last three tiers, in a central gable, are the angels and cherubim, above them, the twelve apostles, and,

at the top, Christ sitting between the Blessed Virgin and St. John the Baptist.

The west fronts of both Salisbury and Exeter are carved in much the same manner, but have been very badly damaged. In days when very few could read and books were rare, this was a method of instructing the people in their religion. The stained-glass windows were used for the same purpose.

Wells Cathedral also has an ancient clock, similar to that at Exeter. Above the clock at Wells, in a small niche, there is a figure of a man sitting with a bell hanging under his feet and a hammer in his hand. There are also, around the top of the clock, four small figures on horseback. At the quarter hour, the man in the niche strikes the bell with his heels, and at the hour, he strikes the bell with his hammer. At this moment, too, the four knights, hold a tournament around the top of the clock, and one is unhorsed. It is a wonderful example of the ingenuity of the people of the middle ages, and of their child-like character.

The Bishop's Palace stands within the Close, near the Cathedral. It is surrounded by a moat and approached by a draw bridge which is drawn up every night.

In fact, time seems to have stood still at Wells. If only it were in Catholic hands, it would be a perfect example of cathedral life, five hundred years ago.

Canterbury Cathedral seemed a more hallowed spot even than the others. Although no vestige of the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket now remains, the spot where it stood is sacred still, and the stone steps leading to it, are deeply worn by the feet of thousands of pilgrims.

The town of Canterbury is itself very ancient, and one approaches the Cathedral through narrow streets with overhanging hous-

es, and through a venerable arched stone gateway. Thus the atmosphere of legend and antiquity is felt before one actually arrives at the Cathedral.

The first church at Canterbury was built in the time of St. Augustine. In fact, it was he himself who had the building erected from the ruins of a church built during the Roman occupation. By the time of the Norman conquest, this building had fallen into ruin, and Archbishop Laufranc erected a new one of which some portions now remain. This was mostly destroyed by fire and the present building was begun in 1170 by the famous French architect, William of Sens, and remodelled and refinished in the Perpendicular style toward the close of the 14th Century.

The Cathedral is filled with associations and was the scene of many historic incidents. The most important of these was the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket. The north transept where his murder took place is known as the Martyrdom, and it was here, in 1170, that the saint met his death at the hands of four knights of Henry II. A stone marks the place where his head rested when he fell. There is an empty space in the Trinity Chapel where the Shrine of St. Thomas stood and was the focus of all Canterbury pilgrims for over three hundred and fifty years.

The shrine was most magnificent. Two marble arches on either side supported a slab on which rested an oak chest, strongly bound with iron, the wood of which was covered with golden plates, embossed with golden wires, pearls and precious stones. The steps leading to the Chapel are worn into deep hollows by the feet of pilgrims, and the pavement surrounding the shrine is worn into ridges by the constant pressure of their toes when they knelt there. The shrine was dismantled in 1538 by order of Henry VIII. and the jewels went to swell his

coffers. One large ruby is in the royal crown at the present day.

Edward the Black Prince is buried in the Cathedral. On the top of his tomb reclines a life-size effigy of the Prince in armour and above it are suspended the accoutrements worn by him in battle. In the crypt of the Cathedral is the Chapel of Our Lady of the Undercroft where the Black Prince often heard Mass to where he wished to be buried. There are also two Chantries of the Black Prince, the altars of which were endowed, it is said, as a condition of the Pope sanctioning the Prince's marriage to his cousin Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent.

Many other holy and famous men are buried here, Cardinal Pole and Henry IV. being the most important.

Although Canterbury Cathedral is very beautiful, it does not owe its distinction to its architecture, which does not compare with

many of the other cathedrals, it being too much a conglomeration of different styles and not the very best of any one of them. Rather, its interest lies in its vastness of scale, its wealth of monument, its treasures of early glass, and the great tragedy of St. Thomas a' Becket.

Only five of England's magnificent cathedrals have been mentioned here, but even to have seen them and heard their histories, very hurriedly it is true, give one some idea of the greatness of the faith that built them. They stand for more than religious faith; they show that the world owes its culture to Christianity, in other words to Catholicism. The very great tragedy of these magnificent temples to God, is that they do not now belong to His Church, but they are a lasting testimony of its greatness, and may again become the scenes of such ceremonies as those held therein the Middle Ages.

Eleanor Mackintosh, 2T2.

"THE ARENA GARDENS, SIR!"

TUESDAY morning, ten o'clock, Harry and Harriet, newly-wed, reared in the cloistered and provincial atmosphere of a certain aristocratic West Virginia town, where "popular" and "vulgar" are synonyms, stop off at Toronto on their way to Vancouver.

Tuesday evening, eight o'clock, Harry emerging from his room at the King Edward, a perspiring but conquering hero after an hour's unmitigated dispute with a "confoundedly impudent" tuxedo outfit. Eight-fifteen—Harriet standing before Harry, a blond goddess provokingly cool in a Nile green evening dress and waving a black ostrich fan. Eight-thirty—Harry and Harriet involuntarily bouncing on the unimpressible cushion of a De Luxe taxi bound for the Arena Gardens. Eight-thirty-five—"the Arena Gardens, Sir."

A small, dusty, concrete, brightly-lighted, motley-crowded lobby disagreeably close to the curb.

"The Arena Gardens?" queried the astonished Harry.

"The Arena Gardens?" queried the horrified Harriet.

"The Arena—Gardens—Sir!"

A valiant struggle through a self-centred, unyielding mob and a breath-wasting climb up two flights of unmusical stairs, brought Harry and Harriet to the top of the building, there to be confronted by an usher with the appearance of having been freshly and vigorously pommelled.

"A head table, please," remarked Harry in an affectedly casual tone, to himself far from convincing.

A decidedly puzzled expression spontaneously spread over the fellow's countenance, making him look more pommelled than before. A moment later his look of dismay made way for a broad, knowing grin.

"Quit yer kiddin' and gimme yer ticket-stubs."

Handing them over, Harry, followed by Harriet, moved towards the boards which hid the pit of the arena from view, and there remained rooted to the spot. Below them lay a reetangular plot of ice surrounded on four sides by tier upon tier of benches, already three-quarters filled by a noisy, colorful, perpetually moving crowd similar to that in the lobby.

With a look of unspeakable horror, Harry turned to Harriet.

"It's a hoekey arena!" he gasped.

"Oh, Harry, how horrible! Let's get out."

At this point the usher, red, out of breath and dangerously angry, intervened.

"Look here; what do you think I am? I go round to the other side and down them damn steps to the front row, turn around and find yer gone. What you think I am, eh! a walkin' machine?"

Every scrap of moral courage deserted the amazed Harry, leaving him too weak to explain. As if impelled by some evil and unseen destiny, he took Harriet's arm and followed the irate usher without so much as a word. Seated in two boxes separated from the ice by nothing but the boards, the pair became obsessed with the fearful consciousness of their situation.

"It's wicked to be here, Harry. Imagine people murdering one another—with horrible crooked stieks, right before our eyes!—Oh, I never thought I would come to this."—Harriet covered her face with her hands.

A strange, dark gleam was smouldering in Harry's eyes. A thrill of fearful delight, which he tried in vain to suppress, ran up and down his spine. At last, by no fault of his, he, a blue-blooded citizen of a blue-blooded West Virginia town, was to see a spectaele, compared with which the bull-fights in Spain were tame. But he must reassure Harriet.

"I think we'll have to stay here, Harriet. We could never make our way through the mob that's pouring in now. Besides Harriet, we didn't know. We thought it was a cabaret. And we're a thousand miles from home—no one will ever know."

"You wicked, wicked man; I don't believe—"

A deafening, mad roar, the concentrated lung-power of ten thousand hoekey fans knocked at the walls, the ceiling, and every nook and corner of the building. Simultaneously, the ice became alive with skaters in black and orange and skaters in blue and white. Harry leaned over the boards, his face flushed with ill-concealed excitement. Harriet, for a moment paralyzed with a sickening fear, now fanned herself with a weak, uncertain motion.

"Sudden-death game between Hamilton Tigers and University of Toronto!" a voice howled through the megaphone. Another wild, unrestrained roar and the play began. With a shudder Harriet raised her fan to her eyes and barred out the blood-curdling view.

There was a hush—to Harriet a tremendous hush, broken only by the light, scratching sound of skates cutting the ice. Then a loud, hoarse groan—a shot on goal. A deeper hush—a louder and hoarser groan—a few incomprehensible eries—a yell swelling, swelling, swelling, swelling—a wild, frantic, deafening, heart-wracking, protracted roar like a prolonged crack of doom.

“Harry, what’s that? Has some one been killed? Tell me, Harry, tell me, tell me, I say!” Harriet’s voice rose up like a high, shrieking crescendo. Looking fearfully between the feathers of her fan, she saw Harry’s mouth horribly distended, his eyes crazed with excitement, his arms flying fantastically over his head. Rising, she wedged herself between him and the boards. She pleaded, wept, threatened, screamed. The noise from the benches subsided and with its cessation Harry’s mouth closed, his arms fell to his sides and his whole body sank back exhausted to its place.

“Harry, are you mad? What dreadful thing has happened?” cried Harriet, now in tears.

“A goal, Harriet, the first goal in a sudden-death game.”

“I knew it—a sudden death—oh—”

Harriet shuddered and once again sank behind her fan.

“No one dead, Harriet. Just a goal—don’t you understand?” explained Harry, his legs still quivering with excitement.

“I don’t understand,” she cried miserably. Take me out of this vile place—please, Harry!”

“Just a few minutes longer, Harriet. Then we’ll go.”

The few minutes extended to the end of the second period and the beginning of the third period, during which time, amid a demoniacal clamour steadily increasing in magnitude, Harriet remained crouched behind her fan, only opening her eyes to close them again with a nauseating feeling on beholding Harry a jumping, raving maniac.

Towards the end of the third period occurred an incident so chaotic in quality that even Harry was paralyzed with fear. In a mad effort to capture an elusive puck three feet out from goal, eight men plunged on it ensem-

ble. There was a riot of colours and a tangling of hockey-sticks, then a frenzied scramble and two senseless forms prone on the ice. There was another concentrated plunge and two more bodies outstretched and still; still another ferocious, bone-breaking dash, a clatter of sticks and a puck flying through the air to heaven knows where.

Although Harriet saw nothing of this free-for-all massacre, yet, as she so often remarked afterwards, she experienced it all. She felt herself at any moment ready to collapse. In fact she was about to yield to a blinding, light-headed sensation when she felt something hard and heavy strike her lap.

“The puck! The puck!” from the crazy multitude.

“The puck! The puck!” came the blood-thirsty cries from the surviving heroes in front of the goal.

With sickening apprehension, Harriet peered out and beheld a small, black, sinister-looking circular object nestling in the folds of her dress.

“Look, Harry, look!” she gasped, her gaze riveted on the black object.

Harry’s eyes grew large with surprise, mingled with horror.

“Harriet, it’s the puck! Throw it back quick before we’re mobbed.”

“I won’t touch it. I won’t! They can kill me if they like. Let’s get out, Harry. We must get out before it is too late.”

Urged by an instinct which neither he nor anyone ever understood, Harry grabbed the puck and fortified by the same affectedly casual air which he had adopted with the usher, furtively slipped the offending object over the boards.

“There’s the puck, you dumbbells,” cried the referee a few minutes later, up to this time

skating around in circles with a bored expression on his face.

There was a mad, tiger-like rush for the boards, a head-splitting crash, a moment's frantic struggle, then the hard, shrill clang of an electric bell.

"Game's over!" a voice thundered through the megaphone.

Harry seized his coat, grasped the fainting Harriet by the arm and made for the nearest exit.

Elsa Kastner, 2T5.

HERE AND THERE

While at Lourdes I loved to sit in front of the Grotto, upon the crescent of the stone bench bordering on the bank of the river. Falling on my ears the silver gurgle of the mountain stream seemed the fresh and joyous tribute of nature, a chanting of hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making of melody in its heart to the Lord, a perpetual thanksgiving to the Beautiful Lady of little Bernadette, who had deigned to rest her feet upon the rocky banks a few short years before. The Gave has indeed outrivalled all the rivers of earth in being chosen the organ of heaven to accompany the voice of Mary in her second magnificat: "Je suis l'Immaculée Conception."

Presently, another Grotto, that of Rosary Hall at the Abbey in far away Toronto came to my mind. Notre Dame de Lourdes crowned with the twelve stars of the Immaculate Conception presiding over the household of the Abbey. Her presence is comingled with every hail and farewell of Loretto:

"I think on Thee and what Thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state;
And I keep singing in my heart:
Imaculate! Imaculate!"

And as I sat beside the singing river my heart's melody was a wish: a replica of the hallowed eave upon the banks of Gave—a shrine of Loretto's Alma Mater beside the

brook which flows through the ravine of the new Abbey-on-the-Hill!

* * * *

The beauty of the June night in Provence was sung by the troubadours in the long-gone days of her glory. The tournament of Carcassonne drew the knights and ladies fair, and we of today still give a sigh of sympathy to him whose chief complaint was that he had "never gone to Carcassonne." Chivalry and the Court of Love may have vanished from the lists, but the walls and towers still keep watch over the country of the valley of the Aude flowing so peacefully under our feet as we stand and gaze at the golden magic of the setting sun from old Pont Neuf. The twilight deepens and we tramp over the cobbled streets and enjoy the evening breezes under the plantin trees.

Suddenly we find ourselves before an open church-door. Le Fete de Dieu, and a crowd so great to do Him honour that we can scarcely pass the portal. Did I say chivalry was dead? In a moment a country woman in her basque like native costume and black kerchief headdress insists upon my father's climbing on top of her son's small stool while she extends the same courtesy to me. "Mais non, madame—merci bien." But our being étrangers is so evident I have to admit it—and add the country of our origin. "Du Canada? ah, oui," and the pleasant eyes flashed with proverbial French

“politesse.” The sermon, proession of the Blessed Sacrament and benediction and we left the church together.

In the flicker of the street lamp on the gate I read the street sign: “Rue Voltaire.” Voltaire, thou hast been dead many years; the gates of hell have not yet prevailed against the church militant. In this day and generation, the sec-

ond quarter of the twentieth century, from old Provence she receives homage, whose people since France was France have lived in those valleys, and from that other France, where Jacques Cartier first reared the fleur-de-lys and cross. “The Galillean hath conquered” in very truth!

Mary Power,

Secrets

When the silver-colored moonbeams of the
 night,
 Tinged with light,
 Come and play upon my bed,
 (So, 'tis said).
 I wonder how they spend their day;
 Just what ray
 Has caught and singed their wings,
 Dainty things!
 That they hide until 'tis night
 Through affright.
 I breathe gently as I waken
 (Sleep forsaken)
 To hear what they may say
 About the day.
 They whisper in such silvery voices, fine,
 Words sublime,
 That they faintly, faintly echo clear,
 To my ear,
 Words of comfort and of peace,
 (Pain doth cease).
 Now the silence of the night just replies:
 “Hear the sighs
 Of that Great Eternal Heart, as It breathes.
 How It pleads
 With you for silence, and hear
 God's secrets.”

A. Hannon, 2T3.

RUPERT BROOKE AND JOYCE KILMER

“Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning
star”—

“There is a grave in Seyros amid the white
and pinkish purple of the Isle, the wild thyme
and the poppies, near the green and blue waters.
There Rupert Brooke lies buried.”

There is another grave in Flanders at the
edge of a little copse that is known as “The
Wood of the Burned Bridge” close to the pur-
ling Oureq, marked by a wooden cross, eloquent
of affection in the making of it. On it is the
inscription: “Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, killed in
action, July 30, 1918.”

But is it after all fitting that we should
speak first of the resting places of these two
shining figures, who found life such a glorious,
vivid, vital thing, who immortalized their love
of it in poetry that is a monument to their
radiant youth—and who met death smilingly,
with a reckless courage born of faith. “Just
one fight more,

The Best and Last.”—

In presenting the analogy of these two
poets, one is struck mainly by the contrast.
They are poets of the same age and time—Joyce
Kilmer being Rupert Brooke’s senior by one
year. Both were imbued with a passion for
life and living, which found its expression main-
ly in poetry, but poetry of a distinctly different
type. To both of them the War of 1914
brought its urgent appeal—to both of them
it meant death, and as one biographer has said,
it proved that “the passion for beautiful life
may reach its highest passion and most radiant
beauty when it is the determination to die.”—
But here the similarity ends—and if we are to
appreciate fully the contrast between the two
whose poetry is so worthy, and at the same

time, so distinctly different, a brief resumé of
their life and work is necessary.

Rupert Brooke was born in 1887 in Rugby,
and practically all his life was spent in Eng-
land. He graduated from Cambridge in 1913
with a brilliant scholastic record, and an ath-
letic record equally good. Although biographi-
cal notes are unusually brief, we learn that he
was always surrounded by a host of friends and
admirers, and that he was, in spite of his
youth, an intellectual leader. During his col-
lege days, he went through a passing phase
of radical socialism. (It is interesting to note
that Joyce Kilmer, also while very young, was
a burning radical, and just at the time that
Brooke was a member of the Cambridge Fab-
bian Society, Kilmer was a frequent contribu-
tor to the “Call” newspaper in New York—
and delighted to have his meals at the Rand
School of Social Science).

After graduation from college, and a brief
sojourn in Germany Brooke returned to live
near Cambridge, at “The Old Viarage” in
the lovely hamlet Grantchester, where he oc-
cupied himself mainly with writing. Much has
been said of his personal appearance but the
most picturesque comment is the one made
by Walter de la Mare, who speaks of him as a
“golden youth Apollo.” “With him there
was a happy shining impression that he might
have just come, that very moment, from an-
other planet, one well within the solar system
but a little more like Utopia than ours.”

And because of the striking similarity, we
quote Richard le Gallienne of Joyce Kilmer—
“He was so unlike all other young men one had
ever seen walking about, so much brighter, or
purer or some indescribable thing, that he did
not seem altogether real,—touched too, with

the finger of a moonlight that had written 'fated' upon his brow."

Joyce Kilmer, though he himself always insisted that he was at least "half Irish," was born in New Jersey in 1886. Even as a child, he seems to have worn the ear marks of his genius—one who knew him described him as the "funniest small boy they ever saw." He graduated from Columbia University in 1904 after what appears to have been a fairly normal university course, though from his freshman year he was active in College Journalism.

Shortly after graduation he was married to Miss Aline Murray, of New Jersey. Much that Kilmer has written, whether poetry or prose, is a tribute to the rare beauty of this union which in its perfection suggests to our minds the names of Elizabeth and Robert Browning.

There is much to be said of Joyce Kilmer, and all of it is interesting. But it is sufficient to say that his rise to fame was a rapid and brilliant one, and at twenty-five he was already a celebrity. He was a popular lecturer, being gifted with charm and force as a public speaker. He was a literary and dramatic critic of renown, having received his training as a newspaper man. His humorous essays are sufficient claim to fame (according to some of his admirers) and first and last, he was a poet.

And then came the World War. "Well, if Armageddon's on," Rupert Brooke said in England, "I suppose one should be there." It was a characteristic way of putting it.

And Kilmer, in America, when war was declared between his country and Germany, did what was for him the only logical thing to do, since "the poet must go where the greatest songs are singing." He satisfied his love for all things Irish, (which included the Irish fairies and Lady Gregory), by joining an Irish regiment—the 165th Infantry, formerly the

famous old "fighting sixty-ninth," and then he went forth to what he whimsically described as the "pleasantest war he ever attended."

And if to both of these gallant figures the war did prove—"the one fight more, the best and last"—it inspired in both the greatest of their poems. And these poems present clearly the contrast that existed.

Rupert Brooke wrote the noblest of his sonnets in 1914, inspired by his deep feeling of patriotism for England. Joyce Kilmer inspired by the deep religious sense which was an all-essential part of his being, wrote sixteen simple lines, every word of which is a prayer inspired by the Love and Faith and Sympathy which lifts Man from Earth and brings him closest to the Divine.

From a literary point of view, Rupert Brooke was a great poet. One critic has said that he was the greatest loss to English poetry since the death of Shelley and this rather splendid tribute is not unearned. It is true that he was a born man of letters, gifted with a real literary sense. Had he lived his work might have become more perfect from an artistic point of view—might have grown in scope and variety but it had already attained a perfection rarely found in the poetry of youth. It does not seem to have known a stage of apprenticeship.

He loved words. His choice of them is exquisite and many of his lines are reminiscent of Keats. In fact we are tempted to think that he loved the words as much as the things themselves.

"The Great Lover" which is considered one of his best poems, runs through thirty lines of exquisitely chosen words, a catalogue of vital sensations. It is easy to imagine the poet himself enjoying a deliberate delight in the loveliness of the phrases since at no spot does the poem rise to a great climax.

But if Rupert Brooke could choose his words exquisitely, he is also capable of choosing them with bitterness, with satire, and even with grossness. Life had not brought him, as in the case of Kilmer, the perfection of his ideals. There was a disillusionment, too omnipresent to be feigned. It pervades every line he has written except his War sonnets and his purely descriptive poetry.

To him Beauty, Joy and Love are not only transient, but in their going they are corrupted into their opposites—Ugliness, Pain and Indifference. He reaches the peak of this mood in "Jealousy"—a poem which one cannot help but feel would be better unwritten.

His noblest songs are the sonnets, "1914," published a few short weeks before the death they had imagined and made lovely. If it is true that every poet has a great yearning and in the expression of it writes his greatest poem, then Brooke's highest sentiment was his love for England.

These sonnets represent the perfection of his achievement—the supreme utterance of English patriotism. To quote from one of them:

"These laid the world away, poured out
the red
Sweet wine of Youth: gave up the years
to be
Of work and joy and that unhopèd
serene
That men call age; and those who would
have been
Their sons, they gave—their immortality."

These lines might have been Rupert Brooke's own epitaph. There is a delicate irony in the fact that they appeared so shortly before his death—the death of which he had no fear. We can add no further tribute unless

it be the poem which Kilmer himself wrote "In memory of Rupert Brooke"—two lines of which we quote:

"We keep the echoes of his golden tongue
We keep the visions of his chivalry."

When we read the poetry of Joyce Kilmer we are in an entirely different atmosphere.

There is a simplicity marking every line which he has written—a simplicity which makes his work truly great. It has been said of the poet that he "fairly reeked with the joy of living"—and this quality has woven itself into every line of his poetry. Therein lies much of its charm.

There is a spontaneity, a singing quality in the lines and a naivete that brings to mind Barrie's inimitable prose. We read the delightful lines of Kilmer's—"Servant Girl and the Grocer's Boy" and we think of Barrie's play, "A Kiss for Cinderella." There is something of true nobility in the mind which finds beneath the humble, perhaps sordid surface—Beauty and Romance.

We find him doing it with equal charm in a poem entitled, "Delicatessen." There is an interesting anecdote related of this poem. Charles Milles Thompson, an editorial writer on The New York Times, is said to have remarked to Kilmer that "of course there were many things which could not be treated in poetry." Kilmer did not agree, and Mr. Thompson casting about in his mind for a ridiculous theme, challenged him to write a poem on "A Delicatessen Shop." Kilmer accepted it and wrote the poem. The worthiness of it may be tested in these four lines:

—"And now deep in his weary heart
Are sacred flames that whitely burn
He has of Heaven's grace a part
Who loves and is beloved in turn."

The poet seems to have been an intensely human sort of person, this too may account for the appeal of his work. He loved his home with all the fervour of his being, and expressed this devotion in several of his poems . . . "The House With Nobody In It," "Roofs," "The Snowman in the Yard" and "Houses (for Aline)." Even the midnight train which brought him home is honoured in a delightful tribute in the poem called, "The Twelve Forty-five." To quote:

"The midnight train is slow and old,
But of it let this thought be told,
To its high honour be it said,
It carries people home to bed.
My cottage lamp shines white and clear.
God bless the train that brought me here."

"To Aline" the familiar dedication of so many of his poems is the introduction always to a beautiful tribute to "his lady" and to the loveliness of her of whom he said:

"Beloved this little lamp of mine
It is more starlike than a star."

Outstanding among the poems of this type is "A Blue Valentine," which one critic has called "a masterpiece of playful reverence." Who but Joyce Kilmer could have said: "Her eyes, Monsignore, are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections on everything that she looks at, such as a wall, or the moon, or my

heart." And having said, that to humbly beg Bishop Valentinus, at the Throne of Our Lady, to offer this prayer:

"Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants yet on earth, has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you for wearing a blue gown."

With his conversion in 1913, there appears in Kilmer's poetry a deeper note. It is not that everything he wrote from that date has a religious flavour. His work still retains the same gay, scintillating quality, and proves that "piety and mirth may comfortably dwell together."

His work does not lose its charm, it merely adds another charm, a deeper truer note, which will make it immortal.

"Trees," written in 1913, is the best known of Kilmer's poems—and in the last two lines are revealed the soul of the poet. This poem was crowned in the most flattering of ways, "since the whole world cut it out and pasted it in its hat."

This was followed by many others carrying with them the same note of sublimity—"Kings," "The Visitation," "The Fourth Shepherd," "The Rosary," "The Peacemaker," and lastly the noblest of all, which we have mentioned earlier, "The Prayer of a Soldier in France." As it is the loveliest thing that can be said of the poet, so let it be the last, for who can doubt that the poet who left this masterpiece to the world, died with it on his own lips.

Mary M. Pickett, 2T3.



GAEL AND GAUL

(A Few Reflections on the Old Land)

Even a short stay in France and in Ireland is enough to make one realize that they are full of contradictions. Their appearance is often exceedingly modern, their people are alert in mind, much more alert than we to the intellectual and social questions of the century. But the physical features of both countries, their institutions, and the manners of their people, still wear an ancient character, and the impress of their eighteen centuries.

France has as much of what is old, and far more of what is new, than Ireland. Paris, perhaps the oldest city in Europe outside of Italy, is yet the first of what we think of as typically modern cities, with its shining cleanliness, its splendid taxi and tramcar service, its excellent hotels, its big department stores. In all these things Paris is not only modern but artistic. Long before the new American cities, Paris planned wide, well-paved, straight streets and boulevards. Los Angeles and Chicago have shade trees on their residential streets—so has our own Toronto,—but a hundred years ago Paris planted trees all over the city, in orderly rows along the great Boulevards of Napoleon 1st. Paris brought the pleasant street life of Oriental and tropical countries into Europe, with her out-door cafes and street music. Practically all the enjoyable features of city life the world over, with the variations due to climate and race, we may find in Paris, and if we are just, we shall have to admit that Paris achieved them first.

In modern Dublin we can find traces of two epochs only,—the Norman-Irish buildings dating from the 12th and 13th Centuries, and the

one brief flowering of native industry in modern times, the twenty years of Grattan's Parliament. From 1783 to the end of the century magnificent houses were built in Dublin, finished with carved marble, and mahogany stairs and panelling, and high-fretted ceilings. The beautiful old furniture, glass, silver and china that once filled them may now be found in second-hand shops, while the houses themselves, now poorly furnished, house the middle class, or students, or boarders, or sometimes even have passed into the slums. The contrast between the splendid mansions and the poverty of their tenants gives parts of Dublin a deserted look. Elsewhere, one may see fine theatres, first-class hotels, (a bit old-fashioned, these too) neat little suburban houses, and the few public buildings that remain of Dublin's 18th Century florescence—the Post Office, the Four Courts, and the Customs House.

What one misses most in Dublin is the immense crowd of working and professional or semi-professional people who in the other great cities that we know go forth every morning to office and shop. Paris is flooded with them. The very word "midinette" that one associates with a sort of irresponsible Bohemian gaiety means nothing more than a working-girl who comes out every noon for lunch. Dublin still retains most of the social fabric of the 18th Century. She has the moneyed class, she has the small shop-keepers, she has her lawyers and her doctors, but she has not yet that vast office population that on any day of the week keeps the down-town streets of Toronto busy with people. It is difficult for those who live amid this

prosperity and commercial vitality to realize what a city is without them.

Irish people hold as a matter for congratulation that the Norman genius for building churches never wore itself out in Ireland in the decorative excesses that one finds in France, Germany and England. Irish Gothic is restrained, severe, chastened. Christ Church and St. Patrick's in Dublin might appear cold at first to the eye that had just looked upon the flamboyant building in Rouen, or the splendid, radiant fronts of Notre Dame or of Rheims. Nevertheless, Ireland loves colour; the grey hills of her western coast are dotted with tiny houses washed in the brightest pinks and yellows, the very colours to be found in Spain and Italy. A vivid glimpse of France may be had in the early hours of Sunday, the vast churches filled with the poor, with soldiers, with children. What a testimony of faith is the Sacred Heart Church of Montmartre, the accumulated faith has built the new Cathedrals at Killarney the Blessed Sacrament is always exposed, while Catholic students, working-men, and others keep up a perpetual adoration. The same vivid faith has built the new cathedrals at Killarney and at Cobh. The parish churches of Ireland are never empty. The people answer the Rosary there like they do nowhere else, it is a sea of prayer. And we have all seen their kin, the children of these Irish parishes, hastening to Mass at five or six o'clock of a winter's morning, as our train brought us into New York or Chicago.

The time that domestic architecture flourished most in France was precisely the period of destruction for the old Irish castles. While Francis the 1st was building Fontainebleau and his daughter-in-law of Medici was beautifying the valley of the Loire, the armies of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth were laying waste Mun-

ster, Leinster, and Ulster. While Louis XIV. was building Versailles, Ireland was smoking under Cromwell. The "great houses" built with the profits of the Act of Union are chiefly remarkable for their extravagance; Cannon Hanny tells us of the Irish gentleman who had his house built two feet larger each way than his neighboring rival's, the two feet proving his own destruction. And yet the old ruins have a charm that is still powerful, Dunboy and Dunluce and Ross Castles, not to speak of Muckross Abbey and the ruins of Cong. Battles and sieges on the soil of France have held more public attention than the wars of Irish history, and yet the phrase "resisting to the last man" was literally true of the siege of Dunboy, where the flames that destroyed the castle consumed the very last of its defenders.

And so Ireland has no Versailles, no Louvre, no Chenonceaux, nor Azay-le-Rideau, nor Amboise. She has a few crosses left of her age of art, a few churches, a few ruins, the Book of Kells, that of Durrow, some brooches and tores. It is true that even her ruins are impregnated with the history of many centuries, as Mrs. Greene has shown in the case of the old church at Ballintubber, but the impression is not obvious. The wide, fruitful fields of France, the ancient forests, respected for centuries, the solid old farmhouses, the apple orchards and vineyards, all are in strong contrast with the bare Irish mountains, the "little stony pastures," the poor, tiny houses, the grey ruins, the grey mist, and the purple heather. It has often been said that the French and the Irish are alike; perhaps the greatest resemblance lies in the fact that in both countries the strength of the Catholic faith is shown in an intense missionary zeal. Their saints had a very human, local patriotism; even as Saint Genevieve loved Paris, so did Saint Columkille love his Derry. "For indeed my soul is set upon Erin,"

he wrote from his Scottish mission; and he cried that the tears flooded his grey eyes because they would "never see o'er the waste of waters the sons and daughters of Erin more." Had he lived till today, his sorrow would have

lost half its sting. For while the French, in the main, have kept close to their own land, the "sons and daughters of Erin" are found at the uttermost ends of the earth.

Dorothea Cronin.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD AND THE SHORT STORY

In this busy workaday world of ours, where the greater part of everyone's day is spent in fulfilling the demands of an incompatible duty, and his leisure in the "relaxation" which is mental dissipation, Literature becomes the privilege of the few. It is gratifying therefore to note that a new form of literature has been emerging from the swaddling clothes which bound its vigorous limbs some forty or fifty years ago, to a maturity which surpasses early promise. It is of a type which by virtue of its form, no less than its artistic content, is paradapted to our present need.

To be sure, the short story, as a method of entertainment will ever remain as ageless as man, and as young as his latest offspring. As a form of literary endeavour however, it really dates back only to the last decade or two of the past century. This early form was the old fashioned novelette. It had a beginning, a middle, and an end, differing only in length and scope from the regular novel of the day. The characters were presented and (too often) "explained"; incident was stressed; and effect followed upon cause to the logical conclusion.

This type is still extant, in the more ordinary and widely consumed stories of our modern magazine. Many contain no more merit than would the casual narration of a more or less unusual incident in the life of the average person. They fill perhaps the need for romance in otherwise colorless lives, and have the ad-

vantage of brevity in satisfying curiosity as to "what happens," within a very limited time.

But how often can one go through in imagination, these meetings with new groups of people; this mental pigeon-holing of them as to appearance and character; and this following them through the undecieving maze of fortune and vicissitude to the ultimate expected ending.

There is after all, a limited number of plots, which can be used, with their variations in this type of action story. Is it not reasonable then, that after forty or fifty years of presentation, at the rate of thousands a year, that these plots must be getting just a little shaky—that there must be very few situations left by which the authors can ensnare the reader into an unbroken interest and suspense?

Therefore there must be something above and beyond the plot, or action of a story which will repay the reader with a more than fleeting reward. There must be more than ordinary literary merit. But the scope for literary merit is limited in an action story by the necessities of time and place, even as Life itself is subject to the same conditions.

The essays and experimentations of the youngest form of literary endeavour brook no limitations. Time and place, the sequence of events, the before, or after of a situation, are nothing to its purpose. In fact human life, as one critic has said is, here, no longer regarded "as fixed within plainly defined and im-

mutable boundaries. Life is now depicted as an affair of jagged and blurred edges, of hazy and indefinable outlines, where dim half-lights afford little opportunity for clear discernment. The conscious and sub-conscious intermingle; death and life are uncertainly poised; the sub-conscious impringes upon the unconscious," and in the face of the disapproval of the traditionalists, it must be emphasized in defence of the contemporary method that, "Much that is regarded as preposterous in the subject matter of recent prose, would pass without question if cast in verse form. Is it well that the farther adventures of the human imagination, should be interdicted as foreign to creative prose."

Surely no better proof of the effectiveness of contemporary methods can be adduced than the all too few stories of Katherine Mansfield. This utterly charming writer has only three or four slim volumes of short stories published before, or since, her untimely death in 1923. But though she will never produce another; though at the age of thirty-four her unique art may be supposed to have been but at the spring-time of its development, yet prominent critics have ascribed to her later work a perfection in conception and technique not soon to be rivalled.

Each story of Katherine Mansfield's is as an exquisite miniature painting—a thing of immediately apparent beauty, and of that fulness of feeling which begets Art. There is a delightfulness about her understanding and observation of people of every position, which cannot be exhausted on a first reading. Indeed no number of times, would be too many, to read and enjoy the amazing and amusing depictions of her self-revealing characters.

The school of which Katherine Mansfield is perhaps the most perfect illustration, has little to do with plots. It is enormously concerned with psychological values. It conceives

and portrays a full interpretation of a group of characters out of the accident of one situation. The story does not begin, progress and end. On the contrary, the reader all at once finds himself in the middle of a situation, where he gradually becomes aware of certain characters and circumstances. Marvellously enough he realizes these people, not only as actors in the present brief drama; not as within the space of a few pages they do this, and this, and this; but he has them all as though this were, but one scene he had missed in a book he has read before. By no effort of his own, he grows sensitive to the lights and shadings of their character so that their actions follow as a natural result.

All this while the author keeps herself completely detached from the story, and from the reader's mind. Her method has been so described by one critic that to borrow the phrase is far better than to attempt to outdo it:

"Katherine Mansfield's later stories have the effect as of a plummet dropped into the pool of human consciousness; she opens her hand to let the plummet fall into the still depths of some ideal reader's consciousness. The story starts at that moment, and its purpose is to represent the eddies which thereafter spread upon the pool before the waters lapse again into stillness."

This detachment of her own personality from her work has brought against Katherine Mansfield the accusation of indifference—that she watches unaffected the fate of her created children. But this same work, surely, defeats such accusation. Could anyone indifferent have produced "The Life of Ma Parker," part of which is quoted here:

"When the literary gentleman, whose flat old Ma Parker cleaned every Tuesday, opened the door to her that morning, he asked after her grandson. Ma Parker stood on the doormat

inside the dark little hall, and she stretched out her hand to help her gentleman shut the door before she replied, 'We buried 'im yesterday sir' she said quietly.

" 'Oh dear me! I'm sorry to hear that,' said the literary gentleman, in a shocked tone . . . Then because these people set such store by funerals he said kindly, 'I hope the funeral went o'fall right.'

" 'Beg parding, sir?' said old Ma Parker huskily.

" 'Poor old bird: she did look dashed. 'I hope the funeral was a—a—success,' he said.

" 'Ma Parker gave no answer. She bent her head and hobbled off to the kitchen.

" 'And then the morning's work goes on, interrupted unceasingly by thoughts and memories that torture.

" 'The piles of dirty cups, dirty dishes were washed and dried. The ink-black knives were cleaned with a piece of potato and finished off with a piece of cork. The table was scrubbed and the dresser and the sink that had sardine tails swimming in it . . .

" 'He'd never been a strong child—never from the first. The trouble she and Ethel had had to rear that child! The things out of the newspapers they tried him with! Every Sunday morning Ethel would read aloud while Ma Parker did her washing:

" 'Dear Sir:—Just a line to let you know my little Myrtil was laid out for dead . . . After four bottils . . . gained eight pounds in nine weeks, and is still putting it on.'

" 'And then the egg-eup of ink would come off the dresser and the letter would be written . . . But it was no use, nothing made little Lennie put it on.

" 'But he was gran's boy from the first. 'Whose boy are you?' said old Ma Parker, straightening up from the stove and going over to the smudgy window. And a little voice so

warm, so close, it half stifled her—it seemed to be in her breast under her heart—laughed out, and said, 'I'm gran's boy!'

And then the ending of this exquisitely pathetic picture, with Ma Parker struggling so against the impulse to cry, a struggle which she has waged so valiantly through all her afflicted years, but which now threatens to overcome her.

" 'It was cold in the street. There was a wind like ice. People went flitting by very fast; the men walked like scissors; the women trod like cats. And nobody knew—nobody cared. Even if she broke down, if at last after all these years she were to cry she'd find herself in the lock-up, like as not. But at the thought of crying, it was as though little Lennie leapt into his gran's arms. Ah, that's what she wants to do, my dove, gran wants to cry.

" 'Her chin began to tremble; there was no time to lose. But where? Where?

" 'She couldn't go home—Ethel was there. It would frighten Ethel out of her life. She couldn't sit on a bench anywhere; people would come asking her questions. She couldn't possibly go back to the gentleman's flat; she had no right to cry in strangers' houses. If she sat on some steps a policeman would speak to her.

" 'Oh, wasn't there anywhere she could hide and keep herself to herself and stay as long as she liked, not disturbing anybody, and nobody worrying her? Wasn't there anywhere in the world where she could have her cry out—at last?

" 'Ma Parker stood, looking up and down. The icy wind blew out her apron into a balloon. And now it began to rain. There was nowhere.'

" 'At the Bay' is one of Katherine Mansfield's most perfect stories. Containing more than her usual number of characters, all of

whom appear in a minuteness of detail that leaves one marvelling. One particularly delightful spot is where the young wife, Linda, sitting in a chair on the lawn whilst her newest baby lies on the grass beside her, indulges her grudge against a world in which her time has been divided completely between rescuing her explosive husband from precarious situations, and having babies. It was this last trial which particularly embittered her.

“And what made it doubly hard to bear, was she did not love her children. It was useless pretending. It was as though a cold breath had chilled her through and through on each of those awful journeys: she had no warmth left to give them. As to the boy—well, thank Heaven, mother had taken him: he was mother’s or Beryl’s, or anybody’s who wanted him. She had hardly held him in her arms. She was so indifferent about him as he lay there . . . Linda glanced down.

“The boy had turned over. He lay facing her and he was no longer asleep. His dark blue baby eyes were open; he looked as though he was peeping at his mother. And suddenly his face dimpled; it broke into a wide toothless smile, a perfect beam no less.

“‘I’m here!’ that happy smile seemed to say, ‘Why don’t you like me?’

“There was something so quaint, so unexpected about that smile that Linda smiled herself. But she checked herself and said to the boy coldly, ‘I don’t like babies.’

“‘Don’t like babies?’ The boy couldn’t believe her ‘Don’t like me?’ He waved his arms foolishly at his mother.

“Linda dropped off her chair on to the grass.

“‘Why do you keep on smiling?’ she said severely. ‘If you knew what I was thinking about you wouldn’t.’

“But he only squeezed up his eyes slyly and rolled his head on the pillow. He didn’t be-

lieve a word she said. ‘We know all about that’ smiled the boy.

“Linda was so astonished at the confidence of this little creature. . . Ah no, be sincere. That was not what she felt; it was something far different, it was something so new, so . . . The tears danced in her eyes; she breathed in a small whisper to the boy, ‘Hallo, my funny!’ ”

There is one more scene, in a very different vein, which I just cannot resist reprinting here. It describes the visit of the little servant-girl, Alice, to the home of Mrs. Stubbs, who kept a little shop at the Bay.

“Sudently Mrs. Stubbs whipped the cushion off a chair, and disclosed a large brown-paper parcel.

“‘I’ve just had some new photers taken, my dear,’ she shouted cheerfully to Alice. ‘Tell me what you think of them.’ Alice wet her finger and put the tissue back from the first one.

“Mrs. Stubbs sat in an armchair, leaning very much to one side. There was a look of mild astonishment on her large face, and well there might be. For though the arm chair stood on a carpet, to the left of it, miraculously skirting the carpet border, there was a dashing waterfall. On her right stood a Grecian pillar with a giant fern-tree on either side of it, and in the background towered a guant mountain pale with snow.

“‘It’s a nice style isn’t it’ shouted Mrs. Stubbs . . . ‘but I don’t care about the size. I’m having an enlargemint. All very well for Christmas cards, but I never was the one for small photers myself. You get no comfort out of them. To say the truth, I find them dis-eart-ening.’ ‘Size,’ said Mrs. Stubbs, ‘give me any size. That was what my poor dear husband was always saying. He couldn’t stand anything small. Gave him the creeps. And strange as

it may seem, my dear,'—here Mrs. Stubbs creaked, and seemed to expand herself at the memory—'it was dropsy that carried him off at the larst.' "

There is almost no limit to the number of such "bits" which could be quoted, to give delight. But after all that is a poor substitute for the actual reading of the stories in full, and indeed unless all were quoted, in full, much of Katherine Mansfield's charm and genius would be lost.

If I have sinned in quoting too much, my one hope of forgiveness lies in the accomplishment of my purpose—that all will flock to read "The Garden Party" and all the other literary gems of this outstanding English artist. On the other hand, if this my purpose be accomplished, far from needing forgiveness, I will have added untold delight to the lives of all who read her, and glory to her who has added such delight to me.

Elsie Irvine, 2T4.

Love-Song of the East

(As conceived by the West).

Come to me in the dawn, the dawn,
 When the golden sands are lying
 Cool and still by the water's edge,
 When never a ripple wakes the sedge
 And only my heart is sighing.

Come to me in thy winged canoe,
 When rainbow waters are wooing,
 Over the dancing waves we'll go
 Far away where the west leans low,
 To the end of lovers' ruing.

Come to me in the night, the night,
 When the blue-veiled stars are burning—
 Drowsy airs and a palm-green bower,
 Luscious juices, sweet oils and flowers,
 And the bliss of love returning.

Elsa Kastner.

A SHELL

IT was midday; the sun beat fiercely down on the sands of Reggio and a purple haze hid, for the nonce, Messina and the little skiffs hither bound. Yet blinding heat and scorching sun are of little importance to a poet-dreamer or an ardent lover, and Rex was both of these. Sauntering slowly by the shore, his tall, gaunt figure, proud, protruding forehead and dark searching eyes, seemed to defy nature to harm him, or man to disturb him. Abruptly his pace quickened, as he stooped down to pick up a pretty shell, lying near a eypress tree; he examined the fragile thing closely, then placing it in the palm of his hand, thrusting his arm forward, he watched with keen delight the various shades it reflected beneath the sun's penetrating rays. "So is she," he murmured, "a thing of infinite beauty, God's little wonder-woman for me," and as he fondled his object with an increasing tenderness because of the person it suggested, he glanced upward and looked straight into Gwen's eyes.

"See what I've found," he said, eagerly displaying the dainty shell to the lithe, fair little figure, which stood by the eypress tree.

"Oh! that's only an old shell, Rex. I've seen heaps of those on my way down here; threw the old thing away and lets paddle to Messina."

Once more he fondly gazed at his shell, and then put it in his pocket. "That's you, crystal clear and iridescent as the sun, my love; come, let's talk."

"Talk! waste a day like this in foolish talking! Let's play, and sing, and dance, and do—oh, Rex! hurry up. I've waited here a whole ten minutes while you mooned along the shore and watched that silly thing. Helen and Bill will be over there and the regular bunch, they

would think we were crazy if we sat and talked "under the spreading eypress tree."

Seizing her firmly by the shoulders and looking straight into her dancing eyes, Rex urged, "Half in earnest, wholly serious, little wonder-woman of mine, your time is up. You know you've kept me waiting long enough. I'll do your will this afternoon, but you'll do mine to-night."

Gwen, kissing him lightly, turns and runs towards a villa, not far from the water's edge, calling after her, "That's a bargain; I'll be ready in five jiffs, so hurry, Rex, old boy."

A happy smile breaks across the somewhat too serious face of Rex; then he stretches himself at full length beneath the shade of the eypress and falls to weaving magic dreams until Gwen, a most active young lady, appears ready for the afternoon's trip and frolic.

II.

A distant clock chimed midnight. A full moon shed its pale light, quiveringly over the warm Mediterranean; it shadowed the orange groves skirting the city, and seemed to cast a silver spell over the marble court and garden of El Padzo. The echo of soft melodies, the flittering of filmy and dark figures to and fro, and the gay lanterns illuminating the spacious court before the entrance to El Padzo's house, were the only intimations to the casual onlooker of the revelries being held in honor of his youngest daughter, Marie, who was celebrating her twenty-first birthday. To this party Rex and Gwen were both invited, being intimate friends of the family.

Gwen looked especially lovely, clothed in fold upon fold of sun-gold tulle, girdled with crimson velvet, fastened with a corsage of

dark-red roses; she verily appeared more desirable than ever and Rex endeavoured to keep himself under control until Fate should be kind and give him a suitable opportunity to claim what was his due.

Fully fifteen minutes ago he had seen Gwen go out on the balcony with Sydney Keats. Sidney was not a bad chap, simply foolish. He was not "a chip of the old block," and he had acquired just a sufficient amount of notoriety to make Rex go and demand Gwen for the next dance. The signal is given, the orchestra begins "Moonlight and Roses." First it is slow and soft; gradually it grows louder until at length it breaks into a full rich torrent of melody like the oncoming of a mighty billow which gathers in the distance its early swell, then slowly rising, rolls forward until it breaks in full force upon the expectant sea. The open air feels good after the warm interior, the moon is perfect, shedding its soft radiance around. "Gwen, God's wonder-woman of mine, where are you?" he breathes, fearing to break the undefinable fragile spell.

A girlish giggle was the only response he heard in the stillness. "Sh! sh!" Surely that sound was not ten paces away! Gone is the quiet weaver of dreams; while anger suffuses his face, a few firm strides ringing down those clear, cold marble steps brings him face to face with a moonlight silhouette, and once more he gazes into the depths of Gwen's eyes, but now, no cypress tree spreads its kindly shade around her, but the firm embrace of Sydney Keats.

"So this," he says with unflinching gaze, "is my answer."

"Loosen up, old boy!" Gwen urges, playing for time; "what else can you expect in Moonlight with Roses? You are" but she does not need to finish, for she is alone.

Seized with a sudden fear, she turns as if to go in again, but is as abruptly met by Rex,

"Get your wraps, Miss Sinclair, and I'll escort you home."

The only word Gwen could illicit from Rex in response to her ceaseless chatter was at parting, "Meet me at noon to-morrow, if you wish, down on the shore."

"I'll be there; don't you be late and sorry, old man; good-night."

III.

Once more the scorching rays of the Mediterranean sun beat down upon those burning sands; once more a bluish-purple haze enveloped Messina, hiding it from Reggio; once more Rex sauntered along that open shore, with the hot breeze blowing from the sea, but now his gaunt figure sagged, suggesting a weariness that was not there twelve hours ago. Once more a little figure stood by the cypress tree, now fearful and tremulous, for "Oh! Rex looks angry! angry!" she sighed.

"Let's sit and talk, Gwen, for we have much to say, or little, as the case may be," he said. "Little woman, why did you not tell me long ago that you loved Sidney Keats?"

"I don't love him, if you want to know, Rex. I liked him; now I believe I hate him. Rex, why are you so serious? I wish you would be really angry, but you sound so tired, so bored and you look almost sad. I honestly did not mean anything last night. We were playing, that's all. I like you better than any of the boys and you know it. You're mine. They all know it."

"Do you just like me, Gwen, better than the others? Think a minute—are you sure, little woman?"

"Sure, Rex, cross my heart. Come, let's plan a trip this afternoon. I told Sid—but, oh! I forgot that'll be all off because you won't want him." It suddenly occurred to Gwen

to look at Rex. He had pulled out once more his shell and was fingering it carefully.

“Gwen, be serious for a moment if you can. Look at this shell!” stretching it in the palm of his hand beyond the shadow of the tree, so that the sun once more might reflect its many colors, he added slowly, “Yesterday I fondled it because it seemed to me like you, clear, transparent, beautiful; now I know it is like you, empty, skin-deep, loveless. I love you; you knew it; you counted on it; you

played upon it, but you—you had no thought of love; what do you know of love, ‘something born of sacrifice and bred on it.’ Take this,” as he handed her the shell he concluded, “put it in your ‘jimmy-book’ to show your erstwhile friends, and be sure to say you were given it by a fool of a man who had once loved an empty shell. Good-bye, Gwen, and good luck in your next venture.”

Angela Hannan, 2T3.

Forest, Ont.

A Cross-Word Puzzle

Life begets a puzzle—“the many in the whole”—

But who can solve the riddle, “the working of man’s soul?”

It smiles, we know not how nor where,

It sorrows at some unseen eare,

And what is even still more rare,

It loves, true to its nature—unaware.

There are depths of untried passion,

There are nerve paths crossed and straight,

There are memories heaped on memories,

There are traces left of Fate.

Place all these contributions on a graph or paper plain;

Try any proven method—the answer’ll be the same:

Unknown and still unknown, unfathomable,
sublime,

A mystery to us mortals, bound by space and
time,

We say “the highest level,” “the centre of
the brain,”

“The source of stirring passions”—such rea-
soning is in vain,

For we never know how much we hurt, nor
can the other guess

The pain, the grief, the loneliness that he has
caused in us.

A. Hannan, 2T3.

A.M.D.G.

THE DARK LANTERN

Centuries ago the chivalrous and proud Spaniards conquered the Mexicans, an idolatrous, war-like race, practicing inhuman and gruesome customs. The conquest was a bloody one that excited no end of criticism; but it was just, if any conquest may be called so and the Empire of the Aztecs that retarded civilization by its cannibalism did not fall before its time. To dispute this fact is not the purpose of this article. The result was of greater importance. When the Spaniards had completed the conquest of Mexico, their first thought was the salvation of its people and before long, the kindness and protection extended to the natives by the Spanish Missionaries made them more attached to the Church than were the conquerors themselves. On the ashes of their temple to the war god, rose the Church of Christ built by the loving care of the newly-baptized Aztecs who were so happy to have found a religion of beauty and virtue into which they could interweave their own joyful delights, especially their love for flowers and miracles.

For centuries the Church guarded Mexico for the Mexicans; a Spanish Church it was, fighting against Spanish avarice and intolerance and proving emphatically that paradoxical position of the Church; it belongs to all nations and to one nation. Naturally the Mexicans are children, always playful, meek, serious, unbusiness-like, light-hearted, quick-tempered and pathetically helpless in the face of gigantic difficulties; so that they must have a strong and just leader that will protect them from the horrors of party strife and revolution.

In the early part of the nineteenth century another conqueror entered the land of the aloe, bent on the destruction of its guiding spirit—

the Church. Wherever this evil power has been are its tracks of slime and crime; the slime of hypocrisy and of obscenity; the crime of confiscation and bloodshed and instead of bearing aloft a torch, the newcomer holds below the Dark Lantern that sheds a ghastly light over the gloomy country. In the trail of this deceiving light many an unsuspecting Mexican has trod to his doom by the loss of faith and finally despair. Today the votaries of the Dark Lantern are completing their satanic work of destruction in Mexico. They work ever in the dark and the tools they use are seduction, threats, dishonor, and murder. Since 1874 the highest positions of Mexico are frequently occupied by common highwaymen who rob the treasury, make laws without the consent of the people and play with the lives of the poor Peons. Thousands since this invasion have suffered either death or banishment. Any "thrill" seeker can satiate his desire by reading an account of the atrocities committed against the Mexican youth for shouting in the faces of their executioners, "Long live Christ, the King."

Whatever the outcome of this upheaval may be, can only be conjectured but it will never bring a lasting peace. The descendants of Montezuma did not start this trouble and they are weary of it; yet they are forced to accept with melancholy resignation the fate meted out to them until Divine Providence sees fit to send another Garcia who will rekindle the smouldering torch of faith and drive forever from the land of sunshine and flowers, the Masonic Evil with its smoky and ill-smelling symbol—the Dark Lantern.

Gertrude Walsh.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, POET

IT is only natural, since Canada is a land rich in the colourings of nature, that Canadian Literature should first develop in the form of poetry, and that the poets should be of no mean order. Of the four—Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Bliss Carman, and Pauline Johnson—who first obtained universal recognition, Bliss Carman is the lyricist, Duncan Campbell Scott the colourist. He it is who paints our Canada for us with a skillful brush. In two lines one finds a picture such as this,

“On a wide blueberry plain
Brushed with the shimmer of a bluebird’s
wing”;

or this colder one,

—“the enormous targe of Hudson’s Bay,
Glimmering all night,
In the cold Arctic light”—

When he pleases, Duncan Campbell Scott can trace with a light, and airy fancy, as in *Frost Magic*, where one finds upon the window pane

—“forests of frail fern, blanched and forlorn,
Where Oberon, of unimagined size,
Might in the silver silence wind his horn.”

Notice how subtly one is made to hear that horn, for Duncan Campbell Scott can make one hear as well as see. He has a unique power of portraying forest sounds. In *Spring on Mattagami*, he writes,

“She would hear the partridge drumming in
the distance,

Rolling out his mimic thunder in the sultry
noons;

Hear beyond the silver reach, in ringing wild
persistence,

Reel remote, the ululating laughter of the
loons”;

and in the “*Woodspring to the Poet*,”

“And in the two-fold dark I hear the owl
Puff at his velvet horn.”

Although not pre-eminently a lyricist, Duncan Campbell Scott can be lyric when he chooses. He is a lover of music, and in some poems imitates its forms in songs, improvisations, and one even hears pedal notes. His love songs, such as this, are exquisite:

“Where love is life
The roses blow,
Though winds be rude,
And cold the snow,
The roses climb
Serenely slow,
They nod in rhyme
We know, we know,
Where love is life
The roses blow

Contrary to expectation, Duncan Campbell Scott does not spend all his time roaming the Canadian north, but is confined to an office, for he is the head of the department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. It is this position which has given him his thorough knowledge of Indian character, so that in such poems as the *Forsaken* and the *Halfbreed Girl* he reveals the psychology of the Indian better than Pauline Johnson, half Indian by birth, ever could.

“A voice calls from the rapids,
 Deep, careless, and free,
 A voice that is larger than life,
 Or than her death shall be.

She covers her face with her blanket,
 Her fierce soul hates her breath
 As it eries with a sudden passion
 For life or death.”

It was such a voice as this that produced Pauline Johnson's masterpiece, *The Song My Paddle Sings*.

In many of his poems, Duncan Campbell Scott reveals the influence of his wide reading in English Literature. Now and then the atmosphere of a poem suggests Tennyson, as do the lines:

“The night is old, and all the world
 Is wearied out with strife;
 A long grey mist lies heavy and wan,
 Above the house of life.”

A few poems, such as *a Lover to His Lass*, contain a touch of the mystic portraiture of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the sensuous beauty of certain lines and images, is eloquently sweet like Keats. His philosophy is reminiscent of Browning. He says:

“Tears are the crushed essence of this world
 The wine of life.
 But nay, that is a thought of the old poets
 Who sullied life with the passionate bitterness
 Of their world-weary hearts.
 We of the sunrise

Joined in the breast of God, feel deep the
 power
 That urges all things onward, not to an end,
 But in an endless flow, mounting, and mounting.”

and again:

“Persistence is the master of this life,
 To the end effort—even beyond the end.”

Do not, however, even for a moment, think that Duncan Campbell Scott is a mere echo of other poets. To them, when they influence him at all, he adds his own personality, and so makes them his own.

“We of the sunrise” expresses his love of country. It holds for us the picture of the future. To him Canada is

—“a vision of delight,
 Bent like a shield between the silver seas.”

And although intense patriotism frequently carries Jingoism in its wake, Duncan Campbell Scott has a prayer, that many of us might pray with him:

“Purge us of Pride, who are so quick in vaunting
 ing
 Thy gift, this land that is in nothing wanting;
 Give Mind to match the glory of the gift,
 Give great Ideals to bridge the sordid rift
 Between our heritage, and the use of it.”

May he live long to serve his country with his idealism and great gift!

Mary Frances Mallon, 2T3.

A GLIMPSE INTO MODERN FICTION

When practically every day witnesses the birth of one or more new novels it would seem a foolish and hazardous task indeed to attempt to cull out a few which may be considered as having qualities to make them lasting contributions to our literature. Yet amidst all the plethora of modern productions there are undoubtedly some books which merit enthusiastic trust in their inherent qualities.

For the last few years a favourite theme of each and almost every serious-minded person has been the re-adjustment of our war-inflated social and political life to everyday ways of living. This, in consequence, naturally has formed the kernel of many novels, good and bad. C. E. Montague, the author of "Rough Justice," Sir Philip H. Gibbs, the author of "The Unchanging Quest," and Sylvia Thompson, the author of "The Hounds of Spring," are but three of the many who have applied their genius successfully to this topic.

In "Rough Justice" we see the childhood and adolescence of three delightful human children—Molly, Auberon and Victor—finely depicted against the atmospheric background of English country life. The war bugle sounds, its blast strips man of all conventional tinsel. The moral and emotional natures of the characters are revealed naked. The child hero Victor is stripped of his blatancy and "cocksurety." Molly and Bron are left together "emblems of all that had saved England in war and had now to save her in peace."

So much for the bare skeleton of the book. The magnetic charm of the story is stored up in the delicate feeling so poignantly expressed in words subtly chosen for that purpose. Undoubtedly Mr. Montague was inspired with a thesis when he wrote "Rough Justice," but

the resulting strain of didacticism merely tends to increase his fervour. The very seriousness of his stimulating anger insensifies his dramatic power and makes his story pulsate with real heart-throbs.

"The Unchanging Quest" covers a longer period than "Rough Justice." Beginning in the early nineties it comes down straight through the Great War and the Russian Revolution and the occupation of Germany. Against this background move many young people, and their corresponding older ones, whose reactions to one another throughout the book are consistent with life. They bubble and gurgle, they have inspirational flashes of insight and yet hide such under a hard exterior, and so they dance along life's way until the War calls them to action and self-sacrifice. Later we see them somewhat subdued by the spirit of Time—but then that same spirit subdues us all in a greater or lesser degree, so why complain?

Stronger than his power of characterization is Sir Philip's power to make scenes come alive again. The Russian pictures are particularly alive with human people, emotions, and sounds. It is this capacity for description which makes the novel so stimulating and deeply significant, as it is by means of this that Sir Philip reveals his flaming hatred against war and all that war propogates. And it is this intense sincerity which helps the reader to glide over the long lapse of years with so much ease, and digest so readily the many historical facts in the shape of fiction.

The third book which I have mentioned as dealing with the War period approaches more definitely to our idea of a true novel. It is not so compact with war facts of themselves, it treats more directly of the love of Zina Renner,

daughter of an English baronet, for a brilliant young Oxford idealist, Colin Russell. The war sounds its clarion call, sweeps Colin into its sea of action—next the telephoned report, “Missing—believed killed.” Zina for the first time in her sheltered life confronts the hard facts of life . . .

“Nothing left now, that mattered, now that Colin— Just blankness, going on and on. Was anything real any more—past or future? (There was the dressing gong!) Was it real that they had loved one another, and laughed—such a lot? and had funny picnics in the sun? and walked together, with the rain stinging their faces? All the things that they might have been; that they might have done! No use now, facing all that . . . She moaned under her breath: ‘I can’t—one must forget! what good can I do by not trying to forget, when its all over?’

“The spirit of Ice possessed her.”

So we are made to live with Zina through a shell shock of soul which is as tragic as Colin’s shell shock in its effect upon her life.

The book is not compact of tragedy, however. Zina’s little sister Wendy, with her straightforward mind and method of looking facts squarely in the face, is no worshipper of sentimentality. She is modern youth personified with her breezy acceptance of all that life offers and her hatred of “soft-stuff.” So it is she who finally breaks down the barriers which separate Zina and Colin and leaves them facing life together.

Whether or not we agree with the final solution (few of us, if any will) the novel as a literary product is a success. The story throbs with sincerity and vitality, yet there is no subordination of the characters to the theme.

Life, under the swiftly moving pens of these

gifted authors, is stripped of all banalities and superficialities. We see life as it actually was before the War, during the War, and since the War. Unless we be blind and dull of feeling we can see also the essential factors in human existence.

“Sorrell and Son,” by Warwick Deeping, is one of the novels of last year which received practically universal approval from every class of reader. The background of the novel is post-war England, against this stands out in strong relief the determination of Stephen Sorrell to give his son Christopher a generous start in life. The story tells of the father’s sacrifices, of Christopher’s resultant success in school and College, yet strange as it may seem both remain intensely human in spite of each possessing the best of human qualities—the spirit of sacrifice in the father, the spirit of devotion in the son. The merit of the book lies in its theme—the relation between father and son—and in its intense realism softened by the spirit of emotion. The author does not drivel forth sentiment, but he does discriminate between the true and the false values of life. To be brief it is inspirational without being boring.

In Mildred Wasson’s “The Big House,” modern family life is pictured in all its true colours. We have wealth and love of wealth, we have the effect of these two upon the various characters. We have the old grandfather who accumulated the wealth still possessed of the very clear eye and mental vision which helped him to amass the wealth in the first place, and which now help him to probe beneath the veneer of his relatives’ affection for him. Sycephants, honest ordinary people, flappers, pleasure loving youth all come to life in this book. The charm of the story lies in its expert characterization and in its unquestioning faith in the power of genuine character.

There are three books which may be classed

as admirable character studies—"High Silver," by Anthony Richardson, of quite recent publication, "So Big," by Edna Ferber, and "Solo," by Pierre Coalfeet. The first is the offspring of English soil, the second of American, and the third of Canadian.

"High Silver" is a novel well worth reading and re-reading. The crude and virile motto of Colonel Rivington "Eat or be eaten" may sound a harsh ideal to live up to. Its practicability and soundness can only be understood after following his grandson's Tristram's life without it to guide him. The following criticism I hope will induce many to read it—"Clearly it needed great dexterity and delicacy of treatment to save Tristram from being a plaster saint. But Mr. Richardson has brought both these qualities to bear, and with them an agreeable tartness which stimulates appetite and makes one long to turn the pages. Its character-drawing alone would have made "High Silver" a good novel; its impartial insight into and delicate handling of ethical questions make it a remarkably good one."

Undoubtedly it contains manifold pen pictures of scenes, incidents and people which will flash like the colours of the rainbow across one's mind long after the book has been laid aside. There is much both of beauty of language and of thought, plus much sage advice in a palatable form which determine this into one of the best of the new books.

In "So Big" we have a glorious picture of a fine indomitable spirit in a very human body battling against the hardships of the soil in the person of Selina De Jong. In her we see the apex of real success; in her son Dirk we see material success—success which is measured in terms of position, dollars and social popularity. The proof that such success stunts all the finer human qualities is admirably shown in Dirk's

own words when he speaks of himself as no more than a "rubber stamp."

Do not think because of this that the book preaches, it merely shows. It shows the import of industrial development upon humanity, especially as revealed in the city of Chicago. Illuminating pen pictures of flappers, debutantes, college students, shop girls, etc., abound in the book. Yet it is the sympathetic human touch which makes the book so powerful in its appeal. To read is to enjoy this book.

"Solo" is the work of a Canadian writer who has the power to recreate reality in the person of Paul Minas. As sensitive to all the chords of life as to his chords of music which mean so much in Paul's young life, we see him both an idealist and musician. The combination makes a delightful character study—and the reader's interest in him is sustained to the end.

Dull would he be both of soul and of mind who, after reading these three books, would not feel in himself a desire for closer union between the intelligence of the mind and the intelligence of the heart.

For the person really desirous of understanding the varying temperaments of youth and the importance of the selection of the right youthful associations. "Colour of Youth" by V. N. Friedlaender is the ideal book. Understanding truth and style are its distinguishing qualities, and as one person writing of it said—"It is richly endowed with sensitiveness, insight, tender fancy—above all, with a delicate emotional tone that represents the author's own brooding over the experiences that she imagines with so precise and subtle sympathy.

As a change of diet from the preceding books one would do well to turn to the works of Johan Bojer, such as "The Last of the

Vikings," "The Power of a Lie" and "The Emigrants." In his writings one finds virility, power, beauty of phrase, depth of expression, and a succession of stirring incidents.

Closely allied with the stirring quality of the Norwegian writer, Bojer, is the novelist Anzia Yezierska, who wrote the eloquent story of "The Bread Givers." This is a book moist with life, because of which it makes a rousing appeal to all who read it.

There are countless other new books which are well deserving of notice, but space and time prohibit their inclusion here. As a last morsel may I add such books as "Perella," by Wm. J. Locke, which upholds a colourful pageant of Florence; "Thunder on the Left," by Christopher Morley; "Harmer John," by Walpole, and last, but by no means least, the works of Donn Byrne? The latter interweaves "historical and continental associations, gives vivid and authentic variety to this many-coloured picture of an Ireland of twenty years ago" in his book entitled "Hangman's House." His works are all delightful and provide a welcome respite from the sex and problem novels of to-day.

Undoubtedly such books as these should convince us that amidst all the chaos of contemporary literature there are books of last-

ing contribution which must be distinguished from those of ostentatious mediocrity.

The preceding cursory sketch of a few of the more recent novels may seem but a mere listing of new fiction. However, my chief reason for dwelling on modern novels was to reveal the fact that through all the vagaries of modern life, with its flippancies and superficialities, thoughtful and brilliant minds are extracting the gold from present-day life. They are depicting life in its true perspective; they make us feel proud that we are living in our own days without looking back regretfully to those perpetually new "good olden days" of our grand parents' recollection. They are achieving success in their business, they are giving us "a form of imagined life clearer than reality" by showing us more than life shows us. By means of their talismanic power they make us feel "the experiences, the dreams, the hopes, the fears, the disillusionments, the ruptures and the philosophising" of kindred spirits, and because of this they give life back to us more whole and comprehensive. Books indeed mirror the age in which they are written, and none better than the books of our own generation. Let us read and enjoy them, let us be generous in our trust of contemporary genius.

Cicely Wood, 2T3.

The Old Home

'Tis' New Year's eve and the house is closed;
 The place is quiet and darkness reigns;
 The doors are locked and the knobs are cold—,
 No light shines through the window panes.
 —New Year's eve and the old house stands,
 Alone and silent as shadows fall;
 Night deepens down and the great house looms,
 —But not tonight will we answer the call.
 Across the threshold no feet this eve,

For each of us takes himself afar;
 No steps resound on the well-worn stairs,
 To enter in at doors ajar.
 The furniture stands as it was left;
 Pictures hang on unechoing walls;
 —New Year's eve and the place is closed—,
 Yet afar to us each the old house calls.
 It asks for the spirit of olden times,
 When we kissed each other as midnight bells

Rang that another year had passed,
 And a new one born on the music swells.
 It asks for the days when voices of youth
 Blended together in gleeful shout,
 When elders' notes rose high in song,
 And all was life and light about.
 It begs for the claim of protecting sage,
 To set its table with festive spread;
 To call us in at the close of day
 To share its warmth; to share its bread.

But we will come back to the house of years,
 Of memories, of youth, from where e'er we
 roam;

For 'tis life's decree we must travel out,
 Each to find him another home.
 —We will come back from the outside glare,
 For life with its cares will a longing bring,
 To be sheltered once more in the old home
 place;
 To be safe again in the family ring.
 —The walls will re-echo with laughter and
 song,
 And the blood will quicken in our veins;
 We will gather again in the big, old house,
 And light will shine through its window
 panes.

Margaret McIntosh.



*SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE LITTLE FLOWER CLUB,
 TORONTO.*

This Club is maintained for Catholic girls working away from their homes. It is now in its seventh year and its success has been in a large measure contributed to by Loretto girls who have given unstintingly of their time in friendly service to lonely strangers.

THE TRUTH (?) ABOUT HELEN PERKINS

Here is comfort for all those persons who are suffering such acute distress at the thought of the shortcomings of the present-day girl. Let them read the biographies of the graduates in any college annual. I have seen a number of these publications and I am pleased to report that all through this broad land, each and every college is turning out pluperfect graduates, worthy to be placed beside those whose histories graced *The Rainbow* in our own very innocent youth.

Age can demand of youth nothing more than the moral, mental and physical perfection of Helen Dolittle Perkins, who, we are told, "came to St. Mary's after a very brilliant career at Oskosk High School," or "Powasson lost 'Nell' to Loretto." The old idea is still there. Helen is a godsend to any school. Picture the teachers in Oskosk in their brave struggle to keep school, minus the inspiration that Helen must have supplied. Pity the pupils in Powasson deprived of the sunshine of her presence.

She is sure to have a "charming personality" and "many sterling qualities." The combination is too much for the college. Helen quickly becomes the idol of the faculty and student body. We conjure up a creature as wise as Sappho, as loveable as little Eva, as beautiful as Lady Diana Manners.

Of course, Helen is a good, all-round girl. She is always ready for anything from a Hart House Masquerade to an intelligence test. She is an invaluable member of the Dramatic Club (She played the maid in Act III.). In her junior year, she was president of the Missionary Circle. The Class of 1927 owes the championship shield in athletics in no small measure to her skill. L.A.C. will find it hard to do

without Helen but rejoices to think of the great gifts she has for the world she is about to enter.

Lest the write-up leave anything to be desired, a quotation accompanies it. "To know her is to love her," or perhaps in a facetious vein, "She hates to get up in the morning." (The super-girl has one human frailty to prove that she is akin to us poor mortals.)

Do not let her photograph prejudice you. Helen may register terror, boredom, deep sorrow, profound thought, intellectual bankruptcy, arrogance, coquetry, or absolutely nothing at all, but she will not look like "our heroine." Photographers seem to be vowed to contradict the authors of biographies. If her sunny smile was the joy of her class, I would expect the subject to look as hard-boiled as Herod. If she graduates first in general proficiency, she will have the face of a moron.

However, we who have been the authors and the victims of graduation write-ups, will be slow to laugh at Helen Perkins. We are sure that if she were the girl that she is painted, she would have been boiled in oil at her initiation. We guess she is just an ordinary "nice kid." She may have a bit of a temper, or be inclined to like herself rather well. Perhaps she is dumb, or silly, or selfish in the opinion of her class-mates, but you can't put that in a graduation biography, and taking her all in all, she is in truth an asset to her college, and a source of pleasure to her friends. If you take her hidden peccadillos for granted, and discount her accredited virtues by about fifty per cent., you have the real Helen, and she is all right.

Kathleen J. Costello.

To a House in Period Style

I do admire your Spanish air,
 Those rusted gates.
 One goes down stairs—
 A room that dates
 To days of ancient Mexico—
 But tell me,
 For I fain would know,
 Ere forth I fare,
 How does one stay
 On Spanish chairs?

I so admire your fish-pond there,
 Those lily pads.
 Some call them fads
 From days of ancient Mexico.
 But tell me,
 For I fain would know,
 Ere chills the air,
 How do those fish in
 In winter fare?

Mary Frances Mallon, 2T3.

MODERN POETRY

Is our modern poetry fulfilling the functions of true poetry? Is it making the life of man more full and real? Is it opening up to them new treasure holds of thought and expression and mood? Does it compare favourably or otherwise with the Elizabethan or Victorian schools of poetry? These are only some of the critical questions one hears wherever the Georgian group of poets is discussed. It is true the present age can boast of no group of literary lights comparable to the group formed by Browning, Tennyson and Arnold in the Victorian Age; but despite this fact, ours is not an age poor in poets. The writing of poetry is occupying more minds than ever before, due in a great measure to the influence of the Great War.

It is practically impossible to make any rigid classification of modern poetry because of the great experimental tendency everywhere apparent in the literary work of to-day. Yet the characteristics are sufficiently marked to permit of the following classification:

1. The Imperialists, particularly well typified by Rudyard Kipling in "Recessional,"

"God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget."

2. War Group, characterized principally by John McCrae in "Flanders Fields" and Rupert Brooke, called "the poet who interprets the sacrifice" in "The Soldier."

"If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is forever England."

3. The Celtic Group is represented by Moira O'Neill and Dora Sigerson.

4. But the majority of the poets of to-day come under the last and largest heading: The Impressionistic or Imaginistic Group. Modern poetry is highly impressionistic. It devotes itself to the minute description of some uneventful happening or some simple object in the ordinary surroundings of man's daily life or to a more psychological discussion of the ef-

fect of simple things on the mind of a poet. In this respect the Georgians are the successors of the Lake School.

Walter de la Mare exemplifies the mystical turn of mind and expresses the fascination which beautiful things have for us because we realize they do not last. We see this longing, a sort of "home-sickness" in "Dreams" and "The Farewell." W. H. Davies has also an exquisite appreciation of passing beauty, but the great difference between these two poets is, that de la Mare seems to be bidding farewell to lovely things, while Davies is perpetually greeting new beauties—

"A rainbow and a cuckoo's song
May never come together again;
May never come
This side the tomb."

"The Carthusians," by Ernest Dowson and such Catholic poets as Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson, whose rhetoric is "a fire of lights before an altar," are reviving the religious note which is becoming more prominent

daily. This is essentially an age of impressions and sensibilities rather than passions. The themes of love and politics, the "stand-by" and mainstay of practically all poets previous to to-day, have greatly dwindled in modern poetry. The only great love poetry we have is the book, "Wind Among the Reeds," by Yeats. Emotional effects are suggested rather than expressed in Thomas Hardy's "When I Set Out for Lyonesse" and "Beyond the Last Lamp."

Regarding the poetry of the present age in the Mass, it may be truly said that there has been no violent break with the past. There has been an introduction of new metres, a general thinness of ideas, but a perfection of technique has been retained. Modern poetry is characterized by sensibility, psychological observations and its attention to the presentation of simple themes in new ways. In an age poor in poets a miscellany of such varied excellencies would be impossible.

Dorothy Sullivan and Rosemary Silvester,
2T6.

Lines Dedicated as a Prelude to Eaton's Fashion Show

Lines used as a Prelude to Eaton's Fashion Show—By Grace Elston 1T9.

I am Review and Fashion is my guide,
Ageless, through many aeons has she passed
Forever new. With Beauty for a goal
She seeks from Eden's bowers e'en to now
The perfect flower of lovely womanhood.
There breathes through all the golden book of
Life

Her subtle influence—the charm, the touch
That has exalted high above the ken
Of merest man the fairer, frailer sex.
With wars and deeds of arms and might
As but a background, Fashion points with pride

To some triumphant woman. "There she stands
The product of my wizardry—the key
That will unlock the problem of the age"
"Cherchez la femme."—a saying wise indeed
And when you find her you find Fashion too.
From that first day, when sadly Mother Eve
Betook herself beyond the Garden gate
To face a world of pain and weary strife,
Has womankind found consolation dear,
Devising raiment rare and ever new.
Perhaps to chance upon a trailing vine,
That would look well upon her fig-leaf gown,
Was balm to soothe the weary soul of Eve.
So come with me and cast a lingering glance

Upon some lovely ladies, summoned forth
 From dim and distant days. In them you see
 The gift that Fashion to the new world brings.
 "We are the heirs of all the ages"—true—
 And true our daily lives are still enriched
 By Fashion's heritage of Beauty rare.
 Semiramis, a Queen of great renown,
 The flower of old Assyria's line—
 A warrior bold—a maiden dauntless, free—
 She led her troops to sweeping victories.
 And yet by Fashion's magic touch her name
 Comes down to History for her winning charm.
 Her gorgeous raiment, jewelled, gossamer fine,
 Magnificence that burst upon the sight
 Of warring kings, subduing them at once,
 And bringing them as suppliants to her feet.
 Little we think, when round the shingled brow
 We bind a glittering Oriental band,
 Semiramis herself wore such a crown.
 The tiers, the ropes of scintillating beads
 May be but copies of her glorious gems—
 The patterns stitched by patient fingers now
 Draw inspiration from her kingdom's art.
 Let us move onward down the centuries
 And westward, till we see against a drop
 Of pageantry sublime—one perfect form.
 It has been writ of her by poet pen
 "This is the face that launched a thousand
 ships,"
 Epitome of beauty, still her name
 Must conjure up a tale of dire distress,
 Helen, the bane of Troy, and her own land
 By Paris chosen as the non pareil.
 She brought the jealous ire, the vengeful threats
 Of slighted beauty from Olympian heights.
 Simplicity her charm—and Fashion gives
 With bounteous hands through all the ages since
 The Grecian draperies, severe yet kind,
 The filets that entwine her golden hair,
 The sandals and the cestus and the rest.
 Forgotten quite the fury and the strife
 Before the glamorous spell of Helen's name.

To Egypt next we follow Fashion's trail
 And come beneath the potent, witching thrall
 Of Cleopatra, Egypt's wizard queen.
 She held enslaved a king, an emperor
 The conqueror of the world—her slightest whim
 His law. Luxurious and spendthrift Queen,
 She rules the world by virtue of her Charm.
 Fortunes were lavished on her robes—her
 slaves
 Worked night and day to please her imperious
 taste.
 Unto this day her halo of Romance
 Survives, undimmed. For Fashion loved her too
 And she holds out before our eyes the lure
 Of Oriental fantasy, the wealth
 Of Egypt's artful skill in fabric, weave
 And colour—still we find in modern modes
 The echo of the beauty that was hers.
 Countless the names that Fashion has engraved
 Upon fair History's pages. It fain would be
 An endless task to trace them all. Let's on—
 We quickly turn from ancient times away
 To find the goddess fair of Dante's dream—
 The pure and radiant lady Beatrice.
 To her fond inspiration must we give
 The mightiest epic of all modern time,
 To please her Dante labored, year by year,
 And counted that day blessed when he might
 meet
 His lady, whom he placed on lofty throne.
 Among the heavenly choristers. Her gown
 Of richest velvet rippled round her feet
 In fashion of the Renaissance—her hair
 A net of pearls enmeshed—her slim, svelte
 waist,
 Was girdled with a rope of metal sheen.
 From Dante's time to now has Fashion found
 This stately mode a thing of beauty rare.
 And Beatrice today would recognize
 The period gown with flowing, graceful lines
 As faintly reminiscent of her own.
 Again does Fashion bid us haste our steps

And to the haunting strains of Minuet
 Comes forth a vision more than passing fair.
 The power behind the throne of France's King.
 The keen audacious Pompadour. Her sway
 Extended from old France to New. No doubt
 Had she of her success—for to her aid
 She called the Goddess Fashion. Of them all
 She stands pre-eminent, the favorite child
 And devotee of Fashion, powdered wig,
 Bewitching patches, furbelows and frills
 The swish of silk, the lure of filmy lace—
 All these were hers—and her imprint is felt
 Upon the mold of elegance and form.
 Through troublous times a tottering Empire
 past,
 Broken and warped by such extravagance,
 Until with force that could not be repressed
 A nation came to birth—to fall again
 Beneath the sway of Fashion and her Court.
 From battle field and all war's grim array

Napoleon rose to everlasting fame
 Spurred on to the conquests ever new, by love
 Of Josephine, a woman fair and vain.
 Elegant was she—her brittle charm
 Subdued the master of the world—and she
 Ruled the imperious sway that knew no bounds
 The world of Fashion, still we find her mark
 Indelible upon the Mode—her waist,
 Slender and facile high beneath her arms,
 Her half cropped hair, a mass of tumbled curls,
 Her tiny feet in sandals closely bound—
 Nature and Beauty, freed at last from all
 The trammels of an earlier, formal time.
 At last we come, with Fashion at our side
 Upon the brink of Modes that are to be.
 My task is done—no longer will Review
 Suggest the sway of Fashion—she herself
 Is here. Come forth Dame Fashion—show the
 new.

Grace Elston 1T9.

MEMORIES

Do you remember how Grace Elston used to
 rave over her History Lectures? When we
 teased her she talked "Hoddah" than ever.

Do you remember the way Johnnie Red-
 mond liked Economics.

Kath Costello and the Prince of Wales
 The birthday parties staged by Sr. Johanna.
 The tickets we sold and tried to sell for "As
 you like it."

The practices and rehearsals we had for it.
 How Gen played "Touchstone."

The old Common Room in the Music Corri-
 dor, where we used to get together always.

How we made candles of old newspapers
 and tallow, to put in the Overseas boxes.

The skating rink we had in one corner of

the Abbey grounds and the fun we all had
 learning to skate.

Do you remember:

"Now is the acceptable time, now is the
 time of Salvation,

Now is the time to prepare for final
 examinations."

How everyone waited at the office door at
 mailtime. Some were lucky (a letter), others
 got a smile, that made them happy all day long.

The days we had lectures at Varsity at
 11 and 1, when we had lunch at the City
 Dairy.

The day the Final Exam Timetable came out.
 An annual event.

Kathleen Macaulay, 1T8.

Frankfort, Ont.,
March 10, 1927.

An article for the "Rainbow"? Really, I don't know what to write about. Let us sing some of the old songs instead.

Do you remember the farewell party to the Class of 1T7, when we sang:

Goodbye girls, you're through,
This very fair quintette,
We say goodbye to you
With very much regret
You're through with examinations,
There's no more tribulations,
To you we'll e'er be true. .
Goodbye girls, goodbye girls,
Goodbye girls, you're through.

All together now, here's another:

It's the only, only way
To get your degree, they say;
You're the only girls and it's only
fair,
For we've only got half an hour to
spare; (a final in the morning)
So we'll toast you on the spot,
With the only toast we've got,
If you're only cute, you will only
cheer,
That's the only toast that we've
had this year.
Though we only talk, it is not to
mock,
You're the only, only girls.

Naturally I like the songs to the Class of 1T8 best of all. Let's sing them.

Every sophomore loves a senior
Every senior loves a grad

For there's something about a
senior

Though they say it's just a fad.
Free and easy, bright and breezy,
They're the freshies pride and joy,
Fall in love with Fran or Gen
Or Al or Kath, they're gone again
And Sister Kell we all love well.

"Poor Butterfly" was an old favourite. This is how they sang it for us:

Poor undergrads, for we know
you're going
Poor undergrads, for we'll miss
you so
The moments are flying fast
This happy day will be past
And then we'll say au revoir
But not good-bye.
In years to come, you'll return to
visit
We hope you'll come, for we'll
welcome you.
But if you can't come back
Then we'll always long for you
Cause you'll be true
We've tested you.

The song to the air of "The Marseillaise" took us quite by storm:

Ye wondrous Grads of onety-eight,
Accept best wishes at this small
fete-
Far and wide you are famed for
love and glory
O'er the world you'll be known in
song and story.
Three cheers, hurrah, hurrah,
Three cheers for onety-eight.

Oh girls, goodbye is here with it's
regret

But Oh we'll not forget

The girls we learned to love,

To cherish, honour and obey

The Junior's friend, the simple

Soph's ambition

And the Freshies only par

A saying that goes so far.

But come. O Gen

And Kath and Fran and Al

And our dear Sister too

Please let us say adieu

'Cause we're shy and just a few.

But say just once again

Three cheers for white and blue,

For L.A.C. and you

To you, to you

Our hearts will e'er be true

To you, to you, to you.

The Class of 1T8 will remember this:

I wish I were a little stone,

A sitting on a hill,

With nothing in this world to do

But just sit still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep,

I wouldn't even wash,

I'd just sit still a thousand years

And rest myself, by gosh.

Now, suppose we take a fresh start and sing
to the Class of 1T9:

Smile the while we bid you sad adieu,

Through the years we'll all be true to
you,

Though e'en you drift so far apart

Remember that you hold our heart.

Mad and Grace will surely win a name,

Floss and Mertis crowned with

blazing fame

So, go, dear friends, with our best love

Till we meet again.

This one to the tune of "Chasing Rain-
bows" made quite a hit:

They've always passed with honours

So too on this last day

There's been method in their madness

Ending in B.A.

Our grads don't seem to believe in

marriage

We're glad that you don't feel the

same

We hope that 'ere the next reunion

Each one of you has changed her

name

Oh please do.

Or you'll always be chasing rain-

bows

Sitting beside a little fire-place

alone.

Perhaps some one else can remember some
other old favourites that we used to sing. At
any rate each year's class should remember
their farewell songs and how they enjoyed them.
It certainly has been a pleasure for me to recall
them and try them over once again.

I am sure too that the old members of the
"Glee Club" will have some happy recollec-
tions of "Sleep, Kentucky Babe," "Missouri,"
"The Bells of St. Mary's" "Sweet Adeline,"
etc., which they will be glad to send in for us.

Yours in haste,

Kath Macaulay, 1T8.

NEWS OF 2T6

Norah Storey, of intercollegiate debating fame, brilliantly finished her scholastic career by winning the John H. Moss Memorial Scholarship. (This scholarship, for the sum of \$300, is awarded by the University of Toronto to the best all around man or woman in the final year. The winner is chosen from a group of four students, one nominated by each of Victoria College, University College, St. Michael's and Trinity).

Nora is now on the staff of the History Department of the University of Wisconsin, where she is also working for her M.A. degree.

Josephine Phelan, Loretto's second contribution to Varsity's Interecollegiate Debating team, also distinguished herself by a research scholarship in History and is now doing her M.A. work on the Baldwin Letters.

George Ann Dell, president of the permanent executive of 2T6, has followed the example

of the majority of her year by joining the ranks of the business world.

Vera Michell, after a brief sojourn at the Teachers' College in Detroit, returned to Toronto and is completing her course at Faculty.

Mary Dwyer has told us herself that she is thoroughly enjoying her year's work at Faculty.

Noreen Kingsley commenced the year at O.C.E., but is now taking a secretarial course.

Mary Carroll and **Callista Doyle**, two 2T6 Hamiltonians, have also succumbed to the lure of higher (?) finance.

Dorothy Sullivan and **Rosemary Silvester**, having taken the commerce course at L.D.S., are just trying to find out if there is such a thing as higher finance.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORIAL STAFF

Dear Elsie:

In collecting my thoughts in preparation for the production of an interesting article for the Alumnae number of The Rainbow, I find that about the only thing on my mind is my hair. This at once suggests the much vexed question of "Why I have not bobbed my hair." However as I really do not know why I have therefore nothing to write.

Best wishes,

Florence Daley Harkins, 1T9.

Sunday, March 20.

Dear Dorothea:

My "earliest convenience" seems rather delayed doesn't it? I am sorry.

I have had rather a heavy year as I have had to teach night school as well as day. Am afraid my poor brain is not worthy of contributing anything but "good wishes," but it sends an over abundance of these.

It won't be long until Easter now and then

I hope to have the opportunity of saying "How do" once again.

Lovingly,
Marion Smith.

* * * *

March 15, 1927.

My dear Florence:

What a shame that I can't surprise you by sending a contribution to *The Rainbow* that would be worth while. But unfortunately my forte lies as little in surprising people as it does in writing for publication, or for anything else for that matter.

You know there is always or generally always, one in each year who cannot be depended on to blossom forth as a literary star, so you

really must forgive me. It isn't my fault you know, I just wasn't born that way and in all the years I have failed to acquire anything very much worth while. Then too, when you consider the brilliant efforts that will be made by other members of the class of '18, I'm sure my puny ones won't be missed.

I really do wish that I could help you out Floss; it isn't much fun canvassing without results, is it? But you see you have only one man to manage and I have ten so my energy is all used up at the office. I shall be looking forward to the College issue of *The Rainbow*, and know that it will be quite a success.

As ever,

Francis Galligan, 1T8.

SAINT SOPHIA -- CONSTANTINOPLE

One of A Series of Lessons to Junior Classes, on Architecture

The city of Constantinople boasts a vast number of beautiful palaces, mosques and monuments, but the queen of them all is the disgraced and dishonoured shrine of Santa Sophia. This famous edifice was raised in the early morning of Christianity, and in that far time was dedicated holily and rightly to the "Divine Wisdom."

The original church on the site of Santa Sophia was erected by Constantine early in the fourth century. It was burned down and rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian at the beginning of the sixth century. Soon after this second erection, the dome collapsed, and it was not till twenty years later that Justinian prepared to erect the present famous structure. The costliest and most beautifully colored marbles, together with a vast quantity of gold, silver, precious gems, and brilliant mosaic stones and glasses were prepared for its adornment. One hundred of the most skilled architects, each assisted by as many experienced workmen, are said to have laboured in its erection. The

mighty Emperor with the riches of his own vast dominions at his command, spared neither labour nor expense.

The result was that the church of The Divine Wisdom was, in its day, the most famous and magnificent shrine in all Christendom. When at last it stood complete in all the splendour of its gorgeous, Eastern beauty, the Emperor is said to have cried out in exultant joy: "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon!"—

The interior was ablaze with light, and the rich, varying colours, so dear to the hearts of the Orientals. The long rows of columns were composed of the most precious polished marbles. The walls were inlaid with slabs of coloured marbles, pieced together so as to form flowery designs. Sacred pictures and patterns, composed of small pieces of coloured glass and precious stones, on a background of gold or bright blue, covered every available space. Such pictures and patterns are called mosaics. Even the floor was a rich composition of mosaics and marbles. The whole resembled an enchanted

palace, raised at the command of some magnificent Eastern wizard, and one had to glance at the solemn altar, and the six-winged seraphim that kept watch on the pendentives beneath the great dome, to realize that this was no fairy palace but a consecrated shrine of the Most High. The altar itself was of pure gold studded with precious jewels; the altar cloth of broadened silk, into which were woven pictures of Our Lord, with His apostles and prophets. The pulpit was of extraordinary magnificence and probably one like it has never since existed. It was composed of gold, silver and bronze, and inlaid with plates of the finest ivory. The crucifixes were of solid gold, and in fine, everything used in the sacred service was of the most rare and costly character.

Crowning all this radiant beauty was the proud triumph of Byzantine architecture—the great dome, arching itself over the interior like the lid of an immense case of jewels.

In spite of this gorgeous beginning, no shrine has had a sadder or more tragic fate. After Constantine made Constantinople the capital of his empire, it became also the centre of the Eastern Church, which, from a very early period questioned the authority of the Roman Pontiff, and eventually proclaimed the Greek Church independent, just as Henry VIII. proclaimed the English Church, some centuries later. Many of the bishops of Constantinople were, however, faithful adherents of the successors of St. Peter, and many of them are numbered among the illustrious saints of the Church.

The beautiful St. Sophia, being the central shrine of the Eastern Church, was chosen by God to be the scene of His vengeance. The Turks bombarded and captured the city on a night in the month of May, 1453. One hundred thousand of the terror-stricken inhabitants took refuge in St. Sophia and barred its doors against

the invaders. Packed together in one dense, helpless mass, they prayed and waited. But the Turks, presently beat on the barred doors, and people and church alike met their doom. The men were butchered. The women and children were captured for slaves. The beautiful altar was broken and battered, the precious crucifixes, statues and ornaments shivered to a thousand atoms, and then gathered for plunder. Rivers of blood deluged the marble pavements. Desecration and horror reigned supreme.

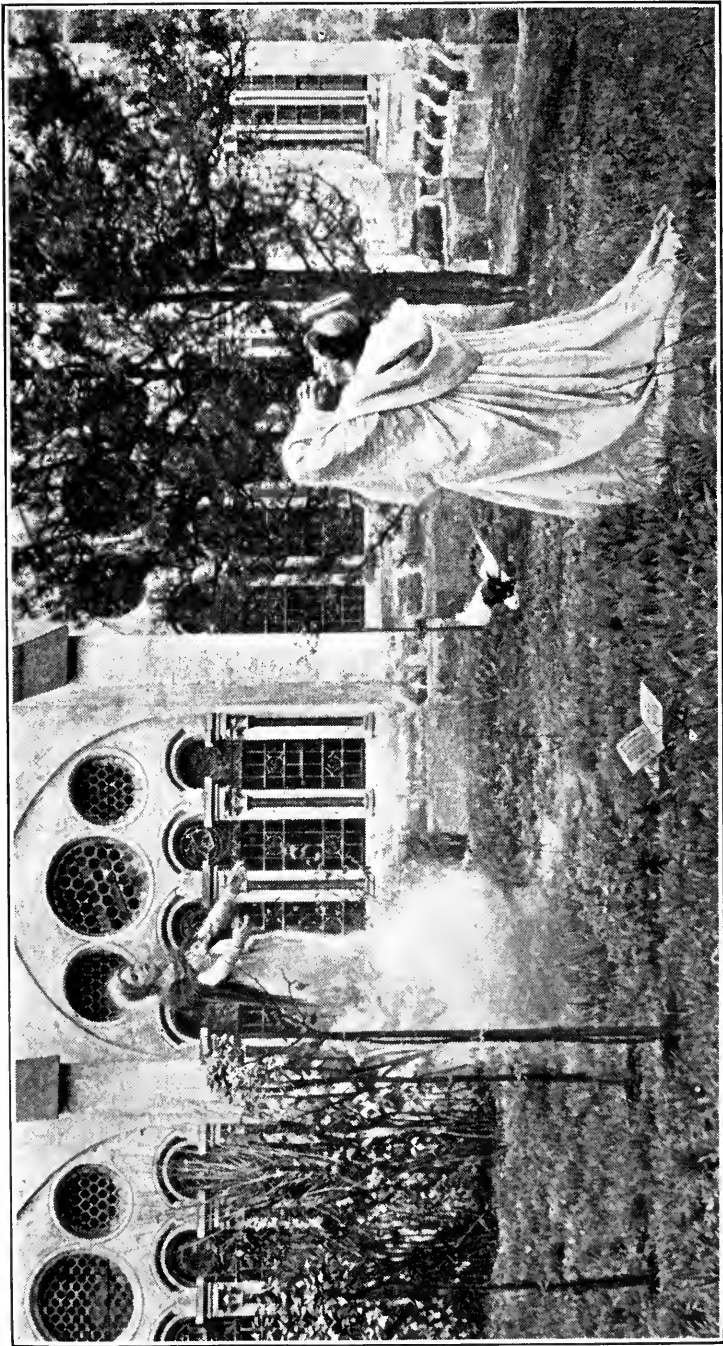
Amid this nightmare of terror the Turkish leader raised his voice and cried aloud the terrible creed of Islam. "There is no God but Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet!" With these words St. Sophia, built to the honour of the Divine Wisdom, ceased to be the earthly shrine of the Most High, and became, instead a Mahometan mosque, which it remains to this day. Its dazzling mosaics are now covered with whitewash, and its circular shields, bearing texts from the Koran, (the sacred book of the Mahometans) are hung here and there on the walls and over the faces of the sentinel seraphim. The floors are made comfortable for the worshippers with soft Eastern rugs. Here every Friday, the Mahometan Sabbath public service is held. The presiding officer, on that occasion, mounts the pulpit and reads exhortations from the Koran, meanwhile holding in his right hand a drawn sword which signifies that the shrine was captured by force of arms.

Five times a day, a crier, called a muezzin, climbs up into the tapering minarets, (which are a Turkish-addition to the Church) and proclaims that it is time to pray. His measured summons is for us only a mournful proclamation that darkness reigns in the stately temples of that city, where once there was light.

M. St. George, Loretto, Brunswick.

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VISION OF ST. BERNARD

Dignare me laudare te Virgo Sacrata
Da mihi virtutem contra hostes tuos.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

VOL. XXXIV.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1927

No. 1

A Child of Mary's Colloquy with the Blessed Virgin

Now all good things come to me together with
her, and innumerable riches through her hands.
—Wis. VII. II.

All your gifts to me, Mother, no angel could
count ;
They outnumber the throbs of my heart,
Falling softly as blossoms, life's springtime to
grace—
Blessed Memories, never depart.

First, my name, at God's fountain you
whispered, I ween,
As you breathed to my soul, the sweet flame
That has kindled, and flickered, then kindled
again
Till it glows at the sound of thy name.

For my childish ambitions, fair laurels you
wreathed,
Were my barque thereby heavenward driven;
If her prow turned aside or her sails filled with
pride
With strong love was your reprimand given.

When I wearied of toys, and my short summer
joys
Were just merging in girlhood's fair dreams,
Came your voice calm and clear, so I could not
but hear,
"Come away from the world's muddy
streams".

To a mountain you pointed where purpling
mists hung ;
And you whispered of nearness to God.
I shall climb its rough side, self-reliant, I cried
Since His "delicate ones" there have trod.

While I fancy you smiled at presumption so
wild,
Lo, a voice, far within, whispered, "Come,
For climb it you must; but in God put your
trust
And, with Mary, some day you'll come
home."

Down a lone, darksome valley, all silent and
chill,
First my path led, I cried out in fear,
Could the Garden of Olives more desolate be?
Was that Calvary's summit so near?

Then your calm voice replied to your erstwhile
brave child,
While my clouds for a moment were riven,
"True, Gethsemani leads to dread Calvary's
height ;
But, then, Calvary lifts you to Heaven.

“Sweetest joys set apart for the crucified heart,
 Must be purchased by pain—God’s decree.
 Come! His wounds balm distil, that gives
 strength to the will,
 If you keep close to Calvary’s tree.”

Thus, sweet Mother of Hope, as mid darkness
 I grope,
 The sweet light of your love pierces through.
 Now I fear not the gloom e’en encircling the
 tomb;
 For I’ll hide ’neath your mantle of blue.

Loretto Jean S.

THE SENIORS’ BANQUET

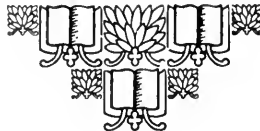
Every Senior begins to look forward to the Banquet as soon as her last year commences. For the class of 1927 it took place on March 19th.

At half-past six the Seniors were ushered into the refectory by two Juniors to the strains of “In Their Sweet Little Dark College Gowns,” sung by the assembled students. The room was daintily decorated in pastel shades which harmonized beautifully with the soft hues of the girls’ evening frocks. At the place of each Senior was a charming bouquet of sweet-peas and roses in nosegay effect, and the coveted Loretto-U. of T. pin. After the delighted exclamations had subsided somewhat, the entire student body turned its attention to the very good dinner.

Following this, the real events of the evening began. With Miss Josephine Brophy as toast mistress, the students toasted the College, the Faculty, and the various organizations, with

great good-will. Then Mother Margarita and the other members of the Faculty gave us a few more serious thoughts to take away with us. Mother Estelle’s “Prophecy” was read, and veiled references to certain characteristics of the girls were received with delighted applause. Followed the prophecy contributed by the other years. The Seniors cheerfully accepted their fates, which gave them Orphanages, Homes or husbands to comfort their old age. The singing of the songs to the Graduates recalled to us rather forcibly that this was in the nature of a farewell banquet. But the sadness was dispersed by Mother Margarita’s reminder that the year was not over yet and that we might experience the obnoxious “Lights Out” a few times more before we left. The singing of the year songs and the new College song marked the leaving behind of another milestone in our college career.

Mary Sheehan, 2T7.



GRADUATES OF 2T7



Helen Kerr, B.A.



Catherine Cronin, B.A.



Ethel Fry, B.A.



Mary Sheehan, B.A.



Kathleen O'Connor, B.A.



Mary Burcher, B.A.



Esther Farrell, B.A.



Helen Andary, B.A.



Norah Kavanagh, B.A.



Eileen Flanagan, B.A.

VALEDICTORY

To-night the class of 1927 like many classes that have preceded them, pause for one last lingering look before they bid their Alma Mater farewell. Today the world is ours—tomorrow too perhaps, but yesterday and yester year it was not so—Four years have passed since first we came to Loretto College. How dim and distant seemed a baccalaureate then—how huge and impregnable the rocks over which we must clamber to the imperious but intriguing road which should lead to graduation! But now despite myriads of lectures, multitudinous essays and the renowned wiles of astute examiners to ensnare us, we have at length arrived at the longed-for goal and here we realize how dangerous a thing is a little knowledge and how only by constant pursuit of more and more does learning become the power it is meant to be in life.

There are some distinctions which adorn this graduation year of 1927 alone—This is the year of Canada's Jubilee and the heritage of those sixty years of Confederation and the promise of the forty years that will make it a centennial provide an exaltation and hope for us, who, in this year, graduate from Canada's highest and first educational centre. This year the University of Toronto itself commemorates one hundred years of establishment and we "look before and after" and glory in what is and in what is to be of education, scholarship and culture in our native land. This year, too, St. Michael's College is celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding, a celebration which has shown that the church and her ideals of education include and embrace the best and deepest of secular culture.

And this year finally Loretto, our own Alma Mater, completes eighty years of loving labour for the youth of this city and province.. We

congratulate her on the imposing building which is to replace the Mother house on Wellington street and to her we offer our daughterly homage, and the wish that the great work begun in Europe three hundred years ago, in days of great need, may grow ever greater in our native Canada. Her ideals are ours and when we leave reluctantly the grey steps of Loretto College, mingled with regret for the breaking of our college ties is the eager expectancy of the newer fields of endeavour to which we pass. We go without fear not in ignorant arrogance but with a desire to learn and with the hope that in all our lives we shall exercise a loyal citizenship to our country and a loving fealty to God and His Church on earth.

Not till the time has come to say farewell does the force of recollection sweep over us, making the pangs of parting doubly hard. Four years is such a little space to memory's backward glancing eye—and yet how crowded it is with unforgettable detail. These four years have enriched us beyond measure and leave us with a threefold debt of gratitude: First to our beloved College—our College which represents to us so much of what is true and beautiful and good—and in whose religious atmosphere we have learned the true ideals of a christian life; to our Faculty, whose many kindnesses and untiring efforts in our behalf have moulded us to look with courage upon life's difficulties;—to our mothers and fathers whose countless sacrifices and faith in us have made possible these four years.

A little while and we shall wander forth to try our talents in the world at large and we shall perhaps forget much that has passed within these hallowed walls—but always in our hearts we shall carry a host of priceless recollections which will bind us forever to Loretto.

Ethel L. Fry.

CONVOCAATION WEEK

After Monday, when the Seniors learned that they would proceed to their final goal with unbroken ranks, began a whirl of joyful activity. On Tuesday evening a most enjoyable banquet was given at the King Edward Hotel, by the Women's Alumnae of St. Michael's, at which the Graduates were guests of honor. This was followed up on Wednesday by a tea at the Granite Club, with the Loretto Abbey Alumnae as hostesses.

Wednesday evening was an occasion second only in importance to Convocation Day itself. On that night was presented the Senior play, "Everyman"—an allegorical drama of profound appeal. Its success was due to our long-suffering directress, who spared neither time nor trouble in its preparation.

Thursday evening gave us a last taste of the more frivolous side of college life, namely, the long anticipated reception and dance at Hart House, in honor of the Graduates. On this evening the prevailing spirit of good-fellowship and camaraderie was tinged with seriousness, even sadness, for those who were for the last time together as Undergraduates of the University of Toronto. Midnight came all too soon, but thoughts of the eventful morrow made it seem an advisable thing to seek rest.

The climax of the week came on Friday—Convocation Day—the culmination of four or five years of academic work, when the coveted prize was to be received at last. I think that there is no day quite equal to that on which one graduates from a college where many happy years have been spent. There may be gayer days and happier days in the future, but never again shall we find the wonderful spirit of joy shared in common and of pleasant days passed together, so soon to end.

The graduates of Loretto arose to the unwonted luxury of breakfast upstairs, an event sufficient in itself to make the day conspicuous. For the rest of the morning, *tempus fugit* so energetically that many last-minute preparations

had to be abandoned completely. Flowers began to arrive, and were ruefully laid aside by the graduates to wait until evening, since the decree of "No Flowers" at Convocation was still enforced. Early in the afternoon the Class of 2T7 assembled in stately old University College, and soon after two, the traditional procession emerged from the beautiful Norman doorway and proceeded slowly across the campus.

In spite of threatening showers a short time before, the sun now smiled its congratulations on the Class of 2T7, and the blue sky was rivalled only by the brilliant green of the campus. As the procession neared Convocation Hall, the stirring notes of the organ were heard and to its solemn strains the graduates took their places in the Hall. Following came the Faculty of the University of Toronto, scarlet gowns contrasting strongly with the black of the graduating class. Then the long, impressive ceremony began with Sir William Mulock, the Chancellor, in his accustomed place. After the silent pledging of our fidelity to Alma Mater, a reminiscence of feudalism in this new-world setting, the "Te Admitto" sounded thrillingly in our ears, and as the degree hood was slipped over our shoulders we rose, more moved than is permissible in this stoical age. After degrees had been conferred on the five hundred odd graduates, the ceremony came to an end and the Class of 1927 emerged—the youngest sons and daughters in the Baccalaureate family of the University of Toronto.

Immediately afterwards the crowds wended their way across the Campus to the Garden Party, which took place in the Quadrangle of University College. The bright weather and gay music made the occasion a happy one and the graduates in caps, gowns and hoods, were desernable among the more gayly dressed guests.

Not lingering too long, the Graduates of 2T7 Loretto returned home to snatch a few minutes rest before the more intimate exercises of the evening. The ceremony of the afternoon thrilled

and exalted us, but that at our own college did not merely that,—it stirred the depths of our hearts with a great love for our Alma Mater, and a pang that we were so soon to leave her forever. The graduation exercises began with the picturesque Rose-Garland procession. The nine newly-pledged graduates with their escort of undergraduates, bearing garlands of roses, wended their way around the college grounds and into the Auditorium to the strains of "Gaudemus Nos Alumnae." When the students reached the flower-laden stage they raised their flower-garlands in a reverent salute to the statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the patroness of the evening.

The first number on the programme was a chorus, sung by the College, "Farewell to Alma Mater," after which some delightful musical numbers were presented by Miss Helen Mordon, pianist, and Miss Edith Champion, vocalist. Miss Ethel Fry, president of the Class of 2T7, gave the Valedictory. Graduation medals were then presented by Rev. Denis O'Connor, to the nine graduates—Helen Andary, B.A.; Mary Burcher, B.A.; Catherine Cronin, B.A.; Esther Farrell, B.A.; Ethel Fry, B.A.; Norah Kavanagh, B.A.; Helen Kerr, B.A.; Kathleen O'Connor, B.A., and Mary Sheehan, B.A. Following this a message to the graduates was delivered by Judge O'Connell, in which he spoke of the need

of college education in every sphere of life. The short programme ended with a chorus by the College—"Tota Pulchra Es."

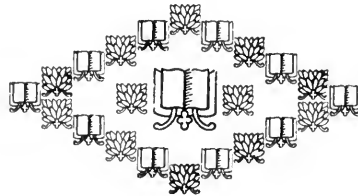
And so Convocation, 1927, became but a memory!

The religious note was stressed on Saturday morning when the High Mass, which takes place alternately at St. Joseph's and Loretto was celebrated at the former, followed by a Baccalaureate sermon, preached by Rev. E. J. McCorkell. Father McCorkell impressed on the graduates that in future life the term charity should be synonymous with good citizenship.

Immediately after, the graduates were the guests of the Sisters of St. Joseph at a breakfast served in St. Joseph's College Residence.

The final event in Convocation affairs was the Reception and Tea to relatives and friends of the graduates, at Loretto Abbey College. Old friendships were renewed and new ones formed, and the relatives of the graduates had an opportunity to become acquainted with the Faculty. Benediction temporarily cut short the pleasant social hour. Soon after the guests began to depart, and many good-byes had to be said. And the shortest week in the year was at an end! A few days in the clouds and then back to the C-major of life and thoughts of a position for next year.

Mary Sheehan, 2T7.



“EVERYMAN”

(Played by Loretto College Students)

“Everyman,” the best known of the fifteenth century morality plays, was interpreted once again on Wednesday, June 8, on the Loretto College stage before a large audience, who were deeply impressed with the power of this mediaeval drama dealing with the vital questions of life, death, judgment, heaven and hell.

The poetic reading of the lines by the members of the cast, the naturalness of the acting, and the charming adaptation of the ancient manner of staging, made it a memorable performance. It was satisfactory to note how well those taking part appreciated the simplicity, fervour and truth of this old morality play.

Miss Helen Andary, who played the title role, is a convincing artiste. She was entirely equal to the emotional demands of her part which she performed with a quiet reverence that was truly charming. Miss Josephine Brophy, as the “Messenger” by reason of her clear enunciation and sympathetic expression, was well suited to the prologue and epilogue. Miss Mary Burcher gave a competent interpretation of the part of “Riches.” Miss Kathleen O’Connor, as “Death,” successfully sustained the role of the grim and sepulchral visitant. Miss Mary Sheehan and Miss Catherine Cronin, as the worldly and faithless “Cousin” and “Kindred,” added a quaint touch of humour, while “Fellowship,” gay and debonair, impersonated by Miss Nora Kavanagh, was in striking contrast to the shadowy gloom of “Death.” Miss Ethel Fry was beautiful in the flowing robes and hair of “Good Deeds.” Miss Helen Kerr was suited



“EVERYMAN”

to the regal part of “Knowledge.” Miss Hilda Long, as a Franciscan friar, acted in the role of “Confession.” The four genii, Discretion, Strength, Five Wits and Beauty, were played by Miss Catherine Cronin, Miss Ruth Huggins, Miss Mary Sheehan and Miss Norah Kavanagh. Miss Huggin’s impersonation of “Strength” was especially fine.

The cast which consisted of the college graduates of ’27, was assisted by the beautiful reading of Dr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, as the Voice of Christ, and the singing of the choristers from the Cathedral Schola Cantorum, under the direction of Rev. Father Ronan, some of the music which contributed so materially to the success of the play being Father Ronan’s own composition.

MR. WILSON MACDONALD AT LORETTO

One opportunity which, if not coming but once, at least comes very seldom to most of us, is that of entertaining a "really and truly" poet; yet this was an honour accorded to the College last Fall. When Mr. Wilson MacDonal paid a visit to Loretto not only did he give us the privilege of meeting one of the foremost of the modern Canadian poets, but he also gained for himself many friends. The earlier part of that memorable evening was spent in hearing selections from his works read by the poet, whom an enthusiastic gathering kept busy with their requests for favourite poems, the variety of which was only equalled by the range of the author's subjects, passing from the delight-

ful songs of freedom and adventure, to the softer note of such poems as "I wonder," "I Love Old Things," or the appealing little "Maggie Schwartz."

When his audience had finally been satisfied in all their demands, and refreshments were in order, Mr. MacDonal further delighted us by his ready response to our interest. Various mementos of this, one of the most pleasurable evenings sponsored by the "Lit." are being cherished in the appropriate autographs generously accorded to all who had been so fortunate as to secure a copy of Mr. MacDonal's book "Out of The Wilderness."

J.B., 2T8.

Madonna

O pale, O pure, pensive and beautiful!
 Thy luminous eyes look out to Calvary
 And well reflect the tragedy they see,
 Yet wide and calm and clear as Galilee,
 Under a shimmering moon, they seem to be.
 Only thy white hand moves across His hair,
 Thy tender lips breathe forth a silent prayer;
 No sound, no sigh—due to thy thoughtful care
 Doth stir thy breast—His head is resting there.
 O pale, O pure, passive and pitiful.

Naomi Anglin.

THAT ARTICLE

What could be more alarming than to be requested to produce something vaguely termed an "article" if one has no weakness—or is it strength?—for exposing one's mental aberrations to the public. However, the very fact that graduates and undergraduates have a much deplored habit of speeding home for the holidays, forgetful of even such things as College magazines, was a suggestion in itself. At least it recalled to an impoverished mind a remark made by the one who prompts these literary efforts. The occasion was one of those near midnight confabs which are one of the chief delights of the resident at L. A. C. I believe some mutual diversions of childhood days were under discussion, when a prevalent bit of scandal about Us was mentioned. 'Tis said that there is an idea about that the much vaunted College education has a serious charge to answer, since it puts the recipient of its favours "out of sympathy" with his or her family, or home life.

Of course one lone aspirant to the dignity of a B. A. could not presume to pass judgment on such a statement, but when one is constantly coming in contact with more or less depressing magazine articles about Us, en masse, surely one might be excused for pondering over the idea; though we instinctively soften it with a question mark. But before one does so, is it not encouraging to remember that delightful bustle and excitement which ever preceeds the general exodus for a holiday? And does anyone ever feel so indignant as when a perverse examiner insists on serving his deadly dish on the very last lecture day? Certainly one feels that any disparagement of the "no place like home" feeling at such a time would be unjust, to put it mildly. But what if those delightful

days really are developing something which can only mean dissatisfaction in the years that are to follow? Why, such a consideration, were it not so serious in itself, would surely be humorous, or tragic-comic at least.

Before College opens a new vista, most of its prospective seekers after knowledge are young enough (diplomatically inserted to prevent dissension) to be pretty well bound up in the home atmosphere. Deny it how one will, one is somewhat possessed by that feeling that "the pod is green, and therefore the whole world is green." And so it is generally agreed that College is to be a big factor in strengthening this presumably narrow-visioned creature for some broader experience mysteriously termed Life,—mysteriously, because it is such an elusive word when thus used. One is almost sure that College, with all its new contacts, has introduced one to it; but no! Each class is solemnly assured on The Convocation day that now it is but going forth to meet it. And even after all this one may bear a "grad" express that ambiguous longing to really live. It certainly is quite intriguing. But whatever it is, it is what College is said to be preparing one for throughout its ever interesting days.

But where is our comedy? According to the accusers it begins on the day one says farewell to one's Alma Mater, at least with those for whom that day marks more or less of a return to the home life which College has somewhat interrupted. Were they not to come back enriched, with a broader and truer mental vision? Alas, these pessimists give us a much less enticing version. "Oh yes, she has changed", they would have us believe, "she used to take as her criterion the pod, or figuratively speak-

ing, the home sphere. She has become individualized, forsooth. She no longer sees things through the medium of the pod, but through that of the little green pea, herself." Certainly such calumniators should be silenced before embryo Bachelors of Arts gloomily decide to follow advice given four years ago to five trembling sinners, or in other words "take the next train home." Fortunately no one did so then.

Gracious, we really began with some idea of defending the accused and have only given

cause for fresh indictment. However, for those of us who still look forward to a few more thrills as we mark off the calendar some time in December, with a Welcome Home in view, and then sorrowfully see the first steps of January speed by, such a charge is truly painful. Of course, we will indulge in longings for College days when they are over, but oh! we do hope that our dual affection will never be misunderstood or, worse still, distorted.

Josephine Brophy, 2T8.

To Beethoven

So sad, O music-maker, and so steeped thy soul
 In that vast melancholy which awakes
 A harmony which not the west wind makes
 In autumn woods, 'gainst which the mighty
 billows roll
 And rush ineontinent to that far shore, their
 goal
 Seeking to drown its glorious theme in vain?
 So sad?—Yet like the melancholy rain
 That falls eternally into the fountain's bowl
 But wakes the sweet spring flowers, freshens
 the whole
 Face of the earth to meet summer again.
 So do we know—we do not drink in vain
 The mournful melody of thy immortal soul.

Naomi Anglin.

LORETTO COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY 1926-27

Each term finds the Literary Society enthusiastically adding to the vitality of its tradition and to its reputation for cultural and attractive entertainments. This year, indeed, we feel that it has achieved its aims to the fullest extent, the records now attained forming worthy precedents. Throughout the year, the Society's members devoted themselves more particularly to the study of modern English poetry.

Dr. Henry Lappin of D'Youville College, introduced us into the realm of modern poetry in general, while Miss Barry gave most delightful information regarding the extensive interest in that art throughout this country. The merits of Canadian poetry in particular were then reviewed, when Mr. Wilson MacDonald addressed the society and read from his own delightful works. The members also had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Phelan of St. Michael's College, lecture on St. Thomas Aquinas.

One of the most salient features in the programme of the Literary Society this year was a very successful series of inter-year debates. A beautiful shield is awarded to the winning class and after a process of elimination, the trophy was given this year to 2T8. In the final debate, Miss Victoria Mueller and Miss Monica Goodron convinced the judges that "Queen Elizabeth is the greatest sovereign England ever had"! In this contention, they were ably opposed by Miss Viola Harris and Miss Marie Heffernan, 2T9.

Through these debates, college oratory continues to develop. The subjects debated were varied and of great interest to every member.

The following represented their various classes in this year's contests and give great promise for the coming years.

Misses N. Kavanagh, K. O'Connor, M. Burcher, M. Sheehan for 2T7; Misses M. Hamilton, V. Mueller, H. Lavelle, R. Huggins, M. Goodrow for 2T8; Misses M. Smith, H. Dore, V. Harris, M. Heffernan, H. McGrath for 2T9; Misses M. Fitzpatrick, G. Dunne, H. Radigan, E. Drago, E. King, M. Hopkins for 3T0.

And once again Loretto Abbey College has had her representative on the Inter-University Debating Team. The tradition began last year with the winning of the honours in Montreal by Miss Nora Story and Miss Josephine Phelan, Inter-faculty debaters for their college and prominent scholarship winners. It has been continued this year, when Loretto helped bring to Toronto the trophy which for the previous two years of its existence had resided at McGill. Miss Josephine Brophy, 2T8, was Loretto's representative on the Varsity team, which won success in Kingston. This victory was foreshadowed by Josephine's outstanding participation in the Inter-faculty debating of last year. As a result St. Michael's came into permanent possession of the Women's Inter-faculty Debating Shield, having won it for three successive years.

Loretto College has certainly made decided advances in debating in recent years. It is hoped that this glorious tradition will be carried on and that Loretto Abbey College will be able to maintain the reputation she now enjoys.

While each class continued to furnish short entertainments every month, this year the dramatic interests of the Society were chiefly concentrated on the presentation of "Everyman" during Convocation Week, an account of which is given elsewhere in this issue.

Helen Kerr, 2T7.

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

Canada's Diamond Jubilee recalls to mind that courageous, determined band of men who united its scattered provinces, and one of the greatest of these Fathers of Confederation, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, whose life story is one of the most romantic and tragic in political biography.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was born in Carlingford, Ireland, 1825. His family had traditions of hatred to England, and so he became, as a youth, extremely patriotic and zealous in attempts to overthrow British rule in Ireland.

At the age of seventeen he was exiled and came to the United States. He attended a 4th of July celebration in Boston, and the imagination of the youthful patriot was stirred by the rejoicing of these people who had freed themselves and he pictured similar scenes in his own beloved country in the future, and impulsively he addressed the crowds, so eloquently that all were surprised and delighted.

As a result of his oratory on this occasion he was given a position as a journalist on a Boston paper, where he soon rose to be editor. But at this time the "native American" riots were causing great suffering to the Irish Catholics in the United States. None of the press, except McGee dared to defend them, and the youthful editor scathingly denounced the "native Americans." Gradually however, the burst of fanaticism died down and the young exile became very popular.

His fame as a writer and orator soon reached the ear of Daniel O'Connell, who sent for him, and at the age of 20 he returned to Ireland.

But O'Connell's party was too moderate and cautious for the fiery patriot and so he formed a "Young Ireland" party.

About this time Daniel O'Connell died, a famine swept the country, D'Arcy McGee judged it ready for rebellion, and so after delivering rousing speeches in Ireland, he went to Scotland to stir up the Irish there. While he was in Scotland, he received news that the rebellion was a failure, that the leaders had been arrested and that there was a price on his own head.

So in disguise, he sailed for America. He started a radical newspaper in New York, but it ended disastrously.

But now, experience and observation had shown him that Republicanism was not the best policy. Perhaps his failure in Ireland and his struggle with the native Americans had impressed this upon him, so now he founded another newspaper "The Celt", adopting a conciliatory and constructive attitude, and his paper became the champion of the Irish race in America and one of the sanest authorities on Irish affairs.

One of his dreams for the betterment of the Irish in America was revealed at a convention of Canadian and American Irish at Buffalo in 1855. He believed that a new and peaceful Ireland could be built on the prairies of the west. This dream had no practical result but the convention changed the whole course of D'Arcy McGee's life. Some Canadians, present at the convention, invited him to make a lecture tour of Canada.

During this tour, his liberty-loving heart was struck by the measure of freedom enjoyed by his race and church under British rule, so he moved to Montreal, founded a newspaper there, and adopted Canada as his country. He became very popular and before spending a year in Montreal had become one of its members of Parliament in 1857. His evident sincerity and

gift of oratory made him the most popular man in the House. This universal popularity broke down all opposition to him. And although his first election had been hotly contested, his second, third and fourth were by acclamation.

His great intellect grasped the need of Union among the provinces and in 1860, before his contemporaries dreamed of Confederation, he said:

"I see in the remote distance one great nationality, bound like the shield of Achilles by the blue rim of the ocean. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the western mountains and the crests of the eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, the St. John, the Basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining in peace and war a constitution worthy of such a country."

The speech from which this extract is taken has caused him to be called "the Prophet of Confederation."

When the Fathers had concocted the idea of Confederation there began a tour of Canada and the Maritime provinces, in which McGee's eloquence played no mean part in converting men to the union. It is true that Confederation was achieved by the statesmanship of MacDonald and the patriotism and determination of the other Fathers, but without the eloquence and vision of McGee there could have been no cooperation.

He was offered a place in the first Dominion cabinet, but to give all the provinces equal representation, he resigned. This disinterested patriotism was warmly appreciated by his adopted country.

D'Arcy McGee was at all times opposed to Fenianism. He maintained that it was wrong to invade a peaceful country like Canada, where many thousands of Irish lived in happiness and content.

But for this view the Irish Canadians turned away from him and in the approaching elections put another candidate in the field. But in spite of this McGee won and was member for Montreal, in the first Dominion Parliament, but he was deeply wounded that his own people turned against him. Worried by this he became ill, and during his sickness began to think more seriously of his religion.

On his return to the House after his illness, he was acclaimed by the members, and this tribute touched him more than any other honor paid him in all his eventful life.

But his term of office was to be short. He had made friends for Confederation, but enemies for himself. The Fenians who hated him bitterly, plotted revenge. On returning from the House on April 7, 1868, he was shot by an assassin. Confederation's first martyr had been sacrificed. The tragedy of his death is the fact that the rebel of youthful days who formerly hated the empire he so greatly served, for that service met death at the hand of an assassin.

The whole country mourned the loss of the man who the night before his death, in his last speech in Parliament had earnestly begged all parties to cement the union of the new Dominion by bonds of good-will and kindness to one another.

He was a literary genius and has left as a monument some fine poems, an excellent history of Ireland, and innumerable essays.

Truly Canada has reason to be proud of him. He was poet, orator, journalist and statesman.

He would have been great as any one of these, but the combination made a remarkable man, who served his country well.

His poetry was patriotic, but the inner fire of his Celtic soul poured poetry into his speech-

es, and led his audiences, weary with the toil of pioneers, to penetrate the veiled future and perceive the great Canada of the present and the years to be.

Mary Fitzpatrick, 3T0.

Memories

Oh, the golden memories that haunt us here!
Our thoughts turn back to the morning glow,
When hours were bright and the sky was clear—
We dreamed it always would be so.

Niagara's music sang through our days;
Our souls were lifted up on high
With the voice of waters singing praise,
And the Falls making organ melody.

Our hearts within us rise to bless
The days we spent within this school,
When life was felicity, nothing less,
A sweet routine of gentle rule.

On this green height above the Falls,
Where holy Missionary trod,
Where every natural beauty calls
Our thoughts from earth to dwell on God;

Where the Rainbow spreads her arc of peace,
And the waters sparkle on to the sea,
Where incense of mist and prayer ne'er cease—
We feel, dear God, so near to Thee.

Here our souls were moulded day by day
With each event from the rising bell,
Though oft they proved but stubborn clay
In the hands of the potters that loved them well.

Far-reaching were the lessons taught
Of perfect habit the whole day through—
For character from act is wrought,
And destiny is solved thus too.

And some who made our school-days bright
In spirit are with us though they've gone;
They beckon us from realms of light:
Their interest still lives on and on.

Though many griefs have been our share,
We have returned to rest a while,
To cast aside our every care
And learn again to dream and smile.

And here we'll gather from afar
From year to year in time to come
'Till, one by one, a heavenly star
Will guide Loretto's children home.

—Read by Bunnie Higgins at Loretto, Niagara, "Homecoming."

LET'S DEBATE

Debating is one outstanding activity of which the co-eds of the University may make what they will. It is not demanded by the curriculum but to my mind is essential to the full all-round development of every girl. It is a disappointment to relatives and friends; it is a reflection on her college—on her University, if a girl laden with her diploma and B.A. degree cannot express herself in a clear, logical, and graceful manner upon any occasion on which she is called upon to speak.

Debating, however, must not be regarded, as perhaps is often the case, as merely a display of elocutionary powers; as in athletics the game is only a means to an end, so, the debate itself is the means of practising clear and rapid thinking and more, of expressing those thoughts clearly, and of attaining the power of probing down beneath the surface of a worthy opponent's words for the weak link in the chain of her argument. What a great help to you if you can, armed with this power vanquish the butcher or the iceman who wants to overcharge; a great help, too, when Himself becomes fractious.

Loretto Abbey College girls are looking forward and preparing for every emergency and our staff in their clear-sighted prudence, encourages in every way public speaking and debating. The college banquets which are held at intervals during the year develop and polish "after dinner" speakers to a "sparkling degree. This is only preliminary to the extensive debating system carried on under the direction of the Literary Society. Here, the Years debate against each other and the winner of the series is "handed down to posterity" on the college debating shield. In these debates, unfortunately, there is some tendency to read stereotyped

speeches, yet there was displayed some very fine talent and it was especially interesting to see how much the debaters improved at each appearance.

The scope and range of their powers is well shown by a resumé of the various debates of the year.

2T7 v. 2T8—"Resolved that the World Owes a Greater Debt to the Legislator than to the Poet."

2T9 v. 3T0—"Resolved that the Modern Newspaper is a Menace to Civilization."

2T9 v. 2T7—"Resolved that Heredity has a Greater Effect on the Formation of Character than Environment."

2T8 v. 3T9—"Resolved that Queen Elizabeth was the Greatest English Sovereign."

The result of the series was that 2T8 were declared the winners for the year 1926-27.

An enjoyable innovation in debating was introduced by an open-house debate, held by the Sodality. The procedure and rules were strictly those of the Varsity Women's open-house debates, and so gave the girls an intimate knowledge of Parliamentary procedure which had the result that many showed themselves very competent at the various University open-house debates at which Loretto girls were prominent.

Loretto College, this year, had the distinction of holding the presidency of the Women's Inter-Collegiate Debating Union, which comprises the universities of McGill, Queen's, and U. of T. In this union three debates are held simultaneously at the three universities—the home team defending the resolution under discussion while the visiting team upholds the negative. The resolution for this year was: "Resolved that the

Commercial Spirit Existing in Canada and the United States To-day is Detrimental to the Development of the Arts." It is becoming traditional that Loretto have representatives on these University teams beginning with Miss Norah Story and Miss Josephine Phelan, who won the honours in Montreal in '26, and carried on by Miss Josephine Brophy in '27 with glorious success.

Josephine was Loretto's able representative on the Varsity team which helped bring to Toronto the Women's Inter-University Debating Trophy this year. Her brilliant victory was predicted by Josephine's striking record in the

Inter-faculty debating of last year and various college debates. We congratulate her for the honour she brought to her college and her university.

Loretto College girls, here, take the opportunity of thanking those who so kindly acted as judges and took an interest in our debates, and we hope that just as great honour and as prominent a place in debating will come to Loretto next year and the years to come as is now being won by her able debaters of whom may be truly said, as of Hudebras, they can "confute, change hands and still confute."

Victoria Mueller, 2T8.

ATHLETIC HONOURS WON BY LORETTO GIRL

Assuredly those who laid the foundation for Loretto's career in athletics must be deeply gratified at the honours which their College has now achieved. Miss Ruth Huggins has brought credit not only to herself and her own College but also to the University as a whole. While captaining our own basketball team for the year, Ruth has likewise managed the victorious Women's Inter-collegiate Basketball team, occupied the presidency of the Varsity Woman's Basketball Club, and been a member of the W.A.A. of the University.



MISS
RUTH HUGGINS,
2T8

How pleased and proud we are, also, that such prominent service has been rewarded by

additional honour, Ruth being one of the three University women to receive a position on the committee in charge of the Centenary Celebrations, in October.



MISS V. MUELLER, 2T8

President of the Women's Inter-Collegiate Debating Union, comprising McGill, Queens and Toronto.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

The college organization, which most distinguishes it as a Loretto institution, is the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It has, for its primary object the honour of Our Blessed Mother, by emphasizing the spiritual side of college education. During the Academic year 1926-27, former activities were continued.

On Exposition Sunday, flowers were provided for the altar and all day, students knelt, in turn, in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. The second Sunday of each month, regular meetings were held in the Auditorium. After the "invocation" was sung and the special business attended to, the meeting would adjourn to the chapel for the recitation of "the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament."

On Saturday, December 18th, the annual Sodality Christmas tree for poor children was held. Early in the afternoon, those deputed to escort the little guests of the Sodality left in cars, kindly loaned for this purpose. By three o'clock there were about fifty excited children in the concert hall. Games were played which college students seemed to enjoy as much as the little folk. Presently, all crowded around the miniature crib to hear the story of the first Christmas. Then, amid the ringing of bells and sounding of horns Santa entered and the curtains were opened, revealing a heavily laden tree. Each child received a Christmas stocking and several gifts, as well as warm clothing and a hamper to take home. After refreshments were served, the tired but happy children were driven home.

The Catholic Press Club continued to hold its meetings every third Sunday evening in the Common Room. Under the able leadership of

Mother Margarita, the honorary president, and the chairman, many subjects of interest were discussed. At one meeting, members were especially fortunate in hearing a delightful informal talk on "Journalism" by Miss Stella Burke.

On Sunday, November 14th, the first Open House debate of Loretto College was held under the auspices of the Sodality. Headed by the speaker of the house, Miss Edna Dawson, B.A., debaters, officers and guests proceeded to their places in the Concert Hall. The subject of the debate was "It is the opinion of this house that it should support home missions in preference to foreign missions."

Miss Josephine Brophy, the proposer of the motion, pointed out the importance of the west in the future history of Catholic Canada. The heathen, she said, would not be held responsible for what they have not received, while many of the settlers in Western Canada should be Catholics. Neglect of the Western field would give a bad example and the former words of commendation would be turned to scornful wrong, "See how these Christians love one another."

The motion was opposed by Miss Ethel Fry who pointed out that civilization is moving westward and should be converted first. China presented a vast field for missionary work since there are more pagans in that country than there are Catholics in the world.

The third speaker, Miss Kathleen Goodrow, supported the motion, emphasizing the necessity of a firm foundation and citing, as an example, ancient Rome.

The fourth speaker, Miss Helena McGrath, stated that support of the foreign missions was

not a question for discussion but a doctrine of the church. Christ commanded His apostles to teach all nations. St. Francis and St. Paul did not stay at home. The pagans should be given an opportunity as well as those at home. Work for foreign missions would strengthen the faith at home.

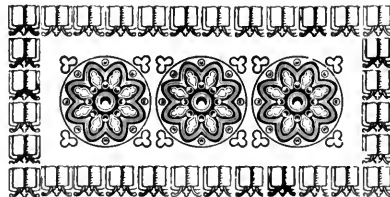
The question was then thrown open to the house for discussion and many points were disputed from the floor. When there was no further discussion the proposer of the motion was given five minutes to refute. In her usual witty and convincing way, she turned her opponents' arguments to prove her own point with the result that by vote of the house the decision was awarded to the affirmative.

Interest in mission work evinced by the subject of the above debate bore practical fruit in the activities of the college unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Early in the year, the attention of members was directed

to the spiritual side of the crusade. Collectors of stamps and Catholic literature were appointed at the first meeting. Teas were held regularly but the culmination of crusade work was marked by the annual Mission Week in February. A considerable sum of money was realized for home missions.

The college has adopted one dear priest in a remote corner of Saskatchewan—an old hero of the mission field who writes the most charming letters in acknowledgement of any small service we are able to render. His quaint writing posted up on the bulletin board always gives us a thrill with its assurance of prayer for our success and the thought of that long life of self-sacrifice in a lost corner of the Master's vineyard—with only the angels to look down on the countless hardships borne with true French *gaieté de coeur*.

Frances Fitzpatrick, 2T8.



SOCIAL LIFE AT LORETTO COLLEGE

This year there would seem to have been little danger of all work and no play making Jill a dull girl, if Jill happened to be a Loretine. 1926-27 has been marked by a most impressive array of delightful social diversions, some few of which participants may enjoy recalling.

For instance, on November 4th the House Committee gave proof of its versatile talents, when a very successful Bridge was given under its auspices. The Concert Hall took unto itself a charming disguise for the occasion and was filled with friends, and maybe some first acquaintances, for whom the promise of an entertaining evening was quite fulfilled. Even the most inveterate "Bridge fiend" must have been soothed by the strains of the orchestra which supplied music as refreshments were served. Guests and hostesses derived much enjoyment from well contested games, after which the victors were rewarded and the vanquished consoled.

Then too several formal dinners throughout the year offered an opportunity for a colorful display of gowns. The usual Sodality reception and entertainment on December 8th presented some unusual features. The various feast days of Our Lady were the subjects of brief talks by the girls, while the guests of the evening, Father Storey, Father Gallagher and Father McNab likewise contributed a few words. Another new venture of the Sodality was the Mission Crusade Debate, when, after a wordy battle, the contestants, pro and contra foreign missions, willingly united to entertain their guests from the Chinese Mission Seminary.

February was quite a festive month, for in addition to the Loretto At Home, we had the

pleasure of receiving its patronesses as dinner-guests at the College. The natural enjoyment of such an occasion was increased by several vocal selections sung by Miss Margaret Marks. The Seniors and Juniors likewise chose this month to make merry at a Banquet in celebration of College successes of the year.

That response to social and intellectual needs which is a charm of College life was strikingly exhibited at the "Evening with St. Thomas" which was enjoyed in company with many distinguished guests. The feature of the evening was a scholarly address on the Philosophy of St. Thomas by Rev. Dr. Phelan, agrégé of Louvain. Under the direction of Father Ronan, the "Lauda Sion," "O Sacrum Convivium" and the "Adoro Te Devote," hymns composed by the Anglican Doctor, were sung. A most attractive item of the programme was the recitation, by Miss Hilda Lavelle, of the poem "Angelique," written by Leonard Feeney, S.J., a charming tribute to the achievements of the saint to whom the evening gave honour.

The social value of the modest sounding "Tea" can scarcely be overestimated and quite justifies its prominent place in the list of entertainments. Mission Crusade Teas, Press Club Teas and, of course, our old friends the Common Room Teas, helped on many pleasant hours this year. There is a delightful "homey" feeling about these occasions when each one drops for the nonce the task in hand to contribute her share to the chatter which the drinking of a cup of tea seems ever to encourage. Our joy in our afternoon tea is only measured by the maledictions bound to fall upon the miscreant who fails to furnish it forth upon her allotted day.

Just because occasions of this kind are so friendly, the College chose this way of gathering about to offer its combined good wishes to Mother Margarita on her feast day. Following the presentation of scenes from the life of Mary Ward, all adjourned to the rejuvenated Common Room where a fragrant bouquet of flowers endeavoured to express to the "Dean" the inarticulate feelings of her charges. The inevitable tea having been duly served, the guest of honor led an unscheduled but very impressive grand march through the corridors, while enthusiastic pages supplied the music.

Of course the crown of the year's social activities, as well as of its academic struggles, comes with Convocation week, when the elusive

graduates seem ever to be exiting to, or incoming from, some festival in their honor. They have their Alumnae Banquet at the King Edward to attend, and an Alumnae Tea in some charming haunt, and, of course, their dances at Hart House and Newman Club. This year too, the Sophomores atoned for past sins by wafting 2T7 to Casa Loma, and bidding them farewell in royal fashion. On Saturday morning the entire Senior class of St. Michael's met, after High Mass, at a breakfast at the Sister College of St. Joseph's. Finally, however, the relatives of the graduates had an opportunity to see them comparatively at rest when the final tea of the year was given in their honour, in the Common Room, Sunday afternoon.

Josephine Brophy, 2T8.

Destiny

The soul reaches out to the future,
 The real is beyond human sight;
 The gloom of earth's trials and sorrows
 To the spirit is light, bright light.

The body unquickened by spirit
 Is clod of a dingy clod;
 The spirit unhampered by flesh—
 The soul, is a spark of God.

E.E.

CHRIST, KING OF CHIVALRY

“Chivalry! Chivalry is dead, it belongs to some other age, or its spirit has fled to some more favoured sphere.”

Not so fast, child. It is true that chivalry, as a military institution has passed away with its pomp and pageantry; its belted knights of gilded mail and golden spurs; its troubadours and trouveres; but what thinking mind can entertain for a moment the idea that the spirit of chivalry in its social and religious aspect belongs to the past only. Chivalry is not dead, and cannot die, for its origin, its ideal, its strength and its inspiration is Christ—the Christ—not of the Middle Ages only—but the Christ of the Gospels, “yesterday and to-day and the same forever.”

Let us look at this Ideal of every true Christian knight, and imagine we hear addressed to him: “Thou art beautiful above the sons of men; grace is poured abroad in thy lips Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty one. With thy comeliness and thy beauty set out, proceed prosperously and reign.” And to the question, “Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bosra, this beautiful one in his robe walking in the greatness of his strength,” hear the answer ring out from proud, loyal hearts, “This is Christ, King of Chivalry.”

And what is the object of His quest? A vision of the Holy Grail? Nay, child. In His pierced hands He ever holds the sacred cup, inviting all to come and drink of “the wine that maketh virgins.”

Then it is to free some beautiful princess from a dark dungeon where she is held by a tyrant?

Precisely. On the throne of His Glory He has heard the sighing of a captive maiden, the human soul, degraded, defenceless, helpless to free herself from the tyrannical rule of her master. And in His greatness of heart, He yearned to liberate, protect, uplift, purify and adorn this object of His love; for, yes—incomprehensible though it is—He loved her.

As the sunbeam acting on the waters of a stagnant pool succeeds at length in separating them from all foulness and enables them to rise and float in the clear heavens, descending later as distilled dew to refresh the very lilies, so this Son of the Eternal, leaving His home where all was joy, love, peace and security, descended—for love is a wonderful leveler—to make Himself her equal in all but sin; that He might elevate her and restore her inheritance.

A vigil before Our Lady’s altar and a fast were required of the knights of old. Christ has spent thirty years in the living presence of God’s ideal woman, the Maiden Mother, and how He has longed to see everyone love and imitate her pure sweet ways. Leaving her sanctuary He goes forth to His lonely vigil and fast of forty days in the wilderness. Let us greet Him as He comes from His retreat. “Hail Christ, Our King, Thou beautiful above the sons of men!” and let us follow Him on His quest, for this Leader, this King of Men holds court everywhere. Now seated on a low mossy bank, He is giving audience to little children, who are drawn to Him as the steel to the magnet. They worship their Hero; one climbs on to His knee and nestles close to His great heart; another is drawn close to His side; a third cheated of those coveted places, clambers up the bank, and from behind, leaning over His

shoulder rests his chubby cheek against that beautiful Face, so soon to be profaned—not by the touch of little children, but by the brutal soldiers. Such familiarity and clamour shocks the gentle John and the zealous Peter. The latter with an impetuous movement comes forward to drive away these young profaners of the sacred person of His Master. But Christ protects the rights of His little band and, because weakest, gives them the first consideration; thus gladdening the hearts of their mothers whose wistful look He had seen changed to one of disappointment, as they watched the disciples trying to drive away the little troop of innocents.

Next we see Him at a banquet and hear His chivalrous defense of the Magdalen in her humiliation and distress, as she bravely makes her public act of reparation in the presence of scornful hypocrites. "Let her alone. Why do you trouble this woman for she hath wrought a good work upon me?" No remembrance of her many bad deeds; just praise and notice of this one good work. O chivalrous Christ! who can resist Thy charms? Who—even the most churlish—is not drawn to Thee with worshipful love, and unbounded confidence! His compassionate heart goes out to all in sorrow. He cannot leave the bereaved sisters of Bethany without a protector, when He, the Lord of life and death, can restore to them their brother; nor the widow of Naim desolate when He holds the power to gladden her home.

See Him patiently instructing by night, the faint-hearted Nicodemus. He feels no scorn for him because he lacks the courage of his conviction; no resentment that he does not yet "confess Him before men." He appreciates what is sincere in this "Master in Israel;" pities his weakness; and on the day of His own final victory, changes that weakness into strength; dubs him, on the dread battlefield

of Calvary and associates him with Our Lady's Knight, St. John and Joseph of Arimathea, the Knight of the Holy Grail, for one chivalrous deed for the desolate Mother of his murdered King.

And has this King of Chivalry no following? Ah! come and see. He is training His first band of the Knights of God.—There were conditions attached to knighthood, birth, discipline and others. It was not for their noble origin, their culture, courtesy, or any exterior gift, that these first followers were chosen, but their Master who sees all around the ways of men and right through them, saw in each the material of which knights are made. He did not act His lessons before them—He lived them. He had the wisdom to advise and the fearlessness to give advice. He had the charm to attract and hold and gladden the hearts of His friends and inspire them with unbounded confidence. They realized—and, oh! the joy of it!—that He loved them with a disinterested, generous love; with a strong love and tender, yet infinitely removed from softness; that although He made Himself their equal, He was in every sense a King that could never ally Himself with evil. The results of His training were slow and, to all but Himself, would have been disheartening; but His sweet patience with their stupidity; with their worldly ambitions, at which He must have smiled; with their churlishness, though He treated each with the courtesy of a prince, triumphed over stubborn nature and, finally, love likened the disciple to His Master. They saw in His every action that He had one purpose in life; one object in quest; that he scorned every personal gratification that His cause might triumph. This most noble cause could be won only by the supreme sacrifice of that priceless life, all lived for others.

When that most awful day of battle arrived, single-handed our intrepid Warrior met the

monster that could be overcome by Him alone, the tyrant that had so long held sway over the weak. How gloriously He conquered, let all ages proclaim. The captive maiden was free; but her valorous deliverer was mortally wounded, and . . .

“This was the death of Chivalry?”

Nay! this was the birth of chivalry. “Unless the grain of wheat falling into the earth

die, itself remaineth alone.” Death itself was conquered and Our God-Knight came to life again. His followers rallied round Him and vowed their lives, to honour, courtesy, the defence of the weak, the protection of widows and orphans, and the guarding of virtue in love and imitation of CHRIST KING OF CHIVALRY.

Loretto Jean S.

Teach Us To Pray

He prayed the prayer of God,
Alone on the mount,
No mortal near Him trod,
Hushed angels kept the count
Of prayers and tears.

He and the Father as one,
The Holy Ghost their love—
Spirit, Father, and Son,
United on earth as above
In love of men.

O Jesus of perfect prayer,
Admit us to Thy shrine,
Teach us to know Thy care—
Thy will and always Thine—
Teach us to pray.

M.P.

IMPRESSIONS OF MARY WARD

The dramatization of certain events of Mary Ward's life gave the college girls a new and vivid realization of the more human traits of the revered foundress of Loretto (Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary). We were all familiar with the outstanding facts, concerning Mary Ward's noble and self-sacrificing efforts to found an institute devoted to the education of girls, but to many of us, she seemed somewhat like other saints and heroines of old, a little shrouded in mystery and much more of a name than a real character.

With true dramatic instinct Mother Estelle realized that many of the events of Mary Ward's life could be successfully portrayed on the stage. Therefore a few of the most vivid and interesting events were selected and arranged for presentation in several charming scenes and tableaux on February 22nd, the patronal feast of our beloved Dean, Mother M. Margarita.

A street scene in London in the early 17th century was the unique introduction which provided the right atmosphere by transporting us back to those early days when vendors, beggars, soldiers and great lords and ladies jostled one another as they hurried along the narrow streets of London. The criers loudly advertising wares of every conceivable variety added a touch of life and amusement to this colourful picture.

The scenes which followed depicting various phases of Mary Ward's adventurous career, brought home to us a truer realization of the remarkable qualities of this great leader. In one scene her serious and deeply religious character is shown by her exhortations to her com-

panions to keep in mind their high ideals and the necessity of leading lives of true self-sacrifice, with a subtle touch of humour in her allusion to their being considered "only women" hopelessly inferior to some other creature which she supposes to be man. Another scene carries us to prison with Mary, where we find her again the spiritual comforter and a cheering presence among the unfortunate inmates of the dungeon.

A scene, portraying several of Mary's devoted companions engaged in a friendly chat, reveals their great devotion to their leader and also gives us an index to their own cheerful, happy dispositions in the face of grave dangers. When Mary enters we discover new and very human characteristics revealed. Her joyousness, her recklessness in danger, and her inimitable wit are charmingly brought out in this scene and the following one where she, with a few chosen companions, makes a call upon the Archbishop of Canterbury who had literally set a price upon her head.

The introduction of Mary Pointz, one of her early and most devoted companions makes us realize what a magnetic personality Mary Ward must have possessed, which could inspire a noble and wealthy lady to leave home, friends and a gallant suitor and follow her in the service of God. The relating of many events in Mary Ward's life by Helena Catesby, after the death of the great foundress, was another interesting scene which revealed further, many admirable traits in the character of this holy woman.

These are but a few of the impressions gleaned from taking part in and watching the presentation of the various scenes of the life of

Mary Ward. She has been revealed to us in a new and wonderfully human manner and our reverence and admiration are heightened by these intimate scenes so charmingly arranged. We, who have had the privilege of being educated by the Loretto nuns, as we call the Irish branch of the 'Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, better realize our debt to Mary Ward whose inspiration and untiring efforts in the

face of almost insurmountable obstacles finally brought about the foundation of the first Institute of uncloistered religious devoted to the education of Catholic young women and who as the pioneer of the whole modern system of religious engaged in this work ought, says Cardinal Bourne, to be regarded with peculiar veneration by all.

Kathleen O'Connor, 2T7.

Hidden Values

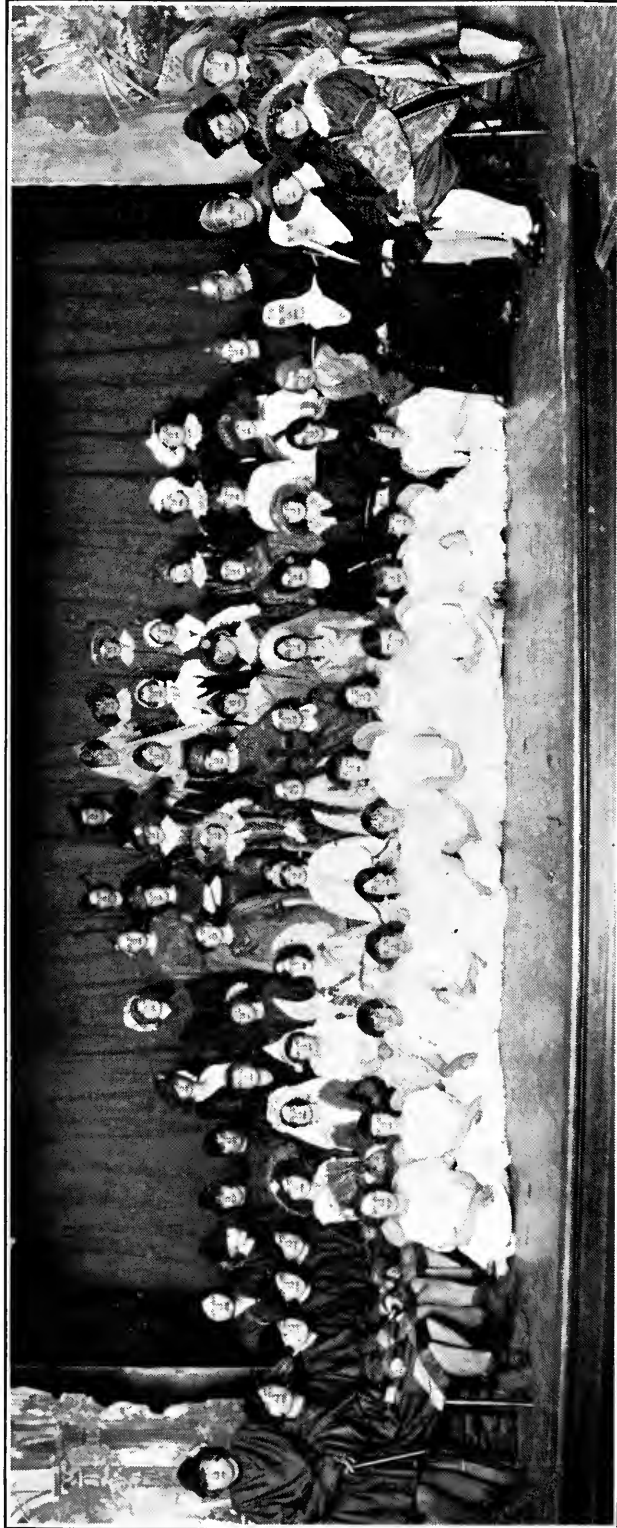
After the darkest hour—
 Sun's golden beams;
 After the stormy lower —
 Earth's brightest gleams.

Out of the rankest mould —
 Fairest of flower;
 Purest of gems untold
 Hide in black bower.

Out of the depths of woe—
 Souls greatest gain;
 Only who weeping sow
 Harvest the grain.

All good is dearly bought,
 All that is best:
 After the battle's fought—
 Heaven and rest.

—Eleanor Elbert.



"SHERWOOD"—The Cast.

"SHERWOOD"



IN MERRY SHERWOOD

The presentation of Alfred Noyes' "Sherwood or Robin Hood and the Three Kings," by Loretto College School was a distinct surprise to the large audience which attended it. Toronto audiences have of late years become accustomed to

amateur performances of increasing merit, but few of these, if any, have surpassed that which was given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 27 and 28, in Loretto College Auditorium, Brunswick Ave.



"With my good quarter-staff
I've brought these bits of woman-kind
Through Sherwood Forest."

The young actors had caught the spirit of the drama remarkably well, rendering the most difficult scenes poignant and convincing. Miss Catharine O'Brien admirably sustained the title role with her vigorous yet poetic interpretation of a proud but gentle and chivalrous character. Miss Marie Kent as Maid Marian, was equal to the demands of a personality ranging from imperious hauteur to playful affection. Miss Catherine Berryman by her flexibility of voice and action, shifting from hate and anger to sophistry and ingratiating charm, gave a clever portrayal of Queen Elinor; Prince John, supercilious and selfish, was played in a spirited manner by Miss Gertrude Wilson, while the quaint and pathetic character of Shadow-of-a-Leaf, was enacted with grace and sympathy by Miss Amy Wingate. Titania and Oberon, sweet, wistful other-world characters, were well impersonated by Miss Le-

nore Adams and Miss Helen Fullan. Friar Tuck, played by Miss Marjorie Brown, was a favorite with the audience, also Much and Little John, played respectively by Miss Gladys Enright and Miss Eileen Lacey.

Miss Louise Ciceri as Alan-a-dale, who sang "The Old Knight's Vigil," and Miss Josephine Connelly as Blondel, the minstrel, rendering "Knight on the Narrow Way," were well suited to their respective parts. The excellent acting of Miss Mary Cuneo in the short but difficult part of "The Serf," was specially notable.

The realistic action of foresters, rustics and courtiers, the color effects in costumes and scenery, and the beautiful music composed by Mr. Edward A. Mueller, and rendered by members of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, contributed much to render the play a most attractive production.

Comradeship

They range anear, these varied three
They range anear and beg to be
Sole partner in the way with me.

Comes Pleasure in her garments gay,
And Grief in sober-suited gray,
And Work ennobling all the day.

I call the wisdom of the wise
To aid me choose with open eyes—
Which one should I most dearly prize?

Grief sits upon my threshold stone,
She claims me for herself alone;
She wastes my hours with useless moan.

While Pleasure, with her sportive air,
Steals precious time from healthy care:
Deprives me of a mind for prayer.

With Grief and Pleasure I agree
I sink beneath the soul of me,
But rise in Labor's company.

When I and Labor sit us down,
Forgotten every ill and frown
In straining towards the eternal crown.

M. Paulina.

THE VICTORIAN ERA

A careful study of the great literary men of this era reveals to us an astonishing array of brilliant, versatile writers, the originality of whose genius would have made them great leaders in any age. This era which began about 1830 was an age of revolution. All Europe was changing, dynasties were being overthrown, and democracy was making great strides. England, though untouched by violence and bloodshed, was yet gradually casting off her worn-out institutions both political and social and in 1832, at the beginning of her reformation, a state of chaos in politics and society existed. Science was the chief factor in overthrowing opinions and beliefs once held as unquestionable, and science also was at first an impetus to prose and poetry, in that it opened up new vistas of infinite magnitude, and caused an awakening of interest in the past and in the future.

In the imposing array of great writers before us we naturally find a great diversity of aims and methods, yet in practically all of the great authors and poets certain characteristics seem to underlie all their writings. One salient characteristic of this age is the realism of its prose and poetry. The spontaneous freedom of the romanticists, the worship of nature and the cult of the beautiful, seemed to be replaced by a more sober view of life as it really is, untinged by exaggeration or romance.

Another characteristic of the same authors was the introduction of a new moral note which aimed to uplift and instruct all classes. In prose we see these two characteristics blended in the psychological novel, which treated of life in its various phases and in which was taught a definite moral lesson. The three great leaders in this field of literary activity were Dickens,

Thackeray and George Eliot. Dickens for example wrote all his great novels with a humanitarian object in view—"Oliver Twist" shows the suffering of the poor in English workhouses—"Nicholas Nickleby" the abuses of charity schools and school masters—"David Copperfield" pleads the cause of children. The other works of Dickens, George Eliot and Thackeray all intrude, sometimes too obviously, a distinct moral purpose.

In poetry our great exemplar of realism in its highest and noblest form was Browning, but in a lesser degree and in a different tone Tennyson, Rossetti and Morris had also their messages for humanity. Browning was the great optimist in a century when doubt and unbelief flourished. To him the world was a gymnasium where we, as athletes, were trained for the world to come. The centre of his religious thought was that "God is Love" and he never lost courage or confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God. He looked beyond the evils of this life to the dawning of a brighter day.

"There never shall be one lost good
What was shall live as before
On earth the broken arc: in heaven a perfect round."

Tennyson though not a true pessimist was yet a better student of the sadder moods, passions and aspirations of the human heart than of its joys. The "Palace of Art" unfolds the emotions of the selfish intellectual isolated from mankind, and in it he paints clearly the despair of the self-seeking and self-centred life. "Locksley" is the depiction of another type of character, a panorama of the moods of a dis-

appointed and dispirited young man. Tennyson was a true aristocrat in his reverence for law and order and slow changes. His patriotism was introspective rather than vigorous and led to self complacency in regard to English institutions and English judgment. He is thus the great national poet of England, who taught his countrymen to love all things English.

“A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.”

The special charm of Rossetti and Morris consists in their introduction of the Mediaeval forms of poetry. They sought to get away from the modern critical scientific spirit and to transport us to a Renaissance of wonder, a mythology of the imagination. Rossetti harmonized literature and art and with the aid of the other pre-Raphaelites brought art back to nature and simplicity and directed attention anew to the wonders of Mediaeval art. Morris also linked the practical with the poetic. He attempted to abolish the ugliness of the nineteenth century, and more than any other writer of his time, brought about a revolution of taste and started a genuine movement towards beauty in art and decoration.

Among the essayists the great teachers were Carlyle, Newman and Arnold. Carlyle and Newman were prophets as well as teachers. Carlyle, the great founder in England of modern irrationalism, denied all the postulates on which the age of reason based itself, and was opposed to science attempting to explain everything. The same moral sincerity dominates the works of Ruskin and Arnold but their messages are delivered in quieter tones. They do not thunder forth denunciations as did the stern prophet Carlyle. Ruskin was the “apostle of beauty”

and Arnold, whose appeal was to the intellect sought to find in prose and poetry “the best which has been thought and said in the world.” Macaulay and Lamb, though not distinctly teachers, yet had great influence in this era, Macaulay by his charmingly written and entertaining essays, and Lamb by such writings as his inimitable “Essays from Elia,” where we discover infinite kindness, a surprising wit, and an acute knowledge of human nature.

Another characteristic that seems to underlie practically all the writings of this age is the attempt to solve the problems of the soul. Because of the inroads of science on all accepted beliefs, religion was being weighed in the balance and agnosticism and even atheism had become popular. This attitude of doubt was called “La maladie du siècle” and pervaded the writings of nearly all the great writers of this century. Browning was one notable exception, a glorious optimist in this age of doubt. To him languor of heart was the vice of vices.

“Earth changes but thy soul and God stand
sure.

That was, is, and shall be.”

“My times be in thy hand

Perfect the cup as planned

Let age approve of youth and death complete the same.”

“One who never turned his back but marched
breast forward

Never doubting clouds would break

Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
wrong would triumph.”

Newman too in all his writings shows an unshaken faith in divine companionship and guidance. Not so Tennyson, in his “In Memoriam.” He expresses better perhaps than any other poet

the social unrest and doubts of his age. He cannot return to the faith of his childhood but he preaches hope:

“I stretch lame hands of faith and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all
And faintly trust the larger hope.”

Carlyle's “Sartor Resartus” shows the struggle that took place in his soul. He describes the typical round of experience of an earnest soul confronted by the problems of the day—certainties of childhood doubts, blank unbelief, despair, self-annihilation, then hope and peace. The great secret to Carlyle is renunciation “Love not pleasure, love God” as said his great teacher, Goethe. His hymn of hope was labour, incessant work. Arnold lived in an atmosphere of controversy. In prose he sought to be a dictator of style and form, but it is in his poetry that he shows, that he too is beset

by the doubts and fears of his age and he can find no solution for them but a stoical resignation. He was one

“Wandering between two worlds, one dead
The other powerless to be born.”

Contemplation of nature in its calmness and grandeur makes him realize that his only hope is to

“Resolve to be thyself: and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery.”

In many other minor points these writers differ from those of any preceding age, and interpret the new spirit of the century, but the characteristics described seem to me to be the outstanding impressions to be gleaned by a study of the writers of prose and poetry of the Victorian era.

Kathleen O'Connor, 2T7.

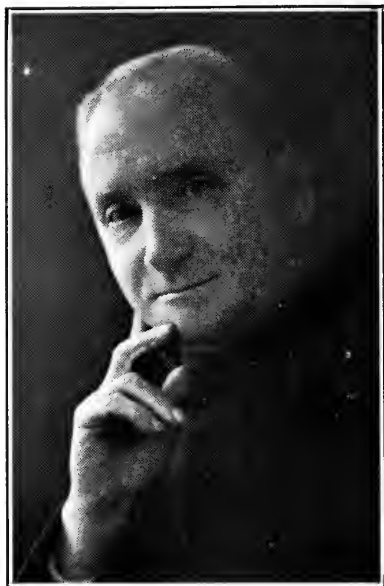
Little Songs

I wanted to write poetry
when I was very young;
My heart was full of little songs
just begging to be sung.
But someone, very old and wise,
remarked to me one day,
“You need to have experience,
what can you have to say.”

I laid aside my pencil then
and started on my quest,
I sought experience through the world;
I found it east and west.
I've time to write my verses now,
since I'm no longer young—
But in my heart no little songs
are begging to be sung.

Elizabeth Burrell Brougham.

THE REVIVAL OF PLAINSONG



REV. DOM A. EUDINE

In the summer of 1920 an initiative movement was made at Loretto Abbey towards inauguration of the plainsong mode of church service as consolidated by Pope Gregory the Great in the Middle Ages and enjoined upon the modern church by Pope Pius X. in the *Motu Proprio* of 1903.

Rev. V. Donovan, O.P., pupil of Rev. Dom Moequereau, gave a course of lectures on Gregorian chant, accompanied by demonstrations to which the Abbey choir readily responded with excellent results.

The effect of this classic reversion to the solemn medieval chant was so appreciated by the community that the following summer a more extensive course was enjoyed under the direction of Rev. Dom A. Eudine, O.S.B., one of the greatest authorities on Gregorian chant and liturgical music. A monk of Solesmes, St-Michael's Abbey, Farnborough, England, Dom

Eudine came to this country at the request of the Society of St. Gregory, following the first International Congress of Gregorian Chant in America, held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

In order that the great work might be carried on, and that the enthusiasm engendered at this great congress might be continued, the Society of St. Gregory requested the Solesmes Benedictines to allow one of their number to come to this country and deliver a course of lectures. This request was acceded to, and a prominent member of their order, the Rev. Dom A. Eudine, was appointed to further the work so ably begun a year previous.

Loretto Abbey was fortunate in securing this eminent exponent of the chant for a course attended by the community. Referring to the ultimate object of the Benedictines in seeking the restoration of the Gregorian chant, Dom Eudine explained that it is to give back to the church congregational singing, which had fallen into disuse during the past centuries. The leaders of the movement, he said, had to recover by way of archeological process the primitive melodies with their strict number of notes, their exact grouping and intervals before publishing them.

Some of these valuable manuscripts were used in demonstration and from them could be gleaned some of the difficulties with which the monks had to contend in order to give the church back what Dom Eudine called "this flower of liturgy and greatest treasure of the Catholic Church."

Renewed enthusiasm for plainchant was evidenced by all throughout the course, and the opportunity of having a second course in the

following August was too tempting to resist. Further progress was made in the revival of plainsong, and the response was appreciated by the Reverend Director. In a letter written to the Abbey after his return to England, Dom Eudine attributed the enjoyment of his visit to "the intelligent and intense interest all the members of the community, sisters and novices, always took in our Gregorian melodies. "Most of them are very musical indeed," he added, "and excellent music teachers; they had no difficulty therefore, in appreciating the unsurpassed beauties of the ancient liturgical chant, and now that they have entirely understood its special features and mastered the intricacies of its rhythm, they are thoroughly qualified to teach it themselves. I have no doubt they will never fail to make it known, loved and artistically executed by your children and young ladies."

Stimulated by this encouragement, the community made every effort to sustain the high reputation they had gained through their devoted efforts, and the pupils were trained to

the classic ideal which they themselves never failed to pursue.

This summer again, Rev. Dom Eudine came to Loretto Abbey, July 18-30, to deliver further lectures and give instructions on plainchant and the liturgy. With a class well prepared for what the great instructor has called "the purest and sweetest divine praise, the Gregorian chant," he entered into deeper analysis, the resultant demonstration being characterized by excellence of phrasing and rhythm, clean enunciation and general melodic effect.

The great power of Dom Eudine as an exponent of liturgy, which is essentially the soul of chant lies in his magnetic personality. Filled with his subject, he has all the charm of a speaker possessed of rare culture, profound learning, and deep spirituality. His interpretations of plainsong has, then, for basic strength, the highest principle which he invariably emphasizes, that we must live in the spirit of the liturgy before we can interpret it through the highest form of divine praise.

—Gleaner.

To Mary on the Loss of a Wisdom Tooth

(The author acknowledges a slight debt to Thomas More in his poem, "Love, My Mary, Dwells With Thee," and a greater one to the "Nightpiece on Death" of Thomas Parnell).

By the gleam of Edison's electric light,
No more you'll waste the wakeful night.
Intent with useless cares, forsooth,
To put to sleep a *Wisdom* tooth—
The name from truth doth widely stray,
For *Wisdom* never would decay —
Your wisdom there did not abide,
Farther inward doth it reside.
Only a pagan depravity
Would seek it in a cavity.
Wisdom, Mary, ne'er could roam

Once it made with you its home;
Though in its grave the tooth now lies,
Yet is its owner just as wise.
(We commit *Ourselves* to no degree
Of wisdom in you now, you see);
Still such a parting sure is hard,
Hence this comfort from the bard;
And that more teeth won't from you go,
Is the ardent hope of your dear Jo.
Our wee o'er this one's sad demise
Will only with time's passing cease—
Cease? Nay, merely grow less raw,
Like the pain of your bereft jaw.
So accept this mangled epitaph,
Alas, it tells my grief out half.



REV. J. E. RONAN,
St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto,
Diocesan Director of Music.

THE PARISH SCHOOL AS A MEANS OR AS A FIELD OF PROPAGANDA IN CHURCH MUSIC

NOTE.—We are grateful to Rev. J. E. Ronan, St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, for permission to publish the following article which he read at the Gregorian Convention held last May in Cincinnati. Father Ronan was present at the first two courses in Plain Chant given in 1922 by Rev. Dom Eudine, O.S.B., at Loretto Abbey and since that time he has made a speciality of Liturgical Music. Besides training the students of St. Augustine's, Father Ronan has been appointed Diocesan Director of Music.

It is a real pleasure for me to be asked to address this Convention on the question of "The Parish School as a Means or as a Field of Propaganda in Church Music." It is a pleasure for me to represent St. Augustine's Seminary and the Diocese of Toronto, to express our gratitude to this society for the favor conferred upon us and for the impetus given the Gregorian Movement in our Diocese when this Society held its last Convention in Toronto, in May, 1924. The subject you have invited me to treat of is the one that occupies my mind and heart, day in and day out, 90 per cent. of the time that is at my disposal after the performance of my essential priestly offices.

The word "Propaganda" seems of late years to have been so appropriated to political and commercial activities, that we hesitate to use it in the field of art and Liturgy. But even if we were to forego the word, we must retain the idea, namely: "Tell people what they should do and repeat telling them until your idea possesses them and they act upon it." Four years ago this coming Fall, it was my privilege to be received in a private audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius 11th. On this occasion, I laid briefly before the Holy Father my plans for the Propaganda of Church Music in our Diocese, and asked his blessing

and approval. His Holiness began by assuring me of his adherence to the ideas set forth in the Motu Proprio of Pius X. Then he went on to say that a propaganda was the first thing necessary before these ideals could be realized among the faithful, because, said he, the first thing to do is to give people the right ideas towards the matter and rid them of false ideas that stand in the way of reform. For this change of ideas, propaganda, he said, was necessary.

It is not my plan to enunciate an abstruse thesis, and then divide and subdivide and philosophize, giving you a lot of learned theories and nothing practical. I am not going to be a most interesting extremist. It is not our hope that in a very few years we shall find in all of our schools, all our teachers, lay and religious, qualified 100 per cent. in music, theoretical, vocal, instrumental and liturgical and our choir masters one and all deeply grounded in liturgy, and our pastors putting music reform in the very first rank of parochial activities, and our children so universally saturated with the refining music, particularly liturgical music, that soon we may look for all our churches having a Schola Cantorum of men and boys to sing perfectly all the offices, and congregations of men and women who can read music at sight and fill our lofty Temples with floods of rhythmic Gregorian, and withal that the reform will have such sanctifying influence, that straightway the results of original sin will disappear, and that all thieving, quarreling and bootlegging will cease and there will be no end of perfect living. However, on the other hand

we cannot subscribe to pessimism. There are plenty of people to cry failure. What is the use, they will say, of a few enthusiasts, trying to teach a whole countryside? How can music be successfully taught in our schools with the already overcrowded program and only 10 per cent. of our teachers having an interest or outstanding talent for music? They will say that our modern civilization doesn't lend itself to the serious study of music, or liturgy.

"In Medio Stat Virtus." We can, without a doubt, cultivate among the Universality of our Catholic children, a public opinion in favor of the best in music. We can teach hundreds of hymns to our children, hymns that have an artistic worth, hymns whose text and literary content afford an education in Christian Doctrine and a refining influence against profanity and vulgarity. We can teach the simplest rudiments of music. We can teach a significant number of Gregorian Chants. We can give stimulating talks on liturgy; and we can stir up latent talent. Moreover, we can direct the energies that are spent upon disedifying cheap music, into more wholesome channels. We can emphasize the fact that religion is beauty as well as truth and goodness. Even if we did only a little, that little is a thousand times more than nothing. But we can even do much; so much that the world will be glad to look on in admiration. First, create interest and confidence in our project, and then begin positive teaching.

Let us take a diocese as the normal unit for a propaganda. A certain individual, or group of co-operating individuals, lay or clerics, are proposed to the Bishop and the Board of Education, as being devoted to the ideals of the *Motu Proprio*, and as being competent musicians, pedagogues and propagandists (I dare say there are such in practically every

diocese). They get authorization, first, from the Ordinary and secondly, from the School Board to begin work in the schools. Now though their work is to take place in the classrooms, yet they must not begin there directly. They must anticipate as far as possible, the stumbling blocks and oppositions that might confront them.

A practical first step would be to approach the heads of Religious teaching bodies, lay before them their plans. The teaching Sisters or Brothers should be brought together and addressed on the matter. First of all, they must be assured, and they have a right to demand the assurance, they will not be asked to do the impossible, for instance: to sing before a class when they cannot sing or even fear to sing. Assure these devoted teachers that you ask them only a will to help in this work of the church, in as far as they can, without undue embarrassment before their pupils. We have found our teachers, lay and religious, willing workers but justly unwilling to compromise their prestige in the class room by attempting to teach what the children know they cannot do. And here I come to the cardinal point which I think is usually overlooked by reformers.

The teaching of church music can be divided into many departments: Actual singing is only one corner of it. General liturgical training is a department. Pronunciation of Latin another department. Memorization of liturgical texts another. Counting or beating of time, another. Theory of scales, another. Notation another.

What teacher is there who could not read aloud to her class passages from the *Motu Proprio*, or from periodicals devoted to this Work? What teacher who could not learn in a few lessons how to pronounce and read

aloud any Latin phrase, and consequently teach her class at least to read, if not to memorize the texts of the Ordinary of the Mass, *Te Deum*, etc.? What teacher is there who could not take in her left hand a copy sheet handed to her by the supervisor, and transcribe therefrom on the blackboard, five parallel lines with the "Staff" written beside it—a circle and label it a whole note—a stroke, a half note—a black head, a stroke and a hook and call it an eighth note? Experience has proven to us that by this system of graded copy sheets a non-musical teacher may drill her class thoroughly on even the minutest details of notation. Often too, we find a teacher that has a keen sense of time, without a sense of pitch. Such a teacher will take delight in giving the class exercises in the tapping of time groups, or singing them on a monotone, reading from a succession of whole, half, quarter, eighth notes, etc., dotted or tied, etc., arranged with different time signatures on the blackboard. Likewise the Gregorian notation can be taught.

In our own experience of supervising, we have found that about 50 per cent. of our teachers can and will actually sing and teach actual singing of their classes, 90 per cent. can and will teach notation, and those who teach merely the theoretical part usually exchange classes with their fellow teachers, they teaching history or arithmetic, while the others give singing to their classes. If the supervisor visiting each class once in two weeks will clearly outline the small amount of notation or theory, etc., on which he wishes the teacher to drill her class before his next visit, he will soon find the class inquisitive and ready to take full advantage of the instructions he himself gives. They will be quick to understand his lessons on Solfa and quick to learn the repertoire he tries to teach them.

The question may be asked, should all teachers—lay and religious—throughout a whole city be obliged to begin this propaganda at the same time? Such was our manner of procedure in our own city, but we are inclined to believe that the first efforts had better be made in those schools only where pastor, principal and teachers are anxious for the reform and glad of the help. This would make the movement appear an attractive benefit rather than a repulsive coercion and soon all schools would be glad to follow the lead. Attempt only what you can do well.

Should a standard method be introduced to promote uniformity in teaching? Yes, but care must be taken to encourage originality in the application of any method. To discourage originality is to take the joy out of teaching. If we were asked to name an approved method, we would name the Ward Method; first because of its musical excellence; secondly, because of its strict adherence to liturgical ideals; thirdly, because of its connection with the reputed authorities and also because of its well organized courses at its central school, as well as its extension courses.

Is the teaching of Gregorian and other Repertoire to be delayed until the time when the children are able to sing at sight? Decidedly not. Each year must see its quota of approved pieces learned and sung—method or no method. For this it is sufficient that the leader knows what is correct liturgical singing and gets what he wants from the children. In our own case, we found it very practical to have little booklets published, some in Gregorian notation and some in modern, by the St. Gregory Guild and by J. Fischer & Bro., including the cream of Gregorian Repertoire.

Should the music period be devoted exclusively to the study of method and of Church

Music? No. The only thoroughly secular thing in the world is sin, and it is no contradiction of the liturgical spirit, if our children are allowed to sing nursery Rhymes, songs of patriotism, songs of home and their loved ones, songs of play, joy and humor. Moreover, teachers and pupils will have more confidence in our judgment about church music if we show due consideration for all legitimate styles, choral, instrumental and orchestral. We should repeatedly extol the dignity of the Church organist and speak of the tremendous possibilities of the King of Instruments. Break down the prejudice that pianist and musician are interchangeable terms.

Public demonstrations are necessary. They create public demand. Children learn twice as willingly and twice as fast when preparing for some coming field Mass, pageant or competition. Successful school choirs should be allowed to sing in public, for the edification of other schools. This is an infallible way to build up a uniformly high standard. Big demonstrations are better, few and excellent than frequent and mediocre. They may easily become a nuisance to the schools and cause an unpleasant reaction.

How soon should the school work in music be extended to the Sanctuary? Almost immediately. This gives motive and meaning to the whole part; it elicits public interest; it doubles the effort of the boys and girls. If we were asked, which is the most indispensable—actual singing or mere method—I would say, actual singing. Let us not be victims of *artistic Jansenism*; let us not refrain from singing God's praises, because we are necessarily

imperfect therein. *The best* in the world is necessarily quite imperfect. Almighty God will be satisfied by our best for the time being.

Lest I go to too much length, I must conclude. And I shall conclude, with a word more on Propaganda. Though much can be done among adults, no one will deny that the best field in which to plant the good seed is the school room, there where prejudice has no stronghold, where the heart is trusting and sympathetic, where the brain and nerve is quick to take impressions, where the religious instincts are strong and pure. Oh, what a privilege it is to be allowed access to the class room—to look into the eyes of those little ones who reflect the innocence and purity of Heaven; to work where success is certain. It is our practice to dispose the children by talks and questions about the Praise of God, about heroic men who were musicians, St. Augustine, King Richard, etc. We find it helpful to use the analogy of Heaven and Hell to show that where there is wickedness, there is no art nor enjoyment of the beautiful.

Let us then be confident, be zealous, be optimistic, be inventive, idealize—towards others be kind, be patient, exhort, encourage. Appreciate whatever of good you can find in their work. Follow the maxim of St. Augustine—

In things doubtful—Liberty.

In things certain—Unity.

In all things—Charity.

J. E. Ronan,

St. Augustine's Seminary.

REUNION OF LORETTO ABBEY ALUMNAE

Turn back the wheels of time,
Arrest its flight;
Make me a child again
Just for to-night!

Such was the pleading which greeted the former pupils of Loretto Abbey as they entered the portals of their Alma Mater on the feast of the Sacred Heart and repaired to the Chapel for evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At the close of the solemn service they walked down the aisle two and two in student fashion and assembled in the study hall before wending their way to the refectory. Well nigh 150 young, middle-aged and old pupils—mothers and grandmothers a-plenty—took their places in the transformed banquet hall which would have graced a medieval castle with its spaciousness and spiral columns and long tables up both sides of the room, and a smaller table across the end for the executive. Peonies and daisies formed the floral decorations, while Loretto colours, blue and white, were artistically draped from pillar to pillar mingled with floating pennants which wafted their message of welcome to the guests.

The scene was one worthy of immortal memory!—The greeting of former class-mates, the beaming faces, the happy smiles, the eager snatches of conversation between long parted ones, and moving to and fro among their “children,” the religious as light-hearted and happy as the occasion could desire. Towards the end of the banquet, the reading of a reminiscent poem, “Shadow Pictures,” contributed

largely to mirthful memories of the days that are dead.

Speeches and messages of appreciation to the Loretto Community followed, instigated by Mrs. Harry Roesler, the retiring president, and her executive. Mrs. Rae MacKenzie, the new president, was introduced to the members, and afterwards a delightful programme was given in the auditorium.

At a seasonable hour, the non-residents took their departure, but a goodly number remained as residents for the night, claiming the special alcoves where they had dreamed their youthful dreams.

For the 7 o'clock Mass next morning they entered the Chapel white-veiled as in former days, and all received Holy Communion. A pretty feature of the breakfast gathering was the crowning with roses of the oldest pupil present, Mrs. Charles McKenna, who wore her wreath with the demureness of a bride! At 10 o'clock, High Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College, who also preached the occasional sermon in a sympathetic and impressive manner. After the congregational singing of the Te Deum, the guests lingered for friendly chats and finally dispersed bearing away with them renewed sentiments of loyalty and love towards the dear old Abbey.

The instinct which prompted the reunion was the desire to pay parting respects to the old Abbey before the community leaves it forever.

Shadow Pictures

While the glowing light of memory
 Plays o'er festal board to-day
 May the dancing shadows whisper
 Of the cherished Far Away,
 When 'twas joyous youth's May morning,
 And the world was very fair,
 When within the dear old Abbey
 Life went by without a care.
 How the light of memory lingers,
 Brightens, at the very name!
 Casting such familiar shadows,
 That ye lovingly must claim
 Kinship with the fragile pictures
 Speaking of a mighty past,
 Telling you the sweetest story
 That throughout your lives will last!
 Shadows of your girlish figures
 Gliding graceful to and fro;
 Of the class-rooms, where united,
 Seeds of knowledge you did sow;
 Of the little curtained alcoves
 Where you dreamed your hopeful dreams,
 Of the pleasant refectory
 Brightened by the sun's warm beams;
 Of the benches in the garden
 'Neath the interlacing leaves,
 Where in ever fresh remembrance,
 Past with present Memory weaves;
 Of the Chapel where your voices
 Lifted were to God in prayer,
 And your reverential singing
 Floated on the hallowed air,
 Of the pleasant entertainments
 Under courteous patronage,
 When some embryonic writers
 Posed as eritics keen and sage;
 When ambition soared to regions
 E'en the angels fear to tread!
 But Parnassus heights were mounted

In desire at least, 'tis said,
 When the music, recitations,
 And the singing so divine
 Made you feel like prima donnas
 Warbling something superfine!

And from out these shadow pictures,
 Cast by Memory's light so clear,
 Steal the forms of your loved teachers:
 See how life like they appear!
 They too, revelled in May morning
 Of their lives, in those blessed days,
 Sewing seeds they knew would harvest
 A full aftermath of praise
 To their well beloved pupils,
 So responsive and so good,
 E'en in embryo they saw them
 Flowers of fairest womanhood!
 And among these shadow pictures
 Are the forms of dear ones gone
 To the land that knows no shadows,
 Where the brightness of the sun
 Covers all with heavenly radiance,
 Shines upon Eternal Day!
 May they in your memory linger
 Even tho' they've passed away.

Shadow pictures have their story
 Of a dead day's tender grace,
 Hallowed by such fond remembrance
 Nothing else can e'er replace,
 But the present has the sunshine:—
 Ere the sun seeks rosy rest
 In the golden bed of cloudland,
 In the splendours of the west,
 Let us gather all the brightness
 Out of life! Oh, let us be
 Lights to shadowland around us,
 Worthy of sweet memory!

Dorothy B.

LORETTO NIAGARA HOME-COMING

A very delightful "Home-coming" was held at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Canada, over the week-end of July 1st to 4th.

Many of the former pupils remained for the three days, others came for one day, or even for a short call. About two hundred visited the convent during the reunion, and letters expressing regret at not being able to attend were read from about the same number.

For those who attended, it was a real joy to meet former teachers and companions, to see the alterations and additions to their Alma Mater, to wander around the corridors and classrooms of former days, to admire the gymnasium and swimming pool.

A very interesting program had been planned for their entertainment. The Confederation Parade was being held in Niagara Falls, and the very artistic float representing "Loretto" took the cup for second prize. A motor drive around the parks on both the Canadian and American sides, and to Niagara University and Lewiston, gave the visitors an opportunity of seeing the development and progress of Niagara since their school days.

Sunday we had High Mass in the dear old chapel, sung by Mrs. John Griffin, Margaret, Eleanor and Isobel Drago, with Mrs. Louis Drago at the organ.

Later in the morning an Alumnae Associa-

tion was formed, so that the bond that draws all Loretto's children back would be forged even more closely.

A banquet was held in the evening, in the dining hall, which was beautifully decorated in Loretto blue and white. It was a charmingly informal banquet. Miss Florence Mullin, the President of the Alumnae, spoke a few words about the newly-formed organization. Mrs. Finan, President of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, who was present, congratulated the new association and extended a hearty invitation to join the Federation. Mrs. T. C. Wall expressed the thanks of all those who had attended the Home-coming to the Ladies of Loretto for the royal welcome and real "home-coming" they had given the visitors.

Later a most delightful entertainment was given in the grounds. It took the form of a pageant depicting the Indians and their Legends of Niagara, the early idea of God to the Indian maid, the First Mass by Father Hennepin, the founding of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Munich and York, and finally the founding of Loretto Niagara and the Cross crowning the cataract.

The next day was spent in making reluctant farewells, or rather Au Revoirs, as everyone is looking forward to the next big re-union in 1930.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Loretto Niagara Home-coming.

Dear Sister Alumnae:

It is a pleasing duty, this of representing the pupils of recent years who have not fared far from our dear school, to bid those who have come from a distance a cordial welcome.

However far some of us should wander, we know we cannot out-distance the interests of the homekeeping nuns, nor would we wish to travel beyond the reach of their beneficent influence, the nuns whom we call our teachers, and whom we know to be our friends.

Those who have not visited the Falls in recent years, will note the many changes wrought by time. Loved faces which gladdened the days of childhood are missing. We are sure, though some of our dear teachers may not be here to greet us, having passed to their eternal reward, in their successors their spirit remains with us always.

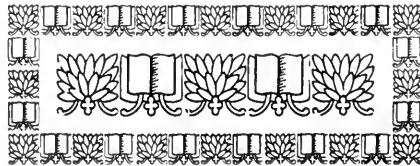
You will find material changes, and of these we know you will approve. The beautiful surroundings could not possibly be improved. We have cause for laudable pride in being able

to claim this loveliest spot on earth as the place in which we passed the days of our disciplinary formation. Whether we be pupils of late date or of years in the far past, we have all had more or less the same schoolday experiences with the same settings.

It is a happy occasion which brings us together under the roof of this dear home of those our formative years, years which we always remember with profound gratitude. Let us hope it may prove more truly a home when we are organized as a stable alumnae association. Then we shall come together frequently and at definite periods.

The organized alumnae will widen our sympathies into large fields and bring us into intimate relations. Such an association is bound to live, since it will be inspired and sustained by a true spirit of loyalty and union. May the friendships which arise from these meetings hold us together till we one by one join the blessed circle in the skies.

Margaret Drago, Loretto, Niagara.



THE CROSS THAT CROWNS THE CATARACT

Among the hundreds of ex-students who gathered recently for the triduan celebration at Loretto, Niagara, I wonder if there could have been any one who was not thrilled with feelings of pride and pleasure at finding herself again amid those incomparably beautiful surroundings! In that peaceful abode of happy school-life, who of us did not experience a spiritual joy which has left an echo in the heart as an assurance of joy that will come to remain with us always!

But apart from all the delights incidental to the "Homecoming", there was doubtless a new interest awakened when our Alma Mater was presented to us in her unique historic setting. Not that it was exactly new; we only saw it in a more attractive light. In our heedless youth the story of the Cross once seen by a holy priest in the sky above the location of Loretto, made but a passing impression. The incident of the first Mass having been said by Father Hennepin on our very grounds we accepted and forgot as we did any other historical event. But when, one evening of those unforgettable "Homecoming" days we saw enacted in drama and pageant, legends and stories closely connected with the site and surroundings of our school we felt our hearts brimming over with a holy joy that we could claim this spot as our own.

The pageant took place on the grounds of the Academy amid natural beauty unrivalled in all the world. Nature, usually so heedless of our moods, seemed to be quite in harmony on this occasion. Here within sound of the mighty Niagara, under the starry night-sky of fathomless velvety blue, passed before our eyes scenes

that had to deal less with time than with eternity. The very atmosphere seemed holy; we were carried out of ourselves into the glorious other world that hath no limits, no bounds save that of its own immensity. We heard the prayer of the lovely Indian maiden, who through natural goodness and purity of soul, had come to realize there was a great God high above the manito of her nation. She prays for the worship of the true God on this height and implores that the women of her people may be redeemed from slavery. What this slavery was we saw depicted in combination with superstition when one of the twelve dark beauties was elected by the chance flight of an arrow to be sent over the Falls as a sacrifice to propitiate the god of waters. We were shown the fulfilment of Ossenoona's prayer in the coming of the holy missionaries from France. We saw the light of faith breaking over this dark country; we saw the seed cast on seemingly barren soil which was only rendered fruitful by God's Benedicite.

But what interested us most of all in that sublime pageant was the portrayal of the vision that was vouchsafed to the holy Jesuit when he saw the Cross above the eminence on which we were stationed. We took the pains to read later with renewed enthusiasm the account of Dean Harris' delightful pages. "Worn and spent with hardships, these saintly men, carrying in sacks their portable altar, were returning to announce to their priestly companions on the Wye the dismal news of their melancholy failure and defeat. . . . Night was closing in when, spent with fatigue, they saw smoke rising at a distance. Soon they reached a clearing and descried before them a cluster of bark

lodges. Here these Christian soldiers of the cross bivouacked for the night.

Early that evening while Chaumont, worn with travelling and overcome with sleep, threw himself to rest on a bed that was not made up since the creation of the world, Father Brebeuf went out to commune with God alone in prayer. He moved toward the margin of the woods, when presently he stopped as if transfixed. Far away to the southeast, high in the air and boldly outlined, a huge cross floated suspended in mid-heaven. It moved toward him from the land of the Iroquois. The saintly face lighted with unwonted splendor, for he saw in the vision the presage of the martyr's crown. The soul of the great priest went out in ecstasy, in loving adoration to his Lord and his God. . . . Overcome with emotion, he exclaimed, 'Who will separate me from the love of my Lord? Shall tribulation, nakedness, peril, distress, or famine, or the sword?' . . . and flinging himself upon his knees he registered his wondrous vow to meet martyrdom when it came to him with a joy and resignation befitting a disciple of his Lord.

Brebeuf saw the luminous cross in the heavens above Niagara; not the material out-reaching arms of Niagara's spray; nor is it a gracious spirit which seeks a material explanation for his vision."

Coincidental with Father Brebeuf's favor of the sight of the Cross in the sky was the vision of "a Just Soul" vouchsafed Mary Ward in England. In this she was shown plainly the heroism to which souls could be carried by faithful adherence to the spirit of the Institute

of the Blessed Virgin Mary of which she was the foundress. The vision was to her no impracticable delusion but a cheerful beckoning on to greater achievements. She herself was so heroically devoted to these ideals as to find by their means a path to conspicuous holiness. She saw into the future when the children of the daughters she had trained and encouraged in verity would take up the great work of God's Church in the still benighted western world.

These and many other events of the Eastern and Western worlds passed before us. The play of delicately colored lights on the green that served as a stage greatly enhanced the beauty and poetic grace of the tableaux. Through every act of that glorious presentation the attention and interest were held as they could never be by any other drama with other settings.

Our Christ the King rules East and West,
The Cross on Calvary's height
Repeats itself in every land—
Past gloom is radiance bright.
The "Go ye forth" of Olivet
Found favor in the sight
Of brave heroic messengers—
Their feet were shod with light;
They brought the gospel tidings far,
They told of truth and might;
They filled the laek with sufferings sore—
They died for Faith and right.
But in their home of God's reward—
Blessed vision in their sight—
They see above Niagara's wave
The Cross that Crowns the Height.

Eleanor Elbert, Alumna.

VALE ATQUE AVE!

The conviction has been growing that the Abbey, which we all loved and which has been a veritable home sweet home, must eventually be abandoned solely on account of the unfavourable aspect of its present surroundings. From beautiful residential streets, the environment has developed into a business centre of all kinds of factories, offering chocolates and ice-cream and twine and paper and cocoa-nut and silknet wearables, with the usual supply of smoke which must necessarily accompany such manufactures, while the view of the lake is obstructed by unsightly railway sheds, challenging Ruskin's artistic tenet that the really useful is beautiful.

The conflict between progress, up-to-date-ness, hygiene with its accessories and sentiment, conservatism, love-blindness, has been fought by the administrative members and "The old

order changeth, yielding place to new"—at last! As the beautiful new Abbey on Armour Heights assumes definite proportions, visions rise before community and students of a smokeless, factory-less, train-less region, where engine-puffings will be replaced by fragrant pollen rising on gentle zephyrs, and engine-screaming by the Chaucerian "smale foules maken melodie;" where unsightly surroundings will be exchanged for sloping ravines and green sward and stately trees, and the next generation will have no sentimental regrets and will bless the wisdom and foresight of the present organisers, but the old heart-strings, methinks, will ever respond to the old inspirations and be more loyal to the hereditary gentility of the old Abbey than to the new title, unless it proves in entirety its right of succession through fidelity to the motto: "Noblesse oblige!"

Virtues

The rose's petals fade and die;
 The diamond's but for show;
 Beauty is only for the eye,
 It melts away like snow;
 And all those joys that are of earth,
 Their life is but a day—
 Ask heavenly gifts—they are of worth—
 They live for aye and aye.

E.E.

The Phoenix

There is far hence in eastern realms
 A land most fair to see;—
 So sang the Anglo-Saxon bard
 In yore-days, rapturously,—
 Where winsome plains and woods so green
 Far stretching 'neath the sky,
 Are starred with blossoms beautiful
 And flowers that never die.
 In that land is no hated foe,
 Nor any sign of grief,
 No tossing tempests, frost or hail,
 Not e'en a fading leaf.
 A holy perfume o'er the wood
 Wafts fragrant in the breeze,
 And flowing streams and curious wells
 Water the pleasant leas.
 Within this country dwells a bird
 So fair, so strong of wing!
 So swift of pinions, high it soars
 And ever earolling.
 It poureth forth its changing strain
 With note more wondrous clear
 Than ever child of man hath heard
 Or ever yet will hear.
 No song-craft e'er was half so sweet
 As voice of that bird's hymn
 Floating upon the perfumed air
 Till light of day grows dim,
 No music of the harp more sweet,
 Nor melody of song,
 Or feathered swan, nor pleasant sounds
 Mingled the trees among.
 This dweller of the woods is called
 THE PHOENIX: and alone
 It tastes the beauties of this land,
 The pleasures all its own,
 The joy, the happiness, the weal,
 The peace, till it abides

Full measure of a glorious life—
 A thousand winter-tides.
 Then the grey feathered bird is strick'n,
 So old, so full of years;
 Unto the west, still strong of flight
 It turneth without fears.
 Concealed and hid from throngs of men,
 It seeks a phoenix-tree
 And when the burning sun shines bright,
 Fulfils its destiny.

Kindled by radiant gleam, the herbs
 Grow warm; then in the heat,
 In grasp of fire the glorious bird
 Prepares its death to meet.
 The funeral flame mounts in a blaze,
 Roughly it hasteth on—
 And full of years the Phoenix burns,
 Its spirit now is gone,
 Its floating body all consumed—
 But when the fire burns low,
 Resurgent from the ashes comes
 A phoenix all aglow
 With life renewed and plumage gay,
 And proud of pinions soars,
 But ere it turns from smould'ring pile
 From dying embers stores
 The leavings of the funeral flame
 And grasps them in its claws
 Then seeks its blessed native land
 To serve its glorious cause.
 And thus the phoenix lives always—
 The spirit of the old
 But passes to renascent form.
 This is the story told
 By Anglo-Saxon mystic bard;
 Adown the centuries
 Enhanced with mystic meanings sweet
 This story never dies.

The fabled phoenix must appeal
 In symbolism true,
 When the old Abbey we behold
 About to fade from view.
 Its life of many winter-tides
 Is waning as we see;
 Nobly and grandly tho' it has
 Fulfilled its destiny!
 But phoenixlike, it sinks to rise
 In strong and vigorous youth
 More beautiful than e'er before,
 A PHOENIX still, in sooth.

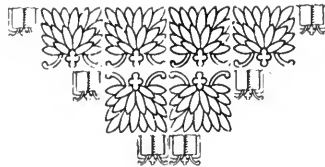
The shapers of its destiny
 Must gaze with gladdened heart
 On the renascent Institute,
 A work of Gothic art.
 A monument 'twill stand thro' time
 To their self-sacrifice
 Who laboured so unsparingly
 Our hopes to realize.

What wishes shall I offer, then,
 To loyal lovers, who,
 Utt'ring "Vale atque Ave,"
 Gaze upon old and new?

What but the wish that phoenix-like
 They never will be twain,
 That in the fair resurgent new
 The old shall live again.
 That sweet tradition, sacred laws
 Which fused the atmosphere
 Of old Loretto's convent life
 May never disappear.
 That centuries of heritage,
 Of old-time culture may
 Stamp its historic crest anew
 And never fade away.
 That silence, peace and charity
 May sanctify our days,
 So that new life may signify
 A song of endless praise
 To Christ the King, forevermore,
 And to our Blessed Queen:
 Thus hallowed past and future days
 No distance lies between.

The Abbey spirit will not change;
 It reverently lies
 Upon Loretto old and new
 And phoenix-like it never dies!

Dorothy B.



A LETTER FROM AFRICA

Loreto Convent, Nariobi,
May 3rd, 1926.

My dearest Mother and Sisters:—

This Loreto thinks it is old enough now and that it has sufficient knowledge and experience to interest you all in the life and doings of East Africa.

Someone may want to know where is Nairobi. In the Institute Nairobi is in the Indian Province, fourteen days journey from Calcutta, via Bombay and Mombasa. The Indian Noviceship is our hope for the future, but we expect help from generous volunteers from all parts of the Institute. Geographically, Nairobi is half way between the Coast and Victoria-Nyanza, the source of the Nile, about 360 miles from each end; it is 5,760 feet above sea-level, about 100 miles from Mount Kenya on the north, and 120 from Kilimanjaro on the South; $1\frac{1}{4}$ degrees from the equator. Its population, according to census in last March, is 8,200 Indians, 2,870 Europeans, 2,000 Goans, Arabs, Seychellois, etc.; the natives are not yet counted. The religions of the people are as follows:—The Indians are Mahomedans and Hindus chiefly, the Europeans mainly Protestants, Theosophists, with a handful of Catholics, the Goans and Seychellois are all Catholics, and the Arabs Islamites. Each religion has its mosques, temples, churches and schools, and, in the case of non-Christians, also their distinctive religious dress and marks. The Christian native is clad in khaki, and pagans in a loose blanket knotted over the left shoulder. Christian African women wear all the brilliancy of the output of Birmingham calico looms. The Pagan African woman wears a leather costume, exactly as it comes off the cow, only well dried

and oiled, and she wears a quantity of ornaments of iron and brass on neck, ears, arms and ankles, and her head is shaved.

Now when you come to Nairobi you will know what to expect to see in the streets. The town consists of European shops and stores, and an Indian Bazaar, which does the largest trade. One can buy almost anything and everything in Nairobi, with the exception of books, of which there is a great scarcity. Almost every European and Indian has a motor car or cycle or ricksha,—for short journeys one hires a ricksha always. All European housework is done by African men, called (without reference to age) "Boy." This boy is always dressed in a long white garment with long sleeves and high collar and a little round cap. It is the usual dress of the Arabs. The old phrase "To work like a Nigger" means to do the minimum of work in maximum time, and to spend all available time in "chesa," that is, play. Mother Superior scolded one of our boys some time ago. That night he got a learned friend of his who could write to compose a letter to Mother saying how sad he was that she did not love him as he loved her. Since a scolding draws forth such an avowal one is sparing of finding fault.

The geography and topography of Nairobi is not yet finished. The sun is vertical twice a year, so we are always entering on summer or leaving it. From the middle of March to the end of September is delightful weather; in August the early mornings are chilly, but the rest of the year is hot. The temperature never goes above 87° F, and the barometer never higher than 24.1, and never lower than 23.9. The rains begin in the middle of March

and go on till the middle of May and there are lesser rains in October, but it never rains all day, and almost as soon as the showers are over the ground is dry. Some newcomers complain that the landscape never varies, always the same, dead leaves, new leaves, fruit and flowers sometimes together on the same tree. The garden and groves are filled with exquisite birds and exquisite flowers.

Some friend in England asked lately what have you to eat there in Africa? Well, we have tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, butter, cheese, beef, mutton, fish, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, beets, peas, beans, lettuce, as well as native foods,—sweet potatoes, yam, mealies, bananas, oranges, custard apples, pineapples, pawpaw, guavas in abundance, and plums and pears rather scarce. Then, of course, we have bread fresh every day from the bakery in Nairobi, and we have even Rathfarnham brown bread. Then, for festivals, there are biscuits, jam, sweets of every kind, just as at Home, so we are as well supplied as anyone. I forgot that there are hens, chickens and eggs, and frequently deer added to our cooking pot. We have abundance of water, and every one in the house has a hot bath every day.

The oldest Catholic Kikuyu is our cook. He was a little urchin with a rag round him when Mother Superior was here twenty years ago. He was then baptized with two others. He is now the father of a family of eight, and one of the Christian Elders.

Our Convent is in the Mission grounds, surrounded by coffee plantations, and the native villages scattered around on the hills. The whole settlement is like the Monasteries of old where the first Christians worked and lived with the monks. Coffee is grown and put through every process,—which is very complicated,—in preparation for use. It is then sent to

Europe. There are two S. S. Sp. Fathers and two Brothers at the Mission; there are 1,000 Christians under their care. The Church and Fathers' House is about 100 yards from us. We go to the Church for Mass on Sundays and Thursdays, and on Feast Days for Evening Benediction. Other days we have Mass in our own little Chapel.

Our school consists of Europeans, exclusively, mainly, indeed entirely, of English children, in age five to eighteen. The children go in for Cambridge Local Examinations, Preliminary, Junior and Senior, and have been successful, T.G. They play tennis, golf, basket ball, and hockey. Our school challenged the Government European School in Nairobi to tennis last March, and defeated them 7 to 1. We have extensive recreation grounds. A few times a week the children go for long walks; they can go all over 1,500 acres of Mission land, on good roads most of the way, or over the hill tracks and down the valleys. 5 p.m. to 6.15 p.m. is recreation time,—earlier is too hot generally. The children have many interests in this country,—birds, insects, animals, as well as gardening claim their attention. We all live so much out of doors here, there are no fences or walls or barbed wire boundaries, everything is free and wide and open, and then the brilliant sunshine all reacts on the people and makes for happiness.

We have electric light which is generated at the Mission. At present two new additions to our house are being erected,—a large dressing room, clothes room, six new bathrooms, ten music rooms, and we are enlarging the children's dining room. The buildings are of concrete blocks, of one storey only.

Last term we had seventy-six boarders and fifteen to twenty day pupils,—forty-three music pupils,—so everyone will agree that we

want nothing except helpers,—volunteers, not necessarily very generous one, for there is no great generosity needed in working in the happy, lovely, interesting country of Kenya.

We have also a day school in the town of Nairobi, about four and a half miles from here. Mother Mary of Lourdes and Sister Magdalen (James) go there every day. The school is primarily intended for Goans and other Catholics who are not European, but there are many Indian boys and girls, and a few Goans. No wonder St. Francis Xavier was canonised since he pleased these very difficult people. This day school has been open a year, and has been carried on under difficulties which are perhaps a sign of eventual success.

The natives around us are clamouring for schooling, and we are not able to do anything for them. There is a little school near the Church where they are taught religion, but now the African is crying out to learn how to read and write, especially as the Protestant Missions are teaching them everything, with the result that all the offices, telephones, railways, etc., are stocked with Protestant natives while the Catholic African is not able to take these appointments, and there is the imminent danger of our Christians being tempted to go to the other Missions. All we have been able to do is to pray to the Lord of the Harvest to send labourers. On Sunday afternoons a few Kikuyu men come to learn English, but little can be done in an hour a week. Since Easter we have got a sewing machine, and Mother Dolores has been teaching some women to cut out and sew their garments. They are fascinated with the work, and are ready to stay here all day. We have had holidays, and Mother Dolores was able to give them a good deal of time. Now when school begins she will be able to give the native girls a sewing lesson

once a week. One girl made a dress, and when it was finished she was so pleased that she sewed all the seams over again. One evening the machine stopped with some little thing wrong. The boys came to Mother and asked her not to settle the machine until the women went away as they (the men) wanted to learn it now!

Of course, the natives are very interesting. They are very primitive, and like children in their delights at everything. Their customs are full of interest. Their buying of their wife with goats, and all the ceremonies attending their marriages, the council of the Elders, their greetings, their hospitality, and their close clan-ship.

The Kikuyus reckon time as in old Roman days. 6 a.m. is "Saa a sinashara,"—the time to let out the goats. 7 o'clock is the first hour, 9 the third hour, 12 the sixth, 3 the ninth. 6 p.m. time to shut up the goats.

Very many customs show some filterings among Jews in past ages. For instance, Circumcision. Also, Friday is the first day of the week. A rainbow in their language means "a protection from the rain" as if they or their ancestors had some idea of the Covenant.

It is truly wonderful to hear these people singing in the Church,—the whole congregation joining in the Mass in Gregorian Chant, and the Kikuyu organist ready to take any note for the responses. The women all carry their little babies on their backs. When you come to Nairobi first you must be prepared for a distraction at Mass when a mother goes up to Holy Communion with a little gurgling face peeping over her shoulder.

There are no wild animals near. During a very dry season last year herds of zebra and elk came into the Town of Nairobi seeking water. Leopards also came quite near, and

carried off some dogs and cattle. Hyenas we hear frequently, but we have only seen one and it was dead. Snakes have come into our quadrangle occasionally in search of water or when they have been flooded out of their holes. St. Patriek may have come at some time to free this district of noxious reptiles and insects in preparation for the coming of his children. Lions, leopards, buffalo, rhino, giraffe, elephant, and other big game abound in the plains between us and Mombasa and above us to the Lake. They afford sport for hunters from all parts of the world. Americans are here in numbers at present.

Large tracts of land called reserves are assured by Government to the various native tribes. There they live in all their primitiveness, and form a very interesting contrast to the European settlers.

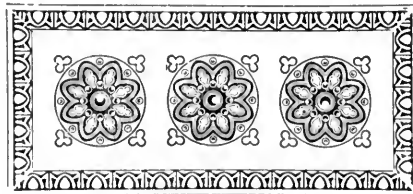
There are two codes of Law,—English and Indian. Natives are tried first in their own villages by their Elders, and punished by their own laws. In certain criminal cases the offender is tried afterwards in the Government Court, and punished by Indian Code.

The above was written some weeks ago

but was delayed. A new term has begun, we have now eighty-four boarders and seventeen day pupils. Beds are everywhere. The Government School has challenged us for hoekey on the 25th of June. On the 26th the Girl Guide competition for the Shield is to be held for '25-'26—and we have high hopes of retaining it. One of the senior masters in the Government School was received into the Church last evening here at the Mission—he is about 35 years of age—the son of an Anglican Archdeacon who is still living in England.

We have also had the Corpus Christi Procession during the past few weeks. Our Lord was borne from the Church down the Avenue to our front verandah, where there was Benediction. It would be difficult to out-do in devotion, or in reality, our church festivals. In the different processions—Palm Sunday, Rogation and Corpus Christi the men walk first in perfect order and following Our Lord are the mothers—importunate for the first place. It would take all the Apostles to keep the women and babies in the background. The carpets of flowers were really lovely—our children spent most of Saturday doing them.

With love from Loreto Nairobi.



LORETTO NIAGARA ALUMNAE

An Alumnae Association for Loretto Niagara is no longer a dream in the mists, but an actual fact. One was organized at the Home-coming held at the Falls Convent on July 3rd last.

A General Executive Committee was named, the officers of which are:

Honorary President—Mother M. Pauline.

Honorary Vice-President—Mother M. Constance.

President—Miss Florence Mullin.

First Vice-President—Miss Mary L. Maxwell.

Second Vice-President—Miss Rose Malouf.

Secretary—Miss Fannie Coffey.

Treasurer—Miss Rita Laberge.

It was decided to have two chapters, one comprised of former pupils now resident in Canada, and the other of former pupils now resident in the United States.

The Officers of the Canadian Chapter are:

Honorary President—Mrs. Helena Daley.

President—Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman.

First Vice-President—Mrs. J. W. Turner.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. J. H. Suydam.

Secretary—Miss Rita LaBerge.

Treasurer—Miss Isabel Moloney.

The Officers of the United States Chapter are:

Honorary President—Mrs. Mary Talbott.

President—Mrs. T. H. Wall.

First Vice-President—Miss Bertha Henry.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. John Griffin.

Secretary—Miss Ruth Goetter.

Treasurer—Mrs. J. W. Dolan.

It was also decided to appoint Conveners in different centres. Those named are:

Toronto—Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman.

Buffalo—Mrs. T. H. Wall.

Chicago—Mrs. Wm. Herbert.

Detroit—Miss Donna Stanley.

New York—Mrs. Edgar Bergholtz.

St. Catharines—Mrs. James McMahon.

Niagara Falls, N.Y.—Mrs. J. W. Dolan.

Niagara Falls, Ont.—Mrs. Louis Drago.

Los Angeles—Mrs. Frank Hasencamp.

Other centres will be organized should there be a sufficient number of members within a reasonable radius to arrange occasional meetings.

For the present our object will be to keep alive our interest in everyone and everything connected with our Alma Mater and in making Loretto better known.

It was decided to have a "Loretto" day each year. One day on which those who could conveniently do so, would visit Loretto, and those who could not, would be there in spirit, and would endeavor to meet the other members in their own city, or nearest centre and have a little reunion. Every third year a three-day reunion or home-coming will take place at the Falls.

The Membership Fee in the Association was placed at One Dollar per annum.

The list of the names and addresses of former pupils is still incomplete, and every one was asked to send in any names or addresses she might remember so that these could be checked with the present list or added to it.

The members present were quite enthusiastic, and are looking forward to seeing the Alumnae Association a real asset to our Alma Mater.

One Side of Prohibition

Whatever else may happen,
 Although the country's dry,
 The sailor still will have his port
 The farmer have his rye;
 The cotton still has got its gin,
 The sea coast has its bar,
 And each of us will have a bier
 No matter where we are.

Elizabeth Burrell Brougham.

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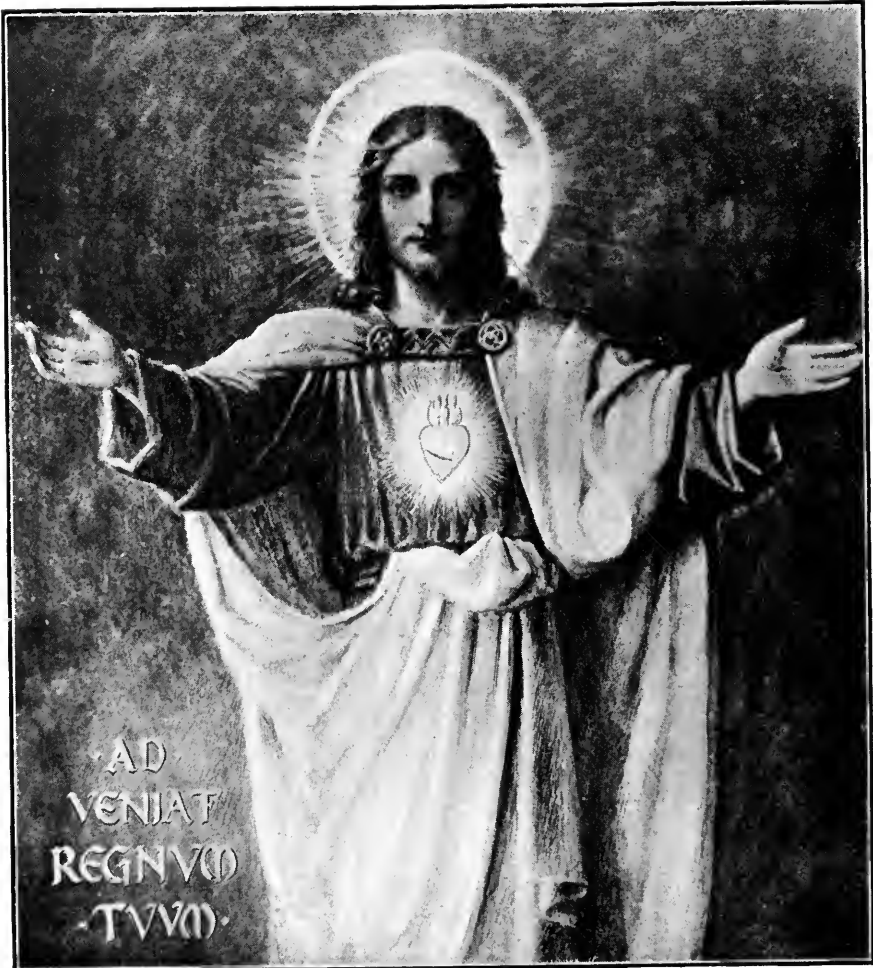
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CHRIST THE KING.



Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected.

Christ the King

Ere the foundations of the World were laid;
 Or ere the morning stars together sang,
 He reigned a King; and when His Fiat rang
 Over the Void, the primal Night, dismayed,
 Shrank from His regal glance. In light arrayed
 He reigned in Heaven, and, round His burn-
 ing throne,
 The splendours of His Godhead were made
 known;
 The lustre of His sceptre ne'er to fade!

This is the King of Glory—this is He
 Was crowned with thorns in Pilate's blood-
 stained hall.
 Who shall deny His Royalty? Shall we
 Forget He suffered to redress our fall?
 Far o'er the ransomed world let us proclaim—
 "Jesus Our King! Exalted be His Name!"

James B. Dollard.

Sept. 14th, 1927.

VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

When His Excellency Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, was in Toronto, Loretto had the signal honour of receiving one of His Excellency's earliest visits.

On Friday morning, September 16th, at half-past seven o'clock, the students, appropri-

reception, and told the assembled students of his great pleasure in visiting the Abbey. He bestowed the Papal Blessing on all present, and left amid the strains of the students' orchestra, and escorted by the Community and many of the students. His Excellency expressed pleasure in the fact that the students



Snapshot of His Excellency on the verandah steps at Loretto Abbey.

ately robed in white with flowing gold sashes, took their places in the Abbey Chapel. His Excellency said Mass, assisted by Reverend T. Manley and Reverend D. O'Neill.

After Mass a reception was held in the Auditorium. Against a picturesque setting, the students made a charming group, radiant in the Papal colours. They sang first, in full chorus, the "Eeee Sacerdos," then Miss Mary McLaughlin read an address of welcome. The choir then sang "O Canada." His Excellency made a most gracious acknowledgment of the

were dressed in the Papal colours. A very pretty body-guard, in white and gold, drew up on either side of the driveway, and this gesture of reverence touched His Excellency and drew from him a smile and a parting blessing.

Loretto feels that this visit was an auspicious beginning to what promises to prove a most successful and happy year.

Helen O'Rourke, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LISIEUX

INDEAVOR to-day to recall the more vivid impressions of a happy visit to Lisieux, while an eloquent preacher is drawing congregations to St. Michael's Cathedral to hear of the increase of devotion throughout the world to the "Little Flower," and while the newspapers tell us how the airmen of France and of America claim her with Our Lady of Loretto for their spiritual guide and companion. Commander Byrd, the first long-distance flyer to reach the North Pole, whose records will never be forgotten, carried Thérèse's medal from New York to France. Although he made a forced landing in the ocean, he had what might be described as a miraculous escape from death, and the plane an escape from injury.

My visit to Lisieux was made in midsummer of 1926, and the scenes of that day are the more memorable in contrast with the wild, dancing crowds in Paris the night before,—the night that celebrates the fall of the Bastille. Because we had in the streets long past midnight, it was a scurry to catch the early train for the distant Normandy town on the line to Cherbourg. Our compartment was held close against the weather by a Frenchwoman encooned by the window, so that we were glad to stand along the corridor to catch some little breeze. Presently we were rewarded by flashing vistas of the Seine, shining between those domes and spires and columns that make Paris, "la ville aux mille tours," as Hugo calls it, the spot of all Europe in which holidays pass most quickly.

I had just read the "History of a Soul, Written by Herself," the simple story of the "Little Flower's" spiritual progress, and I had also read her story, re-told by her confes-

sor with more saintly significance as to matters of fact. I had read as well many other books and articles by writers competent to display in detail some special beauty or influence of a soul of rare sweetness. So, as we left Paris, I put the question to myself again and again, Was I, in my exuberant holiday spirits, in the right mood to approach with sympathy and understanding the actual surroundings of her every-day life; to confront scenes which, because they had met her eyes so often, even as the common-places of her existence, had acquired a permanent value, and the fragrance of her holiness? Meanwhile, the men of the party, unwilling to be convicted of sentiment, joked chiefly about the pronunciation of "Lisieux." The train stopping suddenly in a rich and lovely valley, we found ourselves negotiating for the hire of a horse and vehicle that would make our old friend, the Quebec calèche, look like a speed car.

We were in Lisieux. How many times had Thérèse Martin looked upon that scene! She had alighted from the Paris train just as we had done; she had probably driven in that very cab, or recognized the white-haired old man at the station, whose whole life was circumscribed by the Lisieux sky-line. A real saint, a great saint, had walked the stones of those narrow streets, had lived in one of the quaint Norman houses, had visited the shops, and by the paradox we often meet in the lives of the Saints, she is no doubt the cause of much of the prosperity that we find in Lisieux to-day.

It is always easy to find the heart of a French town by its Cathedral spire, visible at long distance, and Lisieux has two Cathedrals, buildings of great antiquity and historic in-

terest. It is no longer the seat of a Bishop, as it was some centuries ago, the Bishop having transferred his episcopal throne to the larger town of Bayeux. We remember that it was to the Bishop of Bayeux that Thérèse made one of the sensational appeals to enter the Carmelites at fifteen. We visited Lisieux on a Fair Day, so the square in front of the Cathedral was a colorful and busy scene on that sunny midday. Lisieux streets are used chiefly, on market days at least, by high, two-wheeled waggons, brightly painted, which rumble heavily over the cobblestones. The women wear dark, high-yoked dresses, their hair is drawn tightly back under dark straw hats. Their fashions hardly vary from year to year. The driver offered to take us to the home of the best "art culinaire" in Lisieux. This proved to be a narrow little shop on the main thoroughfare, where the cooking was done in the windows and the guests ate in the courtyard. We decided it was too warm for this arrangement and preferred the hotel. The driver was disappointed, and I am sorry that we did not stay.

The hotel was not far off. It had a fine old Norman courtyard, a wide staircase, and a many-colored, tiled floor in the vestibule. The quiet inside was refreshing after the heat and bustle without, and with our luncheon we had Lisieux cider, a specialty of the town, made from those famous Normandy apples, and known all over the country-side.

Before visiting the Convent, we explored the town at our leisure. One street in particular, in which is situated the ancient "Manoir Salamander," is so narrow that pedestrians have to retreat indoors when a car passes. The "Manoir" is very old; an outside stairway of heavy dark oak leads up to a balcony that overhangs the streets. It is the most mediaeval house I have ever seen.

In the Cathedral of Lisieux the Blessed

martyr, Jean de Brébeuf was ordained, and on the altar steps he received the final blessing before he left for the Canadian missions. It is strange to recall that Thérèse and the Canadian martyrs were proposed for canonization at the same time, and that she was finally canonized in the very month of their beatification. When the Jesuits in Ontario were looking for the site of the martyrdom of Brébeuf and Lallemant, they asked the help of St. Thérèse to find the spot. In one of the hospitals of Lisieux are treasured the vestments of St. Thomas à Becket. Pervading the whole town is the spirit of the "Little Flower." Every shop, no matter what its nominal trade, sells pictures, statues and medals of her. The souvenir shops are practically devoted to her. In front of the Carmel is a large statue of Lisieux's latest saint, banked several feet high with wreaths and flowers. The altars are hung with military medals and decorations of the highest rank left by soldiers of every country. As is well known, during the war she was the patron saint of the French soldiers, her medal saved many in the trenches, and many wounded men claim they were restored to health by her intercession. Different societies and nations have erected side altars in her honor, there is an altar built by Irish subscriptions, another by French-Canadians. The main altar is very imposing, there is a large canopy of roses, symbolizing her "Shower of Roses," and in front of the altar is a stone slab marking the spot she stood on when first received into the Order. In an oratory a little to one side is a representation of her deathbed. The kneeling bench is always in use, people are always praying there, and all over the church have left ample evidence of their gratitude. The statue of the Blessed Virgin that spoke to her in her childhood illness now looks down upon the representation of her death.

We bought a supply of beads, medals and statues in a small house across the street, dark with age and so low that the heavy beams in the ceiling kept the taller members of the party outside. These articles we had blessed in a new part of the Monastery that has been built since her death. Here is a collection of objects connected with her life,—her cradle, her baby clothes, her First Communion dress, the habits she wore, the table and chair she used daily, and brightest of all, her wealth of golden curls just as they had been clipped from her head.

A great Catholic writer has suggested that saints, after all, are simply the flowering of the mighty tree of Catholic life. St. Thérèse her-

self declared emphatically that she was only what her home life and training had made her. And the Martin family was only one of many, many Norman families, industrious, pious, simple and humble. In the "Little Flower" we see not only a blossom of holiness, but the final flower of generations of Normandy life, the farmers and soldiers and mothers of France. All the virtues that her ancestors had practised for a thousand years found their climax and expression in this child. It is well to recall that these very virtues were transplanted to this side of the Atlantic, some three hundred years ago, in the Norman Province of Quebec.

Helen Boulton Cronin, Toronto.

Centennial

A city grows more lovely growing old.
Her raw red structures in the sun of years
Fade mellowly to rose and wreath themselves
In ivy. Birds come back and nestle there
Spring after Spring. Grey stones are beaten
soft

And kindly with the hammering of rain.
God's Acre feels the fingers of the moss
Creep tenderly above her sleeping dead
And bandages the scars upon her sod
In shining myrtle and in ribbon-grass.
The Sabbath morn is intimate with bells
And touches them in reverential joy
For thus and so their spirits have communed
Through years and happy years. The flag that
rides

Atop the gale is old with many storms
And proud with history. And all the hills
That girdle with their ribbonings of green
A greying city, bend them and are filled
With echoes of her songs. Her gracious lap
Is heaped with prosper and her heart is big
With faith and with affection. Memory
Walks with her in the twilight and at Dawn
Comes Hope and shines serenely from her brow.

Like lace and lavender and fligree
Of silver, like the scent of potpourri
And like a tale a hundred times retold
A city grows more lovely growing old.

Anne Sutherland, Guelph.



His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein,
Archbishop of Chicago.

VISIT OF CARDINAL MUNDELEIN TO LORETTO ABBEY

The first week of the Autumn term, 1927, will go down in the history of Loretto Abbey as having been the occasion of an official visit from His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, the famous Archbishop of Chicago, whose name became known all over the world at the time of the Eucharistic Congress in 1926.

Cardinal Mundelein was accompanied by Rev. T. Manley and Rev. D. O'Neill, and arrived at the Abbey direct from breakfast with His Grace Archbishop McNeil, the morning of September 9th. That same morning His Eminence had celebrated Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral, and all the children from the Separate Schools attended.

Loretto was highly honoured in being the

first educational institution visited by His Eminence when in Toronto. Sisters and pupils were assembled in the reception-room, and after the singing of "Ecce Sacerdos," an address of welcome was read by Miss Mary McLaughlin. His Eminence said in reply that he was already well acquainted in Chicago with the work of the Loretto Sisters, and expressed his pleasure at meeting them in their Toronto home. At his request, a holiday was granted, to commemorate the visit to Loretto of an American Cardinal. His Eminence gave his blessing to all present, and visited the Chapel before leaving.

Madge Curry, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

JANUA COELI

Perhaps none of our Blessed Mother's titles is used as rarely or known as little as this invocation of the Litany of Loretto, "Gate of Heaven."

Any name given Our Lady by the Church, or with the sanction of the Church, may be truly said to be applied to her by Our Lord Himself. He, who has called Himself "The Way," whereby we are to come to the Father, inspires His Church to give His Mother the title of "Gate," or entrance, of Heaven. He came to us through Mary, and He wishes us

to go to Him through her. If we looked upon Mary as He would have us do, as the Mother given to us from the very Cross of our Redemption, we would indeed love her and trust her as her children, and as brothers of her only Son. Love and devotion for Mary cannot lead elsewhere than to Jesus. Looking upon her as the "Gate of Heaven," the one in whom God was united to man, and the Word became flesh, we shall truly see in her love a necessary prelude to that of her Divine Son, and the door whereby we enter Heaven.

THE INDIVIDUAL IN RELATION TO THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND AS PRESENTED IN SOME MODERN NOVELS

The ordinary material of the modern novel is taken from the varied sources of men's desires, passions, political or religious beliefs, social relations, success or failure, and the methods of presentation are the realistic and the romantic.

The realistic novel, dealing with social life and manners, is concerned chiefly with the revelation, in terms of beauty, of human nature as it is. It should be loyal to life, to truth, to things as they are. Realism presents life in actual terms; adheres not only to the larger truths of life, but also to the exterior manifestations of life. This does not mean that there is no imagination in realistic literature. The basic truths and facts of life must be preserved. If the ideas do not appeal to the human mind they have no meaning to the reader. But realism also means that life need not merely be presented as it is, or can be, seen; it demands that a significance be added to the spectacle of life; it can interpret life in forms of moral values.

Romance is the imaginative interpretation of life, which is observed, but not recorded as observed; its truths and facts are preserved, but in an imaginative form.

At the close of the eighteenth century writers of fiction had developed, besides the realistic and romantic fiction, a third species, the humanitarian novel or novel of purpose, which seriously undertook to right the wrongs sustained by the individual at the hands of society. These three objects,—to paint life as it is, to escape from life to the realms of romance, and to make life better,—have defined

three schools,—the Realists, the Romancers, and the Humanitarians, which have continued with innumerable divisions, to the present day.

The interest in the modern novel is based on either the presentation of the dramatic events or incidents, or on their subtle, psychological issues. Psychological narration is the presentation, not of action, as in the dramatic method, but of the motives behind action. Its fundamental purpose is to show the relationship between motive and action; to show consequences of individual judgment and thought, upon the social order; to show how the dramatic, the external, the common forces in life have a basis in the psychology of the individual, and that behind the relationships between people's lives, there exist mental decisions. This method is illustrated in the novels of Eliot, Mededith, Hardy, Henry James, May Sinclair and others.

In the presentation of individual characters the situation is usually one of three possible between the individual and society—either as an indistinguishable element, absorbed or submerged by the social order; as an integral, vital, formative force, shaping and determining the course of social events; or, finally, as an opposing, disruptive force, in open conflict with society,—frequently as its tragic victim.

The names of Dickens, Austen, the Bronte Sisters, Thackeray, Eliot, and Hardy are notable as representing the realistic school, and the influence of almost all of these writers is seen in the work of many later lesser novelties.

Scott, as leader of romanticists in modern fiction, has a large following; amongst others, Lytton, Kingsley, Kipling, Conrad, Chester-

ton, Stevenson, etc., who have continued the romantic tradition, and bear witness to the effort to open to the masses those sources of romantic feeling, which, in the earlier part of the century, were known only to the privileged few.

Amongst those in whose work realism and romanticism are blended, and whose treatment of character is psychologic, are Mededith, Hardy, Eliot, Conrad.

Charles Dickens stands out as the greatest realistic novelist of the early nineteenth century, for the actuality and realism which he gave to the English novel. His vivid pictures of late Georgian and early Victorian England, his bitter invectives against certain social institutions, and his inimitable satire of English national weaknesses, reveal not only a man of rare observation, but one who knew, by actual experience, the life he was depicting. The championship of the individual against institutions, which had been checked by the French Revolution, had, in Dickens' day, revived as a great public movement; and a popular distrust of governmental methods, as well as a sentimental hatred for organized authority. The novels of Dickens, which voiced this distrust and hatred, met with immediate popularity.

His method was the dramatic. The modern psychological novel had not come into existence as such, and besides, there was none of the philosopher in Dickens. He did not concern himself with the spiritual history of men and women; he treated his characters primarily from without. There are no central characters in his novel. There are groups of central characters, but one individual cannot be recalled without the others in the group.

His most attractive quality as a writer is his faculty for painting forcibly and vividly, some dramatic situation, and it is as a painter of London life especially, that he excels. In

the social background of his stories we get a varied picture of the whole social fabric, as he attempted to portray all classes of society. In this he is at one with the nineteenth century novelists, in contrast with their predecessors of the eighteenth century, whose background was a very limited one, and whose pictures of social life were highly specialized.

In presenting characters, he is most successful in his portraiture of children and grotesques, or of abnormal characters. The tragedy of sensitive, ill-used children is one which he could draw with force and tenderness, as well as imaginative insight; but the tragedy of love, of pitiful passions, of futile affections, is outside of his range. The children in his novels are highly individualized, e.g., Little Nell, David Copperfield, Florence Dombey, Oliver Twist, Joe, etc., in contrast with the evil creature whose persecutions they suffer for a season; and they represent in most telling form the complaint of the individual against society. Dickens always connects the cruelty of his evil characters with social wrong, e.g., Bumble's cruelty to Oliver Twist when the latter asked for more food; Squeers' treatment of his unfortunate pupils in "Nicholas Nickleby," etc., are charged to society.

His satire takes on a quality of bitterness when scoring, for instance, that colossal humbug which inspired the writing of "Bleak House"—the Court of Chancery—part of the tyranny of institutions, which, he said, "would never be lifted till all Englishmen lifted it together."

"This is the Court of Chancery, which has its decaying houses and its blighted lands in every shire, its out-worn lunatics in every mad-house and its dead in every churchyard . . . which so exhausts finances, patience, courage, hope; so overthrows the brain and breaks the heart, that there is not an honorable man

amongst its practitioners who would not give—who does not often give—the warning; ‘Suffer any wrong that can be done you, rather than come here.’ ”

It was in the role of humorist and reformer of social abuses that Dickens was held in greatest esteem by his contemporaries; but because he attempted reformation on purely natural lines, basing his moral lessons on a scientific foundation, he, like many others who have made a similar attempt, failed.

William Makepiece Thackeray is a realist who sees life with the large vision of a man of the world. His realism is that of the observer, not of the analyst. He never studies out a single case with patience, but sees life largely with a mild cynicism strongly tempered with tolerance and pity; and he seeks to recall the world of the eighteenth century in the actual forms in which it revealed itself to a contemporary. In “Esmond,” his best novel, in which the background is formed from the campaigns of Marlborough and the intrigues of the Jacobites, his realism is that of the eighteenth century, reflecting not the pride and pomp of war, but its brutality and barbarism; painting generals and leaders not as the newspaper heroes, but as moved by petty jealousies, intrigues, and selfish ambitions. Even Marlborough is presented as without personal honor, and governed by despicable avarice. He uses the same frank realism with literary men of the period, e.g., Steele and Addison. This novel is the one which most faithfully portrays the life of the eighteenth century England, as the actors in “Esmond” are persons of Thackeray’s own circle, whose social atmosphere is reproduced to perfection. Dickens draws his pathos from the spectacle of ideal innocence exposed to the evils of the world, but Thackeray makes no less pitiful the sorrows of men who are themselves sinful, weak and stupid. He is merciful

towards the feeble, flawed souls he portrays, because gentleness was part of his nature. Though he had experienced disillusionment as to worldly pretences, he still believed in kindness, and in the instinctive goodness of human nature, and this belief is as evident in his books as it was in his own life. His work illustrates his own theory that “the humorist is not a mere compeller of laughter. He professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness, your scorn for untruth, pretension and imposture,—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy.”

An author who combines a realistic purpose and mode of treatment with romance and imagination is Charlotte Bronte. She and her sisters, Emily and Anne, blended natural romanticism with detailed narration of personal experiences, but Emily’s novel, “Wuthering Heights,” is more remote from actual life than are those of Charlotte. As to Anne’s “Tenant of Wildfell Hall,” it may be said to live because its author was the sister of Charlotte and Emily.

Charlotte is regarded as the greatest of the family, and her most popular work, “Jane Eyre,” depends, for its power, on the intensity and sincerity of its self-revelation. It was written out of her own experience as boarding-school pupil, governess, and pupil-teacher, as well as other experiences in the village of Haworth. The adventures recorded of school-life, in “Jane Eyre,” seem hardly true to life, but there is in the book a new view-point, and a new presentation of life. The author struck out boldly for the woman’s right to express herself frankly as a woman, not merely in accordance with what it was proper for a woman to write.

The heroine, Jane Eyre, was a woman of “passionate honor,” and the interest in her

fortunes deepens with every change in her life, from the opening of the story on a bleak, rainy day—(a setting in keeping with the situation)—with Jane the victim of intolerable injustice that clouded her childhood and caused bitter tears, on through a world of vicissitudes, to the happy ending.

The situation, especially in her relations with Mr. Rochester, is dramatic. Some of the best passages are found in the description of her flight from Thornfield, and her subsequent sufferings; her response to the mysterious cry for help, heard across the half of England, which brought her to the aid of her former employer, in his hour of direst need. Her heroic victory over temptation is a reflex of the character of the author, to whom convention and true morality were not necessarily identical. The old, old struggle between duty and desire is presented, but those who know Jane have never a doubt of the outcome.

Jane Eyre is a study of the author's inner life, and her romantic experience is symbolical of the attempt which Charlotte and her sisters made to enlarge and color their oppressive little world with the spaces and colors of the imagination.

The story throws a side-light on the position of woman in regard to the social background, at the middle of the nineteenth century in England. The Brontes made their women like themselves, stormy, passionate, daring and timid at the same time, but always of the essence of an ancient tradition. Both Jane Eyre and Catherine Earnshaw are in earnest with life; they are not making their emotions their playthings, as heroines in later novels do. They know evil as evil, good as good, even when they are carried away by passion.

The novels of Jane Austen are intended to combat the extravagant emotionalism that had prevailed in eighteenth century novels, by

presenting a humorously sensible picture of life as it is, and of the workings of human emotion. The social background is that of county families, clergymen and naval officers—(her brother being in the navy). She never goes beyond this petty world, and she takes account chiefly of its pettiness. Her tendency is that of the realist—to interpret life in the ironical spirit, and present it in an amusing light. For this she found ample opportunity amidst the humors of the provincial life. "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," are amongst the best of her novels. She aimed at combining realism and truth with understanding sympathy, avoiding alike violent realism and sentimentality. The comedy of manners is her special field.

As an illustration of the fidelity with which she portrayed the life about her, we have but to read the opening pages of "Pride and Prejudice." In the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Bennett the note is sounded to which her social life was attuned—the accepted purpose of every young man of wealth to secure a wife—and as a consequence, the scheming of fond mammas with eligible daughters. The Bennetts are presented discussing the prospects, Mr. Bennett meeting his wife's enthusiastic romancing with a flood of ironical humour.

The great things of life did not enter into Jane Austen's experience, hence her view of life is superficial. But her performance, within her limited sphere, shows dramatic power of the highest order with regard to characterization.

In "Pride and Prejudice" the plot depends on the revelation or development of the principal characters. The social background of these characters is composed of the array of provincial folk which the author handled so effectively—Mr. Bennett, whose surface cynicism covers a really tender heart; his wife,

whose absurdities would make any normal husband cynical; Mary Bennett, bluestocking, over-estimating her own attainments; Lydia, happy only when she could attract admiration; Mr. Collins, conceited beyond belief; and Sir William Lucas, the impersonation of stupidity and dullness. Miss Austen shows her skill in the wonderful appositeness of the speeches of the various characters. A typical scene is that between Lady de Burg and Elizabeth, where the latter, by her ready replies, sends the Lady away in a frame of mind opposite to that in which she opened the attack. In all her stories Miss Austen shows very clearly the tendency of the realist, in making the best of circumstances that surround her, and finding in the commonplaces of daily life such amusement as they afford.

The romanticism of the late eighteenth century represents a development of individualism, a revolt against earlier eighteenth century classicism. It was less an imitation of the Elizabethan or of the Middle Ages, than the assertion of a new spirit, a passion for personal freedom, and a striving towards the revolutionary spirit that later made itself so strongly felt in society and in literature. The imitation of Gothic romance, for a time characterized the novel, of which the other chief ingredients were mystery and terror. The prince of romanticists, Sir Walter Scott, established the popularity of the romantic novel, by his marvellous power of reproducing the past, and of showing his readers that it is peopled by real men and women. He is the founder of the historical novel, and has given us true, interesting and valuable, though not profound pictures of human life. In general, his characters are individual, not typical, and are portrayed by the romantic or imaginative method, rather than the realistic. His was a tender, chivalrous soul, which felt sympathy for the

poor and oppressed, and recognized the real worth of the common man. The characters are varied and original; they are alive and true to nature as a rule, but the most successful characterizations are those presenting the middle class, and historical characters. The novels which deal with Scottish life have the advantage which comes from his Scotch patriotism; they come nearer to life than the rest.

Scott lays the chief stress on the narrative element rather than upon the picture of life and character. As in the work of Dickens and Jane Austen, the psychological was absent from his novels. He represents the simple elements of romanticism; and as a love of romance is always present in human nature, especially amongst the common people, Scott remains a great figure in the ranks of English novelists, and an influence which will be felt as long as the reading public seek entertainment and an escape from reality in the realm of imagination. Since he wrote in the role of entertainer, we cannot expect to find in his work any great philosophy of life, but his reading of life has been more or less unconsciously revealed. One closes a novel of Scott's with a feeling of being more in love with life and high endeavor, than after reading the works of many of the more pretentious novelists since his day.

George Eliot is one of the second-class novelists of the nineteenth century, who combines realistic method with psychological analysis of characters. Her novels have a common Midland setting, and portray life in that environment. The background of country scenes is, in most of her books, the greatest charm. She preached renunciation, but believed there was no reward, hence the depression of her books. Clinging to lofty ideals without any hope of realization or attainment as the result of effort is not an inspiration. We have in us naturally, the hope of reward for our

effort. Eliot aimed at opening the eyes of her readers to the significance of life, though she cannot be taken as a safe guide in her reading of its meaning.

George Meredith's novels aimed at a criticism of life, but a criticism conceived in a spirit of comedy. In his "Essay on Comedy" he appealed to cultivated women to recognize the Comic Muse as one of their best friends. "They are blinded to their interests," he says, "in swelling the ranks of the sentimentalists." It was in this comic spirit that he attacked sentimentalism in men and women alike. He pleads, in his novels, for the exercise of intelligence, and he sought to make the relations between men and women more rational and more spiritual. He has been justly censured for having suggested the discussion of a 'trial marriage,' but in his novels he shows that his ideal of marriage is a high one.

In all his novels it is the study of character, rather than the elucidation of any general principle, that is of importance. His finest characters are taken from the leisured classes, the world which has time to think and discuss, and which has enough cultivation to be interested in self-analysis. When he goes below the middle class, his delineation becomes caricature, but, on the whole, no novelist of, or since his time, has come near him in variety and distinctness of characterization, and this is especially true of his women characters.

His views on the woman question show that he had a sense of the injustice done to woman in the convention which limited her education and development generally. He writes, "I am assured that women of independent mind are needed for any sensible degree of progress. They will so educate their daughters that these will not be instructed at the start to think themselves naturally inferior to men, because less muscular; and need not have re-

course to particular arts, feline chiefly, to make their way in the world."

He insisted first of all on educational opportunity with a view to economize independence, but later declared in favour of suffrage, though he condemned the methods of suffragettes. "They want the incompatible—martyrdom with comfort," he says in one of his letters.

His works show a goodly array of women endowed with intelligence, as well as feeling, thus enlarging the common vision of what women might be and do, if opportunity were granted to them, and at the same time, furthering the liberating movement that followed on this larger vision. His characterization of Luey in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," shows that Meredith attributed to woman's nature at its best, some of the qualities that constituted the ideal of chivalry; an ideal which had its origin in the Church's veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

He does not subscribe to the doctrine that "woman is but undeveloped man." He says "Men who have something of the woman in them, without being womanized, are the pick of men. And the choicest women are those who yield not a feather of their womanliness for some amount of manlike strength,—man's strength, woman's heart."

In "The Egoist," psychological in theme, and realistic in effect and presentation, Meredith stresses the fundamental idea of evolution from the lower animal, and in the central character the primitive nature is in evidence. Sir Willoughby Patterne is one of his most brilliant characterizations,—a man who is 'fiercely imaginative about all that concerns himself,'—and the author makes the hero's attitude towards women tell most effectively in the personality of the true egoist. Sir Willoughby is one of the type-characters who is intended

to express the author's purpose and his meaning, set forth in the preface. In this novel Meredith follows his usual method of concentrating attention upon his typical characters, and cares little whether his men and women talk naturally or not, so long as they embody the essential spiritual truth of humanity, as he sees it. This causes the reader to have little sense of the outer world, or of a large social background, and accounts for the want of naturalness in Sir Willoughby's mode of expressing himself. But if the background does not figure largely in the story, the reader finds compensation in the concentrated and highly refined studies of society presented.

Dickens and Eliot made use of tragedy and horror to make vice and crime hateful, and to scourge the evil-doer; Meredith employs comedy to make them ridiculous.

The subtle dominance of Sir Willoughby pervades the whole story, and while such a situation as is here portrayed usually ends in tragedy of one sort or other, the picture of rural ease and comfort brings out a wonderful irony, where the satire is directed against the central individual. We see Sir Willoughby in chapter after chapter, from the opening scene where he is 'not at home' to his poor relation, to the very last, succeeding in thwarting and embittering other lives, determining the course of social events; and all the while defeating his own purpose by his selfishness, until he is shown at the end the perfect Egoist.

Clara Middleton, "the dainty rogue in porcelain," is an illustration of Meredith's gift of portrayal of female character, and of his conviction that woman must be free, if there is to be real progress in society. The overflowing egoism of the Egoist cannot subdue her spirit to its absurd demands, and she leaves Sir Willoughby to his own reflections

on the unaccountable blindness and wilfulness of woman.

In sharp contrast to Meredith's spirit is that of Thomas Hardy. In Meredith's view of life, man is all important. He can conquer in conflict with himself or his fellow-man. This hope gives brightness even to the most tragic of Meredith's works. Hardy does not place the conflict of man, with his fellow-man, as a rule, but with his lot. His view-point is in harmony with that of the late nineteenth century—one of discouragement and disillusionment, resulting in part, from the decline of religious faith, and the account of the world and man's position in it given by so-called science, divorced as it is from religion. His admirers wish us to see in his pessimism rather the effect of temperament than of personal belief. His interpretation of life, to judge by the sentiments expressed by many of his characters, is fatalistic,—the flaunting of a grievance in the face of Providence, which is accused of having condemned individuals to a hard lot from which there is no escape. Eustacia Vye, in "The Return of the Native," exclaims, "I do not deserve my lot! O, the cruelty of putting me in this ill-conceived world! etc., etc." In the first chapter of "Aftercourses," in the same work, the author, commenting on Clym's recovery from bitterness of soul, says, "Human beings, in their generous endeavour to construct a hypothesis that shall not degrade a First Cause, have always hesitated to conceive a dominant power of lower moral quality than their own; and even while they sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, invent excuses for the oppression which prompts their tears."

Under the title of "Novels of Character and Environment," Hardy includes the six "Wessex Novels" on which his fame rests. The Wessex country forms a background to which the author adds the social. One of his

best novels is "The Return of the Native," in which the tragic is blended with the idyllic; the activities of the peasants giving a complete representation of the life of an entire community, and not mere glimpses of the tragic lives of not a few individual members. Egdon Heath is the dominating force of the tragedy as well as its fitting and most impressive setting. It has a malignant power of dwarfing and thwarting the aspiring soul; and it is Eustacia's Vye's attempt to free herself from its tyranny, that causes the tragedy of the story. The interest is not so much on what happens as on why it happens.

Hardy is very much in earnest about his women characters. In his Wessex novels especially, his women are primitive creatures, guided by impulse, and therefore the more potent for evil, or for good, as disposed of by the author. Instability, inconsistency, and poor judgment are their most prominent characteristics. "The Woodlanders" illustrates such characters very strikingly. There seems to be a fatalistic influence in their lives, but whether the victims of circumstances, or of their own natures, Hardy treats them seriously, and often with the deepest pity. Eustacia Vye, at the close of a career which involved others as well as herself in tragedy, because of following her impulses, is revealed, nevertheless, as a woman who needs neither pity, love, nor pardon. Hardy draws his characters from the walks of life where men and women are most complex, and where thought is most active, but all his backgrounds are pessimistic.

Amongst contemporary novelists, Joseph Conrad has won no little popularity by his stories of romantic adventure on the sea. He depicts characters, not in conflict with the forces of nature, but with their fellow-men. To this author the events of any man's life are

measured by their moral effect on the man's character. Evil, in Conrad's view, is the power which turns man against his kind, tearing the bond of fellowship, which is such a source of comfort and strength. "Conrad, sailor, novelist, realist, mystic, or poet, call him what you will, stands revealed by his work as the prophet of one great truth—the solidarity of the human race; masked by social distinctions, forgotten by natural prejudice, terribly rent by selfishness and greed, but eternally indstructible." This theme is the basic idea of "Chance" and "Victory," two of his best. In "Nostromo" the theme is the motive power of avarice in human affairs. The interest is based on the struggle of unselfish men and women against the power of evil which love of gain has turned loose upon the world.

Conrad's attitude towards woman, while somewhat akin to that of Hardy and Meredith, is inspired by the Christian ideal. In depicting his female characters, Conrad regards them as beings linked for good or evil, to the deepest currents of life. Whether he finds them in the bar-room of a South Sea Island port, or on the deck of a millionaire's yacht, his conception of woman is as broad and simple, as high and elemental as the great tides of the sea which he followed for so many years. Conrad has revived in the novel, in his tales of adventure in remote seas, the romanticism of the past. He is considered the greatest artistic realist that has appeared in the last quarter of a century or more.

Contemporary literature presents many features which are radical departures from early traditions of the novel especially. Instead of the fortunes of a few characters, whose background was extremely limited, the whole social fabric and the reactions of individuals to its various evolutions form the subject-matter for the greater portion of contemporary fic-

tion. The immediate present, the life around us, is of absorbing interest, more especially since the scientific spirit has awakened observation and the questioning attitude. Nothing is considered unimportant, so long as it has to do with human interests.

Authors like Arnold Bennett have made the commonplace the material of their novels, —e.g., "Old Wives' Tales,"—simply a representation of common, every-day happenings, put forward in a new way. Bennett holds that this should be a legitimate field for the novelist interpreting human life, since the commonplace happenings are of vital interest to those who are living through them. After all, is it not the commonplace which makes up the bulk of human experience? Human nature, in its essentials does not change. But interests do change, with changing conditions, and the demands of the reading public vary also.

Other departures from tradition are seen in the form of the novel, and in the mode of presentation. Individual writers often make their own form, independent of standards, e.g., Virginia Woolfe, and Dora Richardson. As a mode of presentation, contemporary fiction tends towards suggestion, and economy of detail. Instead of trying to tell the whole truth about an object, the author is satisfied to present with his utmost force, the aspect of it which appeals most strongly to himself, thus presenting only a single point of view. The interpretation of life, as we have seen, is also very different.

In the last few years of the nineteenth century there is a noticeable lack of any leading and decisive direction in the great mass of literary production. There are no great novelists at the present time to compare with Meredith, Hardy and Scott. The new realism, the interest in realities, in the facts which govern our

habitation of this earth, looking deeper into those facts for their significance, is a departure from that eighteenth century realism which concerned itself only with the surface of society. The psychological method and the dominant appeal of all that belongs to the present are evidence of the presence in current fiction of what critics call "Journalistic Realism." It is also seen in the attitude of writers, who are more intent on securing a large immediate circulation for their work than a niche in the Hall of Fame.

As a consequence of the rapid production in order to meet the demands of a constantly increasing reading public, novels of the highest worth, full of noble ideals and giving a true presentation of the relation of the individual to the social background, must necessarily be rare. It is through emotion that the novelist reaches his readers, and the emotion in all true literature, especially imaginative literature, must be wedded to a noble faith, or else the emotion and the literature are alike debased. In modern fiction, as a whole, except where the writer is enlightened by Christian faith, one seeks in vain for a true interpretation of life—a true presentation of the position of a creature endowed with personality, in regard to his earthly environment, whether of nature or of society.

The humanitarians, altruistic though their purpose may have been, have not succeeded in soothing the perturbed minds of the "world-weary," who have been following wandering fires, to their own disillusionment and disgust with life. The realists, for the most part, have only increased the dissatisfaction with the unsolved, and seemingly unsolvable mystery; probably because of the fact that the realism of to-day is more penetrating, sensational, and minute. The romanticists, with their pictures

of an ideal existence, have been able to make the "world-weary" forget for a time only. But something more satisfying is needed, and the potency of the novel as a medium for conveying that something to those that are weary of being fed on husks, cannot be over-estimated.

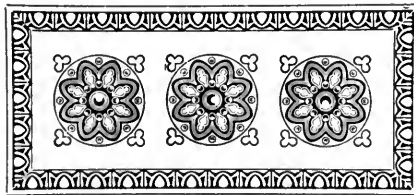
Reverend Father Cuthbert, O.S.F., in his essay on "Literature and Life," discussing the need of a faith-inspired literature, remarks very justly: "Is it not because we have such books as 'The Imitation of Christ,' the utterance of a strong faith invested with exquisite human emotion, that men turn to them for light and comfort? . . . The modern spirit has gone through an acute stage of materialism in religion, and finds itself bankrupt of positive spiritual ideals. In its despair it is turning here and there in search of some ideal which will pull it out of the slough of despond into which rationalism has landed it. Some are looking to cultured paganism; others to a

pseudo-mysticism; some few are turning their eyes towards Catholicism.

But the turning towards Catholicism would be more widespread were the teachings of the Faith more generally interpreted by a literature which would convey to the age in which we live a sense of the moral and spiritual beauty attaching to the Faith—the beauty which, as it seems to so many of us, the world is waiting for."

The novel dominates all other forms of literature in its popular appeal, and the harvest is great in promise, for those who, realizing the beauty of Christian faith, embody its ideals in their imaginative writings. The minds of their readers will be turned to thoughts of man's true destiny—the only key to the solution of life's mystery. The light of Faith alone reveals to man his place in the universe which God has made, and which He rules with infinite wisdom.

M. Athanasia, I.B.V.M.

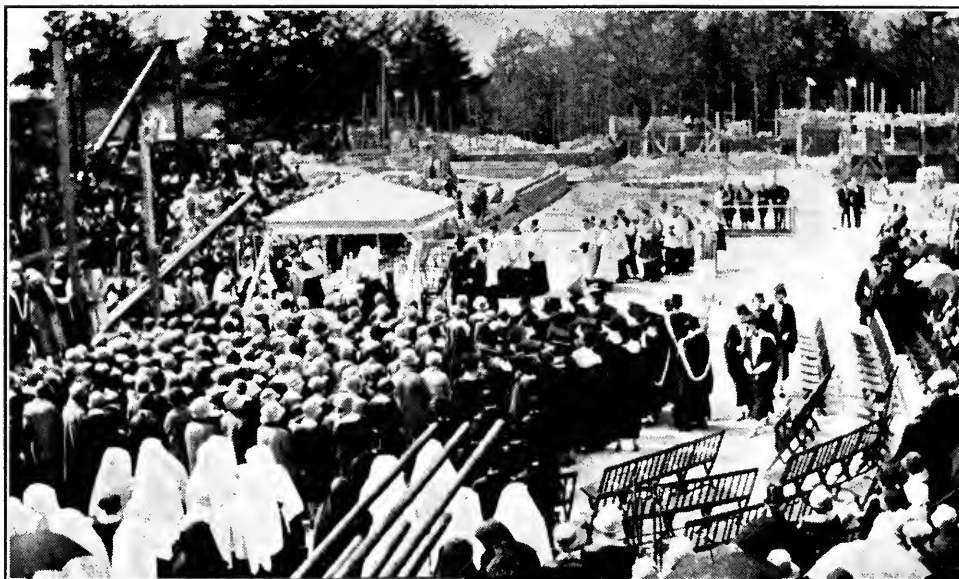




As the stately new Abbey on Armour Heights nears completion, and we look forward to the early enjoyment of its many attractions—the big swimming pool, the campus, the beautiful wooded ravine,—the Old Abbey seems to grow dearer every day, and it is with a real reluctance that we shall leave it. We are



publishing two pictures, one of the Chapel and one of the Reception Room, which may serve as mementos of the historic old building, the scene of so many eventful days in the lives of our mothers, our grandmothers,—and even of the great grandmothers of a few of us!



Most Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, laying the corner stone of the new Loretto Abbey on Armour Heights.



Procession of Students at the Laying of the Corner Stone.

THE EVE OF MICHAELMAS AT LORETTO ABBEY

WHAT! Is this intended to be a welcome for me? Is it customary in this school to greet a newcomer with a procession in her honor? What should I say? Shall I be expected to express my appreciation? These and similar thoughts were passing through my mind as I sat in the big reception room at the Abbey awaiting the awe-inspiring meeting with the "Mistress of Schools."

I had long looked forward with pleasure to my year at Loretto Abbey—but the joy had begun to ebb when I left my dear ones at the station at home and then saw the bewildering crowd and bustle in the Toronto station! O, well! at last I had arrived within the peaceful walls of the Convent, but what in the world did this mean? The procession of white-veiled girls was passing the door—well, that was a relief! They weren't "making for" me. Would the line never end? Two and two they filed down the stairs, past the parlors and out towards the front door. Surely they weren't going outside! At last the long line was out of sight, but the singing could still be heard in the distance. Whatever could it all mean?

Just at this point there appeared in the reception room a tall, graceful figure. Well, if this was the Mistress of Schools, she wasn't so bad after all, in spite of the title. After the usual greetings, she apologized for keeping me waiting. "You see, to-morrow will be the feast of Saint Michael and we always have a procession in his honor on the eve." So this was the explanation of the singing and that long line of girls.

Later in the evening when I had become acquainted with some of those girls, I told

them of my experience while waiting in the parlor and then asked the inevitable "Why?" Why did they have that procession on the eve of Michaelmas? One of the older girls undertook to enlighten me.

"In the early days of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, during the persecution in England—for our nuns were founded by Mary Ward shortly after the so-called Reformation) a little community at the Bar Convent, York, was threatened by a mob of the more fanatical type. The nuns were warned of the impending attack and had time to send the children to houses of their friends, but they themselves had to face the danger. Reverend Mother Frances Bedingfield, the Superior, placed the house under the protection of Saint Michael and ordered his picture to be placed over the front door. Shortly after this, a mob of the infuriated fanatics, armed with missiles of destruction, approached the Convent with the intent of seizing it and disbanding the religious. When their approach was made known to Mother Bedingfield, she, taking the pyx from the tabernacle—a privilege granted to her in those unsettled times in case of necessity—knelt, surrounded by her community, in the passage-way leading to the front door. Calmly and confidently she addressed her Hidden Treasure—"Great God! Save Yourself, for we cannot save You." While she was thus praying, a great calm seemed to fall on the mob without. In a short while there was not to be seen a single hostile individual. All had dispersed silently and without aiming a single blow at the object of their hatred.

Friends of the nuns, living directly opposite the convent, had seen the whole affair and

related it to Mother Bedingfield. When the mob was about to attack the convent, there appeared over the building a tall personage on a white charger, brandishing a sword. At the moment of this apparition the crowd simultaneously and as if by command, began to withdraw, without having accomplished their end—the extermination of the little community. No attempt of this kind was ever afterwards made and the community at the Bar Convent, York, remains to this day, grateful to Saint Michael, for they feel sure that the Knight who appeared over their house on that memorable day was none other than Saint Michael himself.

In thanksgiving for this favor Mother Bedingfield promised that a picture of Saint Michael would always remain over the front door and that on the eve of his feast the youngest child in the house would carry it in procession to the Chapel, where it would remain during the octave. This practice was afterwards adopted by all the houses of the Institute. In time additional ceremonies came into

being. The youngest child, carrying the picture or banner between the two next in age, who bear lighted tapers, heads the procession. These are followed by the pupils veiled in white and chanting the "Gloria Patri," who proceed from the front door through the house to the Chapel. At the Chapel door the "Gloria Patri" ceases and the nuns chant the "Tibi Omnes" while the procession wends its way up the middle aisle to the sanctuary, where the banner is placed on a pedestal. And there it remains during the octave of the feast."

So it was to commemorate this event in the history of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary that this seemingly strange incident had occurred at the beginning of my school career. For this same reason, I have since learned, there is over the front door a picture or in the front hall a statue of Saint Michael in every house of the Institute. In this way the members of the Community commemorate the favor bestowed by that Saint on the Institute in those troublous times.

Alumna.

LINDBERGH AND LORETTO

We have heard from several reliable sources that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, when making his marvelous trans-Atlantic flight, carried with him a medal of Our Lady of Loretto. This fact should make a special appeal to us as Loretto girls, since it links our name with the world-famed one of Lindbergh, and thus gives us a particular interest in the great aviator whose praises the world is now singing. This Loretto medal was given him by a priest, Father Henry Hussmann, whom Lindbergh had taught to fly. When Father Hussmann heard

that his instructor in the art of aviation was about to dare the winds and seas, and cross the perilous Atlantic alone, he visited him at Lambert Field, St. Louis, and presented him with the medal of Our Lady of Loretto. Lindbergh promised to carry it with him and Loretto's medal accompanied him on his great journey; and so successful was he that now many aviators, particularly those of Europe, carry the medal of Our Lady of Loretto, patroness of flyers.

Lindbergh, since his record flight, has be-

come the world's hero. Young, poor, and alone, he faced with undaunted courage the difficulties that lay in the path of his desire. He aimed high, but his aim was realized, and now from poverty he has sprung to riches, and from obscurity to fame. Yet withal, he has remained unspoiled, and for this, more than any other reason, he is cherished in the hearts of the people. He has become the model, the ideal of American youth, to the hero-loving boys and girls of all countries.

Lindbergh's aim was high, yet perhaps he did not foresee the results that would be brought about by his great achievement. His flight from New York to Paris established a more friendly feeling between the American and the French people than all diplomatic relations have done. His enthusiastic reception at Paris proved that if carefully fostered, the good feeling aroused by his flight might in time heal the international differences. Lindbergh himself desired friendship between France and his native land, for in the "Spirit of St. Louis" he wrote "Good Will" across the sky. Here we have Lindbergh in the role of ambassador of peace and it is clear what an important part this handsome young ambassador played. One beautiful memory of him France will always retain. He visited the bereaved mother of Nungesser, the lost flyer, and while express-

ing his sorrow, told her still to hope for the return of her son.

School-mates of Loretto, we must aim high, as Lindbergh did. In the tradition of our School there is a great deal to which we must live up; there should be no ambition too high for us, and our motives should be noble and pure. Although young and still school-girls, we can make our aims lofty as his. We, too, can reap the golden harvest of success, if we plant the seeds of determination and good-will, and work courageously and undauntedly. "Fly high!" should be our motto now, in the spirit of Lindbergh's flight. We have in common with him the Loretto medal, which signifies the care and protection of our Blessed Mother. With her to assist us we must succeed in our work, our societies, our games. Let Lindbergh's flight above the clouds be the symbol of our endeavour; let this year find us always flying above everything unworthy of our ideal, which is the imitation of Our Blessed Lady herself, and as he carried her medal across the seas, let us carry her honour through life—"Ave Maria Loretto!" Through every peril devotion to her will "guide Loretto's children home!"

Dorothy Smith, Form IV.,
Loretto College School, Toronto.

THE GIFT

Poor Tony pressed his face against the cold window pane and gazed with eager eyes on the bright scene within. The big toy-shop was celebrating "Birthday Week." "Every Day is Some Little Person's Birthday," so read the sign posted in the window, and Tony spelling the words out carefully, shook his head and sighed. How crowded the shop was with

happy mothers and proud fathers buying surprises for the little folks at home! The place—why, it was simply brimming over with beautiful toys! There were electric trains, building blocks, wagons, games, bicycles, kiddie cars, teddy bears, and yes,—away over there in the corner were the dolls.

Tony pulled his coat collar up for warmth

and moved over to the next window, where he could get a better view of the dolls. Again last night his little Paula had climbed up on his knee and coaxed her Daddy to bring her home a doll. He smiled as he remembered how she had gone about it, using all her pretty ways to win him. But Tony was out of work and Paula was very sick and there were things she needed worse than dolls. What could he do? Paula's mother had died a year ago and it looked as if Paula herself might slip away from him too. Oh, how that doll over there in the carriage would delight her! How she would hug it, and hush it to sleep, and wake it up again and dress it, and brush its golden curls, and make it say "Mamma" and "Papa" and love it all to pieces! But Tony could not afford the doll so—but what was that salesman doing anyway. Surely he was not giving dolls away, no that could not be possible—but yes, there was a little girl taking the doll in her arms and holding it close and she had not given the man any money. "Birthday Week—Every Day is Some Little Person's Birthday." Perhaps they were giving things away for presents.

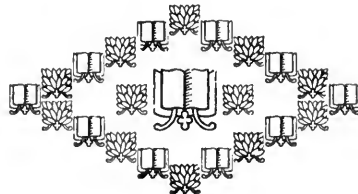
In went Tony. "You geeve dolls?" he said. "It is for my leetle girl Paula. Her mother die last year and now I think she go too. It is not her birthday, but she is verra seek." Then rather incoherently he told about being out of work, that he would have work again in the spring—but perhaps that would be too late to

help Paula. Tony thought it was a salesman to whom he was talking, but it was the manager of the store, who had come out of his private office a few moments ago to speak to some wealthy customers, the parents of the little girl whom Tony had seen take the big doll in her arms without giving the man any money. The manager did not usually feel things like this, but Tony's story touched him. "Yes," he said, "sometimes we give dolls."

When Tony left the shop he carried not only a doll carefully tied up in a box, but also a card which the manager had told him to present at a certain address where he might find work.

Some months later Tony came again to the toy shop. This time he had some difficulty in finding the friendly salesman and thought when he did not see him at the counter that he had lost his position and was out of work himself now. By this time the manager had forgotten all about the little incident. When he recognized Tony and heard that little Paula was dead and that the big doll had given her such pleasure, he felt amply repaid for his act of charity. Patting the manager's hand, tears streaming down his checks, poor Tony said brokenly, "If you could see her leetle face when she say 'Good-bye, Daddy,' you know why I say 'God bless you.'"

Mary McLaughlin, Form IV.,
Loretto Abbey, Toronto.



MARJORIE PICKTHALL

Marjorie Pickthall, one of the most brilliant poets Canada has yet produced, cannot be forgotten, for since the death of Lampman, Canadian poetry has known no greater loss. She was born in England, but came to Canada when very young and was educated in Toronto. Even in her childhood years she loved the beautiful and the spiritual, finding her greatest pleasure in expressing the wonders of nature in simple musical verse.

With Marjorie Pickthall came the dawn of a new era in Canadian poetry, for she gave to the public, even during her short career, a glimpse of genius. When she was only seventeen her poems began to appear in local newspapers and magazines, perhaps a little timidly at first, but gradually they arrested attention and soon her name was one of the best-known in Canadian poetry. "A poet is one who sees with the inner eyes of the soul that are not limited by time or space," and sings what he sees. Truly, Marjorie Pickthall is one of these seers. Where others, who perhaps felt as much, have failed, she succeeded in expressing the tender wistfulness and awe of her sensitive soul in presence of spiritual beauty. This gave the unique touch to her work. In "The Little Fawns to Proserpine," the melody and simplicity of her verse reveals the picture of those dainty figures, "browner than the hazel husk, swifter than the wind," frolicking along the uplands.

"She was a singer of spiritual songs," and her perception of the unseen is the heart of all her poetry. One of the most striking of her poems is "The Lamp of Poor Souls," a beautiful poem of the little lamp that before the Reformation was always kept burning in

the English churches, reminding the people to pray for the souls of the forgotten dead who had no one to pray for them.

"Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers.

Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,

When He treads softly down His starry stairs

And whispers, 'Thou art Mine.'

"Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.

Sleep, little soul, by God's own hand set free.

Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,

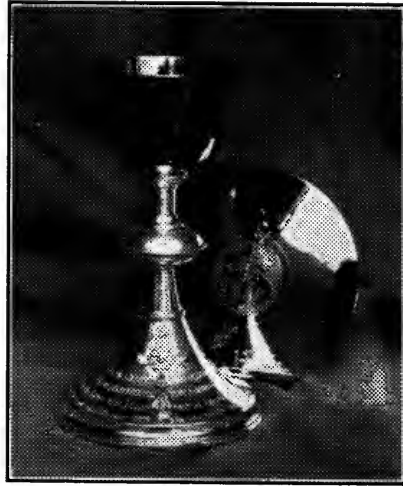
And dreaming, look for me."

Marjorie Pickthall's knowledge of human passions was not more remarkable than her power of depicting them, as is evident in the appealing cry of "The Mother in Egypt," and in the tragic drama, "The Wood Carver's Wife."

Besides many poems, she wrote two novels and over two hundred short stories. These are collected into a volume entitled "Angels' Shoes," which shows her mastery of narration. Perhaps her most outstanding novel is "Little Hearts," written in a style that some critics have called flawless.

Her early death left Canada mourning not only the sweet singer herself, but the songs she had left unsung.

Winifred Purkis, Form 3B,
Loretto College School.



Chalice made from jewellery of Pupils
of Loretto College School.

“The Holy Grail”

Lo, I have seen the Holy Grail,
The sight that made strong faces pale.

Not on the height of Montsalvat,
Or on the Hill where Christ has sat.

Nor on the wind-swept wold afar,
Where march-lights glimmer like a star!

Nor on the mountain-cliffs that soar,
Where chasms yawn and torrents roar!

Nor yet along the misty seas,
Nor where the forest's myriad trees

Quiver and groan beneath the gale,
While the cold planets flash and pale.

The Holy Grail—the Blood of God
I saw not where the heathen trod;

But at the altar daily nigh,
When the blest cup is raised on high,

In the priest's hands, 'neath mystic veil,
Flushes and throbs the Holy Grail!

Father James B. Dollard.

THE STORY OF A CHALICE

One Monday morning there appeared on the School Bulletin Board a poster with the heading, "The Quest of the Holy Grail," and below, a picture of a jewelled chalice and these lines from Father Dollard's beautiful poem:

"At the altar daily nigh,
When the blest cup is raised on high,
In the priest's hands, 'neath mystic veil,
Flushes and throbs the Holy Grail."

One year previously the Crusade Unit of the school had undertaken to build a Mission Chapel in the Canadian West; the sum was now almost complete. The Vestment Guild was busy making altar linens and vestments for the Chapel and but one problem remained—how to get a chalice. Someone suggested that instead of buying a chalice, and at best we could afford but a cheap one, how much better it would be to have a good one made from our jewellery and thus make our gift to Our Lord a personal one.

The jewellery poured in. The first two pieces presented a rather striking contrast: a beautiful amethyst brooch and an old pair of Grandma's spectacle rims. How often grandma had looked for those glasses while they were perched well up on her snow-white hair! And once while she was looking for them they fell from their throne and broke. She insisted upon picking up the splinters herself and was very much upset when she found the rims broken too. She carefully laid them away in the corner of her work-basket and then forgot them until she heard of the chalice—and now, they were going to be near Our Lord.

Daily our box increased in weight and worth. One day at noon, two little sisters, twins, came bashfully, and one gave her signet ring. Only a little school-girl knows just how

precious a first signet ring can be. How the twins had wished for those rings, and how happy they had been when the previous Christmas they found them at the foot of the tree. No one knew when it happened, not even the other twin, but the next time we looked in the box there was the second signet ring tied to the first. That same day a blushing damsel presented the well-dinted silver mug of her baby days. "It is not exactly broken, but I must have banged it pretty hard against my high-chair," she said, half apologetically.

An only grand-daughter had been left all her grandmother's jewellery. First she brought one lovely old ring with pearls and garnets in a delicately carved setting. A week later she brought another ring. There was some hesitation about accepting it, but she insisted that it was all right. A week later she came again. This time she brought all the jewellery. Of course there was a storm of protest. "But I will never wear them; my father and mother talked it over, and they said I could do just as I pleased with them, for they are my own," said this grand-daughter. "I would rather see them in the chalice than anywhere else." Did the grandmother think, on her deathbed, of the legacy she was leaving her little grand-daughter?

There were so many styles of rings in our jewellery box that we might well have labelled the collection, "History of Jewellery in the Nineteenth Century." One girl came with the wedding ring of her mother, who was now with God. When the father heard of the chalice he wanted to give his wife's ring to have her forever remembered close to the Sacred Heart, in the Mass.

One of the most precious contributions was the episcopal ring of a deceased Archbishop.

It had been kept in the family for years, with the intention of passing it on from generation to generation as a most precious relic. But they heard of the chalice, and they too wanted their treasure there.

Family heirlooms grew to be quite usual gifts and each day there was an appreciable change in our jewellery box. As we looked at the stones gleaming one beside another in the depths of the box, we thought of the memories associated with them, for nearly everything had a story—and Our Lord knew them all. There were watches that would go, and those that would not; brooches with broken clasps, others that still held; there was every kind of jewellery from our great grandmothers' ear-rings down to the twins' signet rings of last Christmas. And most precious of all, in our Catholic eyes, as it lay there shining in the midst of many stones—the Archbishop's ring.

At last we had enough jewellery and it was carefully wrapped and given to the goldsmith. "And what if he is robbed on the way down-town!" someone said. "O, yes! what if there is a hold-up!" we echoed. But fortune was with us that day and the goldsmith arrived at the office safely. We were all anxious to see the chalice in the process of being made and so it was arranged that at our Easter Crusade meeting it would be on exhibition. What talk there was about how it would look! And after all the expectation what surprise and disappointment followed when we saw only a dark brownish black cup and base. Blank disappointment was written on every face. The chalice was only half made, just fired and hammered. It was then that some of us realized for perhaps the first time, the truth, that gold must be tried by the fire in life as well as in chalice-making.

It had been planned that the jewels were to

be set in a great cross at the base of the chalice. On the Feast of the Sacred Heart the chalice-maker telephoned that he could not fit all the jewels into the cross and would we like a heart on the other side—he could put the rest of the jewels in it. We would like it very much. We were so pleased that it came to us as a gift from Our Lord on His Feast day.

The last day of school eventually came and we forgot everything at the sight of the chalice. As we crowded around, all that could be seen on the sea of faces as they looked up at that golden cup, was awe and reverence mingled with a strange excitement.

On the lower side of the chalice was a beautiful inlaid silver plate on which were engraved the names of all the girls who had contributed jewellery to the chalice. On the base were the names of our patron saints: Mary, Mother of God; St. Joseph, St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, and Mother Mary Ward.

The chalice was first used at Midnight Mass, Christmas, 1926, by the Archbishop of the Western Diocese to which it was sent. A beautiful letter was received from the Archbishop, telling us that his intention had been for us. What a happy Christmas it was for us, for we knew that we had prepared a resting-place for our Divine Lord and we thought again and again of the words engraved around the jewelled cross:

"To Thee, Divine Jesus, this pledge of our love, that we, our parents, and friends, may always be remembered in the Sacrifice of Thy Body and Blood, that we may dwell within Thy Sacred Heart and that our names may give glory to Thy Name forever!"

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Patricia Gorman, Form IV.,
Loretto College School.

THE JOURNALIST AND THE PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN

THE Journalist was on the staff of the "Daily Herald." True, he did not actually write anything for it—that is, as yet,—but no one who looked at those big, serious, grey eyes could doubt his ability to do so, some day. But meanwhile, though he did not write for it, he was on the staff of the paper. Just a week ago he had startled the family by announcing that henceforth he would support his widowed mother. This, he explained, he could do most handsomely by selling papers. Others did it; why not he? And already he had eight prospective customers. He and the Prominent Business Man (his brother, aged five, of whom more presently) had made the rounds of the apartment house, where their mother had her flat, and secured them. Fortunately for the Journalist's mother, she was in no need of his support; (the Journalist's father had seen to that)—still, there is nothing for a widowed mother like being supported, particularly by a noble son of seven.

Of course when one embarks in business one must have funds. Though the Journalist was shy to a painful degree, he had summoned up courage to explain to his mother that she must supply the money to buy the papers on the first day, and she very graciously had invested sixteen cents in the "Daily Herald." Who would not, when, according to the Journalist, the small investment was to yield such large profits and provide her with all the luxuries of life! And the Journalist had a capable partner in the Prominent Business Man. Between these talented gentlemen existed the most cordial business relations, dating from the eventful day on which the Business Man cut his first tooth (even prominent business

men must do that once). Incidentally it had been a trying day for the Business Man's mother and she had wearily asked her elder son to try to quiet the fretful baby. The timid Journalist had gone over to his brother, and, with hands dug deep in his pockets, had stood there and smiled a sheepish smile. The astonished Business Man looked up. He had just opened his mouth for another heart-rending wail, but when he saw the sympathetic, friendly, little face before him, he hesitated, and after a moment's fatal indecision, gurgled with sudden delight and flashed back on his benefactor an exquisite, gummy smile. And the partnership was sealed from that hour.

But to return to the journalistic venture. The Journalist was doing well. Every afternoon he obtained from his mother the sum of sixteen cents and blissfully carried on his work of supporting her. Sometimes the Business Man went with him and while making the rounds always made great display of an old latch-key which he had found somewhere and had fastened by a bit of dog-chain to the button of his rompers. (All the other men in the apartments carried their latch-keys like that). It was to this same key that he first owed his prominence. The lady next door had gone out one afternoon, and, on returning, discovered that she had lost her key. Everyone was anxious to help, but no one could open the door. Then the Business Man came on the scene. "Perhaps my key might do it," he announced airily, to the keen amusement of the bystanders. They all laughed and let him try, and lo and behold, his key did do it! Since that episode the Business Man had been very popular in the apartments.

It has been stated that the Journalist suffered from shyness. Unfortunate it was that an acute attack of this malady should seize him on Saturday afternoon, leaving him a nerveless young man, unable to ask payment of his customers. Then the Journalist's mother announced decidedly that she could no longer afford to be supported in this way; he must collect the money or retire from active journalism. The Journalist wept a little when he heard that; the Prominent Business Man looked thoughtful and said nothing. (That is the way great financiers do).

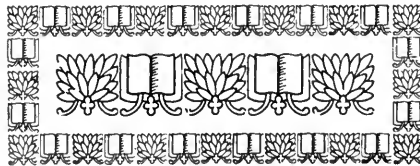
On Sunday morning the Business Man alarmed the entire household by his absence. The hue and cry was raised; everyone joined in the search; the police were about to be notified. Then the Business Man appeared. Before an astonished family, he laid on the table two fistfuls of coppers. Next he emptied his pockets. Then gathering the coppers into a pile, he pushed them over towards the wide-eyed Journalist, and holding up one short,

dirty finger, said seathingly, "Now there is your money and don't let yourself get into a rut again!"

* * * * *

The last heard of the brilliant Journalist was that at the end of his first year in High School he had won a gold medal for English Composition and had failed flat in Arithmetic. He is said to have spent the summer at home, doing Arithmetic—and looking at his medal. But the Prominent Business Man had a position for the holidays in a bank where his aunt is a secretary. One day, having been sent on an errand to her office, and finding that she was out, he wrote his message—his first business letter—to leave on her desk. As he signed it an inspiration struck him, and after his name he wrote, "P.F.P.,"—and then he added: "P.S. Dear Auntie, 'P.F.P.' means Perfect Future President,—of the bank, you know."

Kathleen Clarke, Form IV.,
Loretto College School, Toronto.



LORETTO ABBEY COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

A Talk With Loretto School Girls.

I wonder if all Loretto girls could explain the relation which Loretto College bears to the University of Toronto. I met a great, large man the other day who had not the right idea of it at all. In fact it was so very hard to make him understand, that I determined, like Horace, to speak betimes to "virginibus puerisque" before they grew hardened in their minds. I also thought how much more effective an explanation would be if it came from a charming little "virgo," or even a "puer." So in future I think I shall give over the great large man to be instructed by well-informed young virginibus from our Loretto Schools. It is, therefore, very important that these dear creatures get the right story.

There are many grown-up persons, some even of those who attended the University of Toronto some twenty or twenty-five years ago, who have only the vaguest idea of the great change that has taken place in recent years, and especially that which has affected Catholic education so favourably. At that time the University embraced the faculties proper to a university, viz.: Arts, Medicine, Engineering, Dentistry, etc. There was then only one Arts College (University College), at the University, that is, where work for a B.A. degree might be pursued. About thirty-five years ago it is true, St. Michael's College through patient effort and negotiation, had obtained affiliation with the University, which entitled them to carry on the major part of the university work within their walls and at the same time participate in the opportunities the University itself offered. Little advantage was taken of

this for many years, but it afforded a model for the great Federation of Arts Colleges which took place in 1906. In that year the Anglican University of Trinity and the Methodist University of Victoria amalgamated with the University of Toronto, merging their other faculties in the provincial university, but each maintaining a distinct Arts College within the Faculty of Arts of the University of Toronto. St. Michael's was placed on the same footing.

Thus the Arts Faculty of the University of Toronto is at present a Federation of four Arts colleges of an exactly equal status—University College, which is non-denominational; Trinity, which is Anglican; Victoria, which is Methodist, and St. Michael's, which is Catholic. Each college has full rights and every opportunity to maintain its own religious atmosphere, to teach all subjects except such as have been by general agreement taken over by the University. The colleges follow a common curriculum in every subject, except Religious Knowledge and Philosophy, and the degree is conferred by the University.

By this arrangement, at the time of its institution unique in the world, Catholic men students were enabled to participate freely in what was being provided by the government at this, the Provincial University, while obtaining all the benefits of a Catholic college, and to obtain their degree from a university of international prestige.

But this excellent arrangement made no provision for Catholic women students. However, for some years previous our Mother Agatha, with the foresight for which she was re-

markable, had with the aid of the late Dr. Cassidy, been seeking a university affiliation for Loretto Abbey similar to that enjoyed by St. Michael's. To her belongs the honour of being first in Canada to make the attempt to secure higher education for women under Catholic auspices.

After the federation in 1906, the matter took on a new aspect and it seemed more in harmony with what existed in the other colleges, that the Catholic students, men and women, should form a single St. Michael's group. Accordingly Loretto Abbey College developed as a woman's part of St. Michael's, but with a distinct staff and life of its own. At the same time St. Joseph's became similarly a part of the University system through St. Michael's.

The University of Toronto in its Faculty of Arts resembles Oxford in being composed of many distinct colleges, which system has the great advantage of breaking up the mass of students into groups, giving to each student during his university career an intimate, intense and interesting life in his own college as well as bringing him into association with that of others.

One of the charms of university life at Oxford is the diversity of the colleges and the possibilities of intimate association with one's fellows. A Baliol man loves Oxford because Baliol means so much to him; an Oriel man loves Oxford for all that endeared Oriel to him. There are many intimate allusions which stir the hearts of Corpus men which would fall coldly on the ear of a man from Magdalen.

Similarly a Loretto College girl has a thousand intimate ties which make her university

years the happiest time of her life. The very ties which bind her to her own college strengthen her loyalty and love towards the University of Toronto.

Of course university units may grow too large for that intimate contact between faculty and students which is the ideal of all educators, or in other ways this contact may be interfered with. Loretto Abbey College is, as a university group, one in which conditions for college life of this sort are most favourable, hence the remarkable spirit of loyalty and love existing among those who have lived within her walls.

The College not only participates fully in university activities, but at present Loretto girls are holding leading positions on university executives and are bringing credit to Toronto in inter-university debating and athletics. In scholarship they have won in recent years some of the highest honours in the gift of the University.

The ideal of Loretto College is to show forth the beauty of Catholic culture in all ages and to teach its students the seven liberal arts which make life beautiful, happy and useful.

What can Loretto girls at the Abbey, L.C.S., Niagara, Hamilton, Guelph, Stratford, Chicago, Sault Ste. Marie and Western Canada do for their college (for theirs it is)? First, explain its advantages; secondly, lay a solid foundation of scholarship for a brilliant university career; thirdly, work up fine athletic, debating and dramatic records; lastly, become in character, courtesy and piety all that a Loretto girl should be.

M. Estelle, I.B.V.M.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Joan and Marie were on their summer vacation. They were cousins and their summer cottages were built side by side. One summer afternoon they decided to go for a "hike" in the woods. They set out about half past one. They took a few sandwiches, cakes and candies. It was a lovely day, bright, sunny and not too hot. The wood was about half a mile from their homes. They walked through the woods and collected nice pieces of birch bark to make little baskets and pretty trinkets. They had walked about a mile when they came to an old house which their brothers had told them was haunted.

This house had long been vacant. Joan and Marie went in, thinking it could not really be haunted. The first room was very dirty and there were a few pieces of broken glass on the floor. The next room was no better. It had an old, torn, dusty, red carpet on the floor and it was very dark. There were a few other rooms and they were dark and weird too. Then there was a cellar in which were chains and old bones which the girls imagined to be skulls and bones of men. When they saw these they turned and ran, and as they were running they thought they heard moans coming from among the bones and chains. As they passed through the other rooms they thought they saw dark shadows which they imagined to be the ghosts of the men whose bones they had seen in the cellar. They went quite a distance from the house before they sat down to get their breath. When their fright was worn off a little they began to think they had imagined the moans and the dark shadows. It was then, too, that they missed the lunch. Joan, who had been carrying it, remembered that she had left it on the porch before they went into the house, and

on the way out they had been in such a hurry that they had not noticed it. It was hard to get up enough courage to return to the "haunted house," but they were hungry, and besides, Marie had put her watch in the lunch-box because she was afraid that she would break it. The afternoon shadows were beginning to lengthen and the old house looked more haunted than ever. Joan, who was more timid, stood at the bottom of the rickety steps while Marie went up and recovered the box; then they both ran out to the road as fast as they could.

They sat down under the trees by the lovely country road-side and ate their lunch and talked about the haunted house. While they were sitting there Marie's father drove along the road in his car, and when he saw them he stopped and they climbed in beside him.

"So the boys say the house is haunted," he said when he had heard their story. "Perhaps they are in league with the ghosts."

When Joan and Marie got home they asked their brothers all about the house, but beyond saying that there was a terrible mystery connected with the house, that they themselves had visited it several times and that *sometimes there were fresh bones there*, the boys would tell them nothing. When they found that the boys would not satisfy their curiosity the girls adopted another plan. For several days they said nothing about the haunted house, thinking that if they asked no questions their brothers might be more likely to tell them.

When the girls ceased to talk about the house the boys lost interest too. About a week later Joan and Marie had the reward of their silence. One day as Ted, Marie's brother,

slipped into his place at the dinner-table his mother looked across at him and said.

“Teddy, those old soup bones you wanted have been wrapped up in a newspaper in the back kitchen all week. If you want them you had better take them. I can’t have them lying there any longer.”

Poor Ted blushed, and the girls knew at last the great mystery of the haunted house, and that it was quite true that “sometimes there were fresh bones there!”

Mary McConvey, Form I.A,
Loretto College School, Toronto.

“TROUBLES NEVER COME SINGLY”

Doris had looked forward to the annual school fair for months, planning and preparing her various exhibits. She had taken very great pride in her garden, and truth to tell, she had reason to be proud of it. Her potatoes were large and perfect in shape, her onions, carrots, and other vegetables were of equal merit, and she hadn’t a doubt that the pumpkin she had nourished so carefully would take the first prize. Her sewing was done with painstaking care, while her biscuits and bread, to say nothing of her cakes and pies, would have done credit to many a veteran house-keeper.

The day before the fair dawned bright, and Doris having put the last stitches in the doll’s complete outfit and apron, which she intended exhibiting in the sewing classes, carefully pressed them and laid them on the spare-room bed. Her bread had come from the oven, lovely and brown, and was now cooling on the kitchen table.

Singing happily, she attacked her other baking. Her biscuits in the oven were rising beautifully and were assuming that lovely golden colour so dear to her heart, when her mother called, “Doris, the cows are in your garden.” Doris rushed out to find one of the

cows just finishing her prize pumpkin. Calling the dog as she ran, she soon cleared the garden of the greedy animals, but alas, the garden was ruined. Suddenly remembering her biscuits, she rushed back to the kitchen to find them burned to a cinder. The dog, thinking her running about a sort of game, rushed in after her, colliding with Doris’ brother Tom, who slipped on the waxed floor and fell against the table on which reposed Doris’ display of bread and pies, sending them to the floor. As Doris gazed at this fresh disaster she thought, “At least my sewing is all right,” and she went into the spare-room for the comforting sight of the dressed doll. There sitting on the floor was her baby sister, hands and face smeared with blackberry jam, feeding the dolly some of her jam-smeared bread.

Doris threw herself on the bed, sobbing out some of her disappointment. After a few minutes she arose and wiped her tears, remarking, “It is surely true that troubles never come singly. There is no chance of my winning a prize at the fair this year, but there’s another fair next year, so I shall live in hopes of better success then.”

Margaret McHugh,
Loretto Academy, Stratford, Ont.

A SADDER AND A WISER GIRL

Yes, Blumberg's were going out of business for certain this year, and the big sale previous to such events was widely advertised.

Naturally I had my doubts about these going-out-of-business announcements, since Blumberg's were in the habit of making them at least semi-annually; but this was the real thing—or so the newspapers assured the public.

Before entering the store on the day that the great event was to take place, I had resolved to do no purchasing—there was nothing I really needed—absolutely nothing. My coming here was merely as a spectator, just as I might have attended an interesting "movie." I had read of the bargains; the ridiculously low prices of valuable goods had already aroused my suspicions. Still it would be interesting to watch others being duped at the various counters.

In spite of my determination I did not long remain a mere onlooker. I found the "movie" there, to be sure, but if there happened to be anyone in the place with sufficient stability of character to keep such a resolution as mine, he must have regarded me in a very few minutes as one of the chief actors.

Foamy billows of lace on a distant counter first attracted my attention. Pushing my way through the current of bargain-hunters, I soon found myself gathering up yards of the lovely stuff. I felt I was fortunate in getting ahead of the lace-seekers who were rushing and crushing towards the spot. To the handkerchief stalls the crowds surged on, bearing me in their wake. Handkerchiefs were the last purchase I had thought of making. Besides the many I possessed as the repeated gift of a

good aunt, I had prided myself on numbers of dainty, tatted-edged ones of my own make. But in every despite I swept off dozens into my bag. (Oh, everything was honestly paid for and over-paid for).

I was carried on, pushed on, and stepped on. From one booth to another I moved, gathering up irresistible bargains at every stopping point. Soon I was weighted down with bundles, and, being quite unable to put my millinery in condition, my hat rested ungracefully over my right ear. My feet were aching unbearably from having been made the stepping-stones of many a frenzied purchaser. Realizing I had come to the limit of my powers of locomotion, at last I was forced to give up the chase. I bundled my parcels into a taxi which I found waiting at the curbstone. At my own gate I was astounded to discover my purse lacked the fare. In my distress I begged the driver to blow the horn. Mother was out in a moment and before I could explain, jumped at the conclusion that her daughter had been robbed. I managed to reassure her and, the driver paid, I hurried into the house to exhibit the results of my strenuous morning.

It was somewhat of a disappointment that mother showed no enthusiasm over the lace. "Yes," she agreed, "it is rather pretty, but what is it for?" I didn't know. I hastened to display my handkerchiefs. "Do you need them?" she asked. Did I? I knew too well the answer to that question. Surely I had made a bargain in the remnants of lovely silks. "What use can you put them to?" If mother did not know I certainly did not. I still had my new dress. Triumphant I shook out the folds and held it up for mother's admiration.

“Tangerine,” she gasped. “Would you think of wearing that?” I knew I would not. wisdom learned in the hard school of experience.

I had no heart to undo any more packages.
But I have been wiser since that day with a

Elizabeth Reid,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

“Renewal”

That I behold Thee clearly in my night,
O touch my eyelids, lest the darkness stay!
I have forgotten how to walk in Light,
I need Thy gentleness to guide my way.

And Thou alone couldst see that I was blind,
Who went about always with covered eyes,
Just hold my hand within Thine and be kind
Until this old despair within me dies.

Thy Presence comforts me, I seem to see
The Radiance of Thy Countenance ashine,
Ah, Thou hast touched the eyes of me
And Thou hast shaken, freed, this soul of
mine!

Lola Beers Mysen,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

A BRANCH NOVITIATE IN CHICAGO

Loretto in Toronto may well rejoice in the recent opening in the great city of Chicago of a new branch of the Noviceship. Loretto, Englewood, was the happy choice for the temporary location of the new “garden enclosed,” and eight daughters of Mary Ward are already settled in this new home.

It is a great joy to know that the work in that immense vineyard of the middle United States will receive a new impetus from this little Noviceship. We feel that the record of the past warrants the most hopeful anticipation for the future.

FATHER DAMIEN

Father Damien was born near Louvain, in Belgium, in 1841. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see an older brother, who was studying for the priesthood, and left him there for a few hours.

The young man thought that this was a good opportunity to take a step which he had been contemplating for some time, and when his father returned for him he told him that he did not wish to return home any more, but wanted to enter the ministry. To this his father unwillingly consented, so they parted at the station.

This older brother was determined to go to the South Seas for missionary work, and everything was arranged for his departure, when to his disappointment, he was stricken with fever and forbidden to go. Father Damien asked him if it would be any comfort to him if he were to go in his place. This brother was delighted and Father Damien promptly wrote to those in authority and offered to go. To his great joy his offer was accepted.

For several years he worked on different islands of the Pacific. One day he was present at the dedication of a chapel in the Island of Mauri, and learned from the bishops that there was no pastor for the poor lepers at Molokai, nor was there anyone whom he could send. Some young priests had just arrived in Hawaii for missionary work, and Father Damien asked the Bishop if he might go and labour in Molokai, and let one of the new priests have his district. This offer was accepted and he was sent that very day on a boat that was carrying cattle to the leper colony.

When Father Damien reached the island he

found about eighty of the lepers in the government hospital, and the rest were living in various parts of the island in huts. In these huts, made of logs and grasses, the lepers were huddled together regardless of sex or age. Their clothes were dirty on account of the scarcity of water, and it was a common sight to see people going around with fearful ulcers which were left exposed for the want of a few bandages or salve. When the disease reached the stage where the patient was prostrated, he was sent out of the hut to die.

These lepers soon learned to love Father Damien, who brought comfort to their bodies and souls by his care and kindness. He built new huts with shingles and scantlings and the lepers were made clean and comfortable, for Father Damien discovered a reservoir and he and the able lepers went to work and laid pipes from it to the huts.

After Father Damien had been living on the island for about ten years he began to suspect that he was a leper. From this time onward when preaching, he did not say, "My brethren," but "We lepers." The heavy cross he accepted with cheerfulness and resignation to the will of God.

Soon afterwards he was obliged to stay in bed. They realized that his end was near. This work was not finished according to his plans, but he said, "God's will be done; He knows best." His death soon followed, and the wails of the lepers were loud and mournful as they grieved over the departure of the priest who had been an angel of mercy among them.

Eleanor Savage, Form II,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

A CANADIAN HEROINE

There were many brave men and women living in Canada during the early days when Frontenac was Governor. Many a story of heroism has come down to us from those troubled times. Among them is one of a little heroine named Madeleine de Vercheres, whose father held a seignury on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Madeleine lived with her parents at the seignury, Castle Dangerous, not far from Montreal. The house stood on a large piece of land, near which a fort was built. It was autumn and all the settlers of Vercheres had gone to work in the fields some miles from the fort. There remained on guard in the fort only two soldiers, an old man of eighty, some women and children, and our heroine, Madeleine, with her two brothers of ten and twelve years. The land seemed peaceful and quiet. But the Indians were stealing through the thick forest, which already glowed red and gold beneath the autumn sun. Thinking that all was safe, Madeleine had gone down to the river that flowed a little distance from the fort. Unexpectedly, she heard a gun shot, and before the sound died away the old man from the fort cried, "Run, Mademoiselle, run! The Indians are upon us!"

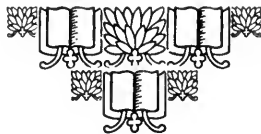
When Madeleine turned, there before her stood some forty or fifty Indians, scarcely a pistol shot away. Madeleine ran towards the fort, praying as she ran, while the shots rang

and whistled above her. Nearing the fort, she called, "To arms! To arms!" hoping that some one would help her; but this was impossible. Reaching the fort and barring the gate, she ran around examining everything. In the guardroom she found the two soldiers so terror-stricken that they were going to set fire to the powder and blow up the fort. Madeleine prevented them from doing so. Placing a steel cap on her head, and taking a gun in her hand, she said to her brothers, "Boys, let us fight to the death." All that day the Indians were kept out.

During the night a great storm arose and Madeleine placed the men around the fort and at certain intervals the Indians heard the cry, "All is well!" They thought the fort was filled with soldiers, and they were afraid to attack. Thus they were kept away for six days longer, and on the seventh day of the siege Madeleine was trying to rest, when the great news was brought in by her brothers that the French army had come to aid them. The Iroquois fled. Madeleine had the reward of her heroism. She had saved the fort.

Lately a bronze statue of Madeleine de Vercheres has been placed in Montreal to recall and honour the memory of this brave young French-Canadian girl.

Margaret Hawkins, Form I.C.
Loretto College School, Toronto.



CONFEDERATION SPEECHES

We print only two of the many excellent speeches delivered by Loretto pupils in the recent Confederation Oratorical Contest. The following speech was delivered by Miss Dorothea Cain at Loretto College School:

Canada's Diamond Jubilee—Her Achievements Since Confederation.

Honourable Judges, Reverend Sisters, Fellow Students:

This year Canada will celebrate an event of historic importance and world-wide interest—her Diamond Jubilee.

The Great Dominion of Canada, though conceived in political deadlock and born midst uncertain influences, has grown from colonial status to adult nationhood, a nationhood based upon a Canadian sentiment that rings true to motherland's call, and, with affection and sympathy, holds intact the silken cords of Empire.

As a prospect, sixty years seems a long period; as a retrospect, a short one. The Fathers of Confederation, admittedly men of vision, even exercising, perhaps, an unenviable foresight, scarcely dreamed in their great flights of fancy, or in the expression of their most sanguine hopes, that six decades after their supreme accomplishment the achievements resulting therefrom, would attain the standard and reflect the glory that have challenged the attention of the world.

From four sparsely-settled provinces in the East with scarcely any knowledge of, or communication with each other and subject to disturbing political and economic elements, the Union of sixty years ago has emerged into a community of interests, one vast Dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, even to the Arctic, and comprising nine pro-

vinces in addition to the Yukon and Northwest Territories, totalling in all, over three and a half million square miles or ten times that at Confederation, with a virile population of nearly ten millions as against three millions in 1867.

Confederation day marked a new era of expansion and since that memorable day, when Canada started her great epoch of material progress, she has never ceased to improve and expand.

To-day as an outcome of Confederation, instead of two thousand miles of railway, Canada has one of the finest railway systems in the world, comprising over forty-five thousand miles—the Canadian Pacific, deemed one of the world's greatest feats of engineering, and the Canadian National, owned and operated by the nation, and a number of other publicly and privately-operated lines.

Canada's total trade has grown from a value of one hundred and thirty-one millions in 1867, to one of two thousand, two hundred and fifty-six million dollars in 1927. To-day she leads the world in per capita and foreign trade; her exports alone have increased over two thousand three hundred per cent., nearly double that of her imports. Her products are carried in Canadian boats to the farthest corners of the world. She leads the world in the highest quality of wheat and in wheat and flour exports; she possesses the greatest forest wealth, having six hundred and fifty million dollars invested in the lumber and paper industry alone. She ranks the highest in nickel and asbestos; possesses the largest gold-producing mine and the richest fisheries; her dollar stands higher than par in the world of finance; she leads the world in proportion of

years of prosperity to years of depression. Her per capita wealth is \$2,525; her telegraph system has been enlarged from a mileage of seven thousand to two hundred and eighty-four thousand; her telephone system, due to the invention in Canada, of a Canadian citizen, has revolutionized business. She proudly admits having the world's greatest annual national exhibition. With an international boundary of over three thousand miles, Canada has lived for over a hundred years in close harmony with her sister, the great republic to the south, thereby teaching the world a wonderful lesson in the art of peace. A cursory survey of the agricultural, industrial trade and finance charts, disclosing her remarkable development and natural potentialities, forces the conviction that the twentieth century is Canada's.

The timber wealth of British Columbia, the great grain fields of the Western provinces, whence comes the world's prize wheat, and whither goes the charming Prince, the heir apparent of the British Throne, the incomparable farm, pulp and mineral resources of Ontario with its well-organized manufacturing concerns, the stabilized industries and general contentment of Quebec, the fishing and shipping enterprises of the Maritimes and the fur regions of the hinterland beget a confidence in her continued prosperity.

In Hydro-Electric development Canada has attracted the interest and gained the admiration of all nations. In this, as in other things, her methods are being adopted and her experiences applied; in highway construction Canada has kept pace with her growing needs and the great automotive industry, and from a comparatively small mileage of earth and gravel roads at Confederation she has developed a modern system involving three hundred and fifty-four thousand miles of high-grade construction.

While we pride ourselves on Canada's material progress let us not forget the strides taken in her intellectual improvement. An excellent elementary system of education, liberally aided by the State, has displaced the somewhat crude and uncorelated one of pre-Confederation days; secondary and higher institutions of learning have played an important part in perfecting the Confederation pact and in producing world leaders in the realms of science and art; moral and religious training with its Christianizing influences is reflected in the sobriety and charity of the people in their respect for law and order,—in their sense of liberty,—in their spirit of justice.

Next in importance to these characteristics, Canada has developed an individuality all her own, a real national sentiment. In diffusing this sentiment a real Canadian Literature and a literary spirit have been potent factors. Gifted journalists, and their names are legion, and statesmen of talent and character like Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier have made Canada known in the great markets and royal courts of the world, and scientists like Banting have advertised her schools of learning and her efforts to help humanity.

Canadian poets like that brilliant adopted son, D'Arcy McGee, the lovable Lampman, the versatile Charles D. Roberts, the musing Wilfred Campbell, the patriotic Bliss Carman and the realistic Drummond have each in his own inimitable way admirably contributed to an individual national spirit that represents the hopes and aspirations of a young and vigorous country.

Canada, now a leader in the Councils of the Empire, by her brilliant participation in the Great War, made for herself an imperishable name and earned distinction by being represented in the League of Nations.

Not the least of her achievements since Con-

federation is the attention paid to the physical development of her youth. Her climate makes for a hardy and vigorous buoyancy, undaunted by any tests. Accepting, as a legacy from the Red Man, a crude form of lacrosse, she has perfected this fascinating outdoor sport as her national game and she invented and systematized that great winter game—hockey—which for consummate speed, skill and endurance has no peer.

Only Canada produced and developed since Confederation a Ned Hanlan, a Tom Longboat and a George Young. Canada to-day can boast of having the fastest skaters in the world, the finest lacrosse and hockey teams and the greatest girl athletes of ancient or modern times and, though we do modestly admit it, the healthiest and handsomest type of feminine beauty and the most chivalrous men.

Out of this leadership status Canada herself stands not as a collection of famous buildings, personages and records, but as an individual country glowing with youth, with loyalty and with brilliance. This year she celebrates the sixtieth anniversary of her advancement, the sixtieth anniversary of the growth of a golden country. Her achievements, successes and even her trials will be brought to light and duly honoured in July of this year, and it is to be sincerely hoped that Canada—the young nation of the world, will be as successful in the years to come as she has been since Confederation and that she will forever remain the Land of Liberty as anticipated by the Marquis of Lorne, one of her early beloved Governor-Generals, in these words from his stirring ode on Canada:

“You deem a nation here shall stand,
United, great and free?
Yes, see how Liberty’s own hand
With ours the continent hath spanned

Strong arched, from sea to sea;
Our Canada’s her chosen land,
Her roof and crown to be.”

Canada’s Diamond Jubilee—Her Achievements Since Confederation.

This speech was delivered by Miss Myrtle Kildea of Loretto Academy, Sedley, Sask. It won a bronze medal in the inspectorate where eight schools competed:

As we stand on the threshold of Canada’s Diamond Jubilee, let us gaze back through the vista of the past sixty years to the first Dominion Day, July 1, 1867. What joy, what satisfaction, what confidence must our noble Fathers of Confederation have experienced when the British North America Act proclaimed this land of ours a self-governing dominion! But could they arise to-day and behold the achievements which are the result of their endeavours, what rightful pride would thrill their hearts and minds! For Canada has made splendid progress in spite of almost unconquerable difficulties.

Now, progress is shown by the numerous ways in which a country advances for the benefit of its citizens. It is, therefore, essential that we first see to what extent the citizens of Canada, themselves, have increased in number.

Owing to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the lines now known as the Canadian National Railways, the population has extended from sea to sea, until at present, having more than doubled itself, its numbers nearly nine and a half millions. The three transcontinental routes are dotted by cities, towns, and villages. This rapid growth has urged the addition of new provinces, and the opening of those in the west, especially, has done much to give to our people a new and aggressive spirit of enterprise, more defin-

ite aims and a firmer faith in the possibilities of achievement in the sense of nationhood.

With an increased population came the demand for better education. Fortunately for Canada, her intellectual achievements have been no less marked than her material progress.

Education has been fostered, even in the most sparsely-settled districts and every means, tending towards improvement, has been adopted. Although no great change has been made in the system, as outlined by Dr. Egerton Ryerson, yet the scope of educational institutions has been so widened that at present, nature study, domestic science, and technical subjects are all included in the public school curriculum. Added to this advancement, the larger buildings, better equipment, and more capable teachers have rendered our public school system second to none in the world. Higher education, in which that of women is an important factor, has been extended to include courses in agriculture, science, dentistry, medicine, law and music. In the last-named branch, particularly, is Canada gaining eminent prestige, and many of our young Canadians, under excellent supervision, are manifesting remarkable talent.

Worthy of mention just here, is the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, which is doing a great deal to train the musical ear of the Canadian public. We claim, too, a singer of a half-century's world-wide fame, Madame Albani, a daughter of the Province of Quebec.

Progress in education has meant a more marked interest on the part of the mass of the people in the government of our land, and Canadian statesmen rank high in the esteem of the world's politicians. Our present system of government is the outcome of a century's growth and struggle. Its aim is always to allow each province to manage the affairs

which naturally and conveniently fall within its definite jurisdiction; a federal government, superseding all, decides matters pertaining to the permanency and unity of the Dominion as a whole. The Canadian law system is faultlessly just. Each and every citizen is equally protected by its never-failing fairness.

As a consequence of a system of government such as ours, we find there is a widespread interest taken in agriculture, our leading industry. The Dominion Government supervises twenty-four experimental farms distributed throughout the country, while the provincial legislatures control a number of smaller ones. Scientific research has led to the extensive and intelligent development of our soil, and the most is made of every acre of populated land. Where rainfall is scarce, as in Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta, irrigation is being used to a considerable extent. As a proof that the pioneer days in this industry have long passed, let me cite the grain export from Port Arthur and Fort William during the shipping season of last fall. The output totalled one hundred and ninety-two million bushels; contrast this with the fact that forty-one years ago one grain boat was sufficient to carry all the grain from the Western Provinces.

Where agriculture is impossible, mining has been developed to a degree that has drawn the world's attention to our mineral resources. Canada ranks first in the world's supply of nickel, asbestos, and cobalt, third in silver and gold, and is an important producer of copper, lead, zinc, and coal.

Canada has the greatest supply of timber in the world. The lumber industry is carried on in nearly four thousand plants, and the timber sawn includes the wood of more than seventy species of trees. The forest products also form the chief raw material for the pulp

and paper industries, valued at approximately forty million dollars.

Our exceptional fresh and salt-water fisheries are well known to those acquainted with the fishing industry, but few, besides these, realize that our lakes cover half the fresh water area of the earth. Can we possibly imagine what these will mean when fully developed for fishing purposes?

By the construction of six great canal systems in conjunction with the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, we have provided an inland highway, unexampled in the world. Another courageous venture which will furnish us of the west with an additional route to Europe is the Hudson Bay Railway now within eighty miles of completion.

During the Great War when we proved our worth in so many ways to the other nations of the world, we surprised even ourselves by our tremendous expansion in home-manufacturing. The sources of supply cut off by the war were developed at home, and the present "Made-in-Canada" movement is assisting our manufacturers to show their ability to use all raw materials within the boundaries of the land. In this industry again our extraordinary waterpower has been an excellent means for supplying electrical energy at an exceedingly low cost.

That Canada is making a unique reputation for herself in the literary world is only the natural sequence of her remarkable achievements in other directions. Moreover, her rich and varied scenery is a fruitful source of inspiration. Not only have we historical and political works, but fiction, poetry and bio-

graphy as well. The authors are men of scholarship and artistic appreciation, men who, although Canadian in choice of subject and feeling, are in touch with poetic expression throughout the world. Louis Freehette is unquestionably the greatest French-Canadian poet of the last sixty years. Characteristic too are the verses of Pauline Johnson, the daughter of a Mohawk chief, thought by many to be the most original voice among our Canadian writers. Of the Anglo-Canadian poets, Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts are perhaps most widely known, and I think you will agree that the following verse taken from "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy," by the last-named poet, forms a fitting conclusion to my eulogy on Canada:

"Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!

Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.

Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,

And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;

Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,

'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!' And stretch vain hands to stars,—thy fame is nigh,

Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name:

This name which yet shall grow

Till all the nations know

Us for a patriot people, heart and hand

Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!"

MISSION PAGE

On Friday, September 16th, a special meeting of the Loretto College School Crusade Unit was held for the election of officers for the coming year. The results were as follows: President, Miss Dorothea Cain; Vice-President, Miss Roberta Rankin; Secretary, Miss Pauline Lynch; Treasurer, Miss Aileen McGuire. The Form Representatives are: Miss Patricia Gorman, Form IV.; Miss Agnes Horgan, Form III.A; Miss Helen McConvey, Form III.B; Miss Clara Cox, Form II.A; Miss Bernadine McGeough, Form II.B; Miss Patricia Hassan, Form I.A; Miss Evelyn McGeough, Form I.B; and Miss Audrey Whyte, Form I.C.

This able Executive under the energetic presidency of Miss Dorothea Cain, has met several times since to discuss plans for the year's work, before the first general meeting on Friday, October 7th.

Pauline Lynch, Secy.

* * *

The Mission work of Loretto Academy, Guelph, is carried on under the auspices of the Little Flower Literary and Mission Club. Last year two little plays were given and the proceeds were used to buy linen for the altar. This had a double advantage of aiding poor churches and of helping to attain proficiency in the art of sewing. Besides, we filled our mite-boxes with self-denial money and our prayers were constantly offered for missions and missionaries throughout the world.

Loretto Rorke, Sec.

* * *

Congratulations to the youthful Crusaders of St. Anthony's School, Toronto, who gave one hundred dollars of their self-denial money to the new Abbey. That is the spirit!

NEED OF CATHOLIC BOOKS IN THE WEST.

I have learned recently of the work that Loretto students have been doing for the Western Missions, particularly those in the Province of Saskatchewan.

The Catholic population of Saskatchewan is very scattered, and the priests few. Even in the larger centres where churches and schools are established, there is a great shortage of books of Catholic doctrine and spirit. In the country districts where the people are far from church and school, the lack of Catholic books is even more felt, and causes far more laxity and indifference in religious matters. It is obvious that the Catholic people in the West are already bearing a very heavy burden in extending the necessary parishes, and maintaining priests for the Missions. The Catholic teachers feel that if our good Catholic friends in the East would come to our assistance in propagating and strengthening the Faith, especially among our young people, by the gift of Catholic books for our schools, it would be a great work for the Church in Western Canada. Catholic books are sorely needed here. Will the East come to our rescue?

Mary Forbes,

St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.

* * *

We would ask those who have books to send to the Missions to remember Loretto Convent, Sioux Lookout, Ontario, where books will be very welcome. The splendid work accomplished there under great difficulties impels our admiration and urges us to help in every way we can those who are working there for the interests of the Church and of Catholic education.

OUR MISSIONS IN THE CANADIAN WEST

Loretto Abbey, Oct. 3, 1927.

My dear M.M.:

We are settling down to the regularity of school time and the holidays with their reunion joys become happy memories. There was unusual interest from time to time this summer as several of the Sisters from the Western Missions came home, bringing such enthusiastic accounts of the life and work, of all that has been already accomplished, and of all that remains to be done, of the needs and the hopes of our missions in the little prairie town of Sedley, in the bustling, growing City of Saskatoon, and in the Northern Ontario mining town of Sioux Lookout.

Let me see—I think the Sioux Lookouters came first, one Sunday morning early in July. Everyone was eager to hear their experiences, to ask a dozen questions, to see the snapshots they had brought. From that time whenever you would come upon an interested group you would be sure to find a returned missionary the centre of attraction. It is almost impossible for those who have not lived at a new foundation to realize the conditions that obtain, especially in outlying districts, and how ingenious one becomes there in managing without luxuries and even without what seemed necessities at home. "Ours," have shown a real missionary spirit in meeting difficulties, and "that saving sense of humour" has often saved the situation, if one may judge from the merriment at the recollection of many events that must have demanded endurance and fortitude at the time. The magnificent example and help of the missionary priests who do the real pioneer work in these places have been a powerful incentive to zeal and co-operation. An outstanding example of this was when, a year ago

our Sisters first went to Sioux Lookout, Father Brodeur gave up to the nuns for their Convent, the rectory he had worked so hard to have built, and began again himself in a small cottage "down the street."

Some of the most amusing stories were those of M.M.E.'s "tramps." I shall tell you only one. One Sunday when it was her "turn" to keep house while the others were at the church, she was alarmed by very loud knocking at the front door. Wisely looking out before she opened the door, she saw a very unprepossessing, not to say dangerous looking man. Thanking God she had not opened the door, she went out by the back one and around the house to interview him. He wanted to know where the priest lived, and she directed him to the church, as by this time the people were beginning to come out. Later in the day when the "tramp," who wanted money, was safely out of the town, M.M.E. learned that she had had very real reason to be afraid. If you have ever been alone in a small house in a small town, you can appreciate her experience.

As in our former Western Missions the progress with the children is remarkable. They are so eager to learn and show so much appreciation and response. This is all the more true in matters of religion. The little people bring the grown-ups and fill the church at Mass even on week days, especially on the First Fridays. In this isolated town on lovely Lake Pelican, surrounded by the woods and far away from Government roads, as in big cities, the dangerous amusements and attractions that divert the youth of to-day, present all the problems that are apt to discourage parents and teachers. But already the zealous pastor feels that half the burden is lifted since the Sisters are there.

Of course you heard that M.M.M. went to Sioux Lookout this year. With great satisfaction and after much preparation of Primary Class material she set out, and the report from her is that she likes it even better than she expected and that she is not a bit lonely. If you had seen M.M.E. you would have heard all about the Bazaar to help defray the expenses of the new Separate School and Convent and have been asked to help. It will be in November.

The Saskatoon representatives came home too and M.M.C. was all enthusiasm for the West until she found she was not to return, and then her spirits fell like the mercury in a Western thermometer when the sun dogs are out and the glorious Northern Lights chase one another across the sky. When I was there we asked Father J. one evening what the broken rainbows around the moon were, and he said, "Weather, Sister, just weather." And weather it proved to be, with the mercury registering fifty-six degrees below. This was to help celebrate the feast of our venerated Mother Mary Ward.

Did you call at Saskatoon and see how cosy the Sisters are in their small apartment? Since the Community has been increased with the taking over of St. Paul's School, the two rooms at the back of the concert hall have been given over for the use of the Sisters.

There were great reports too from the prairie, whence M.M.A. was glad to return after her five years of mission life. She said, however, that she hesitated about coming home for fear she might not be allowed to return to Sedley. But return she did, much to the delight of her small charges there.

Such progress in so short a time in this little town! How well I remember the first school morning of our first year there, when just as we were ready to set out for the school, a mother came to arrange for her daughter to board

with us and to complete her High School work! In vain M.M.E. explained that we had no room for boarders. "But haven't you an upstairs?" she pleaded. Yes, we had an upstairs, two rooms of the four in our fifteen by twenty-four cottage. But our downstairs was such a problem that it needed all of upstairs to relieve it. O yes, we had a Chapel even then, the dearest little Chapel where Our Lord was very close, and where the red light's glow came through the grating by the "drum" and shone upstairs at night.

When the boy's reading Club met on Saturday evenings the house was full. How memories crowd up when I think of those first weeks and months in Sedley! The Hallowe'en party to keep the boys out of mischief "down town"; the wee folks, all big wraps and snow, coming to see the tiny Christmas crib, and the same eager throng to see the Easter lily that came from Brampton, Ont. Or the frequent visit of the little ones across the road, who always announced themselves: "I came to see Jesus," and who after a very short visit to Jesus, paid a considerably longer one to us, prattling happily of all their little concerns in a delightful mixture of French and English. And then the sturdy children who brought big loads of gifts to the back door with: "Please, our mother sent you this." I wonder if it is at all the same since the fine new house is built and the trees and shrubs are being coaxed to beautify the once bare grounds. There is plenty of room for boarders now, and great advances in school work and in music. Sedley has a new school too; no more teaching in the town hall. Of course there is no need to tell you of our own Sedley novices, but did you know that twelve of our boys have completed their first year in Edmonton "trying out their vocations" to be Franciscans?

I hope the children still love to "pray the

Stations" as they did when the Sisters had to go to the church for this devotion and had a body-guard, as each group proudly escorted "our Sister," with emphasis on the "our." Those prayers were visible as well as audible for the temperature registered anywhere from ten to forty degrees below zero.

But my dear Mother, you will agree that this Western subject is a never-ending one

with me. I would love to visit the place again to see my little friends, and the big improvements since the small beginning six years ago. Or better still, I would like to go to a new place and begin all over again. If you hear of anyone looking for a companion to go West, please recommend

Yours affectionately in J.C.,

M. St. J.

CHRIST THE KING OF LITTLE CHILDREN

Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God; and embracing them, and laying His hands upon them, He blessed them."—(St. Mark X.).

Truly Christ is our King. Earthly kings have legions of soldiers, but never was there a king who had soldiers braver and more loyal than the King of little children. We are Christ's soldiers and we can fight for Him by gaining souls by the power of prayer. As soldiers of Christ our motto should be: "For Christ the King."

His vast domain is all heaven and earth. If we keep spotless the white robe we received in Baptism, we shall be able to say that we have remained loyal to our ever-loving King.

Every ruler has his treasury, great or small, and so has the children's King. This treasury contains the infinite merits of Christ and the superabundant merits of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints. We should never cease to

thank our King for the graces He continually bestows on us.

If we were invited to the banquet-hall of a king, oh, with what eagerness we would hasten thither. Our King invites His little ones daily to His Banquet, where He gives His children the Bread of Life. Shall we not gladly accept?

When anything goes wrong with the laws in our country we complain to the king, and sometimes he does not pay any heed to our petitions. But our King will always sympathize in our sorrows, rejoice in our joys, and give us consolation in our loneliness and sorrows.

This is our duty as little subjects of Christ the King. If we are faithful, when Our Lord calls us to His Heavenly Kingdom, to give an account of our stewardship, we shall be able to look without fear into the beautiful Face of the little children's King.

Madeleine Cummins, aged 12,

St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto.

The Rainbow

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Associate Editors.

Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place	Miss Mary McLaughlin.
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto	Miss Kathleen Clarke.
St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto	Miss Madeline Cummins.
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.	Miss Janet McGamwell.
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Loretto Academy, Sedley, Sask.	Miss Myrtle Kildea.
St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.	Miss Mary Forbes.
St. Bride's Convent, Chicago	Miss Loretto McIntyre.

* * *

On Thursday, September 15th, in the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, Danforth Avenue, Miss Kathleen O'Connor, daughter of the late Mr. George O'Connor and Mrs. O'Connor, was married to Mr. Donald Macdonell, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Macdonell of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Reverend Denis O'Connor of St. Dunstan's, also a brother. Mrs. Macdonell is a very recent graduate of Loretto Abbey College.

On September 27th, in St. Anthony's Church, Toronto, the marriage was celebrated of Miss Elizabeth Donnelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Michael Donnelly, with Mr. John J. O'Neill, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Neill. Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill are living in Oshawa. The bride is a recent pupil of Loretto College School.

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ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

Patroness	REV. MOTHER PULCHERIA.
Hon. President	MOTHER M. CHRISTINA.
President	MRS. D. RAE MACKENZIE.
First Vice-President	MISS TERESA LALOR.
Second Vice-President	MISS IRENE FINN.
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Convener of House Committee	MRS. T. ANDISON.
Convener of Entertainment	MRS. T. KILGOUR.
Convener of Membership	MRS. W. BAYLEY.
Convener of Press	MRS. JOHN HARKINS.

On September 1st, in Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, Miss Edna Ann McCarron, a former pupil of Loretto Academy, Wellesley Place, and later of Loretto College School, was married to Dr. Harold H. Halloran. Dr. and Mrs. Halloran are living at 16 Shorncliffe Avenue, Toronto.

* * *

On August 4th, 1927, in London, England, Miss Evelyn Tierney, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, was married to Mr. H. D. Benyon.

In the month of September Loretto had to mourn the death of Mrs. Thomas Lalor, a very dear friend and former President of the Loretto Alumnae Association.

Mrs. Lalor and her daughter, Miss Teresa Lalor, to whom we extend our very deep sympathy, have always been most active in furthering the interests of Loretto, and Loretto participates in great measure in Miss Lalor's bereavement.

* * *

In the death of Mrs. Thomas Boland, on September 29th, Loretto loses a dear friend of many years, and a kind and constant benefactor. Mr. Boland died five years ago, just five years after he and Mrs. Boland had celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Boland was an ideal Catholic mother, of whose life and example her children may well be proud. To her only daughter, Mother M. Gonzales of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, and to the other members of her family, we offer heartfelt sympathy.

Loretto Abbey opened its doors to many visitors this past summer and the guest book reveals no small number of distinguished names. With their own magnetic power, however, two names remain not only in a written record, but in the memory and the hearts of all who had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. D. Sheedy and Miss Burke, of Denver, Col. These visitors came with a triple claim on Loretto hospitality: first as nieces of a highly-esteemed friend of the Institute, the late Right Rev. M. F. Burke, D.D., Bishop of St. Joseph, Missouri; secondly, as devoted former pupils who have ever proved themselves a credit to their Alma Mater, and thirdly, with a most persuasive claim of their own very interesting personalities.

Returning from an extended trip to the Old World's places of greatest interest, our visitors were exceedingly entertaining; not in the stereotyped travelogue style, but in the spontaneity of their inherent power to charm. Individualistic impressions of the Old World wonders were given by both sisters in a manner that revealed "the range and quality of their observations," to use an appropriate academic expression. The "range" was not systematically followed, but rather given in delightful medley; one moment it was Rome, then Pisa, then Nurenburg with its memories of Albrecht Durer, and again Egypt with its recent excavations—an extended range covering two years of travel. The "quality" gave to the conversation the charm of exquisite culture, wide scholarship, artistic taste and appreciation of what is noblest in the marvelous works of God and man.

Not satisfied with loyalty to the old Abbey, our visitors substantiated their desire to become benefactors of the new Abbey by contributing generously towards the erection of the building in course of construction on Armour

Heights. Their names are consequently added to the list of the Abbey friends who are likewise showing their desire to be identified with Loretto, whether within her time-honoured precincts or in her "fresh fields and pastures new."

* * *

The Loretto Alumnae Association had a team working in the down-town district of Toronto for the campaign of the Federation of Catholic charities.

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The President, Mrs. D. Rae MacKenzie, was invited to represent the Loretto Alumnae Association at a luncheon tendered to Mademoiselle Cartier, and also to a luncheon given by the Local Council of Women, for Mrs. Drummond of the World's Guild of Empire.

* * * * *

The President of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, Mrs. Finan of Chicago, and the Governor for Canada, Mrs. Devine, attended the Educational World Conference held in Toronto in July, and during their stay in this city the Loretto Alumnae tendered them a luncheon at the Granite Club, and later they were the guests of Loretto Abbey.

* * * * *

Loretto offers heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Chisholm on the death of her mother, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

* * * * *

Miss Helen O'Brien of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, spent the summer in Toronto and has returned to Baltimore.

* * * * *

In the month of November there will be a Mass of Requiem at Loretto Abbey for the repose of the souls of our deceased members. The date will be announced in the press. All our members are asked to be present.

Mrs. Leonard G. Dandeno of Hydro, Ont., is visiting in Toronto.

* * * * *

Mrs. G. M. Marshall (Josephine Hodgson) spent the summer in Toronto, and will make her home now in Detroit.

The Misses Mallon are spending the winter with their sister, Mrs. Scully, in Montreal.

* * * * *

Mrs. M. P. Mallon (Marie Hern) and family, of Oakville, are taking the Mallon homestead in Toronto for the winter.

HIS REVENGE

Phil Merton and Dan Forbes were in the same class at school. They sat opposite each other and were the best of chums. At least they were until something happened which broke the friendship.

One day both boys came early to school. As no one was there yet, they decided to examine the library books and put the ones they wanted in an unnoticed corner until Friday. This was the day the pupils were allowed to take the books home. Suddenly both saw the same book, both boys reached for it, and accidentally it was torn. Just at this time the teacher came. Dan slipped among the boys coming in, leaving Phil with the torn book in his hands. The teacher, thinking it was due to Phil's carelessness, gave him a brief lecture on bad habits, and a black mark. Phil took the blame, but resolved in some way to get "even with Dan," as he termed it.

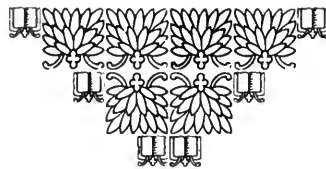
For a week neither of the boys spoke to the other.

It was a cold, wet day. Phil was hurrying home, when he noticed Dan a few yards before him. He was carrying a large bundle of papers and distributing one at every door. Knowing that Dan had to work to help pay for his education, Phil forgot his plan for revenge, and offered to help him. Dan stammered out his thanks and the boys soon finished the task. On coming to Phil's home Dan lingered for a few minutes near the gate and then remarked, "Say, Phil, that was a mean trick I played the other day."

"That's nothing; one black mark more or less won't bother me, I've got so many, anyhow," answered Phil, laughing.

From that day forth the other boys at school would often remark, "Dan isn't such a bad sort of fellow after all." They noticed also that the black marks had mysteriously vanished from Philip Merton's column.

Helen Sauer, Form II,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.



SCHOOL CHRONICLE

Everyone is delighted with the splendid success of Loretto pupils in the recent examinations: Honour Matriculation, Junior Matriculation, Lower School, Toronto Conservatory of Music, etc. We congratulate them and regret that our limited space does not permit us to publish the long lists of successful candidates.

Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place.

For the last time, the old Abbey of Wellington Place sees the return of the pupils in September. It is with a real regret that the pupils of 1927-28 write the last chapter in the splendid history of the old Abbey, and prepare to leave it for a new and more spacious home. The holiday granted at the request of His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein was spent in a very pleasant trip to the new Abbey on Armour Heights. A picnic luncheon in the grounds was not the least of the delights of the day.

The school is noticeably larger this year, as was evident on the morning of September 7th, when all the pupils attended the Mass of the Holy Ghost to beg a blessing on the coming year.

The new uniforms, correct in every detail, have arrived at the Abbey, and make a very pleasing effect,—at least, we think so.

During the last week of September we enjoyed a very delightful wiener roast, which not even a brisk shower of hail could mar.

We have spoken elsewhere of the visit of His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein; another most delightful day was that of Father Dolan's lecture on St. Thérèse of Lisieux. Father Dolan most generously brought the relics which had been displayed at St. Michael's Cathedral,

and gave us a very vivid impression of the character and personality of this young Saint.

On September 27th Loretto Abbey Athletic Society held its first meeting, and elected the following officers: Miss Elaine Innes, President; Miss Catharine Paquette, Secretary-Treasurer. Miss Elaine Innes was chosen as captain of the Senior Basketball Team.

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

We are happy to welcome to the staff this year a teacher of such ability as Miss Mary Dwyer, B.A. Already Miss Dwyer has endeared herself to both teachers and pupils.

On September 27th we enjoyed our first visit from Father J. McMahon, C.S.P., who is to give our weekly instruction in Christian Doctrine this year. The pupils were so pleased with Father McMahon's little talk that one said she wished it had been for an hour instead of half an hour, and others suggested having an instruction every day.

The Athletic Representatives for 1927-28 are Miss Kathleen Donnelly, Form IV.; Miss Blanche Mays, Form III. A; Miss Maureen O'Gorman, Form III.B; Miss Aileen McGuire, Form II.A; Miss Mildred Johns, Form II.B; Miss Marguerite Nash, Form I.A; Miss Muriel McDonnell, Form I.B; Miss Mary Phelan, Form I.C.

The basketball teams are playing every afternoon to select the best players to meet the Loretto Abbey team on Field Day.

On Friday, September 30th, we celebrated the patronal feast of Mother M. Jerome. In the morning we assembled in the auditorium where after a short congratulatory speech by Miss Dorothea Cain on behalf of the School, we presented Mother Jerome with a spiritual bouquet and a sheaf of flowers. In the even-

ing the College Students held a reception for Mother Jerome.

A bronze medal of Confederation was awarded to Miss Margaret Hawkins for the second highest standing in the Separate Schools of Toronto, in the Special History Examination given by the Department of Education, on June 2nd, 1927. Margaret attended St. Rita's School. We are happy to have her with us in the First Form this year.

It is with heartfelt grief that we learn of the death on September 22nd of a dear little pupil, Margaret Simpson, who attended Holy Family School until last June. The funeral took place from St. Helen's into which parish the family had removed during the summer holidays.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Sept. 12.—Registration Day. We have been told that Loretto, Niagara, never before opened with such large numbers. However, figures are not interesting so much as meeting our old friends of last year and becoming acquainted with the new girls.

Sept. 13.—Miss Ruth Huggins, who achieved such distinction in Athletics at the University of Toronto, has been introduced to us as our new instructress. We appreciate our privilege in having such a competent coach, and Miss Huggins on her part is quite pleased with the material at hand. The swimming-pool continues to be the favorite centre of physical education.

Sept. 15.—Baroness Ally de Magnus Gauly, a Russian pianist, who deserves to be much better known, gave us our first musical treat of the season. Her interpretation of Bach, Tehakowski, Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin and Wagner, as well as some of her own compositions, was truly an inspiration to us who are beginning a new year of timid acquaintance

with the great masters.

Sept. 17.—Annual "Welcome Frolic" picnic at Queenston Heights. Our "get acquainted" outing was a greater success than ever. A glorious day—scenery unsurpassed for beauty—high climb to the very top of Brock's Monument (for those who would)—good things to eat in plenty—activity and rest—a joyous coming home. What a delightful memory it makes!

Sept. 20.—To Bishop McNally of Hamilton we are indebted for the honor of a visit from the Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, His Excellency Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo. His Excellency kindly responded to our little address and hymn of welcome by a short, gracious talk in which was included that favor so dear to the school girl's heart—a holiday. Accompanying His Excellency and Bishop McNally were Monsignor Blair of Toronto, Monsignor Bearzotti, Secretary to the Delegate; Dean Cassidy of St. Patrick's Cathedral of Hamilton; Dean Gehl, of St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, and Father Campbell of the Cathedral parish, Hamilton. The distinguished guests dined at the Academy.

Sept. 24.—The first activity of the organized Loretto Alumnae at Niagara Falls took the form of a bridge party held in the rooms of the Academy this afternoon from three to five o'clock. The Alumnae fund, very small as yet, has received a sum of no little consideration from the Chairman, Mrs. Louis Drago, as a result of the card party.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

On Wednesday, the 21st of September, His Excellency, Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, visited the Academy. His Excellency was accompanied by Right Reverend

John McNally, Bishop of Hamilton, by Monsignor Blair, by Dean Cassidy and by Dean Gehl. His Excellency celebrated Mass, which the white-robed pupils attended in a body. After Mass and breakfast in the Convent, a reception was held, a charming feature being the circle of children bearing flowers, who surrounded His Excellency, and then lined his path to the concert hall. After singing "Eccc Sacerdos," the pupils read an address and presented a bouquet of roses which held a spiritual bouquet in their fragrant depths. The children's choir then sang "O Canada" and "Ave Maria Loretto." His Excellency replied in a short speech.

Beethoven Centennial Recital.

Master! whose hearing closed to grosser sound,
 Quickened for all the subtler harmonies
 Of soul-entrancing chords, e'en as the eyes
 Of sightless Milton saw beyond the bound
 Of earth, to where the white-stoled hosts surround
 The Holiest of the Holy—in what guise
 Of bird or seraph, through the immensities
 Of inter-stellar avenues profound
 Hide the bright spirit, lifting its grand refrain
 Up, up through throbbing ether, with the beat
 Of mighty wings, while glad throats take up
 the strain
 When strings and trumpet fail, and at the feet
 Of God, lay tribute of immortal song!

There was a very large audience in the auditorium on the evening of Thursday, May 19th, when a number of the pupils were heard in recital. The event, arranged in honour of the Beethoven Centennial, was a distinct success.

1. A Theme with Six Variations.....
 Margaret Elizabeth Unger.
2. German Dances
 Lila Mae MacDowell.
 Genevieve Lois Smiley.
3. Gavotte in F.....
 Louise Mary Spotts.
4. Ruin of Athens
 Lila Mae MacDowell.
5. Reading
 Louise Mary Spotts.
6. Sonata Pathetique
 Grave
 Allegro di Molto e con Brio
 Adagio Cantabile
 Rondo
 Irene Isabel Presnail.
7. Andante in F
 Helen Marguerite Eckstein.
8. Reading
 Marion Veronica Flynn.
9. Symphony No. 3, Eroica
 Funeral March.
 Scherzo.
 Jean Marjory Mitchell.
 Isabel Gordon Mitchell, A.T.C.M.
10. Hear Thou My Prayer, O God.....
 Rita Mary Eekstein.
11. Reading
 Marion Veronica Flynn.
12. Symphony No. 5
 Allegro Con Brio.
 Andante.
 Allegro.
 Finale.
 Helen Marguerite Eckstein.
 Louise Mary Ireland.
 God Save the King.

Loretto Academy, Guelph.

Congratulations!

Here's to Louise, our class-mate,
Who a scholarship has won.
Honour to her, the victor,
For the good work she has done.
May God give her, our comrade,
Long life and a happy one!

Miss Louise O'Hara, a pupil of Loretto Academy, Guelph, was the happy winner this year of the "Loretto Alumnae Scholarship," which was competed for by all the Loretto matriculants of Ontario. She obtained first class honours in all of the six subjects on which she wrote this year. This gives her eight first-class honours in the complete course. Her standing is more creditable because she was only fifteen years old in June.

Miss Alice Hohenadel, also a pupil of Loretto Academy, distinguished herself by obtaining honours in eleven subjects of the twelve required for matriculation, six of these being first-class honours.

The Little Flower Literary and Mission Club held its first meeting on the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 16th, in the school auditorium, at half-past three o'clock. Mother Anita, members of the faculty and the whole student body were present. After the hymn, Ave Maria, the election of officers took place.

The results were as follows:

President—Miss Eileen Carter.

Vice-President—Miss Helen Reinhart.

Secretary—Miss Loretto Rorke.

Treasurer—Miss Margaret Rieker.

Representative of 4th year—Miss Eileen Carter.

Representative of 3rd year—Miss Loretto Hohenadel.

Representative of 2nd year—Miss Henrietta McGillivray.

Representative of 1st year—Miss Eleanor Sweeny.

Representative of Commercial—Miss Dorothy Jones.

On Friday, Sept. 23rd, the High School girls of the Loretto Academy, Guelph, elected the officers of their Athletic Association. Miss Margaret Ryan was elected President, and Miss Dorothy Halloran, Secretary-Treasurer. The Form representatives chosen were Miss Veronica Groh, Miss Eleanor Savage and Miss Edith Flielik.

The Athletic Club has purchased a new basketball and is practising with great vim in view of the game which is to be played in the near future with a team from the Loretto Academy, Stratford.

The Separate Schools of Guelph will hold their annual "Field Day" on Friday, September 30th. An excellent program of races has been arranged. A number of useful prizes will be awarded by the Knights of Columbus and the Catholic Women's League.

Before school closed for the summer holidays, the fourth class pupils of all the Ontario schools were invited to take part in a competition. The Ontario Government offered a bronze medal to the pupil of each school who would write the best composition on "Confederation." Among the four pupils of the Guelph schools who won medals was Miss Eleanor Sweeny, of St. Agnes' Separate School. As there were many competitors, Miss Sweeny's success reflects great credit, not only on herself, but also on the school. We are very pleased to have Eleanor with us in the First Form, at the Loretto Academy this year, and hope that she will win many more prizes in the near future.

Loretto Academy, Stratford.

The grounds of Loretto Academy, Stratford, were the scene of a delightful tea, given by the members of Forms three and four, for the entertainment of the other forms of the school, on Friday, September 16th. Miss Mary McCauley presided as tea-hostess at the table artistically decorated with a profusion of gladioli and snapdragon. The pupils are anticipating many such events during the coming term.

Basketball, which has been neglected for other sports in the past years, is now awakening keen interest in the pupils of this school.

At the first try-out, a professional coach was engaged, and the results were so encouraging that steps are being taken to arrange for games with our sister schools.

The first semi-monthly meeting of the St. Cecilia's Music Club was held at the Loretto Academy, Saturday, September 24th. The officers elected are as follows: Honorary President, Mother Benigna; President, Miss Helen Lavelle; Vice-President, Miss Catharine Lavelle; Secretary, Miss Pauline Pigeon; Treasurer, Miss Mary Tilmann; Press Correspondent, Miss Jeanette Flynn.

The staff of the Literary Society of Loretto Academy, Stratford, is as follows:

President—Miss Mary McIlroy.
 Vice-President—Miss Catherine Lavelle.
 Secretary—Miss Mary McCauley.
 Treasurer—Miss Mary Tilmann.

Loretto Academy, Sedley, Sask.

The first of the school year parties took place on the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. At the close of the pleasant evening, which passed all too quickly, one of the pupils voiced

the thought of all when she asked hopefully—"And when will the next one be?"

The pupils of Loretto Academy and of St. Canisus' School, have distinguished themselves by their great success this year in the examinations of the Department of Education, "L'Association Catholique Franco-Canadienne," and the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Many won honours.

St. Mary's School, Saskatoon, Sask.

The exhibit of handiwork of the Junior Grades of the School, in June, won much admiration. The exhibit included needlework, drawing, clay modelling and paper work.

Loretto Academy, Englewood, Chicago.

We are looking forward to the dedication by His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, of the new buildings—the Novitiate and the new school buildings.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

The return to school after a summer of uninterrupted pleasure is not likely to awaken the brightest expectations in young hearts. But the opening of Loretto, Woodlawn, this year was robbed of all the dismal forebodings that accompany the anticipation of a school year. The completion of the new wing is the outcome of many years of earnest hope and constant labor. No wonder the faces of the former students glowed with enthusiasm as they viewed this beautiful structure, which was made possible by their active co-operation and by their many acts of self-sacrifice.

The new building is a model of architectural beauty both in character and design. It includes class-rooms, library, club-room, gymnasium and balcony, an assembly-room and a

cafeteria. With the improvement in the facilities for study we are assured that this year will rank high in scholastic achievement.

This spirit has already been shown in the friendly competition among the classes during the course in Parliamentary Law under the direction of Miss Gannon. The series of lectures

were given during the first week of school and were a source of delight and profit to all. The fact that this gifted instructor held the attention and interest of every member even when a weather prank kept the thermometer in the nineties, is sufficient proof of her remarkable ability



Trees in Autumn

Pillars of God, with leafy arms,
He guards you safely from all harms.

Against the blast you vainly toil,
He only can your leaves despoil.

Your lovely mantle you must shed,
Those leaves of yellow, brown and red.

A warmer one, but soft and white,
Will shield you from the winter night.

Then strive not so against His will,
He knows what's best for creatures still.

Verna Sauer,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

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