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LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA
OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO

Institute of the Blessed Virgin



Loretto Abbey (of the Holy Family), founded 1847. Armour Heights, Toronto. Mother House and Novitiate of the I.B.V.M. in America. School for resident and non-resident pupils. Complete course from Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation, University of Toronto. Music, Art, Commercial Subjects, Athletics, etc. Convents, 15. Separate and Parochial Schools, 29.



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Sub-



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Com-

Mary, in America — 1847-1942



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Catechetical Work. Social Work. Music.



And His name was called Jesus
—St. Luke II, 21.



Thanksgiving

I thank Thee for the wonder of my birth,
 A breath divine that woke the lifeless clod,
 I thank Thee for the wide and fruitful earth
 I kneel upon, adoring Thee, my God.
 I thank Thee for the sun that warms my blood,
 And gilds the air with glory for my sake,
 I thank Thee for the rain's refreshing flood,
 That swells the seed, my daily bread to make.

I thank Thee for the swift, invisible wind,
 Thy vassal, driving fell disease afar,
 And o'er the mighty seas, from Ind to Ind,
 Bearing the freighted ships, beyond the bar.
 The blue of heaven, the trilling of the lark,
 The light of stars, the scent of violets,
 Beloved Sleep, tip-toeing in the dark,
 Sweet rest, and joyful waking—these my debts—

O God so much to Thy dear love I owe,
 How can I give Thee thanks in accents meet?
 Nay, let me rather in my whole life show
 A constant will Thy orders to complete,
 That with Thy faithful soldiers, when they die,
 In heavenly choirs' innumerable ranks,
 Thy grateful servant, I, eternally,
 May, with Thy blessed angels, give Thee thanks.

Cortona

Few travellers in Italy visit the interesting little town of Cortona. It is perched on a hill 2,170 feet high, and is about two and a half miles from the railroad station, which lies in the valley of the Chiana, not far from the historic Lake Perugia (Trasumennis). Most Italian towns are built on high hills, or mountains. In Feudal times this was for defence and safety. When railroads came they, of course, could not conveniently be built to ascend these heights; consequently the stations are on the plains, and at a greater or lesser distance from the towns.

En route from Arezzo we arrived at the station of Cortona about half-past four on a beautiful October afternoon. When we entered the waiting bus we found several other passengers, all Italians and natives of Cortona. My travelling companion, who had spent many years in Italy and spoke Italian fluently, understood the friendliness of the Italian people, so we were soon all chatting as familiarly as if we, too, were natives, and had long known one another. As we were tourists, our companions were eager to tell us about their best "albergo," of which they seemed happily proud. It had been recently purchased by a native of the town, who had made improvements, which to our genial travelling companions seemed luxurious. In courteous consideration of the "distinguished" tourists, the driver of the bus was directed to stop first at "Albergo Nazionale," which, we had been assured several times by a chorus of enthusiastic voices, was beautiful—"bello! bello!" When we drew up at the door we were greeted by a robust middle-aged woman who impressed one as being Italian only by her "premúra" and "gentilezza"; she received us with a welcome so gracious that one would have thought she had been anticipating our arrival. Before there was any arrangement for our accommodations, she took us all over her newly-acquired hotel, and showed with beaming face the new furnishings, which, though simple in the extreme, were to her quite marvellous. From an upper balcony the view of Montepulciano and the historic lake more than repaid us for the mounting of many stairs, and the tour of the hotel. Finally we were assigned to two rooms, plain but clean, and our Padrona left us, saying that dinner would be served at seven. After

resting and unpacking, we descended to the "grande salóne," there to be greeted by two of the most entrancing children it has ever been our good fortune to meet. They were the nephew and niece of our Padrona, whom they were visiting. The boy, who was about ten, was handsome, intelligent and alert; the little girl, his cousin, was eight, and a Raphael type, with large, speaking, brown eyes, and dancing curls.

Our Padrona had repaired to the kitchen to cook dinner, which was presently served to us by the two children in a most efficient manner. The steaming hot spaghetti, followed by roast chicken, and "dolci" was all anyone could desire, even after a day of sightseeing. When the dishes and dinner table had been removed from the "grande salóne," where our dinner had been served, our two young friends proceeded to entertain us with a little drama, which was so well acted and spoken, that we presumed it had been learned by the children at school. Imagine our astonishment when we were assured that they had made it up themselves. The costumes were contrived out of the dinner-table napkins, and the children's own hats and coats. The dexterity with which a coat was made to serve for a long dress, and a tablenapkin for a headdress was as amusing as surprising.

Next morning, with the children eager to be our guides, we began our sight-seeing. Cortona is one of the most ancient cities in Italy. Its situation and views; its Etruscan antiquities; and several good paintings of the 15th century, render it well worthy of a visit. A bishop resides in the fine, old episcopal residence, and close by is the Cathedral, a handsome Basilica ascribed to Antonio da San Gallo, the Elder. In the choir are several paintings by Lucca Signorelli. Opposite the Cathedral is the Baptistery, which contains three fine paintings by Fra Angelico da Fiesole. Ascending the Via Santa Margherita from Piazza Garibaldi, we reach the hill commanding the town, on which is situated the Church of Santa Margherita. This was the real object of our visit to Cortona. The beautiful Gothic building by Niccolò and Giovanni Pisano has a handsome rose window. In the high altar lies the body of Santa Margherita, the patron saint of the city. Her story is interesting:

Born at Laviano, a small town in Tuscany, in the year 1247, she was the daughter of poor parents. When but seven she lost her mother, and some time later acquired a step-mother who was unkind to her. This, we may believe, was in part responsible for the fact that at the age of seventeen, she eloped with the son of a Noble family, who had become enamoured of her beauty, but who because of the difference in their stations in life would not marry her. The attachment of the young people was so strong that Margherita became the mistress of the young knight and lived with him in his castle at Cortona for nine years.

As was his custom, the young nobleman went on a hunting trip. His continued absence after some days had passed caused Margherita great anxiety; then one day his dog returned home and, seizing the hem of her dress in his teeth, tried to induce her to follow him. He led her to the edge of a deep ravine and, at the bottom of it, she saw the decomposing body of her lover.

The sudden death of one she loved and with whom she had sinned was an unspeakable shock and, regarding it as a judgment from heaven, she resolved upon doing life-long pen-

ance for her transgressions in the place where her life had been a scandal. She placed herself under the spiritual direction of the Franciscans at Cortona, and, after three years' trial of prayer and penance, was admitted to the Third Order. She lived alone in a poor, little room, and spent her days in caring for the needy and the sick, doing the most menial Corporal Works of Mercy. After twenty-four years of this life of sacrifice, in which she, in some measure, atoned for the evil she had done, she died at Cortona, February 22, 1297, in the Odour of Sanctity, so loved by the inhabitants that her memory was held in benediction then—and on from one generation to another. After her canonization, which took place May 16, 1728, Cortona claimed her for Patroness of the city. The church in which she was buried was known as the Church of St. Basil, but this name later gave place to that of Santa Margherita, by which it is still known. The feast day of this remarkable penitent is observed annually on the twenty-second of February.

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

Travelling

When days have lengthened into years
And years, like days, have passed us by,
We then recall those joys and tears
That oft in life caused us to sigh.

We take them out and dust them off
To gaze as if on trinkets fair.
Now at folly we may scoff;
Far better thoughts to-day we share.

We would not travel back again
O'er rocky ways all strewn with care,
To mingle midst bewildered men
Who with mankind have naught to share.

A last night comes, to rest we go
Beyond earth's troubled shore,
Where heavenly joys forever flow;
Life's cares we'll then ignore.

I see beyond that upper turn
The glorious light of brilliant hue,
For which our hearts must ever yearn,
In the Home where all is good and true.
Don.

Foreber

Let rhythmic cadence of the waterfalls,
The swift crescendo of approaching storms,
The murmuring of all the running streams,
The rustle of the woodland's myriad leaves—
Let all creation in harmonious strain
Give utterance as my paean of ecstasy!!

But hush! For one long moment may my soul
In worship contemplate the mystery,
And whisper to the muted universe:
"The Most High Lord to-day espouses me
Unto Himself—in perpetuity!"

M. Alice, I.B.V.M.



May the Christmas bells for you
Echo throughout the day,
Refreshing now your heart anew;
Rallying your hopes away;
Yielding new joys—not few!

Xmas bells my wishes bring,
Many-toned for gaiety,
And may they prompt your heart to sing
Softly—ever sweet with glee!

J. C. Seafidi.

Felicitations

REV. FATHER SYLVESTER EISENMAN, O.S.B.

Belated but most sincere felicitations are extended to Reverend Father Sylvester, Missionary among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota, on the celebration of his Silver Jubilee. The sprightly little eight-page monthly journal, *The Little Bronzed Angel* of which he is the Editor, keeps its readers regularly informed of the whole-souled workers and their unceasing activities at Marty, where some four hundred Indian boys and girls are being cared for and educated by the Benedictine Fathers, Benedictine Sisters, and, within the last few years, by the newly established community of (Indian) Oblate Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Sylvester's latest enterprise is a new church at Marty. By way of a pleasing recognition of the incredible amount of work accomplished at Marty and elsewhere in South Dakota under the leadership, and by the untiring labours of this zealous missionary during the past quarter of a century, some "Rainbow" readers may be disposed to subscribe to *The Little Bronzed Angel* (\$1.00) and so hasten the completion of the church and win a remembrance in the prayers of Father Sylvester and his little bronzed angels.

AFTER HALF A CENTURY.

The Golden Jubilee of Rev. Brother Alfred Dooner, F.S.C., LL.D., was the occasion of a fitting and memorable series of celebrations in Toronto, in late October.

A reception was held on Sunday, the 26th, at De La Salle, Oaklands, in the foundation of which Brother Alfred played so important a part, and of which he was for six years the Director. Amongst the more than a thousand who were in attendance to express their good wishes to the Jubilarian, was His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, D.D.

On Tuesday, the 28th, a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Coyle, P.A., Vicar General, with Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrand, D.P., as Deacon, and Rev. Roy McGinn as Sub-Deacon. In the sanctuary were Colonel, the Most Reverend Bishop Nelligan, of Pembroke; thirty priests and ten monsignori,

one of the latter being Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. Dooner, D.P., brother of the Jubilarian.

The thronged Cathedral, where many Religious Communities were represented, as also the beautiful discourse given by Bishop Nelligan, bore high testimony to the merits of the Golden Jubilarian, who occupied a place of honour in the sanctuary. The floral decorations were unusual and effective in arrange-



ment; and the singing by the Cathedral Boys' Choir under Rev. Dr. Ronan's direction, was superb. De La Salle Cadets acted as ushers, and an additional pleasing feature on the occasion was the brisk march—up the centre aisle and down the side aisles—of the Oaklands Band members in smart and distinctive uniforms.

At the Golden Jubilee dinner given in the King Edward Hotel, five hundred De La Salle alumni and friends were present. Music and speeches, and renewal of old friendships characterized the joyous assembly. Particularly pleasing was Brother Alfred's speech, recalling outstanding incidents of the last half-century and revealing his deep sense of gratitude to God and to his fellow-men.

This distinguished religious educator, Rev. Brother Alfred, LL.D., in addition to his achievements as teacher and school supervisor,

has to his credit the successful opening of St. Patrick's School, Montreal, where he was senior master—of the first free high school course leading boys under Catholic auspices into McGill University” This has developed into the far-famed D'Arcy McGee High School on Pine Avenue. Brother Alfred's zeal and enterprise are, likewise, responsible for the existence of St. Joseph's College at the University of Alberta: Oaklands College (De La Salle), Toronto: and Benildus Hall, Toronto.

With our sincere congratulations we offer good wishes for the years that still remain to the Golden Jubilarian for his toiling in the Lord's vineyard.

Our congratulations and sincere good wishes are offered to the Reverend Oblate Fathers in Canada, on the completion of a century of apostolic labours in the New World, as recounted in “Mid Snow and Ice,” “Hidden Apostles,” and other works by Rev. P. Duchaussois, O.M.I., Litt.D.

To the Reverend Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame of Notre Dame Convent, Kingston, on the completion of a century of signal achievement for souls, especially in the class-rooms, we offer felicitations and best wishes for the continued success of this foundation.

A DIAMOND JUBILEE.

At Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Sunday, November 23, the Diamond Jubilee of Mother M. Febronie was happily celebrated. The Jubilee High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Nunan, S.J., Rector of the Jesuit Seminary, Toronto. Many friends came to rejoice with the beloved Religious who had spent sixty years in the Master's service in Loretto, and who had been Superior in different houses throughout the years. It was remarked on this happy occasion that representatives of four generations were present—the Jubilarian; her niece, Mrs. J. Coffey of Montreal, Loretto Abbey Alumna; a grand-niece, Miss Fannie Coffey, of Montreal, Loretto-Niagara Alumna; and a great grandnephew, Mr. Frank Ryan, Jr. (Rita Coffey Ryan's son), of Chicago. His Grace Archbishop McGuigan called to felicitate the Jubilarian, and imparted a special blessing. Rev. Dr. J. M. Gillis, Editor of The

Catholic World, made a hurried trip from New York, leaving Radio City directly after his broadcast on The Catholic Hour, Sunday evening, and arriving early on Monday to say a special Mass for Mother Febronie and to offer greetings and good wishes, as he had done on the occasion of her Silver Jubilee, when she was Superior at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Spiritual bouquets, letters and gifts arrived in numbers, as also telegrams from Chicago, Montreal, New York and elsewhere.

Our felicitations are here offered and best wishes for choice blessings in the years that lie ahead for the dear Jubilarian.

K.M.B.

THE SEASONS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Going they went and wept, casting their seeds,
But coming they shall come with joyfulness,
carrying their sheaves. Ps. 125: 6, 7.

The Springtime years were spent in sowing seeds

To sprout for future spiritual needs:
Learning to walk along the narrow way,
Never from marked out guiding path to stray,
Breaking in sacrifice from dearest ties,
Turning from foolish interests to wise,
Realizing with ever grateful heart

The meaning of the chosen better part—
Such were the happy early Springtide years
Of MOTHER FEBRONIE—no cause for tears
Or vain regret was ever known to mar
Those peaceful days remembered from afar.

* * *

The Summertide saw fruit of promise fair
And flowers that blossomed 'neath the fostering care

Of loving hands: the active work now filled
The busy days just as obedience willed.
God's little ones were cherished out of love
To the dear Master who, His care to prove,
Called unto Him the children long ago,
That His devoted followers might know
How high their calling when they spend their days

In lowly service for His love and praise,
The pharmacy its pleasant tale could tell
Of long devoted work accomplished well
By Mother Febronie whose care and skill
Restored to health the many who were ill.
Her cheerful words and ever gentle ways
Could never fail the patients' hopes to raise.
As loved Superior her power was shown:
Her gentle influence to all was known.

Such was the happy Summertime ere yet
The sun upon her active work had set.

* * *

The Autumntide brought richest garnering
days,
When memories furnished store for lingering
praise.

Activities were slowly on the wane
With little hope of urging them again.
But now there came the labourer's reward
In peaceful hours to spend with the dear Lord.
God's service for Religious can't abate:
"They also serve who only stand and wait!"
And thus the Autumntide was all aglow
With memories that knew not overflow.

* * *

The Wintertide arrived, as we all see,
In happy, glorious DIAMOND JUBILEE!
The years of toil are o'er, 'tis time to rest,
Yet for the end is always kept the best,
So on this anniversary nothing mars
The happiness of her who sees the stars
Shining still brightly o'er well-beaten path,
In full enjoyment of life's aftermath
She's verily received the hundredfold
According to the promise we are told:
The rest awaits her in her far-off home:
Life Everlasting in the world to come!

M. Dorothea.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

On November 3rd, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Du Charme, of Stratford, had the happiness of celebrating their Golden Wedding. For the occasion, High Mass was celebrated in Immaculate Conception Church by Rev. Father Corcoran, the Pastor, who in his soulful address congratulated the exemplary couple on having reached this joyous day and on having so many of their children present on the happy occasion.

On the day, and during the week, countless greetings and gifts were received from near and far to add to the enjoyment of this Golden Wedding anniversary.

To Mr. and Mrs. Du Charme we offer felicitations and all good wishes for a continuance of blessings, spiritual and temporal.

Our congratulations go also to the members of the family: Mr. Alphonse, Malcolm, Harold, Jean Baptiste, Valencienne, Celse, Jerome, Xyst, Fergus, Mrs. Turgeon (Alexine), Dolores, Mother M. Adèle, I.B.V.M. and Mother M.

St. Leon, I.B.V.M.—all former pupils of the Loretto Nuns.

Innumerable thanksgivings have been offered for the miraculous preservation from death of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macklin's five daughters, Rita, Olive, Helen, Annabel and Marion, when, on December 28th, their car was bowled over by an on-rushing truck and totally wrecked. Anxious days have intervened, but the brave, cheerful sufferers have now been brought home from various hospitals and clinics, and are gradually regaining health and strength.

For three generations members of the family have been Loretto trained. Of those in the recent accident, three are Loretto College Alumnae, and all are, or were, students at Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue. Catherine and Joan, who were at home at the time of the collision, have proved themselves indispensable co-workers and sympathizers with their estimable parents and invalided sisters, in these crucial days.

To each member of this family, so truly Christian in the acceptance of the cross, which "is ever near the Crib," we offer our best wishes for countless blessings in 1942.

Scattered Fragrance

Deeds of kindness oft pursue,
With a savoury nectar rare,
The unselfish who such do,
While they lighten others' care;

Like to fragrant petals blown
Of what was a rose most sweet,
Fashioning a tiny throne,
Or rich carpet for the feet
Of a bird that builds its nest
With stray leaves and fragments pressed.

Some small feathered warbler then
Through its tiny beak may sound
Its first whistled tunelet, when
It rests on the scented mound.

Like the petals of a rose
Blown afar, as the wind blows,
Scattered may be joy and song,
As through life we pass along.

F. B. Fenton.

In Memoriam

SR. M. ANNETTE GALLAGHER, I.B.V.M.

On Oct. 30, Sister M. Annette Gallagher, I.B.V.M., was called to her reward after 48 years of faithful service in the religious life, and having been fortified by the last rites of the Church. Until recent years, Sister Annette was a most useful member of the community at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, always ready for the various tasks allotted to her according to her versatile talents. Her special success was in the varied departments of Domestic Science, and when no longer able for active duties, she was content to ply her needle, proving herself such an expert that the Valiant Woman of the Scriptures scarcely surpassed her. The unflinching cheerfulness she displayed made life easy for her and for all who came in contact with her. When all activity eventually ceased, she quietly resigned herself to wait for the final summons which she realized might come at any moment. The morning preceding her death she was in the chapel as usual, anticipating the early meditation bell: that night she was anointed and before dawn of the next morning she had passed away peacefully. The Requiem Mass was sung on Friday morning by Rev. W. Fraser, as the rubrics did not allow it on Saturday, the feast of All Saints. Mass was said, however, by Rev. F. Phelan, S.J., and was followed by the Libera and the funeral procession of the community. Sympathy is extended to Sister Annette's sister, Mrs. Hickey of Windsor and to her several nieces and nephews. Among those who attended the funeral were Mr. John Gallagher, Mr. James Walsh, Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Miss Patricia Flood, Miss Loretto Gallagher, London; Miss Kathleen Harrington, Strathroy. Interment was made at Mt. Hope cemetery. R.I.P.

M.

MOTHER ROSARIA DWAN.

Many pupils of Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School, Toronto, also of Loretto Academy, Chicago, will learn with deep regret of the recent death of Mother Rosaria. She was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dwan, of St. Paul's Parish, Toronto. Her two sisters, already deceased, were also members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Mother Rosaria was an artist in her life work of teaching the violin and piano, and to her pupils she was not only a perfect teacher, but a real mother and friend. Long after the training of her pupils was completed her prayers and deep interest followed and inspired their every endeavour. During her months of illness most touching and sympathetic messages were received from them, showing how deeply she was loved and appreciated.

Her death occurred at Loretto College School on Dec. 23, in the fifty-first year of her Religious life. The Requiem Mass was sung on December 26th, by Rev. H. Cormier, S.J. Three nieces, Miss Florence Dwan, R.N., Toronto; Mrs. Hyndman, Montreal, and Miss Winnifred Dwan, Toronto, and two nephews, Dr. Leo Dwan, Los Angeles, Cal., and Mr. Alan Dwan, Hollywood, Cal., are her nearest surviving relatives. R.I.P.

M. C.

MR. EDWARD BRENNAN, R.A.F.

Word has been received that Edward Brennan, R.A.F., lost his life at sea on October 15, when the ship in which he was sailing to England was torpedoed. May his soul rest in peace!

Our deepest sympathy and our prayers for their comforting, go to Edward's father, Mr. Fred. Brennan, and his sorrowing family; also to the bereaved uncles and aunts, especially Rt. Rev. Monsignor Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto; Sister M. St. Michael, C.S.J.; Mother M. Hyacinth, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. Radegonde, I.B.V.M.

Miss Eleanor Brennan, a Loretto Senior, and sister of the deceased, may claim the proud though sad distinction of being the first Loretto-Niagara student whose family has given, in the present war, a life in the cause of freedom.

MISS HELEN PHELAN.

November closed with grief for the school-mates, friends, and devoted family of Miss Helen Phelan, called suddenly from life after a few days' illness. She is lovingly remembered at Loretto Academy, Guelph, where although not long in attendance, she had shown her worth, and won admiration. Although

not physically strong she displayed fortitude and commendable ambition to progress in her studies by travelling daily to Loretto on the hill from her home in the country.

To her bereaved mother, sister, and brothers, our sympathy is extended in the loss of this dear member of the family.

The following account from a Guelph paper will be of interest to Helen's relatives and friends:

Impressive tribute to the memory of the late Helen Phelan, 14-year-old daughter of Mrs. Helen Phelan, R.R. 3, Guelph, was paid recently by her schoolmates and friends of the family when the funeral was held from the home to the Church of Our Lady.

When the remains arrived at the Church of Our Lady a guard of honor composed of the student body of Loretto Academy, formed on each side of the steps, through which the casket was borne into the edifice, where it was blessed by Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, J.C.D.

The nave was almost filled to capacity during the Requiem High Mass, sung by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, with Clifford McLelland at the organ, playing the Mass music. Expressions of sympathy from sorrowing friends and relatives, were contained in the numerous beautiful floral tributes and spiritual offerings banked around the casket. After service in the church, the remains were borne to Marymount Cemetery, where the committal service was conducted by Rev. Father Magnus Straus.

Honorary pall-bearers were the classmates of the late Miss Phelan at Loretto Academy, Nancy Goetz, Shirley Walsh, Sheila McCann, Rose McGibbon, Marion Prior, and Joanne Heffernan.

Active pall-bearers: Louise Claire, Dolores Hauser, Rita Zinger, Celina Mills, Geraldine Carter, and Marjorie Heffernan.

Predeceased by her father, the late Austin Phelan, 9 years ago, she leaves to mourn her loss, her mother; one sister, Joan Phelan; and three brothers, Patrick, John and Thomas Phelan, all of R.R. 3, Guelph, in Puslinch Township.

MISS ELIZABETH (BETTY) DUGGAN.

On December 22, after little more than a week's illness, Miss Betty Duggan, a popular Loretto student, passed away at the age of fourteen, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Duggan, of Guelph; had completed her primary education at Sacred Heart School (Loretto); and was in the second year of her high school course at Loretto Academy, where she was esteemed by her teachers and her numerous student friends.

Betty was a member of the Guelph Corps of C.W.S.F., and she was keenly interested in Sodality activities at Sacred Heart Church.

To her sorrowing parents and her brothers,

Austin, Francis, and Orville, we offer heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

In a local paper, the following account of the funeral appeared:

Many attended the funeral of the late Elizabeth "Betty" Duggan, fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Duggan, which was held from the home, 123 Neeve Street, to Sacred Heart Church for Requiem High Mass.

Rev. Patrick L. O'Brien, Ph.D., pastor of Sacred Heart Church, was the celebrant of the Mass. Numerous spiritual offerings and floral tributes bespoke the high respect in which the deceased was held. The church was filled to capacity by friends and relatives who came to pay final tribute to her memory.

When the remains were carried into the church, members of the Canadian Women's Service Force, Guelph Corps, formed a guard of honor. Betty Duggan was a member of the C.W.S.F. Band.

Honorary pall-bearers were twelve of her classmates from Loretto Academy: Elsa Tonin, Helen Scroggie, Maureen Ireland, Catherine Ryan, Alma Tessaro, Eileen Foresteel, Mary Valeriotte, Emma Tessaro, Dorothy Wellhauser, M. Rivard and Wilma Pagnan.

The active pall-bearers: John Duggan, Reginald Hannigan, Edward Meagher, Tom Reinhart, Eldon Molto and Frank Clark. The burial service was conducted by Rev. Father Swain.

LITTLE TROUBLES.

You soon will lose those dread alarms,
If you stretch out your weary arms
Unto the Christ-Child, waiting there,
Eager for your suppliant prayer.

If you do so, you will feel
That He's very close, and real,
Aiding and consoling you—
Sharing all your troubles too.

Then, with Him so close beside,
All your trials seem to hide;
Or they've all become so small
That they're hardly felt at all.

Sometimes Jesus tries to see
If you can courageous be;
And He doesn't take away
Your troubles—simply lets them stay.

Ah! then's the time that you must be
A valiant soldier! so that He
Will send you graces more and more,
For help in life, and through Death's door.

Ethel Farkas, XI,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

FELICITE.

Les fleurs dansaient; les oiseaux chantaient;
Tout le monde était heureux;
Mon cœur chantait pendant que je pensais
A toutes choses faites par le bon Dieu.

Ethel Farkas, XI,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

For Better Things

MISSION EXHIBIT.

On Mission Sunday afternoon, October 19, the Mission Exhibit at the Jesuit Seminary, Wellington Street, Toronto, opened with Solemn Benediction in the chapel, and an outstanding sermon by Rev. Father H. Phelan, S.J. Down in the auditorium, the many visitors viewed the splendidly arranged exhibit of home missions, as well as of those in far-off lands, and felt a new sympathy with those who have devoted their lives to mission labours for souls, regardless of the self-sacrifice entailed; also, a new impulse to pray for the benefit of the mission fields—if only to save stamps and send them to the Jesuit Seminary, where they can speedily be transmuted into material help for the Missions. The Exhibit continued throughout the week, the doors remaining open from 9.00 a.m. to 9.00 p.m. daily—and one or two seminarians always ready to conduct a tour about the attractive mission booths, and to answer questions. Several groups from Loretto schools visited the display and were as enthusiastic as were classes of past years. Congratulations to the Jesuit Seminarians who were responsible for this informing missionary enterprise!

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

As the Sword of the Spirit movement progresses steadily throughout Canada, and most encouragingly so in Toronto, many who are unable to attend the meetings are deeply grateful to the Catholic Register and Extension for the full and graphic accounts given of the proceedings of each Thursday's Forum in St. Michael's Parish Hall, with Rev. Father McQuillen, Rector of the Cathedral, as chairman. A well-informed speaker and the C.Y.O. Glee Club under the direction of Rev. Dr. Roman, are two features of the valuable hour.

The address in the first meeting was a most enlightening one by the Most Rev. C. L. Nelligan, Bishop of Pembroke and Principal Catholic Chaplain to the Canadian Forces, who spoke eloquently on the Four Aims of the movement. His Grace, Archbishop McGuigan, spoke briefly but eloquently on this Back to God movement.

The speaker at the second meeting was Dr.

Victoria Mueller, Loretto College alumna, of the staff of St. Michael's College, University of Toronto. The subject was "Catholics in Nazi Germany," and the lecturer was able to give not only an excellent survey of "Pre-Christian Germany," "The Effect of Lutheranism" and "Personal Impressions of Catholic Germany," having spent some time in Germany in 1929-1930-1931, and again in 1934, but to answer satisfactorily the many questions asked by Catholics and non-Catholics at the end of the address. In the November 13th issue of The Catholic Register, the lecture is reported quite fully, but requests are being made for its appearance in a brochure. Dr. Mueller generously repeated the address at Loretto for the benefit of the Religious. Congratulations are again extended to our dear alumna, capable promoter of the Sword of the Spirit Movement.

HIS GUESTS.

"Glory to God on high,
On earth peace to men of good will,"
Was the praise that rang through the sky,
To the shepherds on Bethlehem's hill.

At the strains of the heavenly song,
The shepherds fell down in fear;
The Saviour for Whom they had waited so long,
They were told, had come, and was near.

They went to adore as they had been told,
And wondered, as they said,
At the swaddling clothes that kept out the cold,
And the manger for His bed

Then they looked at Him in great surprise,
In the stable where He was born,
And long they gazed on His heav'n-lit eyes,
That shone on a world forlorn.

This child sent down by the Lord above,
Who came to earth to bring
New faith and courage, hope and love,
They knew, as Christ, their King.

Joan Schinnick, XI,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Round a manger long ago
With radiant light and love aglow,
A group of kings and poor men crept
To see the Child who sweetly slept.

Rosemary Haydock, XI,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Loretto



College

COLLEGE NOTES.

Sept. 24—Opening night at Newman Club—dancing and supper enjoyed by all old friends, and new.

Oct. 3—Our House was organized with its first meeting; Mary Stortz was elected our Head Girl.

Oct. 5—We all enjoyed the social gathering, tea and all, at St. Joseph's College. Miss Theresa Lane entertained beautifully with piano numbers.

Oct. 19.—Loretto College Mission Supper was a delightful affair, from the chicken salad to the dancing. Mother St. Margaret, the Dean, poured tea for the happy participants.

Oct. 31—The Hallowe'en Party at Newman produced broomsticks, fun and dancing, with delectable food for all tastes.

Nov. 12—All square-dancing fans had fun at the Newman Newsmen's Barn Dance, and one of our girls came home with the live duck raffled there.

Nov. 16—Sodality Sunday. Mass and Communion Breakfast for all Loretto College students, after which Rev. J. Keating, S.J., gave an illuminating and inspiring address. He spoke of the need of a right Catholic understanding of democracy and of preparing ourselves now to meet the chaos which will be the aftermath of the war. That, he said, is to be definitely our programme now, as students. Father Keating left us with a wealth of thoughts and ideals upon which to meditate—as he always does. His coming to our college is welcomed with great *éclat*.

Nov. 28—An enjoyable party given by our Alumnae at Columbus Hall. Specialty numbers by the Modernaires lent an additional air of gaiety to the gathering.

On Sunday, November 30, the girls of Loretto entertained at tea the resident girls of St. Joseph's College. After the guests had met the faculty, a delightful musical entertainment of vocal duets and solos was presented by Misses Eileen and Nancy Douglas. Especially beautiful was their rendition of Schubert's

"Ave Maria," a vocal duet, with Miss Eileen at the piano. Tea was then served, and there followed a social hour in which the visitors were shown through the college.

Dec. 2—St. Michael's girls' basketball team—of which Loretto girls make no small part—won 15-14 in to-day's game, and entered the University semi-finals.

Dec. 13—Party for underprivileged children, with a cheery Santa Claus distributing food treats and such, was a gay reminder of the Christmas season.

Dec. 16—Party for residents, with carol singing and candles, was a fitting climax to our term.

* * *

Loretto College Dramatics.

On Thursday evening, December eleventh, a group of Loretto girls partook in the first drama night held by St. Michael's College Players. The play was entitled "A Ghostly Evening," featuring ghosts, screams, superstitious darkies, and a love affair which managed to triumph over all.

Miss Geraldine Wilson played the part of Azaleen, the Morrow's coloured maid, an ardent jitter-bug to all appearances but still very much a superstitious darky underneath it all. When she and her new "boy friend," "Florian de Sylvester, played by Fred. Battersby, met the ghost Theodora Morrow had conjured up to keep Azaleen home for the night, the effect was hilarious. Theodora, the charming and poised daughter of Mrs. Thomas Morrow, was played by Miss Billie Collins, and Miss Priscilla Thompson took the part of her social-climbing mother. The romantic element was supplied by Charles O'Connell in the role of Rush Simms, a sincere, likeable chap who, after some misunderstanding with Theodora, finally was reinstated in her good graces with the help of his spirited young sister Joan, played by Miss Marjorie Roche. Bill O'Connor portrayed the self-confident Kenyon Penfold, who appeared at first to be brave and courageous, and offered Rush some competition when he visited Theodora with his mother, Mrs. Anastasia Penfold, an affected society matron, played by Miss Maureen Murphy. The story runs swiftly in a high tempo of excitement, and the director, Miss Kay McLean, deserves praise for a splendid piece of entertainment. Great credit is due to Rev. Father J. S. O'Donnell, whose untiring efforts and fine suggestions helped make the play a pronounced success.

SOLACE.

Like fog on the hills,
 Old age enshrouds youth.
 As all mix in the mills
 Of Time and of Trial forsooth.

Trial's measuring school
 Teaches tax and care.
 Hence youth thinks himself a fool
 And of all age doth despair.

Great ambitions torn assunder
 By many a petty strife;
 As juveniles onward blunder
 Seeking the proof to life.

Trial has wrought a plight
 And succour must be found.
 Youth will find its right
 When Time comes around.

So youth is placed
 Under the teaching of Time.
 The thread of woes is laced
 Into something greater, more fine.

The dull pebbles of discontent
 Begin to glisten like gold,
 As each triviality is bent
 Into one single mould.

For stability comes with age,
 Which youth will always fear,
 Yet teaches to follow and gauge
 A philosophy more soothing and clear.

Betty Mosbaugh, 4T4,
 Loretto College, Toronto.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Softly it fell beneath my window
 One November morn;
 Gently it whispered, yet so clearly,
 Of winter born.

Calmly, it ventured 'round elm branches;
 Boldly, it left some flaky chances.

Scarcely had I bid it welcome—
 Warmly in my heart—
 Hardly had I seen it's whiteness—
 When, lo, it did depart!

Betty Gowan, 4T3,
 Loretto College, Toronto.

LORETTO SOPH-FROSH BANQUET.

The gruelling week of those fascinating horrors of Initiation was over. Terrifying sophomores had become almost a nightmare, turning up unexpectedly at every corner, demanding kow-towing and a deferential "Yes, Miss," to say nothing of humble comparisons with the crawling creatures. In fact a freshman could not count on being too safe even in the privacy of her own home, however far removed from the campus. But "time and the hour run through the roughest day." The twenty-two freshmen were tried and not found wanting. On the final night of Initiation they were cheered informally into our circle.

On Oct. 8, the first year students were officially received into Loretto College and the University, by Charlotte Hughes, our S.A.C. president, and welcomed anew by all the upper classmen. After taking the "oath of allegiance" they received their caps and gowns. The entire student body then proceeded to the dining-room for the well-known "Soph-Frosh" banquet with which Loretto annually ushers in the formal social season.

Dinner was preceded by the singing of "Gaudeamus." The sophomores had omitted nothing in their effort to show the freshmen that they were human after all. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the banquet, from the fruit cocktail and the chicken with all the trimmings right to the last after-dinner mint.

Marilynne Lunz was toast-mistress for the evening. The toast to Our Holy Father, the Pope, was proposed by Priscilla Thompson. Very appropriately it took the form of a prayer. The need for loyal support and prayer was also stressed by Mary Cunningham in the toast to His Majesty, the King. Gerrie Moss recalled the special privileges we possess in attending the University of Toronto while safeguarded in our studies by the religious guidance of St. Michael's College. Our love and esteem for our faculty, especially of Loretto College, was sincerely expressed by Mary Stortz. Mother Carmelita, Superior of the College, and Mother St. Margaret, the Dean, formally welcomed the entire student body. We were reminded that we had become protégées of Our Lady of Light, Patroness of Loretto College. The sophomore formal welcome to the freshmen was extended by Lillian Callaghan and replied to humorously by Betsy Mosbaugh, the newly-elected first year class president.

The freshmen entertained the faculty and students with their own dramatization of

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and "Little Red Riding Hood." This year the novel jazz version of the latter won special acclaim. The freshmen were heartily congratulated on their excellent performance.

Mary Cunningham, 4T2.

WITH APOLOGIES TO GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Whan the alarme with his shrille throte
The stille of morn hath perced with his note
And stille the darknesse hovers in the roome,
Nor is dispelled yette all the gloome,
Whan greate pigeons maken loude noys,
Nor soothing is the sounde of their voys,
The weary student openeth his eyen
And groneth that he hath not longe ylyen;
And eke his room-mate slumbereth ful faste
Nor giveth two pence that dawn is come atte
laste,

Then cometh in two spirites upon the winge
One clad in whit, the othere in blackish thinge.
They straightway gan to erien and to sayen
That he sholde rise and in his bed shoulde
stayen

"The sonne," said one, "is clomben up on hy
And thou sholdst lee thy bed and quickly fly
To lectures wher thy master thee awaiteth
So that he wille not thee longe berateth,
Or els whan May is comen to this campus
Thou wilt have to byrnen the midnite lampes."
But the blackish impe was wayting alle the
while

And on his visage wore a crafty smile.

He gan to speke full lordly as a king
And in his speche putte mucche of feelynge.
"Now," quoth he, "I pray thou herken me
For thou art wys and wilt this wisdome see.
Last nite was merthe as mucche as thou couldst
wische

And thou wert nigh as wette as any fishe.
So now thou muste tak mucche reste
Or at thy game thou wilt not do thy beste;
Nor wilt thou stonden in thy ladies grace
And thou wilt have great ringes upon thy
face."

The othere aungel wolde not this abyde
And gan persuasion on the othere syde.
"Tell me what manere man ye be
That ye wilt herken to this flaterie,
Arise," quoth he, "thou hearest what I say,
How may ye slepen alle the longe day?
Thou hast an essay for to honden in
And, by my fader's souli, thou must begin,
Thy time on bokes and lerynynges muste be
spente

So lat this feend in his way be sente."
But the traitour wolde not adowned be
And putte his hands upon the student's eye.
"Thou must thinks first of thine owne helthe
And then comes lergynynges withe al its
welthe."

The victime then turned over on his syde,
Resolved that in his bed he wolde abyde.
And stillnesse settled on the battel-grounde
Nor mite then anyone be ther yfoundede.
God wot the bad aungel hadde this time ywonne
And may He graunt it be not always donne.

Catherine D. McLean, 4T2,
Loretto College, Toronto.

Loretto Secretarial College

War Effort.

Through the co-operation of the members of our Sodality we have been able to send a parcel of Rosaries to our soldiers on the other side of the Atlantic. We have asked Father MacNeil, S.J.—the famous Canadian Air Force Chaplain in England—to distribute our Rosaries.

Our other war effort—the making of Sacred Heart Badges—is unique, due to the fact that we are the only organization in the City at work on such a project. Already a number of badges, made by the Sodalists, have been sent to Father Grace, Chaplain of the R.C.A.F. at Manning Pool, who has given us his as-

surance that they are greatly appreciated by the "lads."

So carry on, Young Canadian Sodalists!

* * *

"There Was a Sound of Revelry by Night!"

The Loretto Secretarial College held its first Sodality Dance at Rosary Hall on Friday, November 21st.

The dance, under the patronage of Our Lady of National Defence, was a decided success, if we can base our opinion on the following remarks:

"Your dance was one of the nicest dances we have been to in a long time! It wasn't too

stiff or formal, and, more important still, it wasn't dull but had lots of sparkle to it."

"The Sodality Feature' at intermission made your dance just a little different and a little nicer than the average dance. It was something really worthwhile. The stage was lovely and the Poster of Our Lady of National Defence was particularly effective."

Then, too, there were a good number who asked very hopefully if, perhaps, there was a chance that we would be having another one the next week!!!

These and numerous other nice comments from the Patronesses and those in attendance made us feel that the Sodality Dance was nothing less than a colossal success!

Ann Miller, Prefect.

* * *

"How a Young Girl in Business Serves God by Example."

We are living in a business world. To-day women not only mingle in business circles but, in many cases, direct them. Thus, it is the time, as never before, in which business women must give to their world the example of complete womanliness. Throughout history we see that it has always been good women who have kept up the morale of nations—that morale which is so necessary to a free, flourishing country. The Catholic business woman must possess "something" which makes her different from the ordinary, every-day stenographer. What is this "something?" It is the reflection of her pure soul in her appearance, in her actions, and in her manner of speech. It is exemplified in the way she meets all her problems—with a prayer on her lips and trust in her heart. She meets a cross-section of humanity every day. It is up to her to give that section her finest self, to give by her modesty, charity, and moral courage a shining example of young Catholic womanhood. That is her contribution to the "Home Missions." That is her duty as a Sodalist!

Leona Connelly.

* * *

Retreat For a Treat.

On November 29, 30, and December 13, 14, two groups of Secretarial Sodalists had the golden opportunity of making a Closed Retreat

at Marian Hall, 181 Dawlish Avenue. Reverend James O'G. Fleming, S.J., gave the inspiring spiritual conferences.

These Retreats surpassed all expectations! To the third group of Retreatants we say, "A Great Joy Awaits You, Fellow Sodalists!"

Rosemary Clemens.



Our Lady's Mantle

Was it seamless, the Virgin's mantle blue,
And as the sky in depth at even gong,
Or flawless like the floss, fine, slender, strong?
We know mere words must fail save in the hue;
Our dear Lady's mantle in Palestine
Was blue, and He who called her by the name,
The hallowed name of Mother, was the same
Transcending, promised Son of God, divine.

Sublime suasion beyond our dreamful grasp,
Immaculate Jewish Maiden, Mother
Of His Son!—while man beholds a Brother,
Messias of the prophets, and may clasp
His whiteness to the heart and like the foam,
Bear it high as victor on the wing Home.

Lucile B.





O Jesus, Mary, Joseph, hear our prayer
Of thanks for all your tender watchfulness:
We lift our hearts in ardent love to you;
Your sweet and holy names we daily bless.

M. D. Barry.

Sketches

THE GREAT ARTIST.

Under the touch of the supreme Artist,
 And the quick leap of His flaming brushes,
 Joyful Dawn with silver arrow rushes
 Upon the lowly grass while the slightest,
 Little, early bird sings at her banquet
 In the glory-setting from the paint-box
 Of the great, great Artist. Over the rocks,
 Touched by saffron and jade, lest she forget

Where is her home, the dainty, little bird
 Remembering, strikes o'er the canvas blue
 To blend into the jade and saffron hue
 Where is her home—leaving the watcher girt
 By the silken chains of beauty, in peace—
 Content to take the scene on broader lease.

Lucille B.

BY TELEVISION.

Christmas! Adolf Hitler, sitting alone in his library, wondered miserably what significance that word held. He remembered those Christmas Days long ago that had meant to him extra gifts from his mother, and a special smile on the face of his stern father. Now the word brought to him only a bitter remembrance of those days—days which no armies could give him back.

His thoughts drifted to the day, over a year ago, when he had announced that his Christmas dinner would be eaten in London. Why hadn't it been? His Nazi forces were powerful; his lands were rich in war materials, and yet, here was another Christmas—was he any nearer to London than when he made the boast?

His troubled mind wandered far away, across a narrow stretch of water, to an island, small, yet not insignificant. Here lived a people whom he could not frighten with his powerful air forces—a people who defiantly fought on.

To-morrow, Christmas Day, this little island would be wrapped in joy which nothing could shake off; joy which, to his mind, had no place in times like these. Thousands of Masses would be offered up to honour Him Who so many years ago, had lain in a manger. Thousands of hearts would offer praise and thanksgiving to this Babe; but for what had they to praise Him? What had He given them

to be thankful for? Yet, strangely, the inhabitants of this island would turn to Him as their Redeemer!

A chill crept over the Führer. He tried to think proudly of his victories, but over them all appeared the face of the Christ-



Child. Closing his eyes, as if to blot out this picture, he rang a bell and ordered the window closed. A sudden chill had taken possession of him—but it could not be barred out; it arose from within himself, from that which he denied had an existence. His strange fear of a poor little Babe came from the gift this Child had given him, his soul.

Joan MacDonald, X,
 Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

HEAVEN BY CANDLELIGHT

On the evening of December seventeenth, Loretto Englewood held its annual candlelight procession in the gymnasium of the high school. Every girl in the school took part and it was really a breath-taking spectaele. As the procession made its way through the darkened

gym, the curtain parted and there on the stage was a tableau, well-representative of that first Christmas of long ago. It depicted the Blessed Virgin bending over the crib of her Divine Infant, with St. Joseph, her protector, standing by. These parts were taken by Betty O'Shea and Marian Fiedler as the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph respectively. The procession moved up to the stage and there each girl genuflected in front of the crib singing the traditional Christmas carols.

Under the able direction of our Dramatic Art teacher, Miss Therese Cuny, the Master Masquers Dramatic Club presented "The Stranger In The Market Place", a play which had its setting in old Mexico. Some of the leading parts were taken by June Martin, who played the little Mexican girl, Zela; Betty O'Shea, Dorothy Casey, Catherine Cunningham, and Margaret Walter.

The play depicted the feast of Christmas as celebrated in Mexico. A festival is held every year at Christmas time by the villagers. Slips of paper, of which one slip only contains a picture of the manger, are held above the head of each villager. The one drawing the slip with the picture thereon entertains the others just as the Holy Family did in Bethlehem. In the play it is drawn by a poor woman who, while honored to have received it, is very much distressed at the thought of entertaining all those people when she has not actually enough food for her young daughter and herself.

While she is pondering in her troubled mind just how she will manage this, a beautiful woman passes through the village with her small son, on the way to a far-away place, the journey to which she must make on foot. She asks for lodging, not so much for herself, as for her son, who can go no further. She is turned away by the people of the village, that is, by all but one, the poor woman who is to entertain at the festival and who realizes how tired the travelers must be. She is laughed at by her neighbors who say that she has enough responsibility without accepting two added ones. But the woman cannot see it their way and offers lodging to the Stranger and her small Son.

When she returns home to see her guests, now arriving, she finds her cupboard filled with food. Only then does she realize whom she has befriended and she falls on her knees, together with the other villagers, praising and thanking God.

Loretto Seniors especially will treasure the

memory of that night—the play, the tableaux, the procession—the last Christmas pageant in which we shall share at Loretto.

June Scavone, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

The most exciting story of all time, the story of mankind, was seen by our Ancient History Class at the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. We spent the afternoon before Thanksgiving Day there studying the fragments raised from the dust of ages. Within those halls time was retraced 3,400 years to the dawn of culture in man.

Twenty or more years ago the Oriental Institute began digging in the Near East (that region which the British military communiqués call the Middle East) to try to find out what life was like 4,000 years ago. Many relics were discovered by these archaeologists but one of the most noteworthy is the famous winged stone bull with the face of Sargon II, the Assyrian dictator, on which in to-day's language could be written "forty tons of propaganda."

High above the Institute's other displays looms a colossal statue of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen (King Tut). This statue, cut in red quartzite and restored by the Institute, shows him bearded, but actually, the beard was tied on, as he was only a boy who died at eighteen (18) after a rule of six years. Tiny footprints slightly to the rear and one side of him are those of his third wife; time erased all but her shadow.

The Egyptians seemed to believe conscience came with man's burial. This is indicated by two separate exhibits. One is a case containing twenty-seven statuettes buried with a cemetery official of 2500 B.C. These are his wife, servants, and orchestra (three harpists, one voo-doo drummer). He prepared for an enjoyable holiday after death but Materialism was his "sole concern."

Next to this case was a great cedar coffin of an army clerk of 2200 B.C. Goitrous' protruding eyes are painted at one end so the mummified clerk, Ipinhan Ishutef, can see out but conscience dawns in the characters carved inside the lid, staring him in the face. Here, in the words that having lived an upright life, he would now attain immortality, is the first intimation that happiness after death is based on moral conduct.

From a black monolith of 2,000 B.C., the

beginning of modern justice was observed. The sides of the stone are covered in cuneiform with the code of Hammurabi, "the table of laws which he received from the sun god just as Moses received the Ten Commandments from Yahweh (God)." This explanation amused us, knowing that the Ten Commandments inculcate charity, while amongst Hammurabi's laws we find this: "If a man has knocked out the tooth of a man of rank his own tooth must be knocked out".

We learned from a Hittite recording, that even in 2,000 B.C. women were vain for here were vanities consisting of hairpins, bracelets, and precious cosmetic jars of alabaster and gold.

The greed of man, we found, too, did not commence in our time for we viewed delicately carved ivories and gold which a prince of Megiddo (known Biblically as Armageddon) buried in his basement, and left behind as he fled a palace invasion.

After stopping momentarily to rest our weary bones, we then proceeded to the most interesting exhibit of all, the new Iranian hall. Here we saw how Darius, and later his son Xerxes, ruled the world for 150 years from a plateau in Persia. There, in the palace of Persepolis, were panoply and pomp, and colonnades beyond conception, and it, too, lying 2,271 years in the dust of time until the Oriental Institute probed into it.

To conclude, let me remind you that I have mentioned only a small fraction of the wonders we viewed, and I would say, "Very comfortable shoes are recommended for a tour such as this."

Rita Doyle, XI,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

America's Best-loved Poet.

"He did not reach the lofty mountain's towering height,
But on the sunny slopes his fancy found delight."

Charles Kingsley said of Longfellow, "I do not think I ever saw a finer human face." The "fine human face" was but an index of a bright mind, pure character, and generous nature; an index of the fine human heart. No one was ever turned away with a heavy heart from the Longfellow home in Cambridge. A young Pole came, wanting to lecture on the Italian Revolution. The poet tried to dissuade him, knowing it would lead to disappointment, but he "kept the young enthusiast and com-

forted him so that he departed in better spirits." These were some of the eulogies of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, pronounced after his death by his friends.

So busy with his work that he rose at five o'clock in the morning, he could take time to send off seventy-five autographs in one day, because somebody in this wide world would be made happier thereby.

Did he have time, for all this? No man is ever too great or too busy to help humanity.

As a young professor, Mr. Longfellow's day began at five o'clock and ended at midnight. He gave much time to his students, who believed that their teacher some day would become very famous. He was deeply loved for his sympathy and helpfulness. Once he was requested to admonish one of his students, and the next day, meeting the young man on the street, after an earnest talk about English literature, Longfellow said, "Ah, I was nearly forgetting. The Faculty voted last night that I should admonish you, and you may consider yourself admonished."

Naturally the students loved and did their best work for a man like this. He could always find time to give advice, no matter by whom it was asked.

On his death at the age of seventy-five he had the unique distinction of having his bust in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, the first American poet ever to be so honoured.

He is the truest exemplification of his own belief expressed in his Psalm of Life:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Patricia Malloy, XI,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

A GLIMPSE OF A POET.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward,
From an eagle in its flight.

Yes, the day is done and darkness veils the countryside as we approached an aristocratic dwelling across whose antique portico tall poplar trees cast their shadows. How quiet and peaceful Cambridge is at this time of evening! Looking through the window of the stately mansion, we behold a white-haired gentleman seated by the fireside, contentedly

puffing his favorite pipe. We need but glance at him to know that he is Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Although now he assumes the role of a country gentleman, we know that once he led an active, eventful life. His once eager, energetic expression has been replaced by a benevolent but slightly worn countenance.

As we continue to gaze fondly upon this tranquil scene, the memorable events of Mr. Longfellow's life pass before us. Born in Portland, Maine, of a famous New England family, he was educated by excellent schooling and extensive travel abroad. He held a professorship of modern languages both at Bowdoin College and Harvard University. Having been married twice, he knew the joys and sorrows of the marital state.

A host of honorary appellations have been applied to this gentle, cultured man. He has been called the "comforting poet," one who has the right words to say to those who are sorrowing. "The household poet" and the "universal poet" are other titles conferred on him, for he writes of nature, love, home, children, and on a wealth of other subjects.

We remember that John Abernethy said of him, "He did not have Emerson's spiritual breadth and insight, nor Whittier's trenchant strength, nor Lowell's versatile gifts; but, as a maker of artistic verse, as a poet of the beautiful and of the human affections, his position of superiority is secure."

Whittier pays a beautiful tribute to Longfellow by saying, "There is no blot on the crystal purity of his writings."

These reminiscences pass on, and we view Mr. Longfellow once again. The light of the fire flickers faintly, the pipe has slipped from his hand, his head nods forward. As we leave this peaceful and touching portrait, we make our way down the poplar-lined avenue, under the calm twinkling of the stars. In our hearts we know that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is America's greatest and most beloved poet.

Jean Mannix, XI,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Familiar to all acquainted with the University of Notre Dame—the University of Our Lady—are the gilded dome of the Administration Building and the spire of Sacred Heart Church. Besides being focal points of

the campus, the landmarks are visible within a twenty-five-mile radius, and serve as a guide for all air-lines in the vicinity. As the dome gleams and shimmers in the sun, it seems to invite all young men who wish to acquire a Catholic education.

Notre Dame is admittedly one of the leading Catholic Institutions in the United States, and is one of the few universities which do not sanction fraternities. It is the largest boarding school in the country, housing nearly three thousand students, and has large, modern, comfortable dormitories. Notre Dame has had—probably still has—representatives from all forty-eight States of the Union, and from many foreign nations. To enable its students to fill their country's demands, a new department of Naval Science and Tactics, and a new Naval R.O.T.C. have been added recently.

All in all, as Catholics, and as Americans, we are proud of this institution which receives boys from all walks of life and thoroughly develops them spiritually, morally and physically.

Virginia Kinsella, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

RETROSPECTION.

It is midnight in Bethlehem, and there is a hush, a holy calm. On the hilltops watchful shepherds lie in solemn silence guarding their sheep; in the crowded city the tired people sleep at last. We pass through the deserted streets, pass the inn that could give no shelter to the Virgin Mother. Joseph and Mary are at prayer when the Word made Flesh comes to dwell visibly amongst us.

Now at last the yearning of the Creator is being satisfied. He longed to lift men to Himself; to lift earth to Heaven. But men would not be lifted up; rather they sank lower and lower. But the infinite love did not tire, nor grow cold. It watched and waited and, at last, stooped down and touched the earth with Heaven; God became man. He became a little child. And the result was peace to men of good will; blessed, eternal peace between Heaven and earth. Now men could be lifted up; He was to captivate human souls. By His human love He was to win them, and then show them that in loving Him they were loving God. So Christmas Day became the earthly birthday of Divine Love Incarnate.

What has this Birth meant? To Mary it meant great joy, but, also, sorrow unsurpass-

ed; to St. Joseph it meant a mystic fatherhood, the highest trust upon earth. To Jesus, it meant overflowing love, with what love always brings—sorrow, suffering, and sacrifice.

When the shepherds left the stable, they went with joy, praising and glorifying God. Theirs was that spiritual insight given to a few privileged holy ones, which is worth more than all the world can give.

For ourselves, we should have joy in our hearts and minds, praise on our lips, and love in our hearts. A wide love is a pure love, for it must be unselfish. With it we should take our friends' faults for granted, look for ingratitude; take unselfishness as a matter of course. We should give without counting the cost or looking for any earthly returns; but God takes care of that part. With the intention of spreading joy everywhere by being sunbeams at home, at school, or wherever our lot may be, and doing it all for the love of Jesus Christ, we prove what His Birth has meant for us, individually.

Mary Jayne Tighe, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE WORLD I ONCE KNEW.

My Christmas wish is that for a little while I might know and live again the world I knew at the age of ten.

To say this to-day is to find yourself being looked upon as a reactionary who will not conform to the inevitable dictum of the times: It will never be that kind of world again. It will all be quite different when we rearrange it!

It is because that older, gentler and richer world may never come again, that I long for it this Christmastide..

The world into which I was born was beautiful, good, kind, peaceful, and I loved it very much.

Perhaps one has a different viewpoint at the age of ten, and sees things differently. I remember how we all used to walk through the drifts of snow piled higher than my head on the curb. But as I grew up, the snowstorms were never so severe; I do not remember ever again walking through snow, as if walking through valleys between mountains of snow.

Perhaps it is the eyes of an excited ten-year old I want for Christmas!

At that age, I know, America was the America that was beloved by Americans and worshipped by the Europeans who lived here. To say and feel, "I am an American," brought a

warm glow of pride to every heart. We did not love the "isms," or sects, or false concepts, or barren philosophy of degeneracy and despair: we simply loved our country, and loved it passionately.

We have often heard our fellow-countrymen call our United States "God's Country."

For Christmas, this Christmas, I would have one hundred and thirty million Americans think of this land as truly "God's Country," and feel it, and say it with all their hearts!

Joan Boyter, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE MIRACLE OF THE SPIDERS.

A tall and straight and shapely fir
Was standing in the hall,
Bedecked with lights, a glistening star,
And many a shining ball.

The spiders from the cellar deep
All came to view the tree.
They clambered o'er each branch that they
Its ornaments might see

And when their tour was ended,
What a sad and sorry sight,
For silken threads, from base to tip,
Had dimmed the fir tree's light.

They begged the Christ Child for a boon:
(He smiled—a radiant beam)
Each dull, gray strand with silver sheen
Began at once to gleam.

Well, there's the legend, as 'tis told,
The lesson why we toil
To decorate our Christmas Tree
With bits of tinsel foil.

Donald Brown, '42.

[Editor's Note: Having had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with the talented fifteen-year-old writer of this poem when he was two years old, we have taken the privilege of reproducing the verses which appeared in the December issue of "Impressions"—his High School Quarterly.]

CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

When Christmas comes in London town,
And when the wind blows up and down:
The air raid wardens pace the streets,
Hoping and praying there will be peace;
But when the "All Clear" signal sounds,
The people come out and do their rounds.

Albert Schlosser, Grade VII,
St. Joseph's School, Hamilton (Loretto).

The Ways of Men—One Especially

Ricardo Manuelo José Cortés was the son of a nobleman. His illustrious father had sent him to an American college so that he might learn the speech and customs of this wonderful land of America. But poor Ricardo was having a difficult time, for, although he was learning the language as well as might be expected, he still had not mastered the art (in his eyes it was an art) of speaking slang, and that was his greatest desire.

Ricardo sat sadly on the library steps and surveyed the bustling scene around him with mournful eyes.

"How now, friend," greeted Terry Shaughnessy, coming out of the library with an armful of books, "do I perceive a misplaced sadness in thy countenance? Wherefore all the misery? Tell Papa," he invited, sitting down and resting his chin on the books piled on his knees.

Ricardo heaved a great sigh. "Eet is no use. No matter how hard I try I cannot yet speak with your facility the language of America."

"Oh, I don't know," murmured Terry, "You do all right with the ladies. In fact, it is my heartfelt opinion that your English is absolutely, completely and remarkably flawless, that is, considering the short length of time you've been here."

"But eet ees not the grammar book English only I would wish to speak. Eet ees the other, the—how you say?—the slang."

"Ah, a light begins to dawn in my dim upper stories. I think I see the clue to your unusual, but not altogether incomprehensible problem," and he nodded his head with a judicious air. He let his eye roam the length of the street until he spotted those whom he sought.

"Hey, fellas," he hailed a group of lads, hands in pockets, strolling leisurely down the avenue. "C'mere. Our South American friend wishes to know the rudiments of our language. Shall we tell him?" he asked, giving a broad wink which Ricardo alone did not see. The boys knew then that Terry had some piece of mischief in mind so they settled themselves around the library steps and waited for further developments.

Ricardo smiled gratefully. "Eet ees for the Spreng Dance especially that I so much desire to be able to speak the slang so that I weel

make a—a—" he stumbled for the right word. "a heet with the ladies, just as you do." The boys smiled at this last piece of naive flattery.

Terry turned to Ricardo and spoke with unusual gravity. "Well, Ricardo," he said, "we have decided to let you in on our skullduggery. Now, remember," he warned, "you must do this exactly as we tell you, or else," here he spread the hands in a significant gesture, "or else—blooey!"

"Oh, yes, yes," assented Ricardo eagerly.

"Now, then, you have to stop addressing the frailer sex as *Senorita*, because it's liable to go to their heads. Henceforward you address them singly and solely as *Sugar-puss*, understand? Then when you wish to trip the light fantastic with a girl you say, 'How's about kickin' a little kick?'"

"Yes," cut in another youth, Jake, "then you talk about the weather. You say, 'Some night, eh, angel pie?' Oh, she'll be wild with you." he enthused.

The other lads had by now "caught on" and gave Ricardo what they called "sure fire" *clichés*, which he slowly repeated after them.

"Now you just use those magic words," said Terry, "and you'll wow even Marjorie Alison, our beloved campus queen."

Ricardo was pitifully grateful for their kindness. "My sincere appreciation I geeve you, gentlemen," he beamed as he rose to leave. "I weel go home and practise them so that I weel be a-a-terrific heet with the ladies."

After he had gone out of earshot the boys howled with merriment.

"Terry, you're a genius," laughed Jake. "I can hardly wait for the dance."

On the night of the dance, Ricardo stood before his mirror, adjusting his bow tie. One might have seen his lips moving slowly and heard an occasional word escape them. He was putting the finishing touches on his dress, and on his practising. At last he was satisfied with his appearance at least, and departed. When he arrived at the ballroom, his eye fell on Marjorie Alison's blonde beauty, surrounded by Terry and his associates. With unswerving steps, he headed straight for the charmed circle. He gave a deep bow in true South American fashion and in a painfully slow, solemn voice uttered those words which were to create a mild furore in that portion of the room. He said to Marjorie Alison:

"Hi, Sugar-puss. How ees about keeking a leetle keek?" Terry and company retreated from Ricardo's view and subsided into a heap of hysterics. Meanwhile the smile on Marjorie's face had been replaced by a look of startled surprise. She regarded Ricardo for a moment in complete bewilderment, and then stammered: "Why, yes, I'd love to—kick a little kick." They danced the length of the floor in silence, then Ricardo launched into his second attempt. "Some night, eh, angel pie?" Marjorie was again startled. Could this be the same polished gentleman the girls had raved about?

She asked with some hesitation, "Are you Ricardo Manuelo José Cortés?"

"Eeen person," answered Ricardo in his serious voice.

Suddenly Marjorie noticed from the corner of her eye, Terry and Jake and the others watching her and Ricardo in evident great glee. She began to see what had happened, and who had been the perpetrators of this scheme. Her cheeks burned. "How mean they are!" She felt furiously angry with them. Excusing herself from the innocent victim, she advanced menacingly towards the group of conspirators.

"Funny, eh, Marje?" laughed Terry.

"Of all the mean, contemptible tricks I ever saw or heard of in my born days, this takes the prize," blazed Marjorie. "Why, that's downright cruel. You—you college men,"—she said this in a tone that made them wish they were anything but college men,— "can sometimes be absolutely infantile." And with this she went back to Ricardo, who was entirely oblivious of any commotion, and secretly was wondering if he ought to have practised longer.

"Ricky," she said, "you don't mind if I call you Ricky, do you?"

Ricardo was enchanted.

"Did you want to talk that way so that—the girls would like you?" she asked gently.

"How did you guess, cookie?"

Marjorie winced. "Well," she said, "those boys don't know anything about it. If you really want to please the girls and really go over big, just stay the way you are. The girls are just crazy about you that way."

So Ricardo Manuelo José Cortés stayed the way God made him, and made a "terrific heet." In fact he was a "killer diller."

Nancy Cancilla, '41.

Loretto College School Alumna.

The Holy Name

The Holy Name from heav'n was brought that night

When Gabriel, within a flood of light,
Spoke it to Mary, the enraptured Maid.

Our Blessed Mother the command obeyed,
Called her Son Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
A Name to thrill the heart and soul and mind!
Throughout His life this Name great wonders wrought:

To those in sorrow, consolation brought;
The sick it cured; to life it raised the dead;
And evil spirits at its utterance fled.

'Twas written on the cross at our Redeemer's death,

Proclaiming Him a King, Jesus of Nazareth!
The Resurrection but confirmed the fame,
The power and glory of the Holy Name.
It is above all names, and praised will ever be
Throughout man's length of years, and thro'
Eternity!

M. D. Barry.

Saint Ann

When everything has been upset,
And plans have all gone wrong,
Your soul, too filled with deep regret,
Has lost its heavenly song.

Swift from the sky a flash appears,
The vision of a heavenly plan;
The way of life to you now clears,
As close beside you stands Saint Ann.

She lifts the load from off your heart,
Removes the veil that dimmed your sight;
The cares of life straightway depart
And in their place comes great delight.

Your faith in God has been reborn,
New hope springs in your soul;
Those Blessèd gifts you once would scorn
Will lead you to your goal.

Don.

In the Library

A REACTION TO "FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE."

I have suddenly been awakened to the true state of the world around me. In fact that society to-day is full of atheists, materialists, and unbelievers of various other kinds, has come clearly to me after reading a book with a novel twist, entitled, "Father Malachy's Miracle."

Although civilization in this twentieth century should be at its highest peak, it is, in reality, at its lowest depths. Life to-day should be as full and rich as human minds could make it, for we have the scientific, medical, geographical, and economic knowledge, a small part of which it took our ancestors ages to ferret out. In spite of this, look at poor, bleeding humanity! If you are wondering what is wrong, let me tell you. Man, by himself, has lost his way in the devious paths of his own reasoning, and he will continue to lose his way until he acknowledges God, the Omnipotent, and takes Him into his heart. The lodestar of divine guidance has been clouded over by the dark wisdom of the co-called intelligentsia, such as Shaw, Wells, and the rest of that clique.

I cannot say that the book itself made these statements, but it did start a train of thought which, when linked to other ideas I had heard, led to these conclusions.

In the past, I had thought that many who had not the true Faith might be right in their own way, but Mr. Marshall, the author of Father Malachy's Miracle, changed this view by making them look so ridiculously funny, floundering in a sea of prejudice, ignorance, and hypocrisy; some of them wondering why there was not a picture of the Holy Ghost on the back page of the Daily Mail!

As I write I wonder if the conclusions at which I arrived were those Mr. Marshall had in mind while writing the book. Perhaps I should have dwelt more on the satirical touches, or on the author's scintillating wit, or on his clear, well-defined characterization of the central figure—Father Malachy; but the satire, and the characters fade into the background before the one predominating presentation—the Catholic Viewpoint. As long as there will be a Catholic Church there will be a Catholic Viewpoint; and as long as there is a

Catholic viewpoint there will arise good Catholic authors to present it to the public.

Josephine Invidiata, XII,

Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

"THE TREMAYNES AND THE MASTERFUL MONK."

Is any man beyond redemption? In his book, "The Tremaynes and the Masterful Monk," Owen Francis Dudley has set forth a vivid, negative reply to this query.

This novel is a character study of two brothers, Gordon and Allen Tremayne—the one, a generous, lovable person, the other, self-seeking and malicious.

From his earliest boyhood, Gordon, the elder, was physically stronger than Allen, although the latter was mentally and spiritually superior, for he withstood bravely the cruelty of his brother. By despicable "games" and tricks, Gordon subjected Allen to severe mental tortures and later, while attempting by taunting sneers to break his unwavering constancy to his Faith, he plotted to ruin his successful, artistic career. With the assistance of Father Thornton, the masterful monk, Allen withstood these onslaughts. Throughout these years of attack from his brother, Allen still loved his attacker and firmly believed that he was his brother's keeper. Inasmuch as he held this creed, he sincerely tried to help Gordon.

The elder Tremayne's character was revealed in all its ugliness in order that the full nature of his redemption would not be missed. Tremayne seemed beyond redemption, but Father Thornton and Allen worked on the principle of the potentially reclaimable deep down.

There are Gordon Tremaynes in the world to-day who seem to us beyond redemption, for their crimes cry to heaven for vengeance, and yet they remain untouched by law. Beyond human reach they may be, but not beyond reach of the Divine.

In this book, Owen Francis Dudley has dealt most successfully with one problem of human happiness. With his straightforward and interesting presentation, he has demonstrated to his readers that none, however low

he may have fallen, is beyond Divine Power.
 Clare Smith, XII,
 Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM.
 By Theodore Maynard.

To attempt to summarize this book in brief form is seemingly impossible. It is written in a vast scope telling the history of the Catholic religion in America from the time of its earliest explorers, to the present day. Theodore Maynard, the author, is fond of the most minute detail, and he goes on at considerable length to describe the role Catholic Americans played in the history of our country. Of course, the book is difficult at times, due mainly to the fact that the scholarly author constantly quotes other sources, but as a valuable addition to the books written concerning Catholicism, it is unsurpassed.

The alleged discoverers of America are numerous. Leif Ericson, Tyrian and Phoenician Mariners, and even, incredible fact, St. Thomas the Apostle, have been mentioned as the first to reach the shores of the Western Hemisphere. But whether it is Ericson or Christopher Columbus who is to be regarded as the discoverer, one fact is paramount, the discovery was effected by a son of the Church. England, at this time was not a seafaring nation. Italians and Spaniards, naturally Catholics, were the most avid explorers. Others undoubtedly came before Christopher Columbus, the Catholic, but they failed to realize the significance of their discovery. They left no settlement. This was Columbus' achievement.

After the first realization came that a new land had been discovered, explorer after explorer set out to gain his fortune and conquer new lands. Naturally priests accompanied these expeditions and their conversions among the native Indian population were innumerable. The work of the Franciscans and Dominicans in the South and of the Jesuits in the North is the most important. Perhaps the work of the Jesuits is considered greater because of the tortures they endured at the hands of the fierce Iroquois.

Gradually, however, a Protestant culture superseded the Catholic one on the Eastern seaboard, and, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, Catholicism was barely tolerated. In fact, one of the causes of the war was the Quebec Act, which extended religious freedom to the inhabitants of Canada and along the banks of the Ohio. American non-Catholics,

consequently, regarded the King not only as a tyrant, but as a protector of the Catholics. However, this issue soon died down, and Catholics acquitted themselves nobly in the war. Charles Carroll was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. John Barry was the father of the American Navy. Moylan was Quartermaster-General, and John Carroll, a priest, was sent on many important missions. Later he became Prefect Apostolic.

After the war came the business of establishing Catholic schools in America. The first order of women in America was established as early as 1727, by Mother Tranchepain and the Ursulines in New Orleans. Mother Seton established the Sisters of Charity in America. It was she who set up the first completely free parochial school.

Bishop John England, the great orator and preacher, set up the first Catholic paper in America, "The United States Catholic Miscellany." Perhaps the most widely read biography of a bishop is Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop." This is the story of John Baptist Lamy, who was Vicar-Apostolic of New Mexico. It was his mission to establish amicable relations between the newly acquired New Mexican territory and the United States.

In the Civil War, Catholics again acquitted themselves. Beauregard and Langstreet are, perhaps, most well-known generals.

Catholicism has contributed greatly to the culture of America. A few contributors are mentioned—Agnes Repplier, Edwin Booth, Ethel Barrymore, Sigrid Undset and Michael Williams, founder of the Commonweal.

Thus we see the tremendous rôle Catholicism has played in the development of our country. In fact, it would not be an exaggeration to say that any history of America is, in many ways, an anthology of great Catholic men who have labored for what is right—freedom, toleration, and peace.

Lorraine Delaney, XII.
 Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

"THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN." (A poem by Alfred Noyes).

The author, who is a convert to Catholicism, was born in 1880 in Staffordshire, England. He studied at Oxford. As a boy he started writing poetry and in 1902 published his first volume—"The Loom of Tears." From then on he has averaged almost a volume of

poems a year. His poem, "The Flowers of Old Japan" appeals by its many colourful and picturesque scenes, for example:

"Through the wood of monstrous flowers;
Mailed in monstrous gold and blue
Dragon-flies like peacocks fled;
Butterflies like carpets, too,
Softly fluttered overhead."

The poem is a fairy-tale about old Japan, but, as the author says in the preface, "It must not be taken to have any real relation to Japan. It belongs to the kind of dream-land which an imaginative child might construct out of the oddities of a willow pattern plate."

Some children were seated before the fire-light on a rainy evening. After reading their books, they began to dream. They thought they heard someone tapping on the wall. A panel fell and out stepped a tall thin man waving a fan. The man began telling them of old Japan—of the animals, people, fruits, and the ruby wishing stone. By touching this stone it was possible to have what one desired. After thinking of what great value this ruby would be to them, they asked to be led to it. Then the thin man waved his fan and vanished through the wall. The children ran after him but he was too swift for them. Their running took them into a wood. Here they came upon a dwarf, with a scarlet scarf around his neck, who lay sleeping at the foot of a twisted pear tree. They awoke him and asked him to direct their steps. He told them that they were lost and that there was no such place as old Japan. Then he imprisoned them in a spider-like net. Just as he was about to lock them in, a voice was heard singing a song of old Japan. As it came nearer, the tall, thin man appeared. He rescued the children and locked the dwarf in his own prison. Then the children ran to sea with the tall, thin man. They boarded a ship of pearl for old Japan. With the dawn they reached their destination. On the shore was one pig-tailed mandarin, slyly grinning, as he sat on a chest of tea. The tall, thin man told the children that the mandarin would do everything possible to hinder them from reaching the ruby wishing-stone. Also that the man's name was Creeping Sin. He was a cousin of the dwarf who said there was no old Japan. They travelled on seeing much of the beauty and mystery of Japan. They were drinking tea in a garden of blue chrysanthemums when they again met with Creeping Sin. But the tall thin man rescued

them and helped them again along their journey. Creeping Sin tried to hinder them several times, but to no avail. Then at last they came to the temple wherein lay the ruby. They were met by a priest in a flowing yellow robe who ushered them in. He led them to a monstrous idol that held in its hand a glowing emerald. He told them that this was the stone they were seeking. But the tall thin man saw through his disguise and knew that it was no other than Creeping Sin. He ordered him to lead them to the right stone. He showed them many a counterfeit but the tall, thin man was always quick enough to detect them. Finally, they came to the cave where the ruby was. Just as they entered it Creeping Sin became the victim of some venomous snakes and disappeared. The tall, thin man showed them the way through the cave to the ruby. Suddenly he vanished and they were left alone. After they had seen the stone they wished to be brought home. Then before they know it, their wish has been granted.

This poem in some parts appears to be depicting a soul struggling for heaven. The soul is represented by the children. Heaven is the ruby. The tall, thin man who was their guide and helper represents our guardian angel. The hindrance, Creeping Sin, is the devil. He offered many counterfeits of the ruby. Similarly the devil offers temptations to sin. Can I find better words with which to conclude than those of the author: "I hope that this poem may not be taken merely as a fairy-tale, but as an attempt to follow the careless and happy feet of childhood back into the kingdom of those dreams which are the sole reality worth living and dying for, those beautiful dreams, or those fantastic jests—if any care to call them so—for which mankind has endured so many triumphant martyrdoms that even amidst the rush and roar of modern materialism they cannot be quite forgotten."

Mary Cancilla, XI,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind went blowing all the day
In and out the trees, at play,
Calling aloud to girls and boys
With a gay, exciting, frolicking noise.

He blew the people's hats right off;
For the evening sky he had a scoff;
And rushing over hill and dale,
He left with a teasing, long-drawn wail.

Muriel Anderson,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

Book Reviews

THE RED HAT (1941). By Cavelle Newcomb. Illustrated by Addison Burbank. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto; \$2.50.

Young and old, learned and less learned, will read with delight this absorbing story of the brave-hearted, kindly, saintly Cardinal Newman, and will feel lastingly grateful to the author, Mr. Cavelle Newcomb, for a choice and most satisfying biography.

Enthralled, one reads on from the opening page with its unforgettable illustration of the comforting hand, and its graphic word picturing:

"A strange blend of birdsong, church bells, and cries was this day in Bloombury in the year 1808. In a room of No. 17 Southampton Street, a little English boy, John Henry Newman, bolted upright in bed.

He shook his tousled head, and rubbed his light blue eyes awake—to the closing paragraph of the last page of the epilogue in which comes this eulogium:

"—for people are beginning to realize the value of the great and simple philosophy of John Henry Newman. . . Heart still speaks to heart, and thinking people are shaping their thoughts according to the mind and life of Cardinal Newman, a man who never despaired and who never gave up."

The enlivening illustrations, excellent type, and characteristically elegant Longmans, Green binding, are additional attractions offered by this volume, which will be an ideal gift book for any friend, and for any occasion, and which should be available in every library.

K.M.B.

"PRINCESS POVERTY," by Sara Maynard. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and Toronto. \$2.50.

The story of St. Francis of Assisi and of "The Little Brothers" has been told and retold in many languages and in many literary forms for over seven hundred years, yet Mrs. Maynard's newest book, "Princess Poverty," possesses a charm and freshness that fascinates the reader's attention from the first page to the last one. The authoress, although perhaps not as well known as her husband, Theodore Maynard, has published short stories and poems as well as a play, "Brady." She was

born in South Africa and received, at least, part of her education at Loreto Abbey, Dalkey, County Dublin.

A true appraisal of "Princess Poverty" appears on the jacket of the book.

"'Princess Poverty' has seldom been so beautifully extolled as in the joint biography of two of her followers—Saint Francis and Saint Clare of Assisi. Francis was the son of a rich merchant, who gave up his worldly goods to follow Christ. Clare, a young noblewoman, heard him preach and was stirred by his example to embrace a life of poverty and to found the Order of the Poor Clares. The story of the friendship of these two great saints and their influence on their own and succeeding times is here told in moving and living style."

In spite of the old adage, "Do not judge a book by its cover," the reader may safely allow himself to be influenced by the attractive appearance of this Longmans, Green publication. Every school-library should be enriched by the addition of "Princess Poverty" which, while written especially for young people, may be equally enjoyed by lovers of the good and beautiful, of all ages. M.T.S.

THE MALTESE FALCON.

You are looking for a movie that is exciting, thrilling and entirely different from the usual run of stories? See "The Maltese Falcon." This novel by Dashiell Hammet, has been cleverly adapted for the screen. It is two hours of sheer suspense. The plot revolves about the incidents concerning the recovery of a statuette known as the Maltese Falcon. History students may be familiar with the origin of the bird. It was a jewelled ornament made by the Crusaders in Malta, and despatched as a gift to the King of Spain. It failed to reach its destination. There is no trace of the Falcon to-day.

To get back to the picture, the plot is too involved to be explained here; besides the enjoyment in the solving of the mystery must be left for the spectator. The acting is realistic and always convincing. This is considered Mary Astor's best performance to date, and Humphrey Bogart is excellent, as usual.

If you really enjoy unusual stories, do not miss "The Maltese Falcon."

Rena Longo, XI,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

would be the reaction of an unbeliever who had never been in the House of God?

Joan Cahill, XI,
Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

THROUGH HOLLYWOOD TO HEAVEN.

In the midst of the throng of school children, white and black, who flocked the entrances, I slowly made my way into the Southtown Theatre, for the performance of the *Eternal Gift*. Having read in different periodicals of this unique production, I was delighted when news came that it would have an appearance at this near-by theatre. Then, too, I was curious. I must admit, to see how the *Divine Sacrifice* would appear on the screen.

As the movie slowly unfolded, His Excellency, Archbishop Stritch, was shown giving his approval of this presentation of the Mass. Before the action of the *Holy Sacrifice* was unreel'd, Father Hugh Calkins was pictured standing in a pulpit in Our Lady of Sorrows Church explaining the origin of the movie and the important part played by the *Sorrowful Mother Novena* in its production. After this brief introduction, the actual picturing of the *Sacrifice* began.

Monsignor Fulton Sheen, acting as narrator, artistically, yet simply, as only a priest can, described the prayers and actions of the celebrant and his assistants. Commencing with the *Vidi Aquam*, the Mass moved on like a story, never allowing one to lose interest. The prayers at the foot of the Altar, the Epistle, the Gospel, all led up to the climax—the Consecration—the changing of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Our Divine Lord. What sublimity! Heaven meeting earth!

Adding to the intense solemnity of the Mass was the thrilling Gregorian Chant—the language of the angels—the music of the Church. One has not far to search for the wealth of meditation to be derived from this miracle on film.

Performed with all its beauty and inspiration by the Holy Name Cathedral and Mundelein Men's Choirs, the music simultaneously lifted one's thoughts and words to earth's *Eternal Gift*—Christ.

And as I watched this glorious portrait of the Mass, I was moved beyond vocal expression. If this presentation could so affect one who has been a Catholic all her life and has attended Mass for over a decade, what

THE CITY OF THE POPES.

A hushed silence penetrates the theatre, the picture begins. To-day, November twenty-first, nineteen hundred and forty-one, "The Vatican," a Catholic motion picture, is being shown at the Playhouse Theatre in Chicago, Illinois. The audience relaxes and sits back to enjoy an afternoon of delightful, informative entertainment.

The narrator, Right Reverend Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, is taking us into the "little city" now. Look! why, it has its own post office. And do you see that woman over there—the one buying stamps—well, the money she is using is of the Vatican's own currency. It has the picture of former Popes on it.

Let us visit now the famous library—it is just a short distance. Across the street are the mailman and the baker, both citizens, just as every other inhabitant of the Vatican City, entirely independent of the government of Italy.

Ah! Here we are—I hardly noticed the walk trying to catch all the beautiful gardens and buildings in a glance. Oh, how imposing this age-old architecture is! Over to the right there is St. Peter's Basilica and there is the Sistine Chapel.

Shall we go into the library now—did you ever see so many books? ? All the money in the world could not purchase the treasures here. On that lower shelf are Henry VIII's letters to Anne Boleyn and here on this shelf are some works of Virgil and Cicero. Oh! if only one could travel through the pages of the whole seven miles of books. Any scholastic training would seem insignificant beside it.

I have read so much about the renowned Swiss Guards—now is my opportunity to see them. Oh yes! there they are in that corridor to the left. Down these stairs are the final resting places of the Popes. Look from this door and you can see the chapel in which is the immortal painting of the "Last Supper," only one of the priceless art treasures of the Vatican. Shall we visit the Sistine Chapel and give thanks to our God for giving us so peaceful and beautiful a city for the governing seat of the Roman Catholic Church? Kneeling, one feels lifted away from the spirit of the world into a world of calm and tran-

quility. A haven for God's children, scholars, holymen, and artists alike, is the Vatican City. We must leave now the quiet reverie of the chapel and the happy contentedness, to go into the world of wickedness. This afternoon's entertainment has taken us on a journey through the Vatican City and has recalled again to our minds with utter pleasure and satisfaction, the greatness and goodness of the Catholic Church.

Marilyn Rogers, XI,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS—"THE DUMB OX." By G. K. Chesterton.

This engrossing book in Chesterton's own words "makes no pretense to be anything but a popular sketch of a great historical character who ought to be more popular."

No sane man attempts to contradict the fact that St. Thomas was a great historical character, but neither may one deny that the Angelic Doctor's contemporaries left us precious little revelation concerning the more material aspects of his life.

No. Thomas Aquinas could never be reduced to an "ordinary" man. What "ordinary man" could renounce wealth and position, gold and power, all legitimately inherited, to join the Dominicans as one of the "half-mad traveling friars?"

What inspired Aquinas to rediscover Aristotle, and employ the works of this ancient philosopher as his creative influence of genius at a time when it was fashionably conceded by the literati and their vacillating satellites that Plato was "the" Philosopher and that Aristotle's philosophic system was scarcely adequate?

Thomas Aquinas' faith in God was the stimulus which set in motion the illimitable processes of his gigantic intellect, the stimulus which enabled him to rise to those heights of intellectual triumph attained by few men. Each treatise prepared by this great doctor revealed yet another facet of his jewel-like intellect which has lost none of its luster through seven centuries of doubt, despair, and godlessness.

In this book, Aquinas' theology has not been cut up piecemeal for lesser minds, but is left intact and as such is an invaluable source for contemplation and cogitation.

Chesterton gave but limited attention to personal description and biographical matter since this book was obviously not written to

amuse or idly entertain. It is neither "escapist" nor dull but simply a well-written piece of work concerning the life, times, and philosophy of one of the greatest thinkers who has ever lived.

Gloria O'Grady, XI,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

THE FLYING PRIEST OVER THE ARCTIC.
By Paul Schulte, O.M.I.

Because his dearest friend had died without physical or spiritual help, when only eighty miles from a hospital, Father Schulte founded the Missionary International Vehicular Association. This society provides transportation facilities for the isolated missions throughout the world.

Popularly known as the Flying Priest, Father Schulte in this book tells of the many adventures he had and the numerous mercy flights he made in the Arctic regions. These northern missions are the poorest and most isolated in the world. Airplane service is of great value in bringing supplies to the missions, bringing medical aid to the sick, and often bringing the sick to the hospital. Many lives have been saved through the use of this airplane called "The Flying Cross."

Depicting with much charm and realism the scenes of the cold north, Father Schulte creates an interest in this unknown land and its isolated inhabitants. He shows us how badly they need help and the severe mortifications endured by the priests who are carrying out the words of Our Lord, "Go ye, therefore, into all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Edith McGinty, XII-A,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

SNOW LADY.

We've built a lady out of snow,
Round and very fat;
We've dressed her up in Sarah's coat
And Mother's velvet hat.

She stands beside the garden bench,
Beneath the apple-tree;
Betty Lou has made her face
As real as real can be.

Nancy Ruscica, IX,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

The Spirit of Father Christmas

Once upon a time in a certain happy land there came into control a set of rulers who were very, very efficient. Within a fortnight they corrected everything and had the nation running smoothly. Everybody was housed, clothed, fed, and at work. Children were never naughty at school. Sick people were cured, and old people made comfortable; and there was no poverty, cheating, fighting, nor any other evils.

"Miraculous!" the world cried. The truth was that by some power these rulers had been able to influence the minds of each citizen so that everyone did just as he was ordered to do and thought just what he was told to think.

"It just shows," said the chief ruler, at a council-meeting, "that if you take care of men's bodies their minds will be at rest."

"Their hearts, too?" The question came softly from a fat little councillor with a twinkling eye and a white beard.

"Hearts!" exclaimed the councillor of health — "the heart is an"—

"I know," piped the little man, "but I was just thinking that Christmas is coming. What are we to do about Christmas?"

"Abolish it, of course," they cried in unison. So the decree went forth: "No Christmas this year," it said, and every man, woman and child in the country dutifully repeated: "No Christmas this year."

There was none of the old rush of shopping no whispering and hiding of packages in bureau-drawers. Postmen were not overburdened as they were others years; boys and girls behaved no better than they had all summer; and grown-ups talked as frankly as ever right in front of the whole family.

Then came a series of events that the council had not foreseen.

On the twentieth of December Mother Nature sent a snow-storm one quiet night and everybody woke to see a sparkling blanket laid over the land. The councillors saw in the pub-

lic square a huge snow-man with a battered silk hat on its head and twinkling eyes made out of two lumps of coal. It looked remarkably like the fat little councillor.

On the twenty-fourth a drug-store keeper remembered some candy-canes in his stock and put them in his window. Women seemed to be irresistibly drawn into their kitchens, and a mysterious odour began to float on the air—could it be mincemeat? Men were seen darting suddenly into shops and hurrying home with awkward parcels beneath their coats.

Three or four people began to sing carols. The beautiful voice of the organ sang "Silent Night, Holy Night." Bells began to ring—re-echoed thousands of little bells which made the very sky throb.

Just at midnight with one voice everybody in that sweet land turned to everybody else who was near and cried, "Merry Christmas!"

The council was having a late session that evening, working on a new tax-law. They were concentrating so

hard that not one of them heard the bells except that one fat little fellow. With startling energy he jumped up and cried: "Bless my soul! I must be going. I've got a lot to do and I'm late." He ran to the window—leaped on the sill. He looked upward. There was a jingle of bells and the prancing of hoofs. He looked down into the street, and to those who had tried to forget him, he shouted, "Happy Christmas!" Then turning back toward the council for an instant, he laid his finger aside his nose and added: "—and to all a good night!"

Evelyn Boyle,

Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

(In Loretto Rainbow, January, 1935)

"Santa Claus! I hope you come,"

This is the children's cry,

As happily into their beds they climb

To await the brightening sky.

Shirley Bolton, XI. (Guelph).



TILL YOU FIND IT.

He turned down St. Martin's Drive. Ever since he was a little boy trudging home from St. James', the long avenue had held an especial charm for him. Though it was like an enchanted street from one of Anderson's tales, one scarcely ever saw people on it—only the stately trees and houses. To-night, however, the street held irresistible fascination for him. Snow was falling, not clear white graceful flakes; these were heavy, sluggish, water-logged. The trees, so imposing in summer, now gaunt and bare, stretched scrawny, gaunt arms to the heavens. Suddenly a brightly lighted Christmas wreath in the window of one of the mansions caught the stroller's eye.

"Some fat capitalist," he muttered, glaring hatefully at the harmless festoon. "He can well afford to be happy over Christmas. Christmas spirit is only for those who can afford it."

Suddenly, out of nowhere he heard a voice chuckling. "You don't really believe what you're saying. If you do you must be very dense."

"Who said that?" The words came out haltingly, for the man was quite beside himself with fear.

"I did! And I—well, let's say I'm a Voice," the unseen speaker explained, and then continued: "This is what comes of throwing spit balls at Patrick O'Malley instead of listening to Brother Michael." The Voice paused, as if allowing the statement to penetrate, and then—"So, you believe that Christmas—"

The man interrupted, "Huh! If you expect a person to feel like singing 'Gloria in Excelsis' when he's got just seven cents in his pockets and nowhere to go, you're mad." The Voice was silent.

He turned onto Blair St., leaving the quiet avenue behind and entered the heart of the metropolis. The incandescent glow of thousands of electric lights against the sky; the strange, somehow rhythmic sounds of human voices, resounding feet, and impatient auto-horns blended. Here were the sights and sounds of a great city.

The Voice then spoke again: "See that couple in front of the store window. Go and stand beside them." The man obeyed. Now, close to the pair, he was able to study their features, and he noted that they were obviously of Nordic extraction—the fair hair and storm-grey eyes spoke for themselves.

The girl was talking and her tone was sad: "Look, Marc, those ornaments are just

like the ones we used to have at home." Then, as if ashamed of having been caught remembering, she pleaded: "The toys don't cost much. Let's have a Christmas tree."

The tall youth looked uncomfortable as he answered, "But, Anna, we have only sixty-five cents. . ." He hesitated and was quiet a moment before saying with determination, "But you are right. We have a new life ahead of us in which there is no place for sadness or useless memories. We will buy our tree and fix the crib under it as we used to do. We are young and willing. Surely God will help us."

A new faith shone in their eyes and the glow of it made the listener ashamed of his own cynicism. All around him people hustled and in most of their eyes he saw the same faith. It was as if all were saying in unison with the Voice within, "You poor, blind fool! Don't you realize that it is happening all over again? The Star is shining; the angels are singing; the shepherds are adoring; and *you* won't believe. You poor fool!"

The man stopped, "Voice, Voice!" he cried, "What if I were to reform?" In all the stories I've read, the man who changes his ways is some rich old dodo who proceeds on Christmas night to give half his fortune away to the so-called poor who really live like kings, on relief and charity! Anyway, I've seven cents. Shall I play Father Christmas to the mice?" The Voice, with infinite patience, answered him, "Well, I hear, Faith is contagious. I suppose we will have to keep walking and searching 'till you find it."

It's very strange, but Molly Malloy swears that she saw Old Man Cynic at St. Mary's for early Mass on Christmas morning.

Josephine Invidiata, XII,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THAT'S ALL!

Dear Santa, kind and jolly,
Since I've been so very good,
I'd like a pretty dolly,
Dressed in a bright blue hood.

My pussy's lost her ball,
My teddy bear, his eyes.
So, when you come to call,
Bring these, and a doll that cries.

There is nothing else I need,
Except perhaps a dress
And a book that I can read.
That's all! Please, nothing less!

Eileen Crawley, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES.

A jolly old man with a little red nose,
Twinkling blue eyes, and cheeks like a rose,
Is coming to call on Christmas Day
With eight prancing deer and a big red sleigh.

Down through our chimney this merry soul will
come
With presents galore and grand ones for some;
A doll for little sister; a train for young brother;
Cigars for our Daddy, and a fur coat for Mother.

He'll unload his sack, and then in a hurry,
Climb back up the chimney with a shout and a
scurry.
He'll hop into his sleigh, and with a glad toot
Will ride through the sky on his long route.

He'll pass around his gifts to the girls and boys,
And if you have been good you will get some toys,
So until Christmas Eve, twenty-fourth of
December,
Be good girls and boys—now, try to remember!

Mary Schuett, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

A LIST FOR SANTA.

Please, dear Santa, will you bring
Me books and games and a golden ring;
And a toboggan that will glide
O'er the snow, at Christmastide.

Oh, dear Santa, bring me skates,
A pound of candy, nuts, and dates;
And, Santa, would you care to leave
Me all these things on Christmas Eve

Gertrude Valeriotte, IX,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

MY LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa:
I've really done my best,
To keep up with the rest—
Now I may ask with zest

For many, many things,
Like bracelets, beads, and rings,
And maybe a bird that sings.

My stocking will be in place,
So, just come down with grace,
And take care of the doll dressed in lace.

I promise I won't peek,
If you bring the skates I seek
And a kitten soft and meek.

Dear Santa, I count on you,
So you can count on me, too!
For this year, and the new!

Yours,
Betty Zinger, IX,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

SANTA CLAUS.

In his gay red coat, fur trimmed and fleece lined,
With a jolly old face, so happy and kind,
From the top of his cap to the tip of his toes,
He's laden with good things, as everyone knows.

With his sled and reindeer, and huge, bulky pack,
That's strapped, at least twice, round his broad
back,
And with great long beard, as white as the snow,
How he climbs down the chimney one never can
know.

Across in the corner as quiet as a mouse—
He must not wake anyone in that huge house—
He unloads his brown pack, so happy and gay,
And then on tip-toe to the door makes his way.

The door squeaks on its hinges as he opens it wide,
And carefully, gently he steps outside;
Behind him he closes the door softly—oh!
And jolly he looks as he wades thro' the snow.

On, to each house, and now comes the last—
Dear old Santa has worked both long and fast—
Next into his sled, with a leap and a dash,
He's off through the sky, just as quick as a flash!

Mary Patricia Hurley, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

POEM TO SANTA CLAUS.

When everyone is sound asleep
When the sky is dark and snow is deep
When stars their lonely vigils keep,
Comes Santa Claus.

He visits everybody's house;
Creeps in as quiet as a mouse—
Down the chimney, so they say—
And leaves the toys for Christmas Day.

He stays a while to eat the cakes
That mother very thoughtfully bakes;
Then he's off again for another year,
When he will come, bringing Christmas cheer.

June Neil, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

THAT JOLLY OLD FELLOW.

One visit a year to good children he makes
Over glistening mountains and ice-covered lakes,
He comes in the night when all are in bed,
With black boots on his feet, and a red toque on
his head.

He slides down the chimney, as quiet as a mouse,
To Jane Brown he leaves a desired doll house,
Filling each stocking with goodies to eat,
He goes all about amidst snow and sleet.

And so on through the night he delivers his toys
To all the expectant good girls and boys.
Then back to the North Pole run his reindeer;
His work of distributing ends for one year.

Barbara Goetz, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

THE CRY OF A CHILD AT CHRISTMAS.

Jolly old Santa Claus,
In your suit of red,
Please bring to me at Christmas
A dolly and its bed.

Please bring for my brother
A train made of steel,
Cars, one after another,
Which will suit his appeal.

And bring for my mother
A coat made of fur,
A purse, and little hat
Which is pleasing to her.

Please bring for my father
A pipe, and other things;
He always likes exactly
The things that Santa brings.

And now, dear Santa, that is all
I ask of you this year,
And oh, I just hope and pray
That you will soon appear.

Muriel Goetz, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

SANTA CLAUS.

On Christmas Eve, the stockings small
Of little girls and boys,
Are hung up on the mantel-piece,
For Santa to fill with toys.

At night when all the children sleep,
And dream of happy things,
Then Santa comes with his big pack,
And to them joy he brings.

A doll that's dressed in pretty clothes,
A coloured spinning top,
A flashing set of soldiers brave,
Into their stockings, drop.

Katharine Hanlon, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

SANTA CLAUS.

He comes late at night,
As everyone knows,
A little fat man
With a twinkety nose—

With a twinkety nose,
Two keen, kindly eyes,
A round, rosy face
That all gloom defies—

That all gloom defies
As he stands 'neath the tree
And out of his bag
Pulls a gay gift for me.

Irene Healy, XI,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

A LITTLE REFUGEE'S WORRIES.

Mother, do you think he'll come?
After all, we're far from home!—
Don't you think it's rather far
For him to come to where we are?

Mother, do you think he'll bring
The things I asked for? Everything?
I didn't ask for very much—
Just things like toys, and clothes, and such.

Mother, do you think he'll know
That we came here, months ago?
Maybe he'll take my things to where
He thinks I still am—over there?

Oh dear! Perhaps I should have wrote
A "P.S." to my little note:
"Dear Santa Claus, we've moved, you know,
"Please bring my things to To-ron-to."

I don't think that it is too late
To write another note; or—wait!
Perhaps,—oh, yes, I think I could—
I'll telephone him! Yes, that's good!

The Operator probably
Will know his number, and tell me.
Then I'll 'phone him, so he'll know
Just exactly where to go!

Ethel Farkis, XI,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

SANTA CLAUS.

I hear his sleigh bells ringing now,
I'll pretend that I'm asleep,
For, oh! I want to see him
Coming down the chimney steep.

His feet come first, his red suit next,
And then his head pops out,
I hope to have a new surprise—
I will without a doubt.

His bag is brimming over
With toys for boys and girls,
He looks at me so slyly,
And shakes his snow-white curls.

There are roller skates for Peggy,
And a great big doll for Gail,
A soldier's drum for Tim,
And for Jack, a little pail.

No one was forgotten,
His work is finished here,
He scrambles up the chimney,
To his reindeer standing near.

Then again I hear his sleigh bells,
In the distance, they dimmer grow,
And dear old Santa is gone again,
To the land of frost and snow.

Noreen Dunn, X-A,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

UNWAVERING TRUST.

A tear trickled down Marilyn's cheek and fell at the feet of the Infant Jesus in the Crib. Softly the strains of organ music came to her; she bowed her head and let the tears fall freely. There was no one to see her crying up there at the front of the church—no one except the Infant; but then—He would understand. Marilyn was scarcely more than an infant herself—not yet quite eight years old. Now the choir had finished practising, and the members were coming downstairs; not wishing to be found there, Marilyn quickly kissed the Infant's feet and whispered, "I'll come again to-morrow, Baby dear," and left by a side door.

Marilyn threaded her way through the throngs of holiday shoppers. She was tempted by the brilliant window displays, but what she wanted for Christmas was not to be found in shop windows. Wistfully, the little girl turned towards home. Home?—two rooms above a little shop on a noisy street; but wherever Granny was, home was. Marilyn's mother had been dead for four years, and her father had disappeared soon after his wife's death. Though only four years old when she had last seen him, Marilyn could remember him quite distinctly—his thick, dark hair, friendly brown eyes, and broad shoulders.

That evening Granny asked Marilyn what she wanted for Christmas. Marilyn whispered something into the old lady's ear.

"Bless you, child! so do I," said her grandmother, smiling.

Later, Marilyn and Granny were getting ready for Midnight Mass, when they heard a step coming along the narrow hall. Each held her breath, wondering. A polite knock, and then—Daddy! Two rushed into his arms and he held them there, with tears of gratitude brimming his eyes.

As the three walked to church, the newcomer gave an account to his mother and child of what had happened to him. His wife's death, he said, had been such a shock to him that he had been stricken with amnesia. He had wandered out West, and there he had prospered. Lately scenes of his former life came back to him and gradually he had fully recovered his memory. He had returned and begun a ceaseless search for his family. Yesterday he had seen a little girl hurrying out of St. Anne's Church and, though uncertain, he had followed her; then he had lost her in the crowds; but to-day he had gone again to

St. Anne's, and this time his pursuit had been successful.

With happy hearts all three entered the church. The little one stole softly up to the Crib and whispered:

"Thank you, Baby Jesus, dear! I knew that You would bring him back to us."

Mary Russica, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

HEIGH HO! HEIGH HO! IT'S OUT TO WORK WE GO!

Nothing is impossible to anybody on earth who wants to reach a particular point or state of life. With constant work we get everything we want.

When we first came upon the earth, Providence had already decided what we were going to be. In a certain place, at a particular time, we could do something great, but only if we worked constantly.

Napoleon once said that this sentence, "I cannot do it," was not French. He had the right to say that, for he himself had shown what point a man can reach with will and perseverance. It is easy to see that everybody cannot reach such a high condition, because talents are not distributed equally to all; but each one has to do his utmost to get the best he can out of life.

Perhaps it is hard sometimes; probably one will be discouraged about her work often enough; but this is just a question of habit and as soon as we begin to like what we are doing, everything becomes easy.

In this modern time, which is our time, every one should think of the absolute necessity of work; because things are not sure at all, and one day those who have always lived in a dream-world may regret these lost minutes. Consequently, it would be no more than sensible if, instead of drifting without an ideal, each one would make up her mind to make her life a beautiful thing.

Going back through history, we see people fighting for what they call freedom, rights of men, liberty—but if no one wants to work, what will come out from these beautiful ideals? Nothing! We can be proud of success, achievement, victory,—only when to win them, we have worked!

Angeline Tremblay, Chicoutimi, P.Q.,
Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A CHRISTMAS.

Around the corner from Picadilly Circus, Janet huddled miserably in the corner of the Small's basement. Her hands covered her ears, and her eyes were screwed up tight. She was afraid—horribly afraid! Around her were Mother, Father, Jerry, Edith, and Pansy, the cat. Silently this family crouched there, and lips moved in inaudible prayer. Janet was the exception. In the midst of her terror, she remembered that to-morrow was Christmas—Christmas, when everyone was joyful; lips were sticky with sweets; presents lay in a colourful heap on the floor, and the Christmas-tree shone and sparkled in the morning sun. How well little Janet knew, however, that this year there would be no presents, no candy, no Christmas-tree! This was war!

Suddenly, a bomb fell near by; there was a terrifying explosion; the house shook, and all the windows rattled. Janet wanted to scream; she wanted to run to her mother, and find protection in those loving arms, but she could not move; she was paralyzed with fear. And then, at last, she was able to scream: "Mother, it's going to hit; it's going to hit!" Janet felt a touch of lips on her forehead. She started, "It's all right, dear," her mother's soft voice said, "we're all safe. You've had a long sleep, and there was no air-raid to-night. Merry Christmas, dear!"

A dream. She had only dreamt it, and to-day was really Christmas! Of course, there were no presents, or tree, but what did it matter? God had once more spared them all and their home, too. An overwhelming joy surged through Janet and the whole family. They realized as they had never done before, that the real joy of Christmas is not in material things—it is over and above that—it is in the knowledge that once again Christ is born, and there is "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Anita Goggio, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

When Christmas draws near,
All the stores and the shops,
Display in their windows,
Dolls, toys and tops—
These for the children!
But for grown-ups too,
Are dresses, cosmetics,
And sportswear all new.

Katharine Hanlon, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

AN OPEN FORUM.

On the afternoon of December 11th, an open forum on the peace programme of the Holy Father was held in the auditorium of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls. The Junior College students presented the points for discussion.

Mary Lee Forhan opened the programme by giving the following sketch of the Sword of the Spirit Movement:

At the close of 1940, this great movement of the Sword of the Spirit was launched in England. The reason for its inception was that the foremost leaders in Christian thought realized that this war was a clash of ideologies. On one side was Nazism, based on twin heresies—first on the idea of a master race (which necessarily entails the subjection of all other nations); secondly, on the principle that the State holds complete authority over the individual, and that there is no power above the State and, therefore, it can do no wrong. On these evil principles a definite programme of action was established known as the "New Order." It was to be imposed on all Europe, and promised prosperity to all who embrace it. To oppose this clear-cut, widely-publicized code, the democratic States had only a few vague, undefined slogans to offer, such as, "democracy" and "freedom." Again—there were groups, even among the allied nations, in sympathy with fascism or communism; and still larger groups whose views were wholly materialistic, and who regarded all things in terms of dollars and cents. It became more and more evident in the face of all these conditions that, even if we won the *war*, we were doomed to lose the *peace*, unless a statement could be presented to the despairing peoples of the world that would outline a new order based on Christian principles. Looking about for such a programme, the churchmen of England found this New Order embodied in the Five Peace Points of Pius XII, and so, on September 21st, a letter appeared in the London Times, signed by the Archbishops of Westminster, of Canterbury, of York, and by the Moderator of the Free Churches, which might be called the manifesto of the Sword of the Spirit Movement. The signers accepted the Five Peace Points as basic principles for the reorganization of international life.

The Religious leaders understood that to put across such a programme, in the face of the opposition it would meet, needed the support of every Christian force in the world. Consequently, the Sword of the Spirit Move-

ment was formed and sponsored by the heads of the three Churches in England—the Catholic, the Anglican, and the Free Churches—taking as its motto the words of St. Paul, "And having on the breast plate of justice, take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit—which is the word of God," and taking as its two weapons, study and prayer. The aim of the Movement is twofold: first, by study, discussion, and action to spread the knowledge of the laws which should govern international life, laws which are our Christian heritage, and thus to break down national and class prejudice and enlighten public opinion; secondly, by a crusade of prayer to move the hearts and wills of the rulers and statesmen who will formulate the peace.

With the advent of Russia into the war its task has become heavier, for another anti-Christian factor menaces the peace-table. But the Sword of the Spirit is armed to meet even this challenge. It has now reached every democratic belligerent country, and it calls with redoubled fervour on every man, woman, and child, who believes in Christ, to help in this crusade to establish a just and lasting peace in the world.

* * *

The next speaker, Miss Patricia O'Brien, explained that the Peace Points of the Holy Father were based on the fundamental principles of the moral law, namely:

1. That all men are children of the same Father, redeemed by the Blood of Christ, invited to become members of the Mystical Body; and no difference of race, language, or color can destroy this unity.

2. That each individual is created in the image and likeness of God and, therefore, endowed with certain natural rights and certain duties towards his Creator; and likewise endowed with certain social instincts, and so tends to form groups—the family, the state, et cetera.

3. That the individual in society develops duties towards his fellowmen; hence arises the need of authority, which is founded on the natural law and comes from God.

4. That all the peoples of the world form one society under God, are destined to share a common good; are interdependent; and subject to the moral law which has for end the welfare of the whole human race.

5. That the earth and the fulness thereof were created by God for all mankind and,

therefore, all peoples have the right of access to its natural products

The speech concludes:

These moral principles have been taught by the Church through the ages. They are embodied in the Encyclicals of the popes and form the basis of the Peace Programme of Pius XII. The five points were then developed in the following order: First Point, Miss Edna Maloney; Second Point, Miss Ann Haydock; Third Point, Miss Mary Piakowski; Fourth Point, Miss Marguerite Fisher; Fifth Point, Miss Margaret Wissler.

At the conclusion of each speech, points of discussion were raised by members of the Senior Grades, with three to six minutes devoted to discussion. The texts of the speeches, in brief, were as follows:

* * *

First Peace Point.

Every nation, great or small, powerful or weak, must be given the right to life and independence. The will of one nation to live must never mean the sentence of death passed upon another, and when this right of life and independence has been infringed upon, reparation must be made.

This first point of the Pope's programme is based on the moral principle that has just been quoted, namely, that all peoples are children of God, endowed by the natural law with the right to life and freedom of conscience, of speech, of assembly, and of pursuit of their way of life. If all men are equal before God, all nations are also, since nations are made up of individuals. The natural law, which allows life and freedom to the individual, gives the same right to the nation.

Again, it is an ethical principle that all nations form, under God, a single society, subject to a common law,—the Moral Law. Just as families that comprise a nation are interdependent socially, racially, and economically, so nations are interdependent. They share a common destiny and are bound by the same obligations of justice to their fellow-nations, as men to their neighbours. If an individual injures his neighbour in person or property he is bound by the civil law to make reparation; in the same way, a state which injures another state should be compelled by international law to make restitution.

History shows that all acts of aggression by strong nations against weak ones, have been based on the theory of the Sovereign State, namely, that a nation is bound by no

law but its own will, and acknowledges no power above itself; thus, acts of aggression were justified, by the assumption that the aggressor nation was superior in race, civilization, resources, or power, and therefore had the right to oppress weaker ones to insure its own welfare. Flagrant examples, in recent times, of this injustice, are: The Nazi conquest of Europe, and Russia's seizure of the Baltic States. In the history of the past, we have the various partitions of Poland by the same nations.

An aggressor nation always employs the same tactics. It stirs up hatred and jealousy against its proposed victim, then builds up military forces strong enough to crush all opposition.

It is to check this tendency and to safeguard weak states, that Pius XII emphasizes disarmament, physical and spiritual, in his next point.

* * *

Second Peace Point.

Nations must be delivered from the slavery imposed upon them by the Race of Armaments, and the danger that that force, instead of serving to protect the rights, may become an overwhelming and tyrannical master. Any peaceful settlement which fails to give the fundamental importance to a mutually agreed upon progressive disarmament, spiritual as well as material, will sooner or later fail.

Since by the moral law a nation has a right to existence and independence, it also has a right to armaments to protect its life and independence; on the other hand, no nation has the right to build up a huge war machine in order to impose its will on other nations or to deprive them of their property. Such action causes others to build up a rival to this war machinery. Given these conditions, a trifling occurrence may precipitate war. The race for armaments becomes in time an intolerable burden to the citizens of the nation. A prominent statesman has said, "What the nations of the world spend on armaments and their upkeep would wipe away the slums of the cities, educate the children of the world and restore prosperity to all mankind."

Peace does not come from war, violence breeds violence. Peace is the work of justice, not victory, and whether the race for armaments can be halted gradually and progressively will depend on the World Order that is established at the close of the war.

If there is to be material disarmament there must also be spiritual disarmament. This

means allaying instead of exciting the passions of hatred, fear, pride and greed, which makes nations regard each other as enemies.

When peace is declared, a new and Christian world order cannot be established unless peoples and rulers regard other countries (even the belligerents) not as enemies and rivals, but as fellow-members of the family of nations. To quote Pope Pius XII in his address on peace, "Treaties, Tribunals, and Institutions are only lifeless bodies unless they are motivated by, and carried out with, good will towards all nations."

* * *

Third Peace Point.

This Third Point deals with the need, when peace is established, of setting up some international institution, an institution with power to supervise the carrying out of the peace terms, and to promote the peace and general welfare of all nations. The necessity of such a tribunal has been held by the Church for centuries. The need springs from the relation of nations to each other and is based on the ethical principle that all peoples of the world form one society under God. All nations are interdependent, economically, socially, and biologically.

At the present time the inventions and discoveries of science have so inter-related nations that they cannot remain isolated, and the need for such an institution is more urgent than ever. The world is the third circle of human society. The first being the family; the second, the state of which the family is the unit; the third, international society (the world) of which the state is the unit.

Just as states must have laws to regulate the relation of families, and a central authority to enforce these laws, and to promote the general welfare; so the society of nations must have international laws and a central authority, independent of, and above any single nation.

In this point, the Pope speaks of attempts made in the past to establish such institutions, and he urges that the defects which caused their failure be avoided in the reorganization of international life. Though not named, it is fairly evident that the failure of the League of Nations is implied. The League was inaugurated with great pomp and ceremony and the hopes of the world were centred in it. To-day, it might be said of it, as Antony said of Caesar's body, "There is none so poor as to do it reverence."

Why did it fail? Reams have been written on this *why*, and many contradictory statements made; but the general opinion seems to be that the League failed for two reasons: First—all nations did not join; Second—it had no power to enforce its decrees.

But the more profound thinkers go to the root of the cause. The League of Nations failed to maintain peace, because peace is the fruit of justice; and justice in its fullest sense means giving God His due and man his due, in accordance with the moral law of God. But the framers of the League thought in terms of human law. Their ideal, so far as they had one, was humanitarianism, not the charity of Christ. And against the claims of self-interest of each nation, humanitarianism proved inadequate. The preamble of the League failed to mention God or divine law, therefore its members had no common ground on which to base their decisions. It failed again, because it had to contend against the weight of public opinion in each country. Propaganda, then as now, had coloured national views. Each nation sought its own welfare.

Now, the Sword of the Spirit movement is designed to enlighten public opinion that all may think in terms of world welfare; for the world is the organic whole, and even as the body must suffer if any of its members is sick, so must all nations suffer if one nation is oppressed.

* * *

Fourth Peace Point.

As the first point dealt with the political rights of nations, of all classes, so the fourth point deals with the economic needs of nations. It runs thus:

“If a better European settlement is to be reached, there is one point, in particular, which should receive special attention; it is the real needs and the just demands of nations and populations and of racial minorities. If the balance between nations is thus adjusted and the foundation of mutual confidence thus laid, many incentives to violent action will be removed.”

Even as individuals have a moral right to living space and a living wage, to bring up a family in decent comfort, so nations have a natural right to provide their citizens with these opportunities. And just as there is maldistribution of wealth among individuals, so among nations there are the haves and the have-nots—that is, there are nations which have a superabundance of land and natural re-

sources for the accumulation of wealth; and other nations which lack these advantages.

In urging an adjustment, in this regard, as a necessary condition for lasting peace, the Pope's plea is based on the principle of moral law, namely: that God created the earth and its resources for mankind in general, not for any particular people or race; that the goods which God created for the benefit of men, should flow out to all men, according to the rules of justice and charity. Gifts intended by God for all, should be made accessible to all.

This principle is violated, when nations, dowered with abundant raw material for manufacturing, shut out small and poor nations from access to them by putting up high tariffs and closed markets. Yet, these raw materials are the very life-blood of industries of all countries; and nations, so deprived, have a great incentive for improving their position even by violence.

A step towards improving these conditions has been taken by the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Great Britain in the fifth article of the Atlantic Charter.

Quote: “These two countries will endeavour, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment by all States, great and small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity.” Unquote.

Under the same head of economic needs and demands may be placed the question of immigration. Many countries in Europe are over-populated. Their land and resources will not support their present population. In other parts of the world, for example, in the North American Continent and parts of the British Empire, are vast areas, uncultivated, wholly or partially. Yet since the war, immigration has been severely restricted in all countries which could be an asylum for immigrants.

As it would be at variance with the Moral Law for one man to hold a vast estate of fertile land for private parks and pleasure grounds, while his neighbour had not sufficient soil to eke out even a bare existence, so it is at variance with the Moral Law for a Nation which has unused resources to shut its gates to deserving immigrants.

The Holy Father adds these claims of needy countries may not be based on a strictly legal right but, nevertheless, he urges that they be considered and adjustments made. He

stresses again and again that justice must be linked with charity.

"In the course of Justice, none of us should see salvation," pleads Portia, and His Holiness, in words of like import, says—"Permanent Peace is the fruit of Justice tempered by Charity." His fifth point, to be discussed by the next speaker, is wholly concerned with the idea of charity.

* * *

Fifth Peace Point.

The fifth point of the Pope's peace programme demands that rulers and peoples be motivated by justice and charity in their public acts. In the four preceding points, the Holy Father deals with regulations and agreements that should bind nations together, namely: (1) that moral right should be substituted for violence and force; (2) that nations agree to cease to arm against each other; (3) that an international tribunal be erected to settle disputes between states; (4) that all nations by mutual agreement should have access to the natural products of the earth.

In the fifth point the Pope emphasizes the fact that unless institutions and covenants are carried on in the spirit of love and generosity they are doomed to failure, and that permanent peace is the fruit of both justice and charity. He urges that unless they are willing to face the prospect of final chaos, rulers and people must come to understand that the common welfare of all nations depends on the individual welfare of each nation.

In the past it was generally held that the relations among states ought to be governed by justice, but exempt from charity. The Holy Father refutes this view.

Since states are moral persons they are united by the same bonds of humanity as physical persons. Men do not cease to be brothers in the human family when they become grouped into states, nor do they rid themselves of the obligations of charity when they take on the character of national citizens, for charity is as necessary for human welfare among states as among individuals.

The great foe to this international charity which the Pope insists upon as the basis of a true peace is extreme nationalism. This has been defined as a proud and boastful habit of mind about one's nation, accompanied by a hostile attitude towards other nations. Pope Pius XII, in his great encyclical on the Peace of Christ, says, "true love of country is debased when we forget that all men are our

brothers and we are members of the same great human family, and that all other nations have an equal right with us to both life and prosperity."

Let me conclude with the words of the Holy Father in his Christmas message on international peace:

"If ever there were an aim worthy of the concourse of noble and generous spirits; if ever there arose a spiritual crusade which with new truth sounded the cry, 'God wills it,' it is truly this high aim and this crusade—to lead people back from the muddy gulf of material and selfish interests to the living fountain of Divine Law, and to those ideals which are at the same time the real ends of peace based on justice and love."

"God can do all things. As well as the happiness and the fortunes of nations, He holds in His hands human counsels, and sweetly 'turns them in whatever direction He wills.

"Pray then, pray without ceasing, pray that He in His mercy may shorten the days of trial, and inspire and enlighten those who hold the destiny of nations in their hands.

"Then, and only then, will the world know and live in the 'unity of faith and love' which will bring peace, prosperity and happiness to all mankind."

It is then a great and lofty goal which is set by the "Sword of the Spirit"—high crusade in which we are invited to join, for it is nothing less than the winning of our entire civilization for Christ.

Gratitude

By ALINE MICHAELIS.

As after music comes an interlude
Of barren silence where no joy has part,
So is the life which, lacking gratitude,
Sends forth no praise from out its brooding
heart.

And like the petals of a scentless rose,
Though lovely, frail, and exquisite of line,
Is every life without the priceless dower
Of thankfulness for each day's gifts divine.

How blest are they who find in little things—
A bird's clear note, a newly-budded rose—
Some cause for thanks to soar on lifted wings.
For all the bounties that the hours disclose!
How every joy grows richer, sweeter, viewed
Through the wise eyes of humble gratitude!

BEAUTIFUL SPEECH.

How it grates on the ear to hear ungrammatical talk! The beauty of speech is not in the excessive use of flowery words, but in correct and simple language. Colour in speech gives life, zest, and interest to conversation. The most beautiful speeches ever given were those of Jesus Christ. His audiences were rapt and spellbound by the beauty of His speeches. We say what we think; then we must have beautiful thoughts to put the true meaning into beautiful speech. Poetry, though uninteresting to the less educated mind, will usually find appreciation in the minds and hearts of the truly educated; beauty will appeal whether it be expressed in music, art, or words. Those of us who have not the talent to express our thoughts in such an outstanding way, frequently discover an outlet to our own thoughts in the works of others, whose talents were given to feed the hungry minds of the less fortunate. It does not take material wealth to acquire beautiful speech, for there are numerous examples of great people who were born in poor surroundings, and yet became the greatest orators of all times. Let us follow the example and develop in ourselves that outstanding and truly lovable quality of beautiful speech, which is the mark of a lady.

Patricia Thompson, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Dear little Lord, 'twas You who came,
Two thousand years ago,
Upon this lovely world of ours
'Mid cold—and was there snow?

Your sweet pink face was all aglow
With love for such as I;
You didn't have Your stocking filled,
No Christmas-tree was nigh.

The shepherds loved You—so do I.
The Wise Men, too, adored,
As from a distant land they came,
To find their Infant Lord.

The candle in our window shines,
To light You on Your way,
As through the busy streets You go,
To make the sad hearts gay.

So, dear Christ Child, please hear my prayer:
Remember us this night;
Our war-torn world is sore in need
Of peace, to end our plight.

Amen.

Estelle Gauthier, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

FAVORITES OF MINE

Millions were there! Eyes gleamed with anticipation! It was Hollywood's night of nights—outsetting her most gala premier.

On this evening not only Hollywood, but all the world, bowed in tribute to a great work, a great actor. The occasion was that the widely acclaimed, "Good Bye Mr. Chips", written by James Hilton, was being produced under the same title in the motion picture. Robert Donat, who so vividly portrayed the memorable Mr. Chips, received the award for the most outstanding performance of the year 1939.

The story was stirring; even more so the picture! Brookefield, English tradition, and England herself, in peace and in war, were presented just as Mr. Hilton wished them to be. The lovable Mr. Chips, whom James Hilton introduced, and all the world so enthusiastically accepted, won his way into the hearts of thousands.

Hilton's "Good Bye Mr. Chips" is my favorite book, just as "Good Bye Mr. Chips" is my favorite motion picture.

Patricia LaPointe, Grade XII,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie,
Michigan.

LITTLE JESUS.

To-day You were born
In a stable so low,
Beneath a bright star
That travelled all slow
To guide the rich kings
And shepherds so mild
Who were the first guests
To see You, O Child!

Dear Baby Jesus,
So small and so sweet,
Laid in a manger
Around which we meet,
Help us to love You—
To do as you bid,
And, in all we accomplish,
Do good, as You did.

Betty Baxter, X,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Jesus was born on Christmas Day,
And in a manger cold He lay.
The shepherds came with joy and love,
To see the Saviour from above.

Three Wise Men travelled from the East
To find this King of Love and Peace
Who lay in the manger fast asleep,
While countless angels watch did keep.

Mary Cronin, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's School, Hamilton.

REGIONAL MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL PRESS ASSOCIATION

On October 11, the annual Regional Meeting of the Catholic School Press Association was held at Providence High School in Chicago, Illinois. The student delegates who assembled had never met before but they were acquainted in their efforts; that is, to create in the student body an appreciation of the Catholic Press and to promote its cause. The welcoming address was given by the Very Reverend Jerome W. De Pencier, Editor of the Servite Magazine. Father De Pencier spoke on Fiction as a Medium of Truth. He said that Catholic literature will save people from reading the trash that is on the news stands today.

One of the highlights of the meeting was the address given by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, who developed the idea that great harm has been done to the Catholic cause by the press, because there is no stronger educative force. It can destroy the Christian ideals and way of thinking. So if the press can act in this way for the harm of the reading public why cannot we use it to foster Christian ideals. He also said that one of the major problems of the Catholic Press is that people are not interested in it enough to read it but by building up an intelligent laity to read the Catholic Press we would eliminate this problem. The Archbishop emphasized that the Catholic Press take inspiration from the liturgy and since the liturgy is nothing more than the Church praying, there can be no Catholic Press without prayer.

Another one of the speakers was Dean J. L. O'Sullivan, Director of the Catholic School Press Association. Dean O'Sullivan said that the journalists of to-morrow must go into the world of to-morrow with humility. Men have forgotten the principles of the world in which they live but it is the duty of the journalist to bring these back. Most important is that everything we write indicates whether we are living a true life of grace or not. The journalist must understand the Church and in this way bring it closer to himself and to others. The world needs journalists who will substitute truth for hypocrisy and love for hatred.

After these distinguished speakers there were classes where the students could go to get ideas for their own school publications. Such as classes in Typography, Photography, and how to make the year book original.

The afternoon session was very interesting in that there were two noted authors present,



one of them being Helen C. White. She said that the reason she wrote historical romances was that it was an escape for herself and the reader from the present day surroundings and she likes the life of the period. One of the qualities of her books that brings the characters and the readers together although she wrote about mediaeval times is that she brings the diction up to the present.

The other author was Mr. Maurice Leahy who talked on Irish writers. He said that these great men although they were very busy, liked nothing better than to go to some little church to Mass and so relieve some of their worries and cares by talking to God.

After a day so full of ideas and beautiful thoughts gathered from listening to such distinguished representatives of Catholic literature, the students felt that now they were more able to be worthy candidates for the Catholic Press.

Marylon Kiley, Grade XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

LAND OF DREAMS.

There's a country that I know,
Where I always love to go—
You can't take a ship or train,
You can't take an aeroplane;
You just sit down in a chair,
And breathe easily the air,
And before you know it—
You're off, to the Land of Dreams!

When you get there, you will find
Many fairies, good and kind,
Who will take you to their queen,
And you'll gaze upon a scene
That is all a rosy hue,
Bright and fresh as morning dew.
Oh, you'll never want to leave—
This realm called Land of Dreams!

Virginia Bloomster, IX,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST

Europe is a continent which seems to be submerged in a self-made chaos. Here in open warfare thousands are daily killed for what purpose—many of them know not. On an open battle-field literally millions have gathered together to further an unjust cause, with, consequently no great apparent success. Here we have a picture of an anti-Christian economic, and material war, based entirely upon the hatred and greed of the so-called superior beings.

Besides such an illustration of avarice and hate, in the annals of history there will be found another scene, the theme and key-note of which is love and an unselfish spirit of sacrifice.

In a vast area there gathered together some two thousand people with one purpose in mind, to combat the communism and propaganda of our present day. Young and old were there placing their faith in the hands of competent generals. The battle song was sung, the fight was on. With a conviction that belied the terror in some hearts, the throng surged on. Their colours raised high, their leader in full view. Spurred on by the orations of the head, inspired as it were from above, they were elated, enthusiastic in their sureness of success. Countless voices were raised in one great plea to Heaven. All things were placed in the hands of the Supreme being!

In Soldiers' Field, Sunday evening, Sept. 14, 1941, to the majestic and heartfelt strains of "Holy God" rallied the Youth, the Army, Navy, and Air Corps. The elders followed to give support; the Clergy for spiritual guidance; and Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for inspiration. Four meditations followed, which tended to strengthen our fervour and purpose. As there is strength in unity, so there was strength and unity in our community prayers, for we all prayed for one purpose, Peace.

There under a canopy of stars stood an altar forty feet high, evoking all the splendor of the Catholic liturgy. There, too, was the King of Kings, Jesus Christ. There for three minutes an earnest, thoroughly hopeful throng bowed down in humble adoration as the trumpets blared, the cannon roared, the chimes pealed forth, and from heaven was let fall an actual shower of roses, in humble homage to the All Holy Lord. After Benediction the Divine Praises were recited and the Holy Name pledge given.

This demonstration of true Catholicity was

the climax to the unceasing efforts of the Holy Name men of Chicago, whose highest goal is "that in the name of Jesus every knee shall bend." This was the Catholic Holy Hour.

A scene such as this justifies our saying that the undying faith which has echoed through the past centuries is still alive. And while there is life, there is hope—hope—in God!

Janice Read, Grade XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago.

SCHOOL SHOES.

There they are—over there in the corner; look at them! Aren't they a specimen? Did you ever see such a forsaken sight in your life? I wonder if anything in the world is so loathsome and at the same time so pathetic as school shoes? I doubt it. In fact, the more I think of it, the more my disbelief increases.

Now just concentrate on it. What do school shoes remind you of? Yes, Exactly, School! To continue on the subject—what does school suggest? Books, history reports, math. assignments, long-overdue homework. As long as school reminds you of all the distasteful things you can think of, and school shoes recall school, little wonder that they are loathsome.

Then, look at the condition of them! Worn five days out of every week, they're bound to fray about the edges. Out in the rain, the slush, the snow, the dust, the mud; dragged along rough pavements, stepped on in crowded thoroughfares, they're pathetic. Honestly, they receive worse treatment than—well, shall we say, school books? Nobody loves them, poor old shoes! I think they even hate themselves. But does anyone do anything about it? Does anyone even want to? No. Why should we?

Elizabeth Neesen,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

O COME, LET US ADORE HIM!

'Twas heavenly peaceful on that morn
In the stable, low and dim,
When a little Babe, the Christ, was born—
O come, let us adore Him!

He came to earth that we might live,
And, too, His love would bring;
Let us, in turn, our praises give
To Him, Our Saviour, King!

Then let our voices sweetly sing
The songs of faith and love
That gentle angels, rapturous, bring
As prayers to Him, above!

Rita Clarke, III,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

A PROTEST.

Variety is the spice of life and this applies even to literature. If every author had the same style, used the same subjects, and created the same characters and atmosphere, reading would become a bore. Therefore, Miss Helen Ujinski, I believe your criticism of E. A. Poe in the October issue of Loretto Rainbow was rather unfair. Dickens wrote about Christmas ghosts; why couldn't Poe write about cemetery ghosts and coffins?

Atmosphere is an integral feature of a well-written tale. I think you admitted Poe was a great author when you described the air of weirdness and gloom that he succeeded in creating. It is also a credit to Poe's talent and ingenuity that his narratives have never sunk to the level of common detective stories.

But I think, in order to settle this dispute, that you, Miss Ujinski, dear Edgar Allen with his ghosts, and I, should meet some gloomy, windy night in a lonely, haunted cemetery, and discuss the whole subject amicably. Don't you agree?

Josephine Invidiata, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

VATICINATION.

Margaret O'Keefe is our president gay;
A Loretto nun she'll be some day.
Miss Clare McLaughlin will keep in her fold,
Hundreds of children left out in the cold.
Miss Bailie shall rule a house of her own,
Because, as a judge, she'll have won great renown.
Mary Scholes will live in her own little hive,
Two girls and three boys, a family of five.
Miss Macklin will have a thousand and one
Sweaters and socks that she knitted, for fun.
Miss Higgins will be a dear, loving wife
To a man who'll have made a successful life.
Miss Gamble will be, as she is to-day,
Cheerful and happy, ever ready to play.
No doubt Miss Beryl's philosophical ways
Will stay with her still throughout all her days.
Clare Smith with her singing will win much fame;
The world will ring with the sound of her name.
Miss Love, an actress, will rise very high;
The whole world will know her; her name won't die.

Mary Harding will still be gentle and sweet,
And marry the captain of a large fleet.
Kay Rogers will prove a very good nurse;
None of her patients will leave in a hearse.
Marion Grady will shine in a school,
And teach all the children the golden rule.
Joan Glatt will be a good secretary;
A handsome young man, she's bound to marry.
Miss Jordan won't have her Fourth Form troubles;
Stamps and the like, will vanish like bubbles.
Miss Sullivan will a great doctor be,
And make you feel better, for a nominal fee.

Compliments of
P. CULOTTA & CO., Ltd.
 WHOLESALE FRUIT AND PRODUCE
 67 Colborne St., Toronto 2. LL. 8223

Marcella will be a social leader;
Thousands of people will flock to meet her.
Clare Byrne will marry a man very tall—
In contrast to her, because she's so small.
A journalist famed will be our Josephine;
A writer more skilled will never be seen.
Irene Kelly's days of work will be done,
When she will have married her boss's son.
And our Lillian with her cooking so good,
Will have all the dates she possibly could.
Irene Adams—who could ever have guessed?—
Will be a nun, and will be one of the best.
Mary Boufford will follow the praiseworthy call,
Of teaching small children; she'll love them all.
Emelia will wear the gold wedding ring
Of a young man, who does profoundly love swing.
Now what of Velma, with the dark brown eyes?
High in position her husband will rise.
Rena will be a famous sensation;
Her music will be the world's inspiration.
Joan Conway will soon display all her knowledge,
When standing first at some famous college.
Miss Norma Claire Klersy will model clothes,
For she's winsome now as a talisman rose.
Helen Jones a dear nun will never be—
And that's my opinion, ah me! ah me!
Miss Dennis, by means of her sweet speaking voice,
Will convey a sweet "yes" to the man of her choice.
Now Bernadette Keeloo, with eyes so blue,
To her husband will forever be true.
Miss Cull, who is—shall I say?—like a flower,
In public speaking above all will tower.
Please do not judge of my taste by this verse,
But only say, "It could have been worse!"

Mary Jane Tully, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

P.S.—Mary Jane, some day, we can plainly see,
Will be great in the art of poetry!
The Class.

HOLY NIGHT.

And it came to pass that peaceful night,
As on the earth His star shone bright,
The Infant Jesus Christ was born,
Foretold by prophets in the world's morn.

The heavens sang; shepherds rejoiced,
And by the angels, peace was voiced;
The Magi watched the star that shone;
Its rays to Bethlehem led them on.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, we see,
Made the ideal Family,
For Jesus from His Heaven above
Had come to earth with all His love.

Rosemary Daleo, X.
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

A LESSON.

I remember hearing of an artist who, after months of arduous labour, completed a picture which he placed in an art exhibit. In order to learn the views of art critics and others who viewed the canvas, the artist, in disguise, mingled with the crowd and now and then asked someone what he thought of the painting. Many thought it magnificent. Some considered it wonderful because of the fine colour effects; others, because of the realistic appearance of the figures portrayed.

However, these praises of the work's technical perfections did not satisfy the artist. Finally he came on a gentleman who was neither an art critic nor an artist, and who lauded the picture because it taught a great lesson. This was the answer which the artist had expected from all, and yet he had received it from only one man!

Well, in much the same manner as this artist's lesson was overlooked in the glory of his painting, so the great and difficult lessons in the story of the Nativity of Our Lord are overlooked in the beauty of the Bible's simple language. When it describes the first Christmas it teaches in a threefold manner the most difficult virtue—humility. On that first Christmas, "God was made man." To any rational being it would seem fitting and most probable that the Creator and Lord of all the universe would be born in some magnificent castle and would rule the whole world. But it was otherwise. Christ was born in a hovel for cattle and He was deprived of the most ordinary comforts. Here, indeed, was humility; for God became man and partook of the poorest the earth could give. The Blessed Virgin, as one reads about her in the Bible story of the Nativity, demonstrates her humility. Anyone with a normal heart will allow that Mary, since she was to be the Mother of God, would at least welcome her child at home. But it was not to be. Mary, in obedience to the edict of the Emperor, made the difficult journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem and the miraculous birth of her Child was in a squalid stable.

Saint Joseph, that silent man, completes the lesson from the Christmas story. In obedience to the will of God he espoused the Blessed Virgin. In silence he accepted the mystery that Mary would bear the Son of God. How well might he have complained when he was required to take Mary all the way to Bethlehem! Would it have been asking too much that his tired young wife

should have a pillow on which to place her head after the trying journey? But Joseph, too, bore all his trials without a murmur.

These three holy figures, Jesus, Mary and Joseph, show us the true meaning of humility. From the story of the Nativity of Our Lord we may draw the example and the courage to humble our wills and become as children in the eyes of God.

In this article I have recalled some of the thoughts given to us during a Holy Hour by the Reverend Father M.

Beryl McDermid, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

Silently and swift or slow,
A snow-flake somewhere starts to go,
Floating down here from afar,
An exquisite and beauteous star.
Millions join it in a throng,
Down to the earth they fly along.
White magic now the earth possesses;
In mystic glory now she dresses
To greet the Child of Infinite Mind
Who came to earth to save mankind.

And now behold another world!
Strange beauty here is wide unfurled
While moonbeams spread as if to cheer
Poor mortals wandering lonely here;
To make them rise above the sod,
And lift them up to pray to God,
That by His mercy they may be
Blest dwellers in Eternity,
To stand in glory, there to face
Their Lord Who has saved them by His grace.

Irene Healy, XI,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

NOT MINE TO REASON WHY.

In I came just a little bit late,
With a somewhat doubtful, hesitant gait;
No smile from the teacher; I'd broken the rules;
On time's a regulation in the best of schools.
I tried two questions; my answers were wrong,
While others gave theirs just like a song.
I closed my book, and gave it a rest;
The period was over; I had done my best!
English next; how my spirits rise!
We may read poetry about the skies;
Instead, we are asked what "good" modifies.
Then I sigh, for soon I must think about
French verbs—and oh, my despair and doubt!
Some nouns in Latin to-day we must know—
Oh, why didn't I study, and skip that show?
So many problems, all in a heap!
Why can't I escape them—I so long to sleep?

Irene Healy, XI,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

A MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS.

Christmas has come and gone for another year, but it has left with us pleasant memories of church services, choir boys with angelic voices singing the Christmas Carols; of Christmas trees and all their trimmings; yuletide fires; turkey and cranberry sauce.

A Christmas that stands out distinctly in my memory is one that I spent in Scotland. It was the simplest Christmas I have ever enjoyed. Although we had not a Christmas tree, a wreath and all the other accessories that we have in Canada, I think it was more beautiful because of its simplicity. It seemed more holy. The little things really often give more pleasure than the big do.

On Christmas Eve my sister and I went up to the convent woods to gather holly. The snow, usually rather scarce in Scotland, lay soft and thick over the convent grounds, and covered the softly sighing branches. Such tranquillity; such beauty! The night was so still and the moon shone down so brightly on us that it made one think of the night on which the shepherds were awakened by the singing of the angels. We had just filled our sack with holly and were walking towards the convent gate, when we heard the sweet voices of the children inside ringing out in the still air, in the beloved Christmas Carols. We stopped and listened. How beautiful to hear childish voices singing praises to the Infant King, and what finer gift could He receive?

We finally trudged home and warmed ourselves at the glowing fire. Then the family got ready for Midnight Mass, which was celebrated in a small church over in the next village. A friend drove us to the village in a car.

The small church seemed to radiate joy and good will. All the villagers flocked in; the priest began Mass and the choir sang. I shall never forget Midnight Mass in that small country church.

Being human, we celebrated Christmas Day with a fine dinner, very much like the one Mr. Dickens' characters enjoyed in "A Christmas Carol."

I can only hope that the people in that little village and in that whole country can still celebrate Christmas as they used to, and can still give praise to the "King of Peace."

Until the time when Christmas bells will ring out in a peaceful world, let us say as Tiny Tim did, "God bless us, everyone!"

Mary Damer, XI,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP IN PRESERVING OUR FORESTS?

To many of you Ladies and Gentlemen, the crackling of a log fire spells warmth and comfort but to me, it spelled the greatest experience which I have ever had—an experience from which I hope, you of my listening audience, especially those of about my own age, will draw a lesson.

I live in Sedley, a district in the heart of the great agricultural belt of Saskatchewan. The only trees with which I am familiar are the forty-three poplars on either side of our driveway. And you could hardly call that a forest!

It was my greatest desire to see some real woodland. So when one day a letter came from some friends asking me to visit Beechwood, I was wild with joy. Two weeks later my brother Jim, my sister Ann, and I were headed north along the highway in Jim's old "bus".

After spending a pleasant afternoon, someone suggested that we round out the day with an old fashioned picnic in the woods. We were all enjoying the fireside when Ann suddenly asked Dave, our host, to show us his favourite haunts—a request which we all seconded.

After an hour or so of tramping through the thick of the forest, we noticed clouds of smoke rising from the direction of our recent camping-ground.

The car, of course, was Jim's first thought and we raced back toward it. We had parked it about two hundred yards from the site of our camp. It had not been damaged by the forest fire now raging as the result of our negligence. We rushed into the car and were about to drive off when a burning log crashed in front of us and barred the road. Any escape from the rear was cut off as those terrible torchbearers angrily advanced towards us.

"Run for it", cried Dave. And we did! Jim, reluctant to leave his car, was the last to jump. He wasn't a moment too soon, for just then it burst into a mass of flames. We darted into the woods but the smoke hung over us like a blanket, blinding and choking in its effect.

Luckily Dave knew every nook and cranny of his forest home. He directed us to the nearest swamp which, though usually dry, contained about six inches of water.

Fortunately the forest rangers spotted the fire almost immediately and it was put out before much damage was done.

So, dear friends, you see what a momen-

tary carelessness may lead to. That very night I vowed never again would I leave a fire before making doubly sure every spark was out.

To all who hear my voice this afternoon, in particular to young campers I make the appeal that you form this same resolve.

I believe that the Canadian forest will always be one of our greatest and richest natural resources, so it is a duty for us, who will become the men and women of to-morrow, to carry on the grand work of safeguarding the source of this flourishing industry. Let the flames of enthusiasm spur us on to do our part.

Lillian Baker,
Loretto-Sedley.

THE NATIVITY.

Many years ago on Christmas Day,
In a lowly manger the Christ-Child lay;
He was born to atone for all our sins,
Hail, all hail, to the King of Kings!

On Christmas morn we our voices raise
In hymns to Him, with joy and praise,
And to His Mother, Mary so mild,
Blest by the birth of Jesus, her Child

Betty Lang, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's School, Hamilton.

GIFTS.

Lo! Yonder stable gives great light,
Small wonder, for that Christmas night,
A Saviour sweet was born, to give
A lovely gift to all who live.

And do you know what this Babe gave?
He gave Himself, our souls to save,
So should we honour and adore
The Saviour, Who great suffering bore.

We, like the shepherds, our presents should
bring,
To offer to this Infant King.
No worldly gift does He require,
But a loving heart is His desire.

Colleen Moore, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's School, Hamilton.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas, our friend, is here once more,
With all its good tidings and cheer,
With a Christmas wreath upon every door,
And never a sorrow or fear.

Margaret Russell, Grade VII,
St. Joseph's School, Hamilton.

CAMPING IN SASKATCHEWAN.

Manitou Beach is thirteen miles long, and about three miles in width. Indians once lived on its shores; to-day it is a play-ground for twentieth-century sportsmen.

Among these devotees of pleasure we decided to pitch camp for a short time at least. Back of our tent stretched a wide space of pasture land, which, in early times, rang with the wild clamour of an Indian camp. To-day, this field is set apart as a golf-course.

While enjoying nature to the utmost, with the usual help of sail-boat, fishing-rod, and camp-fire, I wondered how the Indians of long ago felt when camping here under similar conditions. The scenery at all times of the day is so beautiful that it is beyond description. The sunrise over the hills; the sunset over the tree-tops; the lights of the city at night, and the silver moon, make it a picture which no artist has yet succeeded in reproducing. The Indians saw all this.

To complete the picture, a large herd of cattle roamed freely over the pasture. They liked to pay their social calls in the evening, to rid themselves of mosquitoes by our camp-fire.

There was but one drawback to our Eden. The mosquitoes were terrible. As soon as evening came, they were out to call on everyone. When I was in town one day I was told to try an oil which, if applied to the exposed parts, would keep the unwelcome visitors away. Hopefully, each of us smeared hands and face with the magic oil. The charm worked, and we slept placidly.

But why should I banish these poor little creatures, when all around me is nature, in her primeval beauty? So, I say to myself, "Enjoy yourself while Summer (with the mosquitoes) is with you, my child, for it comes but once a year."

Jenny Nowsad, XII,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.

THEIR GIFTS.

It was a bright star high above
That led the Wise Men, filled with love,
That guided them along the way
To the meek little Child, lying on hay.

Gold and gems did they offer Him,
Who came to see the new-born King.
Oh! how cold was this blessed night
When the Wise Men followed the shining light.

Virginia Ray, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's School, Hamilton.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, TORONTO.

At Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Sunday afternoon, October 19, the Loretto Alumnae Association held the first quarterly meeting of the season. The chairman, Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman (Iona McLaughlin), President of the Association, expressed her appreciation of the large number present, despite the somewhat unfavourable weather, and the particularly good showing of the newest members, the 1941 graduates of Loretto College, Loretto Abbey, and Loretto College School. On call, the other members of the Executive read reports and, by special request, Mrs. J. P. Hynes, Past President, spoke of patriotic work already accomplished by the Alumnae in the present world crisis, and made practical suggestions for further whole-souled activities.

The chairman introduced the guest speaker, Dr. Charles Copp, who talked on the origin and achievements of the St. John Ambulance Association, the requirements for membership in it, and the various ways in which its commendable work might be assisted. At the conclusion of the address, the chairman, on behalf of all present, thanked Dr. Copp for his helpful and timely discourse. A membership tea was enjoyed in the parlour, where the table appointments were exceptionally attractive. The tea hostesses, Mrs. Hynes and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, were assisted by Marion Nicholson, Doris Senior, Mary French, Mary MacFarlane, Mary McEvenue, Barbara French, Nora Walsh, Dorothy Byrne, Maureen Dalgleish, and Marilyn Johnston.

LORETTO ALUMNAE COLLEGE SCHOOL
CHAPTER.

Through the zealous efforts of Miss Ruth Baigent, President of the L.A.C.S. Chapter, and of Miss Teresa Brady, Secretary, there was a gratifying attendance at the pleasant and profitable meeting on Wednesday evening, October 15, at Loretto College School, Brunswick.

LORETTO ADUMNAE COLLEGE CHAPTER.

The enjoyable College Alumnae Reunion at 86 St. George Street, on January 12, was well attended, and the supper meeting was a signal success.

NIAGARA-LORETTO ALUMNAE.

At a recent meeting of the Niagara Falls, New York, Chapter of the Loretto-Niagara Alumnae Association, held at the home of Mrs. Edward Dodge election of officers for the new term took place and resulted as follows:

- President—Mrs. Reginald Beney.
 Vice-President—Miss Esther Ann Lardie.
 Secretary—Miss Gertrude Stack.
 Treasurer—Miss Marion Gormley.

Plans were made for several interesting affairs to be held in the near future and arrangements will be completed at the next meeting of the Chapter.

* * *

A highlight of the autumn season was the annual Scholarship Bridge Tea sponsored by the Loretto-Niagara Alumnae Association and held at the Academy on Saturday, November 2nd. The guests were received by Mrs. Chad, general chairman of the affair; Miss Mary Bampfield, International President of the Association, and Miss Mary Maxwell, past president.

The Bridge tables were arranged in the spacious study hall, which was effectively decorated with autumn leaves and deep-toned flowers. An attractive prize was awarded at each table.

Tea was served to the guests in the Young Ladies' Refectory, where the attractive tables were centred with white mums tied with Loretto blue

bows, and slim blue and white tapers in silver holders completed the appointments.

Miss Helen Brett and Miss Marion Gormley acted as co-chairman of the tea and were assisted by the following members of the Association in looking after the guests: Mrs. Chad, Mrs. Archer M. Urquhart, Mrs. R. J. Lavelle, Miss Helen McCall, Miss Lima McCall, Miss Margaret Drago, Mrs. Norbert Redlin, Miss Sybil Gaynon, Miss Pat Gaynon, Miss Helen O'Leary, Miss Eileen Mahoney, Miss Helen Geisenhoff and the senior students of Loretto Academy. Friends of Loretto, numbering almost three hundred, were present, including many from Buffalo, Rochester, Niagara Falls, New York, Welland, and St. Catharines.

* * *

War Work.

Members of the Loretto-Niagara Alumnae Association are continuing their work in the activities of the local Canadian Red Cross Corps and the V.A.D.C., and plans are under way in the Chapter for raising funds to assist the work of the Red Cross Society here in Niagara Falls, Ont.

Loretto Alumnae were also active members of the committee who prepared and sent several hundred parcels to Catholic boys on active service overseas at Christmas time.

LORETTO-STRATFORD ALUMNAE.

The spacious rooms at Loretto Academy were in festive array when the members of the Alumnae Association entertained at the annual Christmas tea. The many guests were received by the Mother Superior, assisted by Miss H. A. Blair, president, and Miss S. F. Way, vice-president. Mrs. Frank Killoran invited to the tea room. The various attractions were generously patronized and a gratifying sum was realized.

A delightful musical program, arranged by Miss Mary Kappelé, added to the pleasure of the guests. The numbers included: piano solos and duets by Misses Patricia O'Dwyer, Wanda Frawley, Patricia Ireland, Estelle Oldaker, Teresa Stock, Rita Kelly, Eileen Herron, Eileen Davenport, Andrae Ann Atkins, Marion Costello, Jean DuCharme. The students of grades nine and ten sang a chorus in two parts, "Down by the Sea," and the Salve Regina in Gregorian chant. Misses Jean DuCharme and Frances McKeough sang a duet. Vocal solos were contributed by Mrs. Leon Dugan and Miss Merlyn Melvin, Miss Mary Flanagan, A.T.C.M., gave two violin solos, "Valse Bluettes" (Drigo) and "Serenade" (Toscelli). She was accompanied by Miss Edna Theodore, A.T.C.M.

The drawing for special prizes was an event of interest and the winners were: Five dollars, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, 65 Nelson street; box of Candy, Mrs. H. M. Carioni, 280 Birmingham St.; chicken, Leo Baker, 193 Huron St.; linen pillowcases, Miss T. Witt, 196 Huron St.; layer cake, Miss Doris Quilter, 134 Brunswick St.; bag of flour, Mrs. H. Ohler, 474 Albert St.; fancy apron, Miss H. A. Blair, 94 Hibernia St.

The prettily appointed tea table, centred with a silver bowl of pastel pink chrysanthemums, was presided over by Mrs. M. Pigeon, Mrs. W. H. Dorland, Mrs. C. J. McKeough, Mrs. J. P. Malloy. Mrs. J. J. Hurley was treasurer. Mrs. J. J. Du-

Charme and Mrs. E. K. Kneitl were the tea-room hostesses and the assistants were Mrs. W. P. Firth, Mrs. M. W. Dunnell, Mrs. H. M. Carioni, Mrs. F. Baker, Mrs. T. Williams, Mrs. R. Simpson. A brilliantly lighted Christmas tree, aglitter with tinsel, was the centre of attraction and an array of mystery parcels arranged beneath its spreading branches was in charge of Miss K. M. Blair, Mrs. A. M. Stewart, Mrs. D. DuCharme, Miss Alice Scanlan, Miss Marie Witt. The home-baking table was presided over by Mrs. T. Culliton, Mrs. J. F. McCaffrey, Mrs. A. Davis, Mrs. J. McNamara; and at the candy table were Mrs. G. Atkins, Miss Blanche Goodwin, Miss Rosalia Kappelé.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anna Bickers) was hostess to the Alumnae at her home on East Grand Boulevard for the November meeting. Seven copies of the Rainbow were distributed. Mrs. V. J. Lordan (Violet Culliton), Chairman of Membership, outlined a plan for a larger response to the regular meeting notices. Plans for the Bridge Tea in January were discussed with the various chairmen giving reports and making pleas.

On November 23rd, a Requiem Mass was celebrated in downtown St. Mary's Church for the deceased members of the Alumnae.

Monday evening, December 15th, Miss Vera Reaume entertained the Alumnae in her apartment at the Wardell. Eighteen members were present. Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoë Case) reported literature and stamps sent to the Alabama missions. Mrs. M. J. O'Neil (Ella Mae Dacey) gave her report on plans for the party. We are all hoping and praying for a successful outcome since our treasury is depleted—just enough left for our nuns' annual Christmas present, this year a subscription to the Catholic Digest to eight Loretto Convents.

The Detroit-Windsor Circle of Loretto Alumnae extend heartfelt greetings of this Blessed season to our associated Loretto Alumnae in other localities and especially to our former teachers and friends in the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Riggs (Katherine Brodmann, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of their little son, William Leeland, on August 9th.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. McGurren (Carol Brady, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Karen, in April.

To Dr. and Mrs. Francis J. Young (Edith Allen, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a son, Francis Michael, in September.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert West (Mary Agnes McCann, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Janet.

To Mr. and Mrs. Czapalewski (Mary Thomas, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Nancy Marie, on March 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Courtney (Margaret Hamilton, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on October 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lynch (Catherine Hennessy, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on July 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. Davoren (Peggy Cushing, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Peggy Jane, in July.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Sweeney (Ramona Coffey) on the birth of a son, Robert Anthony Penfold Sweeney, on October 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Basil McEnery (Gertrude Sweeney, Loretto-Brunswick alumna) on the birth of a son, on November 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, on the birth of a daughter, Zita Ann, on November 18th. Zita A. is a niece of Mother M. Pauline, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davies (Marjorie Romano, Loretto-Niagara alumna), on the birth of a son, Philip Charles, on October 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murphy (Mona Dineen, Loretto-Brunswick alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Janet Marie, on September 13th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Kledzick (Marion Bliss, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Ann Marie, on September 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Flynn (Helen Brennan, Loretto-Englewood alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Ellen, in September.

To Mr. and Mrs. Byron Cashin (Eileen Fitzpatrick, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Carol Anne, on November 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Justin C. Tanner (Catherine Tansey, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, in October.

To Mr. and Mrs. Douglass McNaughton (Jane Garrity, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna) on the birth of a daughter, in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Hastings (Grace O'Brian, former Loretto pupil) on the birth of their little daughter, Frances Joyce, May 2nd.

To Dr. and Mrs. Frank Kirvan (Helen Walsh, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, Guy Joseph, on October 3rd.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Doris Elizabeth McPartlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McPartlin, and Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, was married in August to Mr. William J. Weltin.

Miss Marie Sheehan, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sheehan, was married in August to Mr. William Lynn.

Miss Betty Shaw, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw, was married to Mr. Thomas Stewart, in August.

Miss Jacqueline Greene, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, and daughter of Mrs. Gladys Bayne Greene, was married on October 18th, to Mr. A. L. Schmidt.

Miss Colette Brink, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, and daughter of Mrs. Maude Brink, was married on October 18th, to Mr. H. E. Dusold, Jr.

Miss Mary Palmer, Woodlawn alumna, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, was married, in June, to Mr. Harold E. Petersen.

Miss Eleanor Romano, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Romano, and Loretto-Niagara alumna, was married to Mr. Armand Casselloni, on December 27th.

Miss Helen Walsh, Loretto-Brunswick alumna, daughter of Mrs. Walsh and the late Mr. John

Walsh, and sister of M.M. Lucy, I.B.V.M., was married on October 26th, to Mr. Maurice Walsh.

Miss Marion Fox, Loretto alumna, and daughter of County Treasurer, Mr. George Fox, and the late Mrs. Fox, Guelph, was married, on December 26th, to Mr. Gordon Finkbeiner, R.C.A.S.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Finkbeiner.

Miss Lillian Tallion, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie alumna, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Tallion, was married to Mr. James Oswald, on September 3rd.

Miss Elizabeth Simpkin, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie alumna, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpkin, was married to Mr. Paul Audary, on September 8th.

Miss Isobel Townsend, daughter of Mrs. Townsend and the late Mr. John Townsend, Hamilton, and sister of M.M. Dorothy, I.B.V.M., was married to Mr. Joseph G. Stoddard, on December 27th.

Miss Virginia Sinda, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Sinda, and Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, was married, November 1st, to Mr. J. J. Khym.

Miss Peggy Ann Larkin, daughter of Mrs. Helen Larkin, and Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, was married on November 15th, to Mr. Roger V. Aiman.

Miss Lillian Kubola, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kubola, and Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, was married to Mr. George N. Hoffman, on November 29th.

Miss Mary Helen Byrnes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Terrance Byrnes, of Hamilton, and former pupil of Loretto Academy, was married on November 29th to Mr. John Greene McKay, son of the late Hon. John Greene McKay and Mrs. McKay of Austin, Texas.

Miss Agnes McTague (Loretto alumna) was married in September to Mr. Edmund Downey, nephew of the late Mothers M. Clotilde and Ignatia, I.B.V.M.

Miss Rosemary McEntee, Loretto College School alumna, was married on October 11th to Mr. Arthur George Matthews.

Miss Mona James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert James and graduate of Loretto Abbey and of St. Michael's Hospital, was recently married to Dr. Archie McPhee of Cornwall.

Miss Mary Ann O'Gorman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman (President of Loretto Alumnae Association), was married, on October 18, to Mr. Edward P. Logan, II, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Clarke Logan, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SYMPATHY.

To Mr. Walter Pringle, on the death of his wife, Margaret Butch Pringle, Sault Ste. Marie alumna; also to Mrs. Butch, her bereaved mother.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Hazel Mansfield, who died August 23rd; also to her brother, Mr. Clifford Hauptli.

To Mr. Joseph Whalen, on the death, on November 30th, of his daughter Helen, former pupil of Holy Family School (Loretto); also to Helen's bereaved brothers, Mr. Jack and Mr. Bill Whalen, and her sister Margaret, Loretto College School alumna.

To Mrs. Catherine Guinane, on the death of her daughter, Isabel Margaret, Loretto College School alumna, on November 30th.

To Mother M. Eucharia, I.B.V.M.; Mother St. Thomas of the Redeemer, C.N.D.; Mr. William, Mr.

James, Mr. John, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Ambrose Garvin, on the death of their sister, Miss Eleanor R. Garvin, at Ottawa, on November 7th.

To Mrs. Kelleher and Mr. Jask Kennedy, on the death of their sister, Miss Minnie Kennedy, in September; and of their sister, Miss Annie Kennedy, in December; also to the Misses Kelleher, nieces of the two dear deceased alumnae.

To the bereaved members of the family of Mrs. Bart, Stratford, who died recently, especially to her son, Rev. Father Bart.

To Mr. Ignatius McCann, Mother M. St. James, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. Aldegonde, I.B.V.M., on the death of their brother, Mr. Ambrose McCann, on November 16th.

To the bereaved members of the family of Mrs. Catherine O'Dair, who died on November 24th, especially to Mother M. St. Hubert, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Bruce (Helen Sweeney, Loretto-Hamilton alumna) on the sudden death, on November 6th, of her husband, Major Walter H. Bruce; also to their daughter, Sheila, and son, Ian.

To Mr. John Gallaher, and to Mother M. Ignatia, I.B.V.M., on the death of their dear sister, Miss Margaret Gallaher, Loretto-Guelph alumna, on December 6th; also to her bereaved nephews and nieces.

To Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hayes, Sr., on the death of their son, Mr. John C. Hayes, II, on November 6th; to his sons, Mr. John C. Hayes, III, and Rev. Frater René, O.Carm.; and to his daughters, Sister M. St. Camillus, I.B.V.M., and Sister Mary Emmanuel, I.B.V.M.; also to his brother, Rev. Philip Hayes.

To Mother M. St. Clement, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. St. Gertrude, I.B.V.M., on the death of their esteemed uncle, Rev. Clement W. Brohman, former pastor in Formosa, and in St. Andrew's Church, Oakville.

To Mrs. (Dr.) McCann, on the recent death overseas of her brother, Mr. Frank Larkin; also to Sister M. Melanie, I.B.V.M., his niece.

To Mr. Joseph L. Cherrier, on the death of his wife, on December 28th; and to all the bereaved relatives.

To Mother M. Kotska, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Miss Anna Downey, on December 23rd; and to all the bereaved relatives, especially her niece, Mrs. Joyce Rolland.

To the bereaved family, especially Sr. M. Florentins, I.B.V.M., on the death of their beloved mother, Mrs. T. Jacques, on December 26th.

To Mr. Robert Hayes and Miss Margaret Hayes (Loretto-Woodlawn), on the death of their father, Mr. James Hayes.

To Misses Janice and Audrey Read, Loretto-Woodlawn students, on the death of their beloved mother.

To Mrs. David Healy (Agnes Carney, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna); also Miss Alice and Mr. Charles Carney, on the recent death of their dear mother.

To Miss Marian Coffey, Loretto-Woodlawn alumna, on the death of her father.

To Mother M. Ermelinda, I.B.V.M.; Mrs. M. F. Cook, and Mrs. J. C. Gibbons, on the death of their

beloved mother, Mrs. Anna Engels Schlater, on October 27th; also to Mrs. Schlater's five grandchildren, and to her bereaved sister, Mrs. Katharine Graber, of Euclid, Ohio.

To the Reverend Basilian Fathers on the death of the veteran member of their order, Rev. Richard Thomas Burke on November 22nd; also to his cousins, Rev. James Kinney, of Bethlehem, Pa.; Mrs. Foote, of Archibald, Pa.; Miss O'Connor of Dundas, and Miss C. Clifford of Oakville.

To Mr. H. W. Phelan, President of Canada Railway News Co., on the death of his esteemed wife, Stella Donegan Phelan, on Sunday, Dec. 28th, and to the bereaved sons, Mr. Darragh, Tom, Warde, Paul, and Jerome; and daughters, Mrs. D'Arcy Coulson, Mrs. F. C. Delehey, and Mrs. S. J. Deery, Loretto Alumnae. Flying officer Donegan F. Phelan, Instructor at Uplands flying field predeceased his mother on May 5th.

To Mrs. Evaleen McCann Hennessey on the death of her husband, Mr. Hugh Hennessey, former well-known Hamilton pharmacist and one-time Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, also President for a time of the Canadian Club, Hamilton; and to his bereaved children: Richard, Catherine, Eveleen, Francis, and Brian; and his sisters, Miss Emma T. Hennessey, and Miss Mary Hennessey.

To the Most Reverend Gerald Murray, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Saskatoon, on the recent death of his father, Mr. Gerald Murray, of Montreal, P.Q.

To Mrs. McManus (Kathleen Hunt, Loretto Alumna) on the death, overseas, in January, of her husband, Mr. Walter B. McManus, Pilot Officer, R.C.A.F.

To Mr. David Drohan on the death of his wife, on December 12th; and to Sister Mary Genevieve, of The Sisters of Providence; Mr. and Mrs. William Wing; Mr. and Mrs. Bignell; and Mother Mary of the Cross, I.B.V.M. (sister-in-law) in the loss of their devoted sister, Mrs. Drohan.

To the bereaved family of Miss Betty Kearney, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, who died in November.

To Miss Teresa Franklin on the death of her sister, Mrs. Edward McIlroy (Helen Franklin, Loretto Alumna) on October 26th; also to her bereaved nephews and nieces, especially Mr. Frank Macklin and family, and Mother M. St. Joseph, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Stafford and family on the recent death of their husband and father, Mr. Thomas Stafford, and to his sister, Mother M. Alacomas, I.B.V.M.; also to bereaved nieces and nephews.

To the bereaved family of Mr. J. F. Kilgour who died on December 6th, and to his aunts, Mother M. Geraldine, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. Regis, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Maurice W. Shyne on the death of his wife, Isabel Mary Staley Shyne, on October 30th; to their son, Mr. Arthur Shyne; and to her brothers, Rev. Louis Staley, Gananoque; Rev. Melville Staley, Thorold; and Mr. Frank J. Staley and family, Toronto; and her sisters, Mother Marie Louise, I.B.V.M.; Mother M. Cecilia, I.B.V.M.; and Mrs. S. W. Brooks and family.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Organizations

THE SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

- Miss Evelynne Campion—Prefect.
 Miss Patricia Fisher—Chairman of the Spiritual Committee.
 Miss Mary Ruscica—Chairman of the Literary Committee.
 Miss Patricia Thompson—Chairman of Our Lady's Committee.
 Miss Ann Gilchrist—Chairman of the Publicity Committee.
 Miss Evelyn Corcoran—Chairman of the Apostolic Committee.
 Miss Eleanor Shinnick—Chairman of the Social Committee (Day pupils)
 Miss Patricia Bouffard—Chairman of the Social Committee. (Boarders)
 Miss Joan McGoey—Secretary
 Miss Florence McNamara—Treasurer.

STUDENT LEADERSHIP

- Miss Josephine Collins—Chairman of the Mary Ward House.
 Miss Beatrice Boaretti—Chairman of the Teresa Dease House.

It Can't Happen Here!—But It Has!

"Fighting the war, from the classroom door," doesn't make good poetry; but it has more than its literal meaning as far as we are concerned. Here are weapons: Wool and instructions for seamen's socks, helmets, and mitts—even to dresses for little war-victims. It's getting so bad that one English class was interrupted by the dropping and chasing of a large ball of khaki wool.

The Apostolic Committee has decided that Charity begins in army camps. As one of their projects they are collecting reading material to be distributed throughout Ontario army camps. Hundreds of magazines have already been sent, and more are on their way.

War savings stamps are also being sold—and so are used stamps—the chairman of the Stamp Drive insists.

November held three memorable days for Abbey students of Grades XI and XII, and Junior College, when their annual retreat was given by Rev. Father Keogh, C.Ss.R., who impressed on his hearers that what they learn during a retreat is not just to be taken out and dusted now and then, but is to be used so constantly that it will not get an opportunity to become dusty. We thank Father Keogh for many spiritual lessons, the "what and wherefore" that we shall try to keep from dust.

Nov. 21—Junior Music School gave a concert in honour of St. Cecilia. The vocal, piano, and violin solos and duets must have made teachers proud of their little artist pupils, and St. Cecilia very happy.

The members of Grade XI, under the direction of Mother Florian, helped us to a better acquaintance with the young Roman martyr, St. Cecilia, impersonated by Victoria Douglas, in the play "St. Cecilia". Victoria, as Cecilia, sang several times, and, with a capable supporting cast, including Patricia Dennis, as Valerian; Mary Joyce Phelan, as Martha; Maria Lamey, as mother of Valerian; and Jon Shinnick, as Irene, gave delight to all present. The play was presented again on Friday evening, December 12th, before a large audience.

On December tenth more than thirty members were received into the Sodality of the B.V.M. by Rev. Father Fleming, S.J. After the ceremony, the Junior College girls gave a Tea in honour of the new sodalists. When all the guests had enjoyed their party, they gave a complete and surprising turn to affairs by looking after the assistants. Is this a new custom? If so, we like it!

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Sept. 26—Rt. Rev. Monsignor McGrath honoured us with an enlightening talk on China.

At our first Sodality meeting for the year, election results were as follows: President, Shiela Corbett; Vice-President, Ruth Bingham; Secretary, Geraldine Schuett.

Oct. 8—Sodality party—a short delightful programme, followed by dancing and refreshments.

Oct. 30—Halloween celebrated with a gay party. Fair faces were concealed behind dark masks, and unrecognizable figures danced to excellent music. Miss Mary Bruder received the prize for the most beautiful costume, and Angela Hassen, for the most original one.

Nov. 1—With regret we said farewell to Rev. Father McKenna, who for the past year has given us most interesting spiritual instructions. May every success and blessing attend you, Father, in your new parish at Dundalk!

To Rev. Father Higgins, our new chaplain, we extend a welcome and best wishes.

Nov. 5—To-day we honoured St. Charles Borromes by a special programme—and incidentally, our Mother Superior, whose patron Saint he is.

Nov. 21—St. Cecilia was honoured by a special programme—piano selections and choral numbers, a lovely musical affair.

We enjoyed the talk given us by Rev. Father Grenier, Rhode Island, and hope he was pleased with our French folk songs, taught us by Mother Marie de Lourdes, his sister.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Oct. 1—Field Day. Games, races, refreshments—fun! Congratulations to Grade X in successful Inter-form baseball game with Grade XII.

Oct. 18—Birds flying, rackets swinging—a badminton tournament is on: Highest score obtained by Sarah Ives and Elizabeth Battle.



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Oct. 25—Hallowe'en party given by Grade XI for the Red Cross. Witches, goblins and gypsies—and an afternoon of fun and good fellowship, with good returns we hope for the treasurer.

Oct. 31—Gamma Kappa's gave a "Mad Hatters" party. Head-dresses of all sizes and shapes, and materials were jauntily worn. The party was a real "blues" dispeller.

Nov. 8—Several of the girls attended a convention of the Western New York Catholic Colleges at Niagara University. The subject of an informing debate at the convention was the Five Peace Points of the Holy Father, Pope Pius XII.

Dec. 2—Excitement reigns; two minutes more! Time is up! Tenth Grade wins over Ninth in an Inter-form baseball game. Laurels seen ahead for X.

Dec. 4—Grade XII victorious over XI in Inter-form basketball game.

Dec. 8—This, the most beautiful of Our Lady's special feast-days, opened with High Mass sung in her honour. At five o'clock a Sodality reception ceremony took place, conducted by Rev. Father Wilfrid, O. Carm. Rev. Father Joseph, O. Carm. gave an inspiring talk on Our Blessed Mother.

After Benediction, the newly received Sodalists were the guests of honour at a Sodality Dinner. They were, Miss Edna Maloney, Bina Fell, Helen Miller, Rose Marie Deleo, Betty Media, Luigina Cortese, Frances Borelli, Anne Irene Schill, Dina

Peresotti, Elizabeth Battle, Anne Schlett, Mary Sillence and Kathleen Willick.

Dec. 11—The Junior College students gave a symposium on the Peace Programme of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. We were proud of our orators.

Dec. 13—After weeks of preparation, Loretto-Niagara entertained a number of little friends at the Annual Christmas Party. The happiness radiating from the faces of the visiting children warmed the hearts of the onlookers.

Dec. 16—We were privileged in hearing Rev. Father Stringer, a missionary from China, speak on present day conditions there. He inspired us with new zeal to pray for souls in that vast, pagan land.

Dec. 18—Keeping the annual tradition of carolling, the boarders, after a delightful supper party, sang their Christmas carols through the halls of Loretto-Niagara.

December 19—The Senior Choral Class opened our Christmas Programme with a group of favourite carols. Following this, the Junior Choral Class sang selected Christmas numbers. Grades III, IV, V and VI, next presented a group of dances, after which the Dramatic Class of the Senior School gave the Christmas Play, "Why the Chimes Rang." The cast in the order of appearance: Holger, Mary Allen; Eteen, Marjorie White; Uncle Holger, Ann Haydock; Old Woman, Patricia Brown; Young Girl, Jean Eggleston; Rich Man,

Rose Picuolo; Rich Lady, Mary Kuntz; Courtier, Mary Stauch; Scholar, Bina Fell; Prince, Marguerite Rice; Angel, Ann Read.

A group of Christmas hymns and songs by the Intermediate Choral Class was followed by the concluding number, a Nativity Tableau.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Oct. 2—The athletes' shining hour—annual Field Day! We all had a good time, particularly Sodality and Athletic executives, who found the refreshment business a most profitable one. In the "treasure hunt" and "fish pond" the boarders cleared fortunes that will enable them to live on the fat of the land for several Sunday afternoon teas to come.

Oct. 14—An illustrated lecture by Mr. John Taylor of Birks, on precious jewels, particularly diamonds, was most informing. Mr. Taylor was the Parent-Teachers Association's first guest speaker of the year, at Loretto.

Oct. 30—The Sodality Union, of Hamilton, held a Holy Hour in St. Patrick's beautiful church to-day. It was conducted by His Excellency Bishop Ryan. The preacher, Father McBride of Sacred Heart Church, gave a soul-stirring sermon. We are looking forward happily to the next Sodality Holy Hour.

Oct. 31—The Hallowe'en party which we relinquished has provided funds for the purchase of rosary beads to be sent to overseas chaplains for distribution.

Reports are that "the pound" is doing a thriving business. Maybe it is a good idea to profiteer on careless people!

Nov. 10—In anticipation of Armistice Day, tomorrow, a patriotic programme at choral hour. The music and words of "Victory" sung on this occasion were composed by Mary Lovering of Grade IX. Congratulations, Mary!

Dec. 5—Another success for the Eucharistic Committee—a second "School" Holy Hour.

Dec. 7—The Catholic Women's League invited our orchestra to play at the Tea in St. Patrick's Hall—an honour and pleasure.

Dec. 8—Fifteen new Sodalists received in chapel ceremony this afternoon. Rev. Father Lloyd Ryan officiated. He gave a sermon suitable to this beautiful feast day of Our Lady, and then Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Our choir was in particularly good form.

Under the convenorship of Betty McCowell and her assistants on the Social Committee, a delightful Tea followed. Miss Virginia Hunter, our physical culture instructress, poured tea.

Dec. 17—The pupils of Grades I to VIII presented a lovely Christmas entertainment.

Dec. 18—The boarders had their torchlight procession through the school corridors, and sang hymns, and carols, and more carols and hymns—and then had a glorious time opening gifts around the Christmas tree in the gymnasium.

Dec. 19—Candle-light procession by daylight! Still singing carols, we arrived in the gymnasium, where the Christmas baskets for needy families were grouped about the Crib. The High School students, arranged in the form of a cross, with the Crib a centre, sang *Adeste Fideles* with orchestra accompaniment. Frances Walsh, of Grade XII, wished our teachers a "Merry Christmas,"

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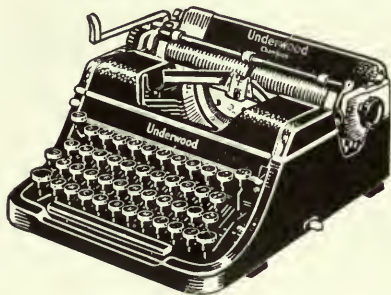
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on behalf of the school, after which we enjoyed receiving our gifts, from the Christmas tree.

The Christmas Cheer Baskets were a project of the Sodality, and gym. decorations were the work of the Athletic Committee.

So ends the term in a happy mood for all.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

Sept. 22—Election of officers for Our Lady's Sodality. Sodalists are looking forward to new and successful activities. The officers are: President, Pauline Rhodes; Vice-President, Rita Reinhart; Secretary, Merlyn Melvin; Treasurer, Jean Flanagan. Our Lady's Committee, Anne McCarty; Missions Committee, Frances Kelly; Literary Committee, Virginia McNamara; Social Committee, Helen Gravelle.

Oct. 1—First party of the season, and what could be more appropriate than a party of "welcome?" Grade X welcomes Grade IX with lively games, followed by delicious refreshments.

Oct. 5—Renewal of the Mission at St. Joseph's Church. A good tonic for all.

Oct. 18—Good talent revealed in our midst when Grade X presented "Social Justice." Congratulations!

Oct. 29—Gruesome witches, rollicking clowns, sedate, old-fashioned ladies and modish young misses mingle to form a colourful masquerade. Yes, our Hallowe'en Party was a complete success and, of course, it was "the best ever had."

Nov. 10—Rev. Father Fullerton, of Toronto, called on us to-day. We enjoyed his stimulating talk on Catholic Youth Organization.

Dec. 4—Congratulations to the Loretto Alumnae on the success of their enjoyable Tea, which was so well patronized.

Dec. 9—Comes the snow, bringing with it thoughts of tobogganing and skating, but what about exams? Oh, well, cheer up! They will soon be over—and then for the sports!

Dec. 12—Scenes from the life of Mary Ward were dramatized by Grades XI and XII, after which medals and scholarships were presented. The Gold Medal for Religion, presented by Very Reverend Dean Egan, was merited by Esther Schultz; the Silver Medal for School Spirit, presented by Reverend Father Corcoran, was awarded to Madeline Shantz. Scholarships were presented to Patricit O'Dwyer, Grade XI; Anne McCarty, Grade X; and Jeanne Du Charme, Grade IX. Very Reverend Dean Egan congratulated the prize-winners.

Dec. 19—A play, "The King's Daughter, presented by Grade X. Christmas carols sung by all, and we leave school with "Merry Christmas" ringing in our ears.

Patricia O'Dwyer.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD,
CHICAGO.

Nov. 13—The second Sodality meeting of this month was in charge of the Literature Committee. Catherine Cunningham, as chairman of the committee, and her members, Margaret Gavin, June Scavone, Janet Byrne, gave short informative talks on the "Value and Necessity of Reading Catholic Author's Works." Margaret Gavin gave a

splendid talk on "The Bible, Best Seller of All Time."

Nov. 17—Formal presentation of reports by Mother Superior at assembly. She commended the girls for having honors in "The important subjects of "Cooperation, School Spirit, and Effort."

Nov. 27—Senior Mothers' Card and Bunco party in the school hall. The Auxilliary presented a delicious box of candies for the room having most nearly perfect attendance. Because attendance of the Seniors was perfect, we shared the candies happily.

Dec. 5—In St. Bernard's Lyceum the orchestra and Glee Club Recital before an overcrowding audience. It was the night of "stars," with the renowned Gregory Konold at the piano, and the able Russell Harvey directing the orchestra. Margaret Walter, Senior, thrilled us all by a very beautiful solo.

Dec. 6—Our Glee Club sang carols for the Catholic Women's League in the Fine Arts Building to-day. The Glee Club felt honored in singing for such an organization.

Dec. 9—With the formal declaration of war made by our President, we feel it our duty to do whatever we can for the country's defense. With Mother Roberta's help and guidance, knitting classes have been organized.

Dec. 12—Liturgical Day was held at Loretto (Woodlawn) Friday, December twelfth. Our Senior Class was invited to be Woodlawn's guest. It was a wonderful day, beginning with the Missa Recitata, celebrated by Father Martin Carrabine, S.J. The Augustinian, Father Gregory O'Brien, in the different informal sessions, gave us an interesting knowledge of the liturgy of the Church; enlarging upon the Mass.

Dec. 17—The traditional candle-light ceremony, together with a Christmas playlet, and a most beautiful tableau, was held in St. Bernard's Gymnasium. The student body in uniform, with red bows in their hair and red, glowing candles, blended their voices to make the age-old hymns most thrilling.

Dec. 18—The annual Press-Club luncheon was a festive affair, with its holiday decorations. Letters in Journalism were earned by Dorothy Casey, Editor of the Lorelei; Janet Byrne, Associate Editor; Agnes Scully, Mary J. Sexton, and Catherine Cunningham. Mother Ambrose, Mother Roberta, Mother Dympna, Mother Leah, the Lorelei's Adviser, honored us with their presence. The girls received their Letters from Mother Ambrose, Superior.

Dec. 18—To-day came a new addition to Loretto's achievements—a French paper is now in our midst. Its name is "Fleur de Lis." We are proud of the new enterprise.

Dec. 19—The Sodality is busy to-day preparing Christmas baskets for the poor. The school looks like an enormous grocery store with all the varieties of food one could wish for.

On Christmas Eve at 3.30 p.m., the student body will go to the Home For the Old, of the Little Sisters of the Poor, where we shall repeat the candle ceremony, going through the corridors for the aged men and women. An appropriate gift for every old man and woman there is being prepared to-day at Loretto.

Catherine Cunningham
and Marion Browne.

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Nov. 27—Enrollment in the Miraculous Medal. Ceremony conducted by Rev. Father Doherty, S.J.

Nov. 28—Loretto Alumnae Dance. Many of Loretto-Brunswick's fair maidens "tripped the light fantastic," or shall we say "balloon bar-aged" their way through a delightful evening? Many pleasant memories will remain for all who attended.

Dec. 3—Our monthly Sodality meeting. All the projects of last month's were successful. The skit given today by Grade XII, was pronounced a literary and classical triumph! Congratulations! and encore!

Dec. 7, 8, 9—Senior School annual retreat. The feast of the Immaculate Conception, on the second day, gave a note of added richness and solemnity to the Spiritual Exercises, conducted by Rev. Father Phelan, S.J.

Dec. 10—We were privileged to-day to have a talk on the missions by Rev. Father Belanger. All are stirred to renewed effort for the missions, as a result.

Dec. 12—Basketball game with St. Joseph's. As they say, "Everyone has his ups and downs"—and this is one of our "downs," so the "ups" must be just around the corner.

Bonnie Stevenson,
Mary Le Hockey.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA, SASK.

Oct. 5—An excellent literary program, in the form of a symposium on "The Norsemen in America," was presented by pupils of Grade Nine. The chairman commended the number highly.

Dec. 8—Eight candidates for membership in the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary were received, Reverend Monsignor Janssen officiating. Addressing the assembly on the subject, "The Socialist in the Home," Monsignor built up an ideal for each to strive to attain.

Dec. 19—Monsignor Janssen addressed the pupils of Loretto High School on the closing day, exhorting them to be constantly diligent in preparation for the future.

* * *

On behalf of the pupils, Monica Szastak thanked Monsignor for the interest he has taken in the spiritual and temporal affairs of the students in Loretto High School, assuring him of their gratitude, and appreciation of his interest.

The student body attended St. Augustine's School presentation of Christmas carols. In congratulating the pupils on their splendid rendering of sacred music, the Reverend speaker on the occasion took the opportunity of urging Catholic Action in every branch of activity.

Dec. 19—Pupils of St. Augustine's School took part in a musical carnival, in competition with groups, representing various schools of the city. Miss M. Leibel, a member of the staff, conducted the singing commendably.

Pupils of Loretto High School took pleasure in preparing a basket of groceries, to be offered to Monsignor Janssen as an expression of their good will.

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MANY LOVELY "BOUQUETS" have recently reached The Loretto Rainbow sanctum, all most welcome, most heartening, and for which we here express our thanks, but the following, sent by a well-known author to one of our most magnanimous literary contributors, and by her shown casually to us, is such an exquisite "orchid" that we claim the privilege of putting it on display:

"Your October Rainbow received **special** attention, being one of the best numbers yet, a great credit to the Editor and contributors. The variety of contents on original lines, good style, beautiful illustrations, and real 'poems' make it outstanding among the College Journals I have seen. This being Book Week, I am proud to show it to several author friends. I need hardly tell you how much these appeal to me—'St. John Bosco,' an old friend of mine since I first wrote him up for the S.C.M.; the 'Nala Episode' Review—fascinating and scholarly; the tributes to the dear departed. . . . I wish I had time to dwell on the features of the **ensemble**, making it a veritable **plum pudding** for holiday consumption, but **luckily of a permanent consistency.**"

Ⓞ Sweet Content!

By THOMAS DEKKER, 1570-1637.

Art thou poor, and hast thou golden slumbers?
 O sweet content!
 Art thou rich, and is thy mind perplexed??
 O punishment!
 Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers?
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face.

Canst drink the water of the crispéd spring?
 O sweet content!
 Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
 O punishment!
 Then he that patiently want's burden bears
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face.

Heartfelt thanks are extended to all literary contributors to

THE LORETTO RAINBOW

Also, to all who are assisting us in publishing it—our subscribers, advertisers, and thoughtful donors.



All are daily remembered in prayer.



The Message

*The crocuses came out last night
To greet the first of May.
Our garden bed is all aglow
With golden buds today.*

*They nod in salutation glad,
Swayed by the gentle breeze,
As if to say, "We bring you all
Good tidings, if you please."*

*Their message is no mystery,
And we rejoice to hear
Proclaimed from beds and
blossoming boughs:
Summer, oh, summer is near!*

—M. D. Barry.



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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel, 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Sub-



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Com-

Mary, in America — 1847-1942



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Cateche-



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M. M. Nealis, R.S.C.J.



Nicodemus Came to Jesus at Night

Nicodemus shifts through the dodging crew
 To the haven where Jesus is waiting.
 The jewelled night festooned for the baiting
 Divine, bows down her stars. And the Jew—
 "I know Thou art a true teacher from God;
 To heal the leper and raise the dead,
 No mere mortal these works could do," he said.
 And Jesus lifts up His eyes from the sod—

The glorious eyes that compass heaven!
 Tells him of spirit, and life, and new birth,
 Of the serpent set up as a sign on earth
 Of the Son of man! And from the leaven
 Of His deathless words steps out on new quest
 Nicodemus, the Strong, striking his breast.

LUCILE B.

Britomart, The Martiall Mayd

"But by record of antique times I finde
That women wont in warres to beare most sway,
And to all great exploits them selves inclined,
Of which they still the girlond bore away;
Till envious Men, fearing their rules decay,
Gan coyne streight laws to curb their liberty;
Yet sith they warlike armes have laide away,
They have excelled in arts and pollicy,
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke
t'envy."
—The Faery Queene, III, ii., 2.

An interesting feature of a poem well nigh four centuries old is its adumbration of what strikes the world to-day as almost a novelty, namely, volunteer girl-soldiers. In Book III of Spenser's *Faery Queene*, the maiden knight, Britomart, flashes upon us not only in military splendour but in all the charm of radiant maidenhood. Britomart in her twofold aspect: a martial maid of fairyland with the attractions of human femininity interestingly portrayed; a merging of the ideal and the real; Britomart as Spenser fashioned her, independent of prototypes. Whether pre-existent in Ariosto's *Bradamante*, or typifying *Diana* is not our present concern. Volumes have been written upon every angle from which Spenser's poem may be viewed: it has been anatomized, disintegrated, appendixed, annotated to an exaggerated extent, as bibliographies will testify, so it seems rather refreshing to extricate Britomart from her modern incrustations and to condone Spenser's inaccuracy in creating a human fairy—a complexity, if you will, but let us say, a superiority complex.

Her first encounter is with "good Sir Guyon," who never yet had found himself so dishonoured as to be overthrown, and knew not that it was "even the famous Britomart" by whom he was "so hard besett." Instead of wreaking vengeance on his opponent, he agreed to a reconciliation, and they continued their journey in peaceful companionship.

"O goodly usage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was servaunt unto right . . .
Let later age that noble use envy,
Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel surquedry."
—III, 1, 13.

After travelling through waste countries, seeking adventures, Guyon hastened to the rescue of a goodly lady and Britomart continued her journey, fearing no evil. By her wonderful prowess she gained admission to a stately castle, where the inmates were plunged

in sensual delights. Here everything was distasteful to her and at early dawn she fled, accompanied by her faithful nurse, who acted as her squire. This episode in her early military career gives a dramatic foreshadowing of all her later experiences. As her magic sword shields her from deadly attacks, so her moral virtues safeguard her from the dangers that beset her path. The sub-title of Book III, Chastity, is again emphasized in a noted manner in canto xi, wherein "the flower of chastity" passes unscathed through a flaming fire and rescues fair Amoret from a vile enchanter. Here the fairy element is elaborately displayed and in prolonged allegory all semblance of realism is lost, but the sub-title remains uppermost.

In canto ii, "faire Britomart" is found again travelling with a knightly escort whom Spenser inadvertently calls Guyon in stanza 4, yet who develops into the Redcross knight in stanza 16, carrying out the poet's idea expressed in the poem:

"The Redcrosse knight to Britomart
Describeth Artegall,"

and mentioned again in canto iv, with reference to her learning of Artigall's estate through speeches with the Rederosse knight. The knight's curiosity regarding "this Briton Maid" is partly satisfied by her avowal that since childhood she had been trained to warlike deeds, and she added:

"Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
Me lever were with point of foeman's speare
be dead." ii, 6.

She also confided the object of her present pursuit. She had heard that many famous Knights and Ladies were having wondrous adventures in Faery Land, and added half playfully, with a touch of human artifice, that she sought tidings of one who had dishonoured her and on whom she wished to wreak vengeance, "and Artegall he hight." Conscious of having uttered the name too hastily, she would fain have recalled it, but the knight spoke up quickly in Artegall's defence, trying to persuade his accuser that she was mistaken. His loud praises of Artegall greatly pleased the maid, but "to feed her humour with his pleasing

stile," she still maintained that she had cause for redress and wished to know where she may find that "faytour false." Being told he walked restless around the world

"Ay doing things that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies' cause, and Orphans' right."
ii, 14.

she was still more interested and further inquired of his shape, his shield, his arms, although fully aware of these details. When the knight "him in every part before her fashioned," he drops unceremoniously from the narrative and Spenser begins to satisfy our curiosity concerning Britomart and Artegall.

The sub-title of Book III, Chastity, the predominant virtue of Britomart, did not, however, imply that love and marriage were precluded, but considered the union of man and woman from the loftiest standpoint. Maiden knight as she was, Britomart had pondered "whom fortune for her husband would allot." In her father's magic mirror she had a vision of her future husband, Artegall by name, and was forthwith pierced by Cupid's arrow and its consequences: banished sleep, sad sighs, tears, and memories "of that faire visage written in her heart." ii, 29. A confidential talk with Glauce, her aged nurse, is typically human. The nurse read her foster-child's heart and wished to assuage her pain. Their dialogue, running through several stanzas, is filled with genuine pathos. We forget the knightly personality and sympathize entirely with the love-sick maid. Early on the morrow they repaired to the church to pray with great devotion—but with some distraction on the part of both. They planned a visit to Merlin, the magician, and although they sought him in disguise, he soon recognized them and in laughter said:

"Ne ye, fair Britomartis, thus arrayed,
More hidden are than Sunne in cloudy vele."
iii, 19.

He received them kindly and assured Britomart that the vision seen in the magic mirror was the straight course of heavenly destiny for her. He gave her information of Artegall, foretold their future, instructed them in their course of action, after which

"They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retired."
iii, 41.

Then as knight and squire well armed, they ventured forth according to Merlin's directions, Britomart ever more pensive as she pondered

upon all the Rederosse knight had said of Artegall.

"A thousand thoughts she fashioned in her mind,
And in her feigning fancie did portray
Him such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind."
iv, 5.

Continued skill in arms Britomart had occasion to exhibit, especially at a great tournament when she restored the prize to "knights of Maydenhead," calling forth the praise of prowess and loud rejoicing.

At last came her meeting with Artegall in Book IV, canto vi, threatening "to make their loves beginning their lives end." After a furious encounter which shattered her helmet, Artegall caught a glimpse of "her angel's face, unscene afore," and shrank from his revengeful purpose. Hearing one of the knights address her opponent as Sir Artegall, Britomart's heart leaped for joy. A reconciliation was effected through the faithful nurse's intervention, and though Artegall dared not express his love so suddenly, he was fully aware of his growing passion. Spenser seemed specially gifted with the power of telling a charming love story in a gracious manner, as evidenced in his exquisite *Epithalamium*, undoubtedly one of the most beautiful bridal songs that ever graced a marriage day. Now he lingers over this dawning love with all the tenderness of personal sympathy. Britomart enjoins a rest on Artegall, and

"Therewith he rested, and well pleased was."

In bower and hall there was feasting until their wounds were healed,

"In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart."

So well he wooed her that she soon yielded her consent

"To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that
accord." IV, vi, 41.

Meanwhile, Sir Artegall had an adventure to pursue and though they were loath to part, they succumbed to the rigid laws of knight-hood. Book V contains the Legend of Artegall, or of Justice, and gives a lengthy account of his experiences and military exploits, carrying us naturally beyond our theme—the episodic story of the Martiall Mayd.

One of Artegall's experiences, however, claims our attention, for it increases Britomart's renown. He had been enthralled by the

Amazons, and on hearing of this disgrace, Britomart hastened to his rescue. In a fierce encounter with Radegund, the Amazon leader, she slays her, finds her lover in sad plight, delivers him and his companion knights from their thralldom.

" . . . did true justice deale,
That all they, as a Goddess her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire and hearkened to her
loring." V, vii, 42.

Again the lovers had to part, for Artegall had

"Purposed to proceed, what so befall,
Upon his first adventure which him forth did
call." Ibid. 43.

Thus we have seen Britomart in dual guise; she was the undaunted knight who feared no foe and who conquered her opponents dexterously; but once released from her armour, she was the captivating maid deemed worthy of the homage paid to goddesses, the maid irresistible in her charms, at times coy, demure, attractively human, steadfast in love and virtue.

For her ultimate destiny we have Merlin's

prophecy to substantiate the unfinished poem:

"The man, whom heavens have ordeyned to bee
The spouse of Britomart, is Artegall." III, iii, 26.

And again, the prophecy in Isis' Church relating to Artegall:

"That Knight shall all the troublous stormes
assuage . . .
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And join in equall portion of thy realms."
V, vi, 23.

Britomart's brilliant career throughout the immortal poem lures us to join the poet in his soulful utterances which preface canto iv of Book III:

"Where is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the brave achievements doen by some?
Where be the bateilles, where the shield and
speare,
And all the conquests which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide to dolefull hearse,
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe
reverse?"

M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

Mrs. Sheed and Catholic Thought

(AN APPRECIATION BY DR. VICTORIA MUELLER)

From Thursday, March 12th, until Tuesday, March 17th, Ontario Catholics experienced the stirring and exhilarating days of the visit of Mrs. Frank J. Sheed (Maisie Ward) among them. Brought to Toronto by the Sword of the Spirit Movement Forum, Mrs. Sheed held her large audience at St. Michael's Parish Hall enraptured by her speech on the "Formation of the Mind of Chesterton," referring to his youth and manhood; his marriage; his books; and particularly to his social ideas and the Distributive League.

To pick out any part of the lecture is not possible, nor would a résumé of it give even faintly the effect of Mrs. Sheed's talk. As Mr. Henry Somerville wrote in *The Canadian Register*: "Though words come from her like the current over Niagara Falls, there is not a word wasted, every one goes to the mark. There is verbal economy with all her wealth of expression; she has no frills or fluffiness; her style is all strength, because it is all directness, nevertheless, the speaking always is that of

a woman, not a man. Perhaps this effect was helped partly by her wearing an evening gown, but it was more because she always dealt with the human, the personal, and the concrete, rather than the abstract." Some of Mrs. Sheed's conclusions, such as that "Chesterton is our greatest Catholic thinker since Aquinas and Augustine"; "H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw are not important any more," as well as her judgment on Sir Stafford Cripps, electrified her audience, as did also her vigorous treatment of the questions on Russia and Communism, after the lecture proper.

On Friday, Mrs. Sheed spoke to the students of St. Joseph's College on the topic of the history and the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild in England and America. Again the effect was electric, as she gave vivid pictures of the training and examinations one needed before being ready to be a "park speaker." Some of the experiences Mrs. Sheed related of both apparent failures and almost miraculous conversions of the seemingly most pre-

judiced and fierce listeners was a challenge to the girls to make themselves ready for such lay apostolic work. It is interesting to note how the Guild's policy has been modified through the years. At first the aim of the members was to "defend" the Church and its doctrines; then they turned to teaching various conceptions, such as authority in the Church and Infallibility; but, lastly, they have found that what the crowd needs most is a presentation and explanation of the dogmas, especially those of the Incarnation, the Mystical Body of Christ, the Supernatural life of man, and the Beatific Vision. In this last phase, the Guild has found that it is able to bring the lost modern "man of the streets" back to the "sweet gospel of Christ."

I have elaborated on this lecture of Mrs. Sheed, for it represents her life-work. The Guild is the project on which she has worked some twenty-two years; it was where she met her husband, Mr. Frank Sheed; and it is the project which engages particularly her prayers, and her organizing ability. Her great hope is that the Catholic Evidence Guild will come forth in Canada too—for in the United States it has already done much good work.

Saturday meant a visit to Father McGoe's farm, which was an inspiration, and a revelation to Mrs. Sheed of "Canadian carrying out of G. K. Chesterton's teaching of the land movement as the answer and solution to our contemporary problem of the dispossessed." On Saturday afternoon the various Loretto Alumnae Executives of Loretto Abbey, Loretto College, and Loretto College School, were privileged to meet and take tea with Mrs. Sheed at Loretto College. On this occasion Mrs. Sheed told of her education in England with the Ladies of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. She described the convents there, and related anecdotes of her school days, mentioning Sisters known to some of those present. She also told incidents in connection with her friendship with literary figures of contemporary England—the Chestertons, Hilaire Belloc, and others.

Saturday evening found Mrs. Sheed bound for Hamilton, where on Sunday morning she and Rev. Dr. G. B. Phelan, President of the Institute of Medieval Studies, Toronto, were the speakers at a gigantic Holy Name Rally of St. Patrick's parish. To three hundred and fifty men who literally hung upon her words, Mrs. Sheed described the condition and the activities of the Catholics in Great Britain, and especially of those of London, England, since the beginning of the war, stressing the work

accomplished by the priests in the shelters; the activity of the Sword of the Spirit Movement; the influence of Cardinal Hinsley, and the morale building of the "Grail" workers. Mrs. Sheed urged the men to vivify their minds with Catholic thinking, and not only *feel* themselves Catholics, but to be Catholics by *conviction*, and to *think* as Catholics.

The afternoon of Sunday was devoted to a visit to Loretto Academy at Niagara Falls, where Mrs. Sheed was welcomed by the Superior and Community and, in a tour through the beautiful school, was given an unparalleled view of the Falls and the Rapids from an upper floor window. The time passed all too quickly; the pleasant visit was over—and soon it was Monday, when Mrs. Sheed, again in Toronto, spoke to the Religious and the students at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on the subject, "The World We Live In." The same topic was chosen for her talk in the afternoon at Loretto College, St. George Street, where she pointed out to the Staff and University students the two great fallacies of the usual Modern person's approach to the problems of today: (1) People approach a problem rather through their *moods* than through their *minds*; and (2) by their *imagination* rather than their *intelligence*. Mrs. Sheed then gave examples of the great confusion into which people fall concerning contemporary problems of our world by thinking in this way. She told the girls that they should not conclude that just because they were in a Catholic College they were receiving a Catholic education, or "getting" a Catholic mind. They themselves must acquire and form a Catholic mind in themselves by reading, studying, and praying. She invited them to study the new series of "Catholic Masterpieces" which had just been published by her husband for the purpose of helping Catholics to form a Catholic mind within themselves. She stressed the point, that we need Catholics who are Catholic in their ideas and in their intelligence; that it is not enough to have a "good Catholic heart" in order to deal with modern problems. To cope with our modern intellectual world of ideas, we need Catholic ideas and trained minds, and Mrs. Sheed challenged the Convent and College girls to prepare themselves to be Catholic leaders in Catholic thought. She commented on the sadness she had felt at times in these years of activity in Catholic work when, expecting to find leaders in Catholic thought among the Catholic women who had enjoyed Catholic higher education, she had been disappointed in not finding—for the most part and with few exceptions—such leadership

or leaders from those privileged groups. She stirred the consciences of the student groups present, and urged all to build a Catholic mentality in themselves, before it would be too late to save the world we live in, and themselves, from a universal ruin.

On Monday night the Community of Loretto, Brunswick, had the great pleasure of hearing Mrs. Sheed speak on her favourite author, Chesterton. As the official biographer of Chesterton, Mrs. Sheed had access to all the Chesterton papers and, from them, and her own experiences, she culled many items of great interest to her audience. She spoke particularly of Chesterton's ideas on education, especially of the teaching of religion, and the need for vivid and unhackneyed presentation of our Catholic beliefs, in their beauty as well as their truth. She also discussed Chesterton's views on Sociology, Art, Art Criticism, Politics, and other matters.

The lively period of questions and discussions which followed the lecture showed the keen interest and enthusiasm of all present, many of whom were familiar with the informing writings not only of Mrs. Sheed, but also of her gifted parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, and of her husband—writer, publisher, and lecturer—who, some years ago, on his return trip from England to Australia, with his mother, visited Toronto, and spoke in this Loretto, Brunswick, auditorium on The Evidence Guild in England. One nun mentioned having heard Mrs. Sheed's father lecture at the former Loretto Abbey, Wellington St., on The English Cardinals of the Nineteenth Century; another recalled some enjoyable interviews with Mrs. Sheed, Sr., when she visited Loretto, Woodlawn, Chicago—for every such remark there was a pleasant comment by Mrs. Sheed, who is a most delightful conversationalist.

Tuesday was "devoured" by visa problems, and a "spot of shopping"—and on Tuesday evening Mrs. Sheed entrained for Cleveland, where she was engaged to speak on Wednesday. Although she is no longer among us here, in Toronto, her words and influence are still very much alive in us, and the inspiration she gave, and the impetus to form really thinking Catholics will, we hope and expect, bear good fruit. Our reluctance to see Mrs. Sheed go was tempered only by hearing that she has been invited to return—in the fall, to speak to us again, and we can assure Mrs. Sheed that a most enthusiastic and affectionate welcome will await her.

A Golden Anniversary

On January 23, the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Sister M. Redempta was the happy recipient of innumerable congratulations and thoughtful gifts, at Loretto College School, Brunskick Avenue, Toronto.

The Jubilee High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Monsignor McCann, P.D., Pastor of St. Francis', who had, likewise, been celebrant on the morning on which Sister M. Redempta received the religious habit, at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Street.

Amongst the relatives and friends who came to participate in the day's joyous proceedings and to contribute to them, were Sister M. Prudentia, of Loretto Abbey, and Sister M. Alexia, of Loretto Convent, Stratford, both sisters of the Jubilarian.

A poem written for the occasion prettily emphasizes the happy spirit with which she who now looks back on fifty golden years, came in her mid-teens to the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the splendid preservation of that spirit which has enabled her to show herself constantly a cheerful helper to those about her.

To the Golden Jubilarian we offer congratulations and good wishes to last on until her Diamond Jubilee Day.

Red Geraniums

By ALINE MICHAELIS.

Some ask fair fittings for a room,
Stained glass and iron grille;
For me, I want a scarlet bloom
Upon the window-sill.

The red geranium is gay,
A proud and flaunting thing;
With courage it can fill the day,
Can make the spirit sing.

There was a room once, long ago,
(How years can roll away!)
Where scarlet blossoms' vivid glow
Mocked winter skies of gray.

And even yet my pulses thrill
At that remembered bloom,
Red flowers upon a window-sill
Within my Mother's room.

In Memoriam

SISTER M. DOMINICA GLYNN, I.B.V.M.

At Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, where she had spent much of her religious life, Sr. M. Dominica Glynn, I.B.V.M., passed away peacefully a few hours after her arrival from Loretto Academy, Hamilton—her home for some years past.

A heart seizure on the train left the sufferer little hope of recovery, and soon after reaching Loretto, Niagara, she received the Last Sacraments. With the beautiful serenity which was a life-long characteristic, this devoted religious, who had spent fifty-two years in the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, passed to her eternal Home.

On February 5, the Funeral High Mass in the convent chapel of Loretto of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated by her nephew, Rev. Leo J. Glynn; the burial was in the Loretto plot in Fairview Cemetery, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

To her devoted relatives we extend our sympathy—to her brothers, Mr. Michael Glynn and Mr. Simon Glynn; and her sisters, Sr. M. Martha, I.B.V.M., and Miss Katherine Glynn; also to her nephews and nieces, especially Rev. Leo J. Glynn, Lakeview, N.Y., and M.M. St. Denis, I.B.V.M.; and to her cousin, Sr. M. Clementine, Superior, St. John de La Salle Convent, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Eternal rest and bliss supernal
For her, Dear Lord, we crave,
Who was a model through long years—
So faithful, calm and brave!

MOTHER M. EUPHEMIA DON CARLOS, I.B.V.M.

On Feb. 11, the oldest member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was called to her reward from Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, after her long, saintly, useful life. Philomene Don Carlos came from an old French family, originally of Spanish extraction. She was born at St. Paschal, P.Q., on June 15, 1854, and in her 19th year followed her three elder sisters who had entered at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, all of whom were endowed with great artistic talent utilized in the Institute during their lives. Mother M. Euphemia's tastes were

more in the direction of household economy and during her 69 years of religious life she applied herself untiringly to the various duties appointed her. Even when no longer able for active employment, she found delight in all kinds of needlework, from useful household articles and chapel adornment, to dainty fancy work for charitable purposes. During her long religious career, Mother M. Euphemia ever preserved the charming simplicity of her youth, which had been well guarded against a worldly spirit. Although living in an English atmosphere for so many years, she was characteristically French, and among the last words she spoke was the repeated utterance: "le bon Dieu." Her genial nature kept her happy wherever she was stationed. She went from one Loretto convent to another in Canada and in the United States and everywhere made hosts of friends. Her interest in people and community events was keen to almost the end of her life. Some weeks ago she suffered a heart attack which finally proved fatal. Fortified by the rites of the Church, she died peacefully on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes which was one of special devotion for her and the day on which she hoped to die. Mother M. Euphemia leaves no immediate relatives, but sympathy is extended to a number of nephews and nieces. The Requiem Mass was sung in Loretto Abbey chapel and interment was made in Mt. Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

—M.

PRO PACE.

I walked one night—the moon was bright,
The sky above, a crystal blue;
The sparkling snow on homes and streets
Was tinted with the sky's own hue.

The church spire high against the sky
Its shadow cast upon the snow;
The grey stone walls were cold and dark;
Within there was a light I know.

The King of Kings a brief prayer heard;
My Angel placed before His throne
A prayer for peace and love and joy
In hearts, and lands, in homes our own.

May Simpkin, '41,
Loretto Academy
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MRS. MARY THERESA TALBOT.

Mrs. Mary Theresa
Talbot.

With deepest regret her many friends learned of the death of Mrs. Mary Theresa Talbot, widow of the late Dr. Talbot, Sr., and Dean of Loretto Niagara Alumnae.

Mrs. Talbot (Mary Bampfield) was a member of Loretto Niagara, Graduating Class of 1864, and through the long years of a busy life preserved her keen interest in everything connected with Loretto. Her presence at Alumnae Home - comings, or

other meetings, was always a special pleasure for the religious and guests. At the Golden Jubilee celebration of her Alma Mater she, as the eldest surviving member of the Alumnae and Honorary President of the American Chapter, had the distinction of cutting the Jubilee cake.

We offer assurance of prayers for her

eternal rest and our sympathy to her son, Dr. Frank J. Talbot, physician at Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N.Y., and to her daughters, Mrs. McCarty, Mrs. O'Gara, and Mrs. C. F. Mugele (Loretto Alumnae); also to her bereaved grandchildren.

Of the funeral services, held at Sacred Heart Church, Niagara Falls, N.Y., from her home, 955 Niagara Avenue, on February 14, we read:

"The Very Rev. Joseph M. Noonan, C.M., S.T.D., president of Niagara, was celebrant of the Mass. The Rev. Francis L. Meade, C.M., Ph.D., Vice-President and Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, was deacon, and the Rev. Francis X. Desmond, C.M., S.T.D., director of Our Lady of Angels Seminary, sub-deacon. Responses to the Mass were sung by the 50-voice choir of Our Lady of the Angels Seminary. Burial was in Fairview cemetery, Niagara Falls, Ont.

"In the sanctuary during the service were the Very Rev. John J. Sheehy, the Rev. Joseph Illig, C.M., the Rev. Daniel Munday, C.M., the Rev. Michael Flannery, C.M., the Rev. Edward Matthews, C.M., the Rev. James Walsh, C.M., the Rev. Felix Drouet, C.M., the Rev. Francis Hinton, C.M., the Rev. Harry Gaff, C.M., the Rev. William Mahoney, C.M., the Rev. George H. O'Neill, the Rev. John M. Ryan, the Rev. Vincent McCarthy, the Rev. Albert Gulnerich and the Rev. John Godfrey."

Religious from Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario, and many of the Loretto Alumnae, were present to pay tribute to a beloved and loyal alumna. May she rest in peace!

For Better Things

ARMOUR HEIGHTS BROADCAST ON CATHOLIC PRESS.

An unusual symposium on the subject of the Catholic Press, dramatically presented as a world-wide broadcast, was given at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Wednesday, February 25th, from the Abbey Auditorium, Station CLAT. Miss Mary Valenti ably conducted a running commentary of the programme contacting various foreign stations throughout the world.

Britain Speaks.

Miss Joan Huggins, an air raid warden from England, spoke first, telling of the relief Catholic Literature brings to brighten the long hours spent in the air raid shelters.

In occupied France, a free French patriot and editor of a small Catholic Pamphlet was

next introduced, the part being characterized by Miss Julia Butler. The guest reporter stated that with the help of the Press, Catholic editors in France would continue their fight for freedom to the end.

Then followed an attempt to contact a small secret-cycle station in Germany, but due to unavoidable static interference, which Miss Sheila Ryan in the control room tried unsuccessfully to overcome, this interesting part of the programme had to be postponed.

Vatican City.

In the interim, the home station contacted Vatican City, where a young priest, portrayed by Miss Shirley Pezzaack, was waiting to pay tribute to the glorious efforts of the Catholic Press, as exemplified in the brilliant and uncompromising editorials of the Osservatore Ro-

mano which to-day stood, he said, "a beacon of light in the darkness that is Europe, and a pillar of strength in the great edifice which is the Catholic Press."

Back to Germany again where Miss Lois Noble, in the role of a young journalist, vividly depicted the daring exploits undertaken in Germany in order to preserve the flame of faith and love of truth in the hearts of brave German Catholics.

From Germany the audience was taken far east to a thriving missionary settlement in China, where a nursing sister, characterized by Miss Pauline McGuigan, spoke words of gratitude for the kind donations of Catholic books, papers and magazines sent by Canadian friends.

On Leper Island.

Attention was next focussed on the tiny island of Molokai in mid-Pacific, whose history glows with tales of inspiring heroism. Miss Patricia Thompson, in the role of settlement doctor, graphically told how Catholic Literature gave to these unfortunate people trust in God, and new hope to face the future.

Station CLAT then went aboard H.M.C.S. York to tune in on the conversation of two Canadian sailors, portrayed by Miss Marie Kirby and Miss Nellie Hogan. Here it was learned how much the Catholic Press was appreciated on board ship by sailors.

Martyrs' Shrine.

Returning to Canada, Miss Frances MacDonald, speaking from the Jesuit Shrine at Midland, drew an inspiring parallel between the glorious, uncompromising heroism of the Catholic Martyrs and the equally courageous work of the Catholic Press in the world to-day.

Miss Rita Ormesher at the piano skilfully provided a musical setting characteristic of each port-of-call.

The symposium was brought to a thrilling conclusion by Miss Valenti's stirring appeal, "Help the Catholic Press by Catholic Action, and above all, pray for Your Press—Our Press—the Catholic Press!"

CATHOLIC PRESS WEEK SYMPOSIUM.

Elevating and inspiring was the symposium on the "Sublime Origin and Divine Mission of Catholic Letters," presented by the students of Grade XII, Loretto College School, on February 26. By this Catholic Press Month feature, they opened up for us vistas of the vast wealth of Christian literature.

Beginning with the Sacred Scriptures, they traced the heritage of Catholic letters, down through the ages, in Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern times, introducing great authors like St. Augustine, St. Thomas More, Chesterton, Belloc, Baring, Francis Thompson, Theodore Maynard, and Christopher Hollis, by reference to their great literary works; comparing Pius XII to St. Peter; Hilaire Belloc to St. Paul; Jacques Maritain to St. Thomas Aquinas, and Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen to Cardinal Newman.

In the talk which followed the symposium, it was pointed out that all literature treats of God, man, or the material universe. Poets leave the imprint of their religious beliefs, their viewpoint on life, and their attitude toward nature in their poetry. It is essential that Catholics be able to judge literature and form their own opinions of it. They should be capable of detecting false doctrines in the works of the poets, and their refutations should be based on sound Catholic principles. The fundamental teachings of the Catechism are their safest guide. In writing about nature, some poets become so enchanted by its beauty and magnificence that the doctrine of pantheism can be detected in their writings. To believe that the universe is God is wrong. Wordsworth was a disciple of this theory. Such a passage as,

"One impulse of the vernal wood
Can teach me more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can,"

is a true mirror of his belief. Catholics should be on the alert, and not imbibe such doctrines. On the other hand, Kilmer's beautiful treatment of nature in his famous poem, "Trees," is in keeping with all creation and beauty of the tree to God, but he does not claim that the tree is God.

Poetry is essentially what its author is. A helpful guide in judging literature is Cardinal Newman's definition of an author in his "Ideas of a University"—"A great author is one," he says, "who has something to say, and knows how to say it." Both requisites are equally necessary. Modern literary criticism lays the stress on the way the subject is presented. The idea or theme, nowadays, is secondary; with the result that doctrines which are absolutely wrong are imbibed by gullible people, because they cannot penetrate the author's engaging style. A statement is either true or false. It cannot be both. Truth should be the one and only objective of literature. But,

since our modern writers are winning their fame and popularity by their style, in spite of the fact that their ideas are utterly false, it behooves Catholics to be on their guard, and not be caught up in the swirling whirlpool of false principles. A Catholic with the background of Catholic literature as a steadying factor, and the principles of Catechism as a guide, will safely cross the sweeping torrent of false doctrine in poetry and prose.

The symposium was an enterprise both interesting and profitable; it inspired in the hearts of the listeners a realization of the love and admiration which they owe to their great storehouse of wisdom—Catholic literature.

Sally Chiovetti, Junior College.
Loretto, Brunswick.

IN VOCATION WEEK.

An interesting event in Vocation Week at Loretto College School was a talk by Father John Fullerton. A vocation, he pointed out, is a call. God has something definite for each of us to do and our vocation is to accomplish whatever He has planned for us. Some are called to do great things and others to perform ordinary, or menial tasks, yet in the eyes of God all are great. The creatures of God are like the parts of a jig-saw puzzle: some seem very important while others are considered small and insignificant; yet, unless each one takes his own place the picture cannot be perfect.

The highest vocation to which anyone can be called is the religious. Yet, in another sense, there is no higher vocation than the accomplishing of the will of God. For example, when a good young girl, with a religious vocation, begins to realize that she is being called, she may experience a struggle. She finds it difficult to sacrifice good times, friends, parties, and all the pleasures of the world which are so appealing. Yet she recalls the words of our Saviour, "I will give you as reward a hundred-fold here, and life everlasting hereafter." She prays and soon finds herself willing to give up something for Him Whom she loves. She enters the convent and finds her days filled with various duties and her nearness to our Saviour makes her realize that convent life is not as drab as she had thought. Then comes a day when, as a postulant, she comes in bridal white before the Altar of God and almost feels her hand in Christ's as her heart beats in accord with the Sacred Heart. Everything is for Him—teaching classes patiently or ministering

as an angel of mercy to the sick. She is the symbol of God's love for a world which has forgotten what love means.

Father Fullerton then spoke on the vocation of married life. He emphasized its importance and warned us to remain uninfluenced by what we read or see of the happenings in Hollywood. Marriage, ordained by the Creator, is something sacred and good and will remain such only if we as Catholics are guided by the principles of Catholic teaching.

He left us with a thought or two about the social worker, teacher, and nurse, the ways in which we can prove our love for people. In conclusion he urged us to pray earnestly that God would give us the grace to know and to follow our vocations.

Mary Black, Junior College.
Loretto College School.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

Education, in general, consists in the acquisition of knowledge, which, according to St. Thomas Aquinas, one may obtain by his own native ability or through the aid and assistance given to him by those who are his teachers. Whatever end and purpose the educator intends will be determined by his conception of the meaning and purpose of life and this will be the essential influence in his imparting of education.

The pagan nations of antiquity, Greece and Rome, had a limited knowledge of the meaning and purpose of life which was naturally reflected in their principles of education. Because of their denial of or their insoluble doubts as to the immortality of the human soul, this present mortal phase of life alone had any meaning. The dominant note in their educational system was that youth should be trained for the service of the State. Religion played but a small part in that life. Even the Delphic Oracle, perhaps the most important religious influence in the life of any Greek, contributed to the advancement of the highest recognized authority—the State. That these once great nations should suffer a moral and political decline was inevitable, as history clearly shows us. This pagan education was based on the highest human wisdom, and the powerful influence of the State was often exerted on its behalf. It failed, however, because its intended purpose was limited and restricted. It did not understand the full meaning of life.

Christ, through His Church, is the Perfect

Teacher. The responsibility of education, then, belongs pre-eminently to the Church and must be exercised under her direction. Therefore, the true product of Christian Education is the supernatural man who thinks, judges, and acts consistently in accordance with reason, illuminated by the light of the example of and the teaching of Christ.

The true Christian does not renounce the activities of this life. He does not stunt his natural faculties, but he develops and improves them by co-ordinating them with the supernatural.

In many democratic countries there is a cry being raised by ministers, Boards of Education, and high officials for religious teaching in all our schools. It is impossible to separate intellectual education from moral and religious teaching, for religion should form an essential part of instruction. Education should not stop at making children wise; it should also make them good.

Only by an application of the ideals of Christian Education can the tide of paganism which is sweeping over the world be stemmed. Only then can the world begin to contemplate a restoration of the earth to an order founded on justice and peace.

Clare Smith, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

MRS. SHEED AT LORETTO ABBEY.

Loretto Abbey was privileged in having as guest speaker on Monday morning, March 16, Mrs. Sheed, well-known writer and lecturer, and co-partner in the publishing firm of Sheed and Ward. She was introduced to the Abbey audience by Mrs. Roesler, President of the Canadian Federation of Catholic Alumnae, who mentioned that the distinguished guest was in Toronto for a few days, under the auspices of The Sword of the Spirit Guild.

Mrs. Sheed began by saying how much at home she felt, as she recognized the familiar habit of the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by whom she had been educated. Her subject was "The World We Are living In." She spoke of the difficulty of living in a world of intellect, rather than a world of imagination or feeling. Glancing back through history, she explained that at times the Church had been the friend of the world, and at other times the enemy of the world. In Cardinal Newman's century, a very prosperous, self-satisfied era, the Church warn-

ed us of the dangers of the world, and was the enemy of the world. But in times of need, of distress, the Church has been the friend of the world, as in the days of the breaking up of the Roman Empire and the invasions of the barbarians; the Church then, as now, prepared men for Heaven, but on the side built a civilization around her. Pope Gregory the Great, before he was Supreme Pontiff, was planning the conversion of these very barbarians when he made his well-known remark, "Not Angles, but Angels." Saint Patrick, while converting the Irish barbarians, was building a culture which bore fruit in Scotland, in England, and in Gaul. Alfred the Great, though he slept with a sword in one hand, held a pen in the other, because he knew books to be most necessary. Neither Pope Gregory nor St. Patrick, nor Alfred, said, "This is the end of all," but rather, "We shall build for the future."

This attitude should be the object of the Catholic who knows the teachings, philosophy and ideals of the Church. In England the Sword of the Spirit Movement has this object in mind, and Cardinal Hinsley and army-chaplains are by far the most popular speakers in war-time England, for they are conscious of the brotherhood of man, and of the crowning need of God.

For an hour, Mrs. Sheed held pupils and teachers spell-bound by her pleasing voice, her interesting facts, her deep spirituality, her frequent reference to present-day conditions—and by the touch of humour, typically English.

WINNING WEAPONS.

A flash of steel, a glimpse of gay costumes, lovely, laughing ladies; handsome, smiling men; thousands waiting expectantly for each new turn, glide, or spin—the Skating Carnival! What an evening of merriment, to be relived over a cup of coffee; to be talked about for a few days; and, finally, to pass into the realm of memory! How many in other cities than ours have lived through just such gay carnivals, and now re-live them only in memory! Slowly, I recall: Vienna—city of "wine, women, and song," now, one of desolate, needy, human beings; Paris—city of culture, fashion, and romance, now, one filled with a crushed people, ashamed that they have bowed before the enemy; Amsterdam—no longer a home of quiet, happy citizens, but rather of weary, war-torn masses, to whom tulip-time will not foretell a glad spring this year. Oslo,

Brussels, Prague, Hong Kong, Singapore—all now stricken—and weary Londoners still struggling bravely on while air-raids continue to take their exorbitant toll. . . .

For all those countless thousands, no carnivals, no festivals—just memories of by-gone days! For us, carnivals still, and merry-making, because we see no further than the end of each peaceful day.

But our country is at war! We must help! And let us not think that guns and bombs alone will win this—or any war. These are needed, yes—needed badly—but not as badly as prayer is. We may hope to win “peace with justice” only when we enlist the aid of God. This we can do only by earnest, constant prayer.

So when we buy our war bonds and stamps, how about offering up a prayer for peace with justice? Let us keep in mind that this World War is a spiritual war, too, and the winning weapons are prayer and moral rectitude.

Ethel Turner.

PATRIOTIC TEA AT LORETTO ABBEY.

In the studio of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on February 16, a Patriotic Tea was given by the art students and Junior College class, at which mothers of students were the guests of honour. Receiving were Mother General, Mother Superior, the faculty and the conveners, Joan McGoey and Mary Ruscica. The studio was most attractive with its display of pictures hung around the walls, and the dainty tea table with its suitable decorations: “V” in red candles in white candelabra, blue ribbon, silk flags and the motto: “There will always be an England.” The pretty cups and saucers had been painted by the students in elaborate conventional designs, each girl having one to present to her mother. A charming programme was arranged which portrayed a harmonious blending of fine arts, the musical and the literary numbers corresponding with the subjects of many of the paintings. After the National Anthem, Patricia Crawford announced the numbers on the programme comprising English, Irish and Scottish songs, piano and violin selections and speeches on Nelson by Ann Gilchrist, on the Stuarts by Joan McGoey, on Mary Ward by Florence McNamara and Esther Schutz. The piano selections were by Victoria Douglas, Agnes Kinney; violin by Yolande Bernard, Helen and Frances LaBinet; the vocal by Denys,

Joan and Jacqueline Huggins, Sheila Fleming, Julianne Shannon and choral groups, accompanied by Anita Goggio. During the tea hour, with Molly Mohan and Evelyn Campion pouring, musical selections were given by Noreen Prestly, Bernice Dwyer, Dorothy Allen, Loretta Lannan, Yolande and Rose Marie Bernard. The outstanding pictures on exhibition were those of Ann Gilchrist, Molly Mohan, Patricia Crawford, Mary Ruscica, Sheila Ryan, Barbara French, Justine Noll, Margaret Mohan. The distinctive entertainment was enjoyed by all, and the talent, grace and charm of the young girls were specially attractive. The many requests for a repetition of such a cultured programme will probably result in a further exhibition of paintings and the accentuation of Canadian talent.

—M.

A DAY OF SONG.

The 12th Annual Inter-Loretto Singing Festival was held on Saturday, March 21, in the Loretto College School Auditorium, Brunswick Avenue. Entrants to the number of 250 were present from Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, and Loretto College School, Toronto; and Loretto Academies of Guelph, Niagara Falls, Hamilton and Stratford.

From 9 a.m. till 4.30 p.m., with an hour's intermission at 12 o'clock, teachers, parents, and friends enjoyed the vocal numbers so well rendered that honours standing was the order of the day.

Mr. George Lambert of the Conservatory of Music, as adjudicator, gave his wonted splendidly helpful comments on the individual performances in each class, and, at the end of the day, expressed his great pleasure in the excellent showing from the several Loretto schools. The two soul-stirring selections, “Panis Angelicus,” and “Inviolata,” in Gregorian Chant, elicited a beautiful appreciation of Liturgical Music from the examiner, whose singing of a few passages revealed his thorough acquaintance with its every requirement—from the devotional point of view as well as from that of art.

The test selections were: Class I, under 9 years, Vesper Hymn; Class II, under 10, Toyland; Class III, under 11, Easter Morn; Class IV, under 12, Gingerbread Cakes; Class V, under 13, Little Sandman; Class VI, Pre-High School age, Choral Classes. Now Let the Heavens Be Joyful; Class VII, under 14, Sunny Shaft; Class VIII, under 15, Meeting of the

Waters; Class IX, under 16, The Forge; Class X, under 17, Cherry Ripe; Class XI, under 17, Lead Kindly Light; Class XII, under 18, "Panis Angelicus" and "Inviolata," Gregorian; Class XIII, under 19, Hark, Hark the Lark; Class XV, duet, Greeting to Spring.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

A programme which held the audience enthralled from the opening number to the end was given on Tuesday evening, March 24, in Loretto College School Auditorium, by the Public Speaking Class of L.C.S. The choice and treatment of topics as well as the excellence of delivery, reflected credit not only on the speakers but also on the Instructor, Miss Marion Paterson. The Loretto Glee Club contributed numbers which added to the evening's enjoyment. Very Rev. Father Latchford, Pastor of St. Peter's Church, was guest speaker and at the conclusion of the programme congratulated the speakers and enlarged on the value of this particular branch of study for the individual and for countless others who may be influenced beneficially by her words from the platform. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, author and lecturer, was also present on the occasion.

The members selected from the Public Speaking Class on this occasion were: Miss Margaret O'Keefe, who spoke on the Blessed Sacrament; Katherine Adams, on The Life of a Soldier; Mary Doyle, on Books As Friends; Mary Black, on The Value of a Moment; Monica Paul, on Independence; Marie Higgins, on What's in Advertising?; Eleanor Foster, on Patriotism and Nationalism; Eileen Bishop, on A Student's Views on Public Speaking; Clare McLaughlin, on Are People Born Bad?

TO LEAVE OR NOT TO LEAVE H.S.?

The democratic discussion held under the guidance of Rev. Fr. Daniel Lord at Kleinhan's Music Hall, Buffalo, on March 23, 1942, was based upon the question, "What is the relationship of the high school student to this war and the peace which will follow?" During the meeting Father Lord and several Socialists discussed whether the high school student should leave school to enter war work. Father Lord declared that good leaders are lacking in this modern world.

What has happened to them? During the last World War those who should be our leaders to-day left school to die in Flanders, or

to work in munition factories. Under the influence of misguided patriotism, or lured on by the huge salaries, these youths and maidens rejected their opportunity for leadership. When the war ceased, these young people walked the streets looking for something to do. They were not equipped to help put the world in order.

To-day we are in another conflict similar to that of 1914-1918. Soon the collegians will be called to war and leadership will be left with us, the high school students. Therefore, as Fr. Lord so wisely told three thousand Socialists, let us work well to make ourselves worthy to further God's will in our democratic nation. Until we are called to do otherwise, let us study diligently; but let us never cease to pray humbly and sacrifice nobly.

Beryl McDermott, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL (LORETTO), STRATFORD.

The pupils of St. Joseph's Separate School (Loretto) entertained a large audience in the Auditorium of Loretto Academy, on Monday evening, March 16, and again on March 17, with a delightful programme of drama and music. Amongst the several typically Irish hymns and songs were St. Patrick's Day, Mother Machree, Danny Boy, When Great St. Patrick Raised the Cross.

Traditional Indian Story.

The programme was opened with a play entitled, "Lily of the Mohawks," which portrayed the story of the life of Catharine Tekakwitha, a saintly Indian maiden, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century and influenced the lives of the members of her tribe by her faith in God. The typical costuming and the entire setting depicted in a realistic manner the habitation of the Redskins. As the story was unfolded, the performers, in a clever manner, presented the gradual change in the Indian tribe from a life of treachery to a more civilized attitude wrought through the example of Catharine. During the play Miss Merlyn Melvin gave an artistic rendition of "The Indian Love Call," which enhanced the beauty of the Indian lore.

The characters in the play were enacted by the following pupils: Catharine Tekakwitha as a child of 12 years, Irene Bomasuit; Catharine as a young woman of 21 years, Valerie

Shantz; Chief Hot Powder, a convert of the Oneida tribe, Kenneth Smith; Jesuit Fathers, Robert McInnes, Dennis Flanagan, Cecil Walker, Dominic Brennan; Father Cholenee, missionary at the village of Caughnawaga, Angelo Bomasnit; Chief Lone Eagle, Alfred White; Big Bear, Jack Bart; Fleet Foot, Harold Heinbuch; Lone Wolf, Jack McKinnon; Silver Star, Margaret Kane; Indian mother, Thelma Walker; her daughter, Dorothy Kelly; Laughing Water, Merlyn Melvin; Indian maids and braves, Teresa Sisti, Margaret Sevigny, Wanda Frawley, Jane Morphy, Bernice Bowman, Teresa Birmingham, Francis Morphy, Basil McCann, Bobby Becker; angel, Barbara Shea; prologue and interludes, Dorothy Kelly; pianist, Miss Lucille Rousseau; soloist, Miss Merlyn Melvin; violinist, Miss Frances McKeough.

The dramatization of the life of St. Camillus De Lellis by the pupils of grade six recorded the change which occurred in Camillus, who, through the power of the grace of God in his heart, turned from a life of vagabondage and evil-doing to a saintly man who found solace in ministering to poor and downcast human beings. Through his influence the Red Cross movement was promoted and the spirit of kindness and benevolence prevailed throughout the world.

Historic Pageant.

A patriotic trend was introduced into the programme with the presentation of a clever pageant entitled, "Builders of Canada," which portrayed the importance of each province in the Dominion of Canada and the contribution made by each section towards the consolidation of the great country which extends from sea to sea and makes it a potential part of the Commonwealth of Nations.

The scene opened with Sleeping Beauty (Alice Buscher) and her sleeping guardsmen, who have been slumbering for hundreds of years. They were unaware of the vain effort being made by Jimmy and Jerry (Jack Chippa and Anne Furlong), little folk of the present day, to awaken them to the development of Canada during the years since Confederation. Even the magic spell of the fairy (Angeleen Conway) failed to arouse the trio, but the entrance of the various characters representing the provinces, singing "O Canada," worked the charm and the Sleeping Beauty and her attendants were awakened and heard the astounding tale of development.

The girls of Grade II then presented a playlet in lighter vein, "The Doll's Hospital," which was greeted with rounds of applause

from the audience. The scene was set in a hospital in charge of Joyce Keeso, where little mothers brought their maimed dollies to be made whole. It was a clever little skit and the patients were all mended and the climax was a feast of ice cream and cake for all the little folks taking part.

The recitation of the life of St. Patrick by Jean Bannon was a highlight of the evening and her performance was greeted with an ovation from the large audience.

ST. ANTHONY'S SCHOOL, TORONTO.

St. Anthony's Rotary School (Loretto) had its annual day of exhibition on Friday, March 27, when parents, friends, and many former pupils inspected the well-executed handiwork, and enjoyed the programme given by the children at 3 o'clock in the parish hall.

At the conclusion of it, the Reverend Pastor, Msgr. McGrand, expressed his pleasure in this latest evidence of the excellent work being accomplished by the teachers and pupils of St. Anthony's. He also congratulated the parents of these good children. Mr. Melady, Separate School Inspector, had additional words of appreciation for the display of various activities carried on so enthusiastically by St. Anthony's boys and girls.

The Programme opened with the regular Crusade meeting, during which the audience learned of the support, spiritual and financial, which these zealous Crusaders are giving to many Catholic and patriotic enterprises.

Formal presentation of awards to St. Anthony's sports' winners was made by Inspector Melady. In addition to some well-sung hymns, the following numbers were presented in costume by different classes: Belling the Cat; See the Little Hands; Searie Cat; A Health Song; Have You Ever Seen a Fairy? Dolly Has the Flu; The Princess Was So Beautiful; No Show To-day; Pop Goes the Weasel; Irish Country Dance; Wand Drill; A Victory Dance; A Minstrel Show.

Students start the day with prayer,
Placing their all within God's care.
That prayer so strong with love and might,
Helps greatly, you see, to make tasks light.
Dear God, still make my heart to thrill
At thought of doing Thy holy will.

Sara Madigan, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.



COLLEGE NOTES.

Jan. 14—Everyone came back from the Christmas holidays full of gay tales and looking forward to this evening's event, of which an account is given below.

Jan. 23—The St. Michael's Ball, convened by Jack Casey, was a brilliant success.

Jan. 28—We inaugurated the hockey season by playing in a good game with Victoria's second team.

Jan. 29—The S.P.S. party at Newman—a new venture in the line of entertainment—was enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to attend.

Feb. 10—Our sleigh-ride in the vicinity of Glen Mawr was a rare treat. Little snow, delightful weather, singing, running, were all part of the fun. Back at our College we enjoyed refreshments and dancing.

Feb. 17—St. Michael's College play, "Heaven on Earth," won second place in the Drama Festival at Hart House. Donald Rohr and our Maureen Murphy, the leading characters, were particularly good.

Feb. 19—Our retreat under the guidance of Rev. Father Phelan, S.J., began to-day with an inspiring conference, which leaves us eager for those in store for us.

Mar. 1—Debating Club at Newman entertained speakers from O.A.C. at a dinner at Diana's. The debate was on the War Policy of Canada—interesting and extremely well done.

Mar. 9—Election speeches at Newman Club.

Mar. 15—Election Day at the Club and a tea for parents encouraged a friendly spirit.

Mar. 16—Tea at Loretto College. Guest speaker, Mrs. Sheed, lecturer and author. We are honoured in having this distinguished English lady in residence at our College during her visit to Toronto, especially as she is a former pupil of the Institute of the B.V.M. in England.

Mar. 17—We all enjoyed St. Patrick's Day—not least the Irish songs and our "Wearin' o' the Green."

Our At Home.

On Wednesday, January fourteenth, the most important social event of the Loretto College year took place—its annual At Home. Previous to the dance, the Dean and Faculty entertained for us at a coffee party in the College drawing-room. After some pleasant chatting, we proceeded in groups to the Granite Club, as the scene of our dance.

Because of the war, corsages were banned. In their place, wristlets of flowers were sold at the door—part of the proceeds being donated to the British War Victims' Fund. Excellent music for the dance was supplied by Joe de Courey and his orchestra. The highlight of the evening was the Congo line which extended the length of the Country Club room. A supper, the most delicious one could imagine, was served in the dining-room upstairs. This was followed by dancing. When the farewells were being exchanged, all remarked on the delightful time they had had—as a result of the thoughtful preparations of the committee. The convener, Betty Read, and her capable cohort of assistants, are to be congratulated on the success of 1942's At Home.

A Freshman.

* * *

S.C.M. Inaugurated.

Very Rev. Dr. G. B. Phelan, President of the Institute of Medieval Studies, Toronto, speaking on Jacques Maritain, opened the first of a series of lectures at the University of Toronto sponsored by the Student Christian Movement (S.C.M.).

"Jacques Maritain's works are imbued with a keen sense of the urgency of contemporary problems of thought and culture," said Dr. Phelan. Continuing, he referred to Dr. Maritain as a "God-sent guide and leader of thought."

Passing quickly over Maritain's early life as a member of a French, Liberal, Protestant family, and as a student at the Sorbonne, Dr. Phelan turned our thoughts to the eminent philosopher's latest book, "Ransoming the Time." This volume, he felt, was of peculiar moment to a group such as S.C.M., in that it dealt with its very problem—"How can a group of earnest seekers after Truth co-operate in saving the culture in which that Truth is involved?" Maritain's answer? Fellowship! He advocates in this work fellowship rather than tolerance among the various Christian sects.

The speaker emphasized Dr. Maritain's par-

ticular concern with the problems of Christian culture and civilization, and quoted Maritain's dictum: "The world needs the contemplation of the saints, the love of God for all beings, and the respect due to God in all creatures."

L. Callaghan, 4T3,
Loretto College.

ANTICIPATION.

Imperious Winter! With what chill and gleam
You strike the earth this ghostly, silent night!
From star-bespangled dais coldly smiling
Your frosted orb smites man and beast alike.
E'en bells and whistles are benumbed, and
shrieking

A minor protest to your sullen sway;
Hinges and latches rasp a shrill contention;
Foundations crackle to crude sense of play;
All animation, chilled by ruthless passion,
Breathes out a swirl of freezing, foggy spray.

Let stubborn Winter reign! His fate is sealed;
Soon, conscious of a Power o'er-subtly stealing,
Soon, wooed by gentle Spring, her charm
revealing,

His spirit shall be broken, and shall yield
To her, his icy blades in rapt surrender,
To vivify with tears her snowdrops tender;
His ermine cloak will fade in swift retreat,
To bare her sodden fields for greening wheat.

Connie O'Connor, 4T5,
Loretto College.

QUEBEC, A PICTURE.

Quebec at dusk is a vision of loveliness, as seen from the lofty deck of the river ferry, which glides slowly across the St. Lawrence from Quebec to Levis, and from Levis to Quebec, in the gathering gloom. As daylight fades, the shore-line takes on the appearance of a sullen, massive cliff, gradually rising from the gentle fields in the direction of Montmorency Falls, to the towering Citadel which crowns the peak, a magnificent symbol of power, and courage, and strength. Majestic in its might, the whole stands sharply outlined against a clear sky of pale rose, merging into a delicate green; and the river flows quietly on, deep, dark, and still. Then, gradually, the twilight dims into evening, and the Rock of Cartier and Champlain takes on a sort of somber splendour as it stands aloof, reaching to the shadowy heavens. All at once a speck of brightness stabs the darkening night. Then

another and another. And soon the black cliff is studded, from base to summit, with shining lights that gleam and sparkle like so many diamonds. Nothing breaks the silence save the distant strains of the orchestra, which are faintly borne to us over the water, from the pavilion of the Chateau. Suddenly a dull, heavy sound strikes the ear—it is the roar of the cannon fired off from the vigilant fortress each night, to mark the hour of nine. And now we know that night has fully come. With reluctant heart we are forced to turn away from the grandeur that is Quebec at sunset; but always, deep in our soul, will remain the memory of "The fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key," rising like an enduring memorial to those heroes who, down through the years, have fought to defend it.

Marion Sirdevan,
Loretto College.

PEACE.

Beneath a tree, beside a river,
I found it long ago;
With friends, on one quiet evening,
I felt it come—and go.

Within my conscience, in my heart,
I bade it long abide;
Our Father as its donor—
I would fear no tide.

Like a dew-drop on a petal,
I see it gleam anew;
In the courage of its message
My faith I shall renew.

At this hour, alive with tumult,
I'd look indeed askance,
If that precious boon so cherished
I parted with, by chance.

, Betsy Gowan, 4T3,
Loretto College.

"TRANSIT THROUGH FIRE."

On Sunday evening, March 8th, a new opera, "Transit Through Fire," dealing with a Canadian theme of contemporary significance, was presented to the radio audience of North America. The music, composed by the Canadian musician, Dr. Healey Willan, and the libretto, written by the Canadian playwright, John Coulter, express sincerely the opinions of these two Canadian artists and reflect the thoughts and feelings of countless thousands of serious-minded people throughout the world.

The story of the opera concerns a college graduate, William Thomson, who left the ordered shelter of "Varsity" to venture into a cruel world of business where he drifted from one job to another with little hope of a useful, permanent future. All about him he sees the very antithesis of the college President's speech that—

"Each man must find his individual good
in seeking first the general good
of the community . . ."

He sees decency and democracy about to be sacrificed and makes militant radio speech, quoting from D. H. Lawrence:

" . . . A new great wave
of generosity,
or a new great wave
of death
will deluge the world . . ."

But his speech is derided; he is called another pessimist, and the words of the President seem a mockery to him. He flees to a lonely cabin hidden in the snow-covered hills, where, after a battle with selfishness and narrowness of intellect, the President's speech finally takes on a new meaning in his mind and a Mystic Voice tells him that

" in true humility
and comprehending charity:
brother with brother
ye all are members
one of another. . . ."

The outbreak of war offers Bill a tangible solution, and in army life he finds for the first time, 'men with one purpose, marching together, knowing that they are the makers and masters of to-morrow's community.'

. . . . "This is our Odyssey
our transit through fire
out of the futile nineteen-thirties
into the fighting nineteen-forties;
out of the clanging maze
of life with no meaning,
into the core of quiet,
the sanctuary of peace
in the hearts of men of war,
the fighting men
who, having transcended self
in dedication to a true ideal,
have utterly found themselves
and are at peace.
one in community."

The libretto is a masterpiece of beautiful free verse, yet it is realistic and modern as we see in the following description of the hustle and bustle of a stock broker's office,

"high
low
buying, selling,
profit taking,
money making,
new flotation
curb quotation,
nine,
nine,
nine and a half,
nine and a quarter,
minus a quarter,
nine, nine,
all done at nine,
all done.
Hurry, hurry, grab your slice,
at beggary's price,
when it rockets
unload for a profit,
yank the dopes and suckers into line.
sign, sign, sign, sign,
the dough in their pockets is mine.
all done at nine,
all done.
quicker,
quicker,
there's so little time,
let the ticker run
quicker, quicker.
hullo, hullo, what's this
obituary notice,
'suddenly in his office.' . . . !"

The music is welded inseparably to the words and to the psychology behind them. The orchestration of the opera shows the great genius of Dr. Healey Willan, especially in the imitation of modern dance music which accompanies one whole section of the opera, in the trumpet and bassoon accompaniment of the Mystic's declaration, and in the single stroke of the gong which climaxes the description of death, "suddenly in his office."

Nor was the choral writing of the opera neglected. Dr. Willan's contrapuntal skill equals his ability in orchestration, and the soloists and chorus merge together to form an impressive, moving opera which will not be soon forgotten by those who heard it.

Truly it is "an eloquent and profound plea for a purified democracy."

Louise Hart-Smith, 4T3,
Loretto College.

OUR RESIDENT FRESHMEN.

KATHLEEN ARTHURS—"Tops" is the only word to describe "our K." She hails from Espanola, Ontario, rich in mineral deposits—and we think her character is even richer than the mines of her home town. Kay plays basketball, and the piano; sings contralto beautifully, and manages most unob-

trusively to see and do more things than most of us.

CONNIE O'CONNOR—Keeps up the reputation for "the good old fighting Irish." The most modest of all, Connie gradually unfolds her athletic prowess—basketball, tennis, hockey, and track (her pet aversion). Oh yes, those twinkling blue eyes seem to keep the phone and doorbell ringing.

JACQUELINE DORION—Is a prodigy of Humbolt, Saskatchewan—and we do mean a prodigy. Anyone hearing that "Rhapsody in G Minor" of Brahms, played in Jacquie's own inimitable way, will surely agree. Typically French, with her quick smile and favourite, "Oh, my dear!" Jacquie has won all our hearts.

DORIS FILGIANO—Comes from Loretto, Hamilton. In first year pass, she shows great promise of heading her year. Her room is always filled with a group of talkative freshmen—for we all feel that here is an understanding friend.

GLAYDS KEAN—Is still in Brunswick and is claimed, by common consent, to be the future "girl in action" around the College. Clambleton, N.B., is Gladys' home town. Oh, those imp-like eyes and ebony tresses, Gladys!

HOPE McSLOY—There has already been so much written concerning Hope that new words fail us. Underneath all her glamour, we find a sincere, witty friend. Practical is this damsel from St. Catharines—not only is she taking Arts, but a dress designing course as well.

LORNA MUTZ—Loretto Abbey sent us Lorna. She has the rare qualities of sweetness and sincerity combined with an amazing sense of humour. With us only since Christmas, she is taking Commercial at Brunswick and is writing continually home to Copper Cliff. We know people don't write to their family every day, Lorna.

BETSY MOSBAUGH—Is president of her year; she, also, is a product of Loretto Abbey. She is keenly interested in sports and the literary side of Varsity. Huntsville is her home town, and friendly arguments her favourite pastime.

ROBERTA SLATER—Hails from Hamilton and is a likeable "lass of the world." "Bobby" has already given us a glimpse of her future—it's on the third finger of her left hand!

BETTY VIPOND—Is another old Loretto pupil—Guelph, this time. True blue, a liking

for classical music, and basketball. She always maintains her salon of freshmen. In Household Science, there are great hopes for Betty, one way or t'other. . . . So you see, there we are!—But we also have some common characteristics: a clammy spirit, a liking for symphonies, an interest in all activities, and last but not least, an excellent College spirit. Any evening after dinner, you may find the Loretto College Freshmen-in-residence in the Common Room—at the piano, singing and, at intervals, listening to a violin. Come down and meet us.

Betsy Mosbaugh, 4T5.

PEACE.*

The world, war-weary, looks to you,
O happy harbinger of light,
To bring the rest that's now denied,
And, winging with victorious stride,
To be the dawn of our dark night.

Come, heal the wounds that London sear;
Let Coventry once more arise;
And, Britain, powerful, proud, and free,
Rule gloriously from sea to sea,
With overhead the conquered skies.

Bring back our husbands, brothers, sons,
To quiet hearth from fiery field;
And let death spare heroic youth,
Which, battling in defence of truth,
Goes marching onward, valour-steeled.

Boon that, when ours, we never knew—
With sacrifice alone now won—
Hope, that lights our shadowy way,
Come like a gentle, longed-for May,
After the woeful winter's done!

Marion Sirdevan, III Moderns,
Loretto College.

* Poem winning Aline Michaelis medal.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

O tiny bright lamp, so priv'leged to stand
Before the dear Lord in many a land,
I wish I could be in your safe, honoured place
Before His high altar, before His dear Face!
No worry have you, no sorrow, no tears;
You have but the task to burn on thro' the years.
May Faith's lamp in my heart be as bright, I
implore,
And always be waiting, as if at its door,
To welcome my Lord, and keep me from sin,
That joy may be His when He enters herein.
Josephine Collins, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

LORETTO SECRETARIAL COLLEGE.

Our Secretarial College very fittingly terminated Vocation Week by holding a Symposium on that important subject. The Introduction was given by our Prefect, Ann Miller, who pointed out a fact that is often forgotten, namely, that we all have a common vocation, which is to save our immortal souls.

The first speaker, Rosemary Clement, instructed us on "How to Choose a Vocation." Rosemary told us to "choose the noblest way of life, for by use and practice even the hardest things become easy and sweet. Madge MacPhail next extolled the "Sacredness of Marriage," comparing the union of man and wife to the union of Christ with His Church. The "Profession of Motherhood" was discussed by Edythe Moore, who said that "motherhood is truly the most challenging of all professions." Maureen Dalgish spoke on the "Indissolubility of Marriage," reminding us that "opposed to all the wild grounds put forward for divorce, stands the unalterable law of God." The talk on "Mixed Marriages" concluded with the sage advice to "marry your own," and was given by Loretto Lonergan. Patricia Joyce tried to point out the beauties of the "Single State" to us, but with questionable success! Leona Connelly concluded very fittingly by enlightening us as to "Who Can Be a Nun."

The symposium was then brought to a close by the Prefect.

Lectures.

Loretto Secretarial College is at present being favoured by a series of health talks given by the well-known Dr. Geraldine Maloney. We have, to date, enjoyed two lectures, one on mental and physical health, and the other on nutrition. Dr. Maloney stressed the value of proper nutrition to a girl in business, pointing out that tuberculosis and other serious illnesses often arise due to a lack of proper nourishment.

I am certain I speak for the Class when I say that we are all looking forward to Dr. Maloney's next talk.

The Most Perfect Tool.

Tremendous, we know, is the effort being put forth to produce the tools of war, but on the other hand, small attention is given by the world to the most powerful tool of all—PRAYER.

In this war you and I cannot fly the planes, nor man the ships, nor drive the tanks, but ours is a task of even deeper importance and greater need. For, from us, as Catholics, and

more especially as Sodalists, there must come an abundance of Prayer and Sacrifice.

Madge McPhail,
Ann Miller.

"HE SHALL BE CALLED ALOYSIUS"

These words slowly escaped the lips of Signor Gonzaga as he stood silently watching the rising sun cast glorious golden shades over the quiet, cool earth. This morning his son had been born.

Such wonderful visions he had! Such dreams for the future! He visualized his boy playing "soldier" in the vast gardens about the castle. A gay, prankish child, Aloysius would be! Then, as a youth, he would surpass all others in bravery, dauntlessness, and the art of war. The soldiers would idolize their young leader; would instantly obey his slightest command. Maidens would stand in awe at the sight of this gallant youth. The name Aloysius Gonzaga would be on every tongue and in every heart throughout Europe. After he had won fame and fortune by the sword, he would return home and take his place amongst the prominent men of the Empire. This was to be Aloysius' life as his father had planned it—and there was a smile on the old man's face.

The Signor was so anxious to put into effect the plans he had made for his son's future, that Aloysius was allowed to spend but five short years under his mother's care. Then his father took him to the military camp, where his troops were stationed. The boy grew up in an unwholesome atmosphere of rough living. On the field the soldiers were brave, heroic. In camp they were bold and licentious. When only seven years old, Aloysius realized that life with these soldiers would be the cause of his losing his soul. This life that his father loved, Aloysius hated. Already, at such tender years, the boy began to thwart his father's plans, and the soldier-father seemed powerless to make a change. As the years passed the smile of satisfaction faded from Signor Gonzaga's face. This son for whom he had planned a brilliant future, had his own ideas; he lived in a world of his own. Aloysius spent many, many hours on his knees in prayer. His father could not understand it. He could not appreciate his son's love for Jesus and Mary, and his disregard for all things earthly. It was not until Aloysius gave up his opportunity of becoming ruler of a Marquisate for a secluded life in a Jesuit

College that Signor Gonzaga resigned himself to his son's determination, and recognized the hand of God at work in the life of this son. Aloysius died, not yet a priest, while helping others during a plague in Rome.

His strong example should be encouragement to our cold, weak hearts. Could not each one of us try to become another St. Aloysius? Let us take him for our patron. Let us pray to him, and ask him to lay our petitions before the throne of God. St. Aloysius, Patron of Students, pray for us.

Josephine Collins, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

I LIKE HENRY!

"I like Henry," I remarked casually.

"Well, I don't like him," retorted Ann, "he's just not human or natural, he's . . . oh, I just can't stand him,—he's too perfect to suit me."

We were referring, of course, to Henry V.—as Shakespeare has portrayed him.

To me, it was inconceivable how anyone could dislike Henry; nor would I accept his condemnation by Ann as "just not human or natural."

Shakespeare wrote "King Henry V" to portray his favourite, his hero, as an ideal king, and to my mind, he has succeeded.

The mere fact that there are men in our modern world, as there have been at all times, who have no virtue whatsoever, is no reason why Henry should be dubbed "too perfect."

Were the saints unnatural or inhuman because their lives were virtuous? Does the mere fact that the saints were virtuous place them in a category where only the unnatural and inhuman (or even superhuman) can exist?

No, decidedly no! Nor should Henry V. occupy a place of perfection beyond the human or natural attainment. Let us consider.

Henry's piety was not artificial,—he prayed to God because he loved Him, trusted Him, and feared Him. (These characteristics are obvious in his prayer beginning, "O God of battles! Steel my soldiers' hearts").

His humility and modesty were not unnatural,—they were part of him. His mercy and justice were not affected,—at the trial of the three conspirators, Henry was genuinely merciful, and just as genuinely just. His courage was not a matter of reciting, "the greater therefore should our courage be,"—he was courageous in the true sense of the word, whether on the battlefield or not.

Henry's wooing was not unnatural or inhuman,—his wooing was sensible. At least he was man enough to tell Katharine his faults, and make her realize whom she was marrying. (Unlike the young modern whose poor wife discovers too late that her "one-and-only" was a wolf in sheep's clothing).

Henry's heroism as a warrior was not counterfeit—it was real and genuine. All Henry's virtues were real and genuine.

I am not alone in this assertion. H. N. Hudson, in his "Shakespeare's Characters," speaks thus of Henry:

"He is honest and modest in his piety, pious and modest in his honesty; so that there is nothing obtrusive or showy in his acting of these virtues: being solid and true, they are therefore much within and little without, and are perfectly free from any air of pretence or design. And all the other manly virtues gather upon him in the train of these; while at the centre of the whole stands a serene faith in the sufficiency of truth."

That is the reason why I like Henry. My young friend (who does not like him) might accept this consolation: at least she will not have "to stand" men like Henry because men such as he are exceptional in this day and age. But there are many, very many, who are not at all like Henry, and (if you will pardon my mode of expression), as far as I am concerned, she may have them.

Sally Chiovetti, Junior College,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Dick Banes had just made a scathing remark about the Catholic Church, and was promptly challenged by his friend, Don McCready, a fearless soldier of Christ.

"Oh, now, Don," coaxed Mary Rogers in her sweetest tone, "don't start arguing about religion."

"But I'm not arguing, dear; I'm merely upholding the fact that there is nothing wrong with —." To show her disapproval, Mary had turned away and was now in conversation with Bill Gregg.

To Mary the very word "religion" was as repulsive as sin is to a saint. She had never had a religion; had never realized what religion meant.

For nineteen years she had walked along the road of life in darkness, for never had the light of any faith met her on the way; still, when at first sight she had fallen in love with

Don, the fact that he was a Catholic meant a conflict in her heart.

* * * * *

"Everybody's going, Don; shall we leave, or are you still pursuing the fact that remains?"

"Oh, yes, yes dear! Boy, oh boy! Religion is my favourite subject, and every time I have an argument . . ."

"You always win!" smiled Mary.

"So?" Don looked surprised. "Well, if you insist, but that wasn't what I had in mind to say."

"Oh, who cares what you had in mind, Don! Come on, get ready!" Mary really feared becoming involved in Don's pet discussion.

Nothing more was said, however, on the subject till they were riding home.

"Mary, why do you hate religion so?" The question came when least expected, least desired. Mary sat motionless; her heart beat faster as if to warn her, to force her, to answer a question which she so often avoided.

"What—what makes you say that?"

The words came through trembling lips and were emphasized by frightened eyes.

As they rode along the broad streets and peaceful boulevards, Mary revealed to Don the spiritual trials she suffered. At last he understood; he knew that in her heart seeds of hatred and contempt for his religion had long ago taken root—and yet he was resolved that by the help of God, and by his own best efforts, these seeds would be uprooted, and replaced by those of deepest love and admiration for a Faith which had been hitherto unknown to her, but which had given him the greatest joy of his life.

Next morning after Mass, Don informed Father Healy of the latest news. They two were the best of friends. Don confided in the young priest as though he were his own brother.

Father Healy had met Mary once and, at that first meeting, had noticed the grey, frightened eyes which met his and then looked quickly aside. By her expression Father knew that to Mary's mind every priest was after the soul of every individual he met and, if you were not a Catholic, he would catch you by the back of the neck and say, "Come on now! You are next!" His advice to Don was to be patient and pray, although at present Mary might seem so determined not to be convinced in matters of religion.

And Mary was not to be convinced! This thing of praying every day, and confessing to a priest—it was perfect nonsense! She had never allowed herself to think differently, and she wouldn't now! Don had his creed and would rather die than forsake it, but she . . . And yet, even when she was alone in her boarding-room at Mrs. Lownes', she knew that in her heart there was a certain longing, an inexplicable yearning. The thought of religion haunted her and as often as she tried to banish it just so often her soul seemed to cry out despairingly for its only hope. She had argued with that soul of hers and had repressed its longings. Now she could no longer resist; her soul was retaliating. In her relations with Catholics she had observed that they possessed the very thing she lacked. Mary began to wonder if it were only "perfect nonsense." If she had a God to pray to; a priest to confide in, would her varied troubles seem so impending, so heart-breaking? Would she be, as she was now, the victim of an invincible prejudice which arrested her every thought and action? She tried to argue; she tried to forget; but she knew that to argue was useless, and to forget, impossible.

Day after day, week after week, Mary carefully guarded her secret; however, Don and Father Healy shared a secret of their own.

One morning Father Healy had met Mary on the street. She surprised him with a very pleasant "Good morning, Father! Remember me?" A little chat followed in which Don was the chief topic. Religion was not mentioned, although it was uppermost in the mind of each. The priest returned to the rectory with new hope that this fine girl who was only a stray lamb, might be guided by him into the fold. Prayer could do so much.

A month later his hopes were realized. Mary, of her own accord, came to ask to be received into the Church. Yes, but she must study first.

To Don it was a glorious surprise. Mary becoming a Catholic? It was unbelievable. Don had prayed for this, but the answer had come so soon, so soon. Mary to be a Catholic! It seemed impossible, but the very thought was a soothing relief.

For Mary, nights out became fewer and fewer. She was receiving instructions and reading Catholic literature. She looked forward eagerly to the day when she would be a child of Holy Mother Church and, as her interest in the beautiful revelations of religion grew, she became almost forgetful of Don. Her love

for his Faith had replaced her love for him. But they were still friends.

On the Feast of the Annunciation Mary was received into the Church. Peace with victory ended the long conflict she had waged with her soul. After the ceremony, Father Healy entered the rectory with Don and Mary at his heels. The radiant young lady was first to break the silence.

"Well, now that I am one of the faithful who being baptized, profess the same doctrine and partake of the same Sacraments, I'll let you both in on a secret."

Father Healy was enjoying Mary's mode of expression; Don looked puzzled.

"Please don't look too surprised!" she said, as she blushed and smiled. "I have been planning it for weeks. I know you will both help me, and I don't know how to thank you for all this."

Don was growing impatient. It was just like a woman to keep you guessing.

"Go on, out with it—we'll help you—what are you driving at?"

Mary felt cruel, but it was fun to read the expression on the face of each of the two curious listeners.

"Well, since you're impatient to know—but . . ." Here she stopped again and looked across the room. She was laughing in spite of the seriousness of the moment. Don sighed and Mary took the hint.

"Really, I don't know how to tell you—but I said I would—well, I am going to be a Sister of Charity."

Sally Chiovetti, Junior College,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

MEETING THEM.

To arouse your interest and further your knowledge

We'd like you to meet 42's Junior College:
Our president, Eleanor Foster, is gay;
She can make us all happy—any old day.
We don't like to brag, or boast our endeavour,
But none e'er deny the fact that we're clever.
(No comments, please!)
Apostolic leadership hails Mary Black;
Could there be any talent that she might lack?
Lily Dzurman in studies ever excels,
A help to the helpless—and she never tells.
Cecilia Marzalik, a gay, clever student,
Is spiritual leader—you can judge she is prudent.
Patricia Greatorex is our artist skilled;
With wit and with wisdom she's certainly filled.
Bonnie Stevenson—well, she is our pet;
A better debater you never could get.
Publicity troubles may go upward piling,
But Rosemary McD—just keeps always smiling,
As for Florence Malacarne, head of all wits,

A good, wholesome joke throws her quite into fits.
(When she gets it).

Ruth Scott is forever a joy to the room;
We need her sweet comfort to banish chance gloom.

Theresa Dopp is a genius in letters—
With handwriting perfect, her essays she betters.
Mary Biers—may we say?—is each teacher's delight,

In letters and numbers, she's more than all right.
And now as we make our poetic tour,
We pay a visit to Mary Moore;
A very genius if ever was one,
A perfect housewife she'll make when school's done.

Our Mary Lehokey has a powerful mind;
She fills it from good books—and things of that kind.

Gladys Kean who, we hear, hails from the East,
Is really a darling, to say the least.

And from the Abbey came Peggy Magee.
We all are in favour, quite welcome is she.
Now if all goes well, we'll wear laurels in June,
So don't get disheartened—no, not too soon!
For in serious truth, we ourselves acknowledge
We're quite a class, we of Junior College!

Sally Chiovetti.

Addendum—

We do not know what Sally will choose,
Mais nous espérons qu'elle sera heureuse!

The Class,
Junior College, Brunswick.

ON DAY-DREAMING.

Day-dreams! They fill the only short period of the day in which we see ourselves doing everything we want to, and enjoying life completely. If only they could last forever what fun we would have! We are sitting quite still listening intently (we think) to the lesson being taught at the moment. Perhaps it is Latin, or French, or even Geometry. We stare at the black-board without seeing a thing, but are off in a beautiful land where we rule supreme. How nice it would be to go skiing this afternoon! Then a fantastic picture comes into our mind of a gay young girl, looking very trim in a lovely ski-suit, floating down a hill gracefully, turning corners with a zip, in a spray of snow, and with a final flourish! Surprisingly enough it is ourself!

"June, are you day-dreaming?" The teacher's voice breaks in sharply on our thoughts and we are rudely awakened, protesting that we have been listening to everything. For ten minutes we apply ourselves diligently—then if we are not questioned or sent to the board we are back again, beginning where we left off. If only those moments were real!

The best atmosphere for day-dreaming seems to us, of course, to be in front of a lovely fire, curled up in a comfortable arm-



Seated at the head table are shown above: Misses Gloria Olivieri, Margaret Outridge, Mary Fitzgerald, Virginia Hunter (of the Academy Staff), Mary Scanlon (Prefect), Betty McCowell (Con- venger of Social Committee), Marie McManamy and Stella Goodrow.

chair, with an unread book on our lap. There, we plan our future and although it will probably be more than a little exaggerated there will be at least a grain of truth in it. Yes, an open fire-place does conduce to day-dreaming, but then so does the occasional monotony of the class-room!

June Breecon, Junior College,
Loretto, Hamilton.

"Be merry in these times, for mirth is next to grace."—Mary Ward.

Our Mother Mary Ward's famous maxim was interpreted literally, on January 24, by the students of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, when they "gathered 'round" to celebrate her birthday with their sodality banquet, which it is hoped will be an annual event. A quizz contest was conducted by Miss Mary Mattiee, on the life and labours of the foundress of the I.B.V.M. Miss Kathryn Martlin won the first prize—a Loretto sodality manual.

Following the contest, supper was served in the gymnasium, where the tables were in U formation. The head table was set against an effective background of ferns, beneath an oval partrait of Mary. A statue of Our Blessed

Mother, surrounded by sweet peas and baby's breath, formed an effective centre-piece.

Miss Mary Scanlan, prefect of the sodality, introduced the toast-mistress, Miss Marie McManamy, who commenced the evening's programme.

Programme.

"Be Merry in These Times."

Prayer for the Pope.

Toast to the King Gloria Nichol
"God Save the King."

Toast in Honour of Mary Ward's Institute
Kathryn Martlin
"Dear Mother Mary Ward."

Toast to Our Teachers.....Gloria Olivieri
Reply Miss Hunter

Toast to Our School Patricia Grogan
Reply Mary J. Flynn

Toast to Our SodalityHelen Pritchard
Reply Mary Scanlan

Toast to Our New Sodalists ..Margaret O'Toole
Reply Mary Lovering

Anna Schmalz, Junior College.

ALOYSIUS AND YOU.

If you are from Missouri, then it is of little use to say simply that St. Aloysius has wisely been chosen as the patron of youth, but wherever your habitat may be there certainly is need for a patron—you can not possibly doubt it; for in this century, especially, all young people need some one to look up to, some one who will lead the way from the world's temptations to God. But you may ask, "why St. Aloysius?" For one reason, you and St. Aloysius have much in common. If you do not believe me, let us look over his life, together.

St. Aloysius was born in 1591, the eldest son of the reigning noble of the province of Castiglione in Italy. He was dedicated immediately to the Blessed Virgin. (By the way, just why are you wearing that blue ribbon?) At the age of four he was at the head of a regiment in his father's army; and it was at this age that he committed what he believed to be his first and probably only real offence against God. In association with the soldiers, he picked up some of their irreligious language, which he repeated to his family. (Do you remember the time, at the tea which your mother gave for the new Sunday school teacher, when after a short conversation with the guest of honour, she suddenly grew faint, and you were sent up to bed?) While his father was away at war Aloysius, at the age of fourteen, accompanied his mother to all the court banquets and state affairs. Around the walls of the banquet hall were paintings that would overwhelm any Russian firing-squad. Aloysius did not exactly approve of the colour scheme; so he kept his eyes as much as possible on the ground. (By the way, you know that movie that is playing at the Palace Theatre now—the one you saw on Wednesday—I wonder if you and St. Aloysius would have been looking in the same direction during that last scene). All during the twenty-four years of his life, St. Aloysius practised virtues for which he will always be remembered. When he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Rome, he was given a room underneath the stairs. These stairs were being used continually. Although he slept very little because of the noise, he did not once complain. (That wasn't you I heard the other night, when Mary came in late and turned on the light was it?) It was because of these little incidents, as much as because of the better known ones that Saint Aloysius became a saint. (Any resolution?)

I have tried to show you that although the years 1591 and 1941 are far apart, you and St. Aloysius need not be. He fought, just as you and I are still fighting, a war against immorality of all kinds, in big and little things. If you look further into his life, you will find that you have still more circumstances in common; so let us agree. You need him, I need him. He is waiting to guide us. Let us re-read his Life, now!

Joan McGoey,
Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

IN OUR NEED.

Upon the nations of the world
There is a mighty hand,
With powerful stride the curse of war
Has entered every land.
We turn to thee, dear Mother,
As countless souls before,
To beg thy, loving, generous aid—
'Twas never needed more!

More worthy hearts have turned to thee,
Have prayed to thee above;
With eager, faithful, loving words
Have praised thee, Queen of Love.
Yet as the ages course along,
Whether in peace or war,
This claim belongs to us alone—
'Twas never needed more!

The war-torn nations of the earth—
From peace and concord flown—
Have sought to stop this wretched curse
With weapons of their own.
But we with earnest words of prayer
And zealous hearts implore
That thou wilt turn men's hearts to God—
'Twas never needed more!

Mary Black,
Junior College,
Loretto, Brunswick.

HOW TO SEE.

Everyone has eyes, but how many really see? I believe that very few people do; for seeing consists of much more than the actual process of the imprint of a picture on the retina of a human eye. If you wish to see, this picture must also be imprinted upon your mind.

Do you, as you walk along after it has been raining, notice the small pools of water exaggerated to a great, mysterious depth, by the reflection of trees? Do you, on a sunny afternoon, notice the way in which the sun filters through the leaves, and makes circles and intricate patterns on the street below? When

it snows, do you see but a soft white blanket, or do you notice the delicacy and perfection of the tiny snowflake? When you look upon a portrait painted by one of the world masters of art, do you merely see a rather pleasant face, or do you notice the expression in the eyes, the perfection of the nose, the slight smile about the mouth, the beautiful curve of the face, and the harmony of colour? If you

do—then you see. If you do not—you have still to learn to use that most precious gift of God—eyesight. Use it wisely and you will use it well. Be observant, notice details, and use your mind in co-ordination with your eyes. Do not let it be true of you that “you have eyes, and yet see not.”

Anita Goggio, Junior College.
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Sketch

A POET-PRIEST.

Out of the South have come some of the most versatile men in the history of American literature; men who were destined from the cradle to perform a twofold task in life. From such a group of men, we single out Father Abraham Joseph Ryan. Very little is known about this wonderful worker of God, in spite of the fact that he has made many valuable contributions to the American treasury of literature.

Born of a Southern family in Norfolk, Virginia, August 15, 1839, he inherited from his parents, in its most poetic and religious form, the strange witchery of the Irish temper. From early childhood, he felt a weird, unfathomable voice ever drawing him closer to the spiritual life here on earth. Accordingly, he spent his youth preparing himself to be received by the Holy Catholic Church as a soldier of Christ in that vast army of men who labor solely for the honor and glory of God—the priesthood. Having been ordained only a few years when the Civil War broke out, he enlisted in the Confederate Army as chaplain. He labored unceasingly to afford the greatest possible physical as well as spiritual comfort to the men with whom he came in contact.

In addition to his priestly duties, he felt inspired by God to write soul-stirring literary masterpieces which would incite the people—his people—to rise up and stand united for God and country. In the hour of defeat, in the hour when the South yielded to the North, in the hour of that touching scene at Appomattox Courthouse when the vanquished succumbed to the victorious, in that hour Father Ryan captured the heart of the entire South by his sempiternal masterpiece, “Conquered Banner.” No hymn of victory ever stirred the heart of a triumphant nation more than did this hymn of defeat arouse the heart of a subjected country. The beloved flag under which

the Southerners had fought so valiantly was sorrowfully laid aside, for now only one flag waved over North and South. Father Ryan had fought for and loved that Southern Banner. How dearly he loved it is shown in the following lines:

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever—
For its people's hopes are fled!

After the war, he fulfilled his ministerial obligations in New Orleans, as well as editing a Catholic weekly, “The Star.” Later in Augusta, Georgia, he founded a religious and political weekly, “The Banner of the South.” In 1880 he made a tour of the northern cities, and as a pulpit orator, he continued his brilliant career.

An insight into the poetic side of his character reveals a subtle, fascinating nature, full of magnetism. The priestly side of the man discloses tenderness, gentleness, and courage. He labored in the midst of pestilence, without fear of disease or death.

This great man who daily stood at the Altar to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, was possessed of the dreamy mysticism of a poet.

In all his works are to be found bits of the most weird and exquisite imagery. With a mighty pen, he treats of religious and patriotic themes. On April 22, 1886, after an existence edifying to God and consoling to those who knew him, he walked down the “Valley of Silence.”

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one, the bright mountain of Prayer.

Jean Manix, XI,
Loretto, Englewood.

In the Library

BARRIE'S "QUALITY STREET."

(Reviewed by Loretto College School
Sophomores).

The story of a young girl meeting a young man and falling in love with him, is very old and very book-shop-worn. But when the story is dusted off by J. M. Barrie, the girl called Miss Phoebe and the man, Valentine Brown, the result is interesting and amusing. A lovable Miss Susan, Miss Phoebe's sister, the hilarious Ensign Blades, and three gossipy old maids are put in for good measure, and very good measure it is. The romance between Miss Phoebe and Valentine Brown is brightened by the unexpected appearance of a mystery woman, Miss Livvy, who plagues the dear ladies and the author with the task of disposing of her when the plot begins to hint of conclusion, until—you guessed it—the hero himself comes to their rescue in a delightfully original manner which not even the most optimistic reader can anticipate, and just as naturally he and the heroine and all concerned, live happily ever after in true fairy-tale style.

Eilene Bishop.

* * *

"Miss Phoebe."

"Miss Phoebe of the ringlets," heroine of J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street," is a sweet little person, "slightly the nicer" of the two Throssel sisters. She is lovable and quaint, as when she asks Susan, her sister: "I am exceedingly funny at times, am I not, Susan?" She very often tries to look brave, even when she feels fearful. When she perceives that the recruiting-sergeant is in the kitchen, she tries to show Patty, the maid, that she can be stern at times, too: "How dare you!" she says. "There is a man in the kitchen. To the door with him."

But when she is confronted with "that impertinent recruiting-sergeant," she forgets her act and inquires simply, "Sergeant, have you killed people?" Receiving an answer in the affirmative, her sympathetic nature comes to the fore: "How terrible!" she exclaims.

She is devoted to her sister and puts much faith in being "ladylike." Panic-stricken, she confides to her sister: "Susan, I think he kissed me once!" "He" refers to Valentine Brown, her lover—as yet undeclared. A "little Quaker," he calls her.

When teaching, she is greatly frightened by the pupils, whose ways she cannot understand, but nevertheless she does not show it.

After ten years of restraint, she cannot repress herself any longer, but gives way to her mischievous self, in the guise of Miss Livvy. On the whole, she is a dear little person, whom it would be very easy to love.

Ethel Farkas.

* * *

Valentine Brown.

Valentine Brown is a frank, genial young man who honestly admires Miss Phoebe and Miss Susan, though somewhat amused by their quaintness. He has a good sense of humour which is revealed, when, knowing the two ladies are very particular about their furniture, he says, "May I sit on this chair, Miss Phoebe? I know Miss Susan likes me to break her chairs." His humorous streak comes to the fore again in his reaction to the discovery that Miss Livvy is really Miss Phoebe, and also, when on calling to see the sisters one day and over-hearing Susan tell Patty to say that they are out, he exclaims, "And I am happy, Miss Phoebe, to find you alone." When Phoebe says that he knows Susan is present, he replies: "Nay, ma'am, excuse me. I heard Miss Susan say she was gone out. Miss Susan is incapable of prevarication."

Valentine is really dashing and is esteemed quite a wit by Susan and Phoebe. He may have his faults, great self-confidence being one of them, but they are counterbalanced by his virtues, his charm and wit, his kindness to Phoebe and his great love for her.

On the whole he has a noble and sterling character which commands the admiration we unhesitatingly give to him.

Mary Damer.

* * *

Miss Susan.

She is exactly what her name implies, dainty, precise, submissive. To everyone who loves retiring and sentimental old maids, Miss Susan, paragon of elegant manners, will appeal.

Although she realizes her place as an "old maid of Quality Street," and does her best to be prim and proper, she does step out of character on rare occasions and becomes delightfully young and entertaining.

Susan has a childlike love for her blue and white room; this endears her to the hearts of many who realize that the better things do count.

Although she loves to be knowing and subtle she fails completely to accomplish this. Throughout the play she obviously does her best to marry off her sister, Miss Phoebe. When Valentine Brown calls upon the ladies he announces, "I have something to tell you to-day which I really think is rather dashing. (Miss Susan gathers her knitting, looks at Phoebe, and is preparing to go). You are not going, ma'am, before you know what it is?"

Miss Susan stammers, "I—I—indeed—to be sure—I—I—know, Mr. Brown." Susan, thinking that he is going to propose to Phoebe, leaves hurriedly. Mr. Brown has not perceived anything amiss—rather, he utters no word of proposal—and blithely announces that he is going to war.

Despite Susan's inherent timidity, she champions Phoebe's curls, when Miss Fanny slights them: "Other females besides Miss Phoebe have ringlets." Susan replies proudly: "But you and Miss Henrietta have to employ papers, my dear. Phoebe, never."

As a school teacher Miss Susan has a comfortable lack of mathematical knowledge, combined with a fear of big boys. "Phoebe, if a herring and a half cost three ha' pence, how many for elevenpence? . . . William Smith says it is fifteen; and he is such a big boy, do you think I ought to contradict him? May I say there are differences of opinion about it? No one can be really sure, Phoebe."

When Susan believes that a caller has left, she pokes her head in the door of the room and, asks frankly: "Is she gone?" Unfortunately she has not, and difficulties arise.

Miss Susan is an asset whom Quality Street could not well do without, since it is she who provides a goodly portion of the wholesome humour for which the play is noted. Unfortunately there are very few of these unclaimed treasures left with such good dispositions, so sensitive, meek, and unashamedly irresolute.

Virginia Burkholder.

Blessed Lady, meek and mild,
I should like to be thy child.
Thou art beautiful, and thou art
One whose name is in my heart.

Kathleen Buck, IX-A,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Perhaps the best way to describe Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables" is to describe the author's own gloomy and secluded life for only a person who has lived such a life as he, could write such an interesting and mysterious story.

The distinct clearness with which Hawthorne tells of his characters makes the reader live with them, feeling what they feel, thinking the way they think, and hoping what they hope. The story, without doubt, reflects back on the life of Hawthorne himself. His chief characters: the retiring Hepzibah, beauty-seeking Clifford, delightfully refreshing Phoebe, mysterious Holgrave, and deceitful Jude Pyncheon; their troubles, problems and emotions—all seem to bring out his own hidden feelings at different periods of his life.

Hawthorne's vivid descriptions are beyond reproach and the way in which he brings out the mode of American life that prevailed in the early days of colonization not only makes the reader see but also feel what she is reading about.

To read the House of the Seven Gables is to read a good novel, not just because it was written by a great American personage and author, but because it is within the power of this author to tell about real living characters and, in this way, to give interest and pleasure to the reader.

Coletta Fennell, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

UNCLE SAM.

He stands for God-given freedom
Such as the heart demands;
He stands for honor and justice
That reigns o'er Christian lands;
His proud and stately stature
Shall bend by no hostile hands.

When immigrants came to this country,
His arms embraced one and all;
And now, these citizens, gladly
Heed and answer his trumpet call;
And still our country, God willing,
Shall reign—shall never fall!

He stands for God-given freedom,
Freedom that all men crave;
Heroes died in defense of that freedom—
We'll follow the steps of these brave.
Old Glory shall ever triumphantly,
High over America, wave!

Irene Howell, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

JULIUS CAESAR.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

When you read "Julius Caesar" you are not filled with the idea that here is a piece of literature that was written in the Middle Ages and belongs to the Middle Ages alone. O, no, instead you are aware that here is a literary masterpiece with ideas and thoughts not unlike those of our own day. The reason for this is Shakespeare's wonderful power to read and understand human nature.

The entire story takes place in Rome about the year 50 A.D. At this time the people were still harboring vicious thoughts regarding kings due to the Tarquin dynasty. There existed in Rome a mob party which was very easily swayed from one side to the other if promised money and power.

This mob is a very important group of con-

spirators consisting of Brutus, Decius, Cassius, Casca, and Cinna. All the conspirators except Brutus performed their cowardly act with an eye towards their own advancement if Caesar were out of the way. Brutus was thinking only of the good of Rome, which he loved; however, since Caesar seemed ambitious for the crown, Brutus consented to take part in the plot to kill the man whom he considered the noblest of all times.

Due to the spirit of Caesar the death scene impresses me as one of the most dramatic. With all the conspirators crowding closer and closer upon him, Caesar must have been expecting trouble. But with a calm, unruffled manner, after Brutus had struck his forceful blow, Caesar fell surrounded by those he had thought his trustworthy friends.

Mary Margaret Russell, X,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

Book Reviews

THIS BURNING HEAT—By Maisie Ward.
Sheed and Ward, New York.

What would you do if a squadron of enemy planes sailed over Chicago to-night, dropping bombs as they went? Could you carry on if nightly black-outs turned Chicago into a darkened solitude and nightly you took your place in an appointed cubby-hole of a nearby shelter? Would your courage flag if you ascended in the morning sunlight to find Loretto or your home or the parish church hard-hit and crumbling in ruins?

The day of saying "it can't happen here" has passed. If you want to know how average, every-day people react to Blitz and Barrage and all the horrors of invasion, read "This Burning Heat" by Maisie Ward. The book is made up of letters and other writings that have come out of England during the Blitz. Its theme is the Providence of God and human suffering.

In "This Burning Heat" you will read how heroism becomes a habit; how the evening cannonade has become London's dinnerbell; how courageous nuns carry on in the ruins of their convents and schools, and how anonymous citizens become equally anonymous heroes, gladly, and with no thought that they are doing the unusual because blasts from bombs

have forced a nation into a brotherly unity that makes heroes of clay-footed men of peacetime.

What Japan's attack on the United States is doing for our nation has been going on in Britain for two years and Maisie Ward gives us a graphic picture of what may come to pass in our own country before this war is finished.

—"Loretto Lorelei," Englewood, Chicago.

THE LONG ROAD TO LO-TING. By Julie Bedier. Pictures by Louise Trevisan. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. \$1.35.

This touching child story by Julie Bedier, with delightful illustrations by Louise Trevisan, will be a welcome gift to any little boy or girl; and grown-ups will turn the pages appreciatively as they glean some facts of a country that is now claiming world-wide attention.

A slender volume, this 1941 publication with its attractive cover and simple but graphic description of persons and places, will prove a favourite and should be in demand for supplementary reading in primary grades.

C.T.D.

"AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME"

Essai Pratique de Méthodologie Catéchistique
en six volumes par Une Religieuse
de l'Assomption.

A work has recently appeared which will make the teaching of religion a joy to all desirous of leading the children under their care to a real knowledge, love and service of God.

In the excellently illustrated volumes already published under the general title, "Aux Petits du Royaume," and the two companion series of beautifully illustrated practical exercises for the pupil, entitled respectively, "Mon Cahier d'Enfant du Bon Dieu," and "Mon Cahier d'Enfant de l'Eglise," a member of the Community of the Sisters of the Assumption, Nicolet, P.Q., has produced an incomparable work. Already it has received the appreciative recognition of bishops, priests, inspectors of schools, members of various religious orders, and others. One Reverend Sister, referring to it, wrote: "Really, it is not one copy that I should need this year, it is 300. Each of our teachers wishes one for her own personal use."

Until English editions of this magnificent work are available, English teachers who read French can use it profitably with their classes. For vacation schools it will be a boon, as it already is in so many homes and schools.

With pleasure we reproduce an announcement leaflet in French; as mentioned in it, the handbooks and the exercise books are obtainable from L'Oeuvre Catéchistique des Sœurs de l'Assomption de la S. V., Nicolet, P.Q.

"AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME."

**Une Véritable Somme Catéchistique à l'Usage des
Instituteurs, Institutrices et Mères de Famille.**

Depuis longtemps nos autorités religieuses et pédagogiques réclamaient pour nos catéchistes une méthode attrayante et rationnelle, apte à vivifier l'enseignement du catéchisme dans nos écoles. On souhaitait la publication d'un ouvrage complet sur la matière catéchistique, qui ajouterait à la formation et à l'autorité de ceux qui ont la mission délicate de l'enseigner.

Tous ces vœux et toutes ces exhortations, qui font écho à une tentative de renouveau catholique, ne sont pas restés lettre morte. Une religieuse de l'Assomption, professeur de philosophie, éducatrice à l'expérience consommée et, de surcroît, écrivain au talent très délié, s'est mise à l'œuvre et a réussi l'élaboration d'une méthode qui est un commentaire vivant du petit catéchisme des provinces, dont il détaille et approfondit le formulaire, logiquement et d'après une formule encore inusitée chez nous.

Déjà la publication de cette somme catéchistique en six volumes, sous le titre général de

"AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME," a été entreprise aux Editions du Bien Public. Les trois premiers tomes en sont à peine parus que la diffusion atteint tous les milieux de l'enseignement et que parviennent à leur auteur les témoignages les plus élogieux.

Cet ouvrage vient combler une grave déficience en même temps qu'inaugurer un cycle nouveau. Trop de catéchistes, pourtant bien instruits des vérités de la religion, ne savent comment les rendre assimilables à l'intelligence de l'enfant. La difficulté suprême est de vaincre l'abstraction du formulaire, de l'éclairer sans cesse d'un commentaire lumineux et imagé dont l'effet sera d'amener l'élève à une plus intense pénétration de l'esprit même de l'Eglise.

De toute évidence, l'auteur de "AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME" a voulu transformer l'atmosphère de passivité qui, trop souvent, est celle des classes de catéchisme. En amenant l'élève à une plus intime collaboration avec le maître, elle a changé en intérêt la semi-indifférence qui parfois découle d'une phraséologie déroutante, d'une façon sèche et froide de commenter les formules. Il s'agissait d'intéresser l'imagination de l'enfant d'adapter à un sujet abstrait ses connaissances sensorielles, en un mot de mettre son intelligence en confiance. Elle y a pleinement réussi en utilisant le procédé de la comparaison et de la métaphore dont graphiques, dessins et rappels synoptiques viennent étayer l'effet.

"AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME" est un ouvrage destiné à faire le plus grand bien pour la vivification d'un enseignement dont le catéchisé restera imprégné pour toujours. Il vient constamment en aide au catéchiste de bonne volonté, qui a compris l'importance de sa tâche. Comme tel il s'avère indispensable non seulement aux éducateurs et éducatrices, mais aussi aux mères chrétiennes, soucieuses de donner une base solide au catholicisme de leurs enfants.

La série de "AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME" sera rapidement complétée. On peut commander dès à présent les fascicules I et II déjà parus. Ils forment un tout complet en ce qu'ils couvrent toute la partie dogmatique du petit catéchisme. Le fascicule IV vient de paraître. Le fascicule III paraîtra vers le début d'avril.

"AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME," Fascicules I, II et IV, forts volumes de 200, 216 et 228 pages, présentés dans le format 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 sur papier coquille blanc, agrémentés de centaines de dessins. Prix: \$1.00 l'exemplaire.

Aux six volumes à l'usage du maître, viennent s'ajouter deux séries d'exercices pratiques pour l'élève. L'une intitulée "MON CAHIER D'ENFANT DU BON DIEU" comprend six cahiers pour les six premières années du cours. L'autre, "MON CAHIER D'ENFANT DE L'EGLISE," en comprend quatre, pour les années 7, 8, 9 et 10. Ces cahiers d'exercices pratiques sont en étroite relation avec les leçons contenues dans les volumes du maître. Présentés sous une forme attrayante et colorée, ils constituent pour l'élève un rappel et une illustration de la leçon précédente et, pour le maître, un excellent moyen de vérifier les succès obtenus.

Les fascicules de "AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME" de même que les deux séries de cahiers correspondants sont en vente à l'adresse suivante; "L'Oeuvre Catéchistique des SS. de l'Assomption

de la S. V., Nicolet, P.Q." On peut dès à présent
loger des commandes pour toutes les séries.

LISTE DES PRIX—JANVIER 1942.

Pour le Maître.

"AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME"—Essai protique de
méthodologie catéchistique en six fascicules.
Le fascicule\$1.00

N.B.—Les fascicules I, II et IV déjà parus.
Le fascicule III actuellement sous presses;
les fascicules V et VI en préparation.

Pour l'élève.

"MON CAHIER D'ENFANT DU BON DIEU"—
Série d'exercices pratiques en six cahiers pour
les six premières années du cours. Le
cahier\$0.10

"MON CAHIER D'ENFANT DE L'EGLISE"—
Série d'exercices pratiques en 4 cahiers
pour les années 7, 8, 9, 10. Le cahier..\$0.15

N.B.—Déjà paru le 1er cahier—les trois der-
niers en préparation.

Remises Spéciales aux Libraires, aux Instituteurs
et aux Maisons d'Enseignement.



SPRING.

I love the spring—
Snow going,
Breeze blowing,
Birds flying,
Earth drying;
Boys shouting,
Things sprouting,
Not doubting
That summer's on its way!

Margaret Paquin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste Marie, Michigan.

THE TINY SHOPPER.

A little girl of four,
Toddled down the street,
On her way to the corner store
To get some things to eat.

Butter, eggs, and rice,
She chanted it through and through,
Some cookies that are nice,
Perhaps a pound or two.

She went into the shop,
She gazed into the case,
She saw a candy doll
With a pink jellybean face.

It tasted very nice,
As she munched it with delight,
The butter, eggs, and rice,
Forgotten was their plight.

Eileen Crawley, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

EASTER.

"He is risen." These words echo back two
thousand years, carrying with them their first
meaning; that Christ our Lord has risen from
the dead! We well know what that message
meant to the Holy women when they arrived at
the sepulchre and were greeted by an angel
who told them that Jesus had risen. Yes, those
words meant much to them, but what do they
mean to us? When we look about us it seems
as though they cannot mean very much. Do
we realize that on next Easter morning Christ
will again rise—in our hearts?

Did we bother to sacrifice that little extra
sleep in those mornings during Lent in order
that we might get to Mass? Did we? Did we
do anything special for God? Think of those
who are sacrificing their lives every day for
their country, and should it be hard to sacrifice
a thing like sleep for God? For God, think
about that! God who made us, who loves us
and expects in return our love and our devo-
tion. That's all—except just a little word
more:

"He is risen." Yes, we know "He is risen,"
and we kneel before the tabernacle, loving
Him, thanking Him, and trying to explain that
we are only human.

Virginia Deaska, X-A,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

Mother's Day

MOTHER MARY.

The first word ever spoken
By Jesus when a child
Was your dear name, O Mother;
He spoke it, and he smiled.

And when in joy you heard it,
The word of your dear Son,
You bowed your head and whispered,
"O Lord, Thy will be done!"

Now, may the word oft spoken
By a soldier far away
Be your dear name, O Mother,
Upon a warring day.

And when you hear it, Mother,
Lead him from sin apart,
And keep him forever united
To your Son's Sacred Heart.

Theresa Dolan, IX-A,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

A STUDENT'S PRAYER.

Mother Mary, I hasten to you,
My studies are hard; my feelings, blue.
You helped the Christ Child as He grew,
His hurts, His aches—all these you knew.

Teach me to bear as He has borne
The cruel jest, the glance of scorn.
Let me but know one tiny part
Of the boundless love of the Sacred Heart.

Adele Malkowski, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste Marie, Michigan.

MOTHER O'MINE.

Our family isn't very big, just Dad, and Mary,
and me;
And, of course, that precious Mother O'Mine com-
pletes the family tree.
She's kind and dear and never seems to cause the
smallest fuss;
Someday I hope to be as sweet, as she has been
to us.

She does the work with little help from Mary, Dad
or me;
And never does she seem to mind, though busy
she may be,
She always has the things we like, cookies, cakes,
or pies,
We love her so, our Mother, dear; she's "tops"
in all our eyes!

Margaret LeLivre, X,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MOTHER'S ROSARY.

God made the flowers for beauty,
He made the birds to sing,
He made the summer and winter,
And He made the glorious spring.

He made each living creature;
One was to help another;
And then He gave to each of us,
A loving, generous Mother,

Whose life is like a rosary
Of household joy and care;
Each member of the family
Is represented there.

And, as she sits a-sewing
On all the things we need,
I should not wonder if she used
Each garment for a bead.

To me a Mother's rosary,
Means joy, and love, and cheer,
For this is what she brings to us—
Throughout the circling year.

I often wonder if we think
Of thanking God above,
For this precious gift of Mother,
The proof of His great love.

In heartfelt words, I now express
A tribute to all mothers;
For they are God's own gift to us—
My own, as well as others.

And so, all mothers, I salute,
To show that we all care,
For we know your rosary is composed
Of love, and toil, and prayer.

Margaret Simpkin, X,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY MOTHER.

O Mother dear, you are my Queen,
I love you more each day.
A starry light to me you seem,
To guide me on my way.

Although I cannot half repay
The things for me you do,
I ask Our Lady every day
To share her joys with you.

You, dear, throughout this life I'll keep,
To honor—trust—obey;
Again in Heaven we shall meet,
With Christ, our Lord, to stay.

Helen Mahl, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

AN ODE TO MOTHER.

What is so sweet as a mother's smile
Shedding sunshine all the while?
Though clouds o'erhead are dark and gray,
Mother's cheerful smile will stay.

Mother's comforting word is best,
Far surpassing all the rest.
Be your troubles many or few,
Mother's word will comfort you.

Mother's wisdom—best of all!
She knows the places where you'd fall;
Always ask her what to do:
'Tis one thing you shall never rue.

And what can compare with a mother's love,
Best example of God's above?
To help her children in the strife,
She'd sacrifice her very life.

If you walked the earth around
You would merely cover ground,
You'd walk forever, but never find
One so sweet, unselfish, kind.

Ethel Farkas, Grade XI,
Loretto, Brunswick.

MOTHER.

Who is it who loves me best,
Is dearest in my heart,
Who is it who never rests,
Ever happy as a lark?

I love her, oh, I love her,
More than all others I know,
For she is my own dear Mother,
Who always "steals the show!"

Let me, then, forget her not,
But pray each day—forever,
That I may do all things she taught,
With my very best endeavor.

Rita Berube, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY MOTHER.

God gave me life—A life to be
Protected by another.
As to the leaf, He gave the tree,
To me He gave my mother.

So kind and gentle, good and true,
He made her the very best.
Because she is charming and loving, too,
She's dearer to me than the rest.

God bless her!—that's the earnest prayer
My message must convey.
God keep her ever in His care
And help her day by day!

Marguerite Stanaway, XII,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY MOTHER.

The sacredness of that one word,
So common, yet apart,
The tenderness of such a love,
Instilled within my heart!
The faith, the hope, the life I love,
All these she gave to me,
She taught me how to cope with all,
That happy I would be.

She taught me how to laugh and love,
To help, respect, and pray,
She taught me how to sing, and know
The rightness of God's way,
She gave me faith, in her, in God,
And always she was there
To dry the tears, and mend my heart—
If broken—with a prayer.

Of all the thoughts and memories
That dwell within my mind,
My dreams of her are dearest,
No equal can I find.
The days go by, just one by one,
And each brings things anew,
But each day she's the same to me,
My mother, kind and true.

Betty Routhier, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

UNFORGOTTEN.

I think back o'er the long, long years
To those golden days of yore,
In my fond dreams, O Mother dear,
You're here, as once before.

Though you're away, my thoughts are still
Upon my childhood days;
The memories of the things you did
Come back through Time's dim haze.

Though it is long since you have gone
My dreams still linger on,
And I picture you in Heaven
With the peaceful rest you've won.

Dorothy Moran, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

OUR HEAVENLY MOTHER.

M is for Mary, Our Queen of the May;
O for ovation we owe her to-day;
T is for tableau enacted on earth;
H for the halo worn from her birth;
E for endearment we feel for our Mother;
R for the radiance which belongs to no other.

Margaret Simpkin, X,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY EASTER HAT.

"Put on your Easter bonnet,
With all the ribbons on it."

With this misquoted refrain running through my mind, I entered the exclusive hat-shop, "Madame Jeanne"; a smart, talkative woman approached me and began to recite such a mixture of French and English that I was thoroughly bewildered. Before I could utter a word, she was showing me hats that I was sure were beyond my budget. She must have hypnotized me, because a parcel was being pushed into my hand, before I recovered sufficiently to ward off the purchase and escape from her.

My second venture was more dignified. I tried sports hats, large hats, small hats! Every sort in the shop, with the exception of "flutter-flowers." I had made up my mind on the subject of "flutter-flowers," and no saleslady was going to talk me out of it, either!

The third and fourth excursions were equally futile. I was frankly disgusted by this time and past caring whether I was polite to the clerks or not.

Upon entering the fifth shop, I was confronted by a particularly intriguing "number" in green. Green! Perhaps I'm Irish, but green does something to me. My only objection was that it was "flutter-flower." The saleslady assured me that it was "very becoming"; and that the price was "drastically reduced."

After much deliberation, I marched from the store, the proud possessor of a "flutter-flower," in green.

Eileen Crawley, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

GARDENING.

Isn't it really a lovely thing
That, when the year comes 'round to spring,
Out comes the hoe from the old tool-shed,
And we go to work in our garden bed?

All the family lends a hand
And, if the soil isn't merely sand,
The little seeds will soon take root,
And each give place to a tiny shoot.

Then summer comes and lo! and behold!
The garden's worth its weight in gold;
Daisies, roses and pansies too,
Shine like jewels, 'neath the sky so blue.

When autumn at last is turning cold
And our work is rewarded a hundredfold,
We look to planting again next spring—
Isn't it really a lovely thing?

June Neil, X.,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

FOOT-GEAR.

Five hundred years from now, one of our descendants, poking about in the ruins of what was once our fair Chicago, may unearth a shoe, lost by one of us of "the insane age," as our times will probably be called. Laughing merrily, he will take it to the nearest museum, where it will be placed in a large glass case to be reverently gazed at by those quaint characters who haunt museums.

It seems foolish—doesn't it?—yet many shoes have been found which are of great value to research historians and anthropologists. Through footwear, or fragments of such, we have been able to trace a good deal of man's history through the ages.

The earliest foot-gear in the warmer regions was the sandal, a piece of woven grass, a strip of soft hide, or a block of wood, artfully fastened to the ankle or toes. In the more inclement regions, man covered his feet with hide, or, ludicrous as it may seem, tied them up in bags stuffed with dried grasses to protect them from the elements. But the ever ingenious Greeks and Romans, unsatisfied with this clumsy arrangement, fashioned graceful sandals, a pair of which, incidentally, were left in London by some careless Roman, to be unearthed in the Moorgate District.

One would think that many of the people of the Middle Ages lived on horseback, for most of the shoes which were found have some sort of stirrup or spur attached to them. This is easily explained if one remembers that, for the most part, only the gentry possessed shoes, and that the gentry knights of those days found good use for a stirrup or a spur. One could not say, "I recognized your foot-step," but rather, "I recognized the jingle of your spurs."

Fashions soon ran to ridiculous extremes, for in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, long-toed shoes were very popular; the greater the noble, the longer the toes of his shoes. When styles had come to the pitch that the tip of the king's shoe was looped up and wound about his knee, the foolish custom was banished. The knights, the mainstay of Christian Feudalism, when not decked in highly polished armor, wore high boots to protect them from sword thrusts, and the height of these boots soon came to denote the rank of the wearer.

Until the Eighteenth Century, the emphasis was placed on style rather than comfort, and it was not until 1795 that the first pairs of "right" and "left" shoes were manufactured. But the ladies of Louis XV's lavish court chose

to totter about on four-inch heels, disregarding their own comfort, with quite the same gay abandon with which they regarded their unshod subjects. The poorer people, if they wore shoes at all, wore coarse sandals, or rough bootlike affairs of cheap hide.

Certain countries distinguished themselves for a particular style in footwear. The lower classes of the Netherlands and Low Lands wore wooden shoes fashioned from single blocks of wood, and the English factory-workers often adopted wood for shoe-making.

In our own country the introduction of shoe-making as an established business did not take place until 1629. Prior to this time it had been done by the traveling shoemaker, who, visiting each house once or twice a year, was given leather with which he fashioned footwear for everyone from the tiniest tot to the oldest patriarch. The huge shoe factories of to-day with their number of intricate machines and hundreds of workers are a far cry from the days of the solitary cobbler wending his way from house to house to work for lodgings and the proverbial "jug of wine."

The nineteenth century style, with its fashionable eight-strap shoe, tried in vain to check the swelling tide of commonsense which motivated the shoe manufacturer. Several interesting tales of nineteenth and twentieth century shoes are told. One is that the Czar of Russia, near the end of the nineteenth century, wished to acquire for himself an extensive army, and with this purpose in mind, recruited English soldiers to train and drill the hordes of his stupid, uneducated subjects. The Russians, however, distracted perhaps by the freezing cold and their lack of footwear, could not distinguish left from right, and when their captain would shout, "March to the right." some would stand still, others would march ahead, while a few might accidentally carry out the directions, not by any mental acuteness, but purely under the guidance of *La Belle Chance*. Finally, in despair, the English officer hit upon an idea. Each soldier was given two gunny sacks, one stuffed with hay, the other with straw. The peasants used these sacks as shoes and were a ridiculous sight as they marched along, one shoe stuffed with hay, the other with straw. And instead of commanding "Right foot, left foot," the officer would shout, "Hay foot, straw foot." From this comes our modern custom of calling anyone who is particularly clumsy or stupid "hay foot, straw foot."

Shoes can promote good health or wreck it. The decorative appeal of an uncomfortable

pair of slippers is far inferior to the intense pain coincident with it. The wise young lady will shorten her foot by wearing shoes of sensible design, not by imitating the ancient Oriental torture of the iron boot. Contrary to opinion, one will not wreck one's feet by occasionally wearing high heels, but the steady imitation of an unsure skyscraper is not recommended. Health and beauty combine to make the modern shoe superior to any shoe yet made.

So, it is wise to consider not only style and price when purchasing shoes, but support and balance as well. In these days of leather and rubber shortages, sensible footwear is coming to the fore.

Gloria O'Grady, XI,
Loretto High School,
Englewood, Chicago.

OUR BOYS.

Brave they are, these boys of ours,
With laughter in their eyes;
And they smile, as they count away the hours
Until they will take to the Channel skies.

Their fathers fought in Flanders Fields,
The fate of these is in the blue;
And many of them will have to yield
While still their treasured "wings" are new.

All this they know and even more,
For they have watched their comrades die;
And we at home of God implore
To keep them flying—flying high.

Lord, keep their hearts as brave as now,
No matter where they roam!
And when Thy Blessed Will is done,
Guide them all safely home.

Adele Lappin, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

A WINDY DAY.

On a windy day,
I hold my hat,
But—puff,—it flies,
It's off like that.

Across the street,
It rolls and blows,
Into a puddle
It totters and goes.

Across the street,
I quickly dash,
Because for that hat
I paid some cash.

Up from the puddle
My hat I get,
And there it is,
All dripping wet!

Katharine Hanlon, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

CAMOUFLAGE.

There was Ben! Who? Why, my long-searched-for pet, of course! I had unearthed his hiding-place at last—in a Drug Store window display.

At home, my trembling hands snatched at the wrappings and literally tore them away until, lo and behold! he posed in all his startling glory before us.

Startling? Our Ben exhibited a snowy-white vest, a shiny black over-coat and chromium trimmings of undimmed brilliance.

At first he was a favorite, but he utterly destroyed my affection for him when he disclosed his two-fold character. It would have been quite simple to oversleep that morning and miss school, but the young imp disturbed my slumbers at seven o'clock.

Henceforth, Ben and I are mortal enemies. As yet, however, I have not been able to coerce him into evacuating his battle-field and resort—my bedroom. He possesses the treachery of an *espion*, and the destructiveness of a *saboteur*, so how can I expel him permanently?

He is a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, for early in the morning he retains all the scowls of Satan in his expression, and in the afternoon, he is dimpling around like a cherubic infant.

It is my theory that if Ben had existed in times of Hellenic Civilization, he would have been classified as one of the Muses. His cultural training astounds me, for when he sings, he dances—he cannot do one without the other. When he sings in a low, peaceful tone, his dancing is exquisite—smooth, graceful, perfect! When his ire is aroused, beware! for he hops, skips, jumps, and so to say, stamps all over the dresser top. When engaged in the latter demonstration, his eyes glow with the fires of hatred and his brows knit themselves into a continuous hedge across his forehead. Summing him up when in this mood, he seems to be the personification of evil.

Even after he became my foe, I admired and respected him for not awakening me on Saturdays and holidays. But this feeling vanished too, for again he betrayed me. He had acquired the exasperating habit of arousing me on every single day of the week. I had now been tried to the nth degree; it could continue no longer. What was my verdict? Death for the rascal was the only solution!

At first, my family vetoed this proposal, but soon they, too, could see that my poor one-time pet was disrupting our entire daily schedule.

He sang at any hour of the day or night; for days on end, he became temperamental, and not a peep escaped his lips.

Naturally, the family regretted to see him depart in such a merciless manner, but what else could be arranged?

Resolved to make his subversion as much like euthanasia as possible, I closed my eyes and hurled him into the ash-can. Why the ash-can for a final resting place? I had racked my brains, and could uncover no spot more suitable for Ben, poor old alarm clock, with twinkling coat of armour, ticking machine, and alarm that did not co-ordinate.

Patricia Purcell, XI,
Englewood, Chicago.

TO OUR FATHER, THE POPE.

With simple, earnest words, we try
To tell you of our prayer,
That you may know that over here,
Our thoughts stray over there.

We see you far across the sea,
Pleading with every nation;
We think of what we owe to you,
And our hearts fill with elation.

From time to time, we hear you plead,
"My children, pray for peace,
That God may calm the troubled world,
And make all conflicts cease."

If we have failed you in the past,
We renew our prayers to-day;
If you have time to plead with us,
We should have time to pray.

And so we send this message,
To you, whom we honor and love;
O Holy Father, we thank you,
And ask blessings for you from above.

Margaret Simpkin, X,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

APRIL.

When all the snow is melting,
And the grass is turning green,
Then we know that it is April,
Soon the blue-bird will be seen.

The robin with her breast of red
Is chirping clear and strong;
All the birds are coming back,
So summer won't be long.

Then comes the dear, wee, snow-drop,
A-peeping through the snow,
And soon the trillium will appear—
And the farmer will sharpen his hoe.

Angela Hasson, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

WOES ON WOES.

"Brr—rrr—rrr."

"Gracious," you exclaim, "is that the door-bell?"

But it is only one o'clock and Great-Aunt Madelia said she would not arrive until two. It must be little Mrs. Carver, who just moved in next door. But why? Surely she knows that I should make the first call, and I really do intend to.

Oh! Perhaps it is that Johnuy Merrill. If he asks to borrow Junior's bicycle again, I shall just have to say "No." It will teach him a lesson.

My goodness! What if it should be the man from Williard's Garage? He told me he would collect for the repairs he made on the car last Tuesday. Roger is so unreasonable that I know he wouldn't understand how I happened to collide with that automobile on Fourth and Main Streets. And now, I haven't the money to pay.

Oh, how silly I am! It is probably Mrs. Forest, returning the book that she borrowed from me last week. But no, I have never known her to return a borrowed book within a month.

It may be just the postman with a special delivery letter!

You hurriedly open the door, and are greeted by the shining, eager, disheveled, patient, grinning little newsboy.

"Collect!"

Margaret Paquin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY LOVES.

I am a lover of many things
That nature's beauty oft-times brings
To my wondering mind:
White clouds against the blue sky's sheen;
The blades of grass all fresh and green;
An old oak tree with ivy twined;
Pink roses by a garden bower—
The sudden falling of a shower;
Sweet fragrance of a field of clover;
The fascinating sound of "Dover";

.
Mem'ry of places where I've been;
A kitten's purr, an old violin—
And many another thing.
Each of these serves as a golden arrow
Leading straight up to Him,
Creator of all things, bright or dim.

Ethel Farkas, XI,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

MY FAVORITE UNCLE.

Of course, I have many relatives—aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins, and those of closer degree. Would I be a normal American if I had not? But, as in every other phase of life, I have my favorite. In this case, it is an uncle, a dear good, lovable uncle. I need only to hint at his name and you will know precisely whom I mean; for he probably, or possibly, is your uncle too. But before you guess, let me attempt to describe him.

He looks like—but what does he look like? Ah! He is tall, friendly, fearless, and has a look about him which suggests the American flag. Perhaps it is his courage and ability to overcome the greatest difficulties that impresses me thus. His age? He is about one hundred and sixty years old—one hundred and sixty years of experience well applied.

Were I even to try to determine whether I inherit this esteemed uncle from my maternal or paternal side of the family, I would find it most difficult. My only knowledge of the matter is that because I am an American, he is my uncle. I am proud when I remember that merely being born an American gives me the right to claim him—my beloved Uncle Sam.

Marguerite Stanaway, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

"SPRING."

When the day is cold and dreary, and everything goes wrong,
We moan and groan and wish so hard that the winter weren't so long.
Then comes a day of spring, when the sun is shining bright,
And the trees all start to blossom, and the whole wide world seems right;
When the air has a sudden perfume, that makes our heads feel clear,
And the robins are singing so loudly, that we can hardly hear,
It's then we feel like living, we feel like starting anew,
And our enemies and our troubles, all seem very few.

Marilyn Each, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

—————
Mother Mary, our dearest treasure,
Angelic is thy love without measure.
Thy Rosary is our favourite prayer;
We yearn to be like thee, so fair.

Ruth Doherty, IX-A,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

THE OLD FAMILY ALBUM.

Laughter, thrills and enchantment lie buried between the soiled and thumbed leaves of the Old Family Album. I have spent many happy hours with this treasured book, and to me it is almost as dear as the stories and people of which it tells.

I love to look at the pictures of Mother when she was a young girl. Her clothes were so dainty and her long hair, so beautiful. Her lovely wide-brimmed hats with all their flowers and ribbons are truly something to be admired, and I can't help wishing that I had a dress as charming as the one she wears in this picture, taken on her twenty-first birthday.

Oh! and here's one of Father. He used to be quite handsome. He is so tall and straight and happy in this picture taken of him with his first automobile. And here is the one that was taken of Father before he discovered that he would look much better with his hair parted on the side rather than right down the middle. He would have destroyed this horrible one long ago, if Mother had not insisted that it be left in the book.

Now we turn the page and find Grandma and Grandpa's wedding picture. I like Grandma's old-fashioned dress and her up-sweep hair style very much, but I really can't say that I care for Grandpa's striped suit, his side burns, or his well-trained moustache. Grandma and Grandpa are both out of this world now; therefore these pictures are very dear to me. They bring to life fond memories of the days when I enjoyed their love and companionship.

On this next page is a picture of Sister, Brother, and me. Below the picture is written: "Frances, 10 months; Bobby, 4 years; and Jean, 7 years." Jean looks tall and awkward, and has dreadfully long bangs; Bobby is awfully cute with that Buster Brown haircut, and his little finger in his mouth; and I—well, I am just too fat to be cute or even funny!

I could go on, and on, telling you about our Old Family Album because I love it so much. To me this little silver clasp on the cover opens up a treasure chest of golden memories. As I sit here, alone, on the river bank, I sigh; I smile; I dream; I fancy; I laugh aloud; perhaps I shed a few tears as I longingly, lovingly, turn the pages of our Old Family Album.

Frances Murphy, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THE NIGHT OF NIGHTS.

The triumphant strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" sounded from the choir-loft, as we, Loretto's seventeen beautifully white-gowned graduates, stepped to the music within the portals of St. Mary's, and down the carpeted centre aisle. I glimpsed Mother and Dad and—yes, HE was there too! Surely, this was the most completely happy evening I would ever experience! People turned and looked admiringly at us—the stately Loretto graduates of 1942. Ah, I felt, this is the class that will set the world on fire!

My attention was drawn to Elaine, my charming little flower girl, who definitely controlled her own will. If, only, oh, if only she will go nicely to her seat this time. "Dear God, don't let her take a stubborn streak."

Now our guest speaker is walking to the pulpit. I must pay attention since I want to remember this all my life. The great difficulty is that my eyes persist in wandering to those blue-ribboned rolls of white—our diplomas—the reward of twelve years' work! The speaker has finished, and now the supreme moment so long awaited is upon us. Fortunately, I am second in line to receive mine. Mechanically I step out and walk into the Sanctuary. Gracefully kneeling (thank God for all those tedious practices!) I kiss the Bishop's ring, and hear his "God bless you, my child!" I reach for my diploma and I—I am sitting up in bed, holding—my bed lamp.

Nora Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THE POET.

He has the power to sway mankind—to make man know, believe, discover things he had never dreamed of before. He has the power to draw men to his way of thinking; to make men happy or sad, contented or tortured. He can raise man from the depths of despair—put the gleam of hope into his eyes, the fire of love and ambition into his heart. He can drive him on, give him a goal, an ideal to work for. He makes the world a happier, more worthwhile place in which to live. A nation values him. The world honors him. Men love him.

Yes, great is the power of a poet. The world is at his feet.

Patricia LaPointe, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

SPRING FEVER.

Symptoms: Heart-felt sighs, listless countenance, dreamy gaze, utter lack of interest in the passing world, and lastly, a haunting desire whispering from your innermost being, urging you, coaxing you to go outdoors. The bright rain-washed world seems ever calling, "Come hither, come hither." This is the Spring Fever! To my knowledge its preventing serum has not yet been discovered. You and I must suffer on. Yet, from past experiences, I can say that this fever has its compensations. It is fascinating—bewitching! The birds sing more sweetly, the sun shines more brilliantly, and the whole world radiates a dreamy joy and contentment. So, when Spring comes, don't be too cautious, and you may catch the Spring Fever.

Nora Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

It happened long ago. I was spending a few weeks with Grandmother in the country. She lived in one of those lovely old Colonial houses, where you were startled by the sound of your own footsteps.

One night (it was the eerie hour of midnight), I was awakened by a strange creaking noise that seemed to be issuing from the living-room. Someone was going back and forth with light, hesitating movements. My frightened childish mind could visualize nothing but the spectral visitor, I had read about. As Grandmother was not well that summer, and Mother had cautioned me to take very good care of her, I decided to be brave, and not awaken her.

Summoning all my courage, but trembling in every limb, I descended the stairs. As I reached the living-room door, there was complete silence. I waited. Then thinking that I must have been dreaming, I turned to go back. With my foot on the first step, and my hand

firmly grasping the railing, I knew my ears had not been deceiving me, for the noise was resumed. There was no doubt about it! Someone was in that room!

With an outward air of bravery, I decided boldly to confront this intruder. Opening the door, and turning on the light, I saw Towser, Grandmother's big black cat, calmly rocking himself in Grandfather's favorite chair, completely unaware of the panic he had caused me.

The next morning I told my grandparents all about it, and I can still hear Grandfather's hearty laughter; but Grandmother looked at me tenderly, and her gentle voice had a quiver in it as she said, "My child, you were brave—but it is good you have learned for yourself how absurd this ghost theory is!"

Margaret Simpkin, X,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

On a warm sunny morning in April, in a small room off the parlor, a frail, tiny woman sat with head erect and small worn hands holding tightly a telegram which had arrived a few minutes before.

Tears were on her wrinkled face and her mind wandered back. It seemed only yesterday that Paul was such a small, helpless creature, toddling about, with his own little efforts to show his love for her. She remembered the times when he was ill, her sympathy when he had hurt himself; always they had been together. Yes, all his life at home, Paul had been so good, so loving, and then—war!

Paul was gone a year now, and he had been loyal in writing, until two months ago. Then his letters stopped.

For two months she had prayed that her son would not leave this world without writing to her.

Now, today—this telegram. She opened it again and re-read it. Her tears came freely and she thanked God with all her heart. The message read:

Dear Mom:

I feel great. Don't worry.

Will arrive home Tuesday.

Love, Paul.

Joy Osmar, IX,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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THE LIVING CROSS.

The Red Cross is an organization known throughout the world for its aid to the wounded soldiers and civilians during war.

This society does much for the bodily and material needs of men. But after all man has a soul and, therefore, spiritual aid is requisite, as well.

Cisca, an organization of Catholic youth in Chicago, realized this need and has started the Living Cross, a movement much like the Red Cross, except that it supplies both spiritual and material needs to all men who need them.

The Red Cross is an emblem symbolizing man's humanity to man.

The living Cross is a vital reality expressing God's merciful succor to man through our instrumentality.

This movement is divided into three parts: the Auxiliary corps which requires Mass and Communion once a week, Ten Minutes of Mental Prayer daily, and one real sacrifice a day; the Defense Legion requires more from its members, Mass and Communion three times a week, twenty minutes of Mental Prayer daily, work for Red Cross or Civilian Defense; the last is the Victory Legion, which is all out aid for peace and victory; it demands daily Mass and Communion, thirty minutes on Mental Prayer, Work for Red Cross and Civilian Defense, Daily Compline, Vespers or Prime from the Divine Office.

This movement will do much for our boys in camps and across the seas to keep faith in God and man, and aid us in obtaining an ultimate victory and peace.

Connie McKinney, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Robin Redbreast, in the tree,
Why are you looking down at me?
Do you think I'd take your nest?
I don't think that would be best.

Robin Redbreast, we won't steal,
Or we know your song will peal
O'er the garden loud and fast,
'Till you know the danger's past.

Robin Redbreast, when it rains,
You come near my window-panes;
And look in, as much as to say,
"It does not seem like a day in May."

Joan Rosar, age 10, Grade VI,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

CHICAGO.

It is true, is it not, that home is where the heart is? If so, no matter where I journey, perhaps to far distant corners of my country, my true home will always be Chicago, for I have lost my heart to it permanently. And why? Well, I really can't say. I don't think my city could be classed as one of the truly beautiful metropolises of the world. Its backyard is too sordid, and yet, what can compare with Michigan Avenue, its skyscrapers like staunch sentinels guarding the treasures that lie within, and Lake Michigan spread out before the buildings like a carpet with bewildering varied shades of blue?

Chicago is not ancient—not the home of the classics, as is Paris or Rome; and no great historical battle took place to gain possession of it, yet, only a century ago, the white man fought the Indian in order to preserve Fort Dearborn, and, being victorious, began to build, and is still building. You can feel the pulse and throb of the city as you walk along its bustling streets. The heart-beat of Chicago is like the steady, relentless beat of a drum, repeating "Get ahead!" "Get ahead!" This is Chicago, never ceasing in her effort to become first city of the world.

I don't believe the approach to Chicago is considered one of nature's masterpieces. I am told that if you take a steamer from England, you reach, after a night's voyage, the city of Cork, Ireland, situated on a wide, deep bay, with a loveliness beyond description. Chicago has nothing to compare with this vista of beauty. Its approach from the south is through a vast hive of steel mills, certainly a blot on the landscape. From the north you travel through many miles of residences until suddenly—there it lies before you!

But the steel mills take on a strange beauty when one realizes the work they are accomplishing. And as for the suddenness, why it is one of nature's caprices that turned out to be a boon.

The friendliness of its people, the charm of its parks, quiet nooks in the midst of hubbub, the city at night, with its twinkling lights like stars suddenly dropped from heaven—there are so many things that make Chicago wonderful! With all its hidden sordidness and ceaseless pace it is a city in which thousands truly worship God, and countless good works are achieved; will never lose its allure and mysticism for me. It is my home.

Lorraine Delany, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

MY INVENTION.

Once when I had some spare time, I decided to make an invention. My purpose was to invent something that could be used by posterity. I tried to make a gadget that would do all my arithmetic. An astounding thing happened. Suddenly there was a slight click—I put my instrument to my ear; I heard cows which were “mooring” on farms, two or three miles away.

I was amazed at this, and planned on making a world-wide sale of my “hear-all,” as I called it. First, however, I decided to test its powers.

I walked down the street and could hear the water flowing away down below the earth. As I walked farther down toward the business section I passed a theatre and heard my favourite actress talking in her most charming fashion. I was rejoicing that I should no longer have to buy an admission ticket to any show, when I reached the sea-shore and was surprised at all the sounds I heard—the chattering of the little fishes, the swishing of the big whale; in the distance the fog-horn of a ship. I was startled at hearing a code, and men conversing in a foreign language, and I was right in surmising that it was a submarine, for when I called the Coast Guard, they immediately put it out of action.

As I was nearing home I passed our neighbour's home. I heard some muttering, then adjusting my “hear-all,” I heard two people talking. I was listening to my friend's secret. As I could not imagine a meaner trick, I dashed the instrument on the sidewalk. It crashed into bits and that was the end of my marvelous invention, whose abnormal qualities brought about its own destruction.

Cleo Heimler, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

THE LAUGHTER CRUSADE.

Today, when all the world is engrossed in a tragic state of affairs, there is one thing that can help us immensely—our sense of humor. Greet each day with a smile whether your tasks are great or small, light or heavy. When it is just as easy to frown, smile. One bright smile will carry you a long way. Laughter—let yours be gay and ringing. We all dislike a gloomy person, just as we love a merry one. Always be happy and some of the world's habitual gloom will vanish with your gaiety. So, whatever the cost—smile! It's infectious, you know—“Laugh, and the world laughs with you.”

Patricia LaPointe, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

SNOWBOUND.

What is more delightful than to be snow-bound in your own home for a day or two with a good book, a comfortable seat beside a crackling fire, and a bowl of juicy, red apples at your side? While the raging wind rattles the windows and the snow hits the panes with a thud, you sit back and enjoy the snugness and comfort of the room. How contentedly you lose track of everything but the characters in your book whose life you, too, lead. Then suddenly you are roused from your reverie by a loud knock at the door, and a traveler who has been caught in the storm enters, cold and wet, to share with you the warmth and joy of your fireplace.

Helen Mahl, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

KING OF KINGS.

On the hill of Calvary high
Christ is led to the cross to die,
To open wide His heavenly Home
For all of us who have to roam.

A nail they put through each Holy Hand;
They crucify Him—that wicked band.
The thorns are piercing His Sacred Head;
Those men do not care how much it has bled.

Beside His tomb bright angels stand
When the stone rolls back at His command.
Magdalen runs to tell these things—
He has proved Himself the King of kings.

Virginia Ray, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's School,
(Loretto), Hamilton.

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A LOVE SONG.

The most sublime love music ever written! High praise and apt for Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture, with words by the peerless librettist, William Shakespeare.

My idea of a perfect moment—one to be treasured—is listening to James Mellon sing, "Swear not by yon inconstant moon" to the haunting strains of Tchaikowsky's melody.

The composer's own love story behind this famous love serenade is as thrilling and almost as tragic as the original Romeo and Juliet tale.

Almost a hundred years ago in the then beautiful and romantic city of St. Petersburg, there lived a charming duchess—a widow—a music lover who had become the patroness of many a musical genius. In this city, at the time was a handsome young composer, named Tchaikowsky, who lived in a gas-lit garret and wrote hauntingly beautiful melodies—for the local mice. It is told that one day Rubenstein was passing by a café when suddenly he heard a tune that made him stop and listen. Enchanted, he entered and asked the pianist, the young Tchaikowsky, where he had picked up such an exquisite thing. Tchaikowsky admitted that it was his own composition and shyly offered Rubenstein a copy of the manuscript. The famous musician pocketed it and soon went off. Later at the home of the Duchess he took out the precious manuscript and played the composition. The lady was fascinated by it, and soon became patroness to another musical genius, Tchaikowsky. These two music lovers wrote to each other and finding they had so much in common, came soon to a realization of their mutual love. Strange as it may seem, however, Tchaikowsky saw his loved Duchess only once.

It was a cold, crisp Sunday afternoon in St. Petersburg when, as was customary in that carefree city, the people decked themselves out in their gayest apparel and paraded along the boulevards. Down one of the main thoroughfares came two carriages from opposite directions. As they were about to pass each other, the horse of one reared violently threatening to overturn the vehicle. Tchaikowsky, the handsome gallant, dashed from his carriage to offer his assistance to the occupant of the other conveyance. It was the Duchess. They recognized each other immediately, but neither spoke, Tchaikowsky bowed; the lady nodded graciously, and the two carriages moved off. The relationship which these two had formed was so delicate and intangible that

the spoken word might ruin it. It required a more aesthetic medium—music. Under the inspiration of love Tchaikowsky composed the rapturous Overture, "Romeo and Juliet." In spite of its romantic theme, the music is never sentimental, or maudlin, but always inspiringly beautiful, which does credit to the composer's depth of feeling.

After their chance encounter, the Duchess and Tchaikowsky continued to correspond as if they had never met.

Came the time when the composer was famous throughout Europe. His name was added, while he was still living, to the list of the Immortals who had done so much to enrich the European classical heritage. He was invited to America to make a concert tour. He accepted, happy in the thought that back in St. Petersburg the Duchess would be waiting. The American tour was a phenomenal success, and a year after having left Russia he was back in St. Petersburg, happily triumphant. A strange occurrence, however, marred his joy. The Duchess had disappeared. Tchaikowsky searched not only the city, but Russia and Europe, ever hoping to find his lovely lady. His search was not rewarded. He never quite got over this tragic event, the abrupt departure of the Duchess out of his life; he died a lonely, old bachelor.

Tchaikowsky and the Duchess are gone. The Capulet maiden and her Montague lover have long been in their graves. But to the two stirring love stories there is a fitting memorial in the "Romeo and Juliet Overture" by one of the lovers.

Next time as you listen to its tender strains remember that it is a real love song.

Josephine Invidiata, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

THE INDISPENSABLE.

What is it that heralds your birthday next spring?
What tells you your book report's due?
What calls to your mind the date you will sing
With the choir? And what would you do
If you failed to remember the day you must be
At the dentist's at quarter past four?
What is it you rush so quickly to see,
Then—find you have still two days more?
What tells you that summer is not far away?
What day for a payment you would prefer?
The answer is just where you look every day—
Those pages of dates—your Calendar.

Margaret Paquin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

OUR MISSION CRUSADE.

About twenty years ago an organization sprang up in Canada for the promotion of a missionary feeling and desire among the youth. This organization came under the name of the Canadian Catholic Schools Mission Crusade, or better known as the C.C.S.M.C. The organizers finding themselves without that most necessary thing, a motto, held a contest, the winner of which was one of our Loretto nuns, and the motto became what it is now, "The Kingdom of the World for Its King and Lord." This has become the undying cry of the promoters of the C.C.S.M.C.

Father Belanger came recently to Loretto College School to speak to us on this subject. His first words were words of praise to the pupils of Brunswick because of the way they sing the Crusade hymn, saying it is sung with "sincerity and emotion." He next told us something we were greatly pleased to hear, that the C.C.S.M.C. has steadily flourished in all Loretto schools.

The story of the greatest missionary came next, the story of the God-Man, Jesus Christ. Why did Christ come? To redeem man, and teach a new doctrine. Before He began teaching, however, He spent thirty years preparing for the short three years of His public life, He Who needed no preparation! (Yet how we hate preparing for things; we want to do them as soon as we conceive an idea). At last the public life began, to be spent teaching and going about the country. During this time our great Missioner instituted the Sacraments, those seven channels of grace, overflowing with the abundance of His love, among them Baptism. This Sacrament, especially, is our consolation, as no one can ever take the gift of Faith from us. With the words, "Going, teach ye all nations," Christ made His apostles His missionaries, and since then we have had great examples, such as St. Paul, St. Francis Xavier and our Jesuit martyrs. His organization, the Catholic Church, spreads the faith and this is a missionary organization.

Then, of course, comes the question, "Are we all supposed to be missionaries?" Why not? The Little Flower is said to have saved more souls than that zealous missionary, St. Francis Xavier, although she never left her country to convert pagans. Therefore, we can all be missionaries; maybe just little ones, but nevertheless, missionaries, by prayers and acts of sacrifice. When the non-Catholic Tennyson said, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," he made a very

true statement. We have our Model and our means. All we have to do is to follow the Model and use the means. That is all the C.C.S.M.C. asks for. Yes, just for the help of "little missionaries." When you see the pleading eyes of a little Chinese child or a Negro child begging for help, your heart aches for him, doesn't it? You long to do something, you do not know what, but something. So, next time you feel like that, remember two "M's," the Model and the means, and—do something!

Clare McLaughlin, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

UNE AME VAILLANTE.

Le 23 janvier nous célébrerons l'anniversaire de la naissance de Mary Ward, fondatrice de l'Institut des religieuses qui sont à présent nos institutrices. Vous me demanderez sans doute qu'est-ce que cela nous importe? Nous ne connaissons pas cette Mary Ward. Ah! non—mais vous le devriez, chers lecteurs, car la vie de cette femme dévouée est remplie de souffrances et de sacrifices qui sont de bons exemples pour nous tous.

Mary naquit en Angleterre de parents très à l'aise. Malheureusement, elle vécut alors que l'Angleterre subissait de terribles persécutions pour la foi catholique. Cependant notre petite fille fut dirigée dans le droit chemin par sa bonne vieille grand'mère, qui, dès son enfance, lui apprit à balbutier les chers noms de Jésus et de Marie. Mary démontra très jeune sa confiance en la prière. Un jour, lorsqu'elle s'amusa avec ses deux petites sœurs, un incendie terrible se déclara au château de son père. Dans la confusion et le bouleversement personne ne remarqua l'absence des trois enfants. Néanmoins le père y pensa enfin et y courut pour les sauver de cette terrible fournaise. Il les trouva toutes les trois récitant le Rosaire, sous l'encouragement de Mary.

Vers l'âge de dix ans Mary obtint sa première conversion. Ce fut celle d'un hérétique de treize ans, rencontré par hasard au cours d'une visite à un château voisin.

Dès sa treizième année, son choix était fait et elle resta toujours fidèle à l'Amour Divin.

Lorsque Mary atteignit sa vingtième année, son désir de vie religieuse rencontra l'opposition de chacun. Son père se montra inflexible en présence d'une demande en mariage. Il s'agissait d'un homme de noblesse d'âge mûr,

héritier d'énormes richesses. On affirmait que si Mary refusait sa demande il renoncerait à ses droits à cet héritage, qui passerait alors à une famille protestante. Même des prêtres conseillaient à Mary de renoncer à sa vocation. Heureusement tout tourna pour le mieux.

À l'âge de 21 ans elle partit pour un pays étranger, ne sachant pas ce qu'elle ferait ou même où elle irait; mais se jetant dans les bras de la Sainte Providence, elle devint très confiante. Elle arriva finalement à Saint Omer, en Flandres, et se dirigea vers un couvent. Elle y fut admise comme sœur converse avec la charge très humiliante de mendier chaque jour le pain pour la Communauté. Après de nombreuses épreuves elle fut convaincue que cette vie n'était pas sa vocation et qu'elle ferait plus de bien à convertir et à ramener dans le droit chemin les gens de son pays natal.

Après avoir obtenu la permission de sortir de ce couvent elle se dirigea vers Bruxelles où elle fit d'importantes négociations avec la cour de cette capitale. Attirées par son exemple, de nobles dames anglaises se joignirent à elle et deux ans plus tard la fondation des Dames Anglaises fut réalisée. La maison avait été fondée pour les exilées catholiques anglaises mais les jeunes filles flamandes de tous rangs y furent invitées.

Mary ne savait pas encore quelle serait la Constitution exacte du nouvel Institut. Enfin le moment vint où pour hâter l'approbation si désirée de sa Constitution, Mary crut devoir aller à Rome pour y plaider, sa cause. Elle partit à pied, en plein hiver, emmenant avec elle quelques compagnes choisies. Après un trajet de deux mois on aperçut enfin le dôme de Saint-Pierre. Sitôt arrivées les membres de la petite troupe se jetèrent à genoux et remercièrent de vives voix la Divine Providence qui les avait dirigées durant ce dangereux voyage.

Mary fut admise en audience avec Grégoire XV peu de temps après son arrivée.

Pendant les cinq années qu'elle passa à Rome Mary y fonda un externat de jeunes filles. Une fondation à Naples suivit bientôt celle de Rome. Malheureusement l'Institut reçut son premier échec. Urbain VIII sans cesse pressé par les ennemis de Mary, fit fermer ses écoles de Rome.

L'année suivante, cependant, Mary avec son petit groupe forma une école en Allemagne. La même année elle fonda la maison de Weinstrasse qui bientôt devint l'objet d'un bien-

veillant intérêt de la part des habitants de Munich.

L'Empereur Ferdinand invita Mary à établir une fondation à Vienne. Celle-ci y choisit une maison convenable et bientôt cette fondation répondit à l'attente du Souverain; avec ses 4,000 élèves elle devint un vrai centre de la Foi. Ce succès porta le Cardinal de Hongrie à demander l'aide des Dames Anglaises pour la ville de Presbourg où l'hérésie progressait.

Vers le même temps une maison et une chapelle à Prague furent cédées à Mary par le comte Althon, en reconnaissance d'une merveilleuse guérison attribuée à ses prières.

Cependant de sombres nuages couvraient l'Institut, et Mary decida de retourner à Rome dans l'espoir de prévenir le décret de suppression qui menaçait sa petite troupe d'apostolat.

Elle prouva aux cardinaux qu'elle ne recherchait ni les honneurs ni les gloires, mais qu'elle voulait convertir les âmes et les reconcilier avec leur Créateur. Finalement elle réussit à persuader son audience, et revint à son couvent à Munich.

Encore une fois Mary dut subir une humiliation terrible. On l'accusa d'hérésie, et elle fut retenue dans une cellule réservée aux malades. Il y était défendu sous peine d'excommunication d'échanger un mot avec elle. Mary était persuadée que cette sentence ne venait pas du Pape et par conséquent n'en fut pas affligée.

Dans sa petite cellule elle devint bien près de mourir. La maladie dont elle souffrait lui causait des souffrances très vives. Elle demanda les derniers sacrements qui lui avaient été jusque là refusés. Pendant qu'elle était sur son lit de mort selon toute apparence, on essayait de lui faire avouer son hérésie. En conséquence elle écrivit une lettre très émouvante témoignant de sa ferme foi catholique.

Le jour de la fête de Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, Mary fut guérie et elle retourna à son couvent.

Encore une fois une bulle du Pape Urbain força les Dames Anglaises à se disperser. Une troisième fois Mary retourna aux pieds du Saint-Père où elle déclara qu'elle n'était pas hérétique. C'est en ce moment que le Pape lui dit qu'il en était convaincu mais qu'il avait mis sa vertu à l'épreuve. Il permit aux jeunes religieuses de rester sous le garde du Saint-Siège lorsque le manque de fortune et les circonstances politiques les importuneraient. Dès lors l'Institut fut établie fermement. Le peu de temps qui resta à Mary sur la terre fut consacré au service de sa patrie.

Mary rendit son âme à Dieu à York, en Angleterre, d'une manière aussi sainte que pouvait l'être demandée.

J'ai donc raison, chers lecteurs, de vous prier de prendre cette âme noble comme votre modèle dans cette vie. Aussi je vous exhorte à prier pour la béatification de celle qui donna sa vie entière pour la cause de la Sainte Eglise.

Yvette McKenzie, XI,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

PRETTY LITTLE ROBIN.

Pretty little Robin,
Sitting on a tree,
Singing such a lovely song,
And looking down at me.

Pretty little Robin,
Singing in the rain,
Chirping such a pretty tune;
Won't you come again?

Janet Mary Payette, age 10, Grade VI,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

CAUGHT.

Pottersville has one main street, a meeting-house, a fire-station, one hotel, a general store and a fair showing of private houses scattered about.

Bill Jones, the sheriff, had held his position for the past fifty years. He was a kind, old man, with a friendly smile, and was regarded by all as one of the best men in the town.

A carload of money was being shipped north, and as Pottersville bordered the water, it had been decided to leave the money in the sheriff's care for the night and to ship it across next morning. With the treasure in his keeping, Bill planned to find a good hiding-place, safer than his safe, which he used only for little things such as his lunch, some bags and, at present a mouse-trap, as he suspected one of the nibblers of being in the vicinity, and he was out to get him. As Bill pondered, it suddenly occurred to him that the dry well at the end of his farm was the very spot, in case there might be robbers about—not that he knew of any, but one has to be careful.

Meantime, Cracker Jack, a proficient safe-breaker, was in hiding at Pottersville. He was one who when he decided to get something always got it. He had heard about the money

and who had it. Well, it would be a "cinch," he thought, to get it. These yokels didn't know anything, anyway!

That night, without any difficulty, Cracker Jack entered the sheriff's office and forced the safe open. As he put in his hand for the money, he gave a yell, quickly suppressed, and muttered "Caught!" Try as he might he could not free himself. He was accustomed to doing big things, such as robbing safes in New York banks, but to set his hand free was just a little too difficult for him. He hurried out with the mousetrap still clinging to his fingers, and using expressions much stronger than had ever before been uttered about mousetraps.

Next morning, when the sheriff came into the office and opened the safe to put in his lunch, he glanced to see if the mousetrap had a victim yet. Lo and behold! No mouse, and no trap! Now he discovered that the safe had been tampered with. He sat down, put his feet on the desk, folded his arms, and pondered. Yes, someone had really attempted robbery. "Ho," he chuckled, "It sure was a good thing I hadn't that well filled in last summer!"

Mary Cancilla, XI,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

SUMMER.

The summer has come,
The winter has gone.
The birds are singing their loveliest songs.
The butterflies fly, the insects crawl.
The children come out to play with their ball.
The flowers peep, and call the bees,
And then they open their little leaves.

Bessie Franklin, Grade VI.,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

VICTORY.

On land and sea the forces fight,
Or in the air, both day and night,
While far back home the people say,
"Come, buy your bonds to save the day!"

Our prayers will bring sure Victory
And peace shall reign from sea to sea.
Let us not be laggards—but do our part,
Giving all gladly, right from the heart!

Virginia Ray, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's School,
(Loretto), Hamilton.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

- Patroness, **MOTHER GENERAL M. ST. TERESA, I.B.V.M.**
 Honorary Presidents **MOTHER M. ERNESTINE, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. CONSTANCE, I.B.V.M.**
 Past President **MRS. J. P. HYNES, 39 Castle Frank Cres., Toronto.**
 President **MRS. T. CASEY O'GORMAN, 33 Elgin Ave., Toronto.**
 First Vice-President..... **MRS. ALEXANDER MCGEE STEPHENSON.**
 Second Vice-President **MISS DOROTHY LATCH-FORD.**
 Treasurer **MISS MARY DAWSON.**
 Recording Secretary **MISS MIRIAM ANGLIN.**
 Corresponding Secretary..... **MISS MARGARET MCCORMACK.**
 Assistant Corresponding Secretary **MISS AVE KIRBY.**
 Convener of House **MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH, 71 Southwood, Toronto.**
 Convener of Membership ... **MISS MARY MACDONALD.**
 Convener of Tea **MRS. W. M. SHANAHAN.**
 Convener of Entertainment... **DR. GERALDINE MALONEY.**
 Convener of Activities **MISS CALLIE DUNN.**
 Convener of Press **MISS PEGGY RYAN.**

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

- Loretto Abbey College, Toronto **MISS ISABEL MALONEY, 28 Rosehill, Toronto.**
 Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter **MISS RUTH BAIGENT, 54 Harper Ave., Toronto.**
 Niagara Falls **MISS MARY BAMPFIELD, 761 Clifton Rd., Niagara Falls, Ont.**
 Hamilton, Ont. **MISS LILLIAN WARNICK, 133 Stinson Ave., Hamilton.**
 Stratford, Ont. **MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.**
 Englewood, Chicago **MISS MARY DONAHUE, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.**
 Loretto, Joliet Circle **MRS. VIOLET GILLESPIE, 105 S. Park Ave., Joliet, Ill.**
 Woodlawn, Chicago **MRS. JAMES P. KAVANAGH, 6234 Greenwood Ave., Chicago.**
 Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle **MRS. F. M. WILSON,**
 Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle..... **MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Eggertsville, N.Y.**
 Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary. **MRS. DANIEL MCCORMICK, 619 E. 89th Place.**
 Loretto, Winnipeg Circle ... **MISS VERONICA O'MEARA, 277 River Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.**

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

The annual bridge party of Loretto Alumnae was held Saturday afternoon, January 17th, in Kern's Auditorium, with Mrs. M. J. O'Neil as Chairman, assisted by Mrs. D. J. McCormick. Mrs. V. J. Lordan served as Chairman of Prizes; Mrs. Norman Wilson, Reception; Iris Sullivan, Publicity; Mary Woods, and Mrs. Ed. O'Connell, Tickets. The remaining members of the Alumnae assisted as hostesses to the guests who filled seventy tables.

Everyone enthusiastically agreed that we had a lovely crowd, and a lovely tea-table, presided over by Zoe McCormick's daughter, Zoe, Jr., who is majoring in Home Economics at Wayne Univer-

sity, and Violet Lordan's daughter, Ruth, who is majoring in the same at Marygrove College. Our President, Bernadette Wilson, and Vice-President Anne Hurd, did the honors of the day at the tea-table.

Financially, it was an unqualified success, netting us \$108.00. Socially, it was a success also, judging from the many compliments received and comments about how harmoniously the various committees worked together. The reason must be that we always have so much fun together; so, a party is just another occasion for more enjoyment and expression of our loyalty to Alma Mater.

In March, we had a luncheon meeting at the Manor in Windsor with five Windsor members and fourteen Detroit members attending. A nominating committee was selected to prepare a slate for the May election of officers. A plea was made for more Loretto girls to become interested in the work of the Arch-Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Detroit, under the direction of Reverend John C. Ryan. Inamae Priebe, Vivian Schulte, and Bernadette Wilson are at present participating in this work.

The members of the Circle extend their sympathy to Mrs. J. J. Timpy on the recent death of her father, Mr. P. J. Galvin, Sr.

I. D. P.

WINNIPEG CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

At the annual meeting held on Sunday, January 11, in the Fort Garry Hotel, Miss Veronica O'Meara was elected President of the Winnipeg Circle of Loretto Alumnae, succeeding Mrs. D. M. Smith, who has so efficiently held office for the past two years.

The Executive for 1942 includes many new officers: Mrs. Smith becomes Honorary President; Patroness, as heretofore, Rev. Mother General, Loretto Abbey, Toronto; Vice-President, Mrs. Lorne Walker; Secretary, Miss Patricia Andrews, succeeding Miss Sheila Smart; Treasurer, Mrs. J. D. Callaghan; Councillors, Mrs. J. V. Long, Mrs. P. Burke-Gaffney, and Mrs. M. A. O'Hara; Mary's Day Chairman, Mrs. A. M. Kelly, re-elected; Red Cross, Mrs. W. F. O'Day, re-elected.

The retiring President reported a membership of thirty. The Red Cross (Loretto) workers met the second Thursday of each month. They turned in 763 sewed, and 203 knitted, articles during the



Miss V. O'Meara.

year, and contributed a number of blankets. As one of the Alumnae, Miss Jean Webster, is a nursing sister in Africa, parcels are being sent to her. The Treasurer's report showed a cash balance on hand. During the year contributions were sent to Loretto, Sedley.

At the close of the meeting, the members were entertained at tea by Mrs. Smith.

We are happy to report that our members who have been on the sick list are speedily recovering: Mrs. J. M. Monck (Jessie Riddell, Hamilton); Mrs. A. M. Kelly (Katherine Durkin, Stratford); Mrs. E. Murphy (Irene Flood, Toronto); Mrs. J. Pickering (Agnes Robinson, Toronto).

Mrs. C. Sugden (Nancy McHugh—Mullingar), who has been ill for a year and a half, is now able to receive visitors.

Mrs. W. F. O'Dea is contemplating a trip East in the early spring.

Miss Jean Wheeler (Sedley), and a Graduate of the St. Boniface School of Nursing, has gone to South Africa, with a division of Nursing Sisters.

Some of the members were happy, indeed, to have a few minutes chat with Reverend Mother General during a brief train stop, while she was en route to Toronto.

Along with fifteen other Catholic Women's Organizations of Winnipeg, the Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae sponsored the following resolution which was forwarded to the Rt. Hon. W. L. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, and the Hon. J. Bracken, Premier of Manitoba:

"Be it resolved that the Catholic Women of Manitoba petition the Governments involved to give their support to attaining immediate instruction in food values and efficient meals in every home in Canada by the appointment of a specially trained Nutritionist in each Province, whose sole duty will be to co-operate in such tasks.

And Be It Resolved: that the Governments be asked to give this problem their immediate consideration as an urgent War Measure."

As a result of our efforts and those of various Women's organizations throughout Canada a Dominion Nutritionist has been appointed and Committees have been formed for the purpose of working along Provincial lines.

Representatives of the Alumnae attended a meeting at the home of Mrs. David O'Meara, which was addressed by Miss Katherine Middleton, Home Economist for the Winnipeg "Tribune." Miss Middleton's subject was "Nutrition in Wartime." She stated that many "Health for Victory" classes are being organized; and it is quite possible that many of our members will be taking part.

Miss Middleton stressed the importance of keeping the health of our country up to the highest possible standard in this time of crises.

Mrs. H. Walsh also spoke on behalf of the Patriotic Salvage Corps.

The Alumnae extend sincerest sympathy to Mrs. G. H. Legree on the death of her father, Mr. G. J. Cooke, in the late Fall.

Patricia Andrews,
Secretary.

LORETTO SECRETARIAL SCHOLARSHIP BRIDGE.

On Saturday, 7th of February, the Graduates of Loretto Secretarial College held their First Scholarship Bridge in the auditorium of the school. The purpose of the Bridge was to finance a Scholarship to perpetuate the memory of Mother M. Evangelista, I.B.V.M., the foundress of the Secretarial College.

About 400 guests were in attendance. Miss Evelyn Henry was convener of the event, and was ably assisted by Miss Josephine DeFoe, Miss Kathleen Kelly, Miss Elizabeth Johnson, and Miss Helen Conderan.

During the afternoon, Mrs. R. Edwards, a former Graduate, paid tribute to the late Mother Evangelista. She expressed the conviction that no memorial would please this dear zealous educator more than a Scholarship that would be the means by which some deserving student would receive free tuition in the College she had been instrumental in founding.

Mary Faragher.

A note of special interest from Port Arthur: Miss Esther Hanley, B.A., of Class 4T1, Loretto College, is not only making a success in the Commercial field, but is an enthusiastic member of a C.Y.O. group of which she is secretary; and Miss Margaret Mary Dandeneau, Loretto Abbey graduate, 1939, in addition to taking a Commercial Course, is still greatly interested in music. She was organist at the High Mass which Very Rev. R. A. MacGillivray, S.J., Rector of Campion College, Regina, sang in Port Arthur, *en route* from a brief Montreal-Toronto trip recently.

Rev. Father MacGillivray, S.J., received a warm welcome from his old Toronto friends on his surprise stop-over visit when returning from the East. On this occasion he said Mass one morning at Loretto College School, where he had been chaplain prior to his appointment at Campion College. He also called at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, where he had given retreats and conducted courses in Apologetics, while resident in Toronto.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hickey on the birth of a son, John Michael Victor, on February 6th.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. V. McClure (Laura Koch, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Laura Jean, on February 20.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Poschen, on the birth of Ruth Ann, in December. Mrs. (Lillian Corcoran) Hughes, Larchmont, N.Y., Loretto Niagara Alumna, is R. A.'s proud grandmother.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Livingston Mason, on the birth of a son, Michael, last fall. Mrs. L. W. Van Deusen (Cornelia Barringer, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) is Michael's fond grandmama.

MARRIAGES.

On February 7, in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto, Miss Joan McLaughlin, Loretto College Alumna, daughter of Mr. Frank McLaughlin and

the late Mrs. (Irene Phelan) McLaughlin, Loretto Alumna, was married to Mr. Frederick Francis Walsh, Hamilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Walsh, Toronto.

Miss Dorothea Allen (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna), daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. Allen, Brooklyn, N.Y., was married February 14 to Mr. Edward Murphy. The bride is a sister of M. M. Edwardine, I.B.V.M., and a niece of Miss Anna M. Allen, Bell Harbor, N.Y.

Miss Katherine Anne Reitz, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna, daughter of Mr. Frederick L. Reitz, was married, March 14, to Mr. Burton Albert Petersen.

On February 14, Miss Margaret Helen Glover, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Dr. F. J. Glover and the late Mrs. (Thecla Clarke) Glover, Loretto Alumna, was married to Mr. Thomas Blakely Stewart, son of Mr. A. A. Stewart and the late Mrs. Stewart. Rev. Father Joseph O'Neill officiated.

Miss Marcelle Pettigrew, a former Loretto Abbey student, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pettigrew, Quebec, was married to Mr. Guy Valée, Quebec, on January 12.

Miss Georgette Winters, Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, Alumna, was married, on January 21, to Lieutenant Spencer Lawton.

Miss Shirley Christi, Loretto Sault Ste. Marie Alumna, was married, on January 8, to Mr. Paul Sullivan.

SYMPATHY.

To Mrs. McDonagh (Sister of the late M.M. Paulina, I.B.V.M.), on the death of her esteemed husband, Dr. A. J. McDonagh, on February 10; and to the bereaved family, especially Rev. J. A. McDonagh, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, Toronto.

To Dr. R. J. McGahey, on the death of his wife, on January 6, and to the bereaved family—Rev. J. E. McGahey, C.S.B., Miss Phyllis and Miss Jean McGahey; also to Mrs. McGahey's sisters, especially M. M. Consilio, I.B.V.M., and M. M. Norberta, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

To Mrs. Alex. T. Thomson and the bereaved family, on the death, January 21, of their daughter and sister, Miss Helen Hildegard (Hilda) Thomson, Loretto College School Alumna.

To Rev. B. I. Webster, of Grimsby, and to his sisters, Miss Mary and Miss Margaret Webster, and Mrs. M. J. O'Brien, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Edward Webster.

To Mr. and Mrs. Barrack and bereaved family, on the death of their son and brother, Rev. Father Michael J. Barrack, on January 27.

To the Basilian Fathers, on the death, January 31, of Rev. A. Vaschalde, C.S.B., late Professor of Semitic Languages and Literatures in the Graduate School, and an instructor in Sacred Scripture in the School of the Sacred Sciences, in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C., and previously Professor of Philosophy on St. Michael's College Staff.

To Mr. A. McEachen, M. M. St. Clare, I.B.V.M.,

and Rev. Sr. Ignatius, D'Youville College, Buffalo, on the death of their sister, Miss McEachen, on February 25.

To Mrs. McConnell, Washingtonville, Pa., on the death, February 17, of her husband, Mr. George McConnell, Knight of Columbus; and to his bereaved brothers, Dr. John Francis McConnell, Colorado Springs, and Mr. Harry C. McConnell, Toronto; and sisters, Miss Marie Louise, Toronto; Mrs. Bayard K. Sweeney, Denver; and Mrs. George Fowler, Pelham, N.Y. (Loretto Alumnae).

To Rev. Charles Maxwell, Dr. Max Maxwell, Dr. John Maxwell, and Miss Mary Maxwell, M.A., Past President of Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, on the death of their devoted mother, Mrs. Maxwell, of Buffalo, N.Y.

To Mrs. Dolan (Mary Gordon) and Mrs. Louis Carreau (Margaret Gordon), on the recent death of their father.

To Mrs. G. H. Legree (Loretto Alumna), on the death of her father, Mr. G. J. Cooke.

To Reverend Sister M. Victoria, C.S.J., and Sister M. Crescentia, C.S.J., on the death of their brother, Mr. Patrick Devine, on February 17, and on the death of their sister, Miss Mary A. Devine, on March 17.

To the bereaved family of Mr. Henry Koch, brother-in-law of M. M. Bernadine, I.B.V.M., on his recent death.

To Mr. S. J. Breen, Mr. John Breen, and the Misses Angela and Bryde Breen, on the death of their brother, Mr. William Joseph Breen, on January 30; also to Rev. Gerard Breen of Grimsby, nephew of Mr. Breen.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Vere, on the death, on December 26, of their daughter, Miss Mary Gloria Vere, a former Loretto-Stratford pupil; also to her brothers, Jack (of the Army Service Corps) and Mickey, and to her sister, Lois.

To Mr. T. J. Madigan, Jr., on the death of his wife, and to their daughter, Miss Theresa Anne (a boarder at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights); also to Mrs. Madigan's bereaved mother, Mrs. R. S. Broderick; her brothers, Mr. Ernest and Mr. Robert Broderick, and her sister, Miss Theresa Broderick.

To Mrs. Mary Galvin, Mr. P. J. Galvin, Jr., Mr. Gerald F. Galvin, Mrs. J. J. Timpy (of Detroit-Windsor Alumnae Circle), Mrs. William Chamberlain and Mrs. J. L. McDonald, on the death of their husband and father, Mr. Patrick J. Galvin, Sr., Detroit, on March 10.

To Mr. Mark Kieran and Miss Hazel Kieran, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Francis Kieran (Regis Harris, Loretto Alumna) of Montreal, on February 10; and to her bereaved sisters, Mrs. Fred Coughlan, Mrs. M. T. Crawford, and Mrs. J. J. Dagg.

To Miss Henrietta Kurtz, student at Loretto High School, Englewood, and to the bereaved family, on the death of their father.

To the bereaved family of Mr. John O'Connell, brother of Miss Peggy O'Connell, Loretto High School, Englewood student. The deceased was killed in action on December 8, serving his country in the Philippines.



School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Sports.

Ring out the old, ring in the new! With redoubled energy we swept into the whirlwind of sports activities this January; but alas, we were literally snowed-in the whole month, and although there were rounds and rounds of practice at the Abbey, there was little opportunity to display its results. Despite winter's icy blasts, however, there still remains many a bright spot on our sport's calendar.

Jan. 12—And she scores. (Hurrahs, and jubilant exclamations from Abbey on-lookers). What a rousing basketball game this was between Second and Fourth—simply goal upon goal. Since both teams were equally adroit and dexterous, it must have been Fourth's seniority that finally decided the game in their favour.

Jan. 19—That long anticipated game with Brunswick took place in our gymnasium. We were glad to see the Brunswick girls again and certainly enjoyed the splendid game they gave us. Score: Senior game, L. A. 31—L. B. 19; Junior game, L. A. 19—L. B. 16.

Mar. 13—Flash! The Abbey experienced a large scale invasion by St. Joseph's basketball team, on this Friday, 13th. Although Abbey forces inflicted serious losses at first, they were finally overcome. Score—St. J. 30, L. A. 10.

During these months while the wind howled round the Abbey walls, in the pool swimming-badges were being won at a furious rate.

On the Screen.

Jan. 21—"Flight Across Canada" was presented by Trans-Canada Airlines. Filmed in gorgeous technicolour; the moving-picture travelled the length and breadth of Canada, presenting the beautiful panorama of her cities, rivers, and woodlands.

Feb. 13—Mr. Le Trow, of the Ontario Safety League, screened for us six informative movie-shorts on Safety and for finale a most amusing cartoon.

Entertainment.

Feb. 12—In celebration of St. Valentine's Day, a dance was held in the gymnasium by Fourth Form. "Juke-box" music and delicious refreshments added gusto to the already enjoyable dance. Fun and profit were combined, \$20 being realized for the China Missions. Congratulations.

Le 17 février—Quelle belle réception donnée par la deuxième année, afin de célébrer le Mardi-gras! Ce fut, en tout détail, une réception tout à fait française, au point même où l'anglais y était prohibé. Ici et là dans de petits coins, et au milieu de la salle, les élèves grandes et petites faisaient de gros efforts afin de s'exprimer en français. On rendit même en français la pièce "I went to China, etc. Nous fûmes aussi amusées durant l'après-midi par la présentation des "Trois Ours," mise en scène par les élèves de la

classe. Ce fut en tout un après-midi agréable au superlatif.

Feb. 16—The members of the Art Class and Junior College gave a patriotic tea in the Art Studio. Paintings were on display, and papers on Bonnie Prince Charlie, Nelson, and Mary Ward, were read by members of the English Class. Many delightful songs—solo and trio—and piano and violin numbers were rendered so beautifully that teachers and mothers must have been proud of these talented girls. High-light of the afternoon—the hand-painted china cups and saucers with which the Art pupils served their mothers' tea.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day! Mass, singing, a free day, and, in the evening, a programme presented by the resident students to the Community. The numbers were: Piano Duet—Lorna Lloyd and Patsy Siegert; Song, Danny Boy—Sheila Ryan; Piano Solo—Wanda Vallillee; Vocal Duet—Denys and Jacqueline Huggins; Piano Duet—Louise Rondeau and Carmen Gaynon; Little Boy Blue, Joan MacDonald; Violin Duet—Fernande Giroux and Carmen Gautier; Piano Solo—Joyce Cabral; Piano Duet—Denys and Joan Huggins; Song—Joanne Healy; Piano Duet—Joan and Grace Norman; Vocal Solo—Sheila Fleming; Piano Solo—Barbara Murphy; Vocal Solo—Joan Huggins; Recitation—Betty Cormack; Song and Piano Solo—Yolande Gourd; Chorus—Swanee River, accompanist—Betty MacNab.

At the conclusion of the programme, Mother General expressed appreciative thanks and urged a continuance of similar student initiative.

The Sodality.

Wed., Feb. 4—First Sodality Meeting of the New Year! Preparations begun for Lent. Miss Evelynne Campion, prefect, told us of a Spiritual Bouquet to be given to the Holy Father by Sodalists throughout the world. Misses Estelle Gauthier, Mary Joyce Phelan, and Shirley Newcombe spoke on the History of the Sodality and some of its great members. Rev. Father Fleming, S.J., our Spiritual Director, urged Loyalty to Our Lord—and another successful Sodality meeting was brought to a close.

Feb. 18—Sodality Meeting with still more preparations for Lent. Miss Patty Ann Fisher, chairman of the Eucharistic Committee, introduced us to the "Daily Six" for Lent. Miss Mary Rusceia reminded us that this is Catholic Press month, and announced a Catholic Press Shower. Miss Patricia Dennis and Miss Gyneth Stencil spoke to us about good literature. Oh yes, you will be glad to hear that the magazine and stamp drives are still as successful as ever. Father Fleming reminded us of the coming of Lent, and spoke about Prayer and Penance for this season.

Mar. 11—Our first Sodality Meeting in Lent.—Yes, the "Daily Six" were practised and the other preparations. The Catholic Press Shower, a project of the Literature Committee, is coming along splendidly. Catholic magazines and pamphlets are rapidly filling up one corner of the recreation room. Miss Anita Goggio spoke about



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the Annunciation; Miss Joan Shinnick, about St. Joseph; Misses Shirley Pezzack and Lenore West on prayer—especially appropriate for Lent. Father Fleming reminded us that it was also Vocation Week, and described the various vocations from which we could choose.

In the Auditorium.

Feb. 25—Melodrama in the auditorium! To illustrate the work the Catholic radio and press is doing in the world even in these war-depressed days, Fourth Form presented a dramatic and forceful radio programme over a (non-existent) C. L. A. T. station with a world-wide hook-up. Whispered reports from Somewhere-in-England, from freedom stations in France, in Germany, from the Vatican, aboard an American warship in the Southern Pacific—all proclaimed the need of a strong Catholic press in the world to-day. The soft musical accompaniment to the announcer's voice, the mixture of foreign tongues, the metallic tremolo of the short-wave, and the studio professionalism with which the broadcast was presented—all combined to give such a realistic touch to the skit that it left the girls inspired to do something worth while for Catholic Press Month.

Mar. 11—Miss Hewitt, the head of the Mothercraft Society in Toronto, spoke to us to-day on Mothercraft. She explained its interesting origin,

and its very useful and necessary work. Although most of us had an idea that work of this kind was being done, we had not thought how well organized and complete it is. We discovered a new opportunity in way of "careers"—from this opportune vocation week talk.

Mar. 16—Mrs. Sheed's lecture was a delight—and most practical.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

Jan. 16—Our annual skating party at Scott's Park left us happy and rosy-cheeked as we trudged back to school after executing figure eights, and such for a few hours. A tempting lunch awaited us. Dancing followed.

Jan. 20—We were honoured in having His Grace, Archbishop McNally, of Halifax, celebrate Mass in our chapel this morning.

Jan. 23—Our symposium, in which important incidents in the life of Mother Mary Ward were portrayed by Misses Mary Hanlon, Marguerite Peplon, Annie Carter, Marion Zinger, and Betty Reinhart. Mr. Clifford McLellan and Mr. France were guest artists, and captivated the audience with their brilliant two-piano group of ensemble compositions. At the conclusion of the programme tea was served.

Jan. 29-31—During our three days' retreat, under the helpful direction of Rev. Father Hinds,

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S.J., we considered deeply the truths that count for eternity.

Feb. 6—A trip to Kitchener to encounter our friendly rivals in basketball. We were treated to such a perfect holiday by our hospitable opponents that the final score—St. Mary's, 11; Loretto, 8—did little to damp our spirits.

Feb. 17—To raise funds for that worthy organization, The Holy Childhood Society, an interesting programme was arranged, with many talented artists taking part. Result—one more little orphan taken under the protection of Holy Mother Church. Introducing—Miss Mary Loretto, of Africa!

Feb. 18—Lent begins for us with Mass, Holy Communion, Visit and Rosary. We mean to follow up this good beginning—especially now when we and all the world so need the help and guidance of our Creator.

Music, music everywhere—in preparation for the approaching L.M.F. in Toronto!

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Jan. 6—Little Christmas! But to the boarders it held another significance—back to school again. "Every cloud has a silver lining." It appeared in the person of Theo MacLeod, an old friend among the day-pupils, who has joined the ranks of the boarders.

Jan. 7—First day of school in 1942 for the gay troop of students hastening to classes at 8.55. We welcome back into our midst, an old friend, Doreen Livingstone, who has returned to her Alma Mater. "Doe" was attending Alma College.

Jan. 8—A surprise early dismissal—reward for three days of strenuous mental labour, overwhelming for the majority of the pupils (and the staff?)

Jan. 15—Joyce Predhomme, of Grade X, is among our departed, having left us for Toronto, where she is attending the Abbey.

Jan. 19—Term examinations began to-day. Noticeable quiet last week was due to intensive study.

Jan. 23—Mary Ward's Birthday! We celebrated with a half holiday—that is, the day-pupils celebrated while the boarders dashed hither and yon helping the social committee prepare for a banquet in honour of Mary Ward, Foundress of the I.B.V.M.

Jan. 24—The big day has arrived! The Sodality "gathered 'round" to celebrate with a banquet in honour of Mary Ward's Birthday. (Detailed account elsewhere in this issue).

Jan. 27—We were At Home to the students of Notre Dame Academy, Waterdown. A basket-ball game, full of thrills and spills, was enjoyed by the many spectators. Loretto Seniors were victors by a close margin, 24-23. Both teams, being evenly matched, played a hard and fast game. Our Juniors owe their victory, 21-6, to the smooth and clever plays of Pat. Grogan, who scored 19 of the 21 points. Excellent, Pat!

Following the game, the girls of Fifth Form were hostesses at a tea served in the club-room under the convenership of Georgina Coleman.

We are sorry to report that our former Editor, Audrey Stewart, has been obliged to leave school on account of illness. We miss her in Junior Col-

lege, but hope that released from the arduous duties of a student's life she will soon be well again.

Jan. 30—Boarder's week-end—dismissal at 2.45.

Feb. 3—The Intermediate team of the Hamilton Normal School was defeated 35-10, by Loretto Seniors. The student teachers were a husky team, but their downfall was brought about by the fast playing and quick passing of our cagers.

Feb. 6—The children of Mt. St. Joseph and St. Mary's Orphanages held their annual Festival at the Palace Theatre; a very entertaining afternoon for all present.

Feb. 7—Third Holy Hour held—complete attendance.

Feb. 10—Basket-ball game at Dundas, versus Dundas High School. Our Seniors lost 27-17, while the Juniors fared somewhat better by tying them 21-21.

Feb. 14—The boarders celebrated St. Valentine's day with a pre-Lenten party.

Feb. 16—Despite rainy weather, there was a large turnout for our Victory Loan programme. The choral group, under the direction of M. M. St. Gertrude, provided an entertaining evening for the many parents and friends present. Mr. Victor Scanlan acted as chairman, and Mr. McIntyre was guest speaker.

Feb. 17—Mardi Gras! We celebrated by playing a return game with Notre Dame at Water-down. It was thrilling but, alas and alack, we were forced to admit the superiority of our contemporaries. Score: Seniors 23-18; Juniors, 13-12.

Feb. 18—Music Examinations held here to-day.

Feb. 26—Dundas High School played here. Both teams winning a game each. Seniors, 26-16 (for Dundas); Juniors, 16-12.

Feb. 27—Boarders week-end—Early dismissal.

Mar. 3—Congratulations to little Ann Morrison, who performed her first solo at the Hamilton Skating Carnival—and to all others from Loretto who participated in it.

Mar. 6-7-8—Three grace-laden days, a memorable retreat with conferences by Rev. Eric O'Connor, S.J.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Jan. 9—Smiles and happy comments about the school. Everyone's so pleased with our class-rings. The majority of the Seniors received theirs in the toes of their Christmas stockings. How did Santa Claus know?

Jan. 13—Plans begun on the Senior Sodality Dance. Best of luck!

Feb. 11—Sergeant Pence, of the State Highway Police, addressed assembly to-day in the way of an inspiring talk which brought to mind the necessity of the "Stop, Look, Listen" slogan, always, but especially now in time of strife.

Sergeant Pence said, "Much depends on your attitude, in everything you do. If you carry that thought with you through life, you must succeed."

Feb. 11—Enchanted night! The Senior Sodality Dance, Cupid's Capers in St. Bernard's Lyceum. A perfect night, long to be remembered.

Feb. 19—Pictures, pictures everywhere! To-

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day the photographers are busy taking ours for our Jubilee Annual. Everything points to a huge success.

March 6—Senior-Junior Social! Dancing, singing, games, laughter, refreshments. May we have many more.

March 11—Rapt attention and unstinted praises; to-day the student body thrilled to "The Last of the Mohicans." The picture may be a few years old, but it hasn't lost any of its power to excite.

March 16—Gym Demonstration proclaimed "the best ever." Every kind of pleasing dance imaginable was received appreciatively by the audience. "Standing room only" was the refrain of the ushers.

March 19—The Junior Sodality was honored to-day by the presence of a missionary priest who has spent many years in the Orient. The priest addressed the girls on the importance of our aid to the missions. So much depends upon our charity and self-sacrifice for the mission work for souls.

March 28 - April 11—Precious days set aside for Retreat. Interesting conferences by Rev. John McLaughlin, O.S.A. Retreat is always a happy time; but for the Seniors it is just a little sad. We are just beginning to realize how close Graduation is, and our farewell to Loretto.

Marion Browne, XII.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

Dec. 2—Bowling has taken us by storm. Twenty of us have joined the bowling parade.

Dec. 11—Play-day—first big event of the Athletic Association, which was formed early in the fall under the guidance of Miss Elizabeth Mallon, Physical Education Instructor—officers, Helen Ujinski, Frances Murphy, Gloria Le Livre. Forty-five Sault High School girls entertained—games and refreshments enjoyed.

Dec. 12—An inspiring talk by Rev. Father Holland on Defense of Our Faith.

Jan. 23—Mother Mary Ward's Birthday marked by the reception of twenty-two new members into the Sodality—Rev. Joseph Seifert officiating. A delightful entertainment followed.

Feb. 5—Cheers! Excitement! First Inter-class basketball game. Seniors win the laurels in contest with the Sophomores.

A pleasing surprise programme for our Principal, Mother M. Agatha, on her feast day.

Feb. 12—Miss Frances Murphy, chairman of the monthly Business English project, entertained at an (imaginary) informal dinner, several "national celebrities" who were passing through the city on their way to attend a convention in Montreal. Inspiring talks on the various professions were given by these gracious guests. Miss Elizabeth Mallon's talk on "The Profession of Teaching" captivated all.

Feb. 26—The Junior music pupils entertained at a vocal and instrumental musicale, after which even those small racing fingers were quiet, while a few flashlight pictures were taken.

Feb. 27—Civilian Defense Council organized. Chairman, Miss Elizabeth Mallon. Representa-

tives—fifteen girls from every class. Object—to build up school defense morale.

Mar. 2—Bowling! Balls rolling! We are now quite proficient with scores in the hundreds!

Mar. 5—The first inter-school basketball game. Baskets flying! Yells! Cheers! And out of the maze the Loretto Seniors carrying away the laurels—winning over the seniors of the Sault High School.

Sodality flash. The Apostolic Committee's "Call to Arms!" A major drive is on for all religious articles. These will be sent to Catholic soldiers. Let's make it go "over the top!"

Mar. 6—Blackout! An alert was sounded and the reality of the present war was brought home to Loretto students.

Mar. 9—Father Dominic, O.F.M., gave the first of the series of lectures scheduled for Vocation Week. His topic was "A Religious Vocation." Throughout the talk one could almost hear the snow falling outside.

Mar. 10—Mr. Clergue C. Shilling, attorney, former pupil of St. Mary's School, held the interest of all on the subject, "Young Women in the Business World." A spirited interchange of questions and answers pertaining to Civil Service positions was of especial interest.

Mar. 11—Father John Holland, our instructor in religion, gave what he termed "a few random ideas on Vocation." They proved to be most practical, helpful, prayerful, and thought-provoking ideas.

Mar. 12—Mrs. Mary Ripley, Postmaster of Sault Ste. Marie, and a graduate of Loretto Academy, chose for her topic of address: "The World of To-morrow Depends upon the Young Woman of To-day." Mrs. Ripley completely won her audience in her suggested reactions to our present-day situation.

March 13—The Sodality of Our Lady took over the final afternoon of this important week, and presented a vocation skit wherein the different professions were well portrayed. The Women's Reading Club were guests at the skit.

Mar. 16—The Seniors have chosen for their class play "The Upper Room," by Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. The play will be given on Palm Sunday and on Monday of Holy Week.

March 16—The Juniors have challenged the Seniors to an old-fashioned Spelling-bee. The Seniors have accepted. Date, hour and place to be decided.

Mar. 17—Feast Day of the beloved patron of Ireland. Ribbons of emerald green! Shamrocks here and shamrocks there! And again the old query—which have the greater claim upon this revered saint, the French or the Irish?

Patricia LaPointe.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN.

Jan. 26-29—Examinations and attendant misery and suspense spread over four days, plus!

For our three days' retreat we were fortunate in having Rev. Father McLaughlin as the director. He gave us material for thought that will help us in these heart-searching days.

Jan. 30—One of our juniors, Janice Read, left to-day for Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to consecrate her life to God in the Franciscan Order. We congratulate Janice and shall pray for her—and we are

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counting on some good prayers from her in her life of devotion.

Feb. 12—The annual dance for the benefit of both foreign and home missions. Students and their escorts enjoyed themselves exceedingly, and ended the happy evening fittingly with the singing of the lovely hymn, "Mother Beloved."

Feb. 26—In the evening a delightful and

varied concert was given by the Glee Club, the Orchestra, and the Verse-speaking choir. It was a tribute to our patient teachers, and won applause from a large and responsive audience.

Mar. 9—The student body and faculty enjoyed a most entertaining literary review given by Mrs. Florence Burke Ellis. Mrs. Ellis' style was unique which made the review most realistic.

Mar. 15—In an impressive ceremony our school was presented with an American flag by the Fort Dearborn Post, No. 268. The program opened with an invocation given by Rev. Father Angelus, O.Carm. After the presentation the flag was blessed by Rev. Father Anselm, O.Carm., who also closed the program with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This flag will always be a symbol of our American ideals.

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Jan. 28—Our Sodality endeavours for the approaching Catholic Press Month received an impetus from Rev. Father J. N. Fullerton's interesting and impressive talk on the vital subject of Catholic Literature and Catholic News.

Feb. 11—Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes—"Dialogue" Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Cloran, S.J., with Rev. Father Fleming, S.J., leading in responses, joined in also by the students of Loretto Secretarial Junior College and Grades XI and XII.

At 3 o'clock, an illustrated lecture by Rev. Dr. Louis Markle, of St. Augustine's Seminary, on "Lourdes and Our Lady's Apparitions to Bernadette," was given in the school auditorium. We hope Dr. Markle will favour us soon again.

Feb. 26—Symposium on Periods of Christianity and works of Catholic writers dealing with these. At the conclusion, Rev. Father Dwyer, C.S.B., praised the speakers for the wide field covered and excellent manner in which the matter was treated. Referring to some of the writers mentioned, he stressed Newman, urging us to read the beautiful, scholarly books by this saintly convert, and to pray for his canonization. On March 3, at 7.30 p.m., the symposium was again given—this time for the parents and friends. Miss Jacqueline Doiron's piano solos beautifully rounded out the programme.

March—Two debates were held in our auditorium between speakers from Grades IX and X of L.C.S., and from the same Grades of De La Salle, Oaklands. The first, "Resolved that the professional woman has done more than the professional man," was won by Loretto Grade IX team; the second, "Resolved that the influence of the press has been more demoralizing than beneficial," was lost by Loretto X's, in favour of Oakland's stalwart debaters. The judge, Very Rev. Father O'Neill, C.S.P., of Rome, Italy, congratulated both teams and said their debating compared favourably with that in California and New York schools he had visited.

Father O'Neill, while substituting for Father Latchford, C.S.P., at Loretto Christian Doctrine classes, related many interesting experiences of his years in Italy.

Bonnie Stevenson.
Mary Le Hockey.

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THANKS most sincere to friends of Loretto Rainbow who have sent choice "bouquets" since reading the January issue. We here preserve the "orchid" graciously sent by the Very Reverend Canon J. A. Chamberlain, Director General of L'Action Sociale Catholique, Québec, P.Q.:

"I take pleasure in extending to you and your smart pupils sincere congratulations for their splendid January issue of the 'Loretto Rainbow.'

"The fact that pupils of different grades are contributing to the magazine makes it all the more interesting to the reader and at the same time a source of literary ambitions, namely for the younger writers.

"I was particularly impressed by the high standing of the Forum on our Holy Father's Peace Points."



ANNOUNCEMENT

The poem, "A Little Refugee's Worries," by Miss Ethel Farkas, of Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, which appeared in January issue of our magazine, was awarded the prize in the Santa Claus poetry contest open to Loretto Schools.

A Mother's Day poem in the current issue is a prize-winning one. Any Loretto student sending in the name of the poem awarded 1st place—taking care to add the name of the author and her own name, school and grade—will be eligible to draw for a special prize in connection with the poetry contest.

Heartfelt thanks are extended to all literary contributors to

THE LORETTO RAINBOW

Also, to all who are assisting us in publishing it—our subscribers, advertisers, and thoughtful donors.



All are daily remembered in prayer.

Light up our hearts to Him Who made
to shine

In heaven's arch the glorious sign
Of mercy's heavenly birth
To all the peoples of the earth,
The pledge of peace divine!
And let our glorious banner, too,
The banner of the rainbow's hue,
In heaven's wide expanse unfurled,
Be for a promise to the world
Of peace to all mankind;

Banner of peace and light,
Banner of red and blue and white,
Red as the crimson blood
Of Christ's wide brotherhood,
Blue with the unchanging hope
Of heaven's steadfast sun,
White as the radiant sun
The whole earth shining on!

—Condé Benoist Pallen.

*When an individual or
a people has put forth
supreme efforts and won
immortal victories, then
watchfulness is most
necessary, for then
degeneracy is
easiest.*

—Bishop Spalding

July 194 -



Pius pp. XII

To our
august and beloved
Holy Father, Pope Pius XII,
on his
Episcopal Silver Jubilee

We reverently dedicate this issue of
The Loretto Rainbow

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Sub-



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Com-

Mary, in America—1847-1942



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Cateche-



Thou art Christ, the Son of the
Living God

— St. Matthew XVI, 16.



TO POPE PIUS XII

In Honour of His Episcopal Jubilee

IN wondrous days, when Jesus walked with men,
And taught upon the Galilean plains
The Word, the Way, that in HIS life obtains
Who may elect to follow Him, and then
Enter risen glory unspeakable,
In awe they listened, these unlettered men,
To catch the magic word, to touch the hem
Of a seamless garment delectable.

There, to be forever His, was Simon,
The loving, eager one, divinely named
Peter, Bar-Jonah, and by the Christ claimed
Pope, in the Book of Life, still filing on
To His Bar-Pacelli of mystic prayer,
Most like unto Him, risen to the Chair.

LUCILE B.

The Cocktail Room*

By JOHN FARROW.

On a dusty and somewhat dingy side street of the town where I live there is a small shop which, as its faded sign proclaims, sells Catholic Art Objects and Books; mostly the latter. And it was in the cool dimness of its littered interior that I first observed Sister Catherine (which is not her real name but for the purposes of this anecdote will serve) as she slowly moved along the shelves, scanning each volume with the eager, intent eyes of the true book-lover. The bookseller was quite proud of her presence and whispered to me that not only was she an authority on first editions and ancient bindings, but that she was also a poet in her own right. He produced a little volume of her verses and as I opened it she chanced to turn in our direction and, recognizing the book, smiled at us.

Now I was certain that before that afternoon I had never seen the brown, wrinkled face that positively beamed good will from the starched frame of her coif, yet, with a sudden and curious sense of premonition, I felt I was looking at one who was to be my friend. Her eyes seemed to be the most good-humored I had ever seen; grayish blue and dancing with a twinkle that, as I have since discovered, is habitual with her. The proprietor presented me and she graciously consented to inscribe her name in the book.

The next time I heard that name was when I was lunching with a priest who is pastor of a rapidly growing parish. He had just completed the building of a school, and five nuns, headed by Sister Catherine, had arrived to serve as teachers. Again we met, and again I felt the warmth of her friendliness. She invited me to visit her small community and this I soon did, armed with a box of chocolates and accompanied by my fiancée. We all became good friends and I was encouraged by the Sisters to visit them again and again. They lived in a dilapidated shack of a house, for although the school building was new, the pastor's funds had not permitted him to build a suitable home for the nuns. The best he had

been able to do was to rent a near-by residence that had previously served as a boarding house to lodgers of extremely meagre means. A sorry abode when the Sisters took possession!

However, with that cheerful combination of faith and soap and water which seems to be so characteristic of nuns, wonders had been accomplished. And their bare reception room with its few pieces of cheaply bought furniture, became a very hospitable harbor, both comfortable and comforting, to me who, it so happened at that time, was beset with many troubles. My difficulties were eventually confided to my five new friends and never have I felt so solaced as on one particular afternoon, when my horizons seemed very gloomy indeed, when Sister Catherine told me in her gentle, calm manner: "We are praying for you." And I am sure their prayers had a great deal to do with the solving of my troubles.

"We are praying for you." The words echoed within me for a long time afterwards. That same night I was the guest at a large and what is known as a fashionable dinner party. The elaborate dining room, magnificent with splendid paneling that had once graced the walls of a famous ducal palace, seemed a long distance from the ex-boarding house, but there could be no doubt who, of the inhabitants of those two places, was the more content. There was no vestige of contentedness as far as my hostess was concerned. Yet as her own standards go, she had everything that makes for happiness. Possessor of a great name, she was immensely rich and had received the conventional education (at the "best" schools) of her class. Yet she was utterly and unashamedly bored with life and frankly told me so. I, remembering my afternoon and the comfort it had brought me, mentioned the incident to her. But she could not, or perhaps did not want to, understand. At the mention of the word "nuns" she smiled tolerantly, yet with a trace of lofty superciliousness. "Nuns," she said, "are relics of mediaeval ignorance. Poor dears—theirs must be a frighful life. Nothing to do . . ." Then

* Courtesy of "America."

as an afterthought she added, "except to pray."

Nothing to do! I could not help but be amused and could not but contrast in my mind the difference between her life and the lives of my friends. Nothing to do! I remembered the multitudes of tasks that exercised the Sisters every day from early morning. The perpetual scrubbing of their house, the preparing of lessons, the teaching and control of a schoolful of turbulent children, the visiting of the poor and rich of the neighborhood. Nothing to do! My dinner companion was suddenly mystified when I laughed aloud.

All this preamble has not much to do with my cocktail room, yet in a way it is a necessary prologue to that incident which actually began the day I stopped by the Sisters' residence to show them the blueprints of a house I had decided to build. I was proud of these plans, for they were the result of many long hours spent with a clever architect, and, like all such combinations of enthusiastic owner and clever architect, we were both convinced that our creation was destined to rank amongst the finest of modern homes. The Sisters shared my excitement and eagerly pored over the sketches as I took them on an imaginary tour of the projected house. Suddenly one of them, I think it was Sister Marguerite, asked: "And what is this room for?" Now the room she was referring to was the especial joy of both the architect and myself. Situated at a corner of the house and opening onto a small terrace which led into the garden, it was to be a Cocktail Room, complete with a miniature bar and, as I like the sea and all things pertaining to it, the other furnishings were to be of a marine motif. An artist friend had promised to paint a mural of ships on the wall. The backs of the chairs were to resemble steering wheels. Behind the bar was to stand a tiny aquarium stocked with tropical fish, and cocktail glasses ornamented with ships' flags.

The faces of my five friends were studies of grave and courteous attention as I lyricised on about the chromium glories of my bar-to-be. With such gravity and courtesy did they listen, that I gradually realized I was addressing an audience who were of an era, certainly of a life, that knew very little about cocktails. Of course they knew such alcoholic refreshments existed and had no objections to them. "Is it necessary that cocktails should be mixed in a special room?" Sister Bertha inquired in all seriousness (or so it seemed). "Does one drink cocktails all day long?" asked Sister

Marguerite. I explained they could be mixed anywhere and that they usually were only drunk during the half hour or so that preceded the evening meal. "Then you must be building a large house to be able to afford a whole room that will be used only for such a short time," mused Sister Catherine as she figured the blueprints. Hastily I made answer that I was not building a large house; the Cocktail Room was in actuality a spare room and that I would not confine it to the mixing of cocktails alone. Sister Marianne blinked owlishly through her large steel-rimmed spectacles and stated blandly: "It seems there will be a great deal of drinking in this new house."

"No," I retorted emphatically. "There will not be a great deal of drinking in my new house."

The Sisters had no more to say on the subject but nevertheless, as I took my departure I sensed that they were troubled, and the truth was I felt troubled myself.

A week or so later I had occasion to visit them again, fetching some old books I had promised for the school library. Sister Marguerite received me at the door. "The Sisters are busy for a moment," she told me. "Would you mind waiting a little while . . . perhaps in the chapel?" As she spoke she was gently propelling me towards the latter place, a small chamber bordering the hall and that in boarding-house times had served as the dining room.

No trace of those ugly days remained now. The walls had been whitewashed clean and the tremulous glimmer of the sanctuary lamp set shadows dancing over the laced altar cloths and well polished candlesticks. A fragrance of freshly plucked roses enveloped the room, and from high, in one dark corner, a sweetly sculptured Madonna pondered down upon me.

I found my thoughts turning to my contemplated house; if only I could capture some of the peace of this tiny chapel; if only I could have a room where there would be such restful quiet and where I could come and meditate. And of course I almost instantly thought of the Cocktail Room and away flew my previous plans as others were born. I would make the room a place for retreat. In it I would have a prayer stool. On the wall I would hang the ebony and ivory crucifix I had bought in Italy. Here would be found a place for the ancient ikon given to me by a Russian friend, here would hang the Madonna that I had long prized. . .

A rustle of a garment intruded upon my

thoughts. Sister Catherine stood at the doorway. I rose to meet her and she took me into the sitting room where the other Sisters waited. Quickly I told them of my change of plans and as I talked I noticed a quick interchange of looks between them.

"It will be your spiritual cocktail room,"

cried Sister Catherine gaily and not without a note of righteous victory in her voice.

Then I realized I was the subject of an innocent plot. They had planned and prayed that this might happen.

My friends, the Sisters, were very happy that day. And so was I.

In the Library

IN TUSCANY, by Montgomery Carmichael. Burns and Oates, London W.

To give in a few paragraphs an intelligent summary of a book in which one delights, and whose every line is worthy of being memorized, is an ambitious undertaking; however, if this inspires even a few lovers of Italy to read Carmichael's "In Tuscany," it will have accomplished something.

Tuscany is commonly called "The Garden of Italy." In his book, Carmichael has sought to describe, not the highways, but the byways of Tuscany. If you are religiously inclined you will gladly follow with him the footsteps of St. Francis to La Verna. You will pause first in your steep ascent at a spot now marked by the Cappella degli Uccelli, where birds of all kinds "filled the air with demonstrations of delight, finally settling on St. Francis' shoulders and arms, in his lap, and on his feet; and he, lifting a happy face to the brothers who were with him, said: 'Dear brothers, it cannot but be that the Lord Jesus is pleased we should dwell in this lonely mountain, for see what joy our brothers and sisters, the birds, show at our coming.'"

After you are rested, and have pondered a bit on this thought, you will proceed higher up, and arrive at the Convent door, where you will receive a cordial, cheery welcome from the good monks, who are noted for their hospitality, and who with their gentle humour and exquisite courtesy will make you feel thoroughly at home. Glad you will be to have braved the rather tiresome journey to reach this hallowed spot.

If you are health-minded, Carmichael will lead you to Montecatini the first time—thereafter, inclination will cause you to return as often as possible, as did Verdi, who never missed his ten days there every July, and to

its "cure" he attributed his long life of 86 years, and his hale old age.

It may be you are a student of Dante, if so, Carmichael will describe for you "The Voyage Dantesque," La Falterona, and the Casentina; he will tell you where to find the most beautiful della Robbias, hidden away in La Verna, Stia, and Bibbiana; he will show you the Castle and donjon of the powerful Counts Guidi, at Poppi; he will even describe for you the Grande Albergo at Camaldoli, although he fears, by so doing, the simple, tranquil happiness of the place may be spoiled by becoming too well known.

His pen-portraits of the Tuscan people begin with his own household. First, there is Concetta, the housemaid; then Paolo, the gardener; Beniamino, the vetturino; then, on through his friends, Fra Pacifico, and the Very Rev. Canon Domenico Pucci; in these he will show you heights of sanctity which are reached only by the road of humility and self-sacrifice, which the Tuscans know so well how to tread.

In the book you will find history aplenty, and many a volume you will need to search to answer all the questions which will arise in your mind about persons, places, and events—all in Tuscany. In these days of Italy's trials and sufferings, one likes to remember the Roman Prelate who said to a lover of Italy, who grieved over the poverty and distress of that country some years ago: "Do not worry about Italy; it is God's country, and He will watch over it, and its shrines, and sanctuaries."

I recommend to you "In Tuscany," and other books by Montgomery Carmichael.

As to this author—he was born, May 17, 1857, in Birkenhead, England, and was educated in Bonn and Munich. He studied Law, which, however, did not seem to be his voca-

tion. In 1890 he was sent as Vice-Consul to Livorno, where he learned to love Italy—especially its byways—and the Italians, and where he continued to hold the positions of Vice-Consul, and Consul, for many years. He died August 6, 1936, while Consul at San Marino.

In 1909 it was our privilege and great pleasure to meet Carmichael. My travelling companion and I were in Pisa, and we decided to journey to Livorno for the express purpose of calling on the author who wrote so feelingly and so understandingly of Italy and its people. We found him at the British Consulate about ten o'clock on a lovely summer day. One usually visualizes persons of interest in advance. My mental portrait of Carmichael was—a tall, dignified English gentleman, with a long, black beard streaked with grey. Sur-

prise was mine on meeting a ruddy-faced man with reddish-brown hair very sleek and wet, as from a recent dip. He was about medium height; a bit paunchy; quick in his movements; very modest, and very cordial. He was charmed and flattered that American travellers should seek him out because of his writings, and he did not hesitate to say so. He inquired about our plans for the day, and volunteered to be our guide if it were pleasing to us. So delightful did we find his company and conversation that we invited him to luncheon with us. He accepted, and left us only when we had to rush off to catch our train. The last thing we heard him say was: "Won't Mrs. Carmichael be envious when she hears about my day!"

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

Book Reviews

THOMAS THE GOOD THIEF. By Julie Bedier. Pictures by Louise Trevisan. Longmans, Green & Co, Toronto. \$1.35.

"Thomas the Good Thief," by Julie Bedier, is another charming story like "The Long Road to Lo-Ting." It is delightfully illustrated by Louise Trevisan and is very attractively printed.

The sweet little story and the interesting appearance make it most desirable for a school-room library. But since it has only eighteen pages of reading matter the price is prohibitive where one wants to have a simple helpful story to put into the hands of each child in the silent reading period, or to take home for the week-end. Could not the book be produced less expensively and still be attractive?

M.I.L.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS, THE ANGEL OF THE SCHOOLS. By Raïssa Maritain. Illustrated by Gino Severini. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and Toronto, 1942. \$2.00.

Madam Raïssa Maritain has given us a delightful story of St. Thomas Aquinas, just published by Longmans, Green and Co.

This "Universal Doctor of the Church . . .

this greatest of teachers," is here shown in all his trust, humility, and love. His life, human, full, beautiful in its simplicity, gentleness and strength, is portrayed to captivate the hearts of intelligent Catholic youth.

Unfortunately, some of the "Modern" illustrations in it do not contribute to the loving reverence of the story, and even suggest a caricature of the sublime. The omission of some of the personal pictures would lessen the money value of the book and would, to this reviewer's mind, increase its real worth.

Let juveniles who hesitate to read Lives of the Saints discover in this small volume a true hero, who made a success of life, and blazed the trail for all who care to learn the "Long Road Home" to the Heart of Love. Ask for it at the library.

M.C.

SPRING TWILIGHT.

The sun-God's train, pale-golden, wan,
Lies on the earth though he is gone.

The errant ghost of sickle moon

Hangs in the sky. A mournful tune,

The whippoorwill's lament, is heard.

The branches, by a soft breeze stirred,

Their rain of petals white release.

This is the hour of love and peace.

—Donald Brown.

For Better Things

THE ROYAL CITY HOLDS EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

The annual Eucharistic Congress for the Diocese of Hamilton was held in Guelph on June 16, this being the first time that the city has had the distinction. The eight counties of the diocese were represented both by clergy and laity.

accompanied on the organ by Clifford McLellan, sang the welcoming hymn, "Ecce Sacerdos," as the Bishop entered the church. Rev. Father Kelly, P.P. of Chesley, gave an appropriate and impressive sermon, stressing Christ's undying love for us all, shown especially in His Eucharistic Life.

The interior of the church was most at-



Loretto Academy, Guelph, and in the background the Towers of the Church of Our Lady.

The official opening was marked by a Solemn High Mass celebrated by His Excellency, Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, D.D., J.C.D., Bishop of Hamilton, in the beautiful Church of Our Lady, often styled the "Cologne Cathedral of Canada." With Bishop Ryan at the altar were Rt. Reverend W. C. Gehl, V.G., P.A., as assistant priest; Rev. P. J. Meyer, deacon, and Rev. F. Downes, S.J., sub-deacon. About a hundred priests and monsignori were present, and approximately two thousand, including the students of Loretto Academy, Sacred Heart, St. Agnes' and St. Stanislaus' Schools, filled the spacious edifice.

In readiness for Bishop Ryan's departure from the parish house to proceed to the church, Brownies, Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, and Cubs formed a guard of honour for the long line of clergy. The children's choir, ac-

tractive, having been recently renovated; the decorations without were also very pleasing to the eye. In front of the church grounds a large ostensorium had been erected against a white and gold background. The church façade was likewise bright with the papal colours, white and gold, and above the entrance appeared a realistic representation of a chalice and Sacred Host.

In the afternoon the diocesan clergy and other church dignitaries held a conference in the church hall. Rev. J. Arthur O'Brien read a paper, "Vocation to a Religious Life," the discussion of which was led by Rev. E. McKinnon, S.J. A paper, "Thanksgiving After Communion," was given by Rev. V. M. Shea, and the discussion was led by Rt. Rev. J. W. Englert, D.P., P.P.

At 3.30 o'clock a children's Holy Hour was

conducted by Rev. E. A. Doyle, assisted by Rev. M. Hinsperger, C.R., as deacon, and Rev. V. J. Morgan, sub-deacon.

An imposing phase of the Eucharistic Congress was the closing Holy Hour. The colorful procession commenced at the church and, as the clergy advanced through the grounds to the intersection of Cork and Dublin streets, members of the Navy, active and reserved armies, and Royal Canadian Air Force, formed a guard of honour. The procession went

down Cork street to Norfolk street, and thence to Loretto Academy grounds, where an altar had been set up and adorned for the occasion. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. F. Hinchey, D.P., assisted by Rev. R. M. Heller, as deacon, and Rev. A. Callaghan, as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Joseph A. Power, of Hamilton, who took for his subject "The Blessed Eucharist, Bread of Life."



Guelph Tableau—Representing the Holy Father Visited by His Children from All Lands.

CONFRATERNITY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

The Diocesan Teachers' Conference under the auspices of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and under the patronage of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Joseph F. Ryan, D.D., J.C.D., Bishop of Hamilton, was held on May fourteenth at Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

The morning session opened at 10 o'clock with a gratifying registration. Right Reverend G. L. Cassidy, D.P., V.F., was chairman. "The Precepts of the Church"—Catholicity in

Action—formed the topic for two most helpfully enlightening talks, given respectively by Rev. P. L. O'Brien, Ph.D., Guelph, and J. M. Bennett, Ph.D., Inspector of Separate Schools, Toronto. An interesting discussion of questions proposed by the several teachers followed each address.

In the afternoon, after registration at 2 o'clock, the subject, "Religious Vacation Schools"—as one of the most important catechetical works in the Diocese—became the all-absorbing one. The chairman was Right Reverend J. W. Englert, D.P. A paper, "Va-

cation Schools, Curriculum, Time-Table," by Mother M. Waltrude, I.B.V.M., Superior, Loretto Academy, Stratford, was illuminating and convincing. As worthy of being preserved, it is published in this issue of *The Loretto Rainbow*. A discussion of the paper occupied some time, and was followed by an impressive address by Reverend F. J. McHugh, P.P., Freelon.

Special announcements were made and the Conference closed with attendance at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

RELIGIOUS VACATION SCHOOLS.

Paper Read by Mother M. Waltrude, I.B.V.M. at the Catechetical Convention, Loretto Academy, Hamilton, May 14, 1942.

"They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity." (Dan. XIII, 3).

Are Religious Vacation Schools the best means of providing catechetical instruction for Catholic children not attending Catholic schools? Is it reasonable to ask already over-worked teachers to take on the labour of Summer Catechism Classes? These are questions we have all heard and probably discussed. If they were put to the present audience and the yeas and nays counted I am not sure what would be the proportion. For those of us who have taught the Vacation Schools for a number of years, these questions are merely academic. The spiritual return to ourselves has more than balanced the sacrifice of our vacation time. To see the faith and Christian knowledge grow, in the hearts of these baptized but uninstructed children, rekindles our own faith and desire to spread the Kingdom of God on earth. There is about it the joy, that comes when one watches a garden sprout up in good soil that has lain fallow. The teacher has some of the joy that must be the lot of a priest who sees the Holy Ghost act through the sacraments. We go back to the ordinary year's routine teaching, with a freshened realization of the deep meaning of our vocation and our consecrated lives. "The seed that is sown will grow into fruit, the seed that is hoarded will die." (St. Dominic).

Typical Schools.

It will make this paper simpler for me, and I hope, more interesting and intelligible for my audience, if you will allow me to describe in some detail the Religious Vacation Schools I know best. I think I am correct in saying

that the Archdiocese of Regina was the Canadian pioneer in Catechetical Summer Schools. In the far-flung prairie parish where I was located, there were, scattered throughout the rural districts, many public schools where the children received little or no religious instruction, and, as a result of continued crop failures and long distances, these boys and girls attended Mass only in the summer months. It was the work of the parish priest to announce the Summer Vacation School and to have the parents hand in the names of any of their children who should attend. Personal calls at homes usually rounded up many additional pupils. This campaign commenced early in June and a complete list of those attending Summer School (reaching the hundred mark, exclusive of those attending our school during the year) was in the hands of the priest and teachers before the end of the month. The parents were asked to make arrangements for their daughters to board in the convent or in some home in town, and their sons in the homes or in the school. These parents, with few exceptions, had very little money, but never failed to bring for their children food sufficient for two weeks—bedding—and for the boys, mattresses. Desks were removed from one or more rooms in the school, to provide dormitory space for the boys. The Catholic Women's League hired a cook and housekeeper for the school and supplied anything that might have been overlooked by the parents. The girls were accommodated in the convent dormitories and had their meals in the refectory. Those who lived on farms not too far distant came in on horseback or in buggies every day. One or two seminarians lived in the school with the boys and, besides teaching classes, supervised the out-of-class periods of study and recreation for all the boys living in the school or town. Baseball teams were organized and coached. Each morning the children attended Mass in a body. At the end of the two weeks at the closing exercises, the Catholic Women's League provided ice cream and candy for a Sports' Day—the event of the day being a baseball match, the summer school team having challenged the town team—farmers against towners. This is a very brief outline but enough to show that the atmosphere was one of community interest, that of a large family living the Christian Life together for two weeks.

In later years only two Sisters were left at the convent to conduct the local Vacation School, while the others travelled far and wide to other parishes, in twos. This involved the

inconvenience of no fixed abode and miles of transportation, experiences not unlike those of the itinerant missionaries. In one instance the Sisters lived in a home four or five miles distant from the school. Each day they drove to and fro, crowded with the children of the family in an open buggy, a rather novel experience—even when a downpour of the rain, that had been so ardently prayed for, played havoc with their appearance. In another mission the priest was accustomed to eat his meals now at one home and now at another home. About meal time, he would put on his hat, motion the two Sisters to follow, and set off for the particular home for that day.

Suitable Time.

The best time for Vacation School will, undoubtedly, vary according to the location, but there is much to be said in favour of choosing the two weeks immediately succeeding the Dominion Day holiday, especially as far as the children are concerned. They have not been away from the school routine too long. In most rural districts there is somewhat of a lull in farm labour, while mid-summer brings with it the lure of summer camps and the family vacation trip. The custom of having Vacation Schools last for two weeks with all day sessions has also much in its favour. At the end of two weeks, the children's enthusiasm tends to play out. Obviously the purpose of Vacation Schools is to give the children a practical knowledge and love of their Faith, and, as in all things else, it seems better to leave them wanting more, and looking forward with eagerness to the next year. A score of personal experiences has led me to this conclusion, one or two of which might be of interest. In an endeavour to impress part of the Life of Our Lord, and to teach Catholic practice, after the ground work had been covered, one-thirty each day saw the class wending its way to church to say the stations together. Through torrid Saskatchewan heat, accentuated by the swarming and jumping grasshoppers, the long line walked two blocks in the sun, full of enthusiasm to pray for rain and a good crop. In the church all the children moved from station to station (undisturbed by the grasshoppers to be plucked off each other's heads or clothes as necessary) while the teacher told the story of each station, adding a few ejaculations. All was devout and lovely. Towards the end of the second week, any practised observer could note furtive desire on the faces of many on

the way to church, "I wonder could a fellow sneak out of this line?"

In many instances, in any rural district, the children come great distances, and the coming involves inconvenience and expense, therefore half-day sessions seem on the whole impracticable. Moreover, what is gained in a morning session can be lost in an afternoon's debauch—shall I call it? I recall a little French boy whose enthusiasm and eagerness to learn was an inspiration to me—an angelic child, I thought. Yet there came a day near the end of the second week when Roland was absent. Where was Roland? No one knew. After the morning recess he slipped into the line, hoping to escape notice, and my heart was glad.

"Where were you this morning, Roland?"

"Looking for beer bottles."

"For what?"

"For beer bottles; you get a cent for each empty bottle" (an aftermath of the town field-day, it seems). When preparations were being made later the same day for confessions, I spoke of Judas and his selling of Our Lord for thirty pieces of silver and how our sins are not unlike Judas's. Up went Roland's hand. "Shall I tell the priest about staying away to find beer bottles?"

"How much did you make?" I asked.

"One cent," said he, earnestly.

I do not know whether Father Faber would mean a lad like Roland when he says: "A man may live for the next world—and yet be merry withal."

Text Books.

On the question of text books to be used by the children, it is my opinion that no one or two prescribed books will cover the required doctrinal field, in so brief a time. The text should be digested by the teacher, and given by her to the pupils. Some one, an authority on religious teaching, has said that each year the class should be given a rounded-out complete course of Catholic doctrine adapted to the mental age of the group. This would seem to be practical also for Vacation Schools and teachers. There is one book published as long ago as 1918 which has not, in my opinion, been surpassed by any of the still wonderful, more recent books or series of books in the field of catechism. It is probably known to all teachers and yet I feel impelled to single it out. It contains just such a rounded-out course that can be adapted by the teacher to any grade or age: "To the Heart of a Child," by

Josephine Van Dyke Brownson (published by the Universal Knowledge Foundation, New York). There are two features in it which I cannot pass over without comment. The chapter index breaks up the whole subject into thirty-six topics, these, illustrated from the Old Testament and Church History as well as from the New, making an excellent outline to follow. In connection with many chapters are simple, straight-line drawings which the children copy from the board with great satisfaction. A few words or a couple of sentences written underneath these make interesting and useful notebooks. The sentences under the drawings can usually be taken straight from the catechism in use in the parish, and memorized as part of the daily homework. Father Heeg's well-known "Jesus and I" Chart and lessons are good supplementary material for all grades, including the older children. These two sources for doctrinal material will not be exhausted nor drained of interest in many years of use. They rather grow in content. There is a period at the end of the morning session and again at the end of the afternoon session, when the reading of some suitable book is the most profitable occupation. Every teacher can readily name four or five books that have served her need in the various grades. There is one book I should like to name as especially suitable for the two weeks' Catechism class. I know classes anywhere from third grade to tenth grade to have listened with delight to this mystery story. The feature of it which makes me mention it now is that it concerns two intelligent Catholic children and, in a very casual way, brings in Catholic practices such as the use of the Sacred Heart badge, prayers to the Angels against evil, etc., as well as doctrinal points such as the responsibility slurred over in a saying such as "Losers seekers, finders keepers" and many others. Yet there is nothing namby-pamby about the book, "The Secret of the Book Shop" by Frances Young—published by Catholic Library Service, Saint Paul, Minnesota. There is also Joan Wyndham's "Six O'clock Saints" series which I have used to introduce a lesson on Catholic practices such as devotion to the scapular and saying of the rosary. The stories of St. Simon Stock and St. Dominic make an interesting approach. Should it be expected that I supply a list of suitable texts, I suggest instead that those in charge of the Convention pin up on the bulletin board a blank sheet of paper, and any teachers in the audience who have experience of books or sets

of books, that they have found helpful, write name of book, author and publisher on this sheet.

In an article in a recent copy of "The Canadian Register" on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, the writer, speaking of Religious Vacation Schools, says tersely, "Sisters make the best teachers in a vacation school." He goes on to say, "Seminarians are especially good, but their number is too limited. Lay teachers complete the staff. They should be willing to give their time to this work in parishes where they are needed." The Sisters modestly accept the precedence given them. It is our special vocation for which we have been trained, but I should like to say to seminarians and young priests that the work they can accomplish is unique. A young man who sets aside his Roman collar to play pitcher, umpire or coach in the yard will find that the boys and girls will be so eager in the classroom that the difficulties of teaching are solved. Even in the case of the First Communion class and of very small children, once a priest or a seminarian has made the effort to reach the children as children he becomes for them the ideal of the whole Christian life. I have never known lay teachers to fail in a generous response to such a call as Religious Vacation School. They would gladly form a body of zealous labourers in the vineyard if called upon. High School girls also and sodalists from our convents are valuable helpers, not only in the playground and at the piano or organ, but in helping individual children who are slow to learn their prayers and memory work. In Saskatchewan our study hour was spent in small groups under the trees—there are trees in that province—reciting and repeating prayers and catechism. These senior girls are always ready for another year and still another of the summer classes.

Time Table.

A Vacation School time-table must, of necessity, be much more elastic than a year's time-table. So large an undertaking, and yet withal so important, in so short a time, and under more or less unfavourable conditions, requires constant readjustment of time, material and activity. One naturally begins with prayer—prayers which every child should know, and it is surprising how few, even of the older ones of these children, know the Our Father, Hail Mary, Apostles' Creed, etc. The morning session begins with the studying of one of these from the blackboard, a saying

of the same in chorus and singly. A repetition of these prayers, standing or even walking, can form the variety that is needed in the later part of the day. Ordinary school devices such as blackboard lists and stars are useful and enable each pupil to proceed at his own pace. The doctrinal period will be the longest school period, but must not go to the point of failure or ennui. Seat-work naturally follows but the singing of hymns can precede it. The ordinary school recess period is taken for granted. After recess there can be another short period for prayers—then seat work is always important—"no impression without expression." The last period should be lighter in content—that is supplementary reading or singing if time is needed for it. Noon hour is important if many of the children bring their lunch. Something definite should be provided in the way of games or projects. A simple one is often provided by necessity. Last year, in one of the schools, the children coming from different districts in buses, were expected to sing Benediction the first afternoon. It is surely a lovely custom to have Benediction every day, but I leave it to the singing teachers to imagine what use was made of the first noon hour. The afternoon for the most part is a repetition of the morning programme, though the friendly relationship between teacher and pupil which it is easier to maintain for two weeks than it could be in the school year, will suggest new variations every day. Here I must make an exception. It has been our experience that the sophisticated children, often of mixed marriages, who have been attending public schools in the city, are not easily impressed and can spoil the tone of a large group and discourage a generous, zealous teacher. The co-operation of the parents is often lacking.

Projects.

As to the place of projects on a summer school curriculum, in two short weeks with so much definite work to be achieved, there can be little time for any ambitious projects unless in cases where the same children have come to the same classes for two or more successive years. Directed projects on the Sacraments, the Mass, the Creed, may profitably be undertaken in out-of-class hours.

I have come to the end of my paper on religious Vacation Schools and I am deeply conscious that I have said very little that can be of much assistance to my co-workers in this field. I trust, however, that the discussion

to follow will bring out further suggestions and ideas. May I conclude by reading for you a letter written by a learned and holy priest to nuns about to begin Summer Catechism in a country parish:

"What would be best to teach the children? Teach them about God, His Eternality, His Knowledge, His Power, His Goodness, His Mercy, His Beauty, His Sweetness, His Love, His Great Love, His Overflowing Love. Teach them how He was before all ages. He was, before the Heavens were. He was, before the earth was. In the great silence of His Own Godhead, He know Himself, and His thought was the Son. And He loved His Son, His Only Begotten Son, with Love Unutterable, and the Son loved Him with the same Unutterable Love, and this Infinite Love of the Father for the Son, and the Son for the Father (which Love was the Holy Ghost), overflowed the Godhead, this Love flowed out into Creation, into Heaven and the physical universe. Out of Love, that Love. God created Heaven and earth, and all the stars, the sun and the moon. At the last, to culminate all, He created man, made in His own Likeness. Indeed all the beauty in the world flows from the beauty of God, and mirrors it, all the good in every creature in the whole world overflows from the Goodness of God. And the Love! the love in the world, love of men for creatures, love of men for each other, love of men for women, love of women for men, it comes from the superabundant Love of the Father and Son, it shares in the very life of God.

"God so loved men that He sent His only Begotten Son down on earth to become one like them, live like them, and die for them.

"So this is what you will teach them—nothing else—only this—and angels will look on and smile with happiness. They will whisper in your hearts sweet thoughts that can come only from Heaven and from God.

"When you teach the wonders of God, their number is infinite, and each is infinite, and they are interwoven with each other. Love penetrating and permeating all. It does not mean that all your little ones will wonder and love Him as you would have them. You are teaching them knowledge. Knowledge of God. Knowledge of His Love. You do not give the Love. Some will be fired with love, all in different degrees. Even if none is touched you are teaching the Knowledge of God. Maybe Love will come to some, not now, later.

"Remember they are all different, There

are special souls among them. Look for these—when you find them, give them all the help you can, without making any noticeable difference between them and the others. It must be grand to tell these fresh, innocent souls about God."

PARTNERS OF OUR GOVERNMENT.*

Madam President, Ladies of the Catholic Club and Guests:

I am very grateful to you for sparing me a little time to talk on War Bonds and Stamps.

I have just come from Canada, where one reads slogans everywhere and I found them rather apt. I shall start with, "Welcome this salesman; he is on his country's service." Another slogan is, "What did *you* do to-day to help win this war?"; and then a large picture of a soldier sitting on a tank writing a letter and saying, "Are the folks at home backing us up?" "Shall brave men die because you faltered?" but "We are the ground crew."

Now, ours is a voluntary programme, not a drive. Mr. Morgenthau says he can think of no other single way in which so many people can become partners of their government in this emergency. Miss Eve Curie, the daughter of the discoverer of radium, says, "To invest your money in the free country where you live is the only reasonable gamble you can make with destiny."

But we Catholics who are used to fasting and self-denial should make a bigger contribution. We have so much to lose. After all, our motive for buying War Bonds and Stamps is exalting because it entails sacrifice and it will enable us to build up defense against a force which wants to destroy our greatest heritage, "Freedom of Religion."

Perhaps we have a pet extravagance; let us forsake it for now and buy War Stamps. Perhaps we have a hobby—and that is where I sympathize. In fact I get my greatest worldly thrill in finding an old china plate or a little withered leather book which I can polish. In an article which I once wrote for our Junior League Magazine I implored everyone to collect anything from buttons to Gobelins. So why not now think of War Stamps as our hobby as well as our duty! Let us get every kind of book—10c.—25c.—50c.—\$1.00. Fill them up and then we'll have some Bonds. Do

* This speech was recently delivered to a large body of Catholic ladies, by Gladys (McConnell) Fowler, Loretto alumna.

you remember the little jingle of the stamp in the last war?

"Hush, little Thrift Stamp,
Don't you cry.
You'll be a War Bond
Bye and bye."

It is buying of the stamps regularly, at every opportunity, which will keep our Knights in Silver Armor flying in the skies for America.

The more our country can borrow the less it needs to raise by taxes. Borrowing is the American way, the democratic way. When the Government borrows the money it uses the funds for the benefit of all the people and then pays it back to us with interest.

Deeply as the Government is concerned in raising money for war, it is just as much concerned in how the money is to be raised. It is here that we women can be especially helpful. The Government says, "be thrifty," "Use your money carefully," "Do not spend for things you can do without." Last year's hats do quite well. (The speaker's hat, to which she pointed, was a 1941 model).

We must keep down inflation, and the only way is to avoid making the demand greater than the supply. Then when our country is safe once more we can cash our Bonds—perhaps build that "little" or "big" house we have wanted, extend the hospitality America is famous for, indulge in our hobbies, and, best of all, kneel in our churches and in the words of the Psalmist, "Thank our Lord for presenting us with His blessings of sweetness"

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

Given by Rev. L. K. Shook, C.S.B., Ph.D., at the Commencement Exercises at Loretto College, to the Graduates of the University of Toronto, who were at the same time Graduates of Loretto College.

I should like to begin with a few words of congratulation to the most recent alumnae of Loretto College. On behalf of those present, your friends and well-wishers, I congratulate you on your recent academic honours which you have won with distinction. I congratulate you on your privilege and good fortune of pursuing your studies under the guidance of the Sisters of Loretto. And I congratulate you on your admission into the distinguished ranks of a College Alumnae known far and

wide, for the virtue and intelligence of its members.

These words of commendation I speak not as a mere formality and not only for the general audience, but also as a personal tribute from myself to you—because one could not possibly know you as well as it has been my privilege to know you without being aware of that strength of character and sanctity of life, that good sense of humour and serious-mindedness which mark you as a most thoroughly Christian and most genuinely human group of young women.

Words of congratulation on this occasion, however, are not spoken without qualification, because strictly speaking (as you have heard so often) a Commencement Exercise is only the beginning of an undertaking, only a launching forth into the turbulent sea of life. Years from now, when you have not interfered with the graces which God will certainly give you, when you have developed and employed your natural talents to their utmost, when in fact you have realized to the full the possibilities of which you now give promise, only then will you deserve and only then will you receive the only congratulations which are worth much more than the mere words expressing them.

To-night you complete your formal college education. A college education is a desirable addition, or better perhaps, an important part of your human perfection, because it disciplines and develops talents which otherwise might remain idle throughout your life. But any college education is apt to be infected with the besetting diseases of all contemporary leading, indeed of all contemporary life. I trust, indeed I know, that your education is better than ordinary, but I am not so sanguine as to feel confident that it is in no way affected by the weaknesses that have to-day become universal. If I appear, in what follows, to dwell too long on the limitations of contemporary education, it is not so much to pass judgment on yours (or on my own), as to provide you with some kind of explanation of the peculiar attitude of mind which you will continually observe in those whom you will meet in the various walks of life and who pass for cultured, educated men and women.

An education in the true sense is a unifying force—it is a kind of focussing of knowledge; it shows the end of life and the direction life is to take; it is dynamic and human, that is, lifts us up into its current, carries us along with it, and tends to develop us into men and women who pursue to the fullest extent the end for which we were created. More-

over, it lays special emphasis on the development of human reason—because it is the possession of reason that of all our attributes is our peculiarly human quality.

The best test, then, of an education, is the effect that it has on the mind.

Now it is precisely here, at the most vital point of all, that contemporary education falls far short of what ought to be its true objective. The human mind is by nature philosophical, that is, it seeks a rational account of things. It seeks to know not only the fact, but the “why” of the fact, and the relation of the fact to the end of life. Take this present war as an illustration. The average mind is concerned, first, with the fact of the war, then with the reason for it, and finally with the larger problem of the relation of the conflict to the more profound meaning of human existence. These are the three aspects entering into every problem. It is not in the first of these, knowledge of facts, that modern education fails. In the second, the “why” of the facts, it only partly fails. But in the third aspect, the relating of facts to the end of life, in synthesis or unification, it is utterly impotent.

There are certain branches of learning that offend more seriously than others. In a high position among the offenders comes language. There is perhaps no more futile figure than the confirmed student of linguistics. Here I know whereof I speak, being myself largely the victim of a linguistic, or (as some say) philological education.

The linguist is concerned with *the facts of language*. He can tell you the changes through which language passes over the course of centuries. He can talk freely about mutation or the phenomenon known as *umlaut*. He can tell you (what you already know) that the singular of a certain word is *goose* and the plural is *geese*. He can tell you (as you probably do not know) that the change of vowel in the plural is produced by a following “i” once in the word, but since dropped. As to why *goose* becomes *geese* in the plural, he can surmise that there is a partial assimilation to the succeeding sound caused by an anticipation of that succeeding sound. He is not sure, but he rather thinks that such is the explanation. So he knows the fact. He partly knows the “why” of it. But when it comes to seeing the phenomenon in its proper place in the broader scheme of things, the trained linguistic scholar is utterly at a loss. In fact, he is not even interested in the relation between facts pertaining to his linguistic science and the cultural development of the person as a whole. He plays with *goose*

and *geese*, little realizing that all too frequently he is himself the goose and his ilk the geese.

Now the same type of thing obtains in other branches of studies, more especially in the natural sciences and in law, even, I suppose, in Canon Law. Scholars learn the facts pertaining to their specialty; they investigate so far as they can the why and the wherefore of these facts; they become engrossed in the intricacies of their field, and usually, are unaware of the broader human issues. Eventually, they come to deny the very existence of the broader issues.

Allow me, for a moment, to recapitulate:

1. The human mind is naturally philosophical, that is, is so constituted that it seeks to organize, unite, synthesize the truth it knows, giving it a purpose, and relating it to an ultimate end.

2. Contemporary education ignores, to a considerable extent, the organizing, unifying and synthesizing aspects of life, that is, pays no attention whatsoever to the very things which the mind by its nature demands.

3. Thus, while the mind is inclined naturally in one direction, education pursues a course lying in a totally different direction.

What contemporary education ignores is, to put it simply, theological faith, the existence of God, divine creation of the universe and of man, man's supernatural destiny. These and their consequent truths provide the only satisfying synthesis for all the facts and explanations of facts which it is in the power of scholarship to reveal. The work of the language man, of the scientist, of the lawyer only takes on adequate significance when seen in its proper relation to the supernatural end of man, the knowledge and love of God. As grace perfects nature, so does the supernatural end of man organize and unite and synthesize natural knowledge.

Now I have said that contemporary education goes contrary to the natural bent of the human mind, that is, people go to school in order to learn one thing, and find they are taught something else. To put it bluntly, they go to school to learn "what it's all about" and they find that they are taught only a host of unrelated facts.

There are two serious results of this state of affairs.

1. There is artificially produced in the modern world an attitude of mind which renders men incapable of receiving truth, and more especially revealed truth. Thus do we, blessed as we are with faith, find it difficult to understand our contemporaries because they not

only are without faith, but are victims of an education which actually makes them incapable of the kind of thinking that is the natural basis for revealed truth. Scientists, medical scholars, professional men are caught up by the intricacies of their specialty and are simply unable to escape to such important matters as the knowledge and love of God, and the salvation of the human soul.

2. The other pernicious result of the condition of contemporary education is the fostering of a dualistic kind of thinking. In politics or in business there is admittedly a code of ethics which is not that of Christian theology. The sincere politician feels that his task is properly done when, by reason of his actions, the nation prospers. National prosperity dictates the ethics of politics, and the Ten Commandments are relegated to the field of the impracticable. In effect, he admits the existence of two distinct codes of ethics. This dualistic thinking penetrates all aspects, all walks of life, and it is attributable in a large degree to the faculty concept of human education.

Your education has escaped the worst of these evils. You know by now that a true education unites and synthesizes by taking into consideration faith and the ultimate end of man. I pray earnestly that you never forget this; that your contact with the world may not render you incapable of accepting revealed truths or entice you into a dualistic manner of thinking.

My hope for you rests on your having long since learned that the first principle of Christian life is "to seek God," and to seek Him not haphazardly or by some ridiculous method devised by foolish men, but in *His* way, the way of grace and the sacraments, the way of His only Holy Church. Seek God, seek Him in *His* way, and the education for which you have worked so hard, and from which you hope for so much, will never betray you.

A WELCOME VOLUME.

Congregational singing of approved hymns will be greatly promoted by the new hymnal, "Jubilee Hymns For Church and School"—Words and Music in Four Part Harmony—edited by Reverend J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.C.S.C., Director of Music of the Archdiocese of Toronto, and St. Augustine's Seminary. For the nominal sum of fifteen cents and an enclosed two-cent stamp you can procure a copy by mail from The Canadian Register, 67 Bond St., Toronto; 220 Bagot St., Kingston; or 1184 Phillips St., Montreal, P.Q.

Felicitations

MONSIGNOR TREACY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On Tuesday, June 16, the Golden Jubilee of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Treacy, D.D., D.P., Pastor of St. Cecilia's, Toronto, was celebrated in the beautiful, newly - decorated church.

The Reverend Jubilarian sang the High Mass of Thanksgiving. In a most appreciative sermon, His Grace, Archbishop McGuigan, reviewed Monsignor's life and splendid achievements. The address of the clergy, which expressed their admiration and gratitude, was read by Msgr. Cline, and a Jubilee presentation was made on their behalf by Msgr. McGrand. The venerable Jubilarian, not without emotion, replied in a grateful, soulful speech. Amongst the prelates in the sanctuary were Archbishop McNally, Halifax, and Bishop Kidd, London. The clergy later assembled for the Jubilee dinner in the parish hall.

On Thursday, the children of St. Cecilia's School gave a Jubilee programme for their beloved Monsignor.

The St. Cecilia's congregation celebrated the event on Sunday. All the women and girls attended Mass at 8 o'clock and received Holy Communion for their pastor's intentions, and the men and boys did the same at 10 o'clock. Spiritual bouquets were presented at both Masses.

In the afternoon a reception was held in the parish hall. It featured an enjoyable musical programme, a speech by His Grace, the Archbishop, and address and presentation of Jubilee gift from the laity.

To Monsignor Treacy, on this happy occasion, we extend our sincere congratulations



Rt. Rev. Monsignor Treacy, D.D., D.P.

and offer our assurance of prayers for a prolongation of Golden Jubilee blessings.

Rev. T. J. Manley, P.P. of St. Brigid's, Toronto, and Executive Director of the Holy Name Society in the Archdiocese of Toronto, has recently celebrated his sacerdotal Silver Jubilee. To the host of congratulations extended to Father Manley on this glad anniversary we join our good wishes and assurances

of prayers for unceasing blessings on him and on the great work he is accomplishing for souls.

* * *

The Ordination to Holy Priesthood, in Ottawa, on Sunday, June 21, of several Oblate Fathers, by His Excellency Joseph Bonhomme, D.D., O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of Basutoland, Africa, was a joyous event, not only for those raised to the priesthood, and for their Order, but also for relatives and friends.

Among the newly-ordained was the Rev. Francis J. Campbell, who had as assistant priest at his first Mass, said in Ottawa, his twin-brother, Rev. Kenneth Campbell, O.M.I., of Sechelt, B.C. At Albion, on Sunday, June 28, Father Francis celebrated his First Solemn High Mass. Father Kenneth preached the sermon on this occasion. At the home of their brother, Mr. S. P. Campbell, Palgrave, a reception was held in the afternoon in honour of the newly-ordained.

To Mrs. Campbell, his mother; to his brothers and sisters, all of whom were present at his Ordination, and subsequent ceremonies, our heartfelt felicitations are extended.

The Rev. Fathers Campbell, while in Toronto, said Mass, in turn, for Loretto-Brunswick Community, of which their cousin, Mother M. Bernard, is a member. Their proudly happy mother was also present on the occasion. By a coincidence it was the feast day of St. John the Baptist, patron saint of the two celebrants' father, the late John Baptist Campbell.

An assurance of good wishes and prayers for the success of their labours is offered to these two zealous Oblate Missionary Fathers.

* * *

Our congratulations are extended to Rev. René William Hayes, O.Carm., on his Ordination, May 23, by His Excellency, Archbishop Stritch, Chicago; also to Father Hayes' brother, and to his sisters, Sr. M. St. Camillus, I.B.V.M., Chicago, and Sr. Mary Emmanuel, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

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To Rev. Aloysius Nolan, on his Ordination by Most Rev. Bishop Kidd, D.D., London, on May 30, we offer sincere congratulations; also to his family, especially his sister, Sr. Mary Leo, I.B.V.M.

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To Rev. Gerald Hayes, S.P.M., our congratulations and best wishes are offered on his Ordination at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C., on May 28. Father Hayes, as a former pupil of Loretto primary school, Proctor Blvd., Ham-

ilton, has had a daily share in the prayers offered for all who have been, or are still pupils of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary; he will now receive the benefit of many additional prayers for his priestly labours in Our Lady of Lourdes parish, Brooklyn, N.Y.

* * *

Our sincere congratulations are offered to the Rev. John Joseph Coffey, S.J., on his Ordination by His Excellency, Bishop Ritter, in Bellarmine Chapel, West Baden College, West Baden Springs, Indiana, June 17; also to his family, especially Miss Geraldine Coffey, Loretto Alumna, and the other members, former pupils of St. Anthony's School (Loretto), Toronto.

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Felicitations and prayerful good wishes to Rev. G. Ell, O.F.M., son of Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Ell, Sedley, Sask., on his Ordination, June 21; also to his family, especially M. M. Casimir, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey, and M. M. Eugenia, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

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Congratulations and best wishes to Rev. Sebastian Mildenerger, O.F.M., son of Mr. and Mrs. Mildenerger, Sedley, on his Ordination, June 21; also to his family, and to his cousins, M. M. Amanda, I.B.V.M., Sr. Margaret Mary, I.B.V.M., and Sr. Colomba, I.B.V.M.

Rev. Fathers Ell and Mildenerger, each celebrated First Solemn High Mass in Sedley on June 28.

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Sincere congratulations to Dr. Alex. Wasylenki, formerly of Sedley, and alumnus of St. Michael's College, U. of T., on receiving his M.D. degree and an appointment to the Catholic Hospital, Regina. Dr. Wasylenki is a brother of M. M. St. Henry, I.B.V.M., Loretto Convent, Sedley, and Sr. M. Irene, I.B.V.M., Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls.

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Our heartfelt congratulations to Mother M. Marcia, I.B.V.M., on whom the degree of Licentiate of Mediaeval Studies (L.M.S.) has been conferred by the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies.

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Congratulations to Sister Mary Linda, I.B.V.M. (Elizabeth Gleeson) on receiving her Bachelor of Arts degree.

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A GOLDEN WEDDING.

On June 18, at Mass in St. Francis' Church, Toronto, two happy Golden Jubilarians pronounced anew their marriage vows. They were Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Cronin, who have spent

their fifty years of wedded life in Toronto, and in the house they still occupy.

Mr. Cronin was for many years Editor of The Catholic Register. He was Editor of The Empire at the time of its amalgamation with The Mail, and is well known in Toronto and elsewhere for his journalistic achievements and his appropriate speeches at various assemblies.

Mrs. Cronin is the granddaughter of the late Rev. Wm. Boulton, of the original staff of Upper Canada College, and the great granddaughter of D'Arcy Boulton, one of the first judges of Upper Canada.

Our heartfelt congratulations and good wishes are extended, on this joyous occasion, to Mr. and Mrs. Cronin, and to their eight children, one of whom is Mother M. St. Martha, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey, who was for some years Editor of The Loretto Rainbow.

* * *

On June 6, at a Nuptial Mass in St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto, the sanctuary of which was beautifully adorned with blossoms for the occasion, Miss Marion Patterson, daughter of Mrs. Patterson and the late Mr. W. L. Patterson, was given in marriage by her brother, Professor Gordon Patterson, U. of T., to Mr. Norman Fernandez, with Rt. Rev. Msgr. Treacy officiating.

As the wedding party emerged from the church, a waiting guard of honour, composed of members of classes recently conducted by the bride, who has been head of the Patterson School of Expression, and Instructor in Debating and Public Speaking at Oaklands and at Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, dispersed good wishes and confetti lavishly. The wedding breakfast at the Patterson home, High Park, was attended by the immediate relatives, and by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Treacy, Rev. Father John O'Connor, and Rev. Gerald Cochran.

Before leaving on their wedding trip, the bride and groom paid a pleasant little visit to the Community, Loretto, Brunswick Avenue, where the bride's cousin is Mother Superior. Good wishes unnumbered are extended to the happy couple in their new career.

* * *

To Mr. Donald Thomson Brown go our unstinted congratulations on his graduation from Central High School, Scranton, Pa., June 18, 1942, with laudable distinction. "He was awarded the competitive scholarship offered by the State of Pennsylvania to one high school graduate of Laekawanna County. The award may be applied at any accredited col-

lege or university in the State. He holds scientific honors in his class. While at Central, he was a member of Thespis Club; he was a member of Impressions (school quarterly), where he won his letter; programme chairman of the Public Speaking and Debating Club, and president of Le Cercle Français. He has received the gold medal award, Central's highest recognition of service in Le Cercle Français and the Public Speaking and Debating Club." So runs a press notice.

In addition to the Pennsylvania State Scholarship, Mr. Brown has won a scholarship to the University of Scranton, and one to Syracuse University.

Our Loretto Rainbow readers will be interested in finding elsewhere in these pages poetic lines indicative of Mr. Brown's versatility.

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Congratulations to Miss Jacqueline Doiron, A.T.C.M., on her recent brilliant achievements in music. She has obtained her A.T.C.M. in Piano, with Honours; 1st Class Honours in Grade IX. Singing; Honours in Grade V. Theory—Form, Harmony, History of Music—and Honours in Grade IV Counterpoint. Miss Doiron, whose home is in Regina, Sask., has been in residence at Loretto College; studied Piano and Theory at Loretto College School, with Mother M. Dorothy, A.T.C.M., and took her singing at the Conservatory.

* * *

To Miss Marion Sirdevan, Loretto College, we offer congratulations on winning the Scholarship in Moderns III, and also the Aline Michaelis Medal in the Loretto Rainbow College poetry contest. Her winning poem, "Peace," was published in the April issue of The Rainbow.

SEARCH.

By DONALD BROWN.

I roamed beneath a dawn sky, burning bright;
And blue-black, star-cut heavens in the night.

I stood upon a cliff and faced the breeze,
Scanning in vain the ever-changing seas.
I saw pale wood-smoke slowly drifting through
A forest glade; snow-shadows, palely blue.

I found ripe Concord grapes, their glowing
bloom

Unmarred; and in a dimly lamp-lit room
I gazed at sparkling sapphires. Here I thought
To find the essence of all blue I sought;

I roved the boundless seas, the earth, the
skies,

Only to find that color in your eyes.

In Memoriam

REV. DR. CYRIL KEHOE, O.CARM.

The sudden call from life of Reverend Father Cyril Kehoe, O.Carm., on Sunday, June 7, caused a shock and keen regret, not only in his own Order and in St. Augustine's Seminary, where he has been an esteemed member of the Faculty since the opening of that institution, but also amongst relatives and friends, near and far.

Father Cyril had returned home to Mt. Carmel College, Niagara Falls, for the summer vacation, as he had done annually at the close of the scholastic year at St. Augustine's, and suddenly, unannounced, was summoned to the Eternal Home, and the reward of his great labours.

On Wednesday, June 10, Most Rev. Archbishop McGuigan, D.D., Toronto, celebrated the Pontifical Requiem Mass in Mt. Carmel chapel. Right Rev. E. M. Brennan, V.G., President of St. Augustine's Seminary, paid beautiful, well-deserved tribute to the great-souled priest who had completed fifty-two years of glorious work in the ministry, in which he stood out signally as preacher, professor, and spiritual director.

Beside the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace rest the mortal remains of another distinguished Carmelite Father, Rev. Cyril Kehoe, D.D.

In Loretto, grateful memories remain of Father Cyril's kindly conferences and counsels, and long will his soul be remembered in prayer. To the Reverend Carmelite Fathers, to the Faculty of St. Augustine's Seminary, and Dr. Kehoe's bereaved sisters, Mrs. Stoll and Mrs. Wall (Loretto Alumnae) heartfelt sympathy is extended.

* * *

SISTER M. LUTGARDE O'BRIEN, I.B.V.M.

At Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on March 27, the death of Sister M. Lutgarde occurred. For over sixty years she had with gentle dignity and unflinching kindness given of her best to all with whom she had intercourse in the various Loretto Convents in which she lived through the passing years, and her departure now leaves a real void.

Her entrance into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption; her profession took place

in the month dedicated to Mary, and her peaceful death occurred on the feast of the Mother of Sorrows, as seemed fitting after a life marked by particular devotion to Our Blessed Mother.

On Monday, March 30, the High Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. P. Mueller, S.J. In the sanctuary were also Rt. Rev. Msgr. McCann, D.P., Rev. W. Fraser, Rev. Basil Doyle, C.S.P., Rev. F. M. Caulfield, Rev. L. Hickey, Rev. H. MacMillan. Attending the funeral, from out of town, were Mr. and Mrs. Carmody and Miss Catherine Brady, Niagara Falls; to them, as also to the other bereaved cousins of Sister Lutgarde, we extend our sympathy.

* * *

MOTHER M. FRANCIS DE SALES, I.B.V.M.

On Sunday evening, May 24, at Loretto College School, Mother M. Francis de Sales Hanahoe, I.B.V.M., was called by death, just one week after having suffered a heart seizure during which at her earnest request she received Extreme Unction. Although she rallied from the attack, she had a premonition that the final call would come within a few days. More than once she said, "I wonder if there will be any struggle?" He Who so often grants even our unspoken wishes ordained that she pass calmly to her eternal reward, without even a long-drawn sigh.

Only a few hours before the end, Rev. Father Dunn, S.J., her cousin, called to see her. She later expressed her great thankfulness for his visit, and especially for his blessing and a promise to say Mass for her.

Mother Francis de Sales was the last of her family, her eldest sister, Mother M. Mildred, having died two years ago, and Alice, Helen, Elizabeth and Adeline (Loretto Alumnae) having previously passed away.

Many have been the tributes paid to the deceased as an excellent teacher by those who had been her pupils at Loretto Abbey, Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and Loretto, Guelph; and many have been the assurances of prayers for the repose of her soul.

The Funeral High Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel on Wednesday, May 27, after which her remains were laid to rest in the Loretto plot, Mount Hope Cemetery.

CAPTAIN PATRICK W. McINTYRE.

(Contributed)

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mr. and Mrs. Patrick W. McIntyre of Chicago, parents of the late Captain Patrick W. McIntyre, United States Army flier; also to his bereaved wife, his brother, Donald, and his sister, Mother M. St. Magdalen, I.B.V.M., Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

On September 8, 1941, his family saw Pat for the last time, as he stopped in Chicago during a cross-country flight. In late October he was sent to the Philippines, thence to Java, where he was awarded the "Distinguished Service Cross" for his outstanding participation in bombing operations. On June 5, at the age of twenty-nine, Capt. McIntyre was killed in Western Australia. His young wife was informed that his death was not due to enemy action; it is thought that it may have been caused by an accident in test-piloting. Mrs. McIntyre and their ten months' old daughter, Kathleen, have returned north from Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the repose of Captain McIntyre's soul, at St. Bride's Church, on June 16, The cele-

brant was Rev. Leo Coggins and the sub-deacon, Rev. Joachim Smet, O.Carm., recently ordained, and brother-in-law of Mr. Donald McIntyre.

Many of Pat's boyhood friends and teachers were present and united in the repeated petition, "Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord!"

Such Little Things

I have so many things the Dead have touched—
A pair of lovely candlesticks that once
Were the proud treasures of a friend's dear
mother;

A string of jade, made mine so long ago;
A pair of earrings that adorned another;
A cross of gold set with an amethyst;
A child's tin whistle, played with by a
brother;

A silver lighter from the last who went;
A Rosary once treasured by my mother. . . .
I have so many things the Dead have touched!
Just little things—I wonder do they know,
Where'er they be, and if they cannot see,
That when they went, they took a little part
of me?

Anne C. O'Donnell, Loretto Alumna.

Sketches**LITTLE LIZAN, THE FIRST.**

I.

And she was one and I was three,
When angels came to set her free,
They said, the Elders said, but she
Never returned and all the days
Were long, so very long for me.
I crooned beneath the sky a-daze,
I searched for her behind the doors
And climbed the stairs, to find the floors

So empty, void, I was afraid,
And stumbled down to find arrayed
Out in the garden, vines of hops
On poles so high I could not see
Whate'er could be upon their tops.
I left these heights not made for me
And passed the many lowly years,
To find her name again—in tears

LITTLE LIZAN, THE SECOND.*

II.

Of joy! She wafts it back to earth.
For one as fair as she in birth
To hold as high for longer years,
Her pretty name from Paradise,
A sign to me no futile tears
May blur the eyes again. Borne twice
By baby-brows so white,—a name
As sweet must be a flower a-flame

To light the path for tiny feet
To find on Earth a safe retreat
Where angels enter just to be
Companions of her infancy.
Alas! shall I be here to see
This airy, fairy revelry?—
For secret dark I tell to thee,
Lizan, the First, is calling me!

A.M.L.

* Grand-niece of Lizan, the First.

A TRIBUTE.

(By Morgan L. Fitch of the Charles Ringer Company, in The Daily Calumet, Chicago).

The war came close to us last week.

Somehow we always felt that Pat was one of our own. We had watched him come and go through those growing years when boys are just no account for anything—a red-headed, happy-faced sort of kid, who never seemed to want to do much but laugh. Well, laugh and build model airplanes.

If you watched him carefully he would sweep out the office or do an errand for a quarter or two that would turn up later as parts for a new type aviation craft. And then when you asked him why his toy crate wouldn't fly, he shyly turned on that Irish smile and made you feel like pushing his face in just because you liked him so much.

So he went away to school not because, we always thought, he wanted to study or get a degree, or become an engineer, but simply because he wanted to fly—fly in a great ship where he could look down on everybody and everything—laugh at the whole confused mess.

It wasn't easy, but he finished school, and then we were writing letters so he could get into the army air corps, telling what a fine officer we thought he would make. Honestly now, we didn't really think so, but what else could anybody do when Pat grinned his way clear into the center of your heart?

And before long Pat was flying bombers—great monstrous things that carried his body right along with his soaring spirit up into the infinite heavens, and swooped him circling around Cheltenham, where he could spread that disarming smile like a ray from the sun down over a devoted father and mother and a big brother and an adored sister who had mystified him by cloistering her life in a convent, and over those ground-gripped friends who were always kidding him. There wasn't much else that Pat could have wanted.

Certainly he never wanted to hurt anybody. He only wanted to live, to laugh, and to love.

Then came Pearl Harbor. Then came war. Then came the battle of Java. Then came the report that Pat and his crew had gone out alone, done a job, lost their ship, and floated around in the water until rescued. And that seemed like Pat. We could see him out there, red hair glistening wet, white teeth biting a hole in that smiling, boyish face,

laughing the whole thing off, ready to take it as it came.

And you can bet we clipped all the newspapers and magazines when they gave him the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Our boy was making good when the chips were down.

Last week the report came that Pat had made his last flight, that he'll never be grounded again, that he won't be back in Cheltenham any more.

Captain Patrick W. McIntyre died in the performance of duty in Australia.

They'll bury Pat some place. Dust to dust, you know. But that soaring spirit will wing on, flying always just a little higher so as to spread the radiance of its wholesome happiness just a little bit farther—and deeper.

And we'll remember him always as the kind of American boy who made this country great. May God grant that his life shall not have been given in vain.

Sure, we've felt the pinch of war for months now. We've choked a little, and blinked away tears as we've seen the tragedy of lost lives and broken homes and shattered dreams that war creates. We've paid the taxes and bought the bonds and contributed to U.S.O. We've seen our business twisted and torn like a cyclone struck barn. All of that, and it was nothing.

The war came close to us last week.

MAPLE SEEDS.

Frail playthings of the summer breeze,
The winged seeds of mighty trees,
Wafted o'er urban pavements aimlessly.
Was it by chance one lightly dropped,
Nor by the arid asphalt stopped
Just where a friendly crevice caught its eye?

Safe now as when it hung on high
From hand or heel of passer-by.
Content it lay, not striving to be free;
Came a day, nursed by sun and rain,
Green-burgeoned, it looked forth again
From its dark cell, a perfect maple tree!

—Lily E. F. Barry.

WORSHIP.

A thread
Of incense winds
Its vagrant way up to
The vaulted roof, bearing a prayer
To God.

—Donald Brown.

HIGH SCHOOL.

(Intended to express the joy and happiness, the many-sidedness, the fascinating picture of High School life).

Gray stone,
The dull, dead gray of wood-ash;
A black tile roof
Steeply slanted, sparkling in the sun;
Two towers, fringed with tabs of stonework;
Copper gutters, green with age;
And windows—row on row of them:
Windows standing open,
Windows tightly shut,
Windows that face the mountains
And look out upon the sky.
Thus stands the school.

Huge and forbidding is the front door;
High and spacious, the foyer inside.
Exclusive, too—
Reserved for teachers,
Or parents,
Or distinguished visitors.
The side doors are for students:
Little doors into low-ceilinged rooms.
Here rank after rank of tall, narrow cabinets
Stand like filing cases
Numbered and indexed.
There's a characteristic smell,
Rancid, strong:
Ghosts of a thousand sandwiches and hot dogs,
Strong soap,
Wet rubber, wool,
Orange peels, and cheap chocolate candy.
Upstairs the air is better.

Crowded halls,
And busy people rushing;
But everyone isn't in a hurry,
Some have time for small talk,
And chatter.
Voices:
"Look here, on page ninety-nine—"
"—I laughed then,
And she threw me out for good."
"She says he asked her to the dance to-night."
"—but do you really think that we can lose?"
Swapping thoughts,
And killing time
Between the bells.

A brilliant cone of whitest light
Is focussed on a single stocky figure.
He wears a big yellow "C" on his sweater,
And his rasping voice has a frantic note
As he pleads with his audience.
"Come on, now," he shouts,
And a thousand scream.
"Yea-a—a—ay, team!!"
Feet are pounding;
Hearts, too.
Hysterically,
Madly the cheers ring out.
School spirit.

Dark, in the warm, bright sun,
The outline of a branch is shadowed on a desk.
Fresh green pinpoints
Softened the sharply etched angles;
While behind the branch

A few clouds,
Drifting remnants of a Monday wash,
Tone down the harsh, new blue;
And a boy dreams of spring
In geometry class.

"Hamburg and coke."
Eager, friendly groups
Lounge on the hard, wooden benches.
The air is hazy and acrid with the smoke of their
cigarettes,
Jangling with the babble of their voices.
Lunch hour:
Time to relax,
To eat, and smoke, and talk,
Forgetting school.

A tiny fold of paper
Passes with exaggerated caution
And infinite stealth
From desk to desk.
"To the first girl in the third row,"
On it goes up the long aisle.
The teacher watches its progress and decides to
ignore it.
Finally, the note arrives.
A blond head bends over it,
Reads,
Then turns and smiles,
Nodding "Yes."

Whispers in the back of the class.
The teacher stops her methodical dealing out of
papers.
"Please be quiet," says she,
But there's no "please" in her tone.
Deep silence falls
And lasts a moment.
Pupils lean forward,
Or backward,
Or across the aisle.
"I passed, did you?"
The mumuring begins again.

At last—
The bell's dulled clang shatters the silence.
Two thousand students flood the exit stairs;
Shouting, they jam the doorways.
School is over.

—Donald Brown.

WHO?

Who made the grass, the flowers, the trees,
The golden butterflies, and bees?
Who taught the little birds just how
To build their nests in hedge, on bough?

Who makes the snowflakes, different all?
Who makes the leaves turn red in fall?
The kitten plays; the cricket sings—
Who taught them all these wondrous things?

Who made the sun that warms our ground?
Our goodly earth which whirls around?
The river singing on its way?
The wind which makes the branches sway?

The Blessed Lord Who reigns above
Made these in His unbounded love.

Mary Schuett, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

Graduates, 4C2

Loretto College in the University of Toronto



TOP ROW (left to right)—Margaret Moss, Helen Collins, Betty Read, Charlotte Hughes.
MIDDLE ROW—Patricia Lalor, Mary Cunningham, Theresa Roy, Mary Stortz.
BOTTOM ROW—Catherine MacLean, Priscilla Thompson, Mary Zuber, Gloria Zuber.
IN ABSENTIA—Elizabeth Gleeson, B.A. (Sister M. Linda, I.B.V.M.).

Loretto



College

Students' Administrative Council, 1941-42.

President	Charlotte Hughes
Vice-President	Gerry Moss
Secretary	Louise Hart-Smith
Treasurer	Marilyn Lantz
Head of House	Mary Stortz
Athletics	Kay Brydon
Dramatics	Louise Hart-Smith
Debating President	Kay McLean
Rainbow Representative.....	Betty Gowan
Red Cross Con.	Mary Cunningham
Torontonensis	Theresa Roy

COLLEGE NOTES.

So many things have happened since we last called around to your little brown study on gay St. Patrick's day—that we should like you all to come along and reminisce with us a while.

March 22—Everyone of us who ventured forth, almost at dawn, to sell Catholic Year Books, enjoyed the experience to the full. To many it was a chance to revisit old parishes, beloved of other years; to many others it was a new adventure. Breakfast in the Club Room—and other refectations betimes, till 2 p.m., made the merry groups merrier. Soon money jingled and chatting ruled the day, until by early afternoon there was hardly a book in sight. Later in the afternoon, we played hostess to our many “ed” friends at our Mission Supper. Mother St. Margaret, our Dean, poured tea for them. Success was certainly the order of this day, which we shall not forget in years to come.

March 24—At last the long-awaited event arrived—the Banquet given by Newman Club in honour of its graduates. Dinner was never so tasty, nor friends so charming. A real treat was offered us when Father Daly, S.J., national head of Canadian youth, spoke to us about our duties as Catholic leaders, in his own inimitable way. Graduates from all faculties as well as our rector, Father Me-

Henry, charmed us further with their various toasts and responses.

April 5—Many were home for a few days of vacation, always welcome at this joyous time.

April 8—We athletes entertained our friends representing the athletes of the other Colleges of our University with tea and tidbits. Our Mother St. Margaret favoured us by pouring tea the while. Those honoured with Senior T's on this occasion were Kay Brydon and Betty Kirby. We all enjoyed having Annabel Macklin back with us to present these treasured T's.

Soon after these events, our ten o'clock lunches in the kitchen began to remind us that exams were just around the corner and that we just must get that studying done, even if there was a ration on oil, midnight or otherwise! But it really wasn't until we trekked over to Simcoe Hall gingerly to claim our pseudonyms that we felt a longing in our hearts for Solomon's attribute and the persistence of our friend, the ostrich.

And so, exams came and went and we had reached the end of another year almost before we knew it. Fond farewells, packing, and for some, graduation—“an end, and a beginning.”

GRADUATION 4T2.

They are memorable days—those of graduation, and in ours even nature joined in the festivities, as old Sol beamed for a while on the great occasion. The big day, June fifth, started with the baccalaureate Mass for St. Michael's graduates, at St. Basil's Church, where Loretto graduates joined the others in a procession in which the blue, white, gold and black of the robes and gowns of the various degrees represented made a scene of colour which was climaxed in the Archbishop's purple and the attire of the clergy.

Monsignor Ryan in his address spoke, not of the struggle and strife of which we hear constantly, but rather of the bravery, courage and joy to be had from a truly Catholic spirit, obtained through a Catholic education such as is obtained in St. Michael's College.

In the afternoon, last minute preparations went forward and presently from Loretto's portals we proceeded to join the hundreds gathering in Convocation Hall. After the time-honoured ceremony of conferring of degrees, the Varsity Garden Party assembled the graduates from the whole University, in cap,

gown and hood array for the last time in their college life, although the ball at Hart House that night saw them together again—this time in a gala spirit which almost eclipsed the inevitable feeling of sorrow at parting.

For us there was the distinctly personal note in the graduation exercises at Loretto College, when parents and friends watched their pride and joy receive hard-earned honours.

Programme.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

PROCESSIONAL.

Gaudeamus Nos Alumnae.....Carmen Collegii
Lauretani.

Musical setting dedicated to the Students by
Nicola Montani, K.C.S.S.

Tota Pulchra Es Maria (dedicated to
Loretto) Ferrata
Students.

CONFERRING OF GRADUATION HONOURS
AND MEDALS OF LORETTO COLLEGE.

Valedictory...Miss Catherine D. MacLean, B.A.
Piano—(a) MinuetSoebeck
(b) Gardens in the Rain....Debussy
Miss Jacqueline Doiron.

Baccalaureate Address.....
....Reverend L. K. Shook, C.S.B., Ph.D.

O Stream of Life..Loretto College Graduation Song
Music by Dr. J. E. Ronan.
Students.

Rule BritanniaDr. Arne
James Thomson

RECESSIONAL

Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament
in College Chapel.

Graduates.

Miss Helen Collins, B.A., Miss Mary Cunningham,
B.A., Miss Elizabeth Gleason, B.A. (Sister
Mary Linda), Miss Charlotte Hughes, B.A., Miss
Patricia Lalor, B.A., Miss Catherine MacLean,
B.A., Miss Margaret Moss, B.A., Miss Elizabeth
Read, B.A., Miss Theresa Roy, B.A., Miss Mary
Stortz, B.A., Miss Priscilla Thompson, B.A., Miss
Gloria Zuber, B.A., Miss Mary Zuber, B.A.

Announcement is made of the conferring of the
degree of "Licentiate of Mediaeval Studies" by the
Pontifical Institute upon Sister Mary Marcia,
I.B.V.M

VALEDICTORY OF THE CLASS OF 4T2.

VALEDICTORIAN, C. D. McLEAN, B.A.

Reverend Fathers, Reverend Sisters, Parents
and Friends:

On behalf of the graduating class of 1942,
I should like to extend to each and every one
of you a sincere and hearty welcome. The
happiness with which we see you here to-night,
come to share with us in these graduation ex-

ercises, is equalled only by the patience and
optimism with which YOU have been our help-
ers in achieving this goal.

It is difficult at any time to attempt to put
into words the sentiments of a class that is
preparing to leave behind the comparatively
carefree life of College and to take up, more
fully, the responsibilities of life in the world.
Joy and sorrow mingle, and are felt in different
measure by each. It is particularly difficult at
a time like this when the world into which we
are going is embroiled in a raging war. The
ideals and institution with which we have
become familiar; the way of life we have been
taught to accept; the Faith we have learned
to cherish above all things—all are being chal-
lenged. Society is witnessing the disintegra-
tion and decay of an old Order, and the ma-
jority of men are seeking in dismay a foot-
hold in these fearful days when the very founda-
tions of their lives seem to be crumbling
beneath them. Many do not know for what
they are fighting, and those with clear vision
dare not speak their fears for the future.

As the demand for the services of our loved
ones grows daily more insistent; as the mean-
ing of the word "sacrifice" impresses itself on
even the most thoughtless of minds, teaching
the dread lesson that this is YOUR war and
MY war . . . we wonder if the day is at hand
when we ourselves shall be called upon to pay
the supreme sacrifice of our lives to help pre-
serve our way of life, and our Faith—the two
loyalties which ultimately we MUST cherish,
even to that extent. Nevertheless, in spite of
this dark outlook; though the world into
which we are going may be totally evil, or
one far superior to any that history has yet
known; though it apparently has so little to
offer those who would take up its challenge,
we are not going to shirk or be afraid. We
have been well prepared, and it is with Faith
and with Hope that we leave our student days
behind, and prepare to face the future, what-
ever it may hold.

A world at war, it is true, has little time
for Culture; it pays but little attention to
Literature or the Arts. But that does not mean
that we must lay aside all that we have re-
ceived; rather it is the more urgent that we
do not neglect our training, or allow it to be
forgotten and unheeded. For when Peace comes
—as come it shall, and soon, we pray—this ex-
hausted world is going to need all that it can
call upon of what We can give, to help re-
construct what has been destroyed. It is our
duty, and we clearly realize it, to keep the

force of culture alive within us, wherever we may be, whatever position in life we may have taken up, so that when the time comes we may be in a position to make our contribution—though it may be, individually, small—towards building a better world for the future by an appeal to all that is highest and best from the past.

Coming as we do into constant contact with other students, we are apt to forget that the number of University graduates, and especially of those who live up to that name, is very small. This fact will be borne in upon us in the years to come, and we even expect there will be occasions when our education will appear negligible in the eyes of others who will scoff at the ideals we have come to respect. But we shall not lose faith in the knowledge that is ours, nor shall we descend to the level of those who jeer; rather, we shall endeavour, with all due humility, in the face of the gift that we have been given, to raise them up to our level.

If, then, our numbers as University graduates are small, how very much smaller are our numbers as Catholic University graduates! Too many of that group leave University Catholics in name only, and at a time when the Church stands so badly in need of intellectually-trained laymen and laywomen. There are times when the religious of the Catholic Church, though our leaders at all times, are less heeded, by virtue of their very calling, than those who profess to be but average citizens. If on these occasions they stand alone—WE are at fault. Here at St. Michael's College, the foundations have been firmly laid. The edifice has yet to be built. And THAT is our responsibility. We have within our hands the power of building truly Catholic lives; when we have done this, and only then, we can stand forth with the pride that is rightly ours, and defend a Faith, so worthy of our total allegiance.

We do not wish to be presumptuous, or over-optimistic, and state that we shall succeed where many have failed but, in view of the present need, in view of the vivid realization that is ours, we do declare that we intend to take up this two-fold challenge of Religion and of Culture, and make our lives bear fruit that will be a credit to our University and to our Church.

To all our teachers, but especially to the priests and nuns, we are deeply indebted for the help they have so lavishly bestowed upon us during our undergraduate days. Without

their untiring efforts, both in class and out, we should never have reached this success that we are celebrating to-night. Their influence for good, both in our lives as we have lived them here, and as we shall live them in years to come, is immeasurable, and we pray that they may be abundantly rewarded for their untiring efforts in our behalf.

Others are in a position to speak more adequately concerning the University of Toronto and St. Michael's College, but we feel that there are none better able to pay tribute to our Loretto Nuns, the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, than we who have lived under their guidance. Some of us have been with them as long as ten years, and in that time have come to know them and love them as they deserve to be loved. They have proved themselves friends in every sense of the word; they have not only given us of their time and energies to help us through the strain of examinations—and we all know what a trial those are—but they have rejoiced with us in our successes, and consoled us in our disappointments; they have always been ready to encourage, to censure, or to applaud. If the name of Loretto is one that is sacred to us, it is because THEY have made it so.

But an even greater debt do we owe to our parents, for without their sacrifices we should never have come here at all. Many of them did not receive the same privileges as we have received, and what it has cost them to give to us what they have missed and the value of which they perceived, is known only to themselves. We can never hope to repay them as they deserve to be repaid, but we CAN give them the little that they ask, and rightly expect—namely, that we live up to the ideals that have been set before us. Please God—we WILL do THAT, at least.

A farewell such as this would not be complete without a tribute to those whom we have learned to call friends. Those with whom we have lived side by side, in pursuit of a common ideal, know how close we have grown. John Henry Newman has stressed the value of what we receive at University through contact with our friends, and we have learned the truth of his words. Life may separate us; we may never see some of you again; but we shall not forget you—not soon—nor ever! We shall not forget your friendship—what it has meant to us—and the memories that you have helped us make.

And so we prepare to leave a life that has grown very dear to us, and one with which it is

difficult to part. We have enjoyed every day of it and, though we have had our troubles, though we have known discouragement and disappointment, memory has recorded only the real pleasures that have been ours—the fun, and the good times. We are looking to the future with anticipation, with courage and with confidence. Because we have had your love and your devotion; because we have our Faith, though the path may lead through doubts and fears and even sorrow, in this task which is ours, this task which we willingly accept, we need not—we must not—and we SHALL NOT fail.

LORETTO GRADUATION BANQUET, 1942.

On the evening of April 13th, the annual graduation banquet was held at Loretto College. In addition to the student body there were present as our guests of honour several members of the Faculty of St. Michael's College. These included the Superior of the College, Rev. Father McLaughlin; the Registrar, Rev. Father Sullivan; Father Shook, Father O'Toole and Father O'Donnell. Other members were Dr. Victoria Mueller, Mlle. McDonald, and Miss Clementine Wein.

The thirteen graduates were each presented by the sophomores with a corsage of carnations and a lovely favour—a picture of the Blessed Virgin.

Miss Marilyn Lunz, 4T3, was a charming toast-mistress for the evening. Father McLaughlin gave an interesting explanation of the system of U. of T. Federation of Colleges, in his reply to the toast to St. Michael's College. Father O'Donnell reminded us, the graduates of 1942, of the very special place we have to fill in our war-torn world. He impressed upon us, too, the added responsibilities that go hand in hand with the higher Catholic education we have received as students of St. Michael's College, University of Toronto.

The interest of the evening was centred upon the toast to the graduates by Miss Lillian Callaghan, 4T3. The core of her message to the graduating class lay in the words of His Majesty's Empire Broadcast:

'I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown.' And he replied, 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than light and safer than a known way.'

The serious atmosphere of the occasion lighted visibly with the reading of the Class Prophecy so cleverly composed by the sophomore class. The songs made up for the individual graduates lent an added note of gaiety, as did the Class Will, read by Miss Catherine McLean, 4T2. The evening was brought to a close with the singing of "Gaudemus."

Mary Cunningham, 4T2.

A SENIOR'S REVERIE.

To-day, I remember well—and it seems as if it were only yesterday—my first day at College. I little knew what strange delights and new adventures lay before me—but I was standing at last with hundreds of other Freshmen in the midst of this age-old institution which is Toronto University—and I was a bit awed and yet delighted. Where I went for the first few weeks, I hardly remember—and how I ever got there at all will always remain a deep mystery to me.

I can see myself—as indeed our Sophomores must have thought me—a pitiable object, but a determined one. Soon my studies took on a new and added beauty as I zealously pursued them, whilst marvelling at the wit and wisdom of my new professors. Home seemed very far away, and my new-found friends became ever more dear to me as I chatted merrily with them whilst the autumn months passed into winter ones, with cosy fires to make them mellow in our memories.

Sports and social gatherings became ever more numerous and thrilling, until they were superseded by last-minute cramming for ever-pending examinations. Then came those never-to-be-forgotten days when I wrote my first examinations. Examination hall held many excited and anxious students like myself, and its little benches intrigued me no end. But soon exams were all over—and I can still see how excited I was when I found that I had somehow succeeded in passing into Second Year.

Far different from the first, this year was one of purpose and allotment of time—so that I could do more of the things I wanted to do. Old and longed-for friends greeted me on my return, and we found much to talk about. We, Sophomores, it was who were to entertain both our Freshmen and our Seniors at banquets. It was our turn to initiate, and to help the former all we could. All in all, we enjoy-

ed our second year far more than we had anticipated and, true to our names, now deemed ourselves worldly wise!

And, then, I came back for my third and last year.* It was good to see all my old friends again, but oh, I had much to accomplish. My responsibilities had mounted and it was I who was being fêted this year! Humility and, too, a sense of pride in my meagre accomplishments filled my senior soul. It was good to form a part of that group known as "women of understanding." The memory of three of the happiest years of my life would,

I knew, compensate for the loss of the close companionship of College friends—but my heart was heavy, none the less, till I remembered that it was Graduation Day, and that my parents and friends were waiting to wish me success along life's way—and thus ended one happy reverie!

* For U.S.A. readers it may be well to mention here that students admitted to 1st year in U. of Toronto have completed 5th year High School (Junior College) and have Senior Matriculation.
—Ed. Note.

FIRST COMMUNION.

(FOR A LITTLE FRIEND)

Dear Jesus, on this wondrous day
What words are there for lips to say?
You've come to me, and who can tell
The joy that in my soul doth dwell?

Great King of earth, and sky—and me,
This day You've come my Guest-to-be!
You've come to me from realms above;
I give You, Jesus, all my love,

For You are God, Redeemer, too,
And now my heart is all for You!
The birds that dart down through the blue
All make their music just for You.

The flowers that dot the greening grass
Exhale new sweetness as You pass.
And I who would Your servant be,
Bow down my head most thankfully.

I've never known a joy like this—
A taste of what is heavenly bliss.
What greater favour could I pray
Than happiness I've known to-day?

Hugh T. Sweeney.

MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

Star of the Sea, we need thy light
To guide us thro' the darksome night,
Lest we should wander from the way
Leading us to Eternal Day.

Star of the Sea, we need thy power
In strong temptation's dreaded hour:
Watch over us that we may be
All thro' our lives, steadfast like thee.

M. D. Barry.

WISDOM'S CHARM.

Treat your neighbour as your brother,
Father, sister, or your mother;
Then you'll find as years pass by,
That on him you can rely.

Rich or poor though you may be,
Your good training he will see;
Soon he'll do the same to you
Once he understands your view.

Then your neighbour's neighbour feels
You have something that appeals;
Joins your company, does the same,
Takes an interest in your game.

Soon the chain is big and strong,
Crushing out greed's wilful wrong,
Replacing it with smiles and cheer,
Till destroyed is man-made fear.

Glad you are that you have started,
And old enemies outsmarted!
Soon you've won each as a friend;
Now your wisdom they'll defend.

N.D.

HAPPY LANDING!

Youth and life with dancing feet
Down sunbeamed pathway tripped.
Bright romance made joy complete—
Earth was magic-dipped.
Happy Landing! Youth and Life—
Free—without a cloud of strife!

Youth and Life with steady feet
Marched war's dark-shadowed way.
In silence grim, except for beat
Of step. Oh tragedy!
Happy Landing! Youth and Life—
Safe through clouds of terror—strife!
Kathleen A. Sullivan.

LORETTO SECRETARIAL COLLEGE.



A Graduate Group, 1942, Fully Equipped, Leaves Loretto Secretarial College for the Commercial World.

At the conclusion of our Sodality year we are happy to announce that we have made and sent overseas to the boys in our armed forces, well over a thousand Sacred Heart badges. Some also we sent to Father Lane, R.C.A.F. Chaplain at Trenton, Ontario, who wrote in reply:

"Thanks a million! When the lads receive the badges, I will ask them to say an "Ave" for the young ladies who spent their time to keep them good Catholics."

Can times have changed, girls? We now have the boys praying for us!

An S.O.S. For Prayers.

The boys who are fighting and winning this truly great but terrible battle count on us for our prayers, and, perhaps, the following excerpt from a letter received from Father Grace, R.C.A.F. Chaplain in England, who also received a number of our badges, will give us a deeper realization of the very real necessity of our prayers.

Father Grace writes:

"Having regard for the difference in time,

just when you are finishing your school day, hundreds of Canadian lads are climbing into their bombers and fighters, taking off for their perilous journey over enemy country—a Hail Mary, or an ejaculation—or an "Our Father" from the non-Catholic girls—or, just a "God watch over them," from all. I believe they think of home each time they start out, and will you complete the circle of thought, by a thought of them?"

Madge MacPhail.

Mr. Joseph McGoey, Advertisers' Publisher, gave us an instructive lecture on "What to expect in the Business World." He also told us how we could strengthen our character by assuming responsibility for our sustenance even though we may live at home.

Quiet all your fears! The business executive is not a "bugbear" or anything vaguely resembling one. So said Mr. Jarrell in an extremely interesting lecture. He told us that businessmen are just as anxious to help us get along well as we are to please them. From two successful business men those words, we feel, are most encouraging.

Leona Connelly.



Miss Ana Lopez, Alumna of Loretto Secretarial College, Busily Engaged in the Chase National Bank of New York, Balboa, Canal Zone, Panama.



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Standing (left to right)—Mary Sullivan, Eleanor Shinnick, Patricia Fisher, Dorothy Higgins, Geraldine Delaney, June Shelton, Ethel Bourke, Beatrice Boaretti, Jeanne Vigneux, Esther Schultz, Gyneth Stencil, Josephine Collins, Anita Goggio, Evelynne Campion (Salutatorian).
 Seated (left to right)—Shelia Fleming, Marjorie Meyer, Patricia Bouffard, Mary Ruscica (Valedictorian), Joan McGocoy, Lenore West, Ann Gilchrist, Jacqueline Monaghan, Evelyn Corcoran, Florence McNamara.

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS—GRADUATION EXERCISES.

Simplicity and dignity marked the graduation exercises of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Friday, May 22, when twenty-four young ladies received their crowns and graduation medals.

To the strains of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," the graduates entered the hall, clad in floor-length white gowns of taffeta and lace, carrying dainty nosegays of variegated hue. Flower-girls—a custom of previous years—and the usual floral baskets were omitted from the ceremony this year, as the graduates' special war-time economy. A background of Union Jacks, and a few ferns were the only decoration.

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. M. Brennan, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto, officiated at the ceremony, presenting the following medals:

Medal of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, for highest standing in Christian Doctrine to Miss Joan McGoey; the Governor-General's Medal for highest standing in English Literature to Miss Joan McGoey; the Loretto Abbey medal for Apologetics to Miss Mary Ellen Hogan; the Eugene O'Keefe medal for Mathematics to Miss Anita Goggio, and the Gertrude Foy medal for English Essay to Miss Gyneth Stencl.

The program consisted of: Processional—Junior Orchestra; Rule Britannia, Excelsior, and Ecstasy by the Choral Class; Salutatory, Miss Evelynne Champion; La Serenata; Violin Obligato, Misses Sheila Fleming and Fernande Giroux; Valedictory, Miss Mary Ruscica; Address to the Graduates, Flight Lieutenant Rev. W. G. Goodrow; Agnus Dei and Ave Maria Loretto by the Choral Class.

God Save the King.

Flight-Lieutenant Rev. W. G. Goodrow's address was very inspiring. He described women's place in the world down through the years, and appealed to the graduates to carry on the Catholic tradition of exalted womanhood, after the example of Our Blessed Mother.

The graduates were: Misses Beatrice Boaretti, Patricia Bouffard, Ethel Bourke, Evelynne Champion, Josephine Collins, Evelyn Corcoran, Geraldine Delaney, Patricia Fisher, Sheila Fleming, Anne Gilchrist, Anita Goggio, Dorothy Higgins, Marjorie Meyer, Joan McGoey, Jacqueline Monaghan, Florence McMcNamara, Mary Ruscica, Esther Schultz, June Shelton, Eleanor Shinnick, Gyneth Sten-

cel, Mary Sullivan, Jeanne Vigneux, Lenore West.

These young ladies, through the simplifying of graduation, were able to donate the sum of \$46 to the British War Victims' Fund, and by means of a silver collection for the graduation exercises contributed \$25 to the Red Cross and \$45 to the Catholic Army Huts.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH, 86th Graduating Exercises.

Filing in to the strains of the Processional, the graduates of Loretto Academy took their places on a stage beautifully adorned with peonies and bordered with clusters of orange blossoms. These young ladies, dressed alike in graceful models of white net and taffeta, and each carrying an arm bouquet of roses, looked most attractive as they knelt in turn to be crowned by Rt. Rev. T. L. Ferguson, D.P., who represented His Excellency, the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, D.D., J.C.D. The salutatory was given by Miss Margaret Peplow, and the valedictory by Miss Elizabeth Reinhart. Graduating honours were conferred on: Miss Anne Carter, Miss Mary Gilfilan, Miss Marguerite Peplow, and Miss Elizabeth Reinhart.

In a splendid address given to the graduates, Rev. Father Hennessey, S.J., traced the girlhood of Our Lady, as she attended school, urging the young ladies to follow her example, to adopt the principles of a clear, straight-thinking character, to live up to the rules taught by a school where the curriculum centres around God and His teachings.

Father Hennessey concluded his address by congratulating the graduates and wishing them God speed and the protection of Our Lady.

Monsignor Speaks.

Introduced by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Monsignor T. L. Ferguson paid special tribute to the parents of the young graduates, pointing out the sacrifices made by them in order that their girls receive a sound Catholic and secular training and commenting on the fact that this graduating class is stepping into a world of strife, and war. Still they have received the essentials to carry them through any emergency.

"The world will return to former happi-



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

Left to Right—Mary Gilfillan, Betty Reinhart, Anne Carter, Marguerite Peplon.

ness—the indomitable British courage never so staid and steel-born as at the close of a conflict—will carry through. When all the noise is over Britannia will still rule the waves and the flag that brings peace and happiness to our nation will fly again.”

Rev. Dr. O'Reilly congratulated the girls and parents and called on Mayor Taylor, who spoke briefly, paying special attention to the tiny flower girls.

The choral numbers were delightfully rendered and especially lovely were the violin selections by Miss Edith Wade and Miss Marion Pearson.

Miss Doreen Dickson handled the lovely Schumann Novelette with grace and charm.

Particularly outstanding was the direction of the choral class by Miss Catherine Ryan and Miss Geraldine Schuett.

Graduates' Mass.

In the morning the Graduates' Mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. J. O'Reilly in the convent chapel; a breakfast was held later in the

auditorium, with Rev. Dr. O'Reilly and Rev. Father Higgins as speakers.

Attending clergy at the graduation were Rev. Dr. J. O'Reilly, Rev. Dr. P. L. O'Brien, Rt. Rev. D. L. Ferguson, D.P.; Rev. Father McKinnon, S.J.; Rev. Father Hennessey, S.J.; Rev. Father Chas. McGee, Rev. Father M. Straus, Rev. Father P. Lardie, Rev. Father J. Higgins.

Prizes and Awards.

Gold Cross donated by the Blessed Virgin's Sodality for highest standing in Christian Doctrine, Seniors, awarded to Miss Mary Schuett.

Prize for highest standing in Church History, awarded to Miss Mary Gilfillan.

Prize for highest standing in Christian Doctrine, Juniors, awarded to Miss Katherine Hanlon.

Gold Medal donated by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly for Upper School Mathematics, 1941, awarded to Miss Margaret Hauser.

Gold medal donated by Rev. Dr. O'Brien



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

STANDING (left to right)—Eleanor Brennan, St. Catharines; Betty Jane Leone, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mary Ruth Lardie, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mary Bradt, St. Catharines; Muriel Barton, Stamford; Margery Nicks, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Phyllis Clark, Stamford; Harriette Mundell, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Ann Haydock, York, England; Helen Sheppard, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

SEATED—Jean Eggleston, Buffalo, N.Y.; Pat Brown, Buffalo, N.Y.; Sarah Ives, St. Catharines; Dorothy Ross Mackey, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mary Romanuk, Niagara Falls, Ontario; Dorothy McCarthy, South Bend, Ind.; Margaret Wissler, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Mary Rampfield Allen, Niagara Falls.; Mary Piatkowski, St. Catharines.

for highest standing in Middle School for years 1940-1941, awarded to Miss Elizabeth Reinhart.

The John Sutherland Memorial Scholarship for highest standing in Grade X, 1941, awarded to Miss Cleo Heimler.

The Knights of Columbus Scholarship for highest standing in Grade IX, 1941, awarded to Miss Katherine Hanlon.

Scholarship donated by the Confraternity of the Holy Family for highest standing in Entrance Class, St. Stanislaus' School, awarded to Miss Shirley Walsh.

Scholarship for highest standing in Entrance Class, Sacred Heart School, awarded to Miss Mary Woronka.

Music Results.

Results of piano and theory examinations with the Toronto Conservatory and Loretto Academy.

Florence Vipond, Grade IX piano, honors; Geraldine Schuett, Grade VIII, piano, honors; Helen Clair, Grade VI piano, honors; Katherine

Hanlon and Geraldine Schuett, Grade II theory, first class honors.

Results of inter-Loretto music festival, Loretto Abbey, Toronto. Piano, open class: Doreen Dickson, first place and first class honors; Geraldine Schuett, honors; Helen Clair, honors.

Singing: The members of the Select Choir in Gregorian Chant: Conducted by Geraldine Schuett, first class honors.

Barbara Goetz and Catherine Ryan, vocal duet, first class honors.

Geraldine Schuett, Margaret Tantardini, honors.

Flora Dean, vocal solo, honors.

Prizes for generous efforts and success in music, obtained by Florence Vipond.

Prize for highest standing in Toronto Conservatory examinations, obtained by Geraldine Schuett.

Prize for application and perseverance in music, obtained by Helen Clair.

Prize offered by W. C. Kelly for accomplishment as accompanist, obtained by Florence Vipond.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, 81st GRADUATION EXERCISES.

Graduation ceremonies opened at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, on the morning of June 12th, with High Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Wilfred Smith, O.Carm., at which the entire student body assisted. At the conclusion of the Mass, the Reverend Celebrant, who is the instructor of the Senior Classes in Religion, gave an inspiring talk to the graduates. He impressed on them the thought that although they had now achieved a long-desired end, their graduation was not really an end but a beginning. They had received a thorough training in Catholic principles; now it would be their duty to put these principles into practice in their daily lives. The school had done its part, had given them ideals and standards; now they must form their lives in accordance with these and prove themselves true Children of Mary.

In the evening Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given at 8.00 o'clock in the Academy chapel by Rev. Father Wilfred. Immediately afterwards, the graduates, each preceded by her tiny flower girl, bearing her

wreath, marched in colourful procession across the campus to the Mount Carmel Auditorium.

Diplomas, Scholarships and Medals Awarded.

Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan Speaker.

Marked with dignity and beauty, the graduation exercises of Loretto Academy were witnessed by hosts of friends and relatives of the nineteen young women of the graduating class. Lovely in their graduation gowns of white taffeta, fashioned simply with square neckline and tiered skirt, and carrying bouquets of Briareliff roses, lavender stocks and gypsophila, the graduates entered Mount Carmel auditorium, preceded by their charming flower girls who carried wreaths of pink cornflowers and smilax. Following the procession, the beautiful crowning ceremony was performed and the graduates took their places on the flower adorned platform.

"Canada, Dear Land Of Mine" (Carhall), was rendered in excellent manner by the Choral Class of the Academy, opening the evening's programme.

The Salutatory address and Valedictory

were delivered by Miss Jean Eggleston and Miss Phyllis Clark, respectively, before the large and interested audience which filled the auditorium.

The Choral Class heard at the opening of the programme, following the processional, "Pomp and Circumstance" (Elgar), delighted the listeners with the presentation of a Hymn of Peace, "On Wings of Song" (Mendelssohn), and "Waltz of the Flowers" (Tschaikowsky). Miss Mary Ruth Lardie and Miss Norma Efrick, talented young musicians, were heard to advantage in their rendition of "Minuet a l'Antico" (Seeboeck).

Miss Marjorie Nicks of Niagara Falls, N.Y., received the coveted Governor-General's medal for general proficiency and was also presented with the Papal medal for Church History. The Mary Ward Scholarship for Loretto Junior College offered to the member of the graduating class, who having obtained an average standing of first class honors in all subjects of Pass Matriculation obtains highest percentage in first class honors in English, was awarded to Betty Jane Leone, with honorable mention to Miss Jean Eggleston. The Archbishop Lynch Scholarship for Loretto Junior College offered to the non-resident student who obtains the highest standing in the subjects of fourth year high school course, was awarded to Miss Phyllis Clark, with honorable mention for Miss Muriel Barton and Miss Helen Shepherd. Honors were conferred on the graduates by Very Reverend Richard Haag, O.Carm.

The graduates, first named, with their flower girls, were: Betty Jane Leone, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Joan Lorne; Eleanor Brennan, St. Catharines, Marcelline O'Meara; Mary Bradt, St. Catharines, Mary Catherine Miner; Margaret Wissler, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Sylara Ann Macey; Sarah Ives, St. Catharines, Jeanette Austin; Mary Bampffield Allen, City, Carol Ann Robinson; Marjorie Nicks, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Doris Brunning; Mary Ruth Lardie, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Mary Sandra Richmond; Phyllis Clark, City, Sandra O'Reilly; Dorothy McCarthy, Buffalo, Marion Riddall; Ann Haydock, a war guest from York, England, Daphne Ballard; Dorothy Ross Mackey, Avon, N.Y., Christine Emmens; Helen Sheppard, City, Margaret Jane Kelly; Jean Eggleston, Buffalo, Nancy Whitacre; Harriette Mundell, City, Margo Fraser; Patricia Brown, Buffalo, Sharon Archer; Muriel Barton, City, Mary Ellen Power; Mary Piatowski, St. Catharines, Rita Piatowski; Mary Romanuk, City, Pat Matheson.

Addresses Graduates.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, delivered the address to the graduates. The reverend speaker began by congratulating the graduates on their achievement in reaching their goal of graduation. He offered them his best wishes for their future happiness and spiritual success in the great world to which they enter and return this evening. "This evening," he said, "is an occasion of great joy and triumph and also an occasion of serious thought and reflection." The keynote of the address to the graduates was the need in their future lives of the three loyalties, loyalty to God, to country and to their own ideals. Those three loyalties would carry them through the dangers and pitfalls of modern life. "Sometimes we say so and so graduated from a certain college but it would be more true to say he was graduated from the college, for it is the standards, ideals and traditions of the school which form the graduates. He reminded the graduates that they were entering a world which was facing a serious crisis, and that they must take home with them and form their lives on the standards and principles set before them in their school life. "If you want to succeed in being loyal to your country and to your God, take Loretto home with you. The motto of Loretto is, 'While I breathe I confide in the Cross.' Follow this motto through life and hope for the things that are beautiful and eternal," said the speaker.

Monsignor concluded his address in the following words: "Therefore we sum up in a very few words that as you leave your convent walls to return to your homes, some to business, some in professions, some in the cloister, I trust, be loyal to yourselves, to your country and to your God. Loyal to yourself by being honest with yourself. So we give you back in the name of Loretto to your fond parents and friends."

The delightful music which added so much to the beauty of the exercises was played by Miss Helen Grisdale, Miss Arleen Thomas and Miss Rosemary Deleo, pianists; and John Posset, Earl Mahoney and Miss Gladys Corby, the violinists. The singing of 'Ave Maria Loretto,' the school song, by Miss Betty Parks, was an outstanding feature of the evening. Miss Dorothy McCarthy of the 1942 class, student director of the Choral Class, deserves praise for her excellent work. The accompanist was Miss Helen Grisdale. The exercises

were concluded with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King."

To aid the Red Cross this year a silver collection was taken at the door by Red Cross nurses and the proceeds given to Stamford and Niagara Falls Red Cross.

* * *

In addition to the usual graduation diploma, the members of the class of 1942 received certificates for a course of home nursing, conferred by the Red Cross Association, for successful completion of this branch of war work.

At the close of the exercises, Miss Jean Eggleston, on behalf of the graduates, presented a cheque—the proceeds of the activities of the class in aid of the war, for May and June—to the Grand Knight of the Hennepin Council, towards the chapel for the soldiers of the Chippewa barracks, now in course of erection.

A MAN IN WHITE.

The smell of ether, the crisp starched whiteness of the nurses' uniforms, the operating table, the instruments laid out in readiness, met Doctor Monro's eyes as he entered the operating-room. This sight was a familiar one to the young doctor. He had had many operations of late, some more serious than others, but in spite of all his experience, Doctor Monro's face was haggard, for this was not an ordinary operation. The patient lying on this table was his younger brother, Jerald.

Doctor Monro was a brain specialist. For years he had studied abroad and now at the age of forty-five was considered one of the most brilliant surgeons of his time. His reputation was assured. Nurses admired him and considered it an honour to work on a case with him. His poise and quiet self-assurance never deserted him, but never till to-day had he to hold in his hand a life dearer to him than his own.

The patient, Jerald Monro, had contracted a tropical brain fever, the only cure for which was a very difficult operation from which he had one chance out of ten of recovering. Other available brain surgeons had refused to take the risk, so his brother, as a last hope, had agreed to operate. In his hands hung the balance of life or death.

As he slowly walked toward the operating table, he could see the nurses and doctors watching him, his heart began to pound in his breast and for a moment he had an impulse

to walk out of that room and never return to it. He pulled himself together, he must not go on like this, he was a doctor, a brilliant doctor, and a human life was depending on him for its existence.

The nurses had given the anaesthetic. Doctor Monro signalled his assistants that the operation was about to begin. Silence descended upon the group. He motioned for the scalpel. Pulse—respiration—the operation had begun!

There had been a tenseness in the room, but now it was lifted. The nurses exchanged glances. His operation was going to be a success. But as they watched the doctor, his face paled, he stiffened. Something was about to happen.

The next day the hospital buzzed with the story of Doctor Monro's magnificent operation. The newspapers had given him a front-page write-up; and there were rumors that he was in line for a grand promotion.

Doctor Monro awoke to find that he was famous. To-day he was scheduled for several operations, there would be the same smell of ether; the same crisp starched whiteness of the nurses' uniforms; doctors would consult him; nurses would look at him with the same respect and admiration; but underneath that respect and admiration, their eyes would be veiled with laughter as they remembered that the day before the "Great Doctor Monro had collapsed at the end of an operation."

Margarite Rice,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

NIGHT.

Shades of dusk are fast descending,
Shadows of the night are bending,
Toiling of the day is ending
And evening gently falls.

O'er the trees the moon is rising,
Zephyrs light are sweetly sighing—
Weary swallows homeward flying,
And evening softly calls.

Crickets long have ceased their singing,
Now, the owl tho' silent winging,
Fills the wood with echoes ringing—
The night has fallen fast.

When the gray of dawn is breaking,
When we mortals all are waking,
Forest folk home routes are taking—
And the long night is past.

Florence Willick, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls.



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

TOP ROW (left to right)—Peggy McInerney, Theo MacLeod, Helen Tressider.

SECOND ROW—Mary Kinsella, Rita Dillon, Jean Evel.

THIRD ROW—Lois Palmer, Helen Grightmire, Georgene Colman.

FOURTH ROW—Mary Scanlon, Marilyn Barry, Gwenyth Naylor, Marie Mc-

Manamy, Anne Williamson, Betty McKeon, Gloria Olivieri, Beth Spiker,

FRONT ROW—Ruth Truscott, Betty McKeon, June Brackon, Marie Jeanette Flynn.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON, Graduation Exercises.

Many relatives and friends filled to capacity the auditorium of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, on the occasion of the annual graduation exercises held Friday, May 21st.

Addressing the graduation class and those attending the impressive and colourful ceremony, Rev. P. L. O'Brien, Ph.D., S.T.L., of Guelph, congratulated the graduates on the completion of their studies. "Congratulations are to be extended also," the reverend speaker stated, "to the parents, the church and the state in connection with this graduation." Father O'Brien developed this point, explaining that in these troubled days the Church, the State and the family are benefited immensely by the contribution of such seats of learning as Loretto Academy in the academic and religious training afforded those in attendance. "The training of body, mind and in particular of the soul of the youth of our country is indeed an important war effort," the reverend speaker said.

Rt. Rev. G. L. Cassidy, representing His Excellency the Most Rev. J. F. Ryan, D.D., extended the Bishop's and his own congratulations to the graduates, their parents and teachers. Many other members of the clergy from Hamilton, Guelph, Brantford, Dundas and Caledonia were present.

War Donation Made.

A donation of \$170 to the Lord Mayor's fund, voluntarily contributed by the 20 members of the graduating class, was announced. The gift was accepted on behalf of the British Fund for Bomb Victims by Major William Morrison, K.C., who thanked the graduates for their generous spirit. Mayor Morrison also addressed the class briefly, congratulating them on the completion of their studies.

Students' Part.

The salutatory was given by Miss Ruth Truscott and the valedictory by Miss Marie Jeanette Flynn. A duet was contributed by Misses June Breckon and Mary Scanlan; solo numbers by Miss Ruth Truscott and Miss Marie Jeanette Flynn, and delightful choral numbers by the graduating class, with solo part by Miss Marie McManamy in the Ave Maria Loretto. The Loretto orchestra was in attendance. Miss Kathryn Martin was accompanist.

Morning Mass.

Mass was celebrated for the graduates in the chapel of the convent on Friday morning by Right Rev. T. L. Ferguson, of Brantford, and he addressed them on the beneficial influence they might exert when they went out into the world to assume their duties. The character developed during their student days in the convent, and the sense of responsibility which they should have acquired, would be factors tending to make their lives significant for good.

Graduates.

The graduates are: Misses Marilyn Barry, June Breckon, Georgene Coleman, Margarita Mary Dillon, Jean Evel, Marie Jeanette Flynn, Helen Grightmire, Mary Kinsella, Theo. MacLeod, Margaret McInerney, Betty McKeown, Marie McManamy, Gwenyth Naylor, Gloria Olivieri, Lois Palmer, Mary Scanlan, Beth Spiker, Helen Tresidder, Ruth Truscott and Anne Williamson.

Prizes Presented.

The following awards were received by graduates and students:

Gold Cross, presented by His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph F. Ryan, for highest standing in Christian Doctrine, awarded to Miss Rita Dillon.

Medal, presented by His Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, the Earl of Athlone, for highest standing in English Literature, awarded to Miss Mary Scanlan.

Gold Medal, presented by Right Reverend Monsignor Cassidy, for proficiency in Grade Twelve, awarded to Miss Norma Griffiths.

Gold Cross, presented by Mrs. Hart Smith, for highest standing in Christian Doctrine in Grades Nine and Ten, awarded to Miss Margaret Outridge.

Gold Cross, presented by Mr. Charles Land, for highest standing in Christian Doctrine in Grade Eight, awarded to Miss Joan Grightmire.

Scholarships, presented by the Loretto Alumnae, for highest standing in Middle School, 1940-1941, awarded to Miss Doris Binet; 1941-1942, awarded to Miss Betty McKeon.

Scholarship, presented by Mr. Joseph Pigott, K.C.S.G., for highest standing in Grade Eight, St. Joseph's School, June, 1941, awarded to Miss Mary Sheridan.

Partial Scholarships, presented by the Loretto Parent-Teacher Association, for highest

standing in Grade Eight, Loretto Academy, June, 1941, awarded to Miss Mary Lovering and Miss Elspeth Hill.

Partial Scholarship, presented by the late Honourable Senator George Lynch Staunton, for highest standing in Grade Ten, awarded to Miss Diana Arrell.

Commercial Department.

Prize for First Class honours in Senior Commercial Class, presented by Mr. R. F. Martlin, equally merited by Miss Eileen Radcliffe and Miss Mildred Sweeting, obtained by Miss Eileen Radcliffe.

Prize for First Class Honours in Junior Commercial Class, presented by Mr. Howard Williams, awarded to Miss Nancy Law.

Graduating Diplomas awarded to Miss Eileen Radcliffe, Miss Mildred Sweeting and Miss Helen Tressider.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

The auditorium at Loretto Academy was the setting for a delightful Maytime recital Friday evening, 27th, when Very Rev. D. J. Egan presented the honors won by the students at the recent Loretto Musical Festival held in Toronto and the certificates to the successful students at the Toronto Conservatory of Music examinations.

The setting was prettily effective, with baskets of spirea, honeysuckle, iris and other early summer blooms. The musical numbers given included: Choral selections by the senior students, "Salve Mater," sung in Gregorian Chant, "A World of Praise" (Aylward), sung in two-part; "Hymn for our Soldiers" and "O Canada," songs by the junior pupils, "God Save the King," "Toyland," "Lullaby," "Santa Lucia," "O Susanna." Musical recitations, readings on famous composers, five senior girls. Piano numbers were given by the following pupils: Eileen Davenport, Eileen Herron, Valerie O'Leary, Michael Savinsky, Jack Leeming, George Kennedy, Audrey Kennedy, Audrae Ann Atkins, Margaret Kane, Mary Moss, Elinor Banks, Teresa Stock, Patricia Ireland, Wanda Frawley, Frances Morphy, Isabel Seidl.

Awards Presented.

The following candidates obtained honor standing: Class 9, 16 years, Marion Costello; class 7, 14 years, Frances Morphy, Wanda Frawley; class 5, 13 years, Margaret Kane,

Mary Moss; class 3, 11 years, Audrae Ann Atkins, class 1, 9 years, Isabel Seidl; certificates from Toronto Conservatory of Music: Grade II, Theory, first class honors, Miss Patricia O'Dwyer, Miss Estelle Oldaker.

A GRADUATION SOLILOQUY.

(FOR FLORENCE McNAMARA)

The PAST I know, and it will never leave
My memory, but will remain unchanged
Throughout the years: it cannot then deceive
But ever, evermore it will be ranged
With the irrevocable: and the swift
Fleeting PRESENT, altho' mine to-day,
I cannot hold: to-morrow sees it drift,
Towards the relentless past making its way.
Uncertainty of life must then surround
Only the FUTURE: and though 'tis obscure,
A hopeful pathway to my goal I've found,
A pathway ever safe as it is sure,
Shown me within my academic past.
So all my fondest hopes and gravest fears
Into God's loving care may now be cast,
For He will guide me thro' my future years.
He guides Loretto's children in their ways
Thro' life, for we are 'neath His Mother's care,
And Alma Mater for us daily prays:
Absent or present, in her love we share.
With all my hopes, then, cast upon the Lord
And His beloved Mother, well I know
That I can face the FUTURE with such guard,
Where'er my lot is cast, where'er I go.

Mother M. Dorothea.

THE STUDENT'S PRAYER.

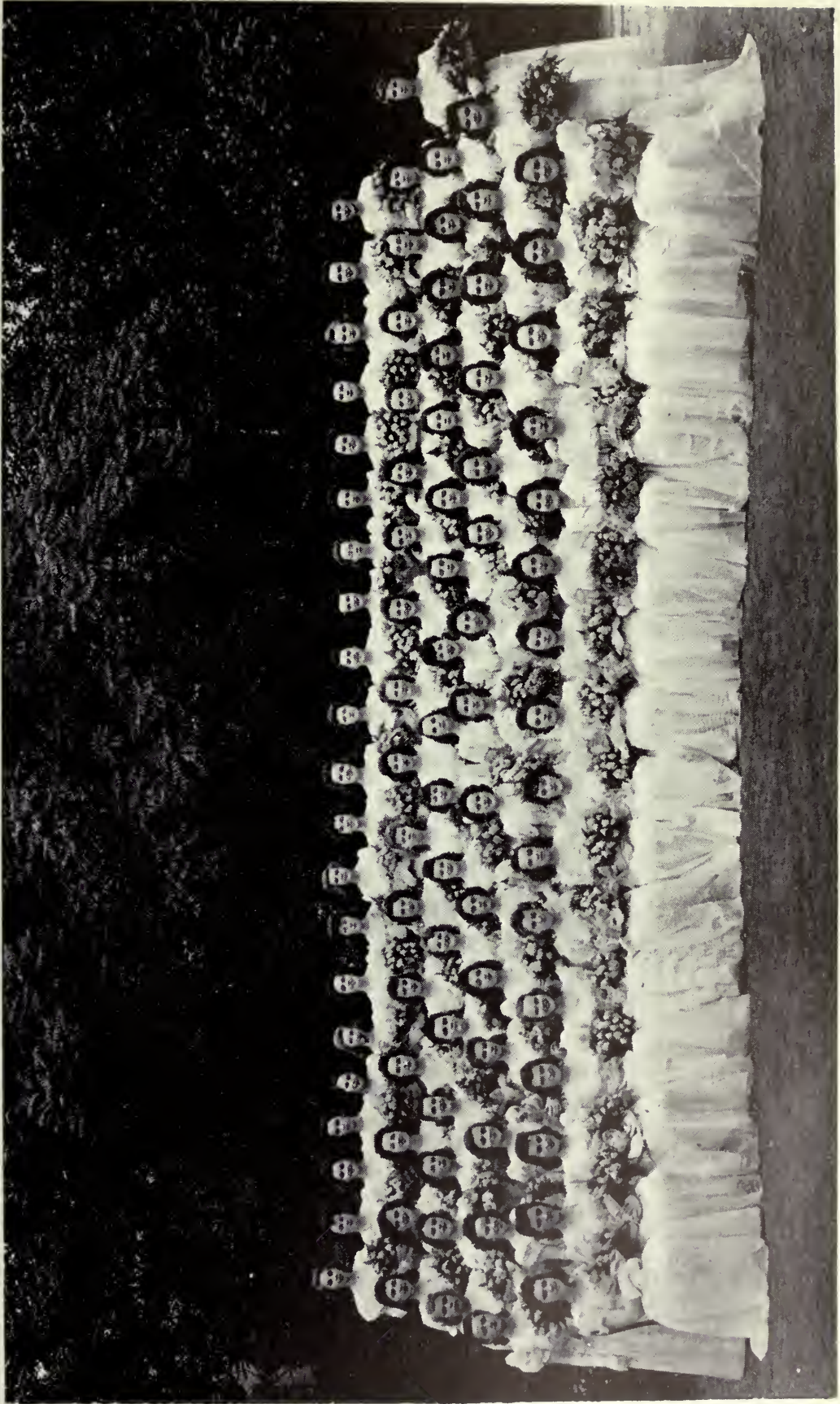
Come Holy Ghost, with God the Son,
And God the Father, ever One;
Come dwell this day within my breast,
And ever be my welcome guest.

God, grant me grace that I may see
What e'er may happen comes from Thee;
That I may do Thy will each day,
At home, in school, at work or play.

God, give me strength that I may do
The tasks assigned by teachers true.
May I a good example be
To all who go to school with me.

And when school days are o'er, I'll ask,
Thy help to do my earthly task;
Keep my body from perils free,
And give my soul true peace in Thee.

Helen Mahl, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.



GRADUATION EXERCISES OF LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, IN ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH, CHICAGO.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

As prelude to Graduation came a series of happy events. On May 18, Loretto - De La Salle concert in Orchestra Hall gave our Loretto Glee Club and De La Salle High School Band an opportunity to entertain conjointly. Next, the Senior Prom held at Shoreland Hotel, May 22, was perfect—smiling faces, stunning formals, fragrant corsages, attentive escorts, music by Norm Faulkner—and the

Grand March led by our Class president, Lorraine Hennessey.

On May 28, the Junior-Senior banquet was a delightful affair. The Juniors' prized gift to each Senior was a pearl lavalier, bearing the school crest, hanging from a gold chain.

Finally, Graduation Day arrived. In the morning, the Mother-Daughter Mass was followed by a choice graduation breakfast. In the late evening eighty-seven happy maidens

in graduation gowns and carrying yellow roses, symbolic of the Golden Jubilee of Loretto-Englewood, proceeded from the school to St. Bernard's Church, to receive their graduation honors from Rt. Reverend Msgr. Ryan. An excellent address was given by Reverend George Dunn, S.J., and the ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A few days later the graduates of 1942 were received into the Loretto Alumnae. The principal speakers on the occasion were Monsignor Ryan, Mother M. St. Roque, Loretto Alumnae Jubilarian, and Miss Elizabeth Cassidy, President of Englewood Alumnae.

Pleasant memories for Class of '42 are: The successful establishment of Mary Ward Chapter of Quill and Scroll, Honorary Society of High School Journalism; installation of a loud speaking public address system in the school by Classes '41 and '42; and our Loretto Year Book!

OUR CONTRIBUTION.

Everyone should try to cultivate a ready smile. There is nothing more depressing, more likely to dampen one's good spirits, than to meet a familiar, but frowning face. In this weary, war-torn world we welcome more than ever the heart-warming friendliness of a spontaneous smile; we often find that it is just that little bit of encouragement from another that we need to keep our own morale on the up-grade. Someone once said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you." We all would enjoy going out each day to meet a smiling world, wouldn't we? Then, let each of us attempt to radiate a little cheer from ourselves—our contribution to a world cause!

Lucille Braithwaite, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

QUEEN OF MOTHERS.

Mother Mary, ever sweet,
Morning finds us at thy feet,
Offering little prayers we say,
Self-denials of the day,
Acts of kindness we display,
On this, our Mother Mary's Day.

Then as evening closes o'er,
Gentle voices skyward soar
In a hymn of thankful prayer
For thy sweet and loving care,
For thy priceless gifts, so rare,
On this our Mother Mary's Day.

Rita Ryan, XI,
Loretto High School,
Regina, Sask.

A TOAST TO "OUR SCHOOL."

Our School.—It is she who is teaching us to "play the game" fairly, squarely, always on the up and up. She is opening our eyes, as it were, to the pitfalls of the highway; is showing us the highwaymen we must shun. She has already shown us what is meant by success as well as taught us how to take failure and humiliation. She is lending us her unsullied name to carry with us as a genuine passport to honour and success. She has discovered to us our faults and imperfections, but she has also striven to help us to overcome them. Should we stumble on that rocky highway that is Life, the thought of our school will strengthen us and enable us to rise without hesitation and go forward. Perhaps more valuable than all else, she will leave with us the memories of all that is good and noble. We owe more gratitude than we can express to our school, our lasting benefactor.

Laurette Gould, XI,
Loretto High School,
Regina, Sask.

TO MOTHER.

I can not thank you, Mother,
For all your loving care;
But I can tell you, Mother,
That each day, everywhere,
In all my thoughts,
In all my prayers,
In everything I do,
I'll cherish and revere you,
And may God bless you too!

In infancy and boyhood
You've guided me with mirth,
But I can tell you, Mother,
That when you leave this earth,
In all my thoughts,
In all my prayers,
In everything I do,
I'll still remember, Mother dear,
The mother ever true.

A. Eistetter, XI,
Loretto High School,
Regina, Sask.

CAMP JOYS.

The joys of a camp are chiefly these:
Riding and swimming in a cool breeze;
Sailing, canoeing away on the lake;
The glow of the morning when first you awake.

The stars in the sky at the middle of night;
The prayer you say that sets all right;
These are the joys of a summer camp,
When into the woods you gaily tramp.
Audrey Shortt, Grade VIII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Nova Simpkin, Rita Berube, Agnes Paquette, Frances Murphy, Adele Brosco, Helen Macrellis, Mary Louise Dagnais, Dorothy Osterhout.
BACK ROW—Lorelle Osmar, Irene Howell, Marguerite Stanaway, Helen Rappin, Patricia La Pointe, Mary Veronica Harrington, Lauretta Michell, Margaret Paquin, Betty Routhier.

YOU TO THE RIGHT AND I TO THE LEFT.

The delicate perfume of sweet, pink roses, the delightful swishing of a long, white formal, the ever enchanting strains of the "Ave Maria Loretto," the smiling faces of little flower girls in blue, and my loving classmates gathered about me for the last time—yes, this is my graduation night!

I used to think I would be very happy when I was graduated, because then I would not have to go to school any more. Now, I wonder. Yes, I wonder how much I will miss my dear classmates, the Sisters who have taught me since I was in kindergarten, and the stately Loretto walls where I have been guided through successes and failures, praises and chidings, gladness and sorrow.

Now, as I sit beside the girl with whom I have attended school for the past twelve years, the familiar lines of an old but ever beautiful poem race through my varied thoughts:

"You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever;
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!"

Frances Murphy, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

U.S.S. AMERICA.

The ship is red, white and blue. It flies no foreign flag, but one familiar, with stars and stripes of the same red, white, and blue. The boat is the ship of life. It sails the turbulent seas of war and hatred. The year is 1942. The stern bears the name "U.S.S. America." Its course is charted. Its destination is a land of freedom—of true democracy. Its captain stands at the helm. He is growing old in years and stern of visage but his life has been one of service—courageous and loyal. He is a true captain. The crew—are they all nationalities? German, French, Irish, Italian? No! These are Americans. Not German, English, or any other nationality. They are a loyal crew—loyal to their captain's commands. They have a proud motto, "In God We Trust." They have a battle-cry that echoes across the sea, "Unity for Victory," a guiding wind that holds the sails full-billowing and white—that carries them forward toward their

goal—in fair weather or bad. But it is not the captain only, and it is not the crew, that sails the ship successfully. It is every individual from the captain to the cabin boy. There is only one way to victory—"united we stand, divided we fall."

Patricia LaPointe, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

TO-DAY'S CONVERSATION.

The main talk in our country to-day is war and the defence program. It is all very exciting but the one thing that interests me most is the rubber shortage. The situation is grave and restrictions are placed on all rubber goods.

Tires for cars seem to be the leading problem. It is impossible to run cars without tires, not to mention bicycles. Next will come the old-fashioned buggies, sleighs, and horses, or maybe just walking! Imagine getting up at 5.30 or 6.00 a.m., packing enough lunch for the day, then riding behind a team of horses or walking to school. And what about mistakes in school work, with no erasers on the pencils?

Imagine our streets without cars! What would become of the recently installed parking meters? Perhaps they would make good hitching posts.

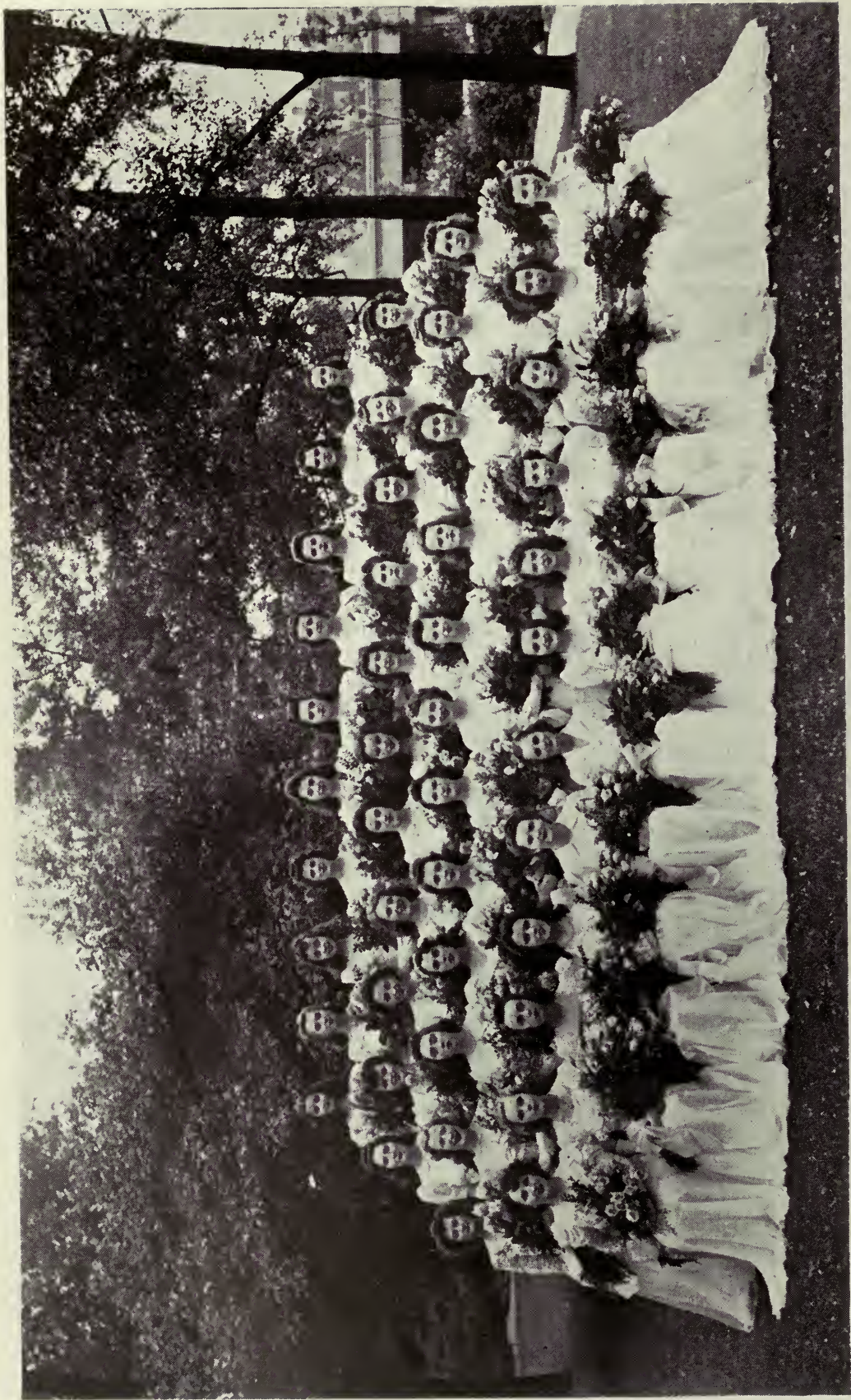
After all, I agree with some persons who think it may be a good thing for us to take a slower pace and have time to live and think better, instead of making life one great rush. Most of our parents have gone through that stage, so why can't we?

Helen Mahl, XI,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

INVENTORY.

Vacation is here! Oh, dear!
Here's a locker of books, and junk and stuff!
Better start at the bottom—to begin with, a cuff!
A pair of gym shoes; a leaf of School News;
Geometry papers, smudged and torn;
A weary Latin, all dog-eared and worn.
And here's that pen I thought had vanished
With the red Christmas candle, long since banished.
This bid, from the dance, calls back sweet romance.
My! my! even a lunch,
With soggy sandwich and cookies to munch.
Here's Caesar and Marnar, and Henry VIII,
Who gave, so they say, six wives the gate;
A scarlet mitten minus a thumb—
And here's the prize—a package of gum!

Susan Galgan, X,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETTA ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

TOP ROW (left to right)—Florence Frank, Betty Kompare, Betty Heyden, Bridine Cardosi, Coletta Fennell, Celest Conley, Loretta Alisuskas, Lucille Braithwaite, Marvlon Kiley and Alice Graham.
 SECOND ROW—Elizabeth Anne Morlock, Therese Hanley, Loretta Platt, Lorita Maloney, Patricia Shea, Nancy O'Donnell, Marie Payne, Edna Torkelson, Bette Jayne Nilsen, Marilyn Each, Constance McKinney.
 THIRD ROW—Betsy Cook, Lorraine Delaney, Mary Lucille Byrne, Mary Virus, Rosemary Riordan, Laverne Goetzinger, Virginia Smith, Virginia Clarke, Peggy Bourke, Grace Reitz, Genevieve Wasiel, Edna Chmura.
 FRONT ROW—Rita McNeill, Dorothy Voss, Betty Crotty, Edith McGinty, Geraldine O'Connor, Joy Gleason, Marion Malloy, Doris O'Rourke, Anne McCormick, Mary Kay Rullen, Jayne Schmeckebler, and Patricia Gleason.



GRADUATES, 1942, LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVE., TORONTO.

BACK ROW (left to right)—Mary Biers, Cecelia Marzalik, Julia Feeley, Ruth Scott, Eleanor Foster, Bonnie Stevenson, Patricia Greutorex.

FRONT ROW—Rosemary McDonald, Theresa Dopp, Mary Moore, Dorene Cain, Mary Black, Lillian Dzurman, Mary Le Hockey, Sally Chiovetti, (inset) Florence Malacarne.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL.**Graduation in St. Peter's Church.**

Unique in this season of graduations was that which took place in St. Peter's Church, Toronto, on Sunday afternoon, May 31. War conditions which are turning the minds of many, more and more, to things of the spirit, induced Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, for the second time, to emphasize the spiritual rather than the social side of graduation by holding it in the church.

Up the centre aisle of the beautiful church, advanced the student body. The sixteen graduates, simply but attractively gowned in white, wore white floral wreaths and carried bouquets of pink roses with blue streamers. The hymn "Veni Creator" (Gregorian), sung with devotion and assurance, was followed by the presentation of the graduation medals by Rt. Rev. J. V. Harris, D.P., acting for His Grace the Archbishop. Then followed the hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy." The address by the Rector, Very Rev. S. B. Latchford, C.S.P., was replete with soul-stirring thoughts. The hymns, "In Thy Name, O Mary," and "Praise Ye the Lord," were followed by Solemn Benediction. The officiating clergy were Rt. Rev. J. V. Harris, Rev. Dr. L. A. Markle, and Fl. Lt. Rev. J. E. McHenry. The Benediction hymns were, "Jesu Mitis" (Melvil), "Tantum Ergo" (Fifteenth Century Melody), "Adoremus in Aeternum." The ceremony closed with "God Save the King."

The graduation exercises terminated in the convent auditorium where the stage had been transformed into a beautiful shrine to the Blessed Virgin. The pupils of the school entered the large hall, each carrying her floral offering to deck Our Lady's bower. The graduates, Miss Mary Biers, Miss Mary Black, Miss Dorene Cain, Miss Sally Chiovetti, Miss Theresa Dopp, Miss Lillian Dzurman, Miss Julia Feeley, Miss Eleanor Foster, Miss Patricia Greatorex, Miss Mary LeHockey, Miss Rosemary McDonald, Miss Florence Malacarne, Miss Cecilia Marzalik, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Ruth Scott, Miss Bonnie Stevenson, publicly dedicated themselves to their beloved patroness and model, the great Mother of God. The singing of the school Hymn, "Ave Maria Loretto," and "God Save the King," brought to a close a graduation admirably in keeping with a convent training which ever strives to impress the importance of "minding the things that are above."

VALEDICTORY.

As the most recent Loretto College School graduates we lay aside the cherished memories of the past; and with a certain amount of hesitancy and timidity, we stand on the brink of an unknown future. Graduation day has come and gone, marking the fulfilment of a long-awaited joy. It seems to end a glorious past but, in reality, it is only the beginning of a new life.

As soldiers of Christ, we are now called to play an active part in the great battle of life. We look ahead and gaze at a world buried in the depths of chaos and disorder. We can see only the tottering of governments, the bankruptcy of nations, the upheaval of social conditions, and the onslaughts against Christianity. We can see only a world submerged in the depths of immorality. Beyond all this stands Ambition's towering mountains, gilded with the gold of pecuniary profit, inviting all men to scale its lofty heights, so promising, yet so deceitful.

This is the condition of the world into which we are going; these are the powers against which we must fight. The battle will seem long and overwhelming, but we are well-armed with unerring weapons. The lessons of Christian perfection are so engraved on our hearts that we shall overcome valiantly the powers of darkness. The good counsels of our parents and teachers are so instilled in our memories that we shall never forget them. And as we set out, the comforting words of our Divine Leader cheers us, "Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid."

Under His leadership we go valiantly down the dark paths of the future, determined to conquer any dragon that dares impede our way. We go with a confidence that, when we come to the end of this new beginning, we shall again experience the long-awaited joy, and re-live this happy graduation day. Dressed in bridal white, with all the mystifying splendour of the heavenly court, our names will again be called. And with the same heartfelt joy, we shall glide into the throne-room of the everlasting God, and kneeling at His feet, receive the crown of eternal happiness.

Sally Chiovetti, Junior College,
Loretto, Brunswick.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

- Patroness, **MOTHER GENERAL M. ST. TERESA, I.B.V.M.**
 Honorary Presidents **MOTHER M. ERNESTINE, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. CONSTANCE, I.B.V.M.**
 Past President **MRS. J. P. HYNES, 39 Castle Frank Cres., Toronto.**
 President **MRS. T. CASEY O'GORMAN, 33 Elgin Ave., Toronto.**
 First Vice-President..... **MRS. ALEXANDER MCGEE STEPHENSON.**
 Second Vice-President **MISS DOROTHY LATCHFORD.**
 Treasurer **MISS MARY DAWSON.**
 Recording Secretary..... **MISS MIRIAM ANGLIN.**
 Corresponding Secretary..... **MISS MARGARET McCORMACK.**
 Assistant Corresponding Secretary **MISS AVE KIRBY.**
 Convener of House **MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH, 71 Southwood, Toronto.**
 Convener of Membership **MISS MARY MACDONALD.**
 Convener of Tea **MRS. W. M. SHANAHAN.**
 Convener of Entertainment..... **DR. GERALDINE MALONEY.**
 Convener of Activities **MISS CALLIE DUNN.**
 Convener of Press **MISS PEGGY RYAN.**

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

- Loretto Abbey College, Toronto **MISS EVELYN KING.**
 Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter **MISS RUTH BAIGENT, 54 Harper Ave., Toronto.**
 Niagara Falls **MISS MARY BAMPFIELD, 761 Clifton Rd., Niagara Falls, Ont.**
 Hamilton, Ont. **MISS LILLIAN WARNICK, 133 Stinson Ave., Hamilton.**
 Stratford, Ont. **MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.**
 Englewood, Chicago **MISS MARY DONAHUE.**
 Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan **MRS. VIOLET GILLESPIE.**
 Loretto, Joliet Circle **MRS. GEORGE GRAY, 105 S. Park Ave., Joliet, Ill.**
 Woodlawn, Chicago **MRS. JAMES P. KAVANAGH, 6234 Greenwood Ave., Chicago.**
 Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle **MRS. JOHN W. BABCOCK.**
 Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle..... **MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Eggertsville, N.Y.**
 Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary..... **MRS. DANIEL McCORMICK, 619 E. 89th Place, Chicago.**
 Loretto, Winnipeg Circle **MISS VERONICA O'MEARA, 277 River Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.**

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

The last quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held Sunday, June 7th, at Loretto College, St. George St. The President, Mrs. O'Gorman, welcomed the graduates warmly. She spoke in appreciation of the splendid efforts of the dance and membership committees and mentioned that next year, even more than this, the money for our scholarships will have to come from membership fees rather than from social functions, as in the past. Mrs. Alexander Stephenson reported that the bridge held May 15th at Loretto College under her convenership netted \$80.25.

The minutes of the annual meeting, 1942, were taken as read, moved by Mrs. Balfour and se-

conded by Miss Gerarda Rooney. The Membership Convener, Miss Mary MacDonald, reported that 550 notices, 1 Mass card and 2 letters of condolence had been sent and a letter from Flt. Lieut. Goodrow received. Miss Cherrier of the Women's Retreat Association spoke of the retreat at Loretto Abbey, June 26-28, to be given by a Jesuit Father.

Miss MacDonald spoke in favour of a two-day convention to be held in September at Loretto College and Loretto-Brunswick School. Everyone at the meeting was enthusiastic at the prospect of seeing old friends, and thought it an excellent idea. The motion made was seconded by Miss Margaret McCormack, put to a vote and carried.

Miss Ann Kelly suggested that the Abbey scholarship be dropped for the duration. It was voted and passed by Abbey members. Miss Kelly also spoke as a member of the Library Committee which, she said, has been in existence since 1927. It is customary for each outgoing executive to donate furniture to the Abbey. It was urged that this year the library furnishing be finished if at all possible.

Guest speaker, Miss Mary Power, dwelt in a most interesting manner on "Women's Part in the War." Mrs. Senior tendered the vote of thanks, seconded by Mrs. Harkins.

Mrs. Harkins told of a request from Memorial House (formerly old St. Andrews, and now a hostess house for women in the R.C.A.F.) for Catholic hostesses. Mrs. Balfour then said there had been an equally urgent appeal from Flt. Lieut. Goodrow, chaplain of the C.W.L. Chapel at Manning Depot, for Catholic hostesses to entertain air-force boys on Sunday afternoons.

On the adjournment of the meeting, all went to the library, where a delicious coffee substitute was served, causing much favourable comment, and requests for the recipe.

The annual luncheon in honour of the Loretto College School graduates for 1942 was held on Saturday, June 20th, at Geo. Coles, Ltd.

The table was charmingly decorated with roses and bouvardia and a delicious luncheon was served. Only ten of the sixteen graduates were able to attend, as the other six were busily engaged in war work. Those present were: Misses Eleanor Foster, Doreen Cain, Lily Dzurman, Julia Feeley, Patricia Greatorex, Mary Le Hockey, Rosemary MacDonald, Florence Malacarne, Cecilia Marzalik, and Bonnie Stevenson. The young ladies were presented with pearl beads and a souvenir menu of the luncheon. Many former graduates were present to meet old friends and greet the new.

At the conclusion of the luncheon Miss Ruth Baigent, as chairman, asked the ladies to rise for a toast to our Holy Father the Pope and to Our King. She then called upon Miss Margaret McCormick to welcome our new alumnae, the graduates of '42, and to toast our Alma Mater. Miss McCormick impressed upon our new members the importance of their loyalty and support, especially in these times of stress when the execution of our work in assisting the Loretto Community depends almost entirely on our own members. Miss Eleanor Foster, President of Class 1942, replying to the toast, pledged the loyalty and co-operation of each member of the class.

She also commented on the seriousness of world affairs, and stated that now more than ever is Christian education important, requiring that we do all in our power to further that cause. Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman, President of the Loretto Alumnae Association, spoke briefly, welcoming the 1942 graduates and stating, as Miss McCormick had done, that we must depend almost entirely on our own efforts for raising funds for the work of the Association. More than ever we must be loyal Loretto Alumnae

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

Saturday, May 9, was a full day for most of Loretto Alumnae in Detroit. Being Mary's Day, it was celebrated by the Detroit City Circle of I.F.C.A., at Mass and breakfast at the new Mercy College conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Fourteen of our girls represented Loretto Alumnae, which was the largest representation present.

In the afternoon we were guests of Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Toronto) for our annual meeting in her new home in Huntington Woods. The intensely Catholic atmosphere of her home was an inspiration to all of the twenty-four members present. Meeting opened with prayer, and reports were called for from all officers and chairmen. The sum of \$75.00 was voted for the Loretto Nuns at the Sault. Ste. Marie convent for a Summer School Scholarship.

Mrs. F. N. Wilson, retiring president, read an interesting report of the work accomplished during the past two years, and closed with a plea for the continuance of our loyal spirit, in spite of the uncertainties of the future. We enthusiastically gave a vote of thanks and appreciation to Mrs. Wilson, who has been our charming and devoted president during her double term of office. She is one of the oldest members of the Circle, having joined after we expanded from a Detroit Chapter of Sault Ste. Marie Loretto Alumnae (organized in January, 1924), to include Alumnae from other Loretto Academies.

The following officers and chairmen make up the Executive for the coming year: Mrs. John W. Babcock, President, succeeding Mrs. F. N. Wilson. Mrs. Edwin Hurd, re-elected Vice-President; Mrs. Thomas Shea, elected 2nd Vice-President, succeeding Mrs. M. G. Brick. Miss Mary Woods elected Recording Secretary, succeeding Mrs. J. W. Matheson; Mrs. Ceal LaChance, elected Treasurer, succeeding Miss Mary Woods; Mrs. Edward O'Connell, re-elected Financial Secretary; Mrs. T. N. Doherty, re-elected Corresponding Secretary.

Our new president, Mrs. Babcock, appointed the following to serve on Committees: Publicity, Miss Myrtle Lloyd; Reception, Mrs. F. N. Wilson and Mrs. Bert Ripley; I.F.C.A., Mrs. J. J. Timpy; Parliamentary, Miss Loretta Dupuis; Revision, Mrs. V. J. Lordan; Charities, Mrs. D. J. McCormick; Programme, Mrs. Hurd and Mrs. Shea; Rainbow, Mrs. A. H. Priebe.

The most enjoyable meeting of the year closed with the singing of "God Bless America," and our hostess graciously presiding at the Tea table, assisted by her two young daughters.

I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Ide (Eunice Kuntz, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the arrival of their little daughter, Mary Suzanne, July 5, 1941.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. O'Connor (Gertrude McLaughlin, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, May 5, 1942.

To Mr. and Mrs. Willard Broderick (Helen Frombgen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Willick (Mary Blanche, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of their little Geraldine Elizabeth, on March 6. Baby Geraldine is a niece of Sr. M. Carlotta, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Repa (Francis Willock, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the recent birth of a daughter, Carol Anne, who is also a niece of Sr. M. Carlotta, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Keith Guiltman (Betty Vradenburg, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of their daughter, Elizabeth Keith, January 31.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald McGowan (Helen Lloyd, L.D.S.), on the birth of a son, Peter Edward, nephew of Mother M. Basilla, I.B.V.M., on March 13.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Shaw (Catherine Newland), on the birth of their twin daughters, grandnieces of Sr. M. Anna, March 14.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Weatherhead (Eileen Lacey, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their son, Michael Francis, March 23.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Garrity (Mary Jane Knight, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Patricia, in June.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Goggin (Mary Quigley, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a son, Charles Henry, on March 17.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lee (Gertrude Budeau, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Brown (Jane Williamson, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), on the birth of a son, Michael Herbert.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCarthy (Ruth Lally, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Bridget, on February 15.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Heffernan (Margaret Ritchie, Loretto-Guelph Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Nancy, on April 20.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kloepfer (Kathleen Egan), on the birth of a daughter, Maureen Agnes, on April 27.

To Mr. and Mrs. Moscati (Rose Romana, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, on the birth of a son, Vincent Paul, March 16.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan B. Lampe (Gwendolyn Griffin, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, May 13.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Madeleine Crowley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crowley, Kenilworth, was married, June 29, to Mr. Vernon Foley, brother of M. M. Audrey, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Boyle, Loretto Abbey Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Boyle, was married, April 17, to Mr. John Douglas Harrison.

Miss Anna Mary Hammill, daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. J. A. Hammill, and niece of Mother M. St. Winnifred, I.B.V.M., was married, April 18, to Mr. Robert Laurin.

Miss Margaret Mary Conniff, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Conniff, was married, June 13, to Mr. Donald R. Conover.

Miss Olive Smith, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. Patrick Smith and the late Mrs. Smith, was married, June 20, to Mr. George Johnson.

Miss Eileen Yore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yore, was married, March 1, to Mr. Gerald Callahan.

Miss Helen Bodendistel, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bodendistel, was married, May 2, to Mr. Fred. Halloran.

Miss Agnes Austin, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Agnes Austin, was married, April 30, to Mr. Gerald Phelan.

Miss Miriam Shea, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, was married recently to Mr. Richard Dubois.

Miss Elizabeth Flanagan, sister of Miss Alma Flanagan, student at Loretto-Stratford, was married, May 25, to Mr. Jerome McNamara.

Miss Jeanne Paré, daughter of Mr. Avila Paré and the late Mrs. Paré, was married on Saturday of Easter week to Mr. James Ridyard.

Miss Lucy Ann Kuntz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kuntz, and Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married to Captain Ralph Tailby.

Miss Maija-Leena Koshkinen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married to Mr. William Ewart Homan.

Miss Jean Rosalie Biggar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Biggar, and Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married, April 27, to Lieut. Hugh Campbell McKinnon.

Miss Joan Matthews, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Niagara Falls, was married to Mr. Douglas Cooper.

Miss Kathleen Sheppard, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sheppard, was married, May 26, to Mr. George Castle Passett.

Miss Eileen Mahoney, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Mahoney, was married, June 27, to Mr. Stewart Murray.

Miss Sophia Blanch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Blanch, and Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married recently to Mr. Leo Koable.

Miss Norah Joan Strickland, Loretto Abbey Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Strickland, Saskatoon, was married, June 6, to Flight-Lieut. Derrick England.

Miss Mary Geraldine Angela Kelly, daughter of Mr. John J. Kelly, was married, February 15, to Mr. Douglas Klinkhammer.

Miss Kathleen Mary O'Flaherty, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Michael O'Flaherty was married, June 13, to Mr. Fred. Woodrow Wilson.

Miss Rita Quinn, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Quinn, was married recently to Dr. Holmes, Toronto. The wedding party called at Loretto College School directly after the Nuptial Mass, affording the bride's former teachers great pleasure and securing a host of good wishes for the happy couple.

Miss Catherine Patricia McBride, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna, daughter of Mr. P. F. McBride and the late Mrs. McBride, was married on

April 13, to Mr. Frederick Lawrence Conway, son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Conway, Toronto. Rev. J. L. McBride, of Hamilton, uncle of the bride, celebrated the Nuptial Mass in St. Joan of Arc Church, Toronto.

Miss Dorothea Cain, Loretto College Alumna, was married in St. Peter's Church, Toronto, on May 30, to Mr. George McDonald Parke.

SYMPATHY.

To the dear Bar-Convent Community, York, England, on the recent tragic deaths of five beloved members, when the historic convent was bombed during an enemy raid; also, to the bereaved relatives of these deceased members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, especially to Mrs. MacDonnell, Toronto, whose sister, Mother M. Gerard, was one of the five heroic religious who had left the shelter to search for a missing aged member of the Community, who was found and placed in safety.

To Mr. Peter Birns, on the death of his daughter, Miss Helen Birns, also to the bereaved brothers, Rev. Francis Birns, S.J., and Mr. Jack Birns, and sisters, Mrs. George Benton, Sister St. Madeleine, I.B.V.M., and Miss Eileen Birns, R.N. Sympathy is extended to Helen's bereaved uncles and aunts, especially Mother M. Borromeo, Superior, Loretto Academy, Guelph, and Mother M. St. Charles, I.B.V.M., Loretto College School, Toronto.

To Mr. Joseph Connelly and Miss Afra Connelly, on the recent death of their mother, Mrs. Catherine Connelly; also to Mrs. Kenneth Donnelly and Miss Agnes Madden, sisters of Mrs. Connelly.

To Mr. Ferriter, on the death of his wife, on May 2, and to Miss Mary Ferriter, Mr. John, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Emmet, and Mr. Augustine Ferriter, in the loss of their devoted mother; also to Mrs. Ferriter's bereaved brothers and sisters, especially Mother M. Borromeo, and Mother M. St. Charles, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. W. H. Fox, on the recent death of his wife, Helen Agatha Moore (Loretto Abbey Alumna); to Miss Mary Catherine (Loretto Abbey Alumna); to Flight Officer W. H. Fox, Leading Aircraftsman Hugh M. Fox, Mr. John J. and Mr. George A. Fox, in the loss of their mother; also to Mrs. Fox's sisters, Miss Minnie Moore, Mrs. Robert Bell, and Miss Lillian Moore.

To Mr. Stafford Higgins, on the death of his wife, Belinda Mary Byrnes (Loretto Abbey Alumna), on June 14, and to their daughter, Mrs. Bruce Burry (Loretto Abbey Alumna); and their sons, Mr. Frank, Mr. Paul, and Mr. Stafford Higgin, Jr.; also to Mrs. Higgins' cousins, especially Mother M. Helene, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Clarence and Mr. Louis Drago; to Miss Margaret and Miss Isabel Drago, and Mrs. O'Heany (Loretto Alumnae), on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. L. Drago (Annie O'Rourke), First President of Loretto-Niagara Alumnae.

To Mr. T. Flynn and Mrs. Clarence Drago (Margaret), on the recent death of their mother, Mrs. Joanna Flynn.

To Mrs. Burton Hotchkiss, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Frances E. Skinner (Fanny Brennan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on March 10.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Heysel, on the death of their daughter, Miss Mary Heysel, on April 10; and to Mary's bereaved sisters, Eileen (Mrs. N. Redlin), Miss Dorothy Heysel, and Mrs. N. Maves.

To Mrs. Saph, on the death of her husband, Mr. C. J. Saph, and to their daughter, Miss Ethyl, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

To Mr. Read, on the death of his sister, and to Betty, Helen, and Ann, Loretto Alumnae, in the loss of their dear aunt.

To Mrs. Haun, on the recent death of her husband and to their bereaved daughters, Nora (Mrs. Wilson) and Evelyn (Mrs. Goetzman), Loretto-Niagara Alumnae.

To Mr. James O'Leary and Mrs. Connelly, on the death of their brother, Mr. Tim O'Leary, and to Mr. James Matthews and Miss Elizabeth Matthews, cousins of Mr. O'Leary.

To the bereaved family of Mr. Claude Lessard, especially his sister, Miss Frances Lessard, pupil at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

To Mr. Martin and Mr. John Hogan (former St. Bride's pupils) and Miss Mary Hogan, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, on the death, on June 12, of their mother, Mrs. Martin Hogan.

To Mrs. Callahan, on the recent death of her daughter, Margaret, a Senior at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

To Miss Ellen Tierney, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. Tierney.

To Dr. and Mrs. George Schumacher, on the death of their infant daughter, Nancy.

To Miss Margaret Killeen, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, on the recent death of her mother.

To Mrs. McVey (Elizabeth Hogan, Loretto-Joliet Alumna), on the recent death of her husband, Mr. J. McVey.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gosslin (Florilla Webb, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the death of their dear son, killed in action at Pearl Harbor.

To Mrs. Dudgeon, on the death of her husband, on May 3; and to Donald, John, Margaret, Frances, Mary, Rowena (Mrs. G. L. Case), George

and Sr. M. Victor, I.B.V.M., in the loss of their dear father.

To Mr. James Stapleton, on the recent death of his wife, and to their son, Mr. Harvey Stapleton; also to Mrs. Stapleton's brother, Mr. James Weiss, and her sisters, Miss R. Weiss, and Mother M. Eustelle, I.B.V.M.

To Mother Mary Magdalen, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Mrs. Cecilia Rowntree, on May 26; and to the other bereaved members of the family.

To Miss Ruth Lally, on the recent death of her father.

To Mr. Winston Hamilton and Miss Phyllis Hamilton (Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), on the death of their mother, Mrs. W. J. Hamilton, on June 10.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ryan, on the death of their son, Flight-Sgt. Jack Ryan, R.C.A.F. (a former Loretto pupil), who was killed in action on May 25.

To M. M. St. Brigid, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Michael Collins, on June 4.

To Miss Elizabeth Stritch, on the death of her sister, Rev. Sister Teresa Aquinas, C.S.J.; also to the Community of St. Joseph's, of which she had been a devoted member for nearly half a century.

To Mrs. Gene White, on the death of her husband, Mr. Louis White, on June 10, and to the bereaved family, Mr. Louis, Mr. Donald, and Miss Mary White, in the loss of their dear father; also to Mr. White's sisters, M. M. Alexandrine, I.B.V.M.; Mrs. Florence Corrigan, and Mrs. Vivian Gilroy.

To the bereaved family of the late Mr. Ambrose Latremouille, especially Joy, Florence, and Frances, Loretto Abbey Alumnae.

To M. M. St. Anthony, I.B.V.M., and Mrs. Ford (Loretto Alumna), on the death of their brother, Mr. F. Keenan, on June 23.

To the bereaved family of the late Mr. McDermott, Regina, Saskatoon.

To M. M. Paschal, I.B.V.M., on the death of her brother, Mr. J. Madden, on June 17, and to the other bereaved members of the family.

To Mrs. Quinn, on the death of her husband, Mr. Wm. J. Quinn, and to their bereaved family—Mrs. Groom (Genevieve); Josephine; Mrs. Miller (Mary), and Mrs. Holmes (Rita, of Class 1940, Loretto-Brunswick); also to Mr. Quinn's granddaughter, Miss Yvonne Groom.

OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

O Mary, Immaculate, Star of the Sea,
O Mother, I pray thee, to hear and help me—
Help in temptation, help me in sorrow,
This I request, for every to-morrow.

Mother, who guided our dear little Lord,
Whose heart was pierced by a cruel sword,
Help me, oh, help me, this is my prayer,
Guide me and guard me, through every care.

And when, at long last, earth time is passed,
Send me thy courage to hold me steadfast
Until, forever, my soul will be
Safely in heaven, with Jesus and thee.

Margaret Hayden, X,
Loretto High School, Toronto.

AT ITS BEST.

Springtime is the time for joy,
When all the birds and bees are coy;
And the little daffodils
With their pretty coloured frills,
Nod so blissfully in the breeze,
About them circling busy bees.

All the air is now aglow,
Through the meadows streamlets flow.
Violets from their slumber wake,
And the bees their perfume take.
Springtime is the time for quest
When the world is at its best.

Josephite McSloy, VIII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS,

April 1—A sprightly symposium this morning on Vocations, given by the following members of Grade XI: Mary Klimack (Introduction); Mary Boland (Women in White, medical career for women); Pauline Evans (Nursing); Claire Snet-singer (Social Service); Joan Shinnick (Library Work and Journalism); Marie Lamey (Teaching); Shirley Newcombe (Various Topics); Patricia Dennis (Religious and Married Life).

May 2—The Inter-Loretto Music Festival, Piano Section. Mr. Kennedy adjudicated.

May 9—The annual Mass for Mary's Day was celebrated at St. Michael's Cathedral. We all enjoyed the sermon, "Mary, Our Model," by Father Rush, C.S.B.

May 10—As a prelude to Mother's Day Tea, the music pupils gave a recital composed of selections from the Masters. Mother's Day became Mother-and-Daughter's Day, with many of the mothers, members of the Alumnae, pouring tea while the daughters served or entertained their friends. The tea was held in aid of the British War Victims Fund. The proceeds from the silver collection amounted to seventy-one dollars.

May 29—The yearly crowning of Mary as Queen of May is always a happy event at Loretto. Evelyn Corcoran, Chairman of the Apostolic Committee, crowned Our Lady's statue in the grotto, while, in the chapel, Barbara Murphy did likewise, on behalf of the resident students.

June 3—Grade X presented an enlightening symposium on Catholic authors—a summary of the life and work of: Cardinal Newman (Jacqueline McCarthy, Juliann Shannon, Ruth Hughes); Alice Meynell (Eleanor Dunning, Helen McNevin, Mary McCrae); Francis Thompson (Mary Ward, Kathleen Higgins, Molly Corcoran); Robert H. Benson (Dorothy Anderson, Helen Power, Maureen O'Sullivan); Hilaire Belloc (Katherine Hoey, Bernadette Delaney, Joyce Prudhomme); Charles Martindale (Anna Hogan); Arnold Lunn (Frances Walsh and Joan MacDonald). Other present-day writers discussed were: Daniel Sargent, Theodore Maynard, Christopher Hollis, Ronald Knox. The Propagation of Catholic Literature (Isobel O'Gorman). Special tribute due to Sheed and Ward in this line.

June 9—Another delightful music recital at 3 o'clock.

June 10—The final meeting of our Sodality was honoured by the presence of Rev. Father Fleming, S.J., Sodality Director. In his farewell speech he reminded us of the work accomplished during the past year and spoke of the summer just ahead when we must keep in mind the familiar saying that we may have a holiday from school but never one from our religion.

June 12—A varied and lovely programme was given this evening. All interested in the youthful pianists, violinists, and vocalists must have been proud of them on this occasion.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

Mar. 25—To celebrate the Feast of the Annunciation, we had a Missa Reclata. Rev. Father Doyle, the celebrant, gave us a beautiful talk on Our Lady.

Mar. 26—Doctor Mahoney gave us a splendid lecture on First Aid Work. Hemorrhages, fractures, sprains, burns, and shock were thoroughly discussed. Practical demonstration lessons in bandaging and artificial respiration followed.

April 14—Everyone again at work after a glorious Easter vacation.

April 16—The final game in the basketball series played off between Forms II and III. After four exciting periods, Form II won by a small advantage, becoming the possessors of their third cup for the year. They had gained the first two by winning Baseball, and Track and Field cups in the autumn.

April 17—The singles badminton tournament completed; the finals were played between Helen Sheppard and Mary Kuntz, Helen coming out victorious.

April 20—Fourth Form defeated Third in inter-form Badminton, thereby winning their first trophy.

April 23—St. George's Day was celebrated by a special Mass at Our Lady of Peace Church. The afternoon assembly held in honour of the saint was conducted by Mary Ruth Lardie; Miss Anne Read and Miss Rosemary Haydock led the discussion on "The Great Crusade for God and Country."

May 1, 2, 3—The Forty Hours' Devotion at our Loretto of the Blessed Sacrament. During the three days, members of the Senior School formed a guard of honour.

May 5—Volley Ball series opened, Second defeating Fourth.

May 9—In honour of Mary's Day, High Mass at St. Patrick's Church. A special treat for the Loretto students' choir—after the Mass, a delicious breakfast was served by the Alumnae, at St. Patrick's Hall. In the evening we gathered around Our Lady's Shrine, and paid tribute to her with hymns and stories.

May 10—Mother's Day—and a late leave granted, so that the girls might have a chance to visit their mothers for a longer time.

May 11 to 16—At the Niagara Falls Music Festival, Loretto was well represented by Dorothy McCarthy, Jean Brass and Helen Miller. Dorothy and Jean tied for honours. In the piano division, Bina Fell and Betty Baxter brought honour to the school.

May 12—This evening, Miss Margaret Kerr, our Speech and Drama teacher, entertained us with a delightful programme given by her Dramatic Art and Ballet pupils.

May 17—A general visiting day at Loretto. Many guests were entertained. A thoroughly enjoyable afternoon for all!

May 24—Tea was served to several hundred Knights of Columbus, who were at the Falls, for their 39th Annual District Convention. The

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Seniors assisted at the tea, and also proved able guides to the guests as they visited the School.

May 27—First Form's Fish Pond provided much fun. All who tried their luck, to help First Form's Treasury, found surprises—and nice ones at that—in store for them.

May 29—The leader of the winning May Band, our Prefect, Mary Ruth Lardie, crowned Our Lady's statue, after which all consecrated themselves anew to Our Blessed Mother, and sought her protection for the coming vacation.

June 2—The last game in the Volley Ball play-offs between Second and Third took place. Both teams showed excellent knowledge of the game. Third won, and what rejoicing! Their first Trophy!

June 4—Second Form's final event of the year in aid of our War Fund was a novel one. Special features were the home-made candy, fortune-telling, shoe-shining, and "Draw-Your Picture-for-a-Dime" Booths.

June 5—Six girls from each Form have been notified that they have merited a badge for Physical Training, presentation of awards to take place soon.

June 6—Farewell to the Seniors! In keeping with traditions, Third Form gave the annual Supper-Dance in honour of the Seniors. The supper room was beautifully decorated in pastel tints.

After supper, toasts were proposed, to the Pope, by Mary Gardner; and to the King, by Bina Fell. Rose Piccolo proposed the toast to the graduates. The Class Prophecy and the last Will and Testament of the Graduates caused much merriment. At the close of a delightful evening all gathered around Our Lady's Shrine to pay tribute to the Queen of Loretto.

June 7—Procession and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in honour of the Feast of Corpus Christi, from Our Lady of Peace Church to the Convent, where Benediction was given from the Convent veranda. Then a final Benediction at Our Lady of Peace Church.

June 9—A Day of Recollection for the Graduates, with conferences by Father Keating. It was a fitting preparation for the time when they will assume their responsibilities in this world of turmoil. We were happy to welcome Father Keating again to Niagara. His visit brought back vivid memories of our school Retreat. The Consecration of the School to the Sacred Heart was a beautiful ceremony.

June—Congratulations to the following girls who won prizes in the Christian Doctrine examinations: Junior College, Mary Piatkowski; Grade Twelve, Mary Ruth Lardie; Grade Eleven, Florence Willick; Grade Ten, Lorraine Ganter; Grade Nine, Mary Sillence.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Mar. 17—The Parent-Teachers Association held their annual St. Patrick's bridge and tea here to-day in the gymnasium. The School orchestra entertained them with Irish airs appropriate to this occasion.

Mar. 21—Inter-Loretto singing festival. Loretto Hamilton, was well represented, and those participating came through with flying colours.

Results: First class honours for Gregorian Chant awarded our Senior Choral Class.

First class honours for solo singing, Marie McManamy, Marie Jeanette Flynn, Mary Scanlan, June Breckon, Kathryn Martlin, Mary Fitzgerald, Mary Breckon, Mary Virginia Thomas, Mary Lovering, Madeleine Keemle, Elspeth Hill, Eglantine Taylor.

Second class honours: Margaret O'Toole, Helen Dalessandro, Margaret Outridge, Audrey Hart-Smith.

The Junior School did equally well with Intermediate Choral group, receiving first class honours.

Mar. 26—Crusade Meeting. An amusing skit, "Thirty Minutes on the Street," was presented by Grade XII. Well worth the admission fee of two cancelled stamps!

May 2—Inter-Loretto Piano Festival. Honours awarded to: Marie Jeanette Flynn, Mary Farrell, and Audrey Hart-Smith. Our Junior representatives also made an excellent showing.

May 12—Fourth annual convention of the Hamilton Sodality Union held at the Basilica of Christ the King. A very interesting programme was arranged under the convenership of Mary Scanlan, our Prefect, who is also Prefect of the Union Sodality. The Convention commenced with Holy Mass celebrated by His Excellency, Most Rev. Joseph Ryan, and concluded with the crowning of the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Basilica by Mary Scanlan, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A Tea-dance followed in the Basilica auditorium.

May 19—The annual ceremony of the tree-planting. This year an evergreen was presented by the Parent Teachers Association, and Miss Jean Evel, who selected the name for it, "Winston Churchill," assisted Miss Mary Scanlan, School President, in the planting ceremony. Rev. J. A. O'Brien, rector of Christ the King Basilica, gave an interesting and inspiring address to the Graduates and guests. Afternoon tea was afterwards served in the orchard.

May 22—Graduation Day. Account elsewhere in this issue.

May 29—Another rainy day! Our May Procession! None the less, rain-drops or no, we walked in procession around the grounds. The crowning ceremony was performed by Anne Williamson in the auditorium, where a shrine had been erected in honour of our Blessed Mother. Rev. Lloyd Ryan gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the auditorium. Both the Junior School and the High School participated, each girl carrying a rose, and the Graduates wearing their graduation dresses.

June 2—The Intermediate recital delighted both teachers and parents with the progress made by the budding musicians of the school.

June 4—The traditional ceremony in honour

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of the Feast of Corpus Christi. The Graduates formed a guard of honour, and Benediction was given in the school corridor, and again in the chapel.

June 9-12—Busy days these, with Grades IX, X, XI, and XII writing examinations and Junior College making a brave attempt at cramming for the finals.

June 11—The little people of the Kindergarten held their "Graduation Exercises," but unlike the Seniors, they beguiled the sun into shining on their festivities.

June 12—Junior Music Recital, and dismissal of the Grades IX, X, XI, and XII, until announcement of the results of their examinations.

June 19—Two important events:

The Junior Closing, at which the promotions and awards of the Junior Grades were announced. The Parent-Teacher Scholarship was merited equally by Frances O'Brien and Audrey Livingstone in Grade VIII. Prizes for highest standing in the other grades were awarded as follows: Grade VII, Mollie O'Brien; VI, Sheilagh James; V, Judith Brooker; IV, Patricia Tuck; III, Olive Alt; II, Patricia Ann McMahon; I, Rosemarie Sonns.

Announcement of the results of the High School examinations and dismissal for the vacation. Happy holidays!

June 26—The members of Junior College today bid a fond farewell to their Alma Mater. May it be but *au revoir!*

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

April 20—The Musical Festival is in full swing. Congratulations to Merlyn Melvin, who won a scholarship, the York Trophy, and came first in five classes.

May 1—May bands under the leadership of Catherine McCaffrey and Sylvia Evoy, have got under way for a busy month for Our Lady.

May 10—To-day, in honour of Mary's Day, we girls from Loretto Academy participated in a Missa Recitata at St. Joseph's Church. Very Reverend Dean Egan was celebrant.

May 11—To-night we marched in procession with the pupils of St. Joseph's School, to St. Joseph's Church, to honour and pray for Our Holy Father.

May 15—High Mass in our chapel this morning for His Holiness Pope Pius XII, in honour of his Silver Jubilee.

In the afternoon, at a short programme, Sylvia Evoy, Jean Duggan and Frances Kelly sketched the life of Our Holy Father. Jeanne Duggan and Frances McKeough sang a duet and Merlyn Melvin sang a solo.

May 29—To-day we crowned Our Lady. After walking in procession to the shrine erected out-of-doors, Catherine McCaffrey placed the crown on the statue. Benediction was given by Very Reverend Dean Egan, who also gave a soul-stirring talk on the place of Our Lady in our lives.

June 5-7—Three days of special stress on what really counts for time and eternity. Father R. Phelan, S.J., gave our retreat and we ought to enjoy our vacation if we have taken his words to heart.

June 10—We begin our final examinations. We shall say, Good-bye until September.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Miss Margaret Simpkin, Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, whose poem, "Mother's Rosary," appeared in April issue of Loretto Rainbow, won 1st prize with this poem in Mother's Day Rainbow contest.

Of 100 who entered the second contest—to select the Mary Day poem which would be prize-winner—45, from different Loretto schools, named "Mother's Rosary." In the drawing from these 45, Miss Betty Lang, Hamilton, was winner.

As 28 selected "My Mother," by Betty Routhier, Sault Ste. Marie, a special prize was awarded for the poem.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE.

April 14—Sister Jeanne Marie and Sister Marie Philippe of St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minnesota, paid us a short visit. Sister Jeanne Marie told us, enthusiastically, of her beloved St. Catherine's, and left a warm spot in each of our hearts for her St. Catherine's.

May 10—World Wide Sodality Day. Something special for Our Lady! The Living Rosary! Amid pomp, ceremony, and beautiful decorations, Mary was crowned, both on the grounds and in the Chapel. The living rosary was formed and prayers were presented to Mary. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Monroe.

May 11—Father Tainter, S.J., Chaplain from Fort Brady, spoke on "The Problems of Youth." All who heard Father, realized how fortunate they were to be present.

May 12—The entire High School participated in a delightful programme given in honor of Mother Superior's feast day.

May 17—The Seniors received their announcements, with a thrill long waited for.

May 20—The students of Loretto Academy were guests in Baraga Auditorium for "The Eternal Gift"—the first motion picture of the Mass ever to be presented.

Graduation issue of our local newspaper. Seniors, proud and excited—but not too proud of the pictures that did not resemble them in the least.

May 26—Still somewhat sleepy, at six o'clock in the morning, but with enthusiasm undampened, our delegation for the Sodality Convention at Marquette took off amidst the hustle and bustle of last minute partings. Father Lord, S.J., to preside at the Convention.

June 3—The Seniors were entertained by the Juniors at a formal dinner given in their honor. Our Lady, high on her pedestal throne, presided. Greetings were extended, the Senior Class Will, and the Junior Class Prophecy were read amid applause and laughter. The Juniors proved most gracious hostesses.

June 4—The 131st Infantry Band entertained the teachers and pupils of Loretto Academy and St. Mary's School at a concert given in Baraga Auditorium. Captain Tritton and his Band were enthusiastically received.

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June 5—Honors and Awards! The Commercial Classes captured many coveted prizes. Excellent work in gymnasium and "all-around" citizenship. The Seniors took advantage of this assemblage to present their gift to the school—a much admired silk flag, stand, and other accessories.

June 10—Mothers and their daughters, the Seniors of '42, attended Mass and received Holy Communion in the Academy Chapel. Father Monroe celebrated the Mass and remained for breakfast with the happy Seniors and their mothers.

The evening of June 10—Graduation! At last, the glorious climax of twelve years of "Hard Work." The Church was decorated beautifully, and present were the Clergy; the Sisters; the guests and friends; the classes of Loretto—a picture in their neat uniforms—flower girls in blue, tiny and sweet; and last, the Graduates in beautiful filmy white gowns. The Very Rev. Monsignor Joseph L. Zryd, D.D., J.C.D., was guest speaker for the evening.

June 11—At a banquet given in their honor, the members of Class '42 were received into the Loretto Alumnae.

June 12—Graduation over? Impossible! But true! And our Prom,—a lovely period to a perfect year! Baraga Auditorium gaily decorated in blue and white, Our Lady's colors—ours too. Our Lady and the I.B.V.M. Crest placed high above all. Gracious Chaperones, happy guests, and the music of the 131st Infantry Orchestra! How not enjoy an evening like this! But now it is with heavy hearts we say "good-bye" to our much loved Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie.

Patricia LaPointe.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN.

Mar. 15—The third annual Music Festival was held to-night at the Civic Opera House. Loretto singers were much in evidence.

Mar. 28—Our Glee Club travels to Milwaukee to appear at the National Music Convention.

April 2—Loretto prepares to do its duty, as nuns and students enroll in First Aid Class.

April 6—Loretto Writers' Club sponsors annual Easter Dance. A delightful evening.

April 11—Lorraine Delany wins honorable mention in All-American Catholic Boy and Catholic Girl Contest.

April 21—Hearts of Loretto students are saddened by the death of their classmate and friend, Margaret Callahan, '42.

April 22—Chicago Herald-American sponsors a telegraph course. Much interest among students as we busy ourselves memorizing the telegraphic code.

April 24—Mary Catherine Dowd elected new editor of The Spire. Congratulations! Mt. Carmel's band entertains students.

May 2—Seniors serve at May Luncheon given by Mothers' Auxiliary to raise funds for the Scholarship Fund.

May 6-7—Curtain rises on Senior production of the Fire Prince. Tremendous applause assures huge success.

May 10—Peggy Gibbons, Vivian Whitehead, and Virginia Bloomster head Freshman Class.

May 18—Connie McKinney, looking very lovely in a white formal ensemble, to-day crowned the Blessed Virgin's statue. The ceremony was held on the campus with the whole school participating. It was truly inspiring.

May 21—To-day, at a luncheon, the weary Senior 'literati' of Loretto gave the capable Juniors their pens and paper for the literary tasks of the coming year. Eight deserving journalists received pins. Mr. Robert Heywood of Notre Dame and University of Chicago addressed the gathering.

May 28—Entre Nous celebrates the close of a successful year with a luncheon. Plans are awarded to outstanding students. Betty Louise Taylor entertains with a series of hand-drawn slides depicting Snow White.

May 31—Alumnae entertains Seniors at a delightful tea. The Chicago Tribune interviews Lorraine Delaney as a typical Loretto Senior.

June 1-3—Once again our brows are furrowed and notes hastily scanned as the student body takes final examinations.

June 3—Freshmen entertain prospective students.

June 4—To-day for the last time, the Seniors and Juniors sat at table together. It was all very lovely and, needless to say, the Juniors were excellent hostesses.

June 8—The Seniors had ample time on this peaceful day of recollection to review their care-free days at Loretto and strengthen good resolutions for the future.

June 9—Graduation. To-day we are leaving our well-loved Loretto. To-day we are taking on new responsibilities, yet, we go forth, not as unprepared girls, but as stalwart women filled with Loretto's ideals. We have loved you, Loretto. We will continue to love you.

June 11—To-night the Seniors have assembled for perhaps the last time on the Boardwalk of the Edgewater Beach Hotel to dine and dance to the strains of Jan Garber's orchestra. The girls and their escorts looked very crisp in their summer formals, and a wonderful time was had by all.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA, SASK.

Jan. 7—Back to school after a wonderful holiday. Instead of three weeks, it seemed like three days. Everyone has settled down to work again.

Feb. 4—We all felt honoured when Mother General paid us that long-promised visit. Our Literary Society held a meeting on that occasion. Julia Mader, a Grade Eleven graduate of last year, who is now taking a Commercial Course, expressed her appreciation of the happy days spent at Loretto. Adam Niesner, one of our Grade Twelve graduates of 1941, spoke as Adam alone is able to, thanking Mother General for having sent the Sisters to our High School. During the programme Rita Ryan favoured us with a vocal solo, Mother Machree. Lauretta Gould and Eleanor Legault entertained us with an informal discussion on "First Impressions of Loretto High School." During the programme the announcement was made that Eleanor had succeeded in winning the Essay Contest on Canada's War Effort, sponsored throughout the Regina Schools. Congratulations, Eleanor! Loretto is proud of you!

Mother General spoke to us and presented each one with a medal.

Feb. 13th—The ink was scarcely dry on the

last examination papers when all the desks were whisked away to prepare for the St. Valentine Party. The school hummed with excitement even if the calendar did say Friday, the 13th. Former students and friends were invited for the afternoon. Progressive games were enjoyed in Grade Twelve classroom, specially decorated for the occasion. Luncheon was served in Grade XI Room. Our ever-thoughtful friend, Mr. Ryan, was on the scene to see that everybody was well cared for.

Our budding poets are very busy these days composing everything from Mother's Day Greetings to letters in poetry for overseas. We didn't know we were so versatile. Maybe it was the impetus given from the poetry appearing in the Loretto Crystal, our school paper, edited by our capable Lauretta Gould—or in Loretto Rainbow.

Feb. 27—We celebrated St. Gabriel's Feast Day with another Literary gathering much enjoyed by all.

Mar. 15—The St. Patrick's Tea held at the Convent was the greatest success ever. The Sodality girls worked with a will for weeks before and certainly succeeded. Everyone enjoyed the day from dawn till dusk.

And now we have to think about those Easter Term Tests. As for Grade Twelve, they all want to be equal. All are aiming at the 90's!

And now, good-bye to all with the best wishes of the Easter season to our friends in the East.

Monica Szostak,
Jean Nousad.

ST. CECILIA'S CONVENT.

At the Toronto Conservatory of Music examinations for pupils of St. Cecilia's Convent, 288 Annette Street, June 15, 1942, the following received First Class Honours: Tom Connolly, Lois La France, Maureen Connolly, Jeanette (Sunny) MacDonald, DeLores Heuer, Mary Alice Young; and the following received Honours: Anne Marie Blake, Suzanne McGrath, Mary Eleanor Le Moine, Georgina Walton, Theresa Henning, Mary Lou Dwyer, and Lornita Herod.

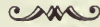


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The Voice of The Turtle



Of the splendors of Solomon all the world knows,
 Of his wisdom, his wealth, and display;
 Of his Temple, whose columns like cedars arose,
 And his palace that rivaled the day!

But King Solomon sang long ago of the spring,
 When he wearied of purple and gold;
 Of the beauty of pomegranates' bright blossoming
 And the voice of the turtle, he told.

Long the wonders of Solomon's matchless array
 On the winds have been scattered and tossed;
 They are whirled in the dust; they are swept with the spray;
 Gauds and glories he treasured are lost.

But still, as of old in the bowers of the King,
 By the south wind the lilies are stirred,
 Still the pomegranates redden the garments of Spring,
 And the voice of the turtle is heard.

—Aline Michaelis.

Heartfelt thanks are extended to all literary contributors to

THE LORETTO RAINBOW

Also, to all who are assisting us in publishing it—our subscribers, advertisers, and thoughtful donors.



All are daily remembered in prayer.

Oct. 1942

Dedication



To Saint Thérèse of Lisieux
(Little Flower of Jesus)
this issue of
Loretto Rainbow
is lovingly dedicated

11



REPORT OF
LORETTO COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

ALSO

THE NAMES OF
LORETTO RAINBOW
STUDENT STAFF

WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY ISSUE OF
THE RAINBOW



LORETTO RAINBOW

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music. Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel, 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Subjects: Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory. Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc.

Mary, in America — 1847-1942



❧

Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



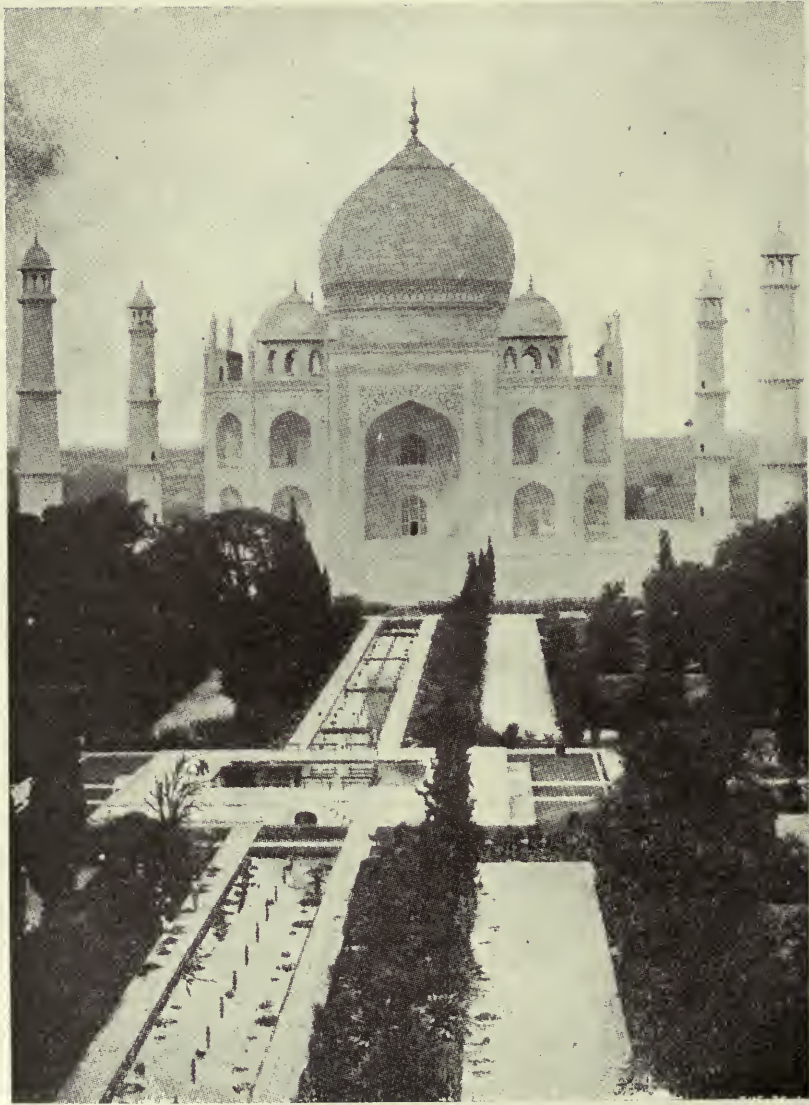
Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Social Service Sodality, etc.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Catechetical Work, Social Work, Music.



Taj Mahal

The multi-million-dollar mausoleum of gleaming white marble, inlaid with semi-precious stones, erected at Agra by Shah Jehan, Mogul Emperor of India, as memorial and burial place for his idolized Muntaz Mahal. In its vault, his own remains also rest. Begun in 1630, Taj Mahal required twenty-two years for completion.



Taj Mahal

LONG since the monarch, Shah Jehan,
 Dwelt here on earth, less man than god;
 In triumph, for a spacious span,
 His footsteps blessed the paths he trod.
 They tell us he was wholly wise,
 A lion-hearted, martial soul,
 Yet versed in peaceful strategies,
 Fit Brother of the Yellow Bowl.

For rest, he sought his garden fair
 In Agra, by the river-side.
 Fresh girlhood garlands blossomed there
 Till beauty waxed, and waned, and died.
 Perhaps a princeling's child was sweet,
 With some bright lure of look, or smile,
 Some witchery of dancing feet;
 She knew his grace—a little while.

Perhaps some slave with sombre eyes,
 A tragic trophy of the war,
 Came weeping to this paradise
 By barter in the Grand Bazaar.
 Their prison-place had milk-white walls,
 Inlaid with turquoise, gold and jade,
 And softly fountain waterfalls
 Their tender music ever played.

But if, of all this lovely wreath,
 One rose should droop from day to day,
 Mocking her gorgeous silken sheath,
 Shah Jehan turned his face away,
 Ruthless as potter to the clay,
 Half-god, all enigmatical;
 Yet his bequest outshines the day,
 His pearl-domed wonder, Taj Mahal!

—ALINE MICHAELIS.

The Bar Convent, York, England

[In a feature column of The Canadian Register of July 4, Mr. Henry Somerville, M.A., Co-Editor of the paper, gave the following informing account of The Bar Convent, York; as many of our readers may not have seen it, we republish it, and also Mr. Somerville's account (in July 11th issue) of The Bar Convent in the recent York disaster.—Editor's Note.]

I.

Toronto was formerly York, named after the metropolitan city of Northern England, steeped in the civil and religious history of the nation. It is fitting that we should take note of the air raid damage to the Bar Convent at York and the killing of five nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In a certain sense the Bar Convent is a Mother House of all the I.B.V.M. Sisters throughout the world and there is being celebrated this year the centenary of the Diocese of Toronto and the consecration of Bishop Power, who brought the Loretto Sisters, as they are popularly called, to Toronto, whence they have extended to other parts of Canada and the United States.

* * *

The name Bar Convent must puzzle the uninitiated though it is a household word in York, where it has stood for nearly three hundred years. It is a household word among all the Catholics of Yorkshire as a place of pilgrimage which holds as its most venerated relic the hand of Blessed Margaret Clitheroe, a laywoman who suffered martyrdom for the crime of sheltering priests. It is equally well-known to all the Catholics of the upper classes throughout England as a famous school for girls.

* * *

The official name is St. Mary's Convent and its street address is Micklegate Bar. The word "gate" is old English for way, street, road, and Micklegate meant the way to St. Michael's. The centuries-old city wall crosses Micklegate and in the wall there is built a noble gate—in the sense of door—which was the northern entrance to the city and could be closed when the city was threatened by enemies. This gate is the "Bar" and dates from the year 1300. The barbican and portecullis were not removed until the last century and with its battlemented turrets it still transports the mind of the

least impressionable beholder back to the Middle Ages.

* * *

St. Mary's Convent is built within a few feet of the Bar; it is a brick building, with no architectural pretensions itself, but it is an enthralling place because of its surroundings, right at Micklegate Bar, with a near view of the mighty twin towers of York Minster, which is grander even than Westminster Abbey, and also with an unsurpassed view of Blossom Street and The Mount, the finest streets in York. Any tourist can taste these delights at the Bar Convent, but to the English Catholic there is something far more; the ground on which he stands is holy ground; it was a convent for 150 years before Catholic Emancipation; by God's special Providence it was one of the few Catholic places that managed to exist through the long winter of the Penal Laws as a promise of the Second Spring.

There is a legend that on one occasion an armed force was sent to seize St. Mary's Convent, when suddenly St. Michael the Archangel with his flaming sword appeared and the convent was held inviolate ever afterwards. All Loretto houses have a place of special honor for St. Michael, but this does not need to be explained by the legend, for all throughout the broad country of Yorkshire in pre-Reformation days there was a particular devotion to St. Michael, as is shown by the extraordinary number of churches dedicated to him. The present writer may be confused in his memories but he thinks he was told long ago that the Bar Convent obtained a collection of precious relics rescued from pre-Reformation Yorkshire churches of St. Michael, now in Anglican hands, and the Sisters give some of these relics to all the new Catholic churches and other institutions with the name of St. Michael which continue to spring up in Yorkshire. It will occur to every Toronto Catholic that common devotion to St. Michael is another bond between the old city on the River Ouse and the diocese on the

FRONT VIEW
—
THE BAR CONVENT,
YORK, ENGLAND



ENTRANCE HALL
—
THE BAR CONVENT,
YORK

THE CHAPEL
—
THE BAR CONVENT,
YORK



THE LIME WALK,
—
THE BAR CONVENT,
YORK

shores of Lake Ontario which is just completing its first century.

II.

The notes in this column last week on the Bar Convent at York in England have brought us extracts from letters received in Toronto giving precious details of the manner in which the five Loretto nuns—to use Canadian terms—met their deaths. They are Catholic letters for they stress what a Catholic most values, and seen through Catholic eyes, the story of the five deaths reads not as tragedy but as epic. "Our five victims were doing a heroic act of charity when they were killed." So begins the first letter from the Bar Convent. The grave has no victory and death no sting when there is such faith as well as such charity.

* * *

It was night and the Sisters and children were sleeping when the siren sounded warning of the approaching raid. Mother Gerard, the infirmarian, was on night watch duty and she gave the alarm through the convent, blowing a whistle and getting sleepers from their beds. Sisters and children went to the shelter in the convent cellar. There was a roll call and it was found that Mother Bernard, an old, blind Sister, was not in the shelter. No doubt but that she was in her room in another wing of the building.

* * *

Though the enemy planes were now over the city and bombs could be heard falling, two nuns, Mother Agnes and Mother Andrew, went off from the shelter to Mother Bernard's room. She could not be got to the cellar, so the old nun was placed under a bed for safety, and this actually saved her life, for two big wooden shutters were afterwards blown across the room and a cupboard fell over the bed, but Mother Bernard remained unhurt.

* * *

When Mother Agnes and Mother Andrew were trying to make their way back to the cellar the former fell through a hole in the floor that had been made by a bomb. Mother Andrew wanted to get down to help her but Mother Agnes insisted it would be better to go for an A.R.P. official and Mother Andrew obeyed. To get past the hole she had to walk

along the tiniest piece of wood left by the bomb near the skirting board.

* * *

Though the bomb had crashed through the building from roof to basement level, it had not exploded, and it might explode at any minute. The Sisters in the shelter could hear Mother Agnes' cries for help. Four of them, led by Mother Gerard, went to help and while they were on their way the bomb exploded and all four were killed, as well as Mother Agnes, who, when she fell through the floor, must have fallen on the bomb, but evidently could not move and had perhaps broken her back.

* * *

When the explosion occurred all the lights in the convent went out and some of the nuns and school girls in the shelter were thrown against the wall by the shock. They knew nothing of the fate of the five Sisters who were killed and could only await events. From outside the convent the explosion brought doctors and A.R.P. workers rushing to give assistance. Five priests also came and anointed two of the dead bodies, those of Mother Patricia and Mother Vincent. The other bodies were not found for some days, and when recovered from under the enormous heap of rubble were unrecognizable. The official funeral took place on March 4, three days before two of the bodies had been found.

* * *

The explosion took place soon after midnight and the rescuers who came into the convent brought tea and refreshments, but the nuns would not break their fast before Holy Communion. The chaplain said he would give them Holy Communion at once, and a very fervent Communion it must have been. They made thanksgiving; had food and soon afterwards, very early in the morning, they had Mass for their dead Sisters.—R.I.P.

* * *

The chapel with the Relics of the English Martyrs remains intact. Most of the rest of the building is destroyed. The nuns have gone to other convents or to their own homes. Mother Gerard, who gave the first warning to the community and who gave her life in leading the attempt to rescue Mother Agnes, is a sister of Mrs. A. McDonnell, 1192 College Street, Toronto.

The White Sisters of Silence

Little is known of the origin of the Basque people; perhaps it is this fact which has given rise to the legends and myths which are told of them; but whatever their beginnings were, the fact is that they are a sturdy, interesting race with fine characteristics and honorable principles. The Basque regiments were the backbone of the French Army in the World War. Mrs. Kelly's delightful book, "The Matriarch," gives a lovely picture of their lives in the home and their great respect for the older members of the family. One has only to see the clean, comfortable homes with merry children peeping over high stone walls, like climbing roses, to realize how normal their lives are in childhood and through life.

There is a story told about the Basque language. The good God, wishing to punish the Devil for tempting Eve, sent him to Pays Basque with the command, "that he should remain until he had mastered the language." At the end of seven years, God relented, finding the punishment too hard, and called the devil to come to Him. The devil had no sooner crossed the bridge of Gastelondo than he found he had forgotten all of the language he had learned with so much labor. As for the Basques themselves, they believe that they are descended from Adam, and that the Basque tongue was spoken in the Garden of Eden.

'Tis said that it was a Basque who, one hundred years before Columbus, discovered the Western Continent. More than that, it was to a Basque that Christopher Columbus owed the inspiration which led to his discovery of America. The crew of a Basque fishing ship, so the story goes, was ill with scurvy. The pilot put in to a town in the Indies, where Columbus was living. Columbus received the pilot into his home and when the pilot died he took possession of his charts and papers which gave him the Western route which he eventually followed. It is generally believed the Basques discovered the fishing banks of Newfoundland and reached the coast of Canada before 1500. From 1500 the records of Bayonne are full of accounts of expeditions to the codfish banks.

The Basque is of sober mien. The young men are handsome, brown-eyed, with hair of deepest brown, fine foreheads, long necks, neat, well-shaped feet, heads set on broad, rather

square shoulders, well-rounded throats, compact bodies on slim, muscular legs, small hands and feet—the whole giving an impression of balance and flexibility. The older men, brown-faced with thick, grey or white hair, have a crafty look in their sharp, long-nosed faces. All are clean shaven. It is a good-looking race on the whole, which breathes self-reliance, dignity and freedom. Most of the men are dressed in short, black jacket and velveteen trousers. All, without exception, wear clean, white cotton shirts, open at the throat; some have a scarlet sash folded tightly around their hips, a rather Spanish note. A few wear a short, linen blouse, falling from a yoke loose to the waist.

While there are among them no great artists or writers, they are well versed, each in his line of work. It is to such a one—an honest, intelligent cab-driver, that we owed the most interesting experience of our sojourn in the Basque country. One lovely afternoon when our favorite and devoted cabby was taking us for a drive in his clean, comfortable little Victoria drawn by a strong, well-groomed horse, he turned towards us from his driver's seat and inquired if we would not like to visit the Convent. Realizing our driver's intelligent knowledge of his country, we felt if he suggested an expedition it would be worth while, and so we said, "Yes." He turned from the main road on which we were driving to a more narrow, but well-paved one. After a short distance, on the right we saw a substantial, large brick building set in a lovely garden. Our driver told us this was a home kept by the Sisters for elderly ladies in comfortable circumstances who wished to live quietly near the church. A little farther on the road was another building which we were informed was a home for wayward girls. At the end of the road, which was about a quarter of a mile long, was the Mother-house and a boarding school for young ladies, attached to which was a large, beautiful chapel which had more the appearance of a church, but on entering it and finding it one-half filled with Sisters in black or white veils, one realized it was a convent chapel.

After our visit to the church we retraced our way over the road on which we had come. On one side was an enchanting pastoral scene: beautifully cultivated fields on which were

working women, in uniform and with heads protected by large straw hats. Fine cattle grazed in the meadows. We were told it was the Magdalens who worked on the farm.

After a few minutes' drive we came to an inclosure walled about by a high fence. Our cabby rang a bell and a large door was opened by a sweet-faced Sister who invited us to enter. We found ourselves in a lovely flower garden, around which were one-room buildings, some twenty in number. At one side of the garden rose a lovely Gothic chapel. The Sister who acted as our guide informed us we were in the home of the Bernardines, "The White Sisters of Silence." Drawn by some special grace from God to their unusual form of life, at that time there were twenty Sisters who had elected to lead this life of silence and prayer. In each little cell, or house, there was a clean, comfortable bed, a stove, desk and two or three chairs. The buildings were substantial and cheerful; the Sisters live by Rule, rising with the sound of a bell, and repairing to the chapel for Mass and prayers, which are said aloud to preserve their voices. Only once a year do they receive visits from their families and friends, and that is the only time they converse. Their food is served on trays in their cells and, of course, eaten alone and in silence. Any wish or need is written on a slip of paper, and the thing desired is furnished by Rev. Mother. The beautiful garden is cultivated by the Silent Sisters; the flowers are sold and the proceeds help to support the little community.

The Silent Sisters dress in spotless white habits and veils; when one saw them in their own special part of the Chapel, which opens with a large arch off of the sanctuary, the sun streaming through lovely, stained-glass windows on their white habits, one really felt one had been privileged with a vision of an angelic choir. Our Sister guide told us that the health of these Sisters was remarkably good and that their number was increasing rapidly. Only a few years before, two Novices had been inspired to lead this life of silence, and now the vocation seemed to be appealing to many who were contented and happy in it. Of course, they may give it up and join the active part of the Community any time they so desire. 'Tis a life heroic and worthy of the splendid Basque character.

Nellie A. Burke,

Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

Where the Frost Touched

The train was flying fast at lightning speed,
But giving glimpses of October glow
Among the trees that skirted the dense woods.
Nature in her autumnal power could show
The beauty of her colouring at will:
Crimsons and russets vied in colour schemes,
While hectic flushes told of near decay
'Mongst leaves that shed their last most
brilliant gleams.

Some trees withstood the artist's colouring,
Sturdy and green despite all nature's skill,
They reared their branches high as if to boast
That they were true to their own colours still.
But lo! a crest of glory was beheld,
E'en tho' the train went speeding onward
fast,

A tall green tree was tipped with flame-like
hue,
As if Dame Nature suddenly had cast
Her brightest tint on that particular branch.
"Where the frost touched!" I heard the
whisper near

And deep within my mind rested the words;
They haunted me, significant and clear.
Where the frost touches, cruel, biting frost,
The pain is felt in every human heart,
But if withstood, if bravely 'tis endured,
A wealth of glory waits the bitter smart.
No cross, no crown! And so life's autumn
days

Will be the crowning glory to our lives
If nature has her way. October's glow
Where the frost touched, in brilliancy
survives. M. Dorothea.

My Mother

Sometimes I find my fancies happen true,
As in the glory of a dream you came
Smiling, and touched my hair and called my
name.

And I, "Fair Chauntress stay, until a new
Dawn unfetters me of maiméd slumbers,
Holding now, like black horseman hand, a
hilt,

Lest I should wake and follow you full tilt,
Ere my lute let fall these mournful numbers.

"For long I planned for you a memory,
My gentle mother, that should perish not;
But on your tomb he writ upon ingot,
Until the gold may turn to emery,
And so enrich the blanket o'er your dust,
'Till Gabriel's sounding trumpet ends their
trust." Lucile B.

Sketches

LIFE.

Life—with the splendor and blaze of it;
 Life—and the colorful ways of it;
 Life—the strange game,
 Never the same;
 Life—ah, the infinite mass of it!

Life—with the wonder and fire of it;
 Life—and man's endless desire of it;
 Gain, or defeat,
 Still hope is sweet;
 Where is the heart that could tire of it?

Life—with the strife and turmoil of it;
 Life—with the struggle and toil of it;
 In every mood,
 Still some way good;
 Life—through the whole magic coil of it.
 —Aline Michaelis.

FORMER LORETTO STUDENT METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVER IN NORTH WALES.

[Editor's Note: The following sketch of a Loretto Alumna's work in England appeared in a recent issue of the Toronto Daily Star. We publish it in our Loretto magazine with congratulations to Marie.]

Marie Nash, former Toronto girl, has been accepted for a commission with the Women's Auxiliary Air Force in England, her mother, Mrs. A. E. Nash, Glenrose Ave., advised to-day. She is the daughter of Brigadier A. E. Nash, M.C., E.D., commander Group B, Canadian Reinforcement Units, overseas. Miss Nash joined the W.A.A.F.'s in January and is with the Meteorological branch stationed in North Wales.

Airwoman Nash went to England in 1937, following graduation from the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Prior to this she attended Loretto, Brunswick Ave.

By now she has a first-hand picture of a nation at war. On arrival in England she went to work as a secretary-clerk in the foreign exchange department of Baring Bros. bank. When war broke out she tried to return to Canada, but was refused passage. Business was slow at the bank after the outbreak of hostilities, and as Miss Nash put it, "Every time Hitler took a country there was less to do."

During the great blitz she spent her days in the bank and her nights in the bomb shelter. Bombs dropped close at hand and she thought herself lucky that she escaped without injury. Week-ends she was a volunteer worker in the Canadian Officers' Club.

Miss Nash joined the W.A.A.F.'s last January as a meteorological observer. The training was intensive and she now finds duty on the station hard and exacting. The job of weather forecaster is one of the most important on an air station and so much depends on them that mistakes simply cannot be made. Miss Nash and the women with her are on duty 24 hours a day in three 8-hour shifts. They work in all kinds of weather and their job is to keep all flights in and out of England posted on weather forecasts.

The late Duke of Kent recently visited the air station where Airwoman Nash is stationed. He was interested to see the insignia of Canada on her sleeve. When he learned she came from Toronto he told her how much he had enjoyed his visit to this city in the summer of 1941.

Miss Nash has two brothers-in-law in the Canadian Army: Capt. J. James, overseas with the Royal Canadian Engineers, and Lieut. George Meen, with the Royal Canadian Artillery in Canada.

OUR LITTLE MARGUERITE.

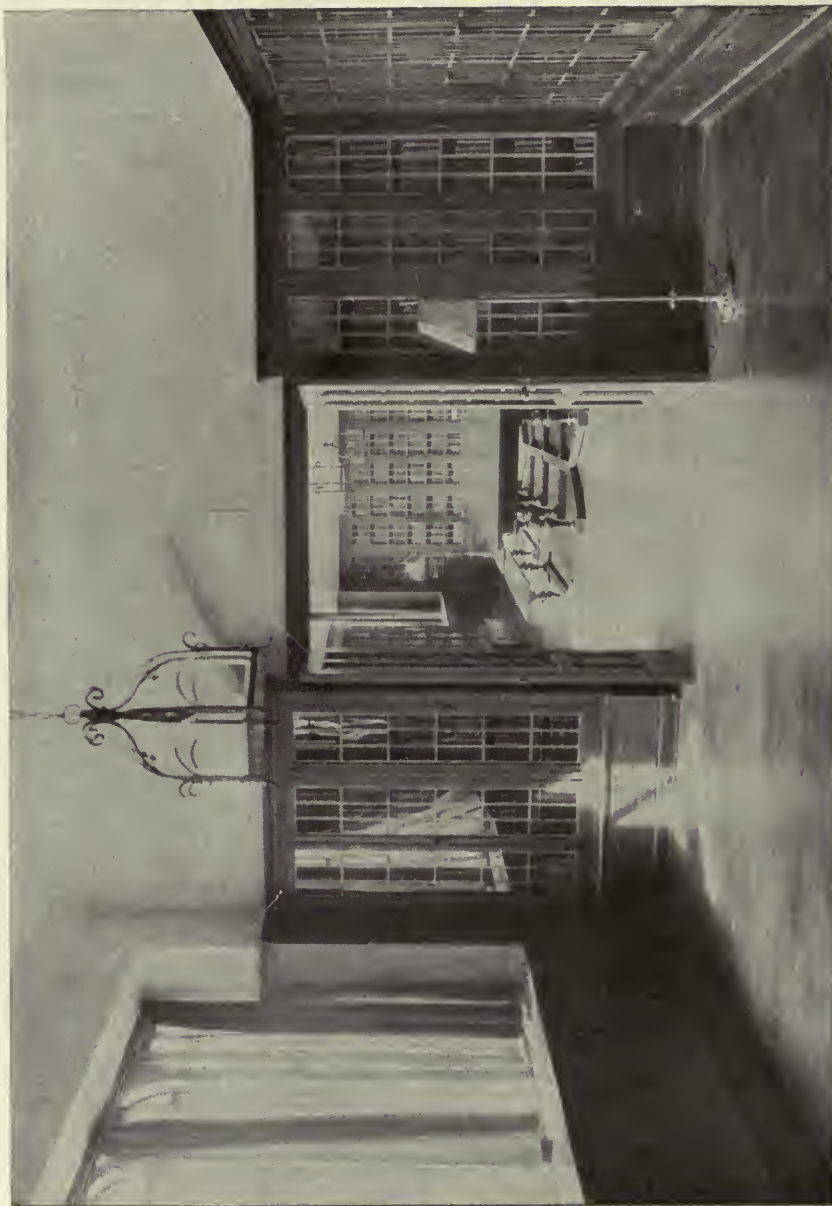
There's nothing quite so happy,
 So charming, and so sweet,
 So complacent, and so loving,
 As our little Marguerite.

When her eyes are on you beaming,
 And a smile spreads o'er her face,
 You stand there simply dreaming;
 All her beauty you embrace.

But when she starts a-cooing,
 She simply grips your heart
 As if she were a-wooing,
 Displaying heaven's art.

She is a perfect beauty
 Down to her tiny feet;
 You'll never find her snobby—
 Our little Marguerite!

Don.



LIBRARY—LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

In the Library

CYNEWULF'S "CHRIST"

Reviewed by MOTHER M. DOROTHEA, I.B.V.M.

One of the noblest of Anglo-Saxon poems is undoubtedly Cynewulf's "Christ." Of his four signed poems, those containing his name interwoven in runes, it is the most majestic. It is a mystic trilogy, having for inspiration the Advent, the Ascension and Doomsday. Opinions differ about the unity of the poem as a whole, some preferring to take each part as an independent poem. To my thinking, whether taken singly or successively, there is no clear-cut thought-development in these rhapsodies. They impress me as meditations, or even flights of contemplation on the loftiest subjects, in which the poet loses himself and is therefore regardless of a poem's constructive exigencies.

He is so identified with his theme that he does not pause to bridge the gaps over which his beautiful mind passes with spiritual alertness as a bird might fly from peak to peak of snowy mountain summits without giving a thought to the abysmal depths between.

The contemplation of Christ in His Advent, His Ascension and His Doomsday meant to the poet what all contemplations mean—an intercommunion between the Creator and the creature. As intercommunion between lover and loved results in spasmodic rather than in carefully arranged phraseology, so the contemplative rhapsodies are soul to soul interminglings on heights with gulfs between, it is true, but each new height attained makes the depth so insignificant that the soul reckons only from peak to peak.

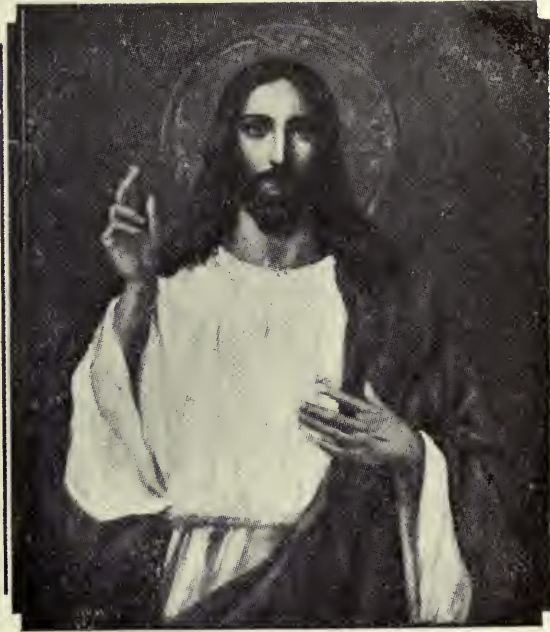
Such is the setting I would give to the sacred drama unfolded for us by Cynewulf.

The sources of the drama next claim our attention, and annotators of the poem tell us they are probably the homilies of St. Gregory and the Advent Liturgy. It is not to be imagined, however, that Cynewulf took these sources as Shakespeare appropriated sources with the express intention of waving his magic wand over them and transmuting them into re-creations, stamped with his incomparable individuality.

No, I rather conceive the idea of Cynewulf's devotion to God and to His Church resulting in such close union that gradual assimilation followed; that "God spoke to him in the afternoon air" as He did to Adam in Paradise; that the language of the Church became as his native tongue; that inhalations of scriptural truths developed his exegetic powers until the visionary and the substantial were amal-

gated into one. This one—abstraction, if you will—filled the mind of the poet in dual form; the *mystic*, which was a perennial source of inspiration, and the *intellectual* which embodied the mystic in poetic form.

The development of such a theme in the mind of such a poet is naturally a psychological study of absorbing interest. We have seen the poet's power of the "multum in parvo" in "The Fates of the Apostles," in the pseudo-realism of "Juliana," or in the lingering charm of style and narrative in "Elene";—in "Christ" it is neither detailed succession of events, historically recorded, nor occurrences of questionable reality, nor purpose to delight us with an interesting story sympathetically told; it is rather a series of flashlights thrown upon the divine Protagonist in the crucial moments which reveal His dual potentialities, culminating in the ascendancy of the divine over the



human and the eventual awful domination of the divine in its full rigour and justice.

Those associated with Christ in the working out of His earthly drama, Mary "of all women most fair over all regions of the earth" (71, 72)*, and Joseph in whom Mary "no fault nor any cause of complaint ever found" (177-8), are sympathetically portrayed from a human standpoint.

The opening lines of the poem are missing from the extant MSS. but conjecturally are based on the opening lines of the Antiphon at Magnificat for Dec. 22, because the sequence in Antiphon and poem coincides, the significant reference to Christ as the corner-stone, "the stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner." Then follows the petition reiterated throughout the Advent office, the appeal to Christ to "come," and merging without a break into the lines: "Young was the woman, etc." and again into the apostrophe: "Vision of all peace, holy Jerusalem," then back to Mary—unless indeed, Jerusalem may not be typical of Mary herself—giving the "blessed maid's" response to what had seemed exclamatory on the part of the poet, rather than direct questioning; then the address to the "brightest of angels sent to men on earth," and following in quick succession the invocation to "Emmanuel," the dialogue between Mary and Joseph filled with human pathos, but for the substance of which there is no scriptural testimony, repeated pleading for the advent of Christ in language ever increasing in intensity yet interrupted again by a glowing panegyric on the "bride of heaven's most excellent Lord" (200). "No ring-adorned bride has come among all men, any other the like," going back in thought to the prophetic vision of Mary as a golden gate through which Christ would pass; still more intensified pleadings for His advent, an address to the glorious heavenly Trinity surrounded by the choirs of angels singing their hymns of praise, and finally a reflection on the stupendous truth: "O! what wonderful innovation in the life of men, that mankind's gentle Creator took from a Virgin flesh undefiled" (416-8)*.

Who shall search here for theoretic development of sources? Is not existing similarity between the utterances of the church and the poet rather the unifying of inspiration and

spiritual receptivity? We follow Cynewulf in his flights "from the alone to the alone," as Plotinus so beautifully expresses this experience. We are breathless with exhilarating expectancy and the lyrical bounds from one bold truth to another, the interjected apostrophes regardless of sequence, the backward glances and ever backward leaps to mighty summits irrespective of progressional exigencies, fill us with the conviction that we follow an inspired leader who has left the low thorpes, the warm, peopled valleys, for the heights that may be cold and chill, as Frances Havergal suggests in her noble poem, but where are found unmistakably, "new depths of the divine!"

In the second part of the poem Cynewulf describes the Ascension largely as we find it in the gospels, making of course his usual poetic additions, but in a very different way from his interpolations in "Elene." His purpose here is not the telling of a thrilling story but, as in Part I, the revelation of what impressed him most when contemplating these sacred mysteries. Here again we find not consecutive incidents methodically described, but rather flights of thought hovering round the central fact and finding expression in the poet's rapturous language:

His first consideration is the significance of the angels white-robed as they appeared at the Ascension. The Acts of the Apostles merely states: And while they were beholding Him going up to heaven, behold two men stood by them in white garments;—but Cynewulf with his usual love of elaboration, besides "the two glistening angels, fair shining in their splendour" (505), first affirms that a host of heavenly angels, a bright host, messengers of glory came in legion (403)!

Christ's farewell speech is not a direct biblical quotation but is in substance identical: likewise the return of the disciples to Jerusalem and their waiting for "ten nights" the fulfilment of the Lord's promise. Again the poet refers to the hosts of bright angels and continues his narrative, following Christ in His quick entrance into hell and in His rapid exit and ascendance to "His throne of grace."

The seeming incoherence of the poem in these and the following lines, may again be attributed to the natural incoherency of contemplation. One moment the poet is rapt in the vision of Christ triumphant over the world and the evil spirits; then in a brief transition he evidently thinks of the apostles fearful lest they fail to understand the full majesty of "the Lord who leads this host." In his perfect

*All quoted lines are from the Anglo-Saxon edition of Albert S. Cook.

sympathy with those so intimately connected with Christ, his heart goes out to them in a few brief words of human interest, but in the same breath as he utters the words: "Now go joyfully to your friends" (575), he breaks forth into the words of Psalm 24, 7—alone with Christ again, for whom he would prepare a triumphant entry into His kingdom. The vision ends in the consciousness that henceforth "Peace shall be forever common to angels and men," and in a glorious paean for the covenant between God and man "the sacred pledge,—love, hope of life and joy of all light!" (584, 5).

The emphatic "Hwaet!" of the Anglo-Saxon bard brings him down from his flight, but the celestial vision is a vivid memory, the music of what he has heard still lingers, the sight is ever before him, and its deep significance rests in his heart as he weighs the freedom of man's choice between good and evil. In another moment he is rapt in contemplation of the Trinity and breaks forth in the opening words of the Preface of the Mass which he mingles with the words of the "Laudate" psalms at Lauds, while the words of Gen. 3, 19, give utterance to the culmination of his thanksgiving, that from the curse brought upon man by sin, Christ delivered us by His Ascension.

The allusion to the "Bird" mentioned in Job, 28, 7, is a graceful one in keeping with his thoughts on our Lord's Ascension. The poet so naturally keeps pace with the upward flight that he realizes why symbol and reality are veiled from the eyes and the understanding of those who believe not in the Ascension. In a spirit of charity towards these slow of heart, he would fain condone their offences by pointing out clearly the diversified disposal of God's gifts to men. Not all receive "noble understanding," and no one receives "all wisdom of soul." Cynewulf's spirit of charity and humility prepares him for yet another contemplation reminding us of Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism." Reflecting on the sun, the moon, the brilliant stars of heaven, he exclaims: "What are these gems so bright but God Himself?" In a moment his swift thoughts dart to the words of the *Canticle of Canticles*, Chap. 2, 8. "The voice of my beloved, behold he cometh leaping upon the mountain, skipping over the hills," and the poet lost in thought has a mystic intuition of the beautiful significance of the Wise Man's prophetic utterance. He is on the heights of the mountain of contemplation now and sees successively the

wonderful "leaps" made by Christ, enumerating six stupendous pinnacles which encompass the whole life of the Redeemer: The Incarnation, the Nativity, the Ascent of the Cross, the descent into the grave, the descent into hell and the Ascension into heaven.

The loftiness of the poet's thought and the simple majesty of the language in which he gives utterance to his experiences in his mystic flight thrill us with holy joy and exultation. Following him in leaping over the mountains, we are willing listeners to his little homily: "So we men must in the thoughts of our hearts in leaps spring from strength to strength . . . to that place where we in our souls earnestly believe that the Christ-Child to heaven arose with our human body, the living God" (752-5). The homily continues in more didactic form, but in each appeal the poet includes himself, leading to the exclusively personal epilogue which ends in the contemplation of the Judgment.

With calm deliberation Cynewulf pauses before he begins the last poem of his mystic trilogy. He gives his poetic instincts full play in true Anglo-Saxon pictorial style: he reviews his life in one pithy sentence: "Hard was our experience ere we to land had sailed over the stormy sea; then to us help came" (856-8), which was secured through Christ's Ascension. His confidence is unshaken and he faces the Judgment in perfect security.

The characteristic "Hwaet" intones his new theme which is necessarily a prophetic vision. Cynewulf follows closely the traditional belief of what the Last Judgment will be, from line 868 to line 1080. Here the reference to the cross that shall blaze resplendent upon all peoples offers him an occasion to contemplate the sufferings of Christ without which the poem would have greatly lacked completeness. In passing from the Advent to the Ascension the sudden transition seemed remarkable without any reference to Christ's passion and death. Waiving the necessity of finding logical sequence in a series of contemplations, we would still expect some reference more than a mere including in the "leaps," to the way of the cross. The reminiscent mention of Christ's sufferings is perhaps even more effective than the placing them in the logical order would have been. We are facing the terrible Judgment scene and Cynewulf places before us in realistic succession the different phases of Christ's passion. When we have reverently made our way of the cross we are better able to reflect on the question: "What may he ex-

pect who will not keep in mind the Saviour's gentle precepts and all the afflictions that He suffered for the sons of men, since He was fain that we might have forever a heavenly home?"

The poet's closing reflections summarize the joys of the blessed and the punishment of the doomed on that dreadful day; Christ's address to both and the final sentence of Judgment. The wicked are consigned to "the hot fire, beneath barriers of flame"; the elect are seen in possession of "a tranquil life with God."

Cynewulf's last contemplation coincides with St. John's vision in the Apocalypse. It is a rhapsody on the joys of heaven, which he describes in the highest exultation.

The Christian ascetic has feasted us with a mystic banquet! Laurel wreaths of praise have crowned the poet's brow in his native land and in remote climes; who can now deny his claim to an honoured place among our greatest mystic writers?

HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"God will give you blood to drink," was the curse of the Pyncheon family. Someone in the Pyncheon family had died in every generation in a manner which was so queer that everyone said it was the curse. In this novel the mystery of the curse is solved. There is action in every sentence. The author arouses the reader's interest by the mystery involved in Judge Pyncheon's death. There is also a romantic interest between Phoebe and Holgrave. Holgrave's presence in the house is another mystery for you to solve.

When Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote the "House of Seven Gables," he must have been thinking over his childhood. He creates a gloomy atmosphere that seems almost real. It is real in the sense that the author himself lived in the same atmosphere. This novel may be regarded as an autobiography, or a historical novel, exposing the prevalence of witchcraft, in early Colonial times, or as one written entirely for entertainment. The author builds up his characters slowly so that one would scarcely realize the gradual change which is taking place. Hawthorne's own life was depicted indirectly in this novel. The story is made more vivid by the contrast of Phoebe with Hepzibah.

If you wish to read a good mystery novel

you cannot but be satisfied with Nathaniel Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables."

Virginia Clarke, '42,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

POEMS OF ALFRED NOYES.

Two of Alfred Noyes' most charming poems are, "The Flower of Old Japan" and "The Forest of Wild Thyme."

In both poems, Noyes pictures himself with other playfellows—probably two or three, perhaps including the reader himself. In the first one we hear the children, who are sitting before the fireplace, each on a furry mat, say, "with cosy toes and hands, we were dreaming, just like you." They may have been reading about Old Japan, for their thoughts are filled with it. (At this point they probably fall asleep). Suddenly a "tall, thin man," with a long, pink robe, appears out of the wall and tells them strange tales of this land of fancy—then, waving his "turquoise-tinted fan," he illustrates his tale with visions of Old Japan—a land,

"Where fishes fly and birds have fins,
And children teach the mandarins."

He also shows them "a ruby wishing-stone," which lies "smouldering in the darkness," and which grants every wish to the one who touches it. The children are seized with a craving for this ruby, but then the tall, thin man disappears back into the wall. They follow him, pell-mell, and find themselves in "Wonder-Wander town," where they take a "ship of pearl" and sail away to Old Japan; here they meet "Creeping Sin," the villain, who follows them everywhere as they travel in the tall, thin man's palanquin. After some fearsome adventures in this enchanted land, most of them caused by Creeping Sin, they reach the

"Mystic City, that enshrined
The stone so few on earth had found."

They enter the "rose-red temple" of their dreams, only to find Creeping Sin there, in the disguise of a Japanese priest. The tall, thin man forces him to lead them to the ruby. After trying to pass off other gems, he is finally compelled to lead them to it—through terrorizing passages—to a door guarded by hissing snakes, which attack him, then disappear with him. Our friends enter, but the tall, thin man hurries away alone, in fear, after

he has glanced at the ruby. The children saw

“. . . in a frame of frozen tears,
A mirror that made the blood run cold.”

The reason? Because it reflected everything but the person's head—in which place “a heart-shaped ruby fiercely smouldered.” The children, terrified, wish to be back again in the flowery field by the port of Old Japan. Instantly they are there, with the mirror; then, after wishing to their hearts' content, they hear a song praising the Flower of Old Japan, and wish to see it. They are taken back to the nursery, and see, for a moment, an ordinary red-fringed English daisy; by this they know they are home.

* * * * *

“The Forest of Wild Thyme” is much longer, but similar to the former poem, in that the children are again taken into a sort of fairyland. It seems like a sequel to the former poem, but this time they are on a quest for “merry little Peterkin,” probably a little brother, who has died since their last adventure. They think the “tall, thin man” may have taken him back to “the land of blue pagodas and flowery fields of tea,” but they wish to find the “Smallest Flower,” in which “lay furred the secret and meaning of all the world,” because then they might know where Peterkin has gone. They go to the churchyard,

“Where that curious plate, that foolish plate
of brass,
Said Peterkin was fast asleep.”

While they are sitting on the grass beside the stone, they probably fall asleep, for they again dream of strange lands. They all become very tiny, so that the wild thyme in the churchyard seems like a huge forest. Their first adventure here is being frightened by a group of winged monsters, who are rushing to put out a fire. The children are terrified, and then somehow they realize that this is the incident connected with the rhyme,

“Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire and your children are
gone,”

and that these “monsters” must be ladybirds. They wander on, and come upon the trial of the culprit who killed Cock Robin—but they

run away, sorrowful, and in tears, before the verdict is passed. They also see “Little Boy Blue” about to blow his horn, but the wind blows his figure away before a sound is emitted. Finally they reach a hovel out of which an ugly creature steps and says,

“Won't you walk into my parlour? I can make you cosy there!”

They cannot remember where they heard these words before, so they walk in, to gain knowledge of the whereabouts of Peterkin. They learn the true disposition of the spider, however (you've probably guessed his identity), when a man comes walking along to the hovel and the spider begs him to enter, then tears him apart. Just as the creature is about to turn towards them, a marching is heard and a song. The spider runs away in fear, and the fairies enter, rescue the children, and lead them to the fairy king, who, after learning their quest, gives them “Pease-Blossom” and “Mustard-Seed” as guides to take them to Peterkin. Pease-Blossom is a gay fellow, “strutting along with an elegant swagger,” while Mustard-Seed is a “devil-may-care, epigrammatic and pungent fellow.” These take them to the “City of Sleep,” through the “Ivory Gates,” and out of the City, until they reach the “Temple of the Smallest Flower,” where they leave them; as they have no souls, and cannot enter. The children go into the flower, and in the grand hall they see “four angels . . . gliding down . . . and in their hands, with laughing eyes, lay little brother Peterkin.”

Then they wake up, only to find themselves in the churchyard, with their parents leaning over them, having found them after a long search.

* * * * *

If you wish to read these poems, that is, if you are interested, run down to your library and ask for the “Collected Poems” of Alfred Noyes. Come home and sit comfortably in your favourite easy chair, then, for an hour or so, forget yourself and your realistic surroundings while you wander hand in hand with the poet and his characters through his wonderful, imaginative land of dreams.

Ethel Farkas, Grade XII,

Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

Selections from Dickens

Revealing His Love for Children

Let the child have its fables; let the man or woman into which it changes always remember those fables tenderly. Let numerous graces and ornaments that cannot be weighed and measured, and that seem at first sight idle enough, continue to have their places about us, be we never so wise. The hardest head may exist with the softest heart. The union and just balance of those two is always a blessing to the possessor, and always a blessing to mankind. The Divine Teacher was as gentle and considerate as He was powerful and wise. You all know how He could still the raging of the sea, and could hush a little child. As the utmost results of the wisdom of men can only be, at last, to help raise this earth to that condition to which His doctrine, untainted by the blindness and passions of men, would have exalted it long ago; so let us always remember that he set us the example of blending the understanding and the imagination, and that, following it ourselves, we tread in His steps, and help our race on to its better and best days. Knowledge, as all followers of it must know, has a very limited power indeed, when it informs the head alone; but when it informs the head and the heart, too, it has a power over life and death, the body and the soul and dominates the universe.

* * *

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are fresh from God, love us.

* * *

We were, all of us, children once; and our baby feet have strolled in green woods ashore; and our baby hands have gathered flowers in gardens where the birds were singing. The children that we were are not lost to the great knowledge of our Creator. Those innocent creatures will appear with us before Him, and plead for us.

* * *

Our love and fellowship, begun in childhood, when life was all before us, will be resumed when we have proved it, and are but children at the last.

* * *

O thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon

us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

A Child's Hymn

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them everyone;
Down before the Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril,
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has brought.

Pardon all my past transgressions;
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thy angels bid me home.

RAIN AND A YOUNG TREE.

Young tree,
You with the graceful limbs
And green leaves blowing in the rain
And in the winds;
You with the slender arms across my path
Stretching down to touch my face;
You, who stand
So bent against nature's wrath,
Care you not that I must walk
All across this watered lane?
I have not the time to talk
With a young tree beck'ning in the rain.

Margaret Paquin, '42,

Loretto Academy,

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. By John Henry
Cardinal Newman.

Cardinal Newman's history of his religious opinions can never be fully appreciated by one who has been a Catholic since infancy, when the saving waters of Baptism were poured on his or her head. Perhaps a convert who has struggled and won, sacrificing much that is dear to his heart, can realize the purgatory that Cardinal Newman spent on earth, when he was endeavouring to find the one true fold. This book was written as a reply to the pamphlet entitled, "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" written by Mr. Charles Kingsley, in which the accuser brought together a number of extracts from Dr. Newman's works, (Catholic and Anglican, with the object of showing that the Cardinal practised "deceit and dishonesty and was not responsible for his actions." The protest was made by Dr. Newman, not for himself but, "on behalf of a large body of men, of high character, who had their place and their right in the world, though they were ministers of a world unseen, and who were insulted by my accuser."

The points of difference between Catholicism and Anglicanism are clearly stated. He examined the marks of the true Church—one, holy, catholic and apostolic—and concluded that Anglicanism did not contain all four marks. Dr. Newman writes: "Up to Michaelmas, 1839, I honestly wished to benefit the Church of England, at the expense of the Church of Rome. For the second four years I wished to benefit the Church of England without prejudice to the Church of Rome. At the beginning of the ninth year, 1843, I began to despair of the Church of England and gave up all clerical duty; and then I wished not to injure it, and had not the wish to benefit it. At the beginning of the tenth year I distinctly contemplated leaving it." In February, 1843, he made a formal retraction of all the hard things said against the Church of Rome. In 1843 he wrote: "I think the Church of Rome, the Catholic Church, and ours not part of the Catholic Church, because not in communion with Rome."

At the end of 1844 he determined to write an "Essay on Doctrinal Development," and, if when he finished it, his convictions were in favour of the Church of Rome, he would take the necessary steps for admission. At this time he wrote: "My one paramount reason for contemplating a change is my deep, unvarying conviction that our Church is in schism,

and that my salvation depends on my joining the Church of Rome." Before finishing his "Essay on Doctrinal Development," he resolved to be received, and the essay remains.

On October 8, 1845, Father Dominic, a Passionist, visited Littlemore, and Cardinal Newman asked to be received into the Catholic Church. We cannot know how deeply this parting from Anglicanism was felt; he stated, "I am giving up so much I love." He tells us the condition of his mind since 1845—he has never regretted his decision. He had no difficulty in accepting "Transubstantiation" as soon as he believed the Catholic Church is the oracle of God. "I cannot prove it; I cannot tell how it is; but I say, why should it not be? What's to hinder it? What do I know of substance of matter? As much as the greatest philosophers, nothing at all. He states his belief in the Immaculate Conception and writes, "Catholics have not come to believe it because it is defined, but that it was defined because they believed it."

The prayer of many is expressed in Dr. Newman's concluding paragraph: "And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope that all of us who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will into One Fold and under One Shepherd."

Margaret Love, Junior College,
Loretto-Brunswick Ave.

OUR LADY'S ROSARY.

Before us, as we pray, Our Lady stands,
Her raiment purer than the spotless snow;
Her rosary we clasp in prayerful hands,
Each bead a prayer to Jesus Christ doth flow.

Each *Pater*, for our valiant sons and brothers;
Each *Ave*, for the anxious folk at home;
Each *Gloria*, for the martyrs of our country—
A rosary for us all, where'er we roam.

A rosary midst life and death of nations—
Each bead a tear of sorrow, pain, maybe;
Each golden link a hope of glad to-morrows;
Each whispered prayer, our faith for all to see.

To Jesus, through Our Lady, we petition
For Christian life and Christian liberty;
To Christ, the Son, the child of Mother Mary,
Through this—the choicest gift, her rosary.

Helen Adams, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

Rev. Dr. Shook Lectures on "The Keys of the Kingdom"

The Artistic Weakness of the Modern Best-Seller Is Emphasized.

"There is a saying current among publishers that all books about Lincoln sell, and all books about doctors sell, and all books about dogs sell; and therefore a fortune awaits the man who will write the book about Lincoln's doctor's dog—such a one is 'The Keys of the Kingdom,'" stated Rev. L. K. Shook, Ph.D., (Harv.) in a lecture delivered to the students of Loretto College recently on the subject of A. J. Cronin's latest best-seller.

"Here we have a book on a religious theme—always potential dynamite—with a Chinese setting—quite the rage since the rise of Pearl Buck, author of 'The Good Earth,' and well supplied with melodramatic incidents from a tragic suicide, to a one-man victory over a battalion of bandits. Taken all in all, it affords rather good game for the excitement-hunter," said Father Shook.

Developing the criticism that the book is over-melodramatic, the lecturer continued: "Notice the 'penchant' for tearing up letters, as illustrated by Father Tarrant, who moved to remorse by a surreptitious peek into Francis' diary, tears the incriminating letter from the Spanish priest, into fragments; and again by Monsignor Sleeth—to quote the author: 'His fingers ripped the sheets with methodic violence. He threw the torn and twisted fragments from him, scattered them irrevocably on the floor, then he groaned and sank upon his knees.'

"Another example of this over-dramatic portrayal is found in the tragic suicide of Nora. The typical villain of the Victorian melodrama, has drawn her, by his unwelcome proffers of marriage, to hurl herself in front of the huge locomotive. You can almost hear her crying: 'No, no, a thousand times no!'

"All this makes for exciting reading. But it does not make for artistic creation. Again, the presentation of Anselm Mealey is manifestly unfair. He is presented as a pious fraud from his childhood to his appointment as a bishop. The author is so entirely out of sympathy with him, that he treats him as a personal enemy. Never once does the reader get inside of Anselm's mind.

"But there are obvious literary virtues in

'The Keys of the Kingdom.' There is a freshness and vitality to the style that makes it eminently readable. Particularly effective is the use of Father Francis' diary to handle the passing of time. Again, approaching genius, is the character portrayal of Father Chisholm and of Mother Maria-Veronica: The one a humble saintly missionary from a Scottish slums, the other a proud, intelligent, dominating Mother-Superior, sprung from an aristocratic German family. The clash of wills between these two, and the ultimate victory of Francis, is perhaps the artistic highlight of the book.

"On the score of literary and artistic excellence, the book does not merit the attention which has been given it—it reveals an incipient art, marred by an unworthy interest in the audience, a common weakness of the Best-Seller.

"No book in recent years has aroused such controversy, and Catholics have been slow to accept it because they are a trifle puzzled by the author's purpose—I feel, however, that 'The Keys of The Kingdom' is a sincere effort to bring the reader face to face with a number of profound religious issues, and to suggest a working solution. But in examining some of the issues, we ask: is it possible for the average person to live a genuine Christian life? Father Francis is Dr. Cronin's answer to the question. Father Francis is essentially the practising Christian.

The weakness in Dr. Cronin's presentation of this particular issue, is that he implies by making Father Chisholm an eccentric, and by contrasting him with everyone around him, that genuine Christianity, in or out of the priesthood, is much more rare than it actually is. The second issue raised by the book is toleration. Doctrinally speaking, it could almost be described as a study in toleration. A number of hostile critics take exception to this feeling that Cronin is posing as a liberal and that he inclines toward religious indifference. I rather fear this is partly true, but at least he appears to be making a sincere effort to meet one of the most burning problems of modern times, and if he has not entirely solved the problem, he is not without company in failure. The author condemns intolerance and bigotry wherever it is to be found, and he makes it clear that it is found not only in the

Catholic Church, but, and to a more insidious and more violent degree—outside of it.”

At the conclusion of the Lecture, the sincere thanks and warm appreciation of the students of Loretto were extended to Father Shook by Gerry Moss, who deemed it a great privilege and a welcome opportunity for the Loretto College students to have participated in such an enlightened and unbiased presentation of to-day's Best-Seller, as illustrated by “The Keys of The Kingdom”—highly meritorious criticism, marked by sincerity of expression, clarity of style, and sanity of judgment.

Maureen Murphy, 4T3,
Loretto College, Toronto.

If Thou Didst Know*

He who created mighty seas and lakes,
And flowing rivers, to a woman makes
Request for water at a common well,
To her, a sinner whom, as chance befell,
He met when weary, and sore parched with
thirst.

The woman marvelled at a Jew who durst
Of a Samaritan ask such request,
And paused a moment, putting him to test.
Ah, precious moment, leading her from sin,
Showing the way a new life to begin!

If thou didst know, sinful Samaritan,
The gift that would be thine from this strange
Man:

He asked for water, and upon a rood
He shed for thee the last drop of His Blood!

M. D. Barry.

* St. John, iv., 10.

Unity

The dusty grain for wheat,
The juicy grape for wine,
So ordered and complete,
Fulfils the law Divine.

Without each little part,
How organize the whole?
The sheaf has not a heart,
The branch has not a soul.

But grind the grain to flour,
And press the grapes to wine;
The glory of that hour
Reveals the Master's sign.

The miracle of bread
To yeast obedient,
The filled cask, white or red,
For feast or sacrament.

Power grows in unity,—
One rule for low and high,
What fools poor mortals be
Who dare this law defy!
—Lily E. F. Barry.

Back to the Fold

Back to the Fold again!
Back from the strange hillside
They come, the weary sheep,
Cross desert wide.

They come, feet worn and scarred,
Bedraggled, sad, and lone;
Oh, the toil, the heat, the strife!
Oh, the sigh, the moan!

Back to the Fold again,
Their way all sure and true,
Their hearts upheld by hope
Of rest and safety, too.

They come—from brambled world,
Beset by thorn and snare,
Back to the Fold they come!
Now peace they share!

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

Our World

This world, they say, is what we make it;
Each cloud has its silver lining;
Could we look behind the darkest one
We should see the bright sun shining.

Beauty and cheer go hand-in-hand
With love and sympathy;
Oh, who would care to live in our world
Were there only antipathy?

Let us look on life as a garden of flowers,
Caressed by the morning dew;
Each flower, as it lifts its lovely head,
Brings a message old, yet new.

We should, like it, lift up our heads,
And rejoice in the glory of living;
Should diffuse through the world the joy we
feel,

And thrill with the pleasure of giving.

Margaret Simpkin, XI.,

Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Book Reviews

VAGABOND IN VELVET (1942). By Covelle Newcomb. Illustrated by Addison Burbank. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. \$3.00; New York, \$2.50.

Miss Newcomb's magic pen has produced another unforgettable life-story as informing and fascinating as "The Red Hat" (1941). In "Vagabond In Velvet," sympathy-arousing action begins with the opening page, where a graphic description is given of a little boy gripping a lump of charcoal and marking on a scrap of paper, as he lies on the tiles under the shade of a pomegranate tree in the patio.

"When he had finished, he sprang to his feet, proudly holding the paper before him. His wide, blue-gray eyes were full of light and amusement. He had done it! He had written his name, his country, and the year of his birth, and he had never been to school. Excitedly, he read aloud: 'Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Spain. 1547.'"

No dull page occurs as we follow the eventful career of Cervantes from boyhood to the close of his long life which, by a coincidence, came on April 23, 1616, the day on which Shakespeare, also, passed away.

The reader comes to know intimately this soldier, captive, tax-collector, poet, dramatist, novelist, and genial satirist who has given to the world "Don Quixote," the classic which was destined "to change the literary taste of nations."

The extensive bibliography appended will be prized by all book-lovers.

Young and old will enjoy "Vagabond in Velvet," which will be a distinctive gift for any occasion. Particularly welcome would a copy be to your soldier, or sailor, or airman, now fighting as a "soldier of the King."

C.T.D.

PROSE READINGS (1942). An anthology for Catholic colleges, selected and edited by the Rev. Vincent J. Flynn (Ph.D., Chicago). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and Chicago. \$2.50.

Although intended, as the sub-title indicates, for Catholic colleges, this superlatively well-chosen collection of Prose Readings, select-

ed and edited by Rev. Vincent J. Flynn, should come high on the list of best sellers, as it is a veritable literary treasure-trove.

Rev. Dr. Flynn's scholarliness may be surmised from the fact that his formal education was received at St. Thomas Military College, the College of St. Thomas (B.A.), the University of Minnesota (M.A.), the University of Chicago (Ph.D.), St. Paul Seminary, and the Catholic University of America (S.T.B.); also, in a year's research work in European libraries, from Rome to Munich, and London. From his position as professor of English, and head of the department at the College of St. Thomas, he has been granted leave of absence (1942-43) to accept a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Some of the highly commendable features of "Prose Readings" are the splendid classification and arrangement of the articles: Education, Art and Literary Criticism, Social and Political Thought, History, Philosophy, Theology and Religion, Liturgy, Fiction, Biography; the choice of articles, chiefly by modern writers; and the biographical and critical sketches provided. Of Dr. Flynn's own entertaining and effective prose, which has been appearing in various journals for more than a decade of years, there is, regrettably, only one selection, "Sangre Azul," in addition to the Preface.

A copy of Prose Readings at hand for the fall and winter evenings will provide profitable and enjoyable entertainment for one, or for a group.

K.M.B.

THE REED AND THE ROCK. By Theodore Maynard. Longmans, Green & Co. 273 p. New York, \$3.00; Toronto, \$3.50.

In this beautifully written biography of one inured to a life of sacrifice from his childhood, and wholly devoted to the welfare of souls, Mr. Maynard gives us, in addition to the satisfying portrait of Simon Bruté, a pioneer bishop of the United States, a charming and intimate picture of the valiant, lovable Mother Seton and her little community of Daughters of Charity, in the foundation years, of almost incredible trials. In this volume the wealth of information as to early Catholic

life in America tends to make us realize the debt of gratitude owing to the pioneer clergy and religious as also to the early Catholic settlers.

"The Reed and the Rock" is another attrac-

tive and valuable gift-book for any occasion. To the sender, as to the recipient, and successive borrowers, it will be eminently satisfying and re-readable.

K.M.B.



THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LADY.*

The Temple roof shone golden in the clear rays of the sun
 When to its courts there came with joy the fairest little one
 In all that holy land. The way was long, for she was three,
 Yet this child, to her God, that day, would vow virginity;
 So, bravely up the shining steps she trod to dedicate
 Her tender life—in service beautiful to consecrate
 Her childhood days. Beloved of God and man, she grew apace
 As daily, hourly, she advanced in wisdom, age and grace.
 O, little Maid of Nazareth, so docile, pure and mild,
 Help me to sanctify my youth. Keep me so undefiled
 In all my ways that thou mayst come, one day, to present me
 To my God in the great Temple of Eternity.

M.M. St. Rita, I.B.V.M.

* Written for the minims at Loretto Abbey.

Felicitations

To Rt. Reverend Msgr. E. M. Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto; to Rev. T. J. Manley, Pastor of St. Brigid's Church, and Archdiocesan Director of the Holy Name Society; and to Rev. C. W. James, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, our sincere congratulations are offered on their having recently celebrated their Silver Jubilees.

Our congratulations are extended to Very Reverend E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., who has recently been elected Superior-General of the Basilian Fathers, succeeding Very Reverend Henry Carr, C.S.B., who has so ably rounded out his full term of office.

Father McCorkell was head of St. Michael's College for twelve years, and Master of Novices for three. During 1941-42 he was Principal of St. Thomas More College in the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, whence he has been recalled to assume his present arduous duties, in a field for which his past experiences have eminently prepared him.

To Reverend Francis McCarty, C.S.B., a former pupil of St. Joseph's School (Loretto), Stratford, we offer sincere congratulations on his Ordination to the priesthood, August 15th, in St. Basil's Church, Toronto. His first Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Immaculate Conception Church, Stratford.

Congratulations to Dr. Eugene Keyes, Detroit, former pupil of St. Joseph's (Loretto) School, Stratford, on his recent appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan. Dr. Keyes is a brother of the late Mother M. Adelaide, I.B.V.M.

Our congratulations to Mr. Daniel Kelly Toronto, son of Mrs. Mark Kelly, Waterloo St., Stratford, and former pupil of St. Joseph's (Loretto) School, on his appointment as Judge in the Assize Courts.

To Mother Immaculata of the Precious Blood Monastery, Toronto, we extend heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee. Mother Immaculata, who is still actively engaged in the duties of her religious calling, has the distinction of being a niece of Reverend Mother Catherine, the

saintly foundress of the Precious Blood Congregation. May the dear Jubilarian be granted many more years in her estimable life of labour, prayer, and sacrifice.

To Mr. Edward F. Henderson, we offer congratulations on having received from His Holiness Pope Pius XII the Cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice, together with the Holy Father's blessing for himself and family, on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee as administrator and Secretary of the Toronto Separate School Board, now entitled, Toronto and Suburban S.S. Board. Mr. Henderson has for a decade of years been representative of the Separate School Board on the Toronto Board of Education.

Congratulations to Dr. (Lieutenant) Geraldine Maloney, Loretto Alumna, Toronto, the first woman doctor to receive an appointment as Medical Officer in the Canadian Medical Corps. She was resident doctor for Obstetrics and Gynecology at St. Michael's Hospital, 1939-1940, and has since been on the staff of the Outdoor Clinic of St. Michael's Hospital; also visiting doctor for the Well Baby Clinic which has been held in St. Michael's Cathedral Parish Hall for the past year, and from which she resigned on her recent appointment to the C.A.M.C.

From a column devoted to Dr. Maloney in a September issue of *The Canadian Register* we quote this tribute:

"Dr. Maloney belongs to a well-known Catholic family in St. Helen's Parish. She was educated at Loretto Abbey (and Loretto College) and registered with St. Michael's for her University course. She was an active member of Newman Club, and was elected to the Executive of the Club during her time as a student of the Faculty of Medicine. After her University graduation in 1937, she was Interne on Rotation Services for a year at St. Michael's Hospital. The intervening year before returning to St. Michael's was spent in London, England, and Dublin, Ireland. Her hospital in the Irish capital was the Rotunda.

"Dr. Maloney's father was a contractor, and her brother, Mr. Larkin Maloney, now directs the business. There was no family tradition to direct her to the medical pro-

fession, but it was one which appealed to her as a girl, and her decision to devote herself to medical studies and practice has been crowned with distinguished success. Those who know her work at the Cathedral Well Baby Clinic speak of the interest she showed in every single child who came to her for attention. Her interest in the babies was human and not purely professional. The splendid work achieved by the Cathedral Clinic was very largely due to the generous services of Dr. Maloney."

Loretto's good wishes to this dear Alumna in her latest appointment.

Congratulations to Miss Alice McGuigan, B.A., sister of His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, on having recently received a commission as Second Lieutenant, and an appointment to the Royal Army Medical Corps, Hospital Unit No. 10, at London, Ont. Miss McGuigan, after graduating from St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., specialized for a year as dietitian at St. Michael's Hospital. She made many friends while in Toronto.

On September 5th, in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Miss Winnifred Frances Rankin, a fourth-generation Loretto Abbey Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rankin (Loretto Abbey Alumna) was married to Mr. Oliver Cartier, Toronto, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cartier, Jasper, Alberta. Rev. Father Egan, the Pastor, officiated. For the occasion, the sanctuary was beautifully adorned with gladioli. Miss June Cameron presided at the organ, with Miss Jeanette Cal-

linan as soloist. The bride was given in marriage by her father. Miss Jane Weld was maid of honour. Mr. Peter Rankin, brother of the bride, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Paul Dandeneau, Mr. Barry Me-



Mrs. Cartier (Winnifred Rankin)
with her husband, Mr. Oliver
Cartier.

Kelvie, and Mr. Gordon Whyte. At the home of the bride's parents, Mrs. Rankin received.

Mr. and Mrs. Cartier will reside in Toronto. With our congratulations we offer them best wishes for years of happiness ahead.

Eternal Youth

'Tis not years that give one joy;
Twenty, thirty, forty, more—
All the same unto the heart
Which keeps open wide its door,
Lets the rays of kindness pass
In and out like butterflies,
With the gleams of spirit-stars
From the everlasting skies.

'Tis not years that give one joy;
Youth is an eternal thing!
Gentleness, and love, and grace
Bear it soaring on light wing.
Keep the portal of the heart
Open to the good and true,
Joy will flourish through all time,
Amaranthine, sweet, for you.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

In Memoriam

MOST REV. DENIS O'CONNOR, D.D., LL.D.

The death of His Excellency Bishop O'Connor of Peterborough, on August thirtieth, brought grief to his many relatives; to the clergy of his diocese; to his parishioners; and to a large circle of friends throughout Canada.

Although in impaired health for several months, Bishop O'Connor, with characteristic self-effacement and kindly consideration for others, laboured steadily on, fulfilling his Episcopal duties.

One reads with admiration of the works accomplished by, or with the approval of, the Bishop in his diocese during the twelve years since his consecration. Amongst these are the beautiful renovation of the Cathedral; the completion of the Church of the Immaculate Conception; the enlarging of Mount St. Joseph Motherhouse; the establishment in Peterborough of a monastery by the Sisters of the Precious Blood; the opening of a new parish church in Parry Sound; and the building annually of a mission chapel.

As rector of St. Peter's Seminary, London, as an instructor in the Seminary, and as Vicar-General of the diocese, Monsignor O'Connor had won distinction in management of institutional affairs, and as an orator. Later, as Bishop, he was recognized as one of Ontario's clearest thinkers and most convincing speakers; as a judicious administrator; and as a most zealous promoter of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and of missionary work.

In attendance at the Pontifical High Mass of Requiem which was celebrated in the Cathedral on Wednesday, September 2nd, by the Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, D.D., LL.D., were many bishops, monsignori, and priests; representatives of the Provincial Government; the mayor and other civic officials of Peterborough, and representatives from various parts of Canada. Most Rev. R. H. Dignan, D.D., Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie, delivered a soulful sermon, and the choristers of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, under the direction of Rev. Dr. Ronan, sang the Mass.

To the bereaved brothers of the late Bishop, Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. Bartholomew O'Connor, and Mr. Martin O'Connor, all of Wowota, Sask., and to his sisters, Misses Mary and

Catherine O'Connor, of Wowota; Mother M. Catherine, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and Mrs. Julia Sweeney, of Edmonton, Alta., we offer our sincere sympathy in the loss of their saintly brother; also to his cousins, especially Mother Mary of the Angels, I.B.V.M.; Mother M. Ferdinand, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. Delphine, I.B.V.M. May he rest in peace!

REV. M. V. KELLY, C.S.B.

On Friday, the last day of July, 1942, a long life, filled with good works, merged into eternal life, when the well-known, indefatigable Father Michael V. Kelly, C.S.B., answered the supreme call, after months of suffering from a malignant disease, so bravely borne that many who knew him and saw him still busily engaged in writing and other activities, were unaware of his approaching death.

Father Kelly's labours to extend the Kingdom of God on earth were carried on in the class rooms of various colleges of the Congregation of St. Basil; in the several parishes of which he was pastor at different times; in formal and informal talks to prospective converts; and at his desk, where he wrote books, pamphlets, and articles for newspapers and magazines.

His Golden Jubilee, celebrated a year ago, was the occasion of an unusually large gathering of his relatives and friends, at the Mass of thanksgiving of which he was celebrant, in his native parish church; and also at a reception held later. The following day, he sang the Solemn High Mass at the Golden Jubilee celebration at St. Michael's College, and afterwards was guest of honour at the Jubilee dinner in Brennan Hall. His Grace Archbishop McGuigan and a large number of the clergy were present, and many tributes were paid to the Jubilarian.

To the Basilian Fathers, to his bereaved brothers, Mr. John Kelly, Mr. Francis Kelly, and Hon. Hugh Kelly, retired Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, and to his sister, Mrs. John McGlone, our sympathy is extended in the loss of their devoted brother; also to Mrs. D. Rae McKenzie and Miss Anne Kelly (Loretto Abbey Alumnae), nieces of Father Kelly. May he rest in peace.

MR. BERNARD J. DOYLE.

On Wednesday morning, September 23rd, Mr. Bernard J. Doyle, of Toronto, passed peacefully away at the age of 85, surrounded by his family, with whom, as with all his friends and acquaintances, he has left memories of his eminently Christian life, signalized by love of God and of his neighbour.

In his active years, Mr. Doyle was one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and served as a zealous worker in the St. Vincent de Paul and Holy Name Societies.

Less than a decade of years ago, just prior to the departure for China of their son, Rev. Gerald Doyle, missionary priest, Mr. and Mrs. Doyle celebrated their Golden Wedding.

The Solemn Jubilee Mass was sung in the chapel of Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, where their daughter, Mother M. St. Michael, a member of the Community, presided at the organ. The celebrants of the Mass were the Jubilarians' three sons, Rev. Bernard Doyle, Rev. Basil Doyle, C.S.P., and Rev. Gerald Doyle, of the China Mission Society.

That memorable event was recalled by several who were present at the Requiem High Mass for Mr. Doyle, in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, on Friday, September 25th, 1942, when Father Basil Dayle was celebrant, Father Bernard Doyle, deacon, and, representing Father Gerald Doyle, who is still in China, was Rev. Father Stringer of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, as subdeacon.

The last blessing was given by His Grace, Archbishop McGuigan, who, with the Monsignori, the priests, Christian Brothers, religious of several communities, and an exceptionally large congregation of the laity, had come to pay tribute to one of God's faithful children—a devoted husband and father, and an exemplary Catholic gentleman.

Our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of sorrow is extended to Mrs. Bernard Doyle (Julia Murphy, Loretto Alumna) and family—Rev. Bernard Doyle, P.P., Orillia; Rev. Basil Doyle, C.S.P., Detroit; Rev. Gerald Doyle, China; Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Doyle (Loretto Alumna) and their family; Mother M. St. Michael, I.B.V.M., and Miss Sheila Doyle—all former Loretto pupils, and to all of whom we give assurance of continued remembrance in prayer for their dear departed. May he rest in peace!

The Lily of the Mohawks

**Catherine Tekakwitha,
Lily of the Mohawks.**

How like the lustrous stars her virtues glow,
Piercing the gloom of that deep pagan night
That brooded o'er America's fair land
Three centuries ago!

The seed of Faith deep in her mother's heart
Blossomed, and lo! a flower of beauty rare
Dispensed its fragrance in the wilderness,
From ways of sin apart.

Then, in the stillness of an Easter morn,
That chalice heart in saving waters laved,
Reflected back the glory of the dawn
Within her spirit born.

New-bathed in the regenerating dew,
Her virgin soul oped wide to floods of grace,
Till life's frail stem could bind no more to earth
That spouse so fair, so true.

The fragrant lily-vessel's life span o'er,
They laid it under Caughnawaga's hills
In all its fragile loveliness—her soul
With God for evermore.

M.M. St. Rita, I.B.V.M.

We are in the best school when we have
learned to convert the daily happenings and
work into means of education.—Spalding.

For Better Things

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT LORETTO ABBEY.

On Monday morning, August 24, in the Chapel at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, six young ladies received the habit of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Monsignor McCann officiated, assisted by Rev. William Fraser, the Abbey Chaplain. Rev. J. O'G. Fleming, S.J., preached the sermon, and Rev. Hugh Callaghan celebrated Mass. There were present in the sanctuary the Right Rev. J. J. McGrand, D.P., Rev. John Muldoon, C.S.S.R., Rev. P. Hendriks, Rev. Father Healy, Rev. E. Lacey, and Rev. Father Brennan.

The six young ladies who received the habit are: Miss Mary Culnan, Toronto, Sr. M. Bernadette; Miss Mary McCann, Toronto, Sr. M. Melanie; Miss Ruth Judge, Toronto, Sr. Mary Anthony; Miss Mary Egan, Westport, Sr. M. Lidwina; Miss Mary Nixon, Toronto, Sr. M. John Brebeuf; Miss Ruth Willick, Welland, Sr. M. Carlotta.

On Wednesday morning, August 26, at the nine o'clock Mass, eight Novices made their First Vows. The Chaplain, Rev. William Fraser, officiated. Rev. Dr. Markle preached the sermon and said the Mass. Those making first Vows were: Sr. M. St. Stephen, Miss Mary Yvonne Kelly, Brantford, Ont.; Sr. M. St. Robert, Miss Eileen Bannon, Stratford, Ont.; Sr. M. St. John Bosco, Miss Vivian Adams, Regina, Sask.; Sr. M. S. Ronald, Miss Nora Flanigan, Stratford, Ont.; Sr. M. St. Richard, Miss Mary Laverty, Sebringville; Sr. M. Noel, Miss Frances Ordway, Regina, Sask.; Sr. M. Georgina, Miss Matilda Kambeitz, Sedley, Sask.; Sr. M. St. Arnold, Miss Loretto Stackpole, Ottawa, Ont.

The previous Wednesday, August 19, at the Community Mass, the following Sisters pronounced their Perpetual Vows:

M. M. St. Frederick, Miss Marita Kompare, Chicago, Ill.

M. M. Magdalena, Miss Susie Savoie, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

M. M. Beata, Miss Lenore Purpura, Chicago, Ill.

M. M. St. Bernadette, Miss Mary Burns, Toronto, Ont.

A REPORT.

"Middle-Grade Activities," a service periodical for teachers, published monthly by Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago, presented to its readers some little time ago, the following article arresting by its merits, and by the fact that Miss Halkyard, Elementary Supervisor at Joliet, and Miss Delaney, Ph.B., are both Loretto alumnae.

A STUDY OF FACTORIES.

Submitted by Marcita Halkyard.

The factories of their town were the subject for inquiry by Miss Frances Delaney's fifth-grade pupils in the J. M. Thompson School at Joliet, Ill. They had become interested in their own community after reading the unit on Gary, a steel city like Joliet, in *Ten Communities*. After considerable class discussion, the group decided to concentrate on a study of local factories.

The children set to work and gathered valuable information about the city's industrial life from the Chamber of Commerce and other sources. They consulted reference books and other supplementary materials they found in the school library.

One group made graphs showing the number of men employed in one important industry and their average annual earnings. The class as a whole made trips to visit two large factories and found many things to interest them there.

Some of the children had fathers and other relatives employed in the local wire mill and in the wallpaper mills. These grown-ups cooperated by taking their youngsters on personally-conducted tours through their places of employment. Naturally the children had much to report when they returned to the classroom, and the other children listened eagerly. All of the group were much interested in learning that their own home town produced 60 per cent. of the wallpaper made in the entire country.

The class worked together in writing a complete story of the study and in making an exhibit which they displayed the day their superintendent, the school supervisors, and their parents came to visit them.

Among the outcomes of this study listed by the teacher are the following:

(1) Accumulation of information regarding local industries and a new alertness to things going on around them.

(2) An appreciation of our natural resources and of the need for conserving them.

(3) Stimulation of interest in finding out sources of raw materials used in local industries and the consequent broadening of horizons.

(4) Purposeful activity—writing of business letters; collecting exhibit material; labeling and arranging it; oral reports by groups; making graphs, etc.

(5) Skill in paragraph writing.

(6) Acquisition of new words and ability to spell many of them.

WORK AND PRAY, YE LABOURERS.

Mother M. St. Edward, I.B.V.M.

To pen a few brief accounts of our Religious Vacation School experiences and how pertinent problems were solved is equivalent to pouring a gallon of water into a pint container. It just cannot be done. Vacation School experiences spell volumes.

However, a general summary of Vacation School spiritual benefits to those less privileged members of the Mystical Body may stimulate your zeal, and encourage you to go forward into those neglected corners of the Master's Vineyard where "the harvest is white and the labourers are few."

A glance at the map of Northern Michigan will show the precise locations of our Religious Vacation Schools, namely, Algonquin, Ewen, Watersmeek, Bergland, Sidnaw, Big Bay, Trenary, and Rapid River, all mentioned in this report.

This region is sparsely populated, due to the vast areas of timberland and mineral deposits. The principal industries are lumbering and mining.

The average adult has had Public School education with less religious instruction than their children, who now benefit by the Religion Vacation Schools.

The nationalities include Irish, Polish, French and German, all American born, so that there is no racial problem in this region of the apostolate.

However, the general problems confronting Vacation School Sisters are, Parish Missions, distances, transportation, ungraded classes, inadequate catechetical material.

In regard to the Parish Missions, the Pastor has three or four missions, each situated ten

to forty miles from the church. Consequently he can travel to only one on Sunday, which means that these Catholics have Mass only once a month. There is very little time for Catechism. The Pastor depends upon the Vacation School for this teaching. And just here arises the transportation problem.

The children hike a mile or more from their homes to the highway, where a farmer picks them up and drives them to school in his truck. Another farmer volunteers to bring them home at noon.

In some missions the distance, forty miles, was too great to expect a working man to supply the means of transportation, so the problem was solved by the Pastor, who engaged a boy to drive the Sisters in his car to and from the mission, and incidentally, to pick up the children waiting along the highway until they were packed like sardines in the car. This was the procedure for Sidnaw and Bergland, both missions of Ewen; also Trenary, a Mission of Rapid River, and Big Bay a Mission of Marquette.

The time in the car was profitably spent teaching the children to pray, to recite the Rosary for the success of their Vacation School, and to tell Bible history stories.

Where there was no church, classes had to be conducted in the Town Hall or in a vacant house. Once the children were transported, the problem of grading or grouping had to be solved. The average rural Vacation School totals forty to fifty children ranging from first grade to second year high school. The preferable plan was to include the first four grades in the Junior Class, and the upper four grades in the Senior group. The high school girls and boys, though older, were just as deficient in religious knowledge and training as were the younger children, and were much more of a disciplinary problem. However, this difficulty was overcome by training these students to assist with the Junior group, keeping attendance records, making charts, and mounting pictures, etc.

After the general dismissal they remained about forty minutes for special training in choir, sacristan's work, and learning to serve Mass. Those with superior aptitudes were trained to be directors of Junior Catholic Action groups in the Mission or Parish.

In Algonquin a high school girl learned to play High Mass and is now a good organist. Algonquin's first new church and rectory were dedicated last year. A little mission Catechism Class made a Crib and bought the In-

fant Jesus with their candy pennies, that He might send them a priest for Mass on Sundays. The Crib grew into the Church of the Nativity of Our Lord.

Last summer in Trenary a first year high school student who had two years music lessons practised the hymns taught in the Vacation School and was soon the junior organist.

The last half-hour of the daily sessions was devoted to singing. Usually the Public School children have well-trained voices, so they can learn two or three hymns and Benediction during the first week so as to sing the following Sundays. By the end of the four weeks' Vacation School a children's choir is well organized to continue the choir practice throughout the year under the supervision of the senior organist. In Ewen, Watersmeek, Big Bay, and Sidnaw choirs so organized three to five years ago are still doing good work. Of, course, the Latin pronunciation has to be well taught and the principal parts of the High Mass memorized during the Vacation School days.

Two high school girls are taught the sacristan's duties, which they continue throughout the year. The Pastors prefer them because of their willingness to clean the sanctuary and to decorate the altars. These girls have more time and artistic taste than their mothers, and they seem to take more interest in the Church when they are responsible for some definite service. The two students trained in Watersmeek five years ago are now experienced, efficient sacristans. In fact one has recently entered the Benedictine Order in Duluth, where she was a college Freshman. The other is working but still decorates the altars, an honor that she highly appreciates.

While one Sister teaches the Sacristans, the other trains the Altar boys. If six are trained the Senior boy may be appointed Captain to assume responsibility for making and keeping a Server's Mass schedule.

Apart from these extra-curricular activities the regular sessions continue for three hours in the forenoon. Afternoon classes are not very practical, since the children are needed for chores at home. The regular sessions are devoted to prayers, Catechism, Bible History, Liturgy, and Singing. The distribution of time is according to the prescribed course outlined in the Religious Vacation School Manual published by the National Catholic Welfare Council at Washington, D.C.

So many classes and subjects logically project another serious problem, the inadequate

Catechetical material and classroom equipment. This was partially solved by having the pupils of our city schools donate their catechisms, religious books, and religion work books to the missions. During the year they mount holy pictures, and make prizes for the Vacation School children. It is surprising how much material can be assembled by this simple means. The Sisters bring their classroom religion charts, supplementary Religion books, and other teaching aids, with them. Often the Pastor has as much as he can manage to defray the transportation and other overhead expenses of the Sisters.

Compared to the general problems the local problems are fewer but more serious and rather difficult to solve. These seem to include indifference to religious belief, anti-Catholicism, and worldliness.

In a certain town of indifference, after the zealous Pastor had special prayers publicly offered for the success of the Vacation School, about fifty per cent. of the Catholic children registered the first day. These were awarded special prize pictures which were proudly shown to their absent brethren around the town. One chubby, sparkling five-year-old named Johnny, burst into the barber shop, the gasoline station, the general store, along Main street, showing his colourful Sacred Heart picture mounted on a gold card, to every visible man, woman and child. He alone in his effervescent enthusiasm drew more attention to the Sacred Heart and the Vacation School than all the rest of us. It is well said that to be a saint, one must be an enthusiast.

A few hours after Johnny left Main Street the Sisters on their way home were greeted with smiles, and with such salutation as this from storekeepers, "You are running a pretty good school. Johnny is quite proud of his beautiful picture."

The heat of Johnny's enthusiasm evaporated some of the indifference, since the attendance increased the second day, when more prizes were awarded, medals this time. The third day others came, until the attendance reached eighty per cent. When the registration record was completed the first week, the Pastor was amazed to see names listed that he never suspected to be Catholic, and he had been five years in this town. Later he called on these parents of mixed marriages, the mother Protestant, the father a negligent Catholic, their children not baptized. In three such families the mothers desired instructions with their children, studied the same lessons,

and received additional instructions from the Sisters.

At the close of the Vacation School three mothers and eleven school children were baptized, made their First Communion and were Confirmed with the regular class. These convert mothers are at the present time, five years later, active members of the church and have insisted upon their husbands being practical Catholics.

The anti-Catholic situation was our most distressing problem in Sidnaw and in Bergland. The former towns had no Catholic church but a very attractive Episcopalian church which was well attended every Sunday.

Our Vacation School was held in the Town Hall and was attended by thirty children who had vague ideas of the Catholic Church. Because the Pastor had four other missions with more Catholic families than Sidnaw, this mission could not have Mass on Sundays. Once a month Mass was said there on Saturday in a certain Catholic home. The children had catechism after Mass. Between times, and under the supervision of the Pastor, a high school girl taught the prayers to the children in her efforts to prepare herself and them for First Communion. Having never seen a nun, she was eagerly looking forward to the Vacation School and to receiving the Sisters with joy. She assembled thirty children for the opening day, and taught them prayers, how to recite the Rosary and to sing a hymn.

When the Protestants heard the Catholic children were being reclaimed by the Sisters, they sent a Deaconess to conduct a Vacation School in their church quite close to the Town Hall. Some of the children were on both registration lists because they attended the Episcopal church on Sunday, so skipped to the Deaconess when she treated her classes to ice-cream.

To overcome the difficulty and break down the prejudice, the Sisters called on the Deaconess, discussed with her common Vacation School problems and interests, finally agreeing to peace terms, namely, that Catholic children would be sent back to their own Vacation School. The poor children could not understand why they had no church, and yet were told they belonged to the Catholic Church. This Vacation School ended with the Baptism of five older children, and First Communion for the entire class. To-day Sidnaw has its first Catholic church.

In Bergland there was a Communist School a mile down the road from the cottage chapel

where twenty children attended our Vacation School. Communist literature was circulated from door to door with the result that hatred of Catholicity was felt everywhere. So we trained the children to burn the literature and to circulate Catholic pamphlets and periodicals. The catechism lessons were planned to teach the difference between Catholicity and Communism. The Life of Christ was stressed, particularly His Passion. Some parents attended for special instruction on the liturgy of the Mass. Though the time was too short for all the demands, the Vacation School fostered the spread of Catholic literature, and ousted the Communist School by having it reported to the American Legion Headquarters. It also revived a militant Catholic spirit to overcome rapidly spreading evil influences.

One Vacation School was opened in a very worldly town, where poverty was scarcely known, and sophistication was the characteristic mark, yet these children were very pliable. To transform this worldliness into genuine spiritual values was the purpose of the Vacation School. Therefore the Life of Christ was studied with special emphasis on frequent reception of the Sacraments, daily Mass, and daily visits to Our Lord in the Tabernacle. The regular schedule started with Mass at eight o'clock, when all the children assembled in the church. After two weeks most of the older children were daily communicants.

To organize and teach is one thing, but to derive permanent benefit one must work and pray that these lessons taught and religious activities established, may carry over indefinitely, otherwise the Religious Vacation Schools defeat their own purpose. Hence, "Work as if everything depended upon yourself, pray as if everything depended upon God."

These experiences should convince the religious teacher that there is scarcely a problem without its solution, and always there is great spiritual compensation in having made the effort.

The spiritually hungry children in the Vacation Schools receive at best only the crumbs that fall from the Master's table, from our pupils in the parochial schools.

One feels the very atmosphere of these souls charged with God's graces and blessings, while His spirit abides in this apostolic work, for the labourers may toil, but unless God gives the increase they labour in vain.

Without prayer and sacrifice on the part

of the Pastor, parents, children and Sisters, these Religious Vacation Schools could never succeed.

The spiritual poverty of these rural districts exhorts all to pray for vocations to the Priesthood, since these sad conditions would not likely exist if there were a sufficient number of priests. "The fields are white with the harvest but the labourers are few."

Let us pray lovingly, with an earnest desire to love much, and make loved the LOVE that is not loved.

IT'S ONE SWEET JOB.

By ELIZABETH M. DOYLE.

Until I was asked to work as a volunteer member of the Sugar Rationing Board, I seldom thought of the word "ration." It was just a word in the dictionary meaning: a fixed allowance, a reckoning. After going through thousands of applications for summer canning I know now that "reckoning" is a more appropriate meaning.

I have added up more quarts of cherries, berries, apricots, early apples, etc., than one would find in all the orchard states put together. And now I am beginning to worry about another kind of reckoning—the time when some certain housewives receive their sugar certificates and find that they are not getting nearly as much as they ask for.

Ingenuity Put to Test.

Don't blame the rationeers. We did the very best we could with the means at our disposal—namely, the Special Purpose Application forms. Only about 10 per cent. of those I worked on were made out correctly and the gentlemen—God bless them!—made as many blunders as the ladies. To clarify the meaning, many of the applications required the combined gift of a mind reader and a crystal ball expert, plus experience as a student of ancient manuscripts.

Direction slips were given with each form, but judging by results, most people filled out the form first and then threw the directions on the floor.

Apart from such trifles as these I enjoyed the work: There was a friendly atmosphere in the office. It was a pleasure to work for our kindly, courteous administrator. The poised efficiency of his second in command delighted me and her patience and good humor, which never sagged under a great responsibility, were a constant source of amazement. The two juniors, with brains as bright as their

burnished copper hair, astonished me by their grasp of the Sugar Situation. One of them always knew what to do with "cases" that stumped the volunteer rationeers. The other was the stenographer *cum laude* of the Board.

Learned to Concentrate.

Adding up figures may sound dull, but every job has its moments. One day a movie was made of the Civilian Defense Group, which has its quarters in the office. Men and women wearing various arm-bands of the O.C.D. milled around the room until Civilian Defenders and Sugar Demanders were hopelessly entangled and we carried on at our table with our public practically sitting on top of the Sugar forms. From our places we could get glimpses of the movie in the making, but eventually, I had to give up looking and keep my reluctant eyes on the mounting quarts of cherries, berries, apricots, and early apples. Once look away in the middle of a column of figures and it had to be done all over again. So I learned to concentrate, and ignore what was going on around me. This was particularly necessary as we drew closer to the final day of registration. If I raised my eyes they were bound to meet those of some harried housewife with a distracted air, looking for information, a chair, or a pencil. We of the board were not supposed to answer questions. "Ours not to answer why, ours but to add up high," but it is hard to refuse aid when a fellow housewife is in trouble.

For instance, there was the woman from Rockdale, a foreign-born woman who asked me to help her fill out her form. She was a widow, the mother of twelve children; four of them in the army, she told me, and six at home. I filled out her form at her direction—she could write little more than her name—and she thanked me with a fine, simple courtesy that might well be copied by some of her better educated sister housewives.

Many amusing things turned up on the forms. There was the worried farmer who asked for extra sugar because he always had a number of "haired" men working for him. (Will The Thomas Institute kindly look into this!) And the woman whose manuscript appeared to include "pig ears." Well, why not? Don't we can everything but the squeal, and the O.C.D. now seems to have included that among their effects. Eventually a group of (by this time) experts decided that it was her way of writing bu. pears. Then there was the good soul who naively told Uncle Sam that she was going to use her canning sugar

for coffee, tea, pies and cakes. Another wanted extra sugar because she always had a number of guests over the week-end, and a worried looking woman turned in her roomer's ration book because he had "left town in a hurry!"

And the Names!

A number, alas! did not "tell all," when they registered last May, but "conscience doth make cowards of us all," and many a little hidden hoard came to light when they applied for extra sugar. Perhaps they just forgot. One needs a good memory to be a successful liar.

History, geography and nationality marched across the pages in the names like Lee, Lincoln, Grant, Ireland, England, Scotland, French, Deutsch, Scott. Names of the Irish landed gentry, Austin, Blood, Gibbons, Savage, Osborne; Kellys, Burkes, and Sheas. Unusual names: Dibble, Saye, Buss, Fuss, Stiffes, Crate, Flatt; and, believe it or not, Gumm, Sweet, and Shukor.

Many types and many racial stocks rubbed elbows as America passed in review those busy days. A mid-western farmer in clean, faded, blue jeans, with hard, muscular body and clean cut Yankee features (a war-poster farmer come to life) stood in line before a prosperous young business man already going soft and slack from sedentary living; next, an elderly housewife in a small-flowered print dress, her poor fallen arches and work-coarsened figure so many service stripes earned by years of devotion to her family; behind her a tall, handsome negress, her dark good looks dramatized by a gay bandana and boldly striped dress. Club-women, business women, women of every kind, shape, and size, came and went. Rich man, poor man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, priest, all made up a stream of humanity that eddied about the Sugar Board, day after day.

And out of the confusion of figures, faces, names, voices, and questions, two things emerge clearly: That the majority of people are honest and that comparatively few are grasping.

[Editor's Note: This interesting article, giving "Impressions of the work, by a volunteer member of the sugar rationing staff," appeared in a summer issue of Joliet Sunday Herald. Mrs. Doyle is a Loretto (I.B.V.M.) alumna.]

SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC ACTION.

New York, August 24th-29th

You know they say, "see Venice and die," well, I would say go to a Summer School of Catholic Action and live. No matter how alive

one is, a S.S.C.A. will make one twice as lively and Christly. We all know the aliveness of Father Lord, and it is this quality in particular which characterizes the Summer School. Wherever you go, people are laughing and talking with new friends of just a minute or so ago. I feel that these have always been my friends. Since we all were far from home, I'm sure many of us noticed this.

But suppose I tell you how it all happened as I recorded it in my diary. It is the Sunday before the S.S. opened.

Sunday, Aug. 23.

Dear Diary:

Well, here I am at last, at the Cenacle of St. Regis. I have a lovely room, very small but with a grand view of the Hudson. There is a "talking sign" across the river at Palisades Park. I arrived just before supper, and have been at table with some grand girls from Immaculata High, in Montclair, N.J. They are so like the girls at home, with their own expressions and jokes. They seemed to think Toronto was on the other side of the world!

After supper we all gathered in the room of one of the girls and enjoyed stories, jokes, and songs, popular and otherwise; someone had some cokes and crackers, and so we ate. It rather reminded me of days I spent at camp—food and chatter, and everyone with hair up in curlers.

It's rather late now, so time for a good-night prayer; then I'll hop into bed and tell you more to-morrow. "Night."

Monday, Aug. 24.

Dear Diary:

We were all up for Mass this morning at 6.30; had our breakfast, and then off to Fordham! Father Lord was speaking when we arrived and this was my first opportunity to hear him. I had, of course, expected a really good speech, as I had heard so much about Father Lord, both from the girls at home and from the others who were staying at the Cenacle. But, really, none of them could do him justice; he was magnificent; put us all at ease at once, and then held us spellbound with his lecture. Time just raced along and, presently, I found myself on the way to Father Walker's class on Sodality Organization. Father told us so much about the Sodality that seemed new, that I was beginning to wonder what I could have been doing when we had meetings at school? And yet, it wasn't really anything new, but only his method of putting it before us. I hereby resolve to make the So-

dality aims and purposes clear to all our new candidates when I get back, so that they will realize how important it is to be an active Sodalist.

Once again time used his proverbial wings and the session was over! My goodness gracious! if the whole Summer School goes as quickly as this I'll have to start off for the one in Chicago next week, just so that I can persuade myself that it isn't all a dream! Father LeBuffe spoke to us on Mental Prayer. I had had some qualms about choosing this elective, as I thought it might be 'way over my head, but I needn't have feared, as Father has the marks of the truly great orator; he made it all so simple that one could not fail to understand his points

After lunch we had some games that were really fun. Then again, a general session with Father Lord speaking on Spiritual Ideals and Formation. This was followed by the second elective and I took Father Walker's class on Catholic Literature. Father recommended several books, which I must not fail to read next Fall! My intentions are the best possible.

At Father Rooney's class on "Christ and Your Personality," I made the beginnings of a real study of this subject. Last year we had our own club, in Grade XI, to develop personality, and now I see where we made some mistakes. We'll certainly do better next year!

We took the trolley and then the subway home to the Cenacle. After supper we returned to Fordham and square-danced; then back to the Cenacle and to bed, tired but happy.

Tuesday, August 25.

I wish this little book had room for a summary of Father Rooney's talk on Christ, the Divine Teacher, consoling for teachers and helpful for all of us; and room, too, for Father Lord's talk on The Guarantee of Justice.

To-night we saw a bit of New York—on our own Tired as per. "Night."

Wednesday, August 26.

Sister Mary Agnes, who is so well versed in Catholic Authors, spoke to-day and showed some of the pictures of them on the screen. It was rather fun to see the pictures of men whose works we had studied at school. My favourites—Thompson, Belloc and Chesterton—were there.

This morning Father Lord decided a debate which we had in our first Form, on the benefits of the machine to man. He said,

"Man has such wonderful machines that we now need better men!" Food for thought!

Father Rooney was most enlightening in his lecture to-day on Balanced Personality. We must balance our supernatural lives with the natural. The supernatural, social, intellectual, emotional, and natural must be in perfect harmony. "Start off by being a good human being, and you have the best chances of being a SAINT." But here's where the nice part comes in—"human beings are human beings, not walking brains."

Thursday, August 27.

Father LeBuffe said that too many people take a negative approach to God, the approach of fear, or of the avoidance of sin. This is all too true.

The amateur hour was very good, and provided real entertainment. Bye.

Friday, August 28.

No teacher, or lecturer, can ever convince me that the Church reached its zenith in the Mediaeval period. So far, there are 1,785 people registered here at Fordham! While we have Catholics such as these, have we any right to say that the Church has passed its zenith? I think not, rather is it not evident that the Church is mounting higher every day?

We all regret seeing the days pass, and this is, without a doubt, the queerest "last day of school" I have ever spent. Everyone is literally hanging on to every second, imbibing all the knowledge possible and dreading the morrow more than any condemned criminal.

We had a get-together again to-night; sang some more, ate (don't we always?) and exchanged autographs and addresses, along with solemn vows to meet again next year, at the Summer School.

We hated to say good-night, so sat up until we practically fell asleep.

Saturday, August 29.

Now that it is all over, I can hardly believe it is true; have I dreamed those magic hours? No, that cannot be so; here is my note-book; my sleep has been a strange one if I can account for these scribbled bits of memories.

All day we persuaded ourselves that it was not the last day, but we could not hitch-hike a ride as the "time" train went thundering past, and now they are gone—"six days I'll never forget."

Virginia Burkholder, XII,
Loretto College School.

Loretto Secretarial College

387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.



Miss Phyllis Muldoon.



Miss Lillian Dzurman.

1942 Scholarships

MOTHER EVANGELISTA SCHOLARSHIP.

Miss Phyllis Muldoon of Kemptville, Ontario, is the winner of the "Mother Evangelista O'Sullivan Scholarship" donated by the Alumnae of Loretto Secretarial College. Miss Muldoon was awarded the Scholarship for the highest standing in Grade XIII subjects in any Collegiate or High School outside the City of Toronto. Miss Muldoon is now a resident student at Loretto Secretarial College.

THE INTER-LORETTO SCHOLARSHIP.

Miss Lillian Dzurman of Loretto College School is the winner of the Inter-Loretto Scholarship, having had the highest standing of those who applied from Loretto Schools. Miss Dzurman is now in attendance at Loretto Secretarial College, her Scholarship entitling her to free tuition throughout her 10-month Course.

Loretto Secretarial Sodality

October first the Sodality activities re-opened in the Secretarial College, with Reverend James O'G. Fleming, S.J., as Director.

Officers for 1942-43 are: Prefect, Miss Nancy Cancilla; Convener of Spiritual Committee, Miss Gladys Kean; Convener of Apostolic Committee, Miss Phyllis Muldoon; Convener of Catholic Truth Committee, Miss Lillian Dzurman; Convener of Social Life Committee, Miss Denise Leonard; Secretary, Miss Monica Keast.

We hope to hear that every graduate of last year's Class is working hard for her Parish Sodality.

SODALISTS! We owe our Parish: SERVICE . . . LOYALTY . . . NOW!



AUTUMN GLORY

When the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

— LONGFELLOW

OCTOBER.

October! How I love you! You are a symbol of the mellowness of maturity—not of the brusqueness of youth, nor of its aloofness. You suggest to me a warmth of spirit, a broad humanity. Spring, inspirer of poetic thoughts in youthful minds, is gay and whimsical. September brings disturbing gales. November is drab, but you are reassuring in your quiet loveliness. Yes, October has its wealth of blessings; then, all things seem to reach their climax—the corn is sweeter; the apples mellow, the grapes more luscious—everything has a tang, a rich, new quality of goodness. The leaves of our trees and vines take on rosy hues, deepening every day, until ere the end comes, the foliage is suffused with richest crimson, as if abashed at its own glory. Blessed is he who has the beauty of a tree to look at from his window, even if he live in the dreariest attic-room, where neither sunshine, nor mirth may enter. If he can but glimpse a fringe of leaves swaying against the smallest stretch of blue, he has a bit of heaven in his sight.

October has a toning effect, a balancing of joy and sorrow. In April, spirits soar to heady heights of elation one day, only to go down to depths of misery the next. Such is spring! But, in October, one's spirits remain on an even keel, influenced by the tranquillity of each succeeding day: by the wholesomeness of the daily sun shining on field, and forest, and stream—on city streets too—each dust-specked ray filtering through the patches of bareness in the trees above. The birds still sing, and in their songs of farewell there is a promise to return.

Down by the lake-front, the glistening water, deceptively warm, laps against a deserted beach. A solitary gull wheels, and comes flapping noisily down to the water to pick up some choice morsel.

Soon—too soon—October's superabundance of good things will give way to the frugality of November; the golden sunshine will become weak and pale; the leaves will be consumed in a pyre of slow-burning flame, whose pungent smoke, rising thinly to the sky, gives evidence that October—joy-giving, charming October, has gone, leaving only pleasant recollections.

Nancy Cancilla,
Loretto Secretarial College,
Brunswick Avenue

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO**One Hundred Years Ago.**

In 1841 a Papal Bull divided the Diocese of Kingston, creating the new diocese of Toronto. Monsignor Power was named first Bishop, and he chose Toronto as the seat of his diocese. He was consecrated Bishop on the feast of St. Michael, 1842, and immediately took up the burden of office as the first Bishop of Toronto.

The diocese was composed of a very large territory, which—with the lack of priests—was very hard to visit. Some of the Catholics seemed indifferent, and many, because of the great distances, could not fulfil their religious duties. The only church was St. Paul's; so—again on the feast of St. Michael—the cornerstone was laid for the foundation of the new Cathedral of St. Michael, and at the same time the Bishop's Palace was erected.

Then a furious epidemic of typhus raged in Toronto. The emigrants coming from Ireland suffered first, and over half died on the voyage. Those who finally arrived were mostly stricken with the disease, and were isolated in sheds down by the waterfront. Many citizens caught the fever, and the casualties were heavy. The priests were greatly overworked, and many caught the fever. Every available space was used as a hospital, including the Bishop's Palace. One night Bishop Power gave the last sacraments to an old woman dying in the typhus sheds. His resistance being low, he caught a germ, which proved fatal. Less than two weeks later the saintly Bishop of Toronto died.

The problem of schools was one of the many confronting the Bishop when he came. He had invited the members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary to open a convent and teach in his parochial school. Gradually the number of schools grew; now there are nearly as many schools in the diocese as there are parish churches. To the fine Catholic people who lived in Toronto in those pioneer days we owe much for our archdiocese, for they, by their generosity and unselfishness, gave courage to those brave priests who were really martyrs for their religion.

Monica Spearin,
Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Where there is wonder, admiration and awe, knowledge and love will grow.



Saint Michael's Cathedral
Toronto

THE BEGINNING OF LORETTO IN TORONTO.

In the chapel of the Loretto Abbey at Rathfarnham, Ireland, five young Sisters knelt long after Mass. For them, this was the last prayer at Rathfarnham, and it was a prayer for courage and perseverance and protection in their new life. That afternoon, on August the fifth, 1847, appropriately, the Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, the four nuns and a novice left their native Ireland for the unknown West—for Canada. There were farewells and blessings and tears, as the Sisters took their leave of Rathfarnham and beloved Mother Ball. The journey was by sea to Liverpool and from there, aboard the ship "Garrick," across the perilous Atlantic.

In a month's time this small band of Irish ladies stood on the deck of their ship and saw the early morning sun shining on the entrance to the harbour of New York. This was America! They saw the land of freedom—that freedom which their foundress, Mary Ward, in the sixteenth century, had struggled to keep alive—that freedom to which their Irish compatriot, the late Daniel O'Connell, had dedicated his life—that freedom for which the Irish immigrants had left their homes to come across an ocean. From these thoughts the Sisters drew new courage and inspiration.

They continued on their difficult journey and arrived soon in Toronto, where the kindly Bishop Power, attending his plague-stricken people, had contracted the illness and was very near death.

The Toronto to which the five Irish ladies came was a bustling, pioneer town, in the throes of a deadly plague. And it was the city in which they were to open their academy for the education of Catholic young ladies.

In their chapel, on the eve of September the twenty-eighth, the Sisters gathered once more in prayer for courage and fortitude in their new endeavour. The next morning, on the twenty-ninth of September, 1847, on the feast of Saint Michael, the patron of the Diocese of Toronto, just ninety-five years ago, the first classes were held at the Loretto House on Duke Street, in Toronto.

Those five holy foundresses of Loretto in America left us such a beautiful heritage of refinement and dignity that now, ninety-five years after that first foundation in Toronto, the Loretto tradition has come to be respected

and loved in many, many parts of our continent

Shirley Pezzaek,
Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

"TROPICAL MAGIC."

Yes, "Tropical Magic" does seem like a name you have read about in books and heard about in the movies; but have you ever really thought that there might be some truth in it? If you had lived in the Tropics for sixteen years, and had then suddenly come to a country of large cities, skyscrapers and machinery, instead of natural things—estates, trees, flowers—you would find, too, that there is such a thing as "Tropical Magic." The beauty of the Tropics lies in the trees, flowers, and various kinds of vegetation.

Let us imagine for a moment that we are going for a ride in the little island of Trinidad, to a fruit valley, Macqueripe Valley, in the north of the island. We drive along the sea-coast all the way to the entrance to the valley and pass many small fishing villages and also islands that lie off the coast. The air is crisp and cool, as it is early in the morning, and as we go further north it gets cooler.

As we pass the little village of Carenage, a scene appears before us, such a sight as we have never seen, and never expect to see again. We stop the car, and gaze in amazement and rapture at the valley, a valley framed on each side by high mountains clothed in flaming red, standing like sentinels of protection, mountains aflame with red immortal trees, the prettiest of all wild tropical flowers.

Entering the valley, the car passes through fruit-fields, and as we round a bend, towards the middle of the valley, a scent of orange blossoms fills the air and almost seems to intoxicate us with its fragrance. A grapefruit and orange plantation lies before us, trees near-by arranged in rows, covered with little white blossoms which will soon give place to fruit.

A coffee plantation comes next, with its long branches covered with coffee blossoms, all up the stem. The blooms are larger than orange blossoms, but the scent is not so sweet.

Further on in the valley, we pass along another avenue of immortal trees and, as the car moves slowly over the fallen petals, it is like driving on a red carpet.

Woods come next, and we get out and walk through them to see the various wild

flowers—such wild flowers as we have never before seen. White lilies, red lilies, black-eyed susans, cocoa-flowers, flowers of every shape and colour, growing in the shade of the huge trees, flowers that, we could only find in the Tropics.

Still under the spell, we return to the city never to forget the almost magical beauty of the Macqueripe Valley.

There is a magic in these things, in the flowers, trees, shrubs, and even the birds, that seems to tempt us, saying: "Why go back? Stay here in the Tropics and enjoy all the beauty, splendour and happiness that you have found here."

That is "Tropical Magic!"

Joan Huggins, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

UNSUNG HERO.

His was only one of the 3,500 Canadian names in the Dieppe casualty list: "Duffy, Anthony Joseph; missing, believed killed, after reconnaissance trip in Occupied France." Yes, that was all it said, and there were few who ever would know the real story behind his disappearance.

Tony, as he was called, was just any ordinary Canadian boy, born and educated in Toronto. Even in his youthful years at St. Thomas' Separate School, he displayed the courage and humour which later were to make him one of the most loved and respected men in the Canadian army. In High School, although his studies were not always all they should have been, he was a member of the basketball and baseball squads and the adored hero of all the younger boys. Immediately after his last year of High School, when he was elected school president, he joined the Canadian Commandos, not for the thrill of it, but because, as he said, he felt that he owed it to his country.

One day, shortly after the news of Dieppe had been published in the newspapers, Mrs. Duffy received a telegram saying, "Madame: The Canadian Government regrets very much to inform you that your son, Anthony Joseph Duffy, has been officially announced missing, believed killed, after operations at Dieppe, in Occupied France." Perhaps it was the answer to his mother's prayers, perhaps the effect of the Mass offered by his parish priest, but Tony *did* escape after that raid on Dieppe, and shortly afterwards found himself in the hayloft of a Free-French peasant. Day after day

he and another Canadian soldier remained hidden in the hayloft, daring to emerge for air only during the darkest hours of the night, and dependent upon the peasant for food. One evening, to the intense dread of all concerned, the hated Gestapo came to inspect the property. With bated breath and fervently whispered prayers, the two soldiers remained motionless under the hay. At last the Gestapo agents left, and the peasant, shaken and nerveless after the encounter, tried to think of some way to help the Canadians to escape.

Hidden in a secret cove on the Channel was a fisherman's old boat, long since drained of all its fuel. Of necessity, it could at least take the three refugees as far as England; for the Frenchman intended to join the Free French Forces. The only question was, where were they to get gasoline? As a last resort, they drained the tank of a Nazi patrol car stationed in the neighbourhood. By degrees they had saved enough food to last them for the trip across the Channel.

Under cover of night, they evaded the Nazi guards and gained the cove where the boat was hidden. Silently they loaded the provisions into the boat, pushed out into the water, and quietly drifted out to sea. When they were beyond earshot of the mainland, they started the motor. Day and night, they drifted on the stormy Channel. On the second day they were sighted by a reconnaissance plane and picked up.

And the next day, if you had looked hard enough, you might have seen, in an obscure corner of the newspaper, an announcement: "Anthony Joseph Duffy, reported missing at Dieppe, has been officially reported safe in England."

I have called him Anthony Joseph Duffy. Let us keep up our courage and our faith. It may be the story of your brother or mine.

Mary Ellen Hogan, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THE REASON.

I've always wondered what they are,
Those stars that gleam so vastly far;
And how their purpose in the sky
Perplexes people, such as I.

One reason is that they might be
A shining light for you and me;
Of course, they might be in the sky
So that we'd begin to wonder why
These bitter quarrels on earth don't cease
When stars speed on in such great peace.

Marylou Kiley, '42,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE FIRST CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Within a lodge of broken bark, the tender Babe
was found.
A rugged robe of rabbit-skin enwrapped His
beauty round.
And as the hunter braves drew nigh
The angel song rang loud and high:
"Jesus your King is born;
Jesus is born.
In Excelsis Gloria!"

This is the translation of what is believed to be the first Christmas Carol ever written in Canada. Canada originally belonged to the Indians; so, as is fitting, the first Canadian Carol was written in the Indian language, for the Huron tribe, by Father Jean de Brebeuf, the famous Jesuit missionary.

The Huron Indians, who occupied the land between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay, were bitter enemies to the Iroquois, and were allied to the French because of that enmity. The French, however, gave them help against the Iroquois only on condition that they would receive missionaries. Accordingly, first the Recollets, and then the Jesuits, sent priests to convert them. They met with much success, and by 1648, eighteen priests were serving the Hurons. A devotion of singing hymns at Christmas before a small chapel of cedar and fir branches, built in honour of the Christ Child in the manger, grew up amongst them, and even those Indians, two days' journey away, would come for this ceremony. Father de Brebeuf wrote this hymn for the occasion.

Father de Brebeuf, a Jesuit of noble French birth, was the one who established the mission so firmly and made it such a success. He was very amiable and gentle, and found it easier than most of the missionaries did, to acquire the Huron language. Because he learned their language so easily, he won high favour with the Hurons, and wielded great influence, even in their war-councils. From Father Brebeuf's many letters, written to his superiors in Quebec, much of our knowledge of life among the Hurons comes. When, in 1649, the Iroquois made a surprise attack on the Fort, they nearly wiped out the entire race. Some few escaped to Christian Island, under the guidance of the priests; but Father Brebeuf was not with them. He with Father Lalemant, had been tortured and burned at the stake.

The Christmas Carol written by Father de Brebeuf was preserved by tradition by the remnant of the Huron nation, which settled at Lorette, near Quebec. It was not written

down until 1747, when Father de Villeneuve, who was stationed at Lorette, recorded it as the Hurons of that day sang it. Its preservation is an example to us to-day of the simplicity of faith of the Indians, and of the great work accomplished by the Jesuit missionaries of Canada.

Frances Mary MacDonald,
Junior College,
Lorette Abbey, Armour Heights.

FATHER LORD.

Father Lord found time, on his recent trip to Toronto, to visit his old friends at Lorette Abbey. One would have thought we were all at least sufficiently wide awake—no one needs to be invited to pay attention when Father Lord speaks—but, after playing some popular songs for a sing-song, he did awaken us all with a vengeance, by the startling statement that the thing needed in all our Catholic Churches to-day is an alarm clock—or, in other words, that Catholics must WAKE UP!

Keeping the faith, holding the fort for a defensive war, so to speak, for religion, is not sufficient to-day. We who have the priceless gift of faith, have it not for ourselves alone, but that we may pass it on to the world,—sadly in need of it at present. We hear a great deal to-day about service; now the service we must do the world to-day is to give it the true panacea for all its woes, the Catholic faith, which alone can save it. Father Lord said that, in these days of high pressure salesmanship, if we want to "sell" the faith to others, we must be good examples of it ourselves. It is not so much what we do, it is much more what we are, that counts. As the old darkey said, "If you am not what you *am*, you is not what you is, and the man who is not what he am is going to get *his*!"

Father Lord thinks that some people get to heaven merely by backing away from hell. Of course, it's better to get there, even that way, he says, than not to get there at all; but religion was given to us to make ourselves and others happy.

We are all asking what WE actually can do to help our country and the world to-day. We can make the faith so attractive in our own lives that others "seeing our good works, will glorify our Father, Who is in heaven," and find their way to peace and happiness, in our Holy Mother the Church.

Frances Mary MacDonald, Junior College,
Lorette Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

FREEDOM.

It is nothing a word may define;
 Oh, nothing easily expressed!
 It is something deep down in your heart
 That cannot well be suppressed.

It's joy in the autumn glory;
 In the newsboy's call on the street;
 A casual chat enjoyed
 With friends you chance to meet.

It's to enter a church at will;
 Hear a school-bell, and shouting, and fun;
 It's the quiet by a winter fireside,
 With homework finally done.

It's the right to retire at night,
 To kneel, and calmly pray
 That God will protect His people
 Who praise Him day by day;

Freedom is God's great blessing;
 We pray that the nations may see
 That the daily striving to keep it
 Can alone save democracy.

Joan Shinnick, XII,
 Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

BROTHER ANDRÉ.

One of the most interesting sights in Montreal is the shrine of a humble, sincere, and unassuming man—Brother André.

Brother André was born August the ninth, 1845, at St. Gregoire d'Iberville, Quebec. He was baptized Alfred—the sixth son of Isaac and Clothilde (Foisy) Bessette, the parents of nine children. Isaac Bessette was a poverty-stricken, loyal and deeply religious French-Canadian. His source of income was derived from his trade, which was that of a wheelwright and joiner. His life was short. He died when Alfred was about four, leaving an almost penniless widow with nine children. She was forced to scatter the children among relatives.

Alfred, always frail, timid, and sickly, went to live with his uncle, and with him he stayed until he was fifteen. There he met the Curé, Father M. Springer, who was instrumental in discovering the lad's vocation. The priest feared it could not be fulfilled, because of ill-health and lack of education. Alfred unfolded to the Curé his life-long dream of spreading further devotion to St. Joseph, whom he loved with all his heart.

After many prayers, Alfred was admitted in 1870 to the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at St. Laurent. He took the name of Brother André. For a year he prayed, fasted, and worked hard in the Novitiate. Then he was

sent to the College of Notre Dame, at Montreal, where he was given the post of doorkeeper.

The students here soon came to know Brother André and his great devotion to St. Joseph. They, in turn, told their parents of the power of prayer to St. Joseph. People began to want to know more about this humble doorkeeper. When someone was sick or in trouble, Brother André urged the person to begin a novena of petition to St. Joseph. His fame spread. People began to flock in droves to Montreal.

Finally, in 1904, the construction of the first humble wooden chapel was begun. Since then it has advanced with amazing rapidity until now not only have the plans for the greatest Basilica on the North American Continent been drawn, but the actual work is well under way.

At first, Brother André received people in his little chapel or office. He had interviews day and night, urging all to invoke St. Joseph; to pray always with childlike confidence to this powerful saint. The saintly Brother's death, which was a blow to thousands, gave a new impetus to work on the Basilica.

Truly, it is a masterpiece. Situated on the side of Mount Royal, it towers up into the blue Canadian sky. From Queen Mary Road, one looks up flights of stairs, filled with people continuously on their way to Brother André's tomb. People go up the stairs on their knees, hoping, praying, begging the help of St. Joseph. Petitions are piled up high in front of the statue of St. Joseph. Votive lights are constantly burning, exemplifying the faith in thousands of hearts. In one section of the church, the crutches and braces stand out. They have been left by many joyous clients as evidence of the miracles which have been wrought in answer to their prayers.

From the top of the oratory one can look out over the various sections of the Metropolis of Montreal. The distant St. Lawrence winding slowly out to sea, reminds one of the first Canadians, the pioneers who risked all to save Canada from crushing paganism. The development of Canada is recalled from the days of the small log-cabin to the present, with its towering skyscrapers.

One night, which I was spending in Montreal, I awakened suddenly about half-past four in the morning to hear an incessant sound coming from the street. Looking out, I saw hundreds of men passing, reciting the Rosary, in French. They were on their way to St.

Joseph's Oratory for Mass at five o'clock. A scene such as this was truly inspirational and devotional. It was a realistic example of the Montrealers' belief in their own future saint.

It is very apt, that in these times when the fate of Canada itself hangs in the balance, that there is so great a display of love for and faith in St. Joseph. He is the Patron of the Universal Church, and our special patron of Canada. He stands guard from Mount Royal over the entrance to our native land. We should pray to St. Joseph with all our heart and soul to save Canada, our home, for God. Let us pray as Brother André prayed—and still prays!

Lois Noble, '42,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

A MEDLEY.

After finishing my homework,
And being almost dead,
I prayed the Lord to guard me,
And then crept into my bed.

I soon began reviewing
The day's work I had done;
The Latin, French, and chemistry,
Our dining, and our fun;

Greek history, and algebra,
Logs, indices and all,
When, lo!—came Julius Caesar,
A-marching down our hall!

I had the pleasure also
Of sighting Alexander;
I looked about Miletus,
And sailed down the Maeander.

And next, in our own library,
I saw, contented there,
Old Saragon, the Second,
Absorbed in "Tom Playfair."

Then, roused by merry voices,
That came from the floor below,
I hurried down—and was
Astonished at the show!

Strange sight I now beheld
There, in our first-floor hall—
Cleopatra and Helen of Troy,
Were playing volley ball!

But, hearing a strain of music,
I entered the hall, to see
Bach at the grand piano,
Composing a symphony!

Too well, at last, I knew
It really did but seem—
For I heard of a sudden the call-bell,
And woke from my ludicrous dream.
Mary Pat Hurley, XII,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

LORETTO ABBEY MUSIC SUCCESSES.

Music pupils of Loretto Abbey taking part in the Peel Festival of 1942 received the following high awards:

Singing (under 10 years)—First Class Honours certificates, Floy Halbus and Mary McNeill; honour certificate, Mary Lonergan.

Singing (under 13 years)—Gold medal, Doreen Williams.

Piano (under 14 years)—Gold medal, Doreen Williams.

Piano (under 16 years)—Gold medal, Delia C. Olsen.

Piano duet (under 16 years)—Gold medals, Delia Olsen and Dorothy Sloan.

Singing (under 17)—Gold Medal, Lillian M. Mucci.

Singing (under 21)—First class honours certificate, Lillian Mucci.

At the Stratford Music Festival of 1942, Lillian sang in the "under 21 years" class, and received the bronze medal.

Ear Test (Peel, under 17 years)—Silver medal, Delia Olsen.

Sight Reading (under 17 years)—Bronze medal, Delia Olsen.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Examinations Results of Pupils of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, 1942.

PIANO.

Grade Eight—Honours, Mary Ruth Lardie.

Grade Six—First Class Honours, Beverly Ann Booth.

Grade Five—First Class Honours, Beverly Ann Booth; Honours, Mary June Tesch and Betty Rohrer (equal), Ann Biller, Joan Walker.

Grade Four—Honours, Eva Lief.

Grade Three—First Class Honours, Shirley Ballard; Honours, Rhoda Dixon, Marilyn Peckham, Barbara Russell.

Grade Two—First Class Honours, Bessie Franklin, Barbara Bain, Grace Picuolo; Honours, Ella Mae Brown, Caryll Ann Fisher, Ida Mae De Grant.

Grade One—First Class Honours, Sue Rohmer, Barbara Bain, Dexter Potter, Eileen Walker.

Grade Three, Violin—Ann Dodge.

When high motives impel us, we are not only made high, but the beauty and goodness of life is more and more revealed.—Bishop Spalding.

REWARD.

Abbie Jennings settled herself reluctantly before her desk. There was so much work for a teacher to do, and so little thanks in return.

Abbie was a small woman and naturally quick on her feet. Her hair was now streaked with gray, a fact to which she had grown indifferent. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, yet they possessed the pathetic look common to extremely sensitive persons. Gentle as well as sensitive, she found teaching history to a giggling freshmen class dull and uninspiring. Abbie had, however, one great passion—music. Avidly, she read the lives of the great composers and took delight in the classic symphonies and operas. Now, Abbie knew her opera and was quick to recognize the slightest fault in a singer's tone. It was to this critical ability she owed the one romantic experience of her life.

Mary Carlile was her theatre idol. All she had ever lacked and desired in her own life, she found in Miss Carlile—dazzling beauty, great charm, and a soprano voice of high promise. Abbie took a great interest in her idol's career. Her own fine sense of rhythm and tone enabled her to appreciate the good points and detect the most minute mistake in Mary's renditions. Yet she was doubtful whether she had the right to voice her criticism.

This evening when Abbie found herself confronted with what seemed an endless array of dull, history papers, she decided that for once she would follow her impulse. Drawing out pen and paper, she wrote the heading, then—"Dear Miss Carlile." After that the words came easily. In a brief business-like way she stated her criticism and suggestions. After the initial step had been taken, she no longer hesitated. After each performance of her favourite she wrote her comments, praised an improvement, marked a defect. Her ability to criticize seemed to grow with its use. She had at last found an outlet for her aspirations. Sometimes she longed to know how her suggestions were received. Did Miss Carlile value them or did she regard them as an impertinence, and throw them aside? But she never divulged her identity in any letter.

At last came Mary's opening night. She was making her appearance as the star in Massenet's opera, "Manon." Abbie sat entranced in an orchestra seat as the wildly enthusiastic audience applauded loudly, after the first Act. After her first curtain call, Mary stepped forward and began to speak. At first

Abbie was bewildered, then it came to her that she was the unknown friend whom the Star was thanking so ardently, the friend to whom she attributed her success to-night. In a daze, Abbie heard her add that without the constant encouragement, the valuable criticism, and the personal interest of this unknown friend she might easily have fallen by the wayside.

Abbie made no attempt to reach the now famous Star. She had had her reward. Freely she had given help to another, and had herself received the promised hundred-fold.

Phyllis Clark, '42,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

A DRAMATIC ADVENTURE.

"Macbeth, Starring Maurice Evans, Coming to Buffalo March 2, 3, 4!" read the announcement in bold block letters. "What I would give to see that play," I thought to myself, but a girl in boarding school doesn't usually leave her classes to see a play. I sighed, and dismissed, or rather attempted to dismiss, all thought of going. One couldn't expect to have everything in this world. Try as I would, the thought of seeing the play lurked in the back of my mind, and now and then would pop up and send me off in day-dreams. The weeks passed swiftly on, and March 3rd, the day of the matinée, was drawing nearer and nearer. Soon it was just the week before. Then I heard that the theatre had been sold out. I couldn't buy a ticket now, even if there were no other difficulty in the way.

Imagine my surprise and delight when a friend asked me to attend the matinée with her; but two formidable barriers lay in our path: The first was the necessary permission, the second was the necessary tickets. Our first obstacle was overcome with less difficulty than was expected. Almost our first argument—the great educational value of the presentation of Macbeth, by Maurice Evans—won the day. But of what use was permission if we lacked the tickets?

My friends's parents were attempting to secure two tickets, an almost impossible feat at this late date. Could two tickets be lying in wait somewhere when all Buffalo was clamouring for them? It seemed very unlikely. However, when all else fails, there is always prayer. And pray we did. Sunday passed, twenty-four hours of alternating hope and despair; Monday came, but brought no news.

Tuesday was the deadline. The hours of Tuesday wore away, and evening fell. By this time our perturbation of mind was such that we were a menace to the peace and quiet of the school. We told ourselves, again and again, that we had been foolish ever to hope for tickets. Then at the eleventh hour, almost zero hour for us, the telephone rang. Like a message of reprieve to a condemned man came the news that two tickets awaited us at the box-office. What rejoicing there was that night! Now nothing could possibly stop us.

The next day dawned cold and clear. From a blue sky the sun sparkled upon a newly-laid blanket of snow, dazzling our eyes with its jewel-like brilliance. The snow presented a new problem. The street-cars were not running outside the city limits, but we agreed that "Macbeth" was worth ploughing through snow-drifts.

We set out at eleven thirty-five, hoping to catch the twelve o'clock bus. After walking through, what seemed to us, miles of snow-drifts, but which was in reality only a few blocks, we arrived breathless at the car-stop. Seated comfortably in the street-car, we noticed with dismay that it was exactly a quarter to twelve. We would never make the twelve o'clock bus. However, we didn't stop. Leaving the street-car, we dashed across the bridge and found to our amazement and joy the twelve o'clock bus patiently waiting at the corner. The Fates at last were proving kind—the buses were behind schedule time. A hurried purchase of tickets, and we set out on a jolting journey to Buffalo. Our bus deposited us at the city-hall. We took time to enjoy a luncheon, then leisurely strolled to the theatre. There were our tickets waiting for us.

The lobby was crowded, so was the orchestra. School children with their teachers were excitedly talking; others, more seasoned theatre-goers, read their programs, or nonchalantly viewed the audience.

My friend and I were too thrilled to do anything but gaze around us. A good fifteen minutes passed before we noticed the orchestra tuning up. Slowly the house lights dimmed, the heavy curtains swept back, a crash of thunder, a flash of lightning, and we were no longer in a Buffalo theatre but out on a heath with three black witches. For three hours we sat enthralled while the great drama of Macbeth unfolded its poetic splendor before us.

Betty Jane Leone, '42,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

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THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Most of the stories I have read about family doctors are alike in one respect: the doctors are always kind old gentlemen who never collect their bills, are always poor, and are loved by all the community, especially by those who owe them money. Such was not the character of one of the doctors of my story. Dr. Gilbert was the wealthiest man in the town of Attwater and his practice consisted chiefly of social climbers. Even before people consulted him, they had their money ready and gave it to him immediately after the appointment. His rates were very high, especially for house calls, therefore the majority of his patients, who were physically able, called on him. When gasoline and automobile tires were rationed, his name was on the preferred list, even though he rarely left his luxurious office on professional duty.

In another part of this same town was the office of one Doctor Barrett, a typical country doctor. Before the coming of Doctor Gilbert, he had been the only doctor in town and many of the townfolk owed their lives to him. They had sworn never to consult another doctor, but dazzled by Dr. Gilbert's reputation, and his social prominence, many of Dr. Barrett's patients found their way to the elegant office of his rival. The small town had no hospital, but Dr. Gilbert had fitted up an office with all the equipment of a small hospital. Many of the townfolk wanted the two doctors to form a partnership. Dr. Barrett was perfectly agreeable, but Dr. Gilbert always curtly refused.

Then came the day that little Buddy Wilson fainted at the Third Street School. Half an hour later, Dr. Barrett announced to his anxious parents that he had a severe case of scarlet fever. The town's Sanitation Board had been intending for a long time to look after the drainage around the school, which was built near the factories. Now it was too late. Dr. Barrett worked day and night trying to inoculate all the children who had been exposed to the dread disease; yet the epidemic kept spreading, until it seemed entirely out of hand. If only he had Dr. Gilbert's equipment, he kept lamenting, how much more he could do.

The offices of both doctors were filled with people who thought they were victims of the epidemic. The reception they received was entirely different. Dr. Gilbert refused to see the ragged regiment of men, women and chil-

dren, saying they filled his office with germs, and besides, they couldn't possibly pay their bills. On the other hand, Dr. Barrett received them gently, and kindly, helping them as much as he could, and reviving courage wherever he went. He brought food and supplies to the poorest families whenever his calls gave him any respite.

One morning Dr. Gilbert woke up with a parched throat and a burning fever. His household was in an uproar when Dr. Barrett arrived twenty minutes later. Although no one had proclaimed the fact, all knew that he had fallen before the invisible foe he feared so greatly. The sick physician was sinking. All hope had been given up for his recovery, when Dr. Barrett decided to give him a blood transfusion. Different types of blood were analysed but the search was unsuccessful. Finally, as a last resort, the doctor had his own blood analysed and, it was found to be of the right type. Without a thought for himself, Dr. Barrett prepared for the operation.

In a few hours the change in Dr. Gilbert was very noticeable and his first speech, when he recovered, was to ask for Dr. Barrett. But Dr. Barrett was down on Third Street all afternoon, still fighting the epidemic. So far he had not lost a single life and no new case had been reported for twenty-four hours. In the evening he drove over to Dr. Gilbert's, where he was greeted with the outburst, "Doctor, I have been a fool. Take my equipment and use it in your work, and as soon as I recover I hope you will allow me to work with you."

Helen Sheppard, '42,
Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Ontario.

MY FRIEND.

No other so gracious, so charming, so kind—
I've searched my small world, but nowhere I find
A nature where frankness and virtues so blend
As in this selfless heart of my nearest girl friend.

We both started school at the ripe age of five;
We jumped rope; we hopscotched; made scores
of mud pies.

When older, we tackled the bat and the ball,
Then basketball, volleyball, dancing, and all.

She'd come with her troubles, and I'd go with
mine.

We'd confide in each other; some fault we would
find.

Now, grown up, I value this love without end,
And thank God for the gift of a true-hearted
friend.

Irene Howell, '42,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

At the outskirts of the little village of Letmore stood a large, rambling house. Its greyish color and ill-kept appearance gave it a sinister look. The weeds were many over the sun-dried grass and the shutters of the house hung from their hinges as though they would fall at the least jar. On the huge iron gate which guarded the house from intruders there hung a sign on which were inscribed the words, "Letmore Manor."

The little village of Letmore was a-buzz with excitement, and fear. Mrs. Applebee, the town gossip, was seen hurrying from house to house with the news. This day mothers watched their children with anxious eyes and, when naughty Tommy Smith hid in the cellar to frighten his mother, the poor woman was nearly frantic until he was found, and sent to bed without any dinner. The lights of the village, usually put out at nine o'clock by Wombly, the light-keeper, as he wished to be called, remained on all night. This was, indeed, strange, for Henry Wombly was a very conscientious man when it came to his job. Now, as everything has a reason, so these strange happenings had one. It was Letmore Manor. A light had been seen shining in the attic window in the early hours of the morning. This light was like a small flame which appeared for a moment and then disappeared. That there was a light in the old deserted mansion was certain, for had not Dr. Evans, coming back from a visit to a patient in the next town, seen it!

Perhaps a slight flame seems to you a foolish thing to have aroused such fear, yet when I tell you the story of the house, you may understand the excitement aroused.

Letmore Manor was named after the tiny village. The name was not appropriate, for the village and the house had no common interests. Mrs. Jeremiah Whetherstone was the owner of the house. It had caused great excitement when the house was being renovated many years before, for no expense was spared in its furnishings. The villagers were naturally curious. But curiosity was not to be tolerated by the haughty, cold woman who dwelt in the house. She had nothing whatever to do with the villagers and they in turn had nothing to do with her. She herself never came to the village but sent her servants to do the buying. Then one day the report came to the ears of the village that Mrs. Jeremiah Whetherstone had died in her sleep.

Now, Mrs. Whetherstone had not been ill,

but rumour had it that she had quarreled with the servants very often, in recent months. Whether Mrs. Whetherstone had died a natural death or had been done away with by her servants remained a matter for debate to the villagers. Soon it was whispered with bated breath that sometimes in the dead of night she came back to haunt her murderers. This suspicion was the real cause of the present fear.

When the light was seen again the excitement rose to fever heat, and it was decided that the matter would have to be investigated, if and when the light appeared again. The next night but one the watchers reported the reappearance of the light. Promptly a posse of village stalwarts, headed by Smithson, the village constable, and exhorted to valour by Johnson, the village shoemaker, and armed to the teeth with clubs, staves, and pitchforks, came forth to confront the ghost. When they reached the Manor it was noticed that the valiant Johnson had fallen back from the vanguard to the rear guard. In silence, deep and tense, they climbed the stairs. Yes, there was a faint beam of light shining under the attic door. Smithson, in virtue of his office, was pushed forward and the door fell open.

There on a wooden bench, with a lighted candle beside him, placidly patching his broken shoe with bits of cardboard, sat a little old man, familiar to them all—Wandering Willie, who visited Letmore from time to time in his peregrinations through the country.

"I comes here often," he explained, "when the weather is bad, but I never used a candle afore, till I found this box of 'em last week."

The abashed villagers returned home, but the episode did not clear the reputation of Letmore Manor. To the villagers it remains a haunted house.

Patricia Brown, '42,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Dear Jesus, see me kneeling here,
Thinking of Your Face, so dear.
Help me, gracious Lord, I pray,
To love You more and more each day.

If I am feeling sad and blue,
Teach me to be brave like You;
When little troubles come my way,
To You, dear Lord, for help I'll pray.

Florence Willick,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

A SINGULAR PASTIME.

When winter comes, many people start planning for their summer vacation. They look for road maps; they go up to the attic or down to the basement to see the condition of their fishing equipment. Each member of the family has his own ideas about the best place to go vacationing.

Finally, the long-awaited summer comes. As the weather gets hotter and hotter, the people sit in lawn chairs, drink lemonade, and plan for their vacation. The hot weather makes them long for the ice, snow, and winter sports. They hark back wistfully to days of ice skating, skiing, hockey games; and they tell one another what they are going to do when winter comes.

Evelyn MacGowan, 42,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

PLASTICS.

The world to-day is becoming plastic-minded. In the home, in the office, in the theatre, and in the factory, plastic appliances have made their appearance. In national defence plastic also plays an important rôle.

Modern warfare demands all kinds of material. Plastic is one of them—for certain parts for trucks, telephones, knife handles, combs, mess-kits, brushes, buttons, inkwells; also for airplanes, and as lining for steel helmets. Even the horses of the cavalry, when going into battle, are fitted with masks equipped with plastic lenses.

A still greater use for plastic in national defence lies in the future, if we may judge by the success already attained in military experiments.

Margaret Willette, '42,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

WHY FEAR?

When Autumn steals a tree's bright garb,
Our hearts should not feel grief, or pain,
For in the Spring, with heavenly charm,
The Lord will give it back again.

And so it is with human death;
There is no cause for grim despair,
For once we climb the Golden Stairs,
God, and missed friends, are waiting there.

Lucille Braithwaite, '42,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

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PRAYER.

Prayer is exerting to the utmost the powers of our souls, seeking a way to God's presence, waiting at the door, trying one entrance after another, hastening to where a ray of light glimmers through the darkness that we may catch a glimpse of Him, and after we have found Him closing our senses to every object that can distract our minds so that we may speak lovingly, trustfully and confidentially to Him. We know that prayer is an action so sublime that the Church teaches us to begin it by a fervent petition for grace to perform it well. What a mockery it must be to join with petition an open disrespect and neglect of all necessary precautions against distractions.

Our own needs are so many that they absorb most of our thoughts and energies. We come to think of prayer as though it were petition only, sometimes losing sight of the highest prayer, that of thanksgiving and praise. We know it is our duty to praise God on earth, but we often lose sight of this obligation. After offering God our prayer of praise, and stating our own petitions, we should pray for others. We have been favored with innumerable spiritual advantages that have been denied so many of our needy fellow-men. When we see anyone in spiritual need, we shall not ask ourselves why others do not offer their prayers. Rather, let us say, "This is *my* work."

Margaret Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MRS. GIBBLE'S BLUNDER.

I arrived at Mrs. Harrington's tea about a half hour before it was over. After greeting the hostess, I looked around for my mother, but decided that she must be out in the rock garden, since she wasn't sitting with any of the ladies.

Across the room I noticed Mrs. Gibble, a new woman in the group, sitting alone and twisting her gloves rather helplessly. I walked across and sat down beside her. She was profuse with friendly greetings. "Why, my dear Helen, how are you? I haven't seen you since we met at Mrs. Hilton's card party. I've meant so often to call you and have you over to lunch, but I've been so busy. Isn't this a lovely party? Everyone looks so pretty and springy in her new clothes. Yes, indeed! I was telling George just yesterday that I really should have a new suit this year, even though I've only worn last year's a few times. I feel so out-of-date in it.

"Isn't this white cake delicious? I wouldn't like you to tell Vi this, but she should have used a little more flour, so it wouldn't crumble so easily.

"My dear, who is that woman with the gorgeous white hair? She should certainly have it marcelled instead of fingerwaved. Her suit is beautiful, but don't you think that shade of blue is a little dark for spring? And I'd like a string of pearls around her neck. I don't think that would be too much with the flower on the lapel, do you? Too bad that her shoes don't match the rest of her costume. Oh, I see now, they are health shoes. I always say that I'm glad I don't have any foot trouble, so that I'd have to clump around in such awkward footgear.

"Do you care for that dull shade of gray fur on blue? Wouldn't a pretty 'reddish' fox fur just set the whole suit off? I had a suit like that years ago, a little lighter shade of blue with a fox fur. I wore a pink hat with it though, instead of blue. I think pink and blue always go well together."

The woman with the "gorgeous white hair" was crossing the room towards us. She dropped into the chair beside me and gave my hand a playful squeeze.

"Mrs. Gibble, I'd like you to meet my mother," I said.

Marguerite Stanaway, '42,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

ANNE.

When I was a small child my wise little mother had a favorite expression, "It takes all sorts of people to make a world." And, musing about my friends, those of my own age and those older, each one so utterly different from any other, the truth of this saying strikes me forcibly.

I have one friend, an older woman (seventy-three years of age, to be exact) whose personality, because it seems to be such a maze of contradictions, intrigues me.

My first impression of Aunt (by compliment only) Anne was very misleading. Her austere, thin-lipped expression repelled any friendly advances, until a smile lighted up merry, twinkling brown eyes, betraying a jolly sense of humor. I was later to learn that anxiety and worry about a sick sister had engraved two deep little lines between her eyebrows and set her mouth in such tight, firm lines.

Her most striking characteristic is her height, which lacks only a few inches of being six feet. She carries herself tall and regally. Carefully tailored clothes with white accents give her a well-groomed, sleek appearance.

She speaks in a low, husky voice, and is frank but tactful, her heritage from a Scotch-Irish ancestry. Gray streaks show in her brown, well-kept hair.

She lives quietly; visiting her many friends and reading are her favourite amusements.

Mother has another trite saying with which I heartily agree: "Anne is the salt of the earth."

Marguerite Stanaway, '42,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

GOD'S ART.

When we gaze at a flaming red sunset;
As we watch a small star, twinkling bright;
When we see the pale whiteness of moonlight
As it softens the darkness of night;
When we catch the faint echo of music
From the wind, or the pattering rain;
When we wake in the still of the morning—
We know that we'll see it again.
For it's there in the glorious sunrise,
It's the heart of the breath-taking spring,
It's the way to make worlds look so lovely,
And the reason that most of us sing.
For it makes all the world a bright palace,
Where, in court, we all play a part,
We're spectators here in a gallery,
Where we spend a lifetime with God's art.

Betty Routhier, '42,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MOTHER'S GIFT.

O dear! To-day is Tuesday, and Thursday is Mother's Birthday. I must hurry up town to get her a gift. Now, let me think. What shall I get her? I know she wouldn't like hosiery for I wouldn't be able to wear them; she takes a larger size than I. How about gloves? No, they wouldn't fit me either. The only thing I could buy her would be a make-up kit, but gracious, she wears a darker shade than I, and her shade looks horrible on me. I know just the thing—a five-pound box of chocolates—and I love chocolates. I'll go up town and get them right away. Dear Mother will be so pleased.

Gloria LeLievre, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

WHAT IS ONE TO DO?

A lingering cold! The beginning of many serious kinds of illnesses! What to do?

Some people suggest strict confinement; others say that a breath of fresh air is the best thing possible.

After a total imprisonment for one week of seven long days, and no abatement of coughing or sneezing, I decided to test to the limit the latter suggestion. I was going skiing.

Skiing? I wonder if I should call it skiing. The first trip down the steep hill resulted in a perfect swan-dive into a snow-bank. The occurrence of this, several successive times, caused me to trek home, disappointed. A breath of air may be healthful, but not when one must fish for it repeatedly in a snow-bank!

I still have my cold. What shall I do now?

Helen Ujinski, '42,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

HOLY NAME OF MARY.

The name of Mary is dear, and sweet;
Its beautiful sound I often repeat,
Over and over in work and in prayer,
And my heavenly Mother guards me with care.

This sweet name of Mary, which now is so old,
Has come down through history, and I have been told,

Its meaning and symbol is "Star of the Sea,"
Guiding-Mother of children, and so, of me.

Jean Dykas, Grade VII,
St. Clement's (Loretto), Toronto.

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MOTHER.

You're always ready when I call,
With never a complaint.
I guess to me you'll always be
As patient as a Saint.

I've never seen you worry, Mom,
And yet I know, somehow,
Those pranks of mine, though innocent,
Have wrinkled your fair brow.

Now every man must give his heart
And every woman, too,
But, Mother, though they say it not,
It's really meant for you.

We'll pay our tribute to you now,
Not wait until next year,
Before we speak the words again
We know you hold so dear.

And though we seem so carefree, Mom,
We want to tell you true,
We'll always love, and cherish too,
A Mother such as you!

Laurette Gould,
Loretto Academy,
Regina.

A TRIBUTE TO FATHERS.

Dad starts to work each morning,
With a gay and happy air,
Sometimes the day is stormy,
Sometimes the weather's fair.
But in his heart there is gladness,
And it is not hard to see
He goes about his labors
For you, and you, and me.
And then he comes home and sits down to rest,
While Junior climbs on his knee,
"Oh Dad! I need so many new toys!"
And Dad says, "My boy, I shall see."
And when we all ask for the things that we want,
As we listen, we hear father sigh,
But we know he's consented, when we gaze at
his face,

At the twinkle we see in his eye.
In this poem that is written for fathers,
We greet you with hearts gay and glad,
For are we not proud to be able to say,
"God gave me that man for my dad?"
And to-day as we see what we owe to you all,
We shall pause for awhile just to say,
"May God bless and reward each one of you,
And take you to Heaven some day!"

Margaret Simpkin, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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Our fruit cupboard is a cheerful place. Red, gold, purple, and green stand the jars. Looking at them, I thank God for providing comforts and beauty in prodigality.

In this glorious land, we still have our freedom. I cherish with a great intensity, every bird that sings, every growing thing, the sun shining in the heavens, the vast expanse of water over which our ships sail so proudly, as though it were left to me to appreciate all things for those across the sea who walk in darkness and grief.

With the world in such confusion, it seems as though we should not enjoy all these beauties of nature. But we must remember we have a duty to perform. We must preserve and care for the God-given life about us. With all our strength, we must keep faith with the future.

As I sit in a secure home surrounded by God's most precious gifts, I make this wish, "Oh, that I could share all this beauty, this

love, this freedom of ours with all those unfortunate ones!" I breathe a prayer hoping the day will soon come when all men will have safe dwelling places, and peace and assurance will cover the earth.

Again, I gaze at the artistic coloring before me, the neat arrangement, the almost endless rows of jars. As I see them so neatly labeled, each vying with its neighbour in beautiful coloring, I think I experience the same grateful emotions as the courageous Pilgrims. They, too, gazed in awe at their well-filled cupboards and marvelled at the beneficence of a Father who never fails His children when they trust Him. That is why, with war clouds darkening the horizon, I, in company with every loyal American, will face the future fearlessly, trusting in the wisdom and integrity of those who guard our political welfare, and in the omnipotence and mercy of our God.

Margaret Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

SO WE HAVE A CHARM CLUB.

At first we were not sure how to begin, or where. We all had formed our own ideals of the truly charming girl, but we decided that thirty-six heads are better than one, and so we have a charm club.

Since individual self-improvement was to be the basis of our club, we decided that a large executive would be unnecessary. We have a president and vice-president to conduct the meetings, and a very able secretary, to keep a record of our progress.

We resolved that we would not force any duties on the members. Every girl would get from the club just whatever she chose to make her own. Our members would choose their own assignments and volunteer their information to the club.

It was suggested that we divide the whole club into five committees and that every girl be on a committee, and do just as much work as she could. We have found since that this tends to hold the interest of all the girls, as we all have an equal chance to take part.

Our committees cover every part of a Catholic girl's worldly charm. We do not advise each other spiritually, as we believe that this is taken care of by our church and school. But of course we keep in mind that all character is built on sound spiritual qualities.

We held our first meeting on March 23, and chose our committee topics: Literary, Music, Sports, Fashions, Manners and Morals. We decided that we were all free to be on whichever committee we wished and that we would change around every two weeks. The suggestion that we have one main topic every month that all the club would work together on, was carried, and we chose our hands for the first main topic. To aid our self-improvement it was suggested that we hand in anonymous criticisms and congratulations. It was moved that we conduct our meetings with parliamentary procedure as far as it was needed to preserve order. This motion was carried. We tabled the selection of a club motto until a later date. We chose our club colours of red and gold.

The bell for dismissal had rung long ago and we didn't mind staying after school to finish our meetings, as we were all eager to build the foundations of a really worthwhile club.

Throughout the remainder of the school year we have handled some very worthwhile projects.

We held our own poll of qualities that go towards making the perfectly charming girl. Here are the winning points, in order of importance as polled by our class:

1. A girl must be able to carry on an intelligent conversation.
2. She must be neat in appearance.
3. She must have good manners and use them always.
4. She must have a low, charming voice.
5. She must be able to meet all types and classes of people.
7. She must be a good sport.
8. She must be considerate towards others.
9. She must have good taste in clothes.
10. She should be natural.

These are only the outstanding points; we had many, many more turned in.

We finally decided upon, "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle," for our motto.

Here is a page from our log book:

May 4, 1942.

The usual formalities being over, we had our committee reports—Literature, Book of the Month, "Down the Days." A list of Catholic best-sellers was given. Certain parts of the picture, "King's Row," are not recommended and the book is immoral and unethical. The picture is depressing and considered only tolerably good. A discussion of the picture followed. The life of Sir Walter Scott was given. His book "Rob Roy" was not recommended. The picture "Jungle Book" is well worth seeing.

Manners and Morals—Points on what a girl should do on "a date" were given.

Fashions—Cottons are coming up and will be seen everywhere both for daytime and evening wear. Several pretty designs were styled from Quebec's French peasant costumes. Suitable costumes for bicycling were described.

Music—The closing programme of the Loretto Conservatory Symphony was very good and the girls who attended thoroughly enjoyed it. An article on Guy Lombardo was read. The Promenade Symphony season opens on May 7.

Sports—Roller rink skating is fast becoming popular. The sport has so progressed that an annual roller skating carnival is held. This year is the fiftieth anniversary of basketball.

This was followed by a discussion on our

big project and then the criticisms and congratulations were read.

Grade Eleven feels that all of its members have derived many benefits from the Charm Club. But this would not have been possible were it not for the untiring efforts of Mother Mary Aloysius, who has enabled us to form and to continue with the Club. All along the way she has guided us and has often put us on the right course, interpreting for us the truly Catholic viewpoint of charm. To her we are truly grateful.

Virginia Burkholder,
(’41-’42) Loretto-Brunswick.

FEAST-DAY GREETINGS TO SISTER.

On this your Saint’s day we greet you
With love that’s plain to see,
Pledging our faithful service
In the days that are to be.

So, dear Sister, we promise
To gladden each passing day,
And, perhaps, you will remember
Us, who tried to brighten your way.

And we, your frolicsome students,
All promise to play our part;
We’ll never forget you, our teacher
Who would your ideals impart.

We’re begging the Lord to bless you
And enrich you as you go,
With virtues and graces numberless,
That only He can bestow.

And now from Mary, your Mother—
Of course, she is our Mother, too—
We’re asking her favour to make us
Some day a little like you.

Laurette Gould,
Loretto-Regina.

PETITION.

Dear Mother of Him Who is Divine,
Here I pay homage at thy shrine.
I thank thee for all for me thou hast done,
And promise forever all sin to shun.

Thy robe is pure as the lilies white,
And thy mantle the blue of the sky near night.
Help me, my Queen, in the coming years,
As thy love has done in all past fears.

When dawn breaks new on each coming day,
I’ll kneel at once by my bed to pray;
I’ll beg thee to keep me safe in thy care,
Then, joys in Heaven with you I’ll share.

Rita E. McCabe,
Loretto High School, Toronto.

LIVE AND LEARN.

Publishing a year book is a difficult task. At first, all goes well—too well! Certain topics are assigned to various students. Perhaps it is because of the novelty of the work, or because the assignees are overly conscientious; in any case, all articles are handed in promptly. Next, a collection of pictures is gathered and inspected. After considerable elimination, there is still a large number. However, better too many than too few. These are grouped into sections typifying the various activities of the school. Then comes the task of arranging the sections of the book. Surprisingly enough, this is simple—or so it seems. Finally a great mountain of copy is joyfully sent to the engravers and the poor deluded staff believe their troubles are at an end. However, in a few days their illusions are shattered.

The engraver calls, and with a hearty laugh (as if the whole task were one big lark) declares that such an article must be completely re-written; ten new pictures are needed; and fifteen pages of fresh copy must be at the publishers early the next morning. Evidently he is laboring under the delusion that the majority of the staff are human dynamos. But the book must be finished. So a group of weary, nervous students, by now completely familiar with the strange antics of engravers (slave drivers is a really better name) buckle down and begin to rewrite the entire book. Yes, publishing a year book is a difficult task. Ask us—we know!

Lorraine Delaney, ’42,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

MEET OUR CLASS.

Our president is Marguerite Hall,
She has brown hair, and is quite tall;
Unique and clever, kind and wise,
Is Mary with her smiling eyes;
Reddish hair and eyes of brown,
Miss Cleo seldom wears a frown;
Never is she dull or blue—
Angie who smiles the whole day through;
O dear, Pat’s sprained her knee again!
It never has much time to mend;
Vivacious, happy, young and true,
Shirley is dear and clever too;
Ever Barbara’s on the stand—
Always there to lend a hand;
Neat and tidy, Muriel’s the girl,
That knows just how to knit and purl;
At last, I have reviewed the nine;
Now, don’t you think we’re pretty fine?

Mary Pat Hurley,
(’41-’42) Loretto Academy, Guelph.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

- Patroness, **MOTHER GENERAL M. ST. TERESA, I.B.V.M.**
 Honorary Presidents **MOTHER M. ERNESTINE, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. CONSTANCE, I.B.V.M.**
 Past President **MRS. J. P. HYNES, 39 Castle Frank Cres., Toronto.**
 President **MRS. T. CASEY O'GORMAN, 33 Elgin Ave., Toronto.**
 First Vice-President..... **MRS. ALEXANDER MCGEE STEPHENSON.**
 Second Vice-President **MISS DOROTHY LATCHFORD.**
 Treasurer **MISS MARY DAWSON.**
 Recording Secretary **MISS MIRIAM ANGLIN.**
 Corresponding Secretary..... **MISS MARGARET McCORMACK.**
 Assistant Corresponding Secretary **MISS AVE KIRBY.**
 Convener of House **MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH, 71 Southwood, Toronto.**
 Convener of Membership ... **MISS MARY MACDONALD.**
 Convener of Tea **MRS. W. M. SHANAHAN.**
 Convener of Entertainment... **DR. GERALDINE MALONEY.**
 Convener of Activities **MISS CALLIE DUNN.**
 Convener of Press **MISS PEGGY RYAN.**

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

- Loretto Abbey College, Toronto **MISS EVELYN KING.**
 Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter **MISS RUTH BAIGENT, 54 Harper Ave., Toronto.**
 Niagara Falls **MISS MARY BAMPFIELD, 761 Clifton Rd., Niagara Falls, Ont.**
 Hamilton, Ont. **MISS LILLIAN WARNICK, 133 Stinson Ave., Hamilton.**
 Stratford, Ont. **MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.**
 Englewood, Chicago **MISS MARY DONAHUE,**
 Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan .. **MRS. VIOLET GILLESPIE.**
 Loretto, Joliet Circle **MISS LEONA JOHNSON.**
 Woodlawn, Chicago **MRS. JAMES P. KAVANAGH, 6234 Greenwood Ave., Chicago.**
 Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle **MRS. JOHN W. BABCOCK.**
 Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle..... **MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Eggertsville, N.Y.**
 Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary. **MRS. DANIEL McCORMICK, 619 E. 89th Place, Chicago.**
 Loretto, Winnipeg Circle **MISS VERONICA O'MEARA, 277 River Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.**

JOLIET CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

The annual Loretto-Joliet Alumnae Reunion was held at the Louis Joliet Hotel on Sunday, June 7th. Miss Leona Johnson, President, was a most gracious hostess to the fifty-three alumnae and their dear twelve Loretto Nuns from Chicago, who had assembled for this happy occasion.

Two special features of the program that were greatly enjoyed were the song, "Welcome to Loretto," composed and sung by Leona Johnson, and "Reunion," composed and read by Teresa Lennon. Several of the members gave delightful reminiscences of Loretto school days and a new page was written in Loretto Alumnae Annals.

Welcome to Loretto.

By Leona Johnson.

Once again our Alumnae gather,
 On this lovely, festal day;
 Here to greet our Alma Mater,
 "Ladies of Loretto" Day.

Fifty years of work and service
 In Chicago they have given,
 And we wish them many years more—
 Happiness, success, and love,
 Then Heaven's joys, for which they've striven.

We are but the Joliet orphans—
 Since the Academy is no more—
 But we strive to prove our training,
 Which Loretto gave us all.

Some are gone but not forgotten;
 They have heard the Master's call;
 To-day we've all assembled here
 To show that loyalty remains—
 Once again to prove our love.

* * * * *

Reunion.

By Teresa Lennon.

Dear Ladies of Loretto,
 And you, Alumnae friends,
 To all, unbounded pleasure,
 This festive meeting lends.

This lovely get-together
 In the merry month of June,
 Where all is love and sunshine,
 And everything's in tune,

Brings back our joyous schooldays—
 Fond memories that abound,
 To fill us all with gladness
 As another June comes 'round.

No cares came worrying then;
 Serene was life, and sweet,
 As perfumes from the flowers
 Upon the breeze, that greet.

We had the love of dear ones,
 The Nuns, our teacher-friends,
 Who watched, and gave us comfort—
 For chance ills, to make amends.

They're still our inspiration,
 With every passing day,
 Whene'er we look for guidance
 As we tread along life's way.

Dear Alumnae, you're their credit,
 Full of charm and loveliness—
 Let's cheer for Alma Mater—
 Pray for peace—world happiness!

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

September 12th, Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, was a fitting date for our first meeting of the year. Zoe McCormick was hostess at her lovely home on Longacre Avenue; to Zoe a word of congratulation; she has served faithfully and

efficiently in many L. A. offices and her hospitality is a byword in the Circle.

Anna Hurd, First Vice-President, conducted the meeting and announced the good news of a son, Timothy, born to our president, Mrs. John W. Babcock (Catherine Mahoney), August 26th. Congratulations and our very best wishes on the arrival of Catherine's new joy and responsibility.

Various suggestions for the year's activities were discussed, and inasmuch as no more Red Cross Units are being organized in Detroit, it was decided to contribute our bit to the war effort by furnishing sandwiches to the U.S.O. on specified occasions during the year. Bernadette Wilson is chairman of the project.

Iris Sullivan read a copy of a letter received from Mother M. Hilda, of the Bar Convent, Yark, England, giving an account of the enemy-bombing and lives lost. Our prayers are with the afflicted community.

Loretto Dupuis, Regent of the Detroit City Circle of the I.F.C.A., recently attended the Biennial Convention of I.F.C.A. held in Newark, N.J. We are anticipating with pleasure a detailed account of the convention at our next meeting.

October 23, 24 and 25 are the dates of the convention of the Michigan State Chapter of I.F.C.A. to be held at Marywood Academy, Grand Rapids. Anna Hurd, Coletta Timpy, Mary Woods, and Loretto Dupuis are planning to attend.

Tea and a few hands of Bridge followed the meeting, and we found it refreshing to exchange experiences of the summer months. Every member was inquired after and accounted for. As to Margaret Moriarity, we have a specially good accounting to give; Margaret is on the staff of the Detroit News, and a story has just come out in a column in that worthy paper, which we pass on to Rainbow readers for a chuckle. It goes like this: "Margaret's been making Chili Sauce, and she feels that some of the success of this garnishment is due to an experience she had while the Chili Sauce was under construction. She was in the midst of mincing the onions, and was therefore red-of-nose and teary, when there came a knock on the back door. Margaret snuffled a little and answered, to find herself face-to-face with a particularly shabby specimen of tramp. He took one look at her, said, 'Never mind, Lady,' and darted down the steps, leaving Margaret to savor the rest of his remark, which was: 'Whatever troubles I've got, you've got worse!'"

I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leon Duggan, both former pupils of Loretto, on the birth of their daughter, Patricia Marie, on August 23rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Mancuso (Julia Romano, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, on September 19th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Guido D'Aloise (Frances Romano, Loretto Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, on September 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Burry (Bunny Higgins, Loretto Abbey Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, on September 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McDonald (Betty Collins, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of their son, Robert Bruce.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Land (Helen Lewis), on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fidèle Bélanger (Jean Di Cola, Loretto College Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, in September.

To Dr. and Mrs. John McCabe (Kitty Devlin, Loretto College Alumna), on the birth of a son, in September.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Eleanor Jeanette Kidd (C.N.D. Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Kidd of Erinsville, was married, on June 30th, to Mr. John Desmond Loughrin, Phm.B., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Loughrin, of Mattawa. The ceremony was held at the Jesuit Seminary Chapel, Toronto, with Rev. H. L. Cormier, S.J., officiating. The wedding party, directly afterwards, paid a brief visit to Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave., where the groom's sister, Mother M. Maureen, I.B.V.M., is on the teaching staff.

Miss Ruth Scott, of Class '42, Loretto College School, was married, June 29, to Mr. William Maynard.

Miss Mae Healy was married, August 5th, to Mr. John McNamara.

Miss Eileen Leblanc was recently married to Mr. Gerald McNamara.

Miss Helen Sensenbrenner was married recently to Mr. James J. Shipman.

Miss Florence Whitty (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Whitty, was recently married to Mr. Edward Florence.

Miss Marie Sullivan (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Sullivan, was married recently to Dr. John Enright.

Miss Catherine McGrath (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard McGrath, was married to Mr. Harold McGrath.

Miss Margaret Meehan (Alumna, Loretto-Hamilton), daughter of Mrs. Meehan and the late Mr. C. Meehan, was married, September 19th, to Mr. Bernard Johnson.

Miss Mary Macbeth (Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), daughter of Mr. Ray Macbeth and the late Mrs. Macbeth, was married recently to Mr. Daniel Regan.

Miss Doris Binet (Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Binet, was married, September 5th, to Mr. William Cameron Grant.

Miss Margaret Buckley (Loretto-Stratford Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Buckley and the late Mr. John Buckley, was married, in September, to Mr. Frank Adams.

Miss Kay Reider was married recently to Mr. Kenneth Patrick, a former pupil of St. Joseph's School (Loretto), Stratford.

Miss Kathleen Brooks (Loretto Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Brooks, was married in the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, on September 12th, to Mr. John Quigg. Rev. Father M. Staley conducted the ceremony at the Nuptial Mass, celebrated by Rev. L. Staley. The Fathers Staley are uncles of the bride. The wedding party visited Loretto College School, where the bride's aunts, Mother Marie Louise and Mother M. Cecilia, with other members of the Community, extended greetings and good wishes.

Miss Norah Maureen Costello, daughter of

Judge T. M. Costello, was married on September 22nd, in St. Peter's Church, Goderich, to Lieut. Alexander Gormaly Rankin, R.C.O.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rankin (Loretto Alumna) of Toronto. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. J. Lowry, Sarnia.

Miss Madeleine Woods (Loretto Alumna, and recently of St. Cecilia's teaching staff), was married, August 1st, in St. Cecilia's Church, to Mr. Lorne Tracey.

Miss Helen Anne Farrelly, daughter of Mrs. Farrelly and the late Mr. James Farrelly, was married to Mr. Lorne Clark Prentiss of New Liskeard, son of Mrs. Prentiss and the late Mr. James T. Prentiss, on September 5th, in St. Joseph's Church, Bracebridge. Rev. Dean O'Leary officiated. The bride and her attendant, Mrs. McEneary, are nieces of Mother M. Pulcheria, Loretto Abbey.

Miss Camilla McGarry was married, on September 5th, to Mr. Bernard Leigh.

Miss Rachel Lannon (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Lannon and the late Mr. Thomas Lannon, was married recently to Mr. Howard Pritchard.

Miss Aileen Morrissey (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Morrissey and the late Mr. D. J. Morrissey, was married recently in St. Clare's Church, Toronto, to Mr. Kenneth McCorkell, Hamilton. Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., cousin of the groom, officiated. The groom is a graduate of St. Michael's College and of the Ontario College of Pharmacy.

Miss Helen Estelle Cairns (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Cairns, was married, on September 27th, to Flight Lieutenant John S. Crawford, medical officer, R.C.A.F., Toronto, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Crawford, Hamilton.

Miss Phyllis Ketchum, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Mitchell Ketchum, of Emerald Bay, California, was married recently to Captain Alfred F. Goggio, son of Professor and Mrs. E. Goggio, Toronto, and brother of Miss Anita Goggio, Loretto Abbey graduate of '42 and Freshman at Loretto College, St. George St. He is a graduate of the University of Toronto Medical School, and a medical officer in the United States Army Air Corps. The bride attended the University of California, and is a member of Gamma Phi Beta.

Miss Isobel Hannon (Loretto College Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hannon, was married, in August, to Mr. Hollis M. Thomas.

Miss Frances Maher (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maher, Quebec, was married, September 7th, to Dr. Lucien Renfret, nephew of His Excellency, Most Reverend Alexandre Vachon, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa, who performed the ceremony.

Miss Mariette Bouffard (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Bouffard, Quebec, was married to Major Raymond Duchéme, on September 16th.

Miss Henriette Beaudry (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Beaudry, Quebec, was married, June 19th, to Mr. William Byrne.

Miss Marguerite Helen McKee (Loretto-Brunswick Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert H. McKee, was married, September 19th, to Mr. John Anthony Kelly, brother of Rev. Walter

Kelly, S.J., and of Mother St. Urban, I.B.V.M. The wedding party paid a brief visit to Loretto-Brunswick Avenue, where greetings and best wishes for the future were extended to the happy couple.

SYMPATHY.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McAuley (Margaret Conway, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Alumna), on the recent death in a plane crash at Stratford-on-Avan, of their son, Flight Sergeant Frank Alfred McAuley (who as a little boy was a Loretto Abbey pupil), and to his bereaved brother, Billy, and sisters, Sheila and Patricia, all of London, England.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Griffin, on the death of their son, Sergeant John Griffin, R.C.A.F., killed in action, overseas, in July. Sergeant Griffin was 24 years of age. He had been an altar boy in St. Cecilia's Church, Toronto, while attending St. Cecilia's School (Loretto), previous to going to De La Salle, and St. Michael's College, where, at the time of enlisting, he was pursuing his studies. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for him in St. Cecilia's Church by the Pastor, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Treacy, in the presence of a large congregation.

To the bereaved sons and daughters of Mr. Thomas H. Pinfold, who died August 5th, especially to Rev. Andrew Pinfold, of Pekin, China; Sister St. Matthew of the Grey Sisters of Sault Ste. Marie; and Sister M. Henriette, I.B.V.M., Chicago; also to Mr. Pinfold's sister and brothers, and to his devoted grandchildren.

To Mr. Thomas C. McDonnell, Toronto, on the death of his wife (Beatrice Cummings, Loretto-Guelph Alumna), on September 10th, and to Mrs. McDonnell's brother, Mr. John Cummings, and sisters, Misses Margaret and Kathleen Cummings.

To Mrs. M. T. Stafford, on the recent death of her daughter, Mrs. Bruce (Lillian Stafford, Loretto-Hamilton); widow of the late Mr. George Bruce, and to Mrs. Bruce's sisters, Celestine (Loretto-Hamilton); Fidelis and Patricia Stafford; and to her brother, Mr. Jack Stafford, R.C.A.F. (Overseas); also to her aunt, Mother M. Alacoque.

To Mrs. Wasylenki, of Sedley, Sask., on the death, September 8, of her husband, Mr. W. Wasylenki, and to the bereaved family, Dr. Alex. Wasylenki, B.A., Mr. Mike Wasylenki, R.C.A.F.; Master Joseph Wasylenki; Mother M. St. Henry, I.B.V.M.; Sr. M. Irene, I.B.V.M.; and Mrs. J. Bast.

To Mr. and Mrs. Street (Loretto Abbey Alumna), of Welland, on the loss of their dear son, Pilot Officer Douglas Street, R.C.A.F., reported missing, after Dieppe; also to Douglas' brother, Lieutenant George Street (Overseas), and to his bereaved sisters, Misses Eleanor and Cynthia Street.

To Mrs. Longeway, on the death, August 18, of her husband, Mr. John Longeway, and to the bereaved family, Mother M. St. Leonard, I.B.V.M.; Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Patrick Longeway.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Dahm, on the death of their daughter, Marion, a Loretto pupil, on August 20th; and to the bereaved family.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pigeon, on the recent death of their son, Gregory, R.C.A.F., in British Columbia, and to the bereaved family.

To Mrs. Purcell, on the recent death of her son, Desmond, killed in active service in Africa;

and to Miss Mary Purcell, sister, and Mr. Joseph Purcell, brother, of the deceased.

To Miss Clara Geis, on the death of her father, Mr. J. Geis, Sedley, Sask.

To Misses Mabel, Mary and Shirley Abrey, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Abrey.

To Mrs. Harry E. Gignac and to all the bereaved members of the family, on the recent death of their brother, Mr. Eugene Breault, of Windsor.

To Mrs. Gordon Hoben (Hilda Duffy, Loretto Alumna), on the death of her husband, Pilot Officer Gordon F. Hoben, R.C.A.F., killed in active service overseas, on July 11th; and to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hoben (Loretto Alumna); also to his uncles and aunts, especially Mothers M. Rose Francis, Loyola, and Marie Thérèse, I.B.V.M. A Requiem High Mass was celebrated in St. Peter's Church, Toronto, at the same hour as the funeral, in England. Pilot Officer Hoben, in several effective raids over enemy territory, had won distinction and, throughout, had given admirable

proof not only of his valour, but also of personal goodness, on Army Chaplain testimony. In his home-letters, some of which have arrived since his death, there is consoling evidence of his preparedness for the final call.

To the bereaved relatives of the late Pilot Officer Bernard McGrath, especially to his sister, Anita, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, and some time pupil at Loretto College.

To Rev. Thomas F. Hayes; Lieut.-Commander James J. Hayes (M.C.U.S.N.); Mr. John M. Hayes; Mothers M. Hervelline, Marcionille, and Padgragh, F.M.M.; Sister Mary Patricia, S.S.J.; Mrs. J. H. Gibson; Mrs. F. J. Moran, and Miss Mary Hayes, on the death of their devoted mother, Mrs. Catherine Hayes, on August 18th.

To Miss Frances Galligan, Loretto College Alumna, on the death of her dear mother; also to Mrs. Galligan's granddaughters, Misses Kitty and Joan Galligan, now students at Loretto College.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Sept. 8—Boarders and day-pupils reassembled for opening classes, with the fairly cosmopolitan representation usual at the Abbey: girls from such distant places as Trinidad, England, U.S.A.—French-speaking girls from Quebec, where in some families, a finishing year or two at the Abbey has become a tradition. There is an unusually large Junior School.

The new term opened officially with a special Mass for its success, said by Reverend Joseph Keating, S.J., at which the entire student-body and teachers were present.

Sept. 12—The "old" girls entertained the "new" ones at a picnic in "The Hollow," after a hike through the woods that gave everyone a chance to get acquainted, and from which all came back "old" girls.

Sports are an important feature of every day with us: the Badminton Club has an enthusiastic membership, and the coming tournament promises keen competition; the bowling alleys are in great demand, with a number of promising players among the "new" girls; basketball and baseball have their quotas, and Form teams are in the making. The crisp autumn days make riding—always popular at the Abbey—especially delightful through the woods and bridle-paths of beautiful Armour Heights—for as the French-speaking girls say, "On aime tant ça, faire equitation."

Sept. 22—The first meeting of our Sodality—with Father Lord, S.J., as guest of honour. A delightful afternoon it was—even beyond our expectations.

All in all, it promises to be a wonderful year at our dear Abbey—"the best ever!"

Francis Mary MacDonald.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE EXAMINATION.

Grades X and XIII of the Catholic High Schools of the Archdiocese of Toronto—Loretto Results.

GRADE X.

Loretto Abbey.

1st Class Honours: H. Power, R. Hughes, J. Shannon, C. Hoey, M. Corcoran, F. Walsh, J. McCarthy, J. MacDonald, I. O'Gorman, M. Kulik, M. Ward, M. O'Sullivan, L. Roach, B. Knowles, E. Dunning, A. Hogan, L. Lloyd, M. McGuiness, H. McNevin.

2nd Class Honours: J. Predhomme, K. Sullivan, K. Higgins, N. Kirkwood, B. Murphy, Y. Bernard, D. Snow, B. Delaney, H. McAstocker.

3rd Class Honours: M. McRae, P. Siegert, D. Anderson.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

1st Class Honours: L. Ganter, G. O'Sullivan, D. Hatch, S. Smeaton, H. Anderson, B. Bradt, E. Baxter, F. Borelli, L. Cortese, B. Madia.

2nd Class Honours: B. Gregus, H. Miller, R. Delio, M. Macoretta, V. Walters, M. Brick, A. Meagher.

3rd Class Honours: M. Bartolomie, P. Vallworth, E. Willick, H. Gabriele, A. Benoit.

Credit: H. Piatkowski.

Loretto College School.

1st Class Honours: M. Anderson, M. Meade, P. Smith, D. Cullen, R. Garvin, C. DeBono, K. Turner, M. Manley, E. Murray.

2nd Class Honours: T. Murphy, K. Hannan, R. Moore, M. Cameron, N. Dunn, D. Kretch, I. Scale, E. Coyne, S. Waters, J. Salerno.

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Sept. 8—A new school year begun under the patronage of Our Blessed Mother. Our numbers have increased, especially in Commercial Class, of which seven are boarders at the Academy.

Sept. 11—Anticipated celebration of to-morrow's Feast of the Holy Name of Mary—Feast-day of the I.B.V.M.—by early dismissal this p.m.

Sept. 15—Inauguration of Student Government, with Sylvia Evoy as mistress of the Princess Elizabeth House, and Merlyn Melvin as Mistress of the Princess Margaret Rose House.

Sept. 16—Dialogue, "Mass of the Holy Ghost," for the success of our school year.

First Sodality meeting of 1942-43 resulted in the appointment of Frances Kelly as Prefect; the election of Anne McCarthy as Secretary-Treasurer; Inez Whaling, Jean Duggan, and Jean DuCharme as Committee Chairmen. The members of the Students' Spiritual Council pledge themselves to the best interests of their classmates under the banner of Our Blessed Mother.

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The Optimistic Character Finds Compensation

“We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out, that arch-angels may come in.”—Emerson.

WITH these consoling words, Emerson closes his essay on Compensation, the drift of which is that losses are almost invariably followed by gains. This is an optimistic belief and if we make it our own, we shall listen for the flutter of the archangel's wings immediately on the departure of our angels! We lose the freedom of holiday time and we gain the more character-forming subservience to the law of school discipline. We lose the pleasures of sense, so delightful to the body, and we gain the sowing of intellectual seeds which will furnish the more lasting delights of the mind. We lose an income affording luxurious advantages which we selfishly enjoyed and we gain a spirit of self-sacrifice and a broader sympathy for our neighbour. Day by day we are losing the things of the child and gaining a deeper insight into the things of the man. Are we fully estimating the value of our losses and our gains?

M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

Heartfelt thanks are extended to all literary contributors to

THE LORETTO RAINBOW

Also, to all who are assisting us in publishing it—our subscribers, advertisers, and thoughtful donors.



All are daily remembered in prayer.

Autographs

702 1943

To
Our Lady of Good Counsel
and to the
Community, Alumnae and Students of Loretto of
Our Lady of Good Counsel,
Englewood, Chicago
on the
Golden Jubilee Anniversary of
the Institution

We dedicate this issue of the
Loretto Rainbow

LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA
OFFICE AT 387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Mary, in America — 1847-1943



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



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St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



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My Heaven

By ALINE MICHAELIS

TO ME, Heaven is the place where I
 Shall find all things that here I sought,
 Only transmuted far beyond
 The scope of earthly thought.

There will be peace, like that of which
 I dream at dusk upon the sea;
 A deeper peace than I have known,
 A brooding, vast tranquillity.

There will be truth, surpassing all
 Man's dim surmise of that
 White flame; and faith—to make the faith
 I own, the waning echo of a name.

There will be joy—all loveliness,
 And purity, and trust serene;
 There will be love—ah, who can guess
 At all what love in Heaven will mean?

To me, Heaven is the place where I
 Shall find all things sought here in vain,
 Made new, yet kin to things of earth—
 As rainbows are akin to rain.

King Lear as an Exemplification of Aristotle's Conception of Tragedy

The theories formulated by Aristotle and expressed in his "Poetics" became the criterion for Greek Drama. Through the intermediary influence of Seneca's plays on the Renaissance stage in England, these theories directed the Elizabethan drama and were adopted to a greater or less extent by pre-Shakespearean writers. Lyly and Green and Kyd and Marlowe insinuated them into their dramas until they became second nature to dramatic vitality, but all were hampered in some way and a lack of completeness characterizes their dramas. If, however, none of them individually brought their plays within the radius of supreme eminence, each lent his quota to the development of the drama, and when a master hand took up the task and a master mind grasped the universal truths the old Hellenic spirits would have us ponder, and a master genius felt intuitively his God-given executive power, he turned not to an unploughed field of action, but to a fair and hopeful field wherein many a furrow had already given promise of immortal garnering.

Into this field Shakespeare came, an expert winnowing; he gave the chaff to the wind and appropriated the wheat. Whether he invoked the shades of Aristotle for guidance or not, time will never reveal; whether he adopted Aristotelian theories purely as such, we may venture to doubt; whether he realized that the Elizabethan drama, popular as it was in its established form, needed but a magic touch to bring it to perfection, we may conjecture: whether this magic touch was to prove, after all, a *human* touch, we may judge.

Aristotle's conception of the drama is no mere intellectual whimsicality. Weighed in the balance of right judgment, his theories strike us as being inherently essential to the prevailing conception of drama, and if the Greek dictator had never formulated these theories, probably they would be as substantially formulated from Shakespeare's conception, making allowances, of course, for the differentiation of Greece and England, of 330 B.C. and the 17th century.

The application of Aristotle's theories to *King Lear* will furnish an interesting study of the extent to which both master minds were impressed by the exigencies of tragedy. Taken as a whole, we naturally agree with Moulton in

his *Shakespeare As a Dramatic Thinker*: "Greek drama and Shakespearean drama are at opposite ends of the dramatic scale; the one rests on utter simplicity, the other upon infinite complexity." But in the Shakespearean drama the interweaving of different stories is so dexterously effected that the play becomes imbued with simplicity. On this basis, then, we may readily trace Aristotelian theories in Shakespeare's plays.

Of the six parts of every tragedy, Aristotle places first the Fable or Plot, which "is essentially an imitation not of persons but of action and life, of happiness and misery." The triple part of this action is well exemplified in *Lear*. The beginning by the division of his kingdom; the middle by the consequences of this rash act; the ending by the fate of those who propelled the action. The magnitude of the story is sufficiently reasonable to round out the vicissitudes of the hero, giving him ultimately at least the transient happiness of knowing Cordelia's fidelity and of clasping her in his arms.

Aristotle's statement that "one must not aim at a rigid adherence to the traditional stories on which tragedies are based," is exemplified in all Shakespeare's plays, consequently in *Lear* are found the usual deviations from sources. The madness of Lear and the character and fate of Cordelia are interesting Shakespearean features.

The insistence of Aristotle's theory that "Tragedy is an imitation not only of a complete action, but also of incidents arousing pity and fear," finds its exemplification throughout *King Lear*. We pity the erring father, the truthful daughter, the faithful Kent, the innocent Edgar; we fear the king's fate at the mercy of the two ungrateful, unprincipled daughters; Cordelia's fate after her obstinate tenacity to her opinions; Edmund's vengeance after the expression of his philosophy:

"Thou nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound."

Of these emotions, fostered from the opening scenes of the play: intensified as the plot works out: fully developed when climax and catastrophe leave us nothing to hope for and with even our worst apprehensions more than realized—the whole play is built. "Such incidents have

the very greatest effect on the mind when they occur unexpectedly and at the same time in consequence of one another," says Aristotle. Here again *King Lear* exemplifies a theory worked out in the variety of incident unfolding itself naturally although surprisingly through the plot and sub-plot until the two main parts become merged into one, thus complying with the laws of the drama.

One of the requisites for "the perfect plot" Aristotle says is that "the change in the hero's fortunes must be from happiness to misery, and the cause of it must lie not in any depravity, but in some great error on his part." Murray in his Preface states that originally this *hamartia* means "a bad shot," and that Aristotle clearly intends the typical hero to be a great man with "something wrong" in his life or character. Critic after critic has located instances of *hamartia*: fickleness, impracticability, imperiousness, unrestrained self-indulgence, injustice, but no one has accused Lear of crime.

Another point effectively developed in *Lear* is Aristotle's theory that "Whenever the tragic deed is done within the family . . . these are the situations the poet should seek after." From all parts, the incidents of the play converge around the king and his household.

Comparing character development in *King Lear* with Aristotle's theories we find that the hero exemplifies them in a striking manner. "First and foremost, they shall be good." Broadly speaking, Lear is good, since he stands unconvicted of crime. His ungovernable passions which reveal him in the worst light would not relegate him to a level with his two monstrous daughters, for instance. His character is quite coincident with Aristotle's further elucidation of "goodness"—the revealing "a certain moral purpose, and a good element of character if the purpose so revealed is good." It is not difficult to extract a moral from Lear's evident trust in his daughters, to the extent of dividing his kingdom among them; thereby giving them an opportunity of proving themselves worthy or unworthy of this implicit trust.

"The second point is to make them appropriate." Lear has been judged "every inch a king," and is worthy of the judgment: he retains his sense of royalty throughout his stormy career and is kingly to the end.

"The third is to make them like reality, which is not the same as their being good and appropriate, in our sense of the term." Yet Aristotle does not explain his sense of the term. Left to interpret it, we may judge that over and above appropriateness he conceives living reality to be an essential and here again Lear

looms up in his overwhelming magnitude. Yes, Lear is a powerful reality! Showing rigorous decision from the first, in the distribution of his kingdom, he next portrays the largeness of his ideas in the limitation of his suite to one hundred knights! Feasting and drinking and hunting with his hilarious followers, he is indeed a living personality. He is very real in his pathos, in his terrible agony, in his storm of fury, and when finally broken down, it is a giant who falls!

"The fourth is to make them consistent and the same throughout," concludes Aristotle, but adding an expository sentence in the light of which Lear's character again stands out in parallelism,—"even if inconsistency be part of the man before one for imitation as presenting that form of character, he should still be consistently inconsistent."

The opening scene evidences Lear's inconsistency. He had ostensibly "more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall. It did *always* seem so, but now in the division of the kingdom it appears not which of the dukes he values most." Then we find him putting his daughters to a test for their share of the kingdom when he has already allotted their portions. Cordelia, the best loved daughter, receives the worst treatment when even slight penetration would have enabled the father to grasp the underlying truth of her response and the falsehood of Goneril's and Regan's protestations of affection. Even they exclaim: "You see how full of change his age is . . . he always loved our sister most." "'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.'" The faithful Kent also, who protested:

"Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honoured as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my
prayers. . ."

he banishes from his dominions because he interposes on behalf of Cordelia.

After the division of his kingdom Lear declares:

"Only we still retain
The name and all the additions to a king."

and although purposing to live alternately with his two daughters, he insists on the reservation of an hundred knights, which decision naturally works havoc in Goneril's home before the month is out.

Incidents as well as characteristics help to foster inconsistencies. The "hundred knights" fade away and the last vestige of the "name

and the additions to a king" dwindle down until they became an outcast with an attendant fool. The climax of inconsistency is reached: madness ensues and any inconsistency is now consistent with the helpless old man battling against the elements in the stress of the storm, the blackness of the night, seeking shelter in a miserable hovel from which the mad-feigning Edgar issues. This, then, is his bodyguard,—Kent in disguise, Edgar in disguise and pretended madness, and a professional fool!

That Lear has been repeatedly classed with Oedipus, goes far in sustaining the claims of this tragedy to upholding the theories established for the Greek drama. Archer in comparing Oedipus and Lear does not hesitate to exclaim: "But how far less typical is the situation in Oedipus! . . . We have none of us known an Oedipus, we have all of us, probably, seen re-enacted some part of the tragedy of Lear . . . I am not comparing them in respect of their whole poetic content. I am merely pointing out that King Lear is—what Oedipus is not—an example of the typical incidents of human destiny."

It seems futile to exemplify Shakespeare's claim to the highest requirements of Diction and Thought laid down by Aristotle. Hudson happily epitomizes countless tributes to Shakespeare's style in saying of *King Lear*: "Certainly, in none of his plays do we more feel the presence and the power of that wonderful diction, not to say language, which he gradually wrought out and built up for himself as the fitting and necessary organ of his thought."

On the whole, the magnitude of *King Lear* is so stupendous, that even the manifold superior criticisms passed upon the drama by our ablest writers do not exhaust the material offered. It is interesting to note that even with the wide diversity of opinions expressed, scarcely one is thoroughly adequate to cover the entire range of the play. Only a gigantic genius of Shakespeare's calibre could conceive the thoughts therein contained, and work out the plot with such tremendous power, leaving us stunned by the portentous truths hurled at us,—truths which a life "four-score and upward" as Lear's own would be all too short to fathom.

M. Dorothea.

Human Life

By AUBREY DE VERE.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived because so fleet;

Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in
sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have over-topped the
wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in
blowing;
And still, O still, their dying breath is
sweet;

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter
still;

And sweeter our life's decline, for it hath left
us
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill;

And sweet are all things, when we learn to
prize them
Not for their sake but His Who grants
them or denies them.

Be A Friend

You may have missed the special place
Your heart desired—have lost the race
In all that makes for wealth and ease,
In all that would your fancy please;
But there is still a sphere where you
May find acclaim, and honour true,
That will not fail till life will end—
Be that much-needed soul, a friend.

Acquaintances by score on score
We all may cherish. Something more
Is wanted in the perfect scheme
Of fond companionship's bright dream;
We laugh with those upon our way,
We tell our plans from day to day;
But when life's joy takes cruel end,
We need one understanding friend.

So, if you fail in worldly gains,
If hope's bright star, once gleaming, wanes,
Oh, do not feel that all is lost—
That you are like a ship storm-tossed;
There still is happiness to grasp,
You'll hold it in a hand's firm clasp;
All empty joys it will transcend—
Be that much-needed soul, a friend!

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

Pando

Pando seemed almost a mythical place when we left Denver one beautiful July morning to visit it. Camp Hale, which is named for Brig. General Irving Hale, who christened Pike's Peak, is the first military ski camp in the U.S.A. It is located at Pando, which lies in the heart of the Rockies, 9,500 feet high.

The only approach to Pando formerly was over Tennessee Pass by Battle Mountain road which in pioneer days was a narrow path for pack-mules and horses, cut into the side of mountains, ever rising to dizzy heights, from which one could look down thousands of feet into chasms or valleys below. The trail was originally used to reach the village of Gilman, where are located rich zinc mines. With increasing production and commerce, the path was widened until a team and wagon, and later, automobiles could traverse it; but even the most intrepid pioneer spirit must have known fear at the thought of a trip over Battle Mountain Road, especially in spring, when melting snow made the surface slippery; one foot too near the edge, and the traveller rolled down thousands of feet—and into eternity. Now there is a fine, well surveyed paved highway constructed higher up in the mountains; from it one may, at times, get glimpses of the old road, which looks like a silver thread clinging to the perpendicular side of the rocks; one wonders how, for mere gain of wealth, men could ever have taken such hazards as to travel over it. It is still necessary to go over Tennessee Pass; some miles beyond there is a thrilling new bridge which spans a chasm, fifty yards wide—and the bottom thousands of feet below. Almost immediately the gateway of Pando appears, at an altitude of 11,000 feet; here the visitors are met by three U.S. officials who look most severe until the proper credentials

are presented, and then they become friendly, assuming an attitude of hospitality. A disk, about two inches in diameter, upon which is stamped a correspondingly large number, is pinned upon the breast of each visitor, and must be worn while he or she is within the camp.

The site of Camp Hale was chosen because of its nearness to a main railroad, also because it is cupped in the Rocky Mountains, 9,500 feet high and hidden from the world by jagged peaks 2,000 feet higher than itself. At Pando and Aspin, the snow is dry, more like the snow in Switzerland, and excellent for skiing. In its primitive state, the surface of the site was



The Glamor Mules of the 87th
Wanted: Skiers and mule skinnners

rough, composed of low hills, brush-wood and a small lake; huge dredges were put to work to level the hills and fill the lake; and the job of building a great and unique Camp up in the clouds was begun by Mr. Platt Rogers, one of the West's noted contractors.

The reason for the Camp is to train soldiers to carry on guerilla warfare in cold, mountainous countries. European armies have intensively developed their mountain troops. Germany, we learn, has some fifteen mountain divisions; probably a tenth of all Axis soldiers have been trained to fight in mountains and hills. The U.S.A., which had no ski and mule troops until 1941, is far behind the Axis. Mountain specialists will play an increasingly important part in this war, and Alaska is growing daily more to be considered.

In April, 1942, Pando was but a pin point on the map. In December, 1942, there is a small city, with living quarters for 20,000 people, soldiers and civilians.

Pando is more than the site of an army camp. It is an American monument to the typical pioneers, the builders of new Empires. It is the Spirit of the West.

The U.S. Army for this Camp has picked its mountain troops from skiers, horsemen, mule-skinner, mountain climbers, trappers and prospectors. A para-ski trooper in his natural element is virtually invisible; he wears a white coverall with a parka hood; his shoes and gloves are white and, in combat, he will whiten his face, pack and rifle. Mountain troops carry *Garand* rifles and an assortment of trick side-arms; they have a deadly variety of machine guns. This is the reason every para-ski trooper is an expert marksman. Boys from all parts of the Union will be trained in Camp Hale. To many it will be a unique experience. In the night they will hear the coyotes call. When morning dawns the sun will turn the forests of trees into a land of lights and shadows. They go out on manoeuvres; before them, will stretch a "No Man's Land," peak after peak; flashing rainbow trout will leap through the air from the beautiful, clear, mountain streams; they will see Colorado's prolific wild flowers in Spring and Summer; then, in the Autumn, there will be the aspens, unrivalled for beauty. Adventure will beckon—the great adventure of protecting American homes and freedom in the United States of America. Pando will never again be a wilderness where only the sun shone by day and the moon by night, and crystal streams trickled down the mountain sides. When the war is over there will be ski-tons; the present one is over 6,000 feet long, and rises vertically 1,100 feet; there will be others, too, to attract the visitors for winter sports. Laughter will ring in the voices of American men, women and children—a people who are still free—and unafraid of life.

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

"Peace on earth, to men of good will."
The chimes reiterate,
And yet the world is torn apart
By envy, greed, and hate.

"Silent Night, Holy Night,"
Sings an earnest choir,
Yet night is hideous with cries,
And blast of searing fire.

"God rest ye, Merry Gentlemen,"
Thus goes the ancient song,
May rest come soon to weary men,
Who triumph over wrong.

Rose Mae Watchhorn, XI,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich

THANKSGIVING'S HERE.

Bright sunbeams on shining snow;
The house is polished high and low;
Smell of turkey fills the air;
Pies are cooling everywhere.

Tables set in best array;
Silver gleaming, flowers gay.
Paul is coming, Rogie too,
Both in uniform of blue.

Johnny's present with khaki garb;
In starched white, lovely Barb;
Only Jimmy is not here,
For he faced death without a fear.

Dad is joking, jolly, bald;
"Why, supper's ready," mother called.
There it is! Steaming hot;
Steal a bite? Better not!

Father stands and prayers are said;
From a paper Jim's tribute is read;
From sigh to laugh everyone goes,
When Mary drops the potatoes.

Food disappears midst merry din;
Praise is lavish from all of kin.
The feast is over—all is gone;
Sunset covers snow-crueted lawn.

The day is through—shadows fall,
And for Thanksgiving, that is all.
But, of course, there's another year.
If, please God, we all are here.

Anita Schwaighart,
Loretto-Englewood.

[Ed. Note—Our sympathy to the writer of this poem in the loss of one of the dear brothers here named, who was killed in action before Thanksgiving Day arrived.]

EXPECTATION.

Hushed was the waiting world,
That night so long ago,
Angels watched on bended knees
That the Child, earth-folk might know.

He will come again this Christmas,
That Child, lowly-born,
And the radiance of His smile,
Will greet our Christmas morn.

Oh Babe of the manger cradle,
May our boys hear Heaven say,
As they fight for freedom on foreign shores,
Christ is born again this day!

—M. Gleason,
Loretto-Englewood.

Lenin Wept One Christmas Eve*

By ALEXANDER BEDENKOFF.

Christmas Eve, 1904. Over the entire world, Christian people of all creeds celebrated the eve of the Day of Days in memory of the birth of Christ. But in a big house owned by a Russian engineer, Leonid Krassin, in the small village of Kuokkala, at the very boundary between Russia and Finland, was weird silence. Plunged into darkness, window-shutters tightly closed, it seemed that the house had been abandoned. But not so. Within the house was life. In one large room, filled with tobacco smoke, seven men were seated around a big table, deliberating serious matters.

All except the host, Leonid Krassin, were noted communists and revolutionaries: all homeless people, all in exile, persecuted and wanted by the Russian secret police. Among them were Lenin, leader and soul of the cause, nicknamed by his followers "Old Man"; Bogdanoff, believer in Marxism; Nikitich, an active worker and organizer of the Bolshevik party in Russia; and others. This evening they were gathered to discuss some urgent question relating to revolutionary activities.

Lenin had come from Switzerland especially for this secret meeting. His arrival had been kept shrouded in deep mystery to baffle the secret police who hunted him. Frequently he had come there to spend two or three days in familiar surroundings with his best friends. Each time he arrived, Krassin's mother had prepared for the "Old Man" his favorite Russian dishes: *pelmenies* (small meat dumplings, boiled), *kasha* (black gruel), and especially *kissel* (a kind of cranberry jelly).

Leonid Krassin, his friend and future Soviet ambassador, at that time was working as engineer for a big concern at St. Petersburg and lived at Kuokkala, not far from the Russian capital, with his mother, wife and children. He was the right hand of Lenin and successfully propagated communistic ideas among his workers. So cautiously he acted that nobody suspected him.

The meeting in question had been planned beforehand. It had been decided that Yuletide was the best time for it. In order not to

be disturbed by any one, Krassin had sent his mother, wife and children to his distinguished neighbour, the Russian artist Ily Riepin, who lived not far from Krassin in his famous "Penates," to celebrate Christmas Eve.

It seemed that everything was favoring the secret meeting—nobody and nothing could disturb the conspiracy—and yet from the very beginning matters began to take a bad turn. The conference progressed slowly. Speakers were absent-minded, their speeches unconvincing and not timely. Lenin, as chairman, was in an irritable mood, quibbling and quirking at every word. Sounds of Christmas carols, sung by children in the streets, reached the conspirators' ears and disturbed them. The holiday mood was in full swing.

To make matters worse, an uninvited visitor, a certain V. Hoks, arrived from St. Petersburg to visit his children, who spent their Christmas vacations with Krassin's children. He was not a stranger. Though not a member of the communistic party, he was a sympathizer with it and held his tongue. V. Hoks had brought with him a huge bundle containing several packages of toys, ornaments and candles for the Christmas tree.

"Where are the children?" he asked Krassin.

"All the women and children," answered Krassin, "went to Penates to celebrate Christmas Eve. They left us without a Christmas tree."

"Comrades," said Nikitich, "let's proceed with our meeting. Please don't let your attention be diverted. We have very serious problems to discuss."

"What's the idea in calling a meeting at such a time?" asked Hoks.

"Any time is suitable for our meetings—in spite of bourgeois superstitions such as holidays," said Bogdanoff. But his words sounded false.

"What's the matter with us, anyhow?" said Krassin. "Our meeting is dull and slow."

"Well—" said Lenin, trying to joke, "Jesus from Nazareth, whose birthday the world is celebrating, has broken off our meeting."

Everybody was silent and gloomy.

"What have you got here?" asked Lenin, pointing at the packages with his finger.

*Courtesy of "America."

"Toys, candles, ornaments for the Christmas tree——"

"Comrades," said Lenin, quite unexpectedly, "since we have everything for a Christmas tree, why not get a tree——"

"Rotten bourgeois custom!" said Bogdanoff.

"We came here for our conference and not to celebrate Christmas eve," some one said.

"Enough!" said Lenin. Then addressing Krassin, he asked, "Have you an axe?"

"No," answered Krassin, "but I have a good saw."

"Then let's hew down a good fir-tree."

Everybody was stunned. Lenin himself inviting them to celebrate the holiday! Was he mad? Weird silence reigned among the conspirators and they were much amazed when Krassin, armed with a saw and accompanied by Lenin and Hoks, left the house in search of a fir-tree.

In half an hour they brought a big tree covered with snow. After cleaning it off, they put the tree in one corner of the sitting-room, and everybody—even those who had protested—began to ornament it. Another half-hour and the Christmas tree was standing gorgeously decorated with many kinds of toys, candles and artificial snow. When the candles had been lighted, the effect was remarkable.

The conference was forgotten. All the conspirators were sitting before the Christmas tree, looking at it.

"Oh, I remember my childhood in Samara" (Lenin's native town), said Lenin pensively. . . . "My parents were religious people. . . . They used to arrange for us children a Christmas tree. How I liked those eyes of Christmas! . . . We used to go 'round the tree and sing carols. . . . And then: gifts, candies—Oh," he sighed after a while, "childhood is a beautiful fairy-tale! Yes, a beautiful fairy-tale!"

He rose to his feet and went around the tree three times.

"I remember," he went on, "one carol began with these words: *Oh, holy night! Oh, holy night!* and then, *On Christmas Eve the bells were rung . . . On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung*, or something like that. . . . I forget the words."

Then he took his seat and became silent.

"That's enough," said Bogdanoff. "Let's go to our room and proceed with the meeting. The candles are going out."

One by one, all but two of the conspirators left the room.

"Let's go, Old Man," said Krassin.

"Oh, leave me alone," Lenin demurred.

Alone in the room, he looked straight at the dying candles. The conspirators took their seats around the table and were waiting for the chairman. It was about midnight. Suddenly from the sitting-room was heard a stifled cry as of somebody sobbing. Krassin hurriedly went to the sitting-room.

Lenin was sitting in darkness, only two candles burning. He was in the same place as before, head buried in his hands, and crying.

"What's the matter, Old Man?" asked Krassin compassionately.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Lenin, wiping his eyes. "I am very sorry for being so childish. . . . I have been under the spell. . . . I remembered my childhood . . . my parents, who were so attentive to me. . . . Did they ever expect that their son would live in exile. . . . persecuted . . . wandering from country to country . . . a hunted animal, having no rest, always in fear of being arrested and sent to Siberia? . . . The world is cruel. . . . People are cruel. . . . Once they crucified the man who came to save them. . . ."

"I did not know," said Krassin, "you were so sentimental."

Lenin quickly rose from his seat and, with eyes still red from weeping, looked fixedly at Krassin.

"Look here, Leonid," he said in a very serious tone. "Let's forget this: it will be between us. . . . And another thing: I can't attend the meeting. Let's postpone it! I am unable to work, to think, to discuss. I am a failure—to-night. . . . Some other day. . . . Some other day."

IDEAL.

To-night I hear the rush of wild black winds
Moaning through purple clouds, hurling stars
Like startled fireflies far-flung against
The brooding night. My skirts blown back,

I stand

Atop eternity. I dare not look
Below; the surging vast abyss looms high
Until it almost meets the rimless edge
Which trembles so at near approach it jars
The universe. But one step more to clasp
The timeless peace, and Love, forevermore!
I strain to leap; alas! my soul, earth-bound,
Is blinded by mere counterpart of Love,
And will not let me free to soar to heights
Of ecstasy. The dark abyss whirls up
To drag me down with icy fingers: "Wait!"
I cry, "but one look more—upon eternity!"

Genie Harper

Loretto-Englewood, Chicago

1892-1942



Rev. Bernard Murray,
First Pastor of St. Bernard's
Church.

ray. Right Reverend Monsignor John F. Ryan, pastor, was celebrant, Reverend Peter Riley, deacon, and Reverend Robert Henly, sub-deacon.

Among the representatives of the twelve hundred students now enrolled in St. Bernard's grammar school and Loretto High School who attended the Mass, were children and grandchildren of the pioneer Catholics who comprised the first students in the new school half a century ago.

A series of Masses during November has brought the Golden Jubilee year of the Ladies of Loretto in Englewood to a fitting close. Wednesday, November 11, a Requiem High Mass was celebrated in the convent chapel by Reverend John J. Hartnett for deceased members of the Englewood community.

* * *

Sunday, November 15, was a gala day at Loretto High School, when scores of Alumnae and friends assembled to join their former teachers in a day of Jubilee cele-

Fifty years ago Reverend Bernard Murray invited the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary to open a school in St. Bernard's parish. The focal point of the spiritual celebration of those fifty years of service was a Solemn Mass of Requiem in St. Bernard's church on Friday, November 13, for the repose of the soul of Father Mur-

bration. Mass at 11 o'clock was celebrated by Reverend J. Sinnott. The speaker at the morning exercises was Reverend Wm. Cousins, Superior of Chicago Diocesan Mission Band, and former senior religion instructor at Loretto.

Luncheon was served at twelve o'clock with appropriate toasts offered to the jubilarians and their distinguished guests.

Maurice Leahy, renowned speaker and noted Irish wit, was the afternoon speaker. His lecture on Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" was admirably suited to the occasion and the fact that Mr. Leahy is acquainted with the Loretto nuns in England and Ireland and spoke so highly of them endeared him to this friendly audience.

* * *

Neighboring religious congregations joined in paying jubilee felicitations to Loretto, Englewood, Community on Sunday, November 22, when they gathered at Loretto High School to hear Sister St. Bernard, Maryknoll missionary Sister and former graduate of Loretto, give highlights of her experiences in war-torn China. Sister St. Bernard was repatriated in September, 1942, after having spent many months in an internment camp in Hong Kong. She is now lecturing in the interest of Maryknoll.

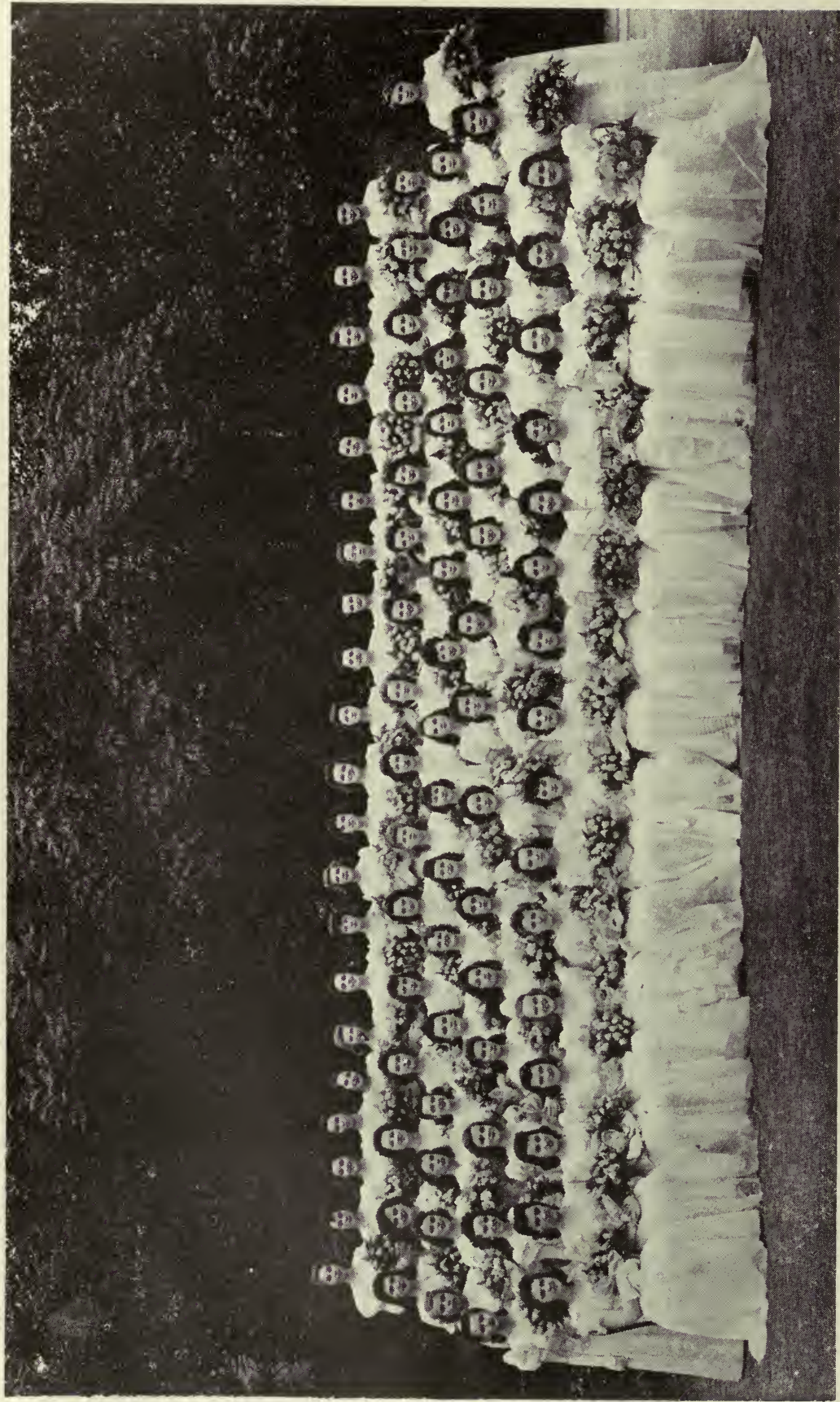
Following Sister St. Bernard's informal talk, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Henley, after which tea was served to the guests.



Right Rev. Monsignor John F. Ryan,
Pastor St. Bernard's Church.

Jubilarians Recalls Trials and Joys of Fifty Years Ago.

A gleam of happy reminiscence sparkled in the eyes of Mother St. Roque as she recalled her struggles, triumphs, and achievements of fifty years ago in founding



GRADUATES, 1942, GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR, LORETTO-ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

TOP ROW (left to right)—Misses E. Molyneau, M. E. Goldrick, J. Byrne, B. Sillery, A. Scully, L. Hennessy, M. Gavin, F. Kratchnick, C. Kloser, V. Redican, C. Cunningham, B. J. Hanrahan, R. Koppisch, D. Sweeney, La. V. McDermott, B. O'Donnell, L. Dolan, F. Reilly, E. Prendergast, P. Cassidy, D. C. Hambrick.

SECOND ROW—Misses R. Fishback, V. Lucas, J. Scavoni, M. J. Schackmuth, M. J. Faloon, C. Buckley, S. Lydon, M. J. Gross, A. R. Keough, H. Van Dahlam, D. Casey, M. Morrissey, A. Herget, B. O'Shea, J. Regan, M. Feldler, J. Conybear.

THIRD ROW—Misses J. Treacy, P. O'Connell, M. Cates, M. J. Sexton, I. Collins, F. Clivick, A. Lynch, D. Ferris, P. Madden, B. Flanagan, M. Walter, E. McDonagh, M. Browne, J. Ruff, B. Benthly, H. Clarkis, R. Maney.

FOURTH ROW—Misses G. Sawicki, D. O'Leary, D. Poole, J. Martin, J. Herr, R. White, E. Toomey, N. Lynch, F. Preissler, C. Barry, P. Kaphusman, R. Mulvihill, M. A. Hirschman, W. McNeally, R. O'Donnell.

FRONT ROW—Misses R. Duff, M. McFall, M. Dohemy, L. Connolly, D. Dugan, M. Dow, L. Donegan, L. Stone, B. Postal, L. McCarthy, V. Ryan, D. McArdle, H. Bingen, M. Ryan, B. Dixon, H. Fennell.

what is now our dear Loretto, Englewood.

To continue with Mother St. Roque's own words: "On September 6, 1892, Mother Christina, Mother Aldegonde, Sister Bertha and I had our first glimpse of the 'little red school house' which was ours in which to begin teaching. Inside the tiny

during her first seventeen years' sojourn in Englewood, one could not fail to be impressed by this venerable nun whose energetic and magnetic personality, whose sparkling eyes and enthusiasm belied her endless labors. Mother St. Roque is realizing more and more the results of her labors; the many fine young women who year after year graduate from Loretto, Englewood, are tangible evidence of that foundation, well-laid. They are followers of Mary, models of young Catholic womanhood, and they endeavor to uphold the traditions instilled into them at Loretto.

We pay tribute to-day to Mother St. Roque, the only living member of that pioneering quartet.

Margaret Egan,
Loretto, Englewood, Chicago.

1892



1942

Mother M. St. Roque, I.B.V.M.

building there was little else than a table and chairs to distinguish it as a school house. No books, maps, desks or even heat did we have that first hard winter."

These four pioneers, knowing the need of a religious school and realizing that Catholicism must be spread in the community, trusted in their Creator and worked with a will. It took all their courage and strength, and with the help of good Father Murray, who had invited the Ladies of Loretto to Englewood, they persevered, suffered and sacrificed that the foundation might be well laid.

The people in Englewood were not unwilling to offer support and they shared in the pioneering efforts. Countless contributions were brought to the nuns' grateful hands and as Mother St. Roque said, "It is no wonder our work progressed when everyone was so generous and helpful."

On the first day when the doors of the tiny school opened the nuns were apprehensive. Would the children come? Their doubts were soon dispelled, however, by one hundred and eighty-six shining, youthful faces. They were the first pupils of St. Bernard's school. Soon a high school was opened and was immediately successful because of the fine co-operation of the people of the parish.

As Mother St. Roque recounted her many experiences, both joyful and discouraging,

SPANNING THE YEARS.

It is Christmas Eve in England, 1642. Men and women, groping their way in the darkness through blinding snow, over almost impassible roads, ever vigilant for hostile emissaries, spurred on by an ever burning flame of love and devotion, have arrived at the house at Heworth, to participate in an outward profession of their undying faith. For it was an England ravaged by persecution and bitterness; a country in which Catholics were imprisoned in the grim Tower of London, tortured and executed for their beliefs; a land wherein the faithful met furtively to offer up their praises and prayers.

In a great hall which, hung with dark garlands of ivy, fir, and holly, bright with berries scarlet in color, must serve as God's dwelling-place while the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered, a choir of Sisters softly intone Yuletide hymns. The priest, robed in delicate hand-woven vestments, approaches the white-spread table on which is to repose the Blessed Sacrament. A humble nun kneels in an obscure corner of the spacious hall. With misty eyes and broken voice, she utters her prayers to God, seeing before her a vision of two other similar scenes. This nun, known to us as Mother Mary Ward, entered Rome with a band of her followers on a Christmas Eve many years before. The city glittered with myriad lights; pilgrims from all nations poured through the squares; triumphal arches and garlands of green swayed from balcony to balcony. The procession with the Holy Father in the midst, wended its way, singing and praying, to the Lateran. The bells of the

Eternal City carolled and clamored beneath the starry heavens; but Mary and her little band went unnoticed. They were alone among a teeming population. Those had been the first years of her struggle for the furtherance of a worthy cause.

Then there was the Christmas Eve at Feldkirch, Germany. The parish church was dark except for the gleaming candles in front of the Crib. The rosary was recited aloud in unison, and the boys from the Jesuit College sang like angels.

The vision faded, and Mary was once again in the great hall, secretly paying homage to her Master. Thus was Christmas observed in the midst of strife and oppression during a period when Mass was celebrated only at the rare intervals when a priest was able to make his way through the cordon of spies keeping watch throughout the land.

Now, Christmas is come again—in America,

1942. We throng to the great cathedrals, rich in pageantry, openly and proudly professing our convictions. No one molests us, for we are free to worship as we choose. How different from the days of Mary Ward! She lived, suffered hardships, and died for the cause in which she believed. Loretto is a symbol of her victory. In all our actions, we pay homage to our noble foundress. How proudly she must look upon Lorettoans, as they with lighted candles and melodious voices, participate in the traditional Christmas Candlelight Procession; as they generously offer alms to the poor, and share in the work of making them happy during this Joyous Season.

Thus we see Mary Ward observing Christmas while suffering the trials of founding a new Order, and Lorettoans celebrating Christmas—symbolic of her achievements.

Jean Manix, IV,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

If Loretto Remembered

By Rev. Martin Carrabine,

Chaplain of Chicago Inter-Student Catholic Action.

Loretto High School recalls a little city.
(In fact Loretto is a little city).
And the little city recalls a great shrine,
And the great shrine recalls a little house,
And the little house recalls the greatest school
on earth,
Whose only Student was the greatest Man
on earth,
And whose teacher was the wisest woman on
earth,
Where the Man Who already knew great
things
Now learned little things.

For the house in the Shrine of Loretto
(Or which legend says is in it)
Was once the happiest home on earth
With a father in it—Joseph,
With a mother in it—Mary,
With a child in it—Jesus,
With peace in it.
For order was in it,
Joseph first,
And Mary next,
And Jesus last,
In a Child's true place.

With peace in it,
With prayer first—naturally,
With work following,
With sacrifice and gentle suffering ever near,
With love pervading all.

And the Child learned
By what He suffered.
He suffered work,
He suffered orders,
He suffered failure,
He suffered hunger,
He suffered sorrow,
He suffered loneliness.
He learned understanding,
To understand work,
To understand obedience,
To understand monotony,
To understand failure,
To understand a seeking mind,
To understand a hungry heart,
To understand the deep and sacred places of
the human hearts
He planned to win—
All this Jesus Christ learned.
All this a growing Child learned
In a House that was a Home.

If each student of Loretto could recall
 That Jesus Christ is Real,
 That Jesus Christ is a Child,
 And that a Child is important in its place,
 And that she is a child,
 And that a child learns by what it suffers,
 And if she grew as she suffered,
 And learned as she grew,
 Peace would come to Loretto
 And pass out from Loretto,
 And flow into Chicago,
 And out to a weary, warring world.
 For order would come,
 And a Child and His child would lead.

If students of Loretto
 Would pray as Christ,
 Would love as Christ,
 Would submit as Christ,
 Would work as Christ,
 Would suffer as Christ,
And in that Order,
 Loretto High School would be at peace;
 Loretto would become a citadel of serenity
 And its students crusaders of peace,
 Learned in human hearts,
 Understanding human hunger,
 Fillers of human voids.

This sounds poetic,
 Though this isn't poetry.
 This is practical.
 It needs thought,
 It needs prayer,
 It needs CHRIST,
 Ever so much.

LORETTO'S SENTINEL.

Our artistic new statue of St. Michael may not impress one by its size, but its prominent position compensates for its lack of height. Situated at the top of the school's front entrance stairs, St. Michael guards, and watches over some four hundred young charges. His sword drawn and his foot upon the serpent's head, he is a formidable foe to any and all who would dare harm his clients. We are proud of our new St. Michael.

Of course, it is only our statue that is new. St. Michael was a prince of the heavenly court when Lucifer and his rebel cohorts left that blissful realm; in fact, was it not he who drove them out? That is why he is always represented with sword and a banner bearing his battle cry: "Who is like unto God?"

And down the ages he has appeared again and again as God's Generalissimo with this cry: "Who is like unto God?"

Christian tradition held St. Michael as patron of the Church and of the knights of the Middle Ages. His feast, the 29th of September, was at that time kept as a holyday. Michaelmas Day in England and in other countries was a day of festivity and of hospitality.

Loretto pupils look to Saint Michael, the Archangel, for special protection because he once miraculously protected a convent of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin—the Congregation of our Loretto teachers.

That story, beautifully written in verse by Mother Dorothea of Loretto Abbey, has been published in *The Loretto Rainbow*.

Marie Walsh, XI, Englewood.

Common Things

The objects styled the *common things* lie all about our way—
 The rivulet, the trees, the flowers, the flaming dawn of day;
 The robins hopping gleefully where golden sunbeams play—
 All common things, we say!

The sky that spreads above the earth a guarding cloak of blue;
 The wise old moon that winks at us with message old, yet new;
 The stars where children catch a glimpse of cherubs peeping through—
 Such common things, we view!

The trails that lead to far-away, into a land of dream;
 The garden gates that with their myriad happy memories teem;
 The sloping hill that holds in check the swift, impatient stream—
 Such common things, all seem!

The sprouting grass that softly weaves a carpet for the sod,
 The multi-coloured summer blooms that joyous greetings nod;
 Oh, man, show gratitude for these—your tardy conscience prod—
 These *common things*—are of God!

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

For Better Things

"TAJ MAHAL."

The appearance of Taj Mahal as frontispiece, together with Aline Michaelis' poem, "Taj Mahal," in the October Loretto Rainbow, elicited some delightful information connected with the matchless mausoleum. Miss Kathleen Sullivan, whose poems have appeared in several issues of the Rainbow, has mentioned in a characteristically interesting letter that she is possessor of a perfect replica of Taj Mahal. "It was made," she writes, "by order of Queen Victoria, in a Bazaar of Agra, to be a present from Her Majesty to the gifted, scholarly, Sir Edwin Arnold (author of 'The Light of Asia'), journalist, architect, and some time principal of the Sanskrit College at Poona. Sir Edwin Arnold, much later, gave it to his son, Julian Arnold, noted sculptor, whose wife, if I recall correctly, gave it to my friend, Mrs. Garrison, who had been organizer of the English Speaking Club, and was a recognized lecturer and writer. Mrs. Garrison and I became friends while members of a Writers' Club in Chicago. As she realized my admiration for the Taj Mahal, she expressed a wish that I should have it, and, on her death, her daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Lambeth, gave it to me with their mother's message."

Miss Sullivan thoughtfully enclosed an enlightening letter, the publishing of which in The Rainbow will, we hope, give pleasure to many readers.

(Copy of Letter Referring to Taj Mahal)

Hotel Warner,
Chicago, Nov. 4th, 1926.

My dear Mrs. Lambeth:

Amongst the gifts and curios presented to my father, the late Sir Edwin Arnold, when he revisited India in 1886, was this charming replica of the Taj Mahal.

These copies of the famous tomb are cut from white alabaster by natives in the Bazaars of Agra, with much expenditure of time, care and skill, and with strict fidelity to the original. They are somewhat expensive even where made, but the chief difficulty of the purchaser is to convey the very delicate model safely to the far West. This one has triumphantly survived long years, and travel, and tells us of the fairy loveliness of that tomb whereof it is the miniature shadow.

As you know, the Taj, "the Crown of the World," the most perfect building ever wrought by man, was erected by the Mogul, Shah Jehan, for his dead Queen, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, whom thus

he immortalized with a shrine of beauty so full of mystic grace that it is "a joy forever."

It is the brave denial of death, crystallized as a peerless tomb. It is the strong, yet tender, affirmation of love expressed in a lacy of white marble. It is the one faultless prayer of the warm heart of man—uttered in cold stone.

Very sincerely yours,
Julian B. Arnold.

OUR LADY OF THE OZARKS MISSION.

In the October 30, 1942, issue of The Guardian (the Diocesan paper of Little Rock, Arkansas) the following arresting article appeared, and is here reprinted for the many Loretto Rainbow readers who in Loretto Communities and elsewhere are personally acquainted with Miss Clara Muxen, originator of the Mission:

MISSION ON BEAUTIFUL MT. GAYLOR. Catholic Laywoman Responsible For Work.

"A new mission in the Ozarks at Mt. Gaylor, located a few miles from Winslow, Arkansas, was officially opened last Sunday with High Mass at 11.00 a.m., by the Rev. L. H. Schaefer, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Tontitown, who will also be in charge of this new mission.

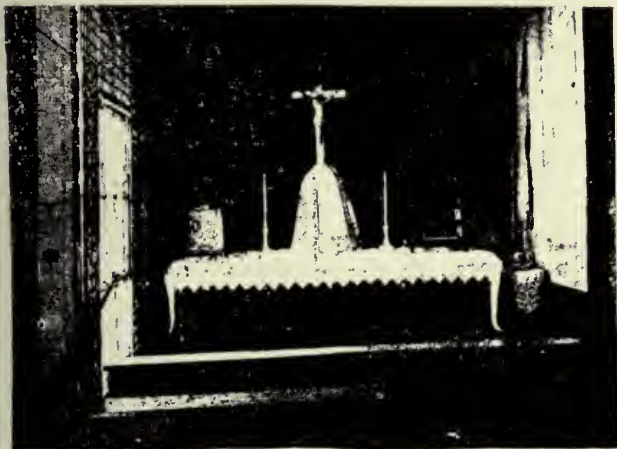
"Pupils and Sisters from St. Anne's Academy, Fort Smith, and Catholic and non-Catholic friends and neighbors, were in attendance.

"The establishment of this mission has been the result of the untiring efforts of Miss Clara Muxen, who has transformed a filling station into an attractive little chapel and living quarters for the priest. Miss Muxen has been instrumental in rounding-up a number of Catholics in the vicinity and has been instrumental in getting converts to the Church. Living with her are her mother and brother.

"Her work in this beautiful spot of the Ozarks has caught the interest of many benefactors, which fact, Miss Muxen says, has made her work possible.

"Visiting from a distance was Miss Helen Keliher, President of Our Lady of the Ozarks Mission Guild, of Detroit, and her brother, L. J. Keliher, President of the Big Rock Stone and Material Company of Little Rock, who presented a beautiful ciborium; and Mr. and Mrs. John L. Sullivan of Boston. The Rev. Jas. B. Lux, D.D., vice-president and director

of the Extension Magazine, has been interested in this little Ozark mission and personally presented a Liturgical Tabernacle. Miss Sylvia Vantivelt of Detroit gave a beautiful chalice. An antependium was a gift of the Benedictine Sisters of Fort Smith. The beautiful floral decorations for the Mass, of white dahlias and



Altar in Our Lady of the Ozarks' Chapel.

gladioli, were the gift of Mrs. Joe Farrari and Mrs. Charles Johnson of Fort Smith.

"Mass schedule at this mission has not been set, however Father Schaefer mentioned that Mass will probably be held once a month for the present.

From "Loretto" to the dear worker in this new field go congratulations and good wishes for the success of her latest most commendable undertaking for the welfare of souls.

PORT COLBORNE'S DAILY MASS FOR PEACE.

Laughter and gaiety are charmingly peculiar to children, especially God's children. The boys and girls who flocked down the street, past the church and convent on their happy way, were God's children, but children who had not had the happy privilege of growing up with Him in their school life. For this reason, in their daily religious instruction in the church, after school, they were reminded that Christmas is the birthday of Him Who is the real Santa Claus. If He it was Who had the birthday, then childlike hearts must get ready their present for Him. What would it be? Advent was fast approaching.

Let us follow this merry crowd as they entered the Church of St. Teresa, where the

Sisters awaited them. They understood well what was meant by "preparing a crib for the Divine Babe, in their hearts," and they asked Sister what she thought Jesus would like most for the four short weeks when the Angel Choirs prepare to herald Him with their glorious strains, and to promise "peace on earth to men of good will."

That was it! Peace—that peace for which they themselves had been imploring the Lamb of God to send the world, as they began their Catechism lesson each day. And so, there appeared a chart at the entrance to the church. At the top, in large red letters, was this motto: "Daily Mass for Peace."

The usual group of daily attendants at Mass increased as each child realized that as long as he came to Mass his name would be posted on the chart, and he would be helping to win peace: if he missed, then it would be taken off. In a short time there was a surprising number in attendance, even some very little ones, offering their Lord in Holy Mass each morning bright and early, for peace. These early visitors were not only preparing their own hearts for a fitting celebration of the Christ Child's birthday, but as all those who did not miss Mass during Advent were rewarded by receiving a lovely card on which was a Spiritual Bouquet which they themselves joyfully filled in for their parents, they had a precious gift as a surprise for their mothers and fathers on Christmas Day; and thus, "out of the mouths of babes, Thou hast perfected praise."

May the number of children who attend daily Mass go on steadily increasing, and so bring in our day the very Peace of Christ to our turbulent world!

M.L.

ONE SWEET JOB—CRYSTALLIZED.

Once more the canning season is upon us, and once more the Volunteer Rationeers have rolled up their sleeves, got out their ready reckoners, and "buckled down to work." This time, however, many of the hazards of sugar rationing have been eliminated, or considerably reduced. At the same time, some of the easy informality of the first rationing has disappeared. A counter, the width of the OPA office, now separates the public from the office staff. No longer do those in quest of extra sugar ramble about the office as if it were hidden somewhere on the premises; no longer do they lean over one's shoulder and pounce on precious indelible pencils—(and forget to

bring them back); no longer do we have to pause in the middle of long columns of quarts of this and that to answer questions; no longer do we (who have nothing to do with that particular department) have to try and pacify irate canners, like the one who complained that she applied for 100 lbs. of sugar to can 60 quarts of fruit and got 15 lbs.

The job has crystalized and, although the old, pleasant atmosphere is still there, the office hums like a beehive, while speed and efficiency are the watchwords of the moment.

Our table is now at the back of the office from where we have an uninterrupted view of the room. But our personal contacts with the public are practically nil. Which is a pity, for contact with people is always more interesting and amusing than the stories one hears about them at second hand. A number of desks and tables have been added, as well as a number of junior clerks. In fact, the office is now so crowded that in order to navigate our course safely without slowing down office traffic or bumping into sharp corners of desks and tables, we are learning to undulate when we walk in a manner faintly reminiscent of Carmen Miranda.

As on the occasion of spring canning, some surprising things turned up on the Special Purpose Application Forms. Many and varied were the answers to the question: "Amount of sugar you are applying for?" "Everything I can get," from a grim realist; "If I can, I would like to can as much as I can," one who isn't giving herself away; "Whatever is fair," a good sport; "Anything you give me," one who hopes for the best; "Whatever you can spare," a thankful soul; "All I can can up," one who means to do her bit; "Whatever I am entitled to," a rugged individualist. To this question one woman gave the cryptic reply: "Applesauce!" Even with a consultation we couldn't diagnose her meaning.

More than a few people answered "None" to the questions "Number of quarts of fruit canned in 1941? Number of quarts of fruit to be canned this fall?" Which gave the rationeer practically nothing to work on, but these people never failed to mention the amount of sugar they hoped to receive. On the other hand many gave definite amounts of the fruit they intended to can, but left the amount of sugar an open question. A few others, judging by the smallness of their families and the largeness of their requests, must have worked out the problem with the help of a munificent spirit and the family Ouija Board. One lady announced that she had in-

side information from Washington as to the amount of sugar she should receive. (Try and get around that, your rationeers!) A few mentioned preposterous amounts, like 100 lbs. of sugar to can 60 quarts of fruit or 50 lbs. of sugar for a canning list that worked out at 20 quarts. But in the main Mr. and Mrs. America had profited by past mistakes, and the majority of the forms were made out correctly. With fewer applications requiring consultations, our work was easier, and we got along much faster. Which was just as well, as more people applied for sugar than in spring and the time was limited.

An office may run as smoothly as a well-oiled machine, but in dealing with the human element there are always unpredictable incidents. For instance, there was the little old lady who would have no truck with subordinates, and who had a bland contempt for barriers such as counters. She marched through the little swing door and laid her application on the chief's desk. Old people have a way of reducing matters to stark essentials, and she was no exception to the rule.

One man was exasperated into something like eloquence when asked to fill out a form. He regarded the (to him) probing questions on it as an infringement of his rights as an American citizen.

Mothers who brought small children had a difficult time keeping them quiet while they wrestled with canning problems on paper. Many of these tots became vocal until embarrassed parents carried them off, their cries fading away in the distance. Some mothers set their youngsters up on the high desks before them while they wrote, but I, knowing from experience the tendency of small fry to take sudden springs and leaps, could scarcely bear to look at them.

Not all parents were as fortunate as the mother of one tiny child. The little girl began to hum soon after she arrived. Then she began to sing, softly at first, getting louder by degrees. It was late afternoon and very hot. Everyone was tired and some of us, feeling a bit edgy from work, heat and the tap-tap-dance of the typewriters, but, as "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree With Anyone Else But Me" sounded, people looked at each other and smiled. It is impossible to smile without relaxing, and smiles are infectious. In a short time everyone was feeling better. Our little singer gave it over and over again, piano, crescendo, forte, fortissimo, da capo. Before long we were all humming it, and someone was clanking out mimeographs in time with the music. "So

shines a good deed in a naughty world." If the little girl had stayed much longer the whole office staff might have burst into song.

Speaking of songs—has anyone heard "A Girl, a Moon, a Kiss," or "Sing Sweet Emily?" Neither have I. These were just names that turned up on the forms!

"What's in a name?" says Shakespeare. The answer to that rhetorical question might well be, in terse American, "Plenty!" Many nationalities fraternized (on paper, at least), French, English, German, Saxon and Welsh. Far-away places beckoned to us—Canada, Manchester, Glasgow, and Berlin. Food was represented by Lamb, Beef, Hamm, Buck, Chestnut, Berry, and Garlic. For drink we had Coldwater and Sherry. The good earth and the waters thereof gave us Countryman, Yeoman, Moorman, Hunter; Hawthorne, Fern, Brier; Stubble, Ditch, Riek, Mudd, Beach, Brook, Fish, and Fischer.

Lastly came a name revered and loved, not only in America, but all over the world wherever freedom and justice are cherished—Abe Lincoln.

Elizabeth M. Doyle,
Loretto Alumna.

MISSION CONDUCTED IN SIGN LANGUAGE FOR THE CATHOLIC DEAF.

The Annual Mission under the direction of Reverend Father Basil Ellard, Director of the Catholic Deaf Society, was given by the Reverend Father J. A. Carley of Trenton, Ontario, in the Sign Language, beginning October 16th and closing Sunday October 18th.

The Mass on Sunday morning was said by Rev. Father Ellard, and some twenty Deaf received Holy Communion. The sermon was preached in the Sign Language by Father Carley.

On Sunday afternoon Monsignor E. M. Brennan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, preached a sermon which was interpreted by Father Carley. The Monsignor made reference to the great interest he has always had in the Catholic Deaf, and also referred to the late Mother Colombière, who so strongly advocated that the Sign Language be taught in St. Augustine's Seminary. Monsignor Brennan also gave Benediction.

In the evening the Reverend Father Sharkey, President of the China Mission Seminary, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture, which was also interpreted by Father

Carley, telling of the customs of the Chinese, their superstitions and their way of life in general. The Pictures thrown on the screen were interpreted by Father Ellard and were much enjoyed. Father Sharkey received the thanks of all for his kindness.

The members of the Deaf Society are very grateful to the Sisters of Loretto for the many favors received at their hands during the mission.

W. H. McGovern.

NO IDLE MINUTES.

An excerpt from a pre-Christmas letter bringing good wishes from a subscriber, Mrs. Edward Loss (Mary Merle, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), will be welcomed by many of our readers who knew the writer and her sisters Annie, Maude, Rosina and Cecilia Merle during their years as resident students at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, or since their school days.

Mrs. Loss writes: "Our older son has three little daughters, Patsy Ann, 3 years; Mary Lou, 2 years; and Merle, three months old.



We liked this snapshot so much that we had it made up as a Christmas card.

"About my activities?—We are all busily engaged in Red Cross work, making bandages, etc. I am a member of the 'Marthas.' We sew for poor priests on Western missions, furnishing altar linens and also clothing and little Christmas presents for their impoverished parishioners. During the year we collect discarded face-powder boxes (compacts); Christmas cards; pieces of ribbon, and the like, and at this season clean up the compacts; put a holy image from a Christmas card on one inside lid and place a rosary in the case. Of the large and more elaborate cards we make

calendars. We send the parcels to priests in Indian and Mexican missions and we try to have at least one religious gift for each home.

I am a member of the Colony Club, which keeps one lady, of reduced circumstances, in a home for people who have lived under happier circumstances; and now, if you please, I find myself President of the Sacred Heart Mass League. (Before Mrs. Stampf, Foundress and President of the League, closed her home, and went to join her husband who had enlisted and was sent to Mississippi, she called a meeting, at which she resigned, and I was elected to succeed her in office). We have a list of priests whose parishioners are so poor that they can offer no Mass stipends. The enclosed letter gives an idea of the situation.

Each member of our League gives at least one dollar (dues) a month as offering and requests that a Mass be said for her intentions. The president keeps the record and writes on the Mass cards, which the priest fills in about the time he can say the Mass. Of course, we supply these cards, the stamps, etc., as the recipients are so needy that they could not possibly buy them.

Such sad letters come, revealing the distress in some of the missions. One priest mentioned that in the last four years he has received altogether \$10 as Mass stipends, and that, on the Sunday before, he got in the collection plate 30 cents and a bag of peanuts, for which he was very grateful; it meant food to him.

Do not think that I am sitting with my hands idle in my lap. When I do rest it is by taking up my knitting for the soldiers . . ."

A 1942 Letter From Moore, Montana.

(Enclosed)

Mrs. W. P. Stampf,
Oak Park, Illinois.

Dear Mrs. Stampf:

Many thanks for your kind letter. It is true that I am a poor missionary in a poor country, but my people scattered in the mountains need me, and I stay with them.

My territory is 70 miles long by 59 wide—what a beautiful parish it would be in Chicago! My parishioners cannot give me a salary; they are mostly destitute, and with a very elementary religious education. Some of them had not seen a priest for years; others are far from the church; very often roads are impassable; when it is too cold, when it snows or rains, they cannot come. As the shepherd of my flock, I go here and there—always a pleasant trip, with the idea that I may

teach or baptize, take care of the sick, console others in distress, give advice, rectify marriages—and help as far as I can.

Last of all, while visiting fallen-away Catholics, I paid a visit at my risk to a couple of outlaws; they answered by shooting at me—and missed their target. I went to them with a smile, and they were so surprised that they let me enter their shack. I talked to them and finally they went to confession. I had to go on, and it was raining heavily. On the winding, narrow roads in the steep mountains it was very slippery. My old car went down in a ravine with me inside. I cannot tell you exactly what happened afterward; when I was able to realize my condition, I was in the arms of my two wild men, who were trying to help me in my precarious situation.

The trouble is the lack of money, although I am a multimillionaire in high spirits, good humour and Christian philosophy; but, materially speaking, it is not enough to earn my living, repair my churches and house, pay my gasoline, or buy a pair of shoes when necessary. Besides, I am a poor cook—my studies did not go so far—and a real problem is the fuel question.

It would be wrong to tell you that I am unhappy; I am not alone, because I keep the Blessed Sacrament, and our Lord is a wonderful Companion. These are a few facts that may show briefly what a missionary life is. Our diocese is too poor to give me help and, of course, in my missions we have nothing called support, or funds.

In return for what your good charity may do to give me a hand in my hardships, you will have a share in my apostleship and in my humble prayers. When I have an opportunity I shall give you more details.

Sincerely in Christ,

(Rev.) Francis E. Bonny.

PANEL FORUM ON THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT MOVEMENT.

The Discussion Club of the Junior College Class of Loretto, Niagara, held a Panel Forum on Wednesday, December 16th, in the auditorium of the Academy.

The Chairman, Miss Marguerite Rice, explained that the "Sword of the Spirit" had been selected as the subject of their Forum because it was felt that there was nothing more vital to world welfare to-day than the aims and ends of this movement.

The first speaker, Miss Harriet Mundell,

gave a brief history of the foundation of the Movement and its division into two branches, the Catholic body, which retained the name of the "Sword of the Spirit," and the Non-Catholic body, which assumed the title of "Religion and Life"; the two branches were under the Presidency of Cardinal Hinsley, and the Archbishop of Canterbury respectively.

The next speaker, Miss Helen Sheppard, defined the aim of the Movement, namely: To form a Christian Front of all Religious bodies professing the doctrines of Christ, in order to combat the pagan ideology rampant in the world to-day.

The third speaker, Miss Betty Jane Leone, dealt with the Criticisms levelled at the Movement, and showed how they had been refuted in its literature.

The next topic discussed was the Programme of the Movement, under three heads: Prayer, by Miss Annette Maloney; Study, by Miss Bina Fell, and Action, by Miss Anne Read. It was shown in the speeches that these are not separate activities but three aspects of a Christian life, and form a perfect whole.

The lay Patron of the Sword of the Spirit, St. Thomas More, was the topic of the final speech, by Miss Mary Allen. She developed the thesis that the aims presented in the manifesto of the Sword of the Spirit are the principles that More worked for, lived for, and died for, in the 16th century.

It was arranged that this discussion would be repeated early in January at St. Mary's Hall, Niagara Falls, N.Y., for the Catholic Study Clubs of the city.

LORETTO-NIAGARA,

First Unit of Junior Auxiliary of C.E.S.

The day is the eighth of December. The place is the library at Loretto-Niagara. The beautiful long table is covered. Walk its length with me and see what I see—pictures, small and large, framed and unframed; booklets, prayer-books, beads, Father Lord's "Meet My Family," statues, all religious articles, you say? No, for here are necklaces, bracelets, compacts, a ring or two, mirrors, pins and brooches, hair-bows, clips, an assortment of bottles, beribboned in pastel shades. Here are soap, powder, bath-salts, perfume, a travelling-case, combs, knitted sweaters and caps, Christmas stockings, a fountain-pen, paints, a work-box—but what is not here?

Smaller tables, and even the piano, bear their burden of gifts. There are calendars of

all kinds, hand-bags, knives, card games, Charlie McCarthy Radio Party, a Picture Puzzle—and in a little corner by itself, a beautiful pyx-case. You wonder what this miscellaneous display means?

What it means, how it came about, who were its promoters, you will be told in the following article by a student in Grade Nine.

How It Came About.

On the tenth of June Loretto-Niagara had a call from a very welcome guest, Very Rev. Joseph A. McDonagh. Going through the house, he met the pupils in several class-rooms. Talking to Grades Seven and Eight, Father McDonagh asked what we were doing for the missions. We had to admit that, at the time, we were not doing very much for them. Father McDonagh, who is President of the Church Extension Society, told us of a trip he had recently made to the Canadian West. He opened our eyes and aroused our interest. He spoke of the poverty of the pastors, and the needs of the people. He told us what great things even we could do to help children out there.

We asked him what particular thing we could do. First, he suggested, our "adopting a missionary." Then, as the school year was so near an end, he proposed that we write to him in the fall, before making definite plans. This we agreed to do.

In September, those of us who had passed from Grade Eight to Grade Nine wanting to share in the work, reminded those in charge of our promise. Replying to a letter written to ask what we should do, Father McDonagh said our letter had come at a very good time, as a Junior Auxiliary of the Church Extension Society was about to be formed. What a chance for Loretto to be the first unit of this new branch! He proposed that we collect religious articles, such as we use and like, ourselves; books and beads and pictures; also, he said, we might add anything else that boys and girls would naturally like.

The tiny tots in Grade One, the little ones in Grades Two, Three and Four, the medium ones in Grades Five and Six, and the promoters of the work in Grades Seven, Eight and Nine, set to work. Busy days began—days of cutting, clipping, pasting, begging, for our Missions' Endeavour. Our collection was complete by the first week in December. On December 7 and 8, it was on display in the library. Each class could see what other classes had done, and all in the house, nuns and girls, could see the result of united effort.

By the morning of December 9, the tables were cleared, and two large boxes stood at the door, awaiting the express man. The boxes were addressed to Very Reverend Joseph A. McDonagh, who had promised that, as soon as he received them he would speed them on wings to their western destination.

This is how it came about.

Dorothy June Fricker, IX.,
Loretto-Niagara.

WHAT CATHOLICISM MEANS TO ME.

Without a motive for being, without a definite purpose for living—life is futile. This can be seen from the list of suicides in our papers. Suicides—better defined as the victims of an earth-bound purpose for life. Why do other men go on fighting when life seems only to laugh at their efforts?

Why? Here, my dear readers, is where I introduce my subject, Catholicism. Men live to earn a place in heaven, and the Catholic Church lights up the darkness of our way.

Another name for the faith might well be "The Religion of Love"; love of God and of neighbour. A religion founded through love, spread by love and existing to teach love. And in the words of a popular song, "What Is Life Without Love?"

But to me it is more than love, more than life—it is eternity—a blissful eternity where sorrow and pain and trial are rewarded and glorified—where friends who have fallen asleep, awake to me once more; where God, King and Lover, dwells forever and always.

The Catholic Church is my guide to this end. Any good mother lays down do's and don'ts for her child—so the Church gives us laws, not to hinder, but to help us. This earthly battle is fierce, born of hatred. Lucifer is a strategical genius, whose weapons are ever powerful and never obsolete. But the Church, as the fairy-tale knight, rescues us from his clutches.

And yet, though she is a religion constantly warring with evil, she is a religion that brings peace to her troubled children. Enter a Catholic church, shadowy, quiet, filled with the presence of God; go into a new and pour your troubles onto those broad shoulders that once bore the Cross. Then, out again with a new will and a new strength to face the troubles of the world!

Honest Living.

Fifteen years ago I was given entrance to this beautiful faith; nine years ago I first thrilled to the unburdened feeling after confession, and a day later I tasted, for the initial time, the sweetness of the Lord. Three trivial events to those on the outside looking in—but to me they brought fresh life—the real, living, breathing life of my soul—the first glimpse of heaven and eternity. That was honest living—it brought a longing that could not be satisfied here—and it placed at my side the Catholic Church, a stalwart guardian to lead me to the source of my longing.

In other words, Catholicism has been, is and shall be the staff supporting my steps. It has become so much a part of me that to take it away would be like amputating an arm or leg—with oh, so much more disastrous results.

It is one of the feelings so deeply rooted that it is hard to express. People are always ready to scoff and laugh at it and godless conquerors invariably endeavor to crush it. But Catholicism laughs at man's foolish antics—it is impervious to their attempts to obliterate it—for it is supported by God's divine power!

Perhaps, just a little, you can see what Catholicism means to me. I have red blood ready to flow for it—and if God so honors me—my life is His!

Anita Schwalghart,
Loretto-Englewood.

CANADA THROUGH THE YEARS.

During the last few weeks before Christmas a room on the second floor in our College School attracted many visitors to view the Canadian Exhibit prepared by Grade X-A and X-B.

Here were vividly portrayed many aspects of Canadian life from early times to the present day. Although it is a far cry from the simple life of the pioneers to the high-pressure existence of to-day, the spirit of each period was caught; and, by the realistic representations, one was brought gradually through the various transitions.

The changing styles in costume through the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries were interestingly presented by means of scrap-books, dressed dolls, posters and stand-up pictures. By similar means were portrayed the development in modes of travel—yesterday and

to-day—and in other lines of communication. Well represented was the difference between the homes of Canadian pioneers and our homes of the present day; also, the development in the building industry, to meet the requirements of a growing and progressive population.

Famous men and women of Canada—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Graham Bell, Laura Secord, and others—added an interesting feature.

The projects recalled how much has been accomplished in our comparatively new country. What would life be like, for instance, if Alexander Graham Bell had not invented the telephone? We have come to accept speedy communication as a commonplace. Railway and bus systems; modern steamers; automobiles; aeroplanes contrast so markedly with the earlier methods of transportation that we find it difficult to realize what the first Canadian settlers endured. And speaking of endurance, one feels that a supply of it was needed to support the old-time voluminous costumes which featured quantity as well as quality.

In the exhibit we were reminded that our country has produced great men who compare well with those of any other land. They have shown the world that the wide horizons and great opportunities of Canada have given Canadians the qualities of endurance, statesmanship, and bravery—the clear head and the steady eye, which have helped to lift our country up to nationhood.

This exhibition left the onlookers with a feeling of pride in our country and of gratitude to those who laboured and suffered, to make it what it is—and is to be.

Helen Smyth and Betty Regan,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

“Merry Christmas for someone else!” was the motto at Loretto High School, Englewood, with the entire student body, under the direction of the Sodality and Club chairmen, engaging in a number of charitable pre-Christmas plans.

All worked joyously and gave generously to provide for the poor the gaily decorated Christmas baskets, overflowing with food and supplemented by toys, books, clothing, and religious articles.

Senior and Junior Socialists distributed the baskets, as in previous years. Dramatic club members presented several one-act plays, and caroling at the Home for the Aged, Guardian Angel Orphanage, and St. Vincent's.

As Christmas trees were not as plentiful as in pre-war years, bright holly and tinsel replaced the traditional stair-landing decorations.

L.L.

On the occasion of Loretto-Englewood's Golden Jubilee, from Loretto Rainbow Sanctum congratulations and good wishes for continued success are extended to Loretto Lorelei—now in its eighth year—on its interesting, varied, well-illustrated pages. Thanks are proffered for the gracious permission to reprint certain Lorelei items of general interest in the Inter-Loretto magazine, *The Loretto Rainbow*, to: Mother M. Leah, Staff Moderator; Margaret Egan, Editor-in-Chief; Rita Boyle, Associate Editor; Therese Faupel, Make-up Editor; Jean Schubert, Exchange Editor; Patricia Grace and Marguerite O'Grady, Business Manager; Gloria O'Grady, Eileen Hennessey and Anita Schwaighart, Feature Writers; Marilyn Rogers, Joan Cahill, Florence Fries, Delores Harper, Colette McMahon, Delores Tormey, Re-write and Make-up Staff; Rita Sullivan, Florentine Scully, Jean Manix, Celeste McAnulty, and Marjorie Cunningham, Reporters.

THE MOTHERS.

Honour the Mothers of our lordly race,
Make room, salute them, cheer them as they
 come,
Holding soft babes, leading small children
 home,
(The way of Eve, and Mary, full of grace),
With such sweet reason for unhurried pace,
No trumpeting they need, nor beat of drum;
Cradle songs crooning to a soothing hum,
They turn our earth into a holier place.

What worth the harvest of the soil or sea,
What use the scholar's lore, the spell of art,
Futile your science, law, and industry,
If the brave Mother fail in her great part.
No work, no wealth, no world could ever be
Without the good seed ripening next her heart.

—Lily E. F. Barry.



Sketches

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL.

She is so tall and straight,
 So brimmed with youth's bright fire;
 In her such graces blend,
 Such April blooms conspire,

That any door she seeks
 Must open to her hand;
 Swing wide before her faith,
 As at a magic wand,

Her eyes are crystal wells,
 And deep within lies truth;
 She is so strong, and proud,
 And so aflame with youth,

That everywhere she goes,
 Joy goes along with her,
 Till saddest lips must smile.
 And weariest pulses stir.

—Aline Michaelis.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

This frosty night the snow is deep;
 And all is wrapt in silent sleep;
 The moon is high above the hill;
 The weary world at last is still.

The slumbering woods are clad in white,
 All sparkling in a flood of light;
 No sound disturbs the tranquil scene,
 The world outspread in silver sheen.

An owl comes slowly through the air—
 Sly Reynard sleeps within his lair.
 The weary woodsman rests till day,
 When night at last to dawn gives way.

Florence Willick.

GRANDFATHER.

He is dead now; in fact, he has been dead more than ten years, but his memory lives on in the hearts of those who knew him—his children, and grandchildren. I am one of the grandchildren, and although I was only five years old when he died, his striking personality engraved itself on my mind, and I can remember him vividly to-day.

His was a striking figure; he was over six feet tall; and he walked with a peculiar swagger which had a charm all its own. His head, which he always held proudly, even when he was an old man, was crowned with a halo of dark-brown curls. To me he always seemed like a ship, steady and proud, battling the waves of life. He was always my confident—the one to whom I went with all my worries and tales of woe; he understood and sympathized with me in all my little problems. Each evening I was to be found curled up on his knees, listening to blood-curdling tales with a few gory additions made for my benefit. I can remember romping and skipping with him on the lawn that surrounded the house; for I was "the child of his old age," and he loved me as much as or more than his own children. He lived according to the precepts of his religion, and I never once heard him say a word which was not safe for a child to hear. I remember him kneeling humbly at Mass, silently and reverently following the priest, in a prayer-book dog-earned by constant use. There was a legend at our house that a bitterly cold winter day he had given his coat to a beggar who had asked for a dime. He always denied it; but Grandmother said that from that day there was one less coat in his clothes-press. When the first World War broke out, he proudly, yet tearfully, sent his only son overseas; and lived to see in that son's return, God's answer to his prayers.

Grandfather is not dead—at least not to those who love him; for his memory lingers on. Each night as I kneel to pray, I beg God to help me develop at least some of the virtues and qualities which made him such a *great* man.

Mary Ellen Hogan, Junior College,
 Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MY FAVOURITE SOLDIER.

Others see him in his uniform, taking the salute at a parade, or inspecting the troops, or perhaps just walking to the office with a military stride—and, probably, to a few—a somewhat formidable air. When he came home from an inspection one day, he jokingly declared that one young boy had fainted when he came near: he had been so afraid of him.

However, when we inquired we found that the boy had been looking rather ill, and just as he was asked if he was all right, he fainted. Others see him as a "brass hat," a man near the top of the army, with nothing to do but sit back and tell everyone else what to do. One often hears opinions like this from people who do not know any better. People also say, "he sends all our men to the front, to be killed. Why doesn't he go himself?" They do not realize that he spent four years at the front during the last war, and took just as many, if not more, risks than most of the men he is sending there in this war, and that he would be the first to go now, if he could.

But to those who know him, and to the soldiers with whom he comes in contact, he is a source of inspiration. I once knew a man who had been in his regiment during the last war. Whenever I was around, it used to be this old soldier's chief delight to tell me instances of his kindness, his thoughtfulness for those under him, and his wonderful leadership at the front. But I can actually only remember about four times when I have heard him talk of his life there. During this war he is "carrying on" with the same spirit he displayed in the last one.

But to me he is something much more than all this. He is not only the soldier, striding along the street with a military air; nor merely the kind and understanding commander: He is my father who used to swing his leg for me, while I "rode a cock horse to Banberry Cross," and whom I used to run to meet when he came home from the office. He is my father, with whom I now enjoy swimming or riding or discussing the latest books, or the latest news. He will always be the one to whom I can go in all my difficulties, and be sure of a sympathetic and helpful audience. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I do not see how anyone could have a better father—nor the army a better soldier.

Frances Mary MacDonald, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MY HERO.

He is my hero and my ideal, and though he is so very far away, I can see him, even now, riding on his white horse through the cocoa and grapefruit fields of the estate. He is strikingly good-looking, with well-cut features, and hair, once brown, now slightly

tinged with grey. I can still see him in his khaki trousers and shirt, his high brown boots and his white cork hat, a real planter, who loves his work, and who is loved by all those who work under him. Sometimes you could see him stop, and with his keen eyes marvel at the grandeur of the estate, at the richness of the soil, and at the beauty of Nature; then smile a smile of contentment and thankfulness. Yes, he loves his work, every small detail of it.

Every morning, at daybreak, he would rise, and after getting into his working-clothes, would set out to review the day's workers, and give his orders. He was the "idol" of all his workmen; they always received and fulfilled his orders without the least sign of contempt.

Sometimes, when work was through, and he was not too tired, he would enjoy an afternoon with us children. He would play all the games we wanted him to, and would enjoy them as much as he would enjoy grown-ups' company; but when he was tired he would come home for a quiet afternoon, and read in his easy-chair, and listen to the radio.

He was always thoughtful and considerate not only for us, but for everyone, and would always give us what we wanted, if it would be a benefit to us. I remember once he said, "If you rate the highest in your class I'll give you a bicycle for Christmas." I did and I got my bicycle, but I had to work for it!

Yes, he was my hero then, and he still is! And although I have not seen him for two years, I know that when I return home he will be the same old, lovable Dad I have always known.

Joan Huggins (Trinidad), Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MARIAN ANDERSON.

Marian Anderson, the now renowned contralto, has had an eventful and interesting life. She was born in a poor section of Philadelphia and, because of her family's poverty, she had, as a little child and a lover of music, to pretend that the table-top was a piano.

When she was six, the pastor of their church asked her to sing in the choir. General appreciation of her remarkably lovely voice resulted in invitations to sing at many of the neighbourhood benefits. At sixteen, as her mother was seriously ill, she realized that

it was her turn to support the family. Her school principal arranged that she should sing for David Bispham. The latter having heard her, was of the opinion that she should study with Giuseppe Boghetti. She was deeply disappointed that her lack of money prevented her from doing so. The congregation came to the rescue. A benefit was staged; the proceeds were presented to the youthful artist, who then left to study with Boghetti. He was amazed at her remarkable range of three octaves; however, he told her that only by hard study would she develop her voice.

A year later Marian won first place among three hundred contestants in New York. As winner, she made a guest artist appearance with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. The critics raved over her and she was prompted to study in Europe. Once again, the want of funds presented complications, but once again friends came to the rescue.

In Europe her fame was instantaneous and spread rapidly across the continent. In Italy she gave a recital for four queens, at the invitation of the Crown Princess. In Russia, in Paris, London, and Vienna, success was hers.

On her return to America she and her mother received an invitation to the White-House. On Easter Sunday, 1939, she gave a free concert on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial—as a tribute to the liberator of her people. In 1941 she received the Bok award of 1940 for outstanding service to her community. She was the second woman to receive such an honour. Generously she donated her prize money to charity. To-day, while the country is at war, she is magnanimous with her beautiful voice, giving concerts at the various U.S.A. army camps.

Of her, Secretary Ickes said:

“Genius has touched this woman with the tip of her wing. . . She is able to stand among us to-day, a free individual, in a free land.”

Wilhelmmina Wallace, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

CHRISTMAS.

Everyone at home had entered fully into the Christmas spirit. Last minute shopping was done. Material things disposed of, Christmas Eve found us preparing for the glorious coming of Christ. I felt good, and yet I felt strange. Something unusual was going to happen. And things did happen fast! Within two hours of noon I was in Surgery B, too

frightened and too stunned even to make an act of Contrition. I waited and waited. My appendix operation was scheduled for 4.30 and now it was 5.10. The large clock on my table ticked away in tense, nervous fashion. The smell of the surgery seemed mysteriously different. I realized that I was going under ether. That strange feeling could not be put into words. I woke at 9.30. The chaplain had come to hear my confession, and he told me that at 12 o'clock he would come again, bringing the Blessed Sacrament with him. I had a three hours' wait. I prepared for this visit of Jesus, so different from His other Christmas comings, for never before had I spent a Christmas in bed.

Midnight came quickly. Soon I heard the tinkle of the bell, announcing Christ's approach. The bell tinkled nearer, my heart beat faster; the door opened; the priest, in golden vestments entered, bearing in his hands the Baby Jesus Who came to Bethlehem 2,000 years ago; then, to a stable—now to my hospital room. What the next hour meant to me I cannot say—but this Christmas, which in anticipation had seemed so strange and gloomy, was glorious, and I know now it is Christ who makes Christmas.

Luigia Cortese, XI,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls

THE CLASSIC CITY.

Stratford! My favourite city—my birthplace—is one of friendly and neighbourly people. We, like the inhabitants of Grand-Pré, live with need of neither bolts to our windows nor locks to our doors.

Stratford, the Classic City, as you doubtless know, takes its name from the birthplace of Shakespeare, in England. Our river, too, is called the Avon. The names of the schools would interest even Shakespeare himself—Hamlet, Flagstaff, Romeo, Juliet, Anne Hathaway, and others. I think he would also enjoy hearing that Mark Antony is one of our local police, and William Roper our Academy engineer.

Beautiful spots are to be found everywhere—the Avon, for example, with its line of lacy willows overhanging the water, where in summer white swans, heads poised gracefully on their long necks, sail majestically, and with its rustic bridges connecting small islands with the mainland.

In the picture of the Academy you may be



able to discern a gigantic copper beech, whose leaves, in spring, are a brilliant copper; in summer are olive green; and in autumn, a rich bronze. On the other side of the convent are two more unusual trees, a tall, elegant larch, and a tulip tree. In several parts of the grounds are English walnuts. These, like the apple and pear trees in the yard at the back of the convent are subject to the furtive raids

of some boys of the neighbourhood. Tall, leafy maples line the residential streets of the city, which is in the forest belt of Ontario; and little shoots of trees spring up everywhere, even in cultivated gardens, or among the roses.

The Shakespearean Gardens are a place of serenity and beauty, a replica of those in Shakespeare's native town. Here may be seen a dove-cote, a sun dial, a thatch-roofed entrance, and a fragrant garden of exquisite roses.

Stratford is a city of beautiful churches. St. Joseph's—only one of many examples of artistic beauty—is built in Gothic style, with its characteristics of lightness, slimness, and height. The stained-glass windows, brought directly from Europe many years ago, are marvels of colour and design and a source of real inspiration.

The Classic City will welcome you at all seasons and proudly show you its attractions.

Angeleen Conway, IX.,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

Felicitations

To Reverend Father Arthur Coughlan, C.S.S.R., we offer Golden Jubilee felicitations. Father Coughlan is happily remembered by his many friends in Toronto, where he was Rector of St. Patrick's Church, two decades ago; and in other parts of Canada, also, when he was Provincial of the English speaking province of the Redemptorist Fathers for three terms of office.

The Reverend Jubilarian is now stationed in St. Alphonsus' Parish, New York City. May his great work in the ministry continue still through many years!

Congratulations are extended to the Reverend Basilian Fathers on the Golden Jubilee of their Novitiate on St. Clair Avenue W., Toronto, on November 21st; also on their having opened a second Novitiate at Rochester, N.Y., owing to a steady increase in the number of their novices.

To Reverend Father Thomas F. Battle, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his Ordination to the priesthood, we offer congratulations and prayerful good wishes that he may be enabled to carry on his glorious work

for souls during another quarter of a century.

Father Battle's zeal and kindness are gratefully remembered by the Religious and students who were at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, in its early days, when he was Abbey Chaplain; and, also, by the nuns, secular teachers, and pupils at Weston, while he was stationed in St. John the Evangelist parish there. His writings and sermons, which never fail to impress by the charity and earnestness revealed in every sentence, have won for Father Battle many admiring friends, who hope that they may be privileged to read, and to hear more of his words in the coming year.

Our good wishes and congratulations are extended to Reverend Brother Denis, F.S.C., who has recently celebrated his Golden Jubilee.

To Reverend Brother Alfred, F.S.C., LL.D., Editor of "The St. De La Salle Auxiliary," who, at the last annual convention of the Canadian Catholic Historical Association in St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., was elected president of the English Section of the Association, we offer sincere congratulations.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MOTHER M. AQUINAS DUNNE.

Amid gilded leaves and golden chrysanthemums Loretto-Englewood began a week of festivities, on August 3, to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of Mother M. Aquinas. Right Reverend Denis J. Dunne, D.D., brother of the Jubilarian, opened the celebrations with a High Mass in the Convent chapel. Members of the other Chicago houses of the Institute lent able assistance to the Englewood choir under the direction of Mother Denise. The sanctuary was banked with flowers from relatives and friends, many of whom were former pupils of the Jubilarian.

In his sermon Monsignor Dunne spoke of the consolation that must come with the completion of fifty years in the service of God. A religious, he maintained, offers the best that a human being can offer: mind, intellect, and will. There is no sacrifice greater than the submission of obedience. The religious is a spectacle to the world. Her good life shines before all. "Words move, but example compels."

Among the thirty religious who were guests at the Jubilee dinner, were Mother Murray of Hotel Dieu, and Sister Patrick Joseph of Holy Cross Convent. After-dinner toasts took the form of verses offered by M. M. Dorothea, M. M. Paschal, and M. Mary Clare. Mother Aquinas responded to all in her usual brief drollery.

Gifts arrived from many sources; but the most appealing of all was sent by Mother General from the Abbey archives. Taken on the steps of the "Old Abbey" was a group picture of the first orchestra Mother Aquinas had organized while still a very young nun.

On the two successive days, Reverend George Dunne, S.J., and Reverend William Dunne, nephews of the Jubilarian, said Mass at the Convent.

M.C.M.

To the esteemed Jubilarian, from Loretto Rainbow sanctum, go congratulations and best wishes for continued blessings on all her days.

A GOLDEN CELEBRATION.

On the beautiful Feast of All Saints, the Golden Jubilee of Mother M. Crescentia, I.B.V.M., was celebrated at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. The High Mass for the occasion was sung by the Jubilarian's nephew, Reverend Louis Hickey, of St. Helen's parish, Toronto.

Secular friends and relatives from the city, and from Lindsay, Hamilton and Sudbury; also Religious from the other Loretto houses in Toronto, were present to participate in the half-century celebration. The wealth of spiritual bouquets, including many Masses offered that day for Mother Crescentia, as also the profusion of flowers and other tangible gifts, were evidence of the love and esteem in which she is held by her large circle of friends, made in the course of a half century of kind words and deeds bestowed on all privileged to know her—not least, on the children resident in the Loretto houses in which she spent several years—Loretto Abbey, Loretto-Guelph, Sault Ste. Marie, Niagara Falls, and Stratford.

May another decade of merit-winning years bring the dear Jubilarian happily to her Diamond Jubilee Day!

K.M.B.

A NUN'S JUBILEE REMINISCENCES.

Dearest Lord, joy bells are ringing,
Ringing in my heart to-day;
Many years ago You called me,
In Your service, still to pray.

Then I pledged my troth forever,
Promised ever to be true,
To reject all earthly lovers,
Vowed to love no one but You.

With Your ring upn my finger,
We have journeyed, hand in Hand,
Down the years, my Unseen Lover,
O'er earth's dim, and spoil-strewn land.

Your great love makes glad each day—
And tho' I do not see Your Face,
I can feel Your Presence near me.
And Your tenderness, and grace.

Fifty golden years this morning
Since I knelt in joy and pride—
Dare I say it? lowly maiden—
To become the loved King's bride.

Ring the bells, O ring them gaily!
Ring them out in jubilee!
Come, my friends, my Sisters, Angels,
Come to-day, rejoice with me!

Come and help me sing the praises
Of my Saviour, Spouse, and King!
Help me ask Him for rich favours,
Which His great Heart longs to bring

To His children, wayward, wand'ring,
Through this world that He endows.
Shorter grows the pathway onward;
I renew my love, and vows.

Happy, working, watching, waiting
Till He welcomes Home His bride
To the Mansion of Our Father,
Where the saved with Him abide.

O to see the Queen of Angels!
To behold the Trinity!
To rejoice with God forever
In an endless Jubilee!

B.M.C.C.

Nov. 1, 1942.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The Golden Jubilee of Mother M. Prudentia, I.B.V.M., coinciding with the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and with the closing day of the Forty Hours' Devotion at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, was a particularly happy and memorable one. The High Mass was sung by the Chaplain, Rev. Father Fraser.

In the afternoon a festive jubilee assembly was held, and an enjoyable programme presented. Amongst those present were Mother Prudentia's sisters, M. M. Redempta, I.B.V.M., and M. M. Alexia, I.B.V.M., and her cousin, M. M. St. Edna, I.B.V.M.; also members of the other Loretto houses of the city.

Later, at the closing of the Forty Hours, His Grace Archbishop McGuigan officiated. The procession through Our Lady of Lourdes' corridor, and again to the chapel for Benediction, was most impressive. The cross-bearer, and the canopy-bearers and guards were Oakland Cadets. The Abbey novices' and students' choirs sang the inspiring liturgical hymns for the ceremony. The evening closed with a choice musical programme.

The Golden Jubilarian was the recipient of many beautiful spiritual and material remembrances on the occasion. May the years go happily for this close follower of the Master, until the final Jubilee Day arrives to crown her life-work!

A MERRY JUBILEE.

Time is passing, speeding fast,
Like a ship well out at sea;
Fifty years have glided past—
'Tis your Golden Jubilee!

Happily we travel on,
Not concerned with time or space,
As if life were but a song,
Or a prayer, inviting grace—

Or, as a precious golden thread,
The "thread of life," strong as a chain,
That binds us to our friends long dead,
Who now exult in heaven's domain.

So, while time speeds as does a thought,
Your wondrous life the Angels see;
With them we praise for deeds you've wrought,
And wish you a Merry Jubilee.

1942.

Don.*

* [In answer to inquiries received, "Don" and Donald Brown, whose verses have occasionally appeared in Loretto Rainbow, are not the same. Editor's Note.]

GOLDEN WEDDING.

The fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Lennon, of 200 North Broad-



way, Joliet, Illinois, was joyously celebrated recently.

A reception and dinner were given at the Joliet Country Club by their children: Lieut. Jay J. Lennon, of the United States Navy Reserve, stationed at Detroit; Mrs. Hayes Kennedy (Mary Louise, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna); Mrs. Harry Lieneweber (Emily), both of Joliet; Mr. Daniel J. Lennon, of Elgin, and Mr. John L. Lennon, of Joliet.

Present on the festive occasion, in addition to the immediate family, were the brothers, sisters, and grandchildren of the happy couple. There are sixteen grandchildren, and one

great-granddaughter, Miss Kathryn Lennon, of Detroit.

To the esteemed Jubilarians, both members of families devoted to the promotion of the best interests of the Loretto Community through many years, in Joliet, congratulations are extended, with good wishes for many more years of heaven's best blessings on them, and on their devoted children.

The recent appointment of Mr. J. Joseph Bench, K.C., of St. Catharines, to the Senate is a source of pleasure to his host of friends.

A busy and outstanding lawyer, he still serves as Separate School trustee—and has served as chairman of the board in the past. In the reserve officers, Canadian Army, he holds the rank of Captain.

To Senator Bench we offer sincere congratulation on the honour that has unexpectedly come to him for distinguished merit; congratulations also to his devoted sisters, Miss Marie Bench, and Mother M. Veronica, I.B.V.M., of the Loretto Academy staff, Niagara Falls; and to his uncle, Reverend P. J. Bench, P.P., St. Joseph's Church, Toronto.

In Memoriam

In mid-December the revered General of the Society of Jesus, Very Reverend Vladimir Ledochowski, died in Vatican City. For more than a quarter of a century he held the responsible position of head of the renowned Jesuit Order, and was, also, Vice-Chancellor of the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome.

To the Reverend Jesuit Fathers in the loss of their saintly General, our sincere sympathy is offered, with assurance of prayers for blessings on the bereaved Society, and repose for the soul of their departed Father General.

REVEREND EDMUND C. HANNA.



The sudden death of Reverend Father Edmund C. Hanna, Chaplain of St. James' Hospital and Pastor of St. Helena's church, Butte, Montana, occasioned widespread grief.

Born in 1882, in Stephen, Minn., Father Hanna, when still a child, came with his family to live in St. Bernard's parish, Chicago, Ill., and was

one of the first pupils of the Loretto Nuns in St. Bernard's parochial school, Englewood. Here he completed his grades. After finishing the prescribed high school and college courses, partly at St. Ignatius' College and partly at Mt. Carmel, Chicago, he studied for three years at the North American College in Rome.

Ordained in 1909, he had the distinction

of being the first boy from St. Bernard's to enter the priesthood. His years in the sacred ministry were spent in Helena diocese, Montana, where he won the love and admiration of all who knew him.

As Pastor of St. Helena's, he was ever eager to promote the various good works being carried on in the parish. The Holy Name Society claimed a large share of his interest; and, his efforts to provide recreational facilities for the youth of the parish were untiring, especially during the last few months of his life. In St. James' Hospital, the sick and the dying found in their devoted chaplain a never-failing friend and consoler.

As he left the altar after celebrating what was to be his last Mass, he felt so ill that he was taken to his room, where a brother priest anointed him. He had received Holy Viaticum from his own hand during the Mass just concluded. Of him it was said appreciatively, "Anyone who knew Father Ed. intimately, recognized the fact that he was not only aiming at the highest perfection, but hit the mark as well, in life, and now in death."

Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Butte, by Most Rev. Joseph M. Gilmore, D.D., Bishop of Helena, at which Rev. A. J. Rooney, who was deacon of the Mass, delivered a sermon beautifully appreciative of Father Hanna's character and life work. More than fifty priests were present.

On the arrival of the body in Chicago, it was brought to St. Bernard's Church, where it lay in state through the evening and until the Solemn Requiem High Mass the following morning. The Rev. Doctor William P. Long,

Pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, Chicago, was celebrant. The sermon was given by the Very Rev. Samuel Knox Wilson, S.J., President of Loyola University, Chicago, and a life-long friend of the departed. Some forty priests were in attendance.

To the bereaved family and especially to his sister, Mother M. Alureda, I.B.V.M., sincere sympathy is extended.

REV. TERENCE O'BRIEN.

The announcement of the death of Reverend Terence O'Brien in October came as a shock

to his friends and acquaintances who had not heard of his illness.

In the early years of his priesthood, Father O'Brien was curate at St. Mary's Church, Joliet, and, at the same time, chaplain of St. Mary's Academy (Loretto). He is still remembered for his whole-hearted zeal and his delightful Irish humour.

Father O'Brien's first appointment in Chicago was to St. Leo's Church, and at the time of his death he was Pastor of St. Columkill's in that city.

May he rest in peace!

Book Reviews

THE WISHING WINDOW. By Hortense Flexner. Illustrated by Wyncie King. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. \$2.00.

From the splendid introduction by Dorothy Caulfield Fisher to the last line of the book, one is delighted with it. I should have said, from the first page with its fascinating illustration, a sample of the graphic sketches to follow, one is captivated.

The story is very sweet and simple. It is sufficiently realistic of the tragedy of France to give other children a grasp of the horrors of war; at the same time it keeps them very close to their own world of "make believe." Wyncie King's drawings adding greatly to the effect. It will make a most pleasant surprise package for a small person on his or her birthday.

M.I.L.

SHINING IN DARKNESS. By Francis X. Talbot, S.J. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N.Y. \$2.00.

In these thirteen soul-arresting dramas by Francis X. Talbot, Editor of "America," on the Nativity and Resurrection of the Prince of Peace, there is a treasure trove for dramatic art teachers, in colleges, academies and parochial schools; for Catholic Youth organizations, and study clubs; and for individual readers who wish to realize as perhaps never before the loveliness and the understanding Heart of the God-Man.

More than one copy of this book, just off the press, should be available in every public library, and in every church and school library.

It appeals strongly for an honoured place in the home collection of treasured volumes.

K.M.B.

ACROSS A WORLD. By John J. Considine, M.M., with the collaboration of Thomas Kernan. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto and New York. \$3.00.

Another absorbing and convincing Odyssey comes opportunely in this kaleidoscopic book which holds a wealth of accurate information with regard to lands and peoples of Asia, Oceania, and Africa. One follows the learned and sympathetic traveller, the distinguished author, Father Considine, who is an Assistant General of Maryknoll, on his tours through regions little known to the world at large, in quest of correct data for the Congregation of Propaganda in Rome, of which he was Director for ten years.

The literary style, excellent illustrations, and desirable information not readily obtainable elsewhere have made this book the recent selection of the Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club.

C.T.D.

O little King of Peace, we pray
That You will come and bring to-day
Some of that peace You came to leave
On Your first dear Christmas Eve!
We wish, O King, that we could say
Our world's at peace on this great day;
But, little Lord, we ask You, please,
Soon to send a lasting peace!

Mónica Spearin.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY? By Robert Hugh Benson:

If you have never read this tale of those perilous times when Merrie England was decidedly on the decline, and Elizabethan Britain was marching to the fore, let me interest you in it.

Robert Hugh Benson, in this panoramic novel, deals with people, rather than events, and in doing so avoids the mistake common to many historically inclined writers, namely, that of subordinating the characters to the events, the personalities to the political trends.

Dominated by a strictly Puritan background and environment, Anthony Norris, at an early age, regarded his Catholic neighbors with a mixture of respect and tolerant affability. His attitude is somewhat altered, however, when the father of his sister's suitor, a harmless but rather credulous old man, is deported to the dread Tower of London for harboring a Catholic friend. This event, witness to the advent of Elizabeth's religious persecutions, sets off an intriguing, suspenseful novel.

Our author takes us to London, to Elizabeth herself. What a creature of moods she is, a captive to her own whims and caprices! A glittering, triumphant ruler, she smiles at the screaming throngs, but there are those who have seen Queen Bess in other, less tranquil moods. Elizabeth's gay young maid, Mary Corbet, Anthony's secret love, is often seen with tears in her sparkling black eyes. Walsingham, spy chief, is unwilling partner to one of Elizabeth's rare acts of mercy. We meet Campion, brilliant Jesuit, who is racked by her Majesty's gentle appointees and who goes to his revolting and horrible, yet saintly, death with the wish that his persecutress "might enjoy a long, quiet reign with all prosperity." We cross the path of Lackington, hunter of priests; and his skulking, furtive shadow will haunt one's dreams.

Oh, yes! They're all here: the lad who becomes one of Drake's greatest sea-rovers, who spills Spanish blood and snatches Spanish gold for Good Queen Bess and loses his faith, and Isabel Norris; the priest who does his bit to keep the faith alive in England, until fate and an unwitting friend consign him to the hands of Lackington's men; and, of course, the heroine who must choose between God and the pirate she loves. (They weren't called pirates then—gallant sea-rovers they were).

The author takes one everywhere! In London, into Elizabeth's own lavish apartments;

to the bear-baiting pits, where Her Majesty's satin gown is spattered with the blood of the tortured bear and the savage, half-starved dogs. (But it took more than a little blood to ruin a Tudor's enjoyment of the carnage).

He takes us through dim, secret passages and damp, rat-infested tunnels where priests are hiding from the merciless Queen's-men; and to visit the Tower of London, where a servant of Christ is twisted on the rack; and to the little room where Elizabeth loved to sit and play her lute.

We witness the death of that priest, hear the creak of the gallows, the seething of the bubbling pitch, and the moaning undertones of the crowd; and dine at the palace, where Elizabeth dances little Spanish dances, with her ladies, and receives her brave sea-rovers, who lay their bloody booty at her satin-covered feet.

Yes, it's all here, to read, to enjoy, to remember. Robert Hugh Benson has scored a triumph in this as in his other historic novels.

"By What Authority" is a volume which you will read, and re-read, and recommend.

Gloria O'Grady, XII, Englewood.

BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

The Babe of Bethlehem peacefully sleeps
In His humble manger bed;
The angels watch about the stall;
The stars shine o'er His Head.

He looks so helpless lying there,
So poor, so weak, so dear;
Then Mary smiles upon us,
As we brush away a tear.

With the angels, we bow in silence,
For we cannot find words to say
How grateful we are to our Jesus,
For giving us Christmas Day.

Forgiveness, and Mercy, and Victory, too,
We plead for a world so war-torn;
May the wee, helpless Babe cast His light on us
all,
As we welcome this new Christmas Morn!

We thank Him; we praise Him; we worship

Our King Who rules Heaven and Earth;
With the heavenly choirs, our voices we raise,
Proclaiming our dear Saviour's Birth.

Margaret Simpkin, XI,
Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie.



**EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF
A LORETTO FRESHMAN.**

September 26th—Well, I did it! I'm in university now! Yes, indeed—college entrance went off with a bang, and now I've darted off on a foot-race that is to last for the next three years. Pretty long, yes—but remember, Diary, I've got a lot of territory to cover. And speaking of territory—frankly, I'll have to admit the deepest impression college made to-day was on my feet—my shiny brogues are now simply two clumps of mud. Well, anyway, I can at least say that I am able to distinguish the campus colleges from the Parliament Buildings!

Now I can do it in ten minutes flat—and that includes a two-minute slow-up on the last lap! When I first started my daily treks across the campus from Loretto to St. Joe's, it took me anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour, depending on which circuitous route got me most mixed up. Using the map in my students' handbook as a guide, every day I dogmatically skipped up to Hoskins, rounded U.C., ambled along Hart House flagstone walk, hopped up the steps to Queen's Park, and gingerly skirted it! But to-day, a sympathetic sophomore showed me how to cut diagonally across the campus. If a college got in your way, she sympathized, simply walk right through it—at least you know what I mean. Of course the whole was all very fine except that in the course of my journeying, I discovered the Varsity office in U.C., and now it often takes me a couple of hours to get across. However—

I knew it! I could tell by the fiendish look on their faces! You see—I was nonchalantly sauntering down the hall when all at once I heard a weird, mysterious chanting which I will try to translate here. It ran something as follows: "I am the most wretched of wretched Freshies, O exalted and something-or-other Sophomore." Yes, you guessed it—Initiation! At first I thought of fleeing but no—I didn't want to miss the fun. So, feign-

ing a belligerent air, I allowed myself to be dragged reluctantly upstairs. And what an amazing transformation I underwent! When I emerged from it, all of half an hour later, here is the picture I presented to the world: To give you a photographic view from head to foot—first of all my hair was slicked down with water, parted at the back and brushed forward with a rakish "kewpie-curl" dangling down my forehead and topped off with a vivid yellow bow of crêpe-paper. "Take it off, take it off" became the battle-cry of the sophomores as I was stripped of my jewellery, stripped of my make-up, Then with ghoulish delight someone smeared my face with cold cream (managing, of course, to shove a goodly portion into my mouth). My sweater was turned inside out and I had to don unmatching socks and stuff my stockinged feet into high-heeled pumps. The last blow was the placard I was forced to wear, and which furnished for any interested student on the campus the following information:

**GYNETH STENCEL,
LORETTO COLLEGE PASS ARTS I
WEIGHT: 123 lbs.**

Well—anyway, I still claim I was the only honest Freshman in the college.

I was shuffling across the campus this morning when suddenly I observed two warlike bands advancing towards each other with murderous intent. I sniffed the breeze and was convinced that a gory fray was at hand. But both sides magnanimously restricted themselves to uttering merely gentlemanly phrases. "Dirty Meds," yelled in chorus some boys with slide-rules. "Dirty School," cawed back the peppery "Sawbones" in disgust. Then what had promised to be a glorious contest degenerated into a bombastic volley of school-boy epithets. I believe there was more verbiage wasted on the front campus that morning than in any essay I have ever written since I came to Varsity. However, what struck me most was the phrase "Dirty School." "What is School?" I murmured to myself as I dashed over to St. Joe's, late for my lecture. "What is School?" kept beating out a tattoo in my brain all through psychology. "What is School?" I muttered to myself disconsolately as I scuffed my way back to Loretto for next lecture. "What is School?" I finally burst out to a rather surprised Senior. "School, my dear," she said with dramatic emphasis, "is S.P.S.—the Engineers!"

Of course I wasn't down here long, Diary, before I discovered Newman Club, and was introduced into its subterranean regions where stand its ping-pong table and famous pool room. Many an hour since then I have spent kibitzing on those games and watching the pool-sharks swim around the pool table and assault the billiard balls with their skillful cues. But what amused me most were the pool-sharkesses—a zoological species, which, it is said, possesses almost all the characteristics of its male counterpart in addition to a wildness which seems to be wholly inherent in it. Need I mention that I, too, soon joined this new school of fish?

All right! I'll hang my head! I'll admit I was completely taken in. But the Catitor was so convincing you can hardly blame me. You see, every day—like the good Freshie that I am—I used to take up my Varsity and perfunctorily read the Champus Cat. It is true that I read the most bizarre and amazing things there but as I wasn't as yet "in the know," I accepted everything unreservedly. I even half believed such reports as a purported raid on the Victoria bookstore (which I didn't know existed) to gather up some fugitive Varsity Journalists who were supposed to be secreted there. But when I read to-day that the A.R.P. officials were mourning the paucity of corpses left on the campus after the last air-raid, it finally sank in—THE CATITOR WAS BEING FUNNY!

One psychological phenomenon which has struck me as being rather extraordinary since I arrived here, is the attitude students adopt towards their work. Up until about the middle of October nothing seems to send them into more paroxysms of exuberating glee than their recounting that they had missed more lectures than they had attended; that they hadn't yet even seen their Spanish professor; that they had an essay due for Monday but they didn't know on what; that they really should study (pulling a woeful face behind which lurks a ton of laughter) but they always felt so sleepy—and so on, ad nauseam. Then strangely enough as November approaches the situation is completely reversed. Instead, bleary-eyed students sit around lamenting the fact that the coffee ration is cutting their night-study short; that they had spent literally seads of hours on their last essay; that they simply haunt the library, etc., etc., etc. Now all this is very paradoxical to a raw Freshie but she innocently concludes that human nature even at best is very illogical. And, of course,

the Christmas exams have nothing whatever to do with it.

Another baffling feature, I found, was the seemingly general derision in which the Pass Arts Course was held. (I later discovered this was just a pose non-Arts students took up). Here I came down to Varsity a fresh, young thing enthralled with the prospect of learning something about "Aht and Beauteh," yet everywhere just the merest mention of Pass Arts brought down a hail of derogatory remarks. With a condescending sniff they would "cinch" at me—"Oh, you're in the Cinch Course." I don't know whether it was being floored for some snappy repartee, or whether their superior attitude irked me, but I soon found myself taking refuge in this little act. (Of course, you must never breathe a word of this to anyone, Diary). "I," I would state with my eyes slightly ablaze, yet with my toothpaste smile quick to flash on my face. "I," I would repeat, "am in Arts!"—hoping to high heaven they thought I was an Honour student.

December 1'th—Last day of lectures, Diary! It's been wonderful every moment of it! You *will* pardon my excessive use of exclamation points—won't you, Diary, dear? because, honestly, everything that's happened down here has simply seemed to rate them!!!

Gyneth Stencil, 4T5.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

October.

Dear Babs:

Last night was the first big social event of the year at Newman Club—Open Night. It was my first taste of college life at Newman, and it promises to have good after-effects. As you came in the door, you were given a card with instructions to print your name, Faculty, and year on it. This was your card of introduction to any other guest. But alas, there was one big disadvantage—the "year" part of the instructions. How could you pretend that you were an experienced woman of the University World when you had that First Freshman written plainly on your tag? But it had advantages, too—for, after all, mistakes that are excusable in a brand-new freshman might not be so in a senior. Your first feeling as you walked in the door of the "Oak Room" was one of dismay. It's funny how everybody you knew seemed to be either hiding behind the pillars or just not there. The crowd was large. In fact you could hardly see people

for other people. Just as you were standing there wondering what would happen next, it happened. Somebody asked you to dance. After a few "unserenely" silent minutes, you grabbed frantically at your name tag and realized how handy it could be when you suddenly lost your way, or your voice. After a few dances of getting acquainted with seniors, sophomores and other freshmen, a man with an air of determined "Just see if I don't" authority suggested—a Paul Jones. You found yourself going around in a circle of joined hands, then suddenly the music stopped. You were standing opposite a man who said, "Want to take a chance on it?" You were dancing again. Somehow as the evening wore on you felt at home, and the conversation didn't begin and end with "Uh!" Why you had even forgotten about your name tag. And then you thought—what about *him*? A Senior if you ever saw one—all the symptoms of a man who likes green but doesn't look it. And then, as you decided that you might just as well find out the hopeless truth now and were taking a careful look at his name tag, you saw that he didn't look too happy either, as he said, "I knew it was too good to last! Here I am, a poor Freshman. I could tell *you* were a Senior right away; but I guess *I* didn't fool *you* at all." And you just smiled as you held out your tag with "First" plainly marked on it. You were glad it was so plain. Yes, Babs, I think I'm going to like Newman.

November.

Dear Babs:

Remember what I was telling you about Newman? Well, last night there was another big social event in Newman's college life—a Hallowe'en Party. For weeks ahead, gay posters informed would-be guests of the date, the time, and most of all of the advisability of wearing their oldest clothes. Fortified by this warning, you arrived at Newman, to be greeted on all sides by gay decorations—pumpkins, apples, and paper streamers; and by a gay crowd that had taken up enthusiastically the advice to wear old clothes. Your bright plaid skirt, which even *you* admitted needed toning down a little, was eclipsed almost into insigni-

fiance by other greens, reds and even oranges! It suddenly struck you, as the night was wearing on, that a great transformation had come to you in the past month. Gone was the feeling of dismay and the need for a name tag. Why, by now, you were a member of a whole month's long standing, and you had realized that senior, sophomore or freshman—it was all the same at Newman. About half-way through the evening, there suddenly appeared from a door—you had discovered that it led to the kitchen—trays laden with cider and doughnuts. From then on you settled down to spend an evening of uneventful, serene pleasure, until you remembered with a shock the decorative apples, each hanging by a string from the ceiling. The shock occurred when you, like Newton, discovered the law of gravity. The apple, when picked up, was good enough to eat—which you promptly set about doing. Just in time, you remembered your manners, and said, "Want to take a chance on part of it?" After all, hadn't you taken a chance with him once before? Well, Babs, I *know* I like Newman.

Joan McGoey, 4T5,
Loretto College.

TO CARMEN.

Will I forget that you have left my home
And passed in beauty through the night to
God?

Will I forget that from my world has flown
A soul not made to dwell upon the sod?

Oh! ask of me a million other ways
To find the things that make a man forget,
For I am lost in you, and empty days
Are full of only love, no dark regret.

Will I forget that grass grows green, and snow
Is soft and pure, so like the kiss you gave;
That wind is strong and ever free to blow
Thro' flowers blue—upon a garnished grave?

When I forget that I have still your love,
Then, dear, will I not know you dwell above.

Florence Skemp, 4T5,
Loretto College.

St. Agnes

Angel of innocence, St. Agnes lived
A life so pure and good,
She was a model unto holy youth,
A flower of maidenhood.

'Angel of innocence, St. Agnes died
A death of great renown:
Rather than forfeit virtues dearly loved,
She chose a martyr's crown.

M. D. Barry.

Loretto Secretarial College

Twenty-two Loretto Secretarial College students made a closed retreat over the week-end of November 20th-21st. It was held at Marian Hall, 181 Dawlish Avenue, under the auspices of the Catholic Women's Retreat Association, and was convened by Miss Nancy Cancilla, Prefect of L.C.S. Sodality.

Remarks heard since express general satisfaction: "Isn't Marian Hall the grandest place for a retreat?" "Weren't the conferences more than inspiring?" "Oh, I should have liked to stay a week!"—and so on. We shall not be surprised if some slip in with the next group for another retreat. If they do, we shall envy them.

* * *

November 27th has passed, leaving us a wonderful memory of the Sodality Dance, which was a real success as to enjoyment, and financial results. Approximately eighty couples were in attendance. Elimination dances, spot dances, a Paul Jones, and other entertainment, made the time pass by very quickly—with not a dull moment for anyone. Dorothy Ainsworth and her partner won the prize for

the elimination dance; and the winner of the spot dance was none other than Sarita Alfaro.

The high-light of the evening was the Sodality number. Rev. Father Fleming, who had called in to see us, spoke some inspiring and encouraging words. He expressed his pleasure in assuring us that our motto, "Twenty-four Hours with Christ," was being carried out here also. On behalf of the Sodalists, our Prefect, Nancy Cancilla, and her escort, presented flowers at the special miniature Shrine of Our Lady.

"Tempus fugit, et fugit," and, as the clock struck twelve, all the Cinderellas were gallantly escorted home.

* * *

We are keenly interested in cancelled stamps for the missions, and thank all who have sent or brought in packages of them. May the good work be kept up! Will other Secretaries, Stenographers, and Career Women assist in this apparently insignificant Catholic Actionists' enterprise? We invite your co-operation.

THE HOUSES OF THE PRINCESSES.

As you, dear reader, may wonder what this title means, I shall explain at once. The girls of Loretto Academy, Stratford, are divided into two groups, which we call Houses. For these we have chosen as our patronesses the two daughters of the Royal Family, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

This system is designed to develop cultured manners and character. At the head of each House are a junior and a senior mistress, who supervise order and regularity in out-of-class hours, and at all times observe the various details that make up the code: neat uniforms; no cosmetics; politeness; and punctuality. This is a system which has been successful in other schools, such as the Bar Convent, York, England, and Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Our three watchwords are School Spirit, Loyalty and Courtesy. School Spirit means for us the knowledge that everything and everybody in the school is of importance to each one of us, just as in a family; Loyalty, the honesty and truth that sees and promotes the good in people and things—if we always

see the good, what is not so good will then gradually disappear; Courtesy, the manners and self-restraint that belong to a court, to royalty. In these three things we have as our models the Christian princesses of our King's family, and in the measure in which we attain them, do we become princesses of our Heavenly Kingdom, children of the Heavenly Father.

In early November, when our first school reports were issued, there came also the first awards of this new system. Gold ribbons were the award for excellence; blue ribbons signified good; and brown ribbons fair. Those whose standing was considered unsatisfactory, received no reward. This first assembly found us full of excitement, tinged with fear, or hope. We listened breathlessly as the winners in Grades XII and XI were announced; then in X. We are X! To our lot fell two gold ribbons and several blue. We foresee a wealth of gold ones for next time, proof of the earnestness of all in "The Houses of the Princesses."

Frances McKeough, X,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

The dinner-table, with its snowy-white cloth, was groaning under the copious Christmas dinner. The turkey, flanked by savoury, baked potatoes and cranberry sauce, occupied the place of honour at the head of the table, ready for the ceremony of carving. Christmas dinner was a solemn procedure in the family. Each year, as the family increased, a new importance was attached to it. Father occupied his customary place at the head of the table, with mother opposite him; for although the house-work was usually done by mother and her daughter, Christmas was a special occasion, and a young girl was engaged to prepare and serve the dinner. The only daughter, and three of the sons were present. But, as if guided by invisible strings, the eyes of all were drawn to the chair which stood, empty, beside father's.

Mothers from the beginning of time have always felt a particular love for one child of their family. Sometimes it is because the child is frail, or resembles her, or someone she loves dearly. But it was for none of these reasons that Mother loved Tom. Of course all her children were dear to her, and she would not deliberately show preference for any one of them, yet perhaps because she had almost died when Tom was born, Mother *did* feel a peculiar love for him. She had planned great things for him—a career in law, medicine or finance—only to have him join the Air Force soon after his graduation from High School.

Her boy had never been a weakling. Many a time she remembered his coming to her with a black-eye and nose bleeding. Instead of evading her questions, he had manfully said that some boy had made a disdainful remark about the Catholic Church, and a fight had resulted. This same quickness in defending what he loved remained with him all his life. He was known as a good winner—and loser, and a clean player in the sports which he enjoyed: basketball, baseball, and football. His sense of duty had always been high, and although, like any red-blooded Canadian boy, he hated war and everything for which it stood, yet when his country needed him, he gladly entered into her service. The generosity and unselfishness which he had displayed even in his youth, were doubly evidenced in a recent letter he had written home, saying that all his boxes were shared with the other boys in the squadron, especially with those who had no friends or relatives to send them parcels. She recalled the reverence with which he had

served Holy Mass, his whole being humble in the presence of his Divine Lord.

With a sigh, Mather glanced once more at the empty chair, and turned towards Father, who held the knife and fork ready for carving.

Mary Ellen Hogan, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

HOME AT LAST!

He is coming to-day! Of course we had known for some time that he would soon arrive; but last night's telegram: "Arrive home to-morrow at eleven," had heightened our expectations. Everyone was dressed in his best, and looking his finest; even the furniture seemed to shine more brightly and say, "He is coming home." At half-past ten everyone was ready and waiting to go to the station. This lull gave them a chance to sniff the pleasant aroma of roast turkey; for besides being the day of his return, it was also Thanksgiving Day.

By eleven o'clock a great number had gathered at the station. As the train drew in, a loud cheer sounded, for he was not the only boy returning from war-torn Europe. Stepping off the train, he seemed older, and his face looked worn; but he still had his cheery smile, that lighted up his whole face. And oh, how lovely his "bravery medal" looked, pinned so carefully on his coat. He was dressed in his Air-Force uniform, but his left arm and shoulder were in a cast and sling; this injury being the reason for his return.

At home, and seated at a most delicious turkey dinner, gave one time to think. To think of all the things one had for which to be thankful on this Thanksgiving Day. We have our homes, our parents, and our friends. We have plenty to eat, and we do not live in a war-torn country. We are able to go to bed at night, without fearing to have a bomb dropped on us before morning. Besides all this, he is home and able to enjoy life. What more could we want?

Marie Kirby, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

JANUARY.

January's come again,
Beating on my window pane;
Howling through the trees all day,
Driving children in from play,
Numbing hands and nipping cheeks;
I'm glad it only lasts four weeks,

Nora Jean Byrnes,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

CHRISTMAS THROUGH THE YEARS.

Perhaps the title is a bit misleading; for this is not a review of Christmas down through the ages, but one of Christmas through *my* years. My life in early childhood was not different from that of any other normal American boy or girl. As a little tot I looked forward to Santa Claus for months, and hung my stocking near the fireplace, hoping that old Santa wouldn't put coal in it if I had been wicked. What fear I had that Santa would not come once, because my uncle had teasingly told me that he was going to cut off old Santa's beard when he arrived. Then came the first Christmas on which I didn't wait for Santa Claus—he was no longer existent. There was a little tinge of sadness about Christmas that year for me, for I then realized how much I had enjoyed looking forward to his coming. But there was compensation in the ensuing years—the important feeling I experienced in buying gifts for all in the household, and distributing them on Christmas Eve; the thrill of singing in the choir on Christmas morning; the church beautifully decorated; the greetings we received and extended. It is saddening, yet pleasing, to recall these memories.

But this year—this tragic year of 1942—our country is involved in war; four loved ones are absent from the family circle. All over the United States, over the world, in fact, this scene is presented. Yet happiness comes in realizing that Christmas does not mean merely receiving presents, decorating the tree, eating turkey—it is the birthday of Christ the King, Who came that He might save all men, not only those with whom we are fighting, side by side, but those also against whom we are battling. In all this chaos, in all this sadness, there is consolation in the song of the angels on that eventful night of nights: "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will."

Joan Cahill, IV,
Loretto, Englewood.

Down the quiet street
Came the patter of feet;
Carols were heard as they went
Of the blessings by heaven sent;
That was the way it used to be —
They did not mind if some were off key.
In Europe, now that there is war,
They cannot sing carols to sound afar.

Genevieve Russell, IX,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

AN INTERESTING PLACE IN CHICAGO.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the places of interest in Chicago. Some people think of it chiefly as the "Windy City," but in addition to the breezes, we have, for example, admirable displays of culture, art, beauty; numberless educational institutions and U.S.O. centers which could compete with any in the nation.

Of particular interest in these times are the U.S.O. centers. Just what are Service Centers? Many persons fail to realize their importance. If it were not for these well-constructed buildings and our generous workers, what would our fighting men do when they arrive in a strange city with strange people and places? One floor of a Service center is used for ball-room dancing. On another, one can play ping pong; on still another, card games may be enjoyed. Of course, food and cigarettes are distributed free of charge, and almost every other facility is provided. Men from every branch of service and from all over the country, frequent these hospitable places. Northerners, Southerners, Easterners, and Westerners always say, "Chicago's hospitality is tops."

However, this is not all. When one possesses goodness he cannot keep it to himself—it must be shared. Chicago feels that way. A broadcast is conducted for 15 minutes every night at ten o'clock, directly in front of the U.S.O. center. Any service man can talk over the air and so assure his family that he is safe and being well treated.

Would it not be marvelous if every city in every state, in every country, had these centers? Chicago is doing its part in this war to keep up production and morale. Are you?

Margaret Kelly,
Loretto, Englewood, Chicago.

CAN I MAKE IT?

The clock said seven-thirty as
I jumped right out of bed;
I washed and dressed, and breakfasted
Before a word was said;
I ran outside like lightning—
To miss my train how frightening!
With all my books I ran
Up to the station door.
A sudden thought—It's Saturday!
And now I'm home, and snug in bed.

Rosemary Purpura, X.,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE CHAMPION.

A frown marred the face of Richard Tolliver, as his gray head bent over the reports on his desk. Turning to his secretary, he said, "Send Ralph Anderson in, please."

Anderson's first glance fell on the large photograph of Jackie Tolliver, who had died a year ago. Poor fellow! But, then, everyone had known the crippled boy could not live long. Only his father hadn't known. While the millionaire spent thousands to save his only child, he had no pity for an employee who failed to come up to expectations. No, he simply dismissed him.

"Anderson, your department has been steadily losing this year. I'm afraid we will have to dispense with your services. Perhaps a younger man could get results."

Anderson felt suddenly ill. "Conditions, sir," he said—"you know what they are. No one could make that department pay a year like this."

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to go. We have decided to drop that department."

"But, sir, if I only had a little longer until my boy graduates from Fairview."

The cold, gray eyes of the boss lifted, "What's that? Fairview? It seems to me that is a pretty expensive school for your boy."

"I know, sir, but he likes it there so much, and he is almost sure to win the scholarship. That will take care of the rest of his tuition. Then, too, he excels in athletics."

"Oh, I see, an all around champion, I suppose?"

Anderson flushed at the sarcasm as he said, "That's what they call him — The Champion."

Had Tolliver turned to stone? He sat perfectly motionless for a moment. Then he spoke again, "We are closing your department. It didn't make good. You'll take over the correspondence department. You will have longer hours but your salary will be doubled. Your boy must have his education. Don't ever go looking any other place for a job. You're here for life. Now, get out!"

After the amazed Anderson had gone, the man's hand went to the top drawer in his desk. From it he took a pile of letters. He found the one he wanted, Jackie's last letter from Fairview shortly before he died. His hands trembled as he read it over again, but this time there was a strange elation in his heart.

"Dear Dad: I can't say the boys in this school are any nicer to me than the others

were. I guess they're the same everywhere, when you're different, and can't join in the games. But don't worry, Dad, for there is one boy here that is really a prince. He's track star and he helps me with all my lessons. He made the boys stop throwing my books around, and he marched a boy that hit me right to the principal. He's a regular 'Sir Galahad.' They call him 'The Champion.' When I grow up I want to do something for him, something big that he won't ever know about."

As the man replaced the letters in the drawer, his eyes glistened with tears, but there was a song in his heart. No one would have recognized the stern, exacting employer in this smiling, transformed man. "It's all right, Son," and his gaze rested on Jackie's photograph; "I have done something for 'The Champion,' something he won't ever know about."

Margaret Simpkin, XI,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

SHORTHAND.

The queer little figures can mean such a lot,
Although to me they really do not!
The lines and the curves and the queer little
scratches
Don't mean a thing when they come in big batches.

I've tried and I've tried, so hard and so much,
But I guess for SHORTHAND I haven't the touch;
Yet I'll keep on trying until I win,
For my Irish and French won't let me give in.

Margaret Le Lievre, XI,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THE LITTLE MOUSE.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese,
It tickled so a little mousie,
It almost made him sneeze.

An old rat said, "There's danger,
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense," said the other,
"I don't think you know."

So he walked in boldly,
No one was in sight,
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite.

Close the trap together,
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching Mousie fast there—
Because he didn't think.

Margaret Simpkin, XI,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

THY WILL BE DONE.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow fell in great flurries, covering the earth like a huge white blanket. The faces of the last-minute shoppers reflected the happiness that filled every heart.

But in two homes of the vast city, there was no rejoicing. In a beautiful mansion a mother was walking the floor, wringing her hands in agitation. Her eyes wandered to the luxurious crib of her first-born, who was at death's door. Dr. Thornton, the famous child specialist, sat counting the tiny heartbeats, fearful that each might be the last. The anxious mother waiting, prayed, "Oh merciful God, if You will only spare my baby to me to-night, I'll gladly suffer anything you may ask in the future. I cannot live without him."

As the first faint streaks of dawn penetrated the room, the doctor saw the tiny eyes open, and he knew the crisis was over. The child would live.

In a home of extreme poverty, another mother sat at the bedside of her child. But how different this scene! She sat alone, listening to the labored breathing and wiping the feverish brow. Lifting her eyes to the crucifix, she fell on her knees, uttering this prayer, "Oh God, if it be your Will, spare my child. He is all I have left since You took his father to heaven. If You take him, give me courage to say. 'Thy will be done.'" As she rose from her knees, she saw the little body tremble, and then remain still. God had called the little one. Another angel had left its earthly home to join the heavenly throng.

The years passed. The child reared in every luxury grew from boyhood to manhood. His mother idolized him permitting him to do as he pleased. His daily association with evil companions led to his downfall. He no longer attended church, and to his mother's tearful pleas he would reply, "Church is so old-fashioned. It was intended only for women." The mother noticed with increasing horror that he now publicly ridiculed the holy religion he once loved.

One night while she was anxiously awaiting his return, he became so violently enraged he killed one of his companions. His father's vast fortune and his mother's tears failed to save him. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. In the solitude of his prison cell as he reviewed his past life, he must have bitterly regretted turning his eyes from God. And God Who does all things well may have looked

into his heart with tender compassion, perhaps sowing the first seed of repentance.

The mother with a breaking heart prayed again, "Oh God, how foolish I was to beg unconditionally for my child's life. If he had died in infancy, how happy I would be tonight! I am justly punished!"

In a lonely church, a poor woman was kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, giving thanks to God in this prayer: "Oh God, I thank You that You let me give my child back to You as sweet and innocent as You gave him to me! I have been very lonely, but I have found comfort in the thought that I have an angel in Heaven praying for me. To-day as I bow before Your Divine Will, my happiness is greater than my loneliness. Blessed be Your holy Will."

Margaret Simpkin, XI, Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

MY PRAYER.

Dear Lord, I'm sending up
A little prayer to You,
A prayer I wish You'd answer
Before the year is through.

I have such an abundance
Of things to thank You for,
But, there's one more thing I'd like to ask—
I wish You'd end this war.

Donna Paul, XII,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

MY COUNTRY.

My country, 'tis for thee
I often pray;
"God bless America!"
Is what I say.

"May she be free again,
And stay fore'er
Beneath the mantle of
Our Queen of Prayer."

My country, 'tis for thee
I stop each day
And say a rosary
For those away.

"God bless America!
Help her to win;
And when she's free again
Keep her from sin."

Don't let ideals fall,
Keep them up high;
So, when the band plays on
And our flag goes by,
All of the people can,
Without a doubt,
Seeing our loved colours pass,

Stand up and shout:
"Thank You, God, for all You've done;
To help us set that 'Rising Sun!'"

Marge Le Lievre,
Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

BETHLEHEM.

*"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie."
This day when Jesus Christ is born
And the angels sing on high.*

*"Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by";
The Virgin Mary rocks the Child
And heaves a gentle sigh.*

*"Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light."
The people in the town all sleep
While now the star shines bright.*

*"The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night."
And Wise Men come to Bethlehem
To see the God of Right.*

Elizabeth Marsh, IX,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

A LETTER TO SANTA.

Once there was a high school girl
Who was very good because—
She wanted many lovely things
From dear old Santa Claus.

A pair of Nylon stockings,
Why—that was just the thing!
Though well she knew they'd rayon be
That Santa Claus would bring.

A showy yellow sweater,
A string of wooden beads,
This, and a few nice other things
Will satisfy her needs.

So Santa, listen carefully
To a heart-felt wish and cry,
And do your best to bring them all—
Because, the girl is I.

Joan Dougherty, IX,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

Sing out your praise, O hills so high,
Sing out, O skies, your song,
For Christ was born in Bethlehem,
The Highest, and most Strong.

This night, long years ago, there was
Afar in a stable cave,
A King, born of a Virgin fair,
Immaculate and brave.

This King had no knights attending Him,
And warmth was lacking there;
No soldiers dressed in armour bright
Stood about the stable bare.

But there He lay, a glorious King,
A little Babe, at rest,
Whose tender Mother held Him close
To her dear, loving breast.

And so, ye angels, sing your song;
Sing praises from above,
For God has sent His only Son,
A Redeemer, to win our love.

Jean Kessel, IX,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

**A JESUS ENFANT.**

Jésus Enfant, près de toi, dans l'étable,
Je viens prier et louer ta grandeur,
Les yeux fixés sur ton front adorable,
Jésus Enfant, ah, reste à mon cœur!

Jésus Enfant, par la nuit froide et dure,
Du haut des cieux tu descends parmi nous;
Qu'autour de toi, cette nuit soit plus pure;
Pour toi, Jésus, que le vent soit plus doux.

Jésus Enfant, c'est pour moi que tu pleures;
Ton doux amour accompagne mes pas,
Pour que du temps soient moins lentes les heures,
Et que plus doux soit, un jour, mon trépas.

Jésus Enfant, de ta bouche bénie
N'entends-je pas s'échapper un soupir?
Ah! dors plutôt dans la nuit assoupie,
Je viens t'aimer; cesse, Enfant, de gémir.

Jésus Enfant, de mon âme attendrie
En ce moment tu sais tout le désir;
En ton amour, seul trésor de ma vie,
Jésus Enfant, je veux vivre et mourir.

Margaret Simpkin, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

TO THE CHRIST CHILD.

O Infant Jesus, lying there,
 Watched o'er by Virgin Mother fair,
 Angels, surrounded by rays of light,
 Came to adore Thee that joyful night.

Shepherds came, too, from fields afar;
 They found their way by light of a star,
 Which shone in the heavens beyond the rest
 O'er a stable, by Thy presence blest.

Round Thy crib were gifts: myrrh, incense
 and gold,
 Brought by three kings, Wise Men of old,
 Who came to adore on bended knee
 Thee, Child Divine, in Galilee.

Josephine Shields, Junior College,
 Loretto Academy, Guelph.

FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem went,
 For an order of census by Caesar was sent;
 Night was now falling, and on through the town,
 They sought for a dwelling to lay themselves
 down.

"No room in our inn!" they heard it repeated
 As doors closed to, and they forthwith retreated.
 No shelter, no fire, no care, and no rest—
 In this, human kindness had failed in the test.

A cave was their refuge from winter winds cold,
 While shepherds nearby were watching their fold;
 And in this poor place was born the Christ Child,
 The Saviour of men, all tender and mild.

Evelyn Hoag, Junior College,
 Loretto Academy, Guelph.

CHRISTMAS.

C for the Christ Child, holy and sweet;
 H for Heaven, His mercy seat;
 R for rejoicing with gay Christmas songs;
 I for illumined, angelic throngs;
 S for the shepherds from hills afar;
 T for three travellers who followed the star;
 M is for Mary, Christ's Mother, our Queen;
 A for the angel choirs there seen;
 S for the stable, birthplace of a King.

Ann Irene Schihl, X.,
 Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Jesus on that day was born;
 It was a cold and wintry morn;
 Few people knew about this Child
 Who was so tender, meek and mild.

The shepherds saw the shining star,
 And followed it, too, from afar,
 To see the little Infant King,
 Who made the world, and everything.

Joyce Reynolds, VIII,
 St. Joseph's School (Loretto) Hamilton

CHRISTMAS.

There is something in this very season of the
 year that gives an added charm to Christmas:
 Nature is lovely with every charm framed in snow.

Although we live in a changing world, where
 almost everything that we associate with our
 civilization and culture has altered, Christmas
 remains through the years. Its lights still glim-
 mer through the falling snow.

The good season has come back again with its
 holly berries, decorations, lighted candles, and
 little children dancing in a world of magic, around
 a glittering tree; Christmas, with good, old Santa
 squeezing down the chimney; Christmas, with its
 sleigh-bells all a-jingle, and with the church bells
 and chimes ringing sweetly; Christmas, with glad-
 ness in the crisp air.

The spirit of Christmas is lovelier far than
 any pen can describe, or tongue tell. Christmas
 is the Mass of the new-born Christ, and therein
 lies all its meaning.

Patricia Grogan, XI,
 Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

CHRISTMAS.

Away in a manger, the Christ Child lay,
 Sound asleep on the golden hay,
 And shepherds there, humbly knelt,
 For the wondrous joy they all felt.

Mary and Joseph worshipped in joy
 This little Babe, this Blessed Boy.
 He slept on the hay, with never a sound,
 While hosts of angels hovered around.

Oh, joy to the world on this blessed day!
 Worship, kneel, and quietly pray!
 Jesus came to save us all;
 Let's march on, triumphant, with never a fall!

Nora-Jean Byrnes, IX,
 Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

O Beauteous Babe in manger lying,
 A cold and dismal wind without,
 I often wonder wast Thou crying?
 For Thou hadst much to weep about;
 The hearts of men were small and mean—
 Would not accept Thee as their King.
 I pray Thee, Babe from Heaven Blest,
 Now, to our hearts, bring peace and rest.

Jean Williams, XI,
 Loretto High School, Englewood.

SANTA CLAUS.

When Santa comes with bags of toys,
 He always brings them to good girls and boys.
 He's dreadfully sorry when we are bad,
 But when we are good, he's awfully glad.

I do hope Santa comes this year
 With Christmas greetings and Christmas cheer,
 Then I shall get up without a tear!

Peter Pratt, VII,
 St. Joseph's School (Loretto), Hamilton.

A BROKEN-DOWN WORLD.

When dawn has danced across the sky,
I want to close my eyes and cry
Because I know 'tis here again—
Another day for killing men.

Men and women seek to give
Their lives that we may live.
Nurses give their daily care
To wounded brethren over there.

When we are tempted to complain,
Let us, in thinking of their pain,
Give thanks to God that we are free
To worship Him on bended knee.

Marie Dobbin, IX.,
Loretto-Woodlawn, Chicago.

THE BIRTHDAY OF CHRIST.

A Babe was born in a manger bed,
A holy Babe was He;
The angels sang o'er His blessed Head
At His Nativity.

Gently His Mother held her Child,
Whose eyes looked up so bright,
At Mary, who so meek and mild,
Had seen the world's true Light.

The Wise Men travelled from afar
To bring Him incense bright;
They were guided by a brilliant star
To the manger-bed that night.

Marilyn Speck, Grade VIII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Once, long ago, in a manger bed,
A little Boy laid down His head;
His Mother was Mary, meek and mild;
The Baby was Jesus, her little Child.

Some shepherds followed a call that day,
Followed to where the Infant lay;
They had heard the angels singing on high;
They knew they were singing His lullaby.

How they loved that Baby, so holy and still,
Who was born on a night both windy and chill!
How they loved His Mother, her radiant smile,
When she begged them to kneel and pray awhile!

Belinda Lyon, Grade VIII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

The Christ Child was born one silent night,
When shepherds afar saw a wondrous light
Round the angels singing to God on high,
Above them there in the wintry sky;
Meanwhile in a manger our Jesus lay,
His tiny head pillowed upon the hay.

Barbara Mead, Grade VIII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

All wrapped in swaddling clothes,
Christ lay in a manger bed,
While the happy stars in Heav'n
Were twinkling overhead.

The angel choirs were singing
Their songs of praise that morn,
To the Infant Saviour King
Who had that day been born.

Jane Timmins, Grade VII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Upon the sea a ship did sail,
And through the gloom, and wind, and hail,
Its ghostly figure draped in black
Was darker than the sky.

My heart was like the great black ship,
Alone and desolate, until
I saw a golden goddess rise,
And tower far up above the wild,
Blue sea, and raise her hand—
As if to bless our land.

Jean Gallagher, X.,
Loretto-Woodlawn, Chicago.

OUR FORM.

First is Barb, our president small,
Cheery and bright, and a friend to all;
Here's Catherine Ryan, our conductor fair,
With deep brown eyes and light brown hair,
And next comes Kathleen, she's "Corb" to us all,
Fair, and smiling, and rather tall.
We've another Catherine—comes at call,
And she's a whiz at basketball.
Our Helen is always bright and sweet,
Her voice is mild, and she is discreet.
Jacqueline is our best French scholar;
When she started she was really smaller.
I mustn't o'erlook our Maureen, at all;
How she loves skating and all kinds of ball!
We've two Eileens and both are tall;
They're always together—even in the hall.
Katherine Hanlon is lots of fun,
Yet usually has her work all done.
Our class portrayed, I hope you will like it;
If you visit us, we'll be delighted.

Valerie Heimler, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

AN INVITATION.

Snow will soon come,
And will we have fun!
We'll climb up the hill
And we'll play Jack and Jill;
We'll see Judy and Bill
Coming fast down the hill.
On a sleigh built for two,
I'll go riding with you.

Albert Schlosser, Grade VIII,
St. Joseph's School (Loretto) Hamilton

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

Patroness, MOTHER GENERAL M. ST. TERESA, I.B.V.M.	
Honorary Presidents	MOTHER M. ERNESTINE, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. CONSTANCE, I.B.V.M.
Past President	MRS. J. P. HYNES, 39 Castle Frank Cres., To- ronto.
President	MRS. T. CASEY O'GORMAN, 33 Elgin Ave., Toronto.
First Vice-President.....	MRS. ALEXANDER MCGEE STEPHENSON.
Second Vice-President	MISS DOROTHY LATCH- FORD.
Treasurer	MISS MARY DAWSON.
Recording Secretary	MISS MIRIAM ANGLIN.
Corresponding Secretary.....	MISS MARGARET McCORMACK.
Assistant Corresponding Secretary	MISS AVE KIRBY.
Convener of House	MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH. 71 Southwood, Toronto.
Convener of Membership	MISS MARY MACDONALD.
Convener of Tea	MRS. W. M. SHANAHAN.
Convener of Entertainment..	DR. GERALDINE MALONEY.
Convener of Activities	MISS CALLIE DUNN.
Convener of Press	MISS PEGGY RYAN.

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	MISS EVELYN KING.
Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter	MISS RUTH BAIGENT, 54 Harper Ave., Toronto.
Niagara Falls	MISS MARY BAMPFIELD, 761 Chifton Rd., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Hamilton, Ont.	MISS LILLIAN WARNICK, 133 Stinson Ave., Hamilton.
Stratford, Ont.	MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.
Englewood, Chicago	MISS MARY DONAHUE.
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan ..	MRS. VIOLET GILLESPIE.
Loretto, Joliet Circle	MISS LEONA JOHNSON.
Woodlawn, Chicago	MRS. JAMES P. KAVANAGH, 6234 Greenwood Ave., Chicago.
Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle	MRS. JOHN W. BABCOCK.
Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle.....	MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Eggersville, N.Y.
Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary.	MRS. DANIEL McCORMICK, 619 E. 89th Place, Chicago.
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MISS VERONICA O'MEARA, 277 River Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

At the quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman presided. Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., was guest speaker and gave an instructive address on "Education." The speaker was introduced by Mrs. Harry Roesler. A vote of thanks to Father Keating was moved by Mrs. Robert Rankin. Mrs. John Harkins, convener of war work, gave a splendid report on the work of her committee in securing Catholic hostesses for the Catholic girls in the R.C.A.F. women's division, who are stationed at Manning Pool on Jarvis St., and spoke of how they are planning to include the Catholic girls of the C.W.A.C. who are stationed at Trinity barracks. The president announced that her executive had

decided to dispense with the traditional afternoon tea which had always followed the meetings.

Under the caption "Hospitality," the following paragraphs in regard to Loretto Alumnae activities appeared in the 1942 annual report of the Catholic Women's League:

"Last June the Loretto Alumnae Association volunteered to be responsible for all hospitality extended to the Catholic members of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division). Twenty members of the Association immediately offered to be hostesses.

"Since June, every Catholic Air Force girl who has requested that she be allowed to spend either her 36 hour or 48 hour leave in a Catholic home has been able to do so. Other hostesses have entertained several Air Force women at dinner or tea.

"Loretto Colloge, St. George Street, Toronto, offered the use of its reception room, library and Chapel.

"One member of the Alumnae gave the use of her summer cottage for week-ends.

"The committee in charge of this work consists of Mrs. John Harkins, convener; Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman and Miss Anne Kelly, assistants, and the committee feels that it should be the duty of every Catholic woman to volunteer to act as a hostess either for dinner, tea, or a week-end, or in any other way that may be possible to help to keep these Catholic girls on active service from being lonely in our city.

"Loretto Alumnae is very proud in having one of its members, Dr. Geraldine Maloney, as the first woman doctor in all of Canada to enlist in the active forces. Dr. Maloney is now overseas."

LORETTO-HAMILTON ALUMNAE.

At a very enjoyable meeting of the Alumnae, held at Loretto Academy, November fifteenth, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. M. P. Ryan; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. M. J. Loughlin; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. W. B. McManus; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Stanley Stott; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Buckle; Treasurer, Mrs. H. Cristie; Councillors: Mrs. Robert Brick, Miss Anne Williamson, Miss Helen Percy, Mrs. Montalieu McLean, Miss Patricia Wall.

The annual Loretto Alumnae membership tea was held at the Academy Sunday afternoon, December thirteenth. All were welcomed by Rev. Mother St. Gregory, Superior; Mrs. M. P. Ryan, Alumnae President; Mrs. M. J. Loughlin, First Vice-President and Convener.

The graduates of the years 1940, 1941 and 1942 were the guests of honour and received "boutonnieres" from the Alumnae, and membership for the coming year in the organization.

The Christmas spirit was evident in the appropriate decorations throughout the room. Mesdames J. J. Austin and A. R. Gasslein poured tea for the first hour and Mrs. John McManamy and Miss Eugenie Marks for the second hour.

The Loretto String Orchestra played Christmas selections during the tea-time.

Mrs. M. J. Loughlin's committee consisted of the executive, assisted by the younger members of the Alumnae.

JOLIET CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

The following are the officers of the Joliet Circle (1941-1942 and 1942-1943): President, Miss Leona Johnson; 1st Vice-President, Miss Mary G. Hennebery; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Mercedes Bagnell; Secretary, Mrs. Joseph F. Shriener; Treasurer, Miss Regina Ulm.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

The October meeting swung into regular routine following a Chicken Luncheon at the Whittier Hotel Saturday afternoon, October 10th. Feature of the program was a talk by Loretta Dupuis on the convention of International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, held recently in Newark, N.J. She sketched for us the history of the Federation since 1915 and outlined its work in the departments of Education, Literature and Social Service.

Bernadette Wilson, chairman of refreshments for the U.S.O. party for Service men at the League of Catholic Women Activities Building October 4th, gave her report. It was Open House from 4 to 10 p.m., with L. A. members providing refreshments, and the Board of Directors and Junior members of the League acting as hostesses. A Jack Oakie all-request program was the entertainment headliner, and the 200 boys "ate all the time." We were happy to make our contribution to the splendid reputation Detroit U.S.O. has for its hospitality to the boys in the Armed Forces stationed here.

Mesdames Ripley, Timpy, Babcock, Hurd, Shea and Loretta Dupuis reported an enjoyable and profitable week-end at Marywood, Grand Rapids, for the Michigan State convention of I.F.C.A. As usual at all Federation doings, L. A. had the largest representation. The special treat was the presence of two Loretto nuns attending from the "Soo." Sunday afternoon, Agnes Kelly O'Gorman entertained the Loretto delegates in her home; Lillian Bennie Ghysels and Verna Richardson Barber, Grand Rapids residents, joined the group.

Thirty sat down to a Harvest Supper at Mi-Lady's House, Broadway, November 16th, with Mesdames Timpy, LaChance and Priebe as hostesses. Among those present were Lucille McKenna Jans, the Purcell Twins (Annie Nelson and Mary Cone), and Margaret Paquin, who is attending Mercy College, Detroit, on a scholarship.

Our guest at table was Ensign Helen M. Stewart, A.B., A.M., a former high school teacher, who told us what it means to be a member of the Women's Reserve of the United States Naval Reserve (women appointed for volunteer emergency service) popularly known as WAVES. We learned that the WAVES are not an auxiliary to the Navy but are a distinct branch of the Service by an Act of Congress with rank, rating, and pay, parallel to that of the men. Their duty is to free Navy men for service at sea by taking on many types of specialized work, such as executive, etc. Ensign Stewart in her Mainbocher designed WAVE uniform was the personification of the best of American womanhood serving the War effort.

Miss Vera Reaume (Abbey) was hostess for the December meeting. Members may come and members may go but Vera is always with us, and

the annual event of her hospitality is looked for with pleasure so that we turn out almost 100%. One of our early past presidents, she has always been a most loyal and representative alumna.

On the program for the evening was a very fine review on the book, "Faith the Root" by Barbara Fleury. It had special interest to us in Michigan as the scene of the story is laid in Algomac, a small town not far from Detroit, with an old saintly priest as principal character. The reviewer called the book the American "Keys of the Kingdom."

As this goes to press, we send our heartiest best wishes and greetings of the season to the Rainbow staff, associate alumnae of other Loretto convents, and to our former teachers and friends of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

I.D.P.

P.S.—Will the Rainbow Editor consider a request to add this little poem by Cecily Hallack, as it may be helpful to some busy housewives amongst our Loretto Alumnae who are not familiar with it?

"The Divine Office of the Kitchen (God Walks Among the Pots and Pipkins).—St. Teresa."

Lord of the pots and pipkins, since I have no time to be
A Saint by doing lovely things and vigiling with Thee,
By watching in the twilight dawn, and storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a Saint by getting meals and washing of the plates.

Lord of the pots and pipkins, please, I offer Thee for souls,
The tiresomeness of tea leaves, and the sticky porridge bowls!
Remind me of the things I need, not just to save the stairs,
But so that I may perfectly lay tables into prayers.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love, and light it with Thy Peace!
Forgive the worrying, and make the grumbling word to cease.

Lord, Who laid breakfast on the shore, forgive the world which saith:
"Can any good thing come to God out of poor Nazareth?"

—Cecily W. Hallack.

WINNIPEG CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

The Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae joined with other Winnipeg Alumnae in mourning the death of a dear friend, Reverend Mother Hughes, Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Westgate, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, December 1st, 1942. We who so often enjoyed her hospitality extend to her Community our sincerest sympathy and humble prayers for the repose of her soul.

Our splendid Red Cross convener, Mrs. W. F. O'Dea, has been forced to resign her convener-ship on account of ill-health. We very much regret the necessity of this and wish Mrs. O'Dea a speedy and complete recovery. Her work as convener of this Committee has been such as to

make it impossible to find words to thank her.

Mrs. D. M. Smith (Elizabeth McCarron) has very kindly consented to assume this great responsibility, and with the able assistance of Mrs. Lorne Walker (Frances Lee, Guelph), Vice-President of the Alumnae, is turning in excellent reports.

We are happy to announce the safe arrival, in South Africa, of our Nursing Sister Jean Wheeler (Sedley). We received a very interesting letter from her on the 12th of October, which took exactly two months to reach us. Miss Wheeler is well and likes her work very much; she was able to give us many interesting sidelights on the political, as well as the economic, situation in South Africa.

Mrs. Wallace Smart announces the engagement of her elder daughter, Sheila Maude, to Capt. Wm. Howard Stevens, P.P.C.L.I., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Stevens of Winnipeg. The wedding will take place in the early spring, in Winnipeg.

Three of our Alumnae members are proudly swapping tales about new grandchildren.

Mrs. P. Burke-Gaffney (Mary-Louise Henneberry, Bray), has a granddaughter, Mary Helen, born to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Burke-Gaffney, at Sherridon, Man.

Mrs. R. McKinnon (Anna Geary, Toronto) has a granddaughter, Marlene Anne, born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Geary McKinnon, at Windsor, Ont.

Mrs. W. F. O'Dea (Helena Tevlin, Toronto) has a grandson, William Michael, born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Dea, at Montreal, Quebec.

The Honourable John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba, and newly-elected Leader of the Progressive Conservative party, is a brother-in-law of Miss Fay Burgess Bruce, who studied painting with Mother M. Evarista at Loretto Convent, Guelph, Ont.

Mrs. A. M. Kelly (Catherine Durkin, Stratford) acquired another very lovely daughter in November, when her son, Patrick Joseph, took as his wife, Miss Elizabeth Stinson Twomey, also of Winnipeg. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated in St. Ignatius' Church by Rev. Father Reddin. Miss Alice O'Donnell was bridesmaid and Mr. Jerry Twomey was groomsman.

The new Mrs. Kelly is a grand-niece of Mother M. Canisia and the late Mother M. Leontia, I.B.V.M. Miss Genevieve Twomey, B.A., (Loretto College) is an aunt of the bride. Mrs. John Molloy of Stratford, an aunt of the groom, was in Winnipeg to attend the wedding.

Our President, Miss V. O'Meara, had an interesting experience this summer while in Banff, in meeting a Loretto girl from Australia. She was Eily McCarron when she attended Kirribilli, Sydney, N.S.W., and is now Mrs. A. N. Wells, Cable Station, Bamfield, V.I., British Columbia. We hope to have a few more details about this former student for the next issue.

Three of our members have made such outstanding contributions to the war effort as to warrant special mention in the news items.

Mrs. G. A. Legree (Bernadette Cook, Loretto Abbey) has four sons, one daughter, and one son-in-law in His Majesty's Service. Section Leader J. R. C. Legree is with the Canadian Firefighters' Corps in Southampton. Privates G. H. Legree and S. J. Legree are with the Princess Patricia's

Canadian Light Infantry overseas. Cpl. T. F. Legree is with the Royal Canadian Air Force in Trenton. Cpl. Marjorie is a Military Instructor with the Canadian Women's Army Corps at Vermilion, Alta., and L.A.C. Roland J. Devlin is with the Royal Canadian Air Force at Paulson, Man.

Mrs. R. McKinnon (Anna Geary, Toronto) has one daughter and one son in the Service. Nursing Sister Catherine McKinnon is now stationed at Pieter Maritzburg, Natal, South Africa, and A.C. Ronald B. McKinnon is a Wireless Observer with the Royal Canadian Air Force in Calgary, Alta.

Mrs. N. W. Williams (Naomi W. Holding, Stratford) has one son, Flt. Sgt. Evans R. Williams, with the Royal Canadian Air Force, Halifax, N.S.

Miss Evelyn O'Donnell is now Supervisor at No. 7 Observers' School, Royal Canadian Air Force, Portage la Prairie, Man. Evelyn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. O'Donnell of Winnipeg, who are both former pupils of Loretto.

The executive and members of the Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae extend to the Community, Alumnae, and students of Loretto, sincere Christmas Greetings, with the prayer that we may all find a true and lasting peace in the New Year.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis Dickerson (Mary Huebner, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, in September.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Tailby (Lucy Kuntz, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, on October 5th.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Hillmer (Monica Goodrow, Loretto College Alumna), on the birth of a son, on November 24th.

To Dr. and Mrs. John McCabe (Kitty Devlin, Loretto College Alumna), of Windsor, on the birth of a son, Leo George (L.G.).

To Lieut. and Mrs. Ronald Innis, (Isobel Devlin, Loretto College Alumna), on the birth of a son, Michael Ronald.

To Lieut. and Mrs. Fidèle Bélanger (Jean Di Cola, Loretto College Alumna), on the birth of a daughter.

To Lieut. and Mrs. Arnold McGrath (Eileen Whelan, Loretto College Alumna), of Regina, Sask., on the birth of a little sister for Brian.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McIntyre (Martha Smet, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Helen Louise, on October 25. Helen L. is a niece of M. M. St. Magdalen, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Arnold (Edna Mae Garipey, Sault Ste. Marie Alumna), on the birth of a son, Dennis James, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Andary (Elizabeth Simpkin, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Susan, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Piedmont (Agatha McNaughton, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna), on the birth of a son, John Francis, in October.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bergin (Lily Mae Oremus, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna), on the birth of a son, in November.

To Pte. and Mrs. W. Tanner (Dorothy Lawson, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Anne, on August 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Armand Castellani (Eleanor Romano, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a boy, Robert Joseph, on December 17th. R. J. is a nephew of M. M. Benedetta, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Walter McCall (Anne Lang, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) of Simoce, Ont., on the recent birth of a daughter, Mary Annette.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Polorzaro (Carmen Pesado, former Loretto Abbey student) of Mexico City, on the birth of a son, on July 16th, Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Turgeon, on the birth on July 31st, of a daughter, baby sister of Loretto Turgeon (Loretto-Brunswick).

MARRIAGES.

Miss Catherine Ives (Loretto-Niagara and Loretto College), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ives, of St. Catharines, was married in November to Lieut. Samuel Gottrey, Rochester, N.Y.

Miss Mary Mosend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mosend, was married, on October 31st, to Mr. James E. Mullally, of Montreal. The groom is a nephew of M. M. Euphrasia, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey.

Miss Louise O'Hara (Loretto-Guelph Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Joseph O'Hara, was married to Henry Frederick Kriger, Lieut. J. G. United States Naval Reserve, at St. Paul's Church, Cambridge, Mass., on October 24th. The bride is a niece of M. M. Dolores, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

Miss Mary Vipond (Loretto-Guelph Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Vipond, of Guelph, was married on October 8th to Cadet M. E. Beach, a graduate of O.A.C., '41; former Technical Sergeant in the 504th Parachute Infantry Regiment, Fort Banning, Georgia, and now at Officers' Training School in Chemical Warfare, at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland. The bride, until June, 1942, was a member of St. Stanislaus' School, Guelph, and was active in Girl Guide and School Safety Patrol work.

Miss Sibyl Gaynon (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), was recently married to Mr. Robert Hannon.

Miss Rita Helen Schledorn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Schledorn, was married on December 15th to Technical Sgt. Thomas P. Conlin, United States Army. The groom is a nephew of M. M. Palladia, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

Miss Helen Bentley (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Bentley, was married, on November 14th, to Mr. John Daniel Coughlan.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Heximer (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Heximer, was married recently to Lieut. J. Ross McLean.

Miss Evelyn Gross was married, on November 14th, to Mr. Leo P. Sweeney in St. Mary's church, Woodstock. The groom is a brother of M. M. Leocrita, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

Miss Corinne Schwalm (Loretto-Brunswick Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schwalm, was married in St. Joan of Arc Church, Toronto, on October 24th, to Mr. George Wilton. The Rev. Clement Schwalm, brother of the bride, officiated

at the ceremony, and also celebrated the Nuptial High Mass. The wedding party visited St. Cecilia's Convent, where the bride's sister, M. M. Camilla, I.B.V.M., and other members of the Community, extended greetings and good wishes to the happy couple.

Miss Vera Fiorvanti (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fiorvanti, was married, on October 24th, to Mr. Ivo. A. Gambarotto.

Miss Constance Jennie Thibert (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moise Thibert, was married recently to Mr. Franklin Clifford Kelly.

Miss Ida May Briand (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Briand, was married to Mr. Angelo Philip Chevelo.

Miss Eileen Gardiner (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Gardiner, was married recently to Mr. Harold Alken Moore.

Miss Luz Maria Cano Faro (a former Loretto Abbey student) was married, on October 7th, to Doctor Bernardo Mendizabal Urrutia.

Miss Anne McDonald (Loretto-Brunswick Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McDonald, was married, on December 19th, to Mr. Joseph Dolan.

Miss Rita Berube (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna) was married in July to Mr. James Odem.

Miss Agnes Paquette (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna) was married, September twenty-second, to Mr. Lloyd Garrett.

Miss Betty Routhier (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna) was married, October twenty-seventh, to Mr. Byron Silverman.

Miss Beatrice Anne Dineen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Dineen, Kenilworth, was married, on November 9th, to Mr. James Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Howard. The bride is the niece of M. M. Basilla, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

Miss Helen Elizabeth Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer, was married recently to Mr. Joseph Edward Witt. The bridesmaid was Miss Marie Witt, B.A. (Loretto College); the groomsmen were Mr. Thomas Meyer, brother of the bride, who has three brothers serving overseas.

SYMPATHY.

To Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Fallon, on the death of Mrs. Fallon's mother, Mrs. Matheson; and to all the bereaved relatives, especially M. M. Magella, I.B.V.M., sister of Mrs. Matheson.

To Dr. and Mrs. Paul O'Sullivan, on the death of Mrs. O'Sullivan's mother; also to Mr. Paul O'Sullivan and Miss Joan O'Sullivan (Loretto Alumna), grandchildren of Mrs. McLaren.

To M. M. Virginia, I.B.V.M., on the death of her brother, Mr. Walter MacNeil.

To Mr. Anton Vogt, on the recent death of his wife; also to Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Ell, the bereaved parents, and their family, especially Rev. Father G. Ell, O.F.M.; M. M. Casimir and M. M. Eugenia, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Cochran, on the death of their son, Mr. Maurice F. Cochran; also to the bereaved brothers and sisters: Rev. Gerald Cochran, Mr. Harry, Mr. Jack, and Mr. Edward Cochran; Mrs. C. L. O'Brien (Lilian) and Miss Catherine Cochran.

To Misses Rita and Margaret Kirby, Loretto Alumnae, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. James Kirby.

To M. M. St. Denis, I.B.V.M., on the death of her aunt, Miss C. Kelly.

To Miss Helen Sullivan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, on the recent death of her father.

To Mrs. Peggs, on the death of her husband, Mr. Frederick Peggs, and to their bereaved daughter, Mrs. Truax (Marion, Loretto-Niagara Alumna).

To M. M. Catherine, I.B.V.M.; Mrs. P. D. Sweeney (Julia), of Edmonton; Misses Mary and Catherine O'Connor, and Mr. John, and Mr. Martin O'Connor, on the recent death of their brother, Mr. Bartholomew O'Connor, of Wowota, Sask.

To the Reverend Jesuit Fathers on the recent deaths of Rev. Father Quirk, S.J., and Rev. Father McManus, S.J.

To M. M. Eva, I.B.V.M., and all in the bereaved family, on the death of their mother, Mrs. J. Prue, on December twelfth.

To the St. Joseph's Community, Hamilton, on the recent death of their esteemed Reverend Mother Superior, Mother Celestine; also to her bereaved family, especially her brother, Most Reverend Bishop O'Sullivan, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

To Mrs. Lillian Mason Sebert, on the death on December 2, of her husband, Dr. Louis Joseph Sebert, and to their bereaved sons and daughter: Lieutenant Louis M. Sebert, overseas; Mr. James and Mr. John Sebert; and Miss Mary Sebert.

To Mrs. F. N. Wilson (Bernadette Macnab) and Mrs. C. Y. Moffatt (Tess Macnab), Loretto Alumnae, on the death of their dear father, Mr. King F. Macnab, in July, and of their mother, Mrs. Macnab, in November.

To Dr. James H. Wickett, Mr. John J., Mr. Frederick, and Mr. William Wickett, Mrs. N. B. McKenzie and Miss Katherine Wickett, Loretto Alumna, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. John Wickett, Loretto Alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Sweeney, Montreal, on the death of their little son, Paul, and to Paul's wee brother, Bob; also to Mrs. J. Coffey in the loss of this beloved grand-child.

To Mr. P. J. Dwyer, on the death of his son, Lieut. Joseph Dwyer, R.C.N., killed in action at sea, September 26th; and to Lieut. Dwyer's bereaved brother, Rev. Dr. Dwyer; and sisters, M. M. Gratia, I.B.V.M., Mrs. Cecile Annett, Misses Ethel, Isobel, and Rita Dwyer (Loretto, Toronto, Alumnae).

To Mr. Patrick Lyons, on the death of his wife, on November 26, and to the bereaved family: M. M. St. Philip, I.B.V.M., Misses Margaret, Geraldine, and Barbara (Loretto Alumnae), and James Lyons, Queen's Own Rifles; also to Mrs. Lyons' sisters, Mrs. P. Barnwell, New York, and Mrs. H. Keleher, Newark, N.J.

To Miss Shirley Flynn, student, Loretto College, on the death of her father, Dr. R. Flynn, Belleville.

To Mrs. Thompson, Markdale, on the death of her husband, Mr. P. J. Thompson; also to the bereaved family: Miss Priscilla Thompson, B.A. (Loretto College); Miss Mary Thompson, R.N. (Loretto Abbey Alumna); Miss Aileen Thompson, and Mr. Pat. Thompson.

To M. M. Marion, I.B.V.M., on the death of her

aunt, Miss Madeleine Norman; also to all the bereaved relatives.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Campbell, on the recent death of Mr. Campbell's sister, Miss Mary Campbell; also to Miss Campbell's bereaved nieces and nephews.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Connor, on the death of their son, Edward, in action, Solomon Islands, and to his bereaved sisters, Mrs. Pflaum and Miss Lorraine O'Connor.

To Sister Amadea, St. Joseph's Community, London; Mrs. Gannon, Mrs. Zimmerman, Misses Rhea and Annie, and Mr. Edmund Kneitl and Mr. Dixon Kneitl (former Loretto pupils), on the death of their mother, Mrs. Edmond Kneitl, Stratford, on December third.

To Mrs. Fullan, on the death of her husband, Mr. John J. Fullan, on October thirty-first; and to their bereaved sons, Mr. Frank and Mr. John Fullan, and daughters (Margaret and Helen, Loretto Alumnae); also to Mr. T. W. Fullan, brother of the deceased.

To Mr. Thomas Flynn, Hamilton, on the death of his wife (Ada M. Cushen Flynn, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), and to their son, Mr. Thomas Flynn, Jr.; and daughter, Mrs. N. H. McCabe; also to Mrs. Flynn's bereaved brothers, Rev. Thomas Cushen, of Excelsior, Minn.; and to Mr. S. D. Cushen, Toronto.

To Mr. Charles Gordon Winrow, on the death of his wife (Blanche Maria Mays Winrow, Loretto Alumna), on October 26th, and to their three little children, Carol Maria, Charles Bruce, and Donald Gordon; also to Mrs. Winrow's bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mays; her sister Helen (Mrs. James Kelly, Loretto Alumna); and brothers, Mr. Jack Mays, and Mr. Bill Mays.

To Miss Vera Hiland (Loretto College Alumna), on the recent death of her father, Mr. E. G. Hiland, and to all in the bereaved family.

To Miss Clare Cavalcanti (Loretto-Brunswick student), on the death, November 29th, of her dear grandmother; also to all in the bereaved family.

To Flt. Lieut. the Rev. J. J. McGarry, S.J., Chaplain with the R.C.A.F., in Edmonton, on the death of his only sister, Miss Norah McGarry, on November 15th.

To M. M. Ambrosia, I.B.V.M., Hamilton, and to all in the bereaved family, on the recent death of their brother, Mr. Vincent Drohan.

To M. M. Bernice, I.B.V.M., Chicago, and to each member of the bereaved family, on the recent death of their dear brother, Mr. John Sweeney.

To the Religious of the Sacred Heart, on the recent death of their esteemed Rev. Mother Hughes, late Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, New Gate, Winnipeg; especially to her bereaved sister, Mother M. Philippa, Superior of Assumption Convent, Hereford, England, and to her niece, Mrs. Burr-Price (Madeleine Coffey, Loretto College Alumna).

To Mrs. Beattie, on the death of her husband, Mr. J. J. Beattie, Hamilton, on December 29th; and to the bereaved family, especially Miss Dorothy Beattie, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Sept. 30—Sodality Elections for 1942-43: Prefect, Joan Huggins; Vice-Prefect, Mary Ellen Hogan; Secretary, Frances Mary MacDonald; Treasurer, Mary Valenti.

Chairman of Eucharistic Committee, Irene McLaughlin; Chairman of Our Lady's Committee, Estelle Gauthier; Chairman of Apostolic Committee, Shirley Pezzack; Chairman of Literature Committee, Monica Spearin; Chairman of Publicity Committee, Patricia Crawford; Chairman of Social Committee, Marie Kirby.

"All work and no play" is not our motto—*au contraire*. Riding—and what lovelier bridle-paths than across the uplands of Armour Heights!—basketball, swimming, badminton, bowling, all keep us fit and keen and ready to do our bit in any field.

Oct. 6—The Catholic Charities Drive opened to-day, with an inspiring letter from His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, read at our Sodality Assembly, urging co-operation in this cause so dear to the heart of Christ.

Oct. 13—Preparation for Mission Sunday and talks on Mission work were the features of our Sodality meeting to-day.

Nov. 2—A thousand thoughts tugged at our heart-strings as we packed Christmas boxes for Air Force, Army, and Navy—our Sodality project. Selecting and wrapping gifts to be opened far away by those who are doing so much for us, have brought the war, the cause for which we are fighting, and Christmas with its changeless peace, home to us as never before.

Red Cross work, too, occupies an important place in our school life. First Aid classes are popular; a newly-formed class in Home Nursing is a centre of interest. And, of course, everyone is knitting: socks—grey, blue and khaki; gloves, scarves, sweaters, and, most attractive of all, the colourful little dresses and sweaters for refugee children.

Oct. 6—Field Day—long anticipated! Keen competition and good sportsmanship marked the events. Honours went to the Teresa Dease House. Joyce Prudhomme held the highest individual score, with Winnifred O'Gorman a close second. Congratulations!

Oct. 9-12—Thanksgiving week-end—a glorious one in every way.

Oct. 15—We rejoice with our dear Reverend Mother General St. Teresa on her patronal feast day.

Oct. 20—Witches, Goblins, Jack-o'-lanterns aglow, gave Third Year's Hallowe'en party the requisite delightfully mysterious atmosphere. For the most original, amusing, and beautiful costumes, prizes went to Joan Huggins, Lorna Lloyd, Shirley Newcomb and Theresa Menard.

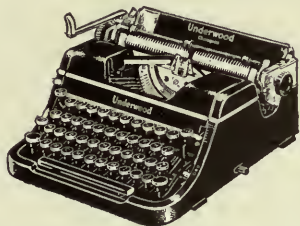
Nov. 10—A general sigh of relief—term examinations over, and another mile-stone passed—at least we hope so!

Nov. 11, 12, 13—Three uplifting days spent in retreat under the direction of Reverend Dr. Markle of St. Augustine's Seminary, whose inspiring talks laid a solid foundation for our progress.

Nov. 22—The following charming programme was given by Senior Music pupils in honour of the Feast of St. Cecilia.

- Hymn to St. Cecilia.
- Funiculi, FuniculaLuigi Denza
- The Birthday of the KingNeidlinger
Intermediate Choral Class.
- Musette Bach
Joan Malloy, Audrey Shortt,
Frances La Bine, Judith Switzer.
- Sunday Brahms
Janine Roy.
- Sarabande in D Minor Handel
Jacqueline Huggins.
- The Swallow Burgmuller
Joan Norman.
- Monkeys in the Tree Berlin
Dorothy Anderson.
- CarminaMildenberg
Janine Roy, Suzanne Pettigrew,
Jacqueline Huggins.
- Cigo from Sonata, No. 5 Paradics
Alice Buscher.
- Barcarolle Kitterer
Joanne McWilliam, Catherine Hoey,
Joanne Healey, Barbara Smith.
- Loch LomondArr. John McCulloch
Suzanne Pettigrew.
- Valse Miniature Dunrill
Maureen O'Sullivan.
- Minuet, SarabandeBach
Janine Roy.
- A Trip to Virginia Newton
Mary Klimack.
- Norwegian Dance Grieg
Noreen Prestley, Barbara Murphy.
- O No John English Folk Song
Delta Olsen, Dorothy Sloan.
- Valse, Op. 64 Chopin
Mary Virginia Foster.
- The Sky Boat Song—Old Scottish.
Joan Huggins.
- Valse, Op. 69 Chopin
Mary Kelly.
- Gaily We're Tripping Veazi
Jacqueline and Joan Huggins.
- English Jig From Pastime and Good
Company Dunhill
Della Olsen, Dorothy Sloan.
- Waltz Moskowski
Dolores Duffort.
- Trinity Chimes—Medley.
Agnes Kinney.
- Pieta Signor Stradella
Teresa Lamberti.

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St. Mary's Church, Tillsonburg.
New Cathedral of Christ the King,
Hamilton.

HAMILTON, CANADA.
(Pigott Building).

- Rigaudon MacDowell
Bernice Dwyer.
 - Valeik Mokreys
Rita Ormisher.
 - Creation Hymn Beethoven
Through a Primrose Dell—Spross.
Lillian Mucci.
 - Andante, Presto, Sonata, Op. 79..... Beethoven
Victoria Douglas.
 - Madrigal Simonette
Yolande Bernard.
 - Arabesque Debussy
Shirley Pezzack.
 - Gavotte from Suite No. 1..... Eugene D'Albert
 - China City Niemann
Jacqueline Ricard.
 - Morn Rise Czebulka
Joan Huggins, Jacqueline Huggins,
Mary Klimack.
- GOD SAVE THE KING.**

Dec. 4-5-6—The Forty Hours' Devotion made the chapel more than ever the centre of the Abbey, during these happy days with our Eucharistic Lord.

Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The traditional Sodality Reception took place at four o'clock for the following: Patricia Cooney, Betty Cormack, Milbery Gibbons, Rose Mary Desroches, Loretto Lannon, Joan McKenna, Joan MacDonald, Margaret McDonough, Pauline Marck, Colette Mulholland, Barbara Meyers, Helen Malcolm, Joan Norman, Marie Ormisher, Mary Powers, Noreen Prestly, Nancy Ruscica, Dana Shepard, Marilyn Walsh, and Jane White.

Dec. 11—The Intermediate Music pupils entertained at a delightful Recital this afternoon.

PROGRAMME.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

- Welcome Song.
- O Come All Ye Faithful.
Joan and Elizabeth Roser.
- Merry Go Round Berlin
Sally Stevens.
- June Days Aubry
Clare Fluett.
- Rustic Dance Schnecker
Floy Halbus - Gloria Pegg.
- Mother Calls Wadley
Jacqueline Clarke.
- Monkeys in The Tree Berlin
Ann Gilding.
- The Rope Swing Copeland
Jane Dalziel - Monica Wilson.
- Minuet Mozart
Elizabeth Gilding.
- Song of the Swallow Burgmuller
Nancy La Cour.
- The Gay Vagabond Rodgers
Patricia Heenan.
- Merry Peasant Schumann
Ann McNevin - Mary Culliton.
- Sans Souci Lichner
Mary Ellen Lannan.
- Hanging Gardens Davies
Kathryn Knight.
- The Birthday of the King..... Neidlinger
Mary Kaufman - Barbara Mitchell.
Agnes Charlton.

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Margaret La Bine.
- Ballade Burgmuller
Jane Timmins.
- Minuet Blachford
Patricia McDonough.
- Pixies Gavotte Brown
Janet Payette.
- Spinning Song Ellmenreich
Joan Moore.
- Rosemary Waltz London
Anitra MacInnes.
- Country Gardens.
Clare Gauthier - Jean Wakely.
- Air Varie Dancla
Rose Marie Bernard.
- Turkey in the Straw Rasbach Arr.
Pauline McDonough.
- Curious Story Heller
Helen La Bine.
- Grandmother Tells a Ghost Story.....Kullak
Joan Brown.
- Dance Creole Chaminade
Joan Hickey.
- Jesus-December-Lullaby—Sing Along.
Junior Choral Class.

pher Bean." We enjoyed every minute of it. It had been well advertised here at the Abbey by the portrait of the heroine, Joan MacKenzie, painted by Ann Gilchrist; both are Abbey graduates and are now at Loretto College.

Dec. 15—Christmas baskets almost ready. What fun it has been—and they are very attractive with their gay wrappings and interesting-looking parcels. We hope they will make many little people happy.

Dec. 17—Musical programme and Christmas play, "The Journey of the Three Kings," presented by the Junior School, afternoon and evening. Proceeds for the war effort.

Welcome Song—Who Is Coming?
Calling Santa—Christmas Candles.
Grades I to IV.

Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.
Rhythm Band.

Merry Go RoundBerlin
Jacqueline DeLesseps.

Stepping Stones Thompson
Mary E. Whalen.

Lavender Blue.
Ann Quigley, Patricia Biehl, Marilyn Maynard.
Swans on the Lake Thompson
Barbara Heenan.

Toy PianoDiestelhorst
Barbara Knips.

Dec. 12—Congratulations to the St. Michael's College Players on their play, "The Late Christo-

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Neilson's

- The Skyscraper Thompson
 Doneen Vance.
 Santa Claus Is Coming.
 Barbara Knips, Carol Schwenk, Betty Rosar.
 The Cuckoo Thompson
 Rose Ann Evans.
 The Man in the Moon Schubert
 Patricia Byers.
 Slumber Song Schubert
 Mary Dorothy Payette.
 Raindrops Diller
 Patricia Shannon.
 Cherub Waltz Orth
 Virginia Travers.
 Christmas Carols.
 Violin Ensemble.

THE JOURNEY OF THE THREE KINGS.

- Balthasar, King of Chaldea Barbara Hall
 Melchior, King of Arabia Ann Quigley
 Gaspar, King of Ethiopia J. De Lesseps
 Angel Joyce Collins
 King Herod Doneen Vance
 Night Watchman Patricia Poupore
 Secretary Barbara Knips
 High Priests Sally Stephens
 Carol Maynard
 Mary D. Payette
 Mary Barbara Heenan
 Joseph Robert Johnston

TABLEAU.

- First Violin—Janine Roy, Lorna Lloyd, Grace Norman, Rose Marie Bernard, Patricia McDonough, Clare Fluett, Mary Helen Guinane.
 Second Violin—Yolande Bernard, Joyce Cabral, Marie Ormisher.
 Third Violin—Eloise MacInnes, Betty Rosar.
 Accompanists—Pauline McDonough, Noreen Prestly, Rita Ormisher.
 Dec. 18—Traditional Christmas Carols with a beautiful tableau of the Nativity, marked our closing day.
 Merry Christmas to all!
 Frances Mary MacDonald.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

- Sept. 8—School reopens and we return for another year of work and play under the supervision of Loretto teachers.
 Sept. 29—Grades XIII, XII, and XI entertained Grades IX and X at a get-together party. Our freshmen are a spirited group.
 Oct. 1—We have begun to recite the Beads in the Chapel every day for peace; and for soldiers, sailors and airmen.
 Oct. 7—With Dr. O'Reilly as celebrant, Mass was offered in the Chapel for a successful school year.
 Oct. 8—The choral class sang at the wedding of Miss Mary Vipond and Flight-Lieutenant Marvin Beach. We wish them happiness through all the years to come.
 Oct. 9—The school voted for its officers. Congratulations to Sheila Corbett—Prefect for another year.

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Nov. 6—Grades XII and XIII held an oratorical contest. Congratulations to the winner, Miss Cleo Heimler.

Nov. 22—Misses Eunice, Judith and Ruth Pollox, pupils of Miss Ahrens, of Stratford, entertained us at the delightful piano and vocal recital in honour of the feast of St. Cecilia.

Nov. 23—The Sodality of Sacred Heart School invited Loretto students to a social. We greatly enjoyed the programme and dance provided for us.

Nov. 27—The school is making an afghan with a view to raising funds for war sufferers.

Dec. 3—Grades XII and XIII surprised Grade X in the enthusiastic climb of the "ransom elevator." Mary Elizabeth and Gregory Michael have already been ransomed.

Dec. 14—We presented our Christmas plays, "World Without Men," and "Why The Chimes Rang." Our efforts were repaid by the applause of an enthusiastic audience of adults and children.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

- Sept. 8—Greetings! Old friends meet; newcomers are welcomed, as we begin another happy year at Loretto-Niagara.
 Sept. 12—Our annual picnic at Queenston Heights. Ideal weather; a perfect day!
 Sept. 13-19—The Seniors assume their most dignified air as they summon the trembling Jun-

iors, and solemnly inform them of the rules of Gamma Kappa Sorority. A week of madcap adventure for all concerned.

Sept. 16—Mass this morning was celebrated in the chapel by Rev. Luke Boesrichen, O.Carm., Chaplain, to invoke God's special blessing on our school year.

Sept. 18—Formal Initiation Night! An array of colours; superb entertainment; Juniors grand sports. Congratulations!

Sept. 19—Grey skies and showers prevented our nicely planned corn roast on the campus. Well, our knitting for the soldiers can go on in all sorts of weather; we even knit in the dark!

Sept. 23—Welcome to dear Mother General, who has again paid us a visit.

Sept. 25—Rev. Father Dillon, new chaplain for the Chippawa Barracks, celebrated Mass at Loretto, and later visited the school.

Sept. 26—Showers! A disappointment—then unexpectedly a glad surprise visit from Old Man Sun, and a wonderful day for our hike to Dufferin Islands for a little picnic.

Sept. 27—Gamma Kappa Sorority elections. Results: President, Peggy Rice; Treasurer, Velma Hatch; Secretary, Rose Piculo; Sorority Scrapbook Keeper, Rosemary Heydock.

Oct. 1—Sodality meeting. Newly-elected officers are: Prefect, Bina Fell; Vice-Prefect, Mary Gardner; Secretary, Betty Lorenzo; Treasurer, Mary Allen.

Oct. 9-11—French phrases, Latin rules, Geometry propositions! No excitement at all! merely examinations!

Oct. 15-19—Canadian Thanksgiving. Off we go, bag and baggage, all looking forward to a grand and glorious week-end.

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Oct. 24—Funny faces, dignified ladies, weird Party given by Third Form. Congratulations! One of the best yet.

Oct. 29-Nov. 1—An early Retreat to start us off right on the school year. To Rev. Father Phelan, S.J., the Retreat master, our thanks for great spiritual help.

Nov. 20—Monsignor Fulton Sheen speaks at Niagara Falls, New York. After his characteristically inspiring talk, we received another boon—his autograph on our tickets, plus—a written note from him to render us immune from home-work for to-morrow.

Nov. 22—In honour of St. Cecilia's day, Loretto Choral Class entertained the public with many beautiful selections. Fourth Form's Choral Speech Class presented "The Barrel Organ," by Alfred Noyes. Very Rev. Father Richard, Prior of Mt. Carmel College, gave a most interesting talk on St. Cecilia.

Nov. 24—We were honoured by a visit from Rev. Father O'Connor, C.M., who recently returned from Hong Kong. We listened intently to his gripping account of life in Hong Kong in the early days of the present war.

Nov. 25—Third Form Oratoricals. The speeches were all based on the Mass, under the following headings: Introduction, The Mystical Body, The Bond of Union, The Liturgy, The Mass of the Catechumens, The Mass of the Faithful, Thanksgiving. In the adjudgment, Helen Anderson was given first place; Luigina Cortese, second place.

Nov. 25-29—American Thanksgiving! Once more a reward for our labours!

Dec. 5—A Loretto skating party held at the Niagara Falls Arena. Colourful skating ballerinas made the most of the gay hours.

Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. New members were received into Our Lady's Sodality. After the reception and Benediction, the evening enjoyments were the Sodality supper, at which the special guests were Rev. Father Smith, O.Carm., and Rev. Father Biar, O.Carm.; an informal recital; and the final singing of favourite carols.

Betty Lorenzo.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Sept. 8—School again! Another happy year begins at Loretto-Hamilton.

Sept. 16—To start the school year right, we attended the Mass of the Holy Ghost, celebrated by Rev. Father Arthur O'Brien, Rector of the Basilica of Christ the King.

Sept. 25—A combined Crusade and Sodality meeting was held. A talk was given outlining the objectives of the Crusade, and nominations for Prefect took place.

Oct. 2—Sodality elections! Congratulations to our new Prefect, Mary Fitzgerald; Margaret Outridge, Assistant Prefect; and Stella Goodrow, Secretary-Treasurer.

Oct. 6—What could be more exciting than

attending a Sodality meeting at St. Mary's Lyceum, with Father Lord as its director? Such was our privilege, and it is obvious from the increased numbers in the chapel at noon-time that the resolutions his talk inspired are being carried out.

Oct. 8—On your mark! Get set! Go! Yes, another field day but the best yet. Congratulations, Mrs. Armstrong!

Oct. 25—In honour of the Feast of Christ the King our first Holy Hour conducted by the student body was held. Much credit for its success is due to the officers of the Sodality.

Nov. 2—Our new school paper, the "Loretto," is on sale. Orchids to Margaret Outridge, who named it and to Nancy Law, who edited it!

Nov. 10—A "Housie" (slightly like Bingo) was held in the Cafeteria. The proceeds were used to buy wool so that we may continue "knittin' for Britain."

Nov. 20—Wasn't the Tea Dance a bright idea? We have hopes of another some day not too far off. In any case, our appreciation to the Seniors and the Sodality Executives of Notre Dame; Commercial; Cathedral Girls; and, of course, Cathedral Boys. We hope you all had a good time—we had.

Nov. 24—Our first basketball game of the year, versus Normal School. Loretto won both games—keep up the good work, girls!

Nov. 27—Crusade meeting (at which Ninth Grade entertained us with a delightful play) encouraged us to increase our donations to the Mite-Box and our zeal to aid our missionaries.

Dec. 8—This was a gala day for our Sodality, when sixteen new candidates pledged themselves to be loyal and active members. Promptly at 3.30 the aspirants gathered in the big dormitory to arrange veils and receive their candles. To the hymn of "In Thy Name, O Mary," they entered the chapel, with lighted candles. After our recital of the Office, Rev. Arthur O'Brien explained to us that the Blessed Virgin is like a magnet who attracts us to her; but metals, if greasy, will not be drawn even when close to the magnet; so with our souls; if stained with sin they cannot be attracted by Mary. After an impressive conference, the aspirants then read in unison the Act of Consecration, and were given their blessed medals. After Benediction the newly received members left the chapel to the singing of "O Mary, We Hail Thee." Refreshments were enjoyed by all in the violin studio.

Dec. 18—In the morning the Annual Carol Procession was held, culminating, as usual, in the gymnasium, around the Crib. In addition to the baskets for the poor—this year eleven well-filled and beautifully decorated hampers—there was a display of knitting and sewing. The layettes which really are lovely are to be sent shortly to Britain, to Queen Elizabeth, for English babies, through the Catholic Women's League, who have supplied us with materials so generously.

Mary Fitzgerald, Prefect of the Sodality, and Joan Boyle, Chairman of the C.C.S.M.C., then ex-

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pressed greetings to Mother Superior and the Community and presented them with a Spiritual Bouquet. Mother St. Gregory congratulated the girls on their generosity in achieving such fine results in their projects for helping others, pointing out that therein lies the secret of happiness. After exchange of greetings, all gathered around the Christmas tree and a pleasant half-hour of recreation was enjoyed.

In the evening, the Junior Grades presented "Trouble in Toyland" and a Christmas Cantata. Congratulations to the actresses for their outstanding performance, and to their teachers who trained them so well.

Dec. 21—School is dismissed. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

Loretto-Hamilton, Dec. 16, 1942.

Dear Santa:

I suppose when you see this heading you'll wonder, "Well, what now?" Every year we have given you one of your largest orders: Hats, dresses, coats, stockings, shoes, jewelry, lipstick, powder, candy—everything you could think of, and probably some things that never entered your mind. (Remember the girl who wanted a Flight Lieutenant?) Last year our list stretched practically from here to Toronto, but that was December, 1941! This is 1942! Now—things are different; maybe the war is coming closer; perhaps we are growing up; or, maybe, we are getting angelic. I wouldn't know the way of it, but I do know that—for once in our lives we are thinking of others. This year we're wishing for a "White Christmas," with the spirit of "Peace on earth—with victory."

We want to give, not to receive; to help make this a Merry Christmas for everyone; to make others see Christmas as a time of thanksgiving for Christ's advent, not as a time of self-gratification. Give us the chance to do that, Santa, and we'll be satisfied.

Oh, by the way, if you should just happen to have any of those things we used to ask for around, and you can't think of anything to do with them, well, of course, we wouldn't mind, Santa—not in the least—your remembering us.

Merry Christmas, Santa!

Norma Griffiths.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

Oct. 8-15—Membership week in Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood. Oct. 15 saw a 100% enrolment—and five unknown pagan babies on their way to being ransomed.

Oct. 22—Games, with attractive prizes as stimuli, and an inviting Refreshments Sale, brought a considerable sum for our school war effort.

Oct. 23—The Living Rosary for "Peace with Justice."

Oct. 23-24-25—Triduum of Masses and Holy Communions in honour of Christ the King.

Nov. 3—Everyone at her best! Distribution of House ribbons, by Mother Superior, at Assembly.

Nov. 4—A farewell programme to Rev. Francis Mulkern. With grateful hearts we wish Father every success in his new parish, St. Clare's, Windsor.

Nov. 12—Interesting picture and talk on China by Rev. John McIver of Scarboro Foreign Missions, gave us new zest in our missionary work.

Nov. 27—Opening of new Sodality Pamphlet Library, with Chairman of Literary Committee as Librarian.

Dec. 6-7-8—Triduum of Masses and Holy Communions in honour of Mary Immaculate, as a Christmas gift for our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII.

Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The following were received into the Sodality:

Marie Bannon, Jean Duggan, Jean Flanigan, Merlyn Melvin, Virginia McNamara, Frances Kelly, Inez Whaling. Rev. Doctor Flannery, of St. Peter's Seminary, London, spoke inspiringly of our Blessed Lady, our model.

Dec. 18—Successful production of "The Star of Christ." The curtain comes down on a beautiful tableau which puts the audience in the Christmas spirit.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Sept. 9—Registration Day! Old friendships renewed, new ones cultivated.

Sept. 14—First day of school. Girls discuss vacation activities, particularly the Summer School of Catholic Action.

Sept. 17—First Press Club meeting. Our theme this year is to be "Catholicism and Americanism." Following officers elected: President, Jean Manix; Vice-President, Patricia Grace; Secretary, Marilyn Rogers; Treasurer, Gloria O'Grady. The Editor of the "Lorelei," Margaret Egan; Associate Editor, Rita Doyle; Make-up Editor, Therese Faupel; Exchange Editor, Jean Schubert.

Sept. 21—L.A.A.'s activities, carefully planned, are now progressing nicely. Elections were held with the following results: President, Florentine Scully; Vice-President, Jean Manix; Secretary, Rita Boyle; Treasurer, Margie Egner. The members discussed plans for hikes, basketball competitions, and bowling parties; all anticipate a year of athletic and social advantages.

Sept. 29—Initiation Day. Loretto students pronounced this the mildest Initiation ever sponsored—this, to the elation of the Freshmen, and the discomfiture of the Seniors, who doubtless had had more exciting plans concerning their Freshies.

Oct. 1—The city-wide scrap drive opened. Loretto girls, patriotically co-operating to the limit of their abilities, have appointed a chairman in each room. The infectious enthusiasm of the girls promises a successful campaign.

Oct. 2—First Friday. Entire student body, as is the custom, attended Mass and received Communion.

Oct. 5—The First meeting of the Senior Sodality was held with the new officers presiding: Prefect, Rita Sullivan; Vice-Prefect, Marion Masters; Secretary, Marilyn Rogers; Treasurer, Patricia Mulloy; E.O.L. Chairman, Rosemary Sullivan; Apostolic Chairman, Marjorie Cunningham; Literature Chairman, Patricia Purcell; Social Action Chairman, Jean Manix. Plans were discussed for the coming year. The meeting was adjourned with Prayer for World Peace.

Oct. 9—The L.A.A. enjoyed a hike to Dan Ryan's Woods. Science students found the woods replete with objects of interest, and collected many leaves which now repose in their scrap-books.

Oct. 16—The Sodality of Our Lady had a merry skating party this afternoon.

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Oct. 23—L.A.A. held a bowling party at Leo Bowling Alley this evening.

Oct. 6—The new officers of the Lor-Chem (Chemistry Club) elected at the meeting to-day were: President, Patricia Purcell; Secretary, Marilyn Rogers; Treasurer, Gloria O'Grady; Vice-President, Joan Cahill. The Lor-Chem intends to devote time and energies to projects of a patriotic nature, and is now affiliated with the Science Clubs of America, a national organization.

Oct. 8—Brother George Schuster gave an inspiring talk this afternoon on "Living Catholic Authors."

Officers of the Junior Sodality are: Prefect, Phyllis Corrigan; Assistant Prefect, Rita Rose Ryan; Secretary, Mary McGuire; Treasurer, Nancy Holzhall; Chairman Apostolic Committee, Marion Grady; Co-Chairman, Geraldine McFadden; Eucharistic Our Lady Chairman, Rita McGrail; Co-Chairman, Patricia Stedman; Social Action Chairman, Marguerite Kuhn; Assistant, Shirley Collins; Literature Chairman, Dolores Linden; Co-Chairman, Barbara Battle.

Nov. 2—Sister St. Bernard, one of the Maryknoll nuns stationed in Singapore during the Jap invasion, gave an entertaining and timely talk this afternoon. The descriptions of heart-rending conditions in China were a poignant plea for aid to the missions.

Nov. 13—The Pumpkin Promenade, the Sodality dance, was held this evening in St. Bernard's Lyceum. Our Lady was honoured with prayer and song during the evening.

Nov. 16—Father Carty, writer of "Radio Replies" and a noted street-preacher, gave an entertaining and instructive talk this afternoon.

Nov. 19—An eminent member of the "Missions of America" spoke this afternoon on the American missions in the Western States.

Nov. 23—Anita Schwaighart, Junior, has merited admittance into the "Living Cross," an organization founded to promote the spiritual welfare of our Armed Forces.

Mrs. Hughes, a noted lecturer, gave a book review of "The Song of Bernadette," this afternoon, in the Lyceum.

Dec. 10—To-day, Feast of Our Lady of Loretto, the Press Club held its annual luncheon. Maureen Daly, young columnist on the Chicago Tribune, and author of "Seventeenth Summer," was guest of honor. After the luncheon Miss Dorothy Kennedy, Loretto Alumna, and teacher of Home Economics, initiated the new members of Quill and Scroll (the national Honor Society of High School Journalists), into the Society. After the presentation of membership cards and medals to Margaret Egan, Rita Boyle, Gloria O'Grady and Anita Schwaighart, Miss Daly spoke of her duties as a reporter and columnist. The entire student body attended the presentation and talk.

Dec. 15—To-night we students offered homage to the King of the world, as we marched through the school hall, singing Christmas hymns and carols and offering a gift at His crib, for the

poor. The Loretto Dramatic Club presented the Christmas play, "Gloria," to a capacity audience. Gloria O'Grady.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

Oct.—With the strains of square dance music in the air, the Junior Jamboree was opened in true Harvest Party fashion. Agatha Cole was crowned Harvest Queen, and Jeanette Boucher was promptly made the proud possessor of an honest-to-goodness live turkey, bent on increasing the merriment of the evening by escaping several times from his improvised cage. Supper was served, with enough food to satisfy even seventy ravenous students. Song and night prayers closed a most enjoyable evening.

Nov. 25—School dismissed for the annual Thanksgiving holidays.

Dec. 4-11—With gay Christmas carols on their

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lips, the members of Loretto Glee Club set out, despite falling snow and freezing weather, to serenade the citizens of Sault Ste. Marie while they pursued their Christmas shopping.

Dec. 18—Winter was officially ushered in by the first winter issue of our "Loretto Saulteur."

Dec. 20—The annual Christmas entertainment was presented by Loretto High School in the assembly room of the Academy. Five tableaux, depicting the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary, were presented, with members of the Senior Class taking the principal parts.

Dec. 21—In the form of a real birthday celebration was the Christmas party sponsored by the Social Action committee of our Sodality. After the delightful evening, all agreed that it was a fitting birthday tribute to Him Who is the centre of Christmastide.

**LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK
 AVENUE.**

Sept. 22—A characteristically happy and forceful talk by Rev. Father Lord, S.J., on the elusive topic, "Personality." We received many helpful and practical suggestions, by which we hope to improve our respective personalities, beginning here and now.

Oct. 14—It was our privilege to have a lecture by Very Rev. Father McDonagh, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, who has recently returned from a tour of Western Canada as far as the Pacific. His vivid portrayal of conditions under which the priests on the Western Missions are carrying on their apostolic work for souls made us all eager to assist, in the way Father McDonagh suggested, namely, by prayer, and charity of the kind that really means personal sacrifice.

Our Grade XI. at present is leading in successful effort to assist the missions. Congratulations, XI! We are following up!

Oct. 25—Rev. Father Sharkey, of Scarborough Missions, Toronto, had a host of interesting facts to tell us about the Missions which our Catholic priests have in far-off China.

Our November and December monthly Sodality meetings were made particularly interesting by Rev. Father Fleming's conferences.

December has brought us many incidental pleasures, amongst them the coloured slides giving us the beautiful story of The Other Wise Man; a charming play by one of the H. S. grades; a choice programme of Christmas songs and recitations by Grades VII and VIII; and The St. Michael's College Players' play, "The Late Christopher Bean."

NEW YEAR WISH



Keep bright your smile
 Upon life's way,
Keep high your thoughts,
 From day to day,
Keep fast your faith
 In all things true,
And friendship's joy
 Will cling to you.
Be just yourself—
 A soul of cheer—
My wishes these
 Through this New Year!

KATHLEEN A. SULLIVAN

Heartfelt thanks are extended to all literary contributors to

THE LORETTO RAINBOW

Also, to all who are assisting us in publishing it—our subscribers, advertisers, and thoughtful donors.



All are daily remembered in prayer.



1903

Dedication
of
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is reverently and gratefully made
to
Saint Joseph,
Patron of the Universal
Church

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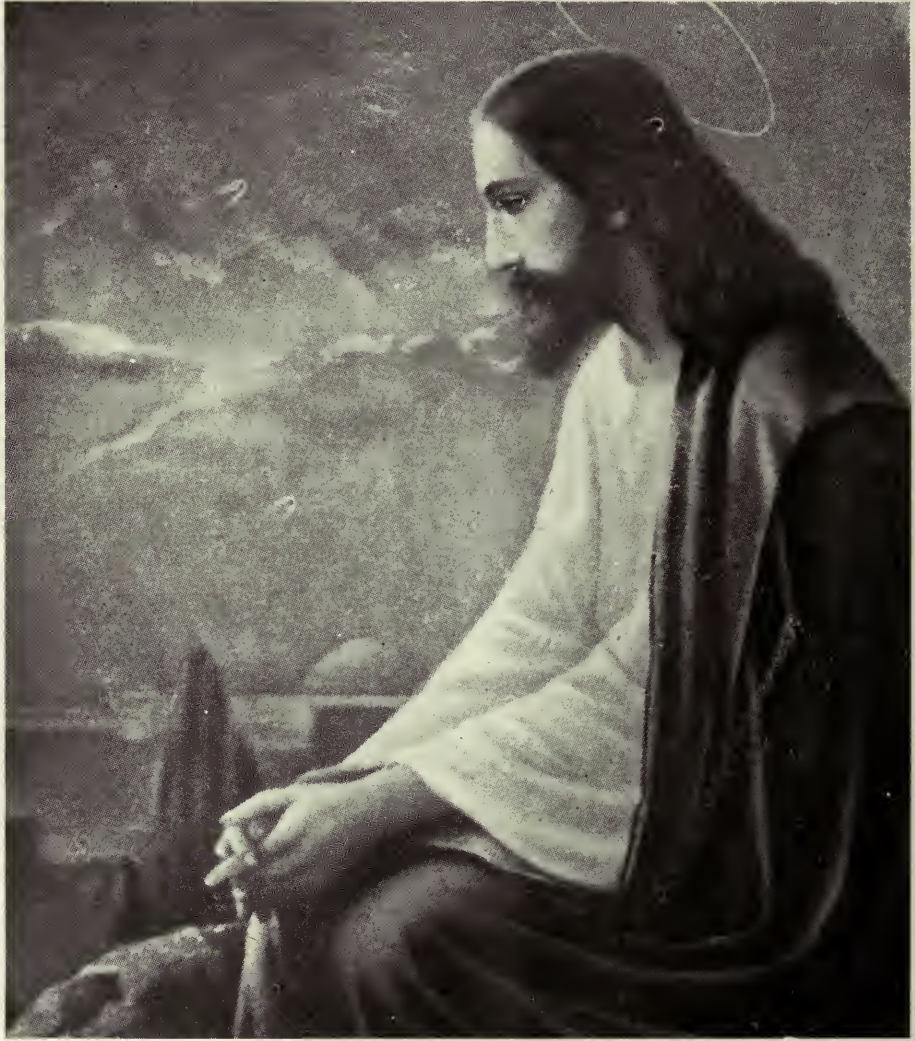
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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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He came unto His own
And His own received Him not.

ST. JOHN, I, 11.



Perfect in Infirmy^{*}

THE charity of Christ is gently frail,
 So meek and lowly He: and yet, 'tis strange,
 This gossamer-like love, floating, should trail
 Unbreakably round hearts within its range.
 This tiny spark of love that, flickering, faints
 Upon the Cross—how comes it, it should rage,
 A fire unquenchable, so that Saints
 Pass an enkindled torch from age to age?

Sad unto death; by some sweet irony
 His sigh creates our joy, knowing we're given
 One like ourselves, Who fought the tyranny
 Of grief, and led it captive into Heaven.
 At last, His love was parched, from all its strife;
 'Twas then He said, "I thirst"; yet this dark drought
 Is but an ocean-bed, from which there spout
 Prismatic founts of everlasting life.

Teach us Thy candour, Christ! Thou hadst no pride,
 But owned to fear; cried easily; wast weak;
Thy habit was to **show** the thing **we hide**,
 The blameless trembling of a heart that's meek.
 Dear Jesus, give me truth; simplicity
 To show myself; a gift of tears; lament
 That comforts others by acknowledgment—
 Virtues made perfect in infirmity!

—John P. Murphy.

* In *The Pylon*, '37

The Palio

It was our eleventh visit to Italy, and as yet we had not seen one of its greatest sources of interest to the traveller—The Palio. It is all the more alluring because it is not especially an attraction for the tourist but a native entertainment. The reason we had lazily permitted year after year to pass with the resolve "that we would go to see the Palio on our next trip," was because the weather in that part of Italy becomes uncomfortably warm at the season when the Palio takes place, viz.: July 2nd and August 15th. June, 1933, found us in Florence and as some friends were going to Siena to see the Palio we decided to fulfil our long cherished desire and go also. We were advised to spend several days previous to the race in Siena to see the preparation and get the atmosphere of the place and feast. Armed with letters of introduction to members of the Piccolomini family and other charming people we set out for Siena which was situated 31 miles south of Florence; the trip was made by auto and took 1½ hours, though one could spend days en route, if one paused to visit places of historic interest and works of Art which are to be found in almost every mile of that beautiful part of Italy. We had engaged rooms in the Palazzo Ravizza and were soon comfortably settled and ready to enjoy the ten days we planned to remain. There is no other place in the world where one may lay hand so palpably on the Middle Ages as Siena. The Architecture, the customs, the very people have a touch of by-gone days. For upwards of 400 years the little Tuscan City has been organized, as it is now, in *Contrade* or Wards, each a distinct and separate entity, though part of the common life; each clings to its own individual traditions, its own loves and hates, and is ever ready to rally to the same flag and colors it has cherished for centuries. This gives Siena a characteristic atmosphere which more than anything else, save its Art, has contributed to centre upon it the continued interest of the traveller.

The Palio is a remarkable manifestation of that keen, burning rivalry, which has existed since the inception of the *Contrade* and which time and the passing of events have been unable to allay.

In seeking the origin of this unique horse-race we must revert to the zest for sport, the spirit of gallant contest and the love for pomp and

display so prevalent in the Middle Ages. The most remote records of Siena tell of joustings and tournaments. The coming of illustrious visitors was ever the occasion for festivals of this nature. We read as far back as 1225 a "noble and fair tilt" took place outside of Porta Camollia. In spite of other sports, there are evidences a-plenty that even in early times horse-racing was a favourite pastime of the Sienese. It has been proved beyond any doubt that the Palio was introduced to celebrate a religious festival because it takes place on two Feasts of the Blessed Virgin, and The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin is the image which is portrayed on the banner presented to the victor.

The first Palio took place on the Campo in 1605, and has been regularly scheduled since 1651. In its present form with all the *Contrade* represented and the distance established at three times around the big square or Piazza Del Campo (or, as it is now called, Piazza Vittorio Emanuele) which was mentioned by Dante. It is the largest piazza in Italy, semi-circular in form, depressed towards the centre, resembling an ancient theatre, it is surrounded by massive, stone buildings. Some of them are the most ancient and finest in the city, such as the Palazzo Publico a huge four-storied edifice built of brick and travertine in 1289-1305. The interior is a veritable museum of Art. It is embellished with numerous frescoes of the Sienese School. A whole volume could be written about this one building; its Art, Architecture and history, and it is only one of many which adorn this interesting spot where the popular assemblies and festivals take place. In spite of its beauty and historical interest. Piazza Vittorio Emanuele is unsuited to horse-racing because of its hard, slippery, stone pavement and the sharp turns in the circular course, the most perilous of which is called S. Martino; here and at other dangerous turns, bulwarks of mattresses and bags of sand are piled up to prevent serious injuries in the frequent "spills" that occur, for the Italian people are ever kindly and humane.

At one time Siena's 17 *Contrade* all took part in the race, each entering one horse—but owing to the frequency of serious accidents caused by the overcrowding of the rather limited race course in the Piazza, the number of contestants is now limited to ten. Seven of the *Contrade*

are privileged and run by "right," as they express it, while others are drawn by lot. Three days before the Meet some 20 horses voluntarily contributed by private individuals are tried out. The ten most evenly matched are selected; and on the eve of the race the *Contrade* Captains gather at the Palazzo and draw lots for them; the riders take possession at once and adjourn to the Campo for a practice gallop. The horses, excited by the noisy, crowded surroundings, become restive and almost unmanageable, rearing, backing, kicking, bolting and causing general pandemonium. Gradually men and mounts become better acquainted, and eventually they come to a mutual understanding.

The morning of the race, Mass is said in the little votive chapel in the Piazza; it is crowded with men and over their heads may be seen the ten riders, in full colors, kneeling shoulder to shoulder in front of the altar. Later in the day the horses are taken to the Cathedral and to various churches or chapels in the *Contrada* to which they belong, where they are blessed; each one is led up the main aisle by the rider himself. Candles are lighted upon the altar. The chaplain appears with surplice and stole over his cassock and reads in Latin a blessing, then holy water is poured over the horse's head. These are some of the events which constitute the atmosphere which we were advised to see.

The race takes place at 5 p.m. Owing to the crowds which fill the city, from 2 p.m. no autos or carriages are permitted on any street near the Piazza.—Our party was invited to a four o'clock Tea in a home some distance from the Piazza; not being a good walker, the writer elected to go to her reserved seat which was on a balcony of a Palazzo facing the Piazza, determined to put in the three hours wait as patiently as possible. I did not count on the interesting character of the Italian people.—The seats erected on the sidewalks up against the fronts of the buildings were the cheaper ones. To see the ingenuity which husband and wife, and at times even a small child, used to see the race and pay only for one seat was astonishing. The husband sat on the seat, the wife on his lap and she held the child. One can imagine the perplexity of the usher to get these extra guests placed, especially, when and if, occupants of adjoining seats objected to the crowding; but Italians are accustomed to large families and limited living quarters, besides they are understanding and generous, so the "seating" was eventually arranged to the satisfaction of all: with such unusual and entertaining scenes going on beneath me and in full

view, time passed so rapidly that my "Teasing friends" arrived all too soon.

Now the great moment has come. A bugle announces the procession. Each *Contrada* formed a separate group which was preceded by a drum major who set the pace—for these *Contrade* to appear in full regalia on momentous occasions has been the custom since the 16th Century. Each still displays the gorgeous costumes of that period and bears the *Contrada* banner, emblazoned with its arm device, such as the Lion, the Caterpillar, the Goose, the Ram, etc.; these are some of the names given to the *Contrade*, for what reason we could not ascertain.

Behind the drum major marched two ensign bearers followed by the Captain of the quarters in full armor attended by four escorts. Next came a page in gorgeous raiment bearing the *Contrada* standard, a great banner of silk and velvet embroidered in gold with the armorials of the district. Then came a palafreniero leading the *Contrada* racer handsomely caparisoned and plumed, followed by the chosen rider mounted on a charger and magnificently dressed in green velvet slashed with white satin. Vermilion undersleeves and vest, with feathered cap; he looked like a vision of the past enacted before us in some magic way.

The ten *Contrade* having candidates for the Palio headed the procession. In between them at intervals marched the chief magistrate of Siena, supreme arbiter of all factional strife, then the city officers. Last of all came a large, flat chariot drawn by four beautiful, white Tuscan oxen with lovely soft, pink eyes. At the head of each walked a page dressed in red velvet; knee breeches and jacket, with a jaunty cap adorned with a white ostrich plume, finished his costume. The chariot is gorgeously decorated and, high above all, waves the lovely banner which is to be presented to the winner. The beating of drums announces that the riders are mounted. A sharp crack of a pistol and the race begins. The riders ride bare back and sit as if part of the horses, knees tight, bodies swaying nimbly, arms waving the wicked whips which administer blows right and left; sparks and sand fly from the horses' hoofs; 50,000 people lean forward thrilled and expectant. Three times they dash around the Piazza; one feels the intense tension, then a thundering roar of mingled triumph and bitter disappointment fills the air. Hurriedly the Victor is led before the judges to receive their congratulations while the excited crowd surges around the chariot with lusty cries of "Palio! Palio!" The coveted banner is carried through the streets in triumph and

finally deposited in the Church of the Victorious Contrada, to remain there until the next race.

The shades of evening are well gathered before the last echo of the race is spent; then begins the most delightful and peaceful enjoyment of all in the cool of the starlit skies. The city has been decorated with banners and lights. Tables are set upon the sidewalks and all the available vacant spaces. Every inhabitant seems to be out of doors, dining or sitting at table with family or friends, sipping a glass of wine. The young people gather in neighbourhood groups to dance to the strains of music from an "organino," or perhaps a violin. Other groups

are singing snatches from the operas, or the tuneful, Italian street songs. In the Victorious Contrada, the illuminations are more beautiful. Bands play and the spirit of festivity is at its highest. We lingered for a time to enjoy the festive scene and then reluctantly told our "cocchiere" to return to the hotel; mingled with our happiness was a feeling of sadness and regret that such an interesting day was over and one more Palio had passed into history.

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

St. Patrick's Prayer

A master-hand sweeps o'er the strings
Of Life's rich harp and, wondrous sweet,
The music of that life is waked
In pulsings evermore to beat.

O Erin! Holy land of saint,
Of hero, sage, and minstrel grey,
Awaiting touch of master-hand
To wake its chords, thy spirit lay

'Neath Druid spell: And, save the gleam
Of Baal-fire flashed from oak-crowned height,
No ray shot through the pagan gloom,
To pierce the darkness of thy night.

Lift up thy gaze, O Land of Eire!
See whence cometh help! O'er thy green hills
Hope's star is beaming. Lo, one comes—
With Faith, with Love, his bosom thrills.

From lone Croagh-Patrick's summit hoar
His prayer ascends: "Into my hand
The fate of Erin's children give,
O, Holy God! and bless this land.

"That, like to him who, 'neath the Cross,
Beside Christ's Mother faithful stood,
Her sons may stand, fate-firm, and true
To Him Who died on Holy Rood.

"Be mine to strike the answering chords
Of her Life's Harp, that, unto Thee,
Through weal or woe, its strains may rise
To praise Thy Name eternally!"

In joy of answered prayer he stands,
And blesses Ireland. Thro' all time
Thy sons, O Eire! shall keep the Faith,
And bear it unto every clime!

From shore to shore of that blest Isle,
Glad chants arise from holy fane;



St. Patrick.

And Faith's grand hymn finds echo clear,
In exiled hearts beyond the main.

St. Patrick still wakes Ireland's Harp;
The Master-hand still sweeps the strings.—
Evoking richest harmonies
From holiest depths of hidden springs

In Irish hearts. Where'er they be,
On Emerald shore, on alien strand,
They throb for aye with changeless love—
For Ireland, Faith, and God, they stand.

M. Athanasia, I.B.V.M.



ST. JOSEPH'S SHRINE, MONTREAL.

The Miracle Man

(Frère André)

There is a city where a million souls
For commerce meet, in devious paths, or straight,
By night and day, patient or passionate,
To help or hinder—wise, less wise, and fools.
Here, one, by force, or skill, or law, controls
A thousand who, in durance, work and wait;
Another, in seclusion, still more great,
Poet or prophet, some new dream unrolls;

But one, unlettered, humble, poor, unknown,
High on the hill-top, serving carefully,
Coveting nothing, counting this alone
Of worth, to love his Master prayerfully,
Was greater than these all; and now, in stone,
A temple spells his immortality.

—Lily E. F. Barry.

Sketches

THE SEA.

The sea to-day in silver splendor lies,
Her million million wavelets laugh and leap;
She has forgotten Priam's argosies
And young Leander, wrapt in dreamless
sleep.

The sea is old and like the ancient stars,
An ageless beauty robes her throbbing
breast;

For her, Earth's dynasties and avatars
Pass by, like foam upon a wave's green crest.

The sea to-day tells deathless tales, and sweet,
Of coral, pearls, and sea-weed like the rose;
She has forgotten great Achilles' fleet,
And lost Atlantis, where her gray shroud
flows.

To-day she laughs beneath the sapphire skies,
And, half-asleep, eroons tender lullabies.

—Aline Michaelis.

THE HOARDER.

She will not spend for foolish things, not she,
And so she hoards her wealth with jealous
care—

One should be frugal in all pleasures, be
Content to save, and in small ways to fare;
And so she keeps aloof from tempting things—
No foolish baubles will decrease her store—
And round her life a shielding mien she flings,
Which shows her penury of joy the more.

For far from her are books and works of art,
And thus for her no soul-delighting feast;
With things of beauty she can have no part,
And pity's whispers long in her have ceased.
With no more feeling than in senseless stone,
She guards herself, but walks through life—
alone.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

A MILE ACROSS THE CITY.

Have you ever been out of work? Then you must be a good walker. Have you ever suffered a long drawn out illness? Then you know what it means to be lonely. Did you ever feel a heartache—if you know what I mean? Then you will listen with understanding. If you are in these ways experienced, just slacken your pace a little and let me keep up with you as you saunter on.

I've just come out of the antique jewellery shop and will be glad to walk a mile with you, if we are going the same direction. The jeweller proved a most interesting man. I wish you had heard us talking philosophy, politics and ritual. He decided the moment I entered the shop exactly how my little keepsake should be mounted to be suitable to adorn a woman of my contours. Yes, I am getting fleshy—that's why I decided to walk. In fact on my way back I intend to call in for a skirt that has been let out three inches in the seams. I must really take steps to reduce. No pun was intended. It's a natural. He, I mean the jeweller, has taste and discernment. There is no conversation more suitable to a shop full of heirlooms and trinkets to be sold than philosophy, politics and ritual. The entire stock represents the scrapping of the lovely formality of social life. Is it not fitting to inquire into the subtle

influences at work in the minds of those guiding the destiny of Europe? They are the sinister cause of jewellery shops being inundated with treasured brooches, ear-rings, and hall-marked silver. The pity of it! There I didn't mean to talk about antiques; but that man was quite clever. He let me look around at all these things that were some woman's most cherished possessions, far, far more precious than the dollars for which she must sell them.

Ritual and the worship behind it, philosophy that surmounts misfortune, that is the talk for a vendor of antiques. He knew the proper way to set my little golden treasure that will, may I hope, never find its way to a second-hand dealer, but will lie securely in a jewel box, a memory to the aunt who first wore it, cherished by the rising generation for the beauty of its rare design. That is the fate I plan for the trinket expertly disposed of by this man of judgment. We did not speak of that other ritual of the formal setting of tea and dinner table when women adorned with their treasures might enjoy the pleasures of society. We knew that ten o'clock Monday morning was not the most acceptable time to exchange comments on the influences undermining the nice adjustments of society.

I am very glad to be walking along with such

a good listener. Going through the park we see uniforms everywhere. All the University buildings are full of soldiers learning the grim science of war. When the only girl walking near the colleges inquired of us where one particular college is located, she could probably not have accosted more uninformed pedestrians anywhere in the city. After all, she will have to inquire her way of one of the uninformed students in evidence everywhere. It is still Canada we live in, and such inquiry will be politely answered.

Though the park is cool, it is pleasant to get out of it to the shop neighbourhood teeming with variety, and many nationalities can be observed in living cartoons. Up a shady street comes a dog with a parcel in his mouth. It looks about the size of two pounds of steak being brought home for the family dinner. It is the most reliable looking dog I have ever seen, yet it is not likely anybody would trust him with steak. Think of the fight he might get into with hungry dogs even if he restrained his own appetite. As he observes our interest, he discreetly gets close to the girl who is with him. The parcel is a trifle too smooth for meat and is likely dry goods of some sort.

We are passing what is probably a Synagogue, or possibly the Ukrainian Church. The script in stone indicates an Eastern denomination and the little boy on the temple steps favours the Ukrainian characteristics of light hair and fair skin. Jews with the same fatherland may take colour from their surroundings. There is no doubt about the usefulness of the brass railing down the centre of the steps, as the lad turns a complete somersault over it and, when once more right side up — straightens himself up and smiles at us. He views those passing, who are of his own age and similar complexion, with the assurance of one on his own ground. The exigency of Monday morning has relieved him of the watchful eye of parents who most certainly would not permit somersaults at the very door of their sacred edifice, so he looks on the throng of passersby with that lofty air of patronage which the meekest church members assume on the steps of their own church.

A fair-haired woman, with a stout child riding a triecyle, looks askance at us, no doubt suspecting us of being *Neighbourhood Visitors*, spelled with capitals, who want to advise her on the raising of what appears to me to be a remarkably healthy child.

And now for another interview. A street crossing lies between me and the building I've tracked down by careful observation of store

numbers. We halt for the red light which is to the pedestrian what the chain is to lock-stepping convicts. We go so far with unflagging and unflinching pace, and then comes the pause, wrenching our sinews, wearying our nerves.

The crossing made, the interview over, it is time to consider boarding a street car to return. I had been received with the courteous smile of those who welcome the interviewing public. At the end of the interview I could have wished I were ten years younger, ten per cent more alert and ten degrees better equipped for the business of living. All these regrets merged into one futile sigh for a camera when I saw before me on the sidewalk three darky children. The homely word "darky" expresses the intimacy of the scene. Why should I regret a camera? After all, a good pen and ink artist could do them for you. Two boys, possibly twins, typically perfect from their kinky hair and shiny black faces to the rippling muscles of their black legs were holding the hands of a pretty black baby girl who must stretch her short legs to keep pace with the stalwart guardians towering above her diminutive stature.

So intent were they on their task, so smoothly rippled the muscles as the trio stepped along that they were completely oblivious of observation. Their common interest in making the baby sister walk invited no greeting, but I said "Halloa!" I said it not as one talking down to the level of children but rather as one envying that happy stage of existence. They were so absorbed that they did not reply at once, but as I passed them one said to his probable twin, "That girl said 'Halloa' to us."

The implied inference of the remark—their generous gift of renewed youth—buoyed me up, so that I stepped lightly onto the street car, returning home to eat a hearty lunch.

A Pedestrian.

VICTORY

Faith's triumph note swells out anew
 With the crowning of Lent by Eastertide;
 Morning's imperled with spring-time dew;
 A bird's note ringeth on every side;
 Hope wingeth wide, as a breeze o'er the plain,
 And the magic of Youth returns again.

For what are earth's joys compared to this:—
 The peace of the soul on Communion morn,
 The seal on the heart as of God's sweet kiss,
 And the treasure of Love within us born?
 We then, rise, too, like the Lord of light,
 Over worldly things, and are fair in His sight.

F. B. Fenton.



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.

UNFORGOTTEN DAYS.

When I look back on my school days it is like looking back on another world, a world that only remotely resembles this present one. Unknown to most of us, that old world was dying for years, but it required the conflagration of 1914 to make us realize that a new one was rising from the ashes of the old. At the risk of being dubbed an old-timer, however, let me say here and now I am glad I can remember that pleasant, unhurried time when the days seemed always long and sunny; when living costs were low; when manners were in the grand manner; dress was elegant, if less practical; a lady was obviously a lady; and gentlemen wearing silk hats and frock coats to their offices were commonplace sights in tramears drawn by beautifully matched horses.

Automobiles were still rather terrifying

things—likely to blow up as soon as they came abreast of any mother's child! Our old Mary Anne used to warn us each day as we set out for school, "Now, if anny of ye see wan of them moether cars comin' along the sthreet, in the name of God go inside a garden gate an' shut it till the car passes!" I don't ever remember obeying her admonitions to get inside a gate except on one occasion, and that was to escape a runaway horse.

Our home was in Sandymount on the south side of Dublin Bay. Sandymount was at one time a seaside resort, but eventually, as the city grew, it became a suburb. It was a sleepy old place with a village green where children played and nursemaids watched their charges. As far as I know, its only claims to fame were a martello tower on the sea front, dating from Elizabethan times; a protestant church reputed to be

the first built, as such, in Eire; and the fact that it was the birthplace of William Butler Yeats.

The church, supposed to be built soon after the Reformation, was adorned with gargoyles, and because of these, I suppose, was known to the local urchins as the "Church of the Seven Devils!" The legend was that if you ran around it seven times at dusk without stopping, you would meet the Old Boy, face to face, at the close of the seventh round. I never remember hearing of anyone who finished the seventh round.

The house where Yeats was born was at the end of our block. I remember when I was a small girl, my mother pointed it out to me. At the time, I had never heard of Yeats, and asked her who he was. "He is a young poet," she said, "and some day will be a great poet." Then she recited in her beautifully modulated voice (she had a perfectly trained contralto), "I will arise and go, and go now to Innisfree."

To get back to Elizabethan times for a moment. Not far from Sandymount, between it and the city, is Ringsend, once a pretty fishing village and the headquarters of a trawling fleet. Here Elizabeth's favorite, Essex, landed to subdue the Irish; and from here he set sail for England, to end his career on the block. Remember the movie, "Elizabeth and Essex?" Remember Elizabeth and Essex, by all means—but, by all means, forget Hollywood's portrayal of The O'Neill. The Irish chieftan was brought up at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and history tells us, "no pains were spared with his education. He had the best of tutors to attend upon him, and above all, he was assiduously trained in court finesse." Hollywood experts, after months of alleged research, pictured the courtly northern Irish prince as a beefy bumpkin with an exaggerated *southern* brogue. Ah, Hollywood!

Time passed and I was old enough to take the tram (electric, by this) to school—the school being Loretto Convent on St. Stephen's Green, better known as "Loretto on the Green." I usually took the same tram each morning, and it generally carried the same group of people who travelled as punctually as myself. One in particular stands out in my memory. He was Sir John O'Connell, a lawyer, well known in the social life of the city and for his interest in art. He always had a gracious smile and bow for the children who travelled regularly on the same tram with him. I liked to watch the play of expression on his face as he chatted with friends en route to work. A plain man as to features, his eyes were remarkable—clear and luminous. I have seen

eyes like his in two paintings—one, of the Little Flower, and one, of Mother Cabrini. When Sir John's wife died some years later, he disposed of his art collection, wound up his affairs, and joined the Benedictine Order. At the time of the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin I saw a newspaper photo of him, very little changed, but wearing clerical dress instead of the formal business attire which I recall.

Others I remember on those school journeys were prominent in the professional, business, or cultural life of the city, or "just folks"—Mr. Commissioner Lynch, like a rosy country squire, with white side whiskers and square top hat, sitting erect, hands clasped on his stiek on his way to work—at eighty; Sir Alfred Callaghan, commonly known as "Nosey" because of his most prominent feature—the Beau Brummel of the tram-car; Lady Gregory, Tim Healy, Peter, the Paeker, with his cynical, bitter face; Eudymion, (one of Dublin's "caràckters") with his umbrella, his sword, and his terrific dignity.

Those were the days when one tram might, and sometimes did, carry the combined genius of Dr. Douglas Hyde; William Butler Yeats, "A.E.", (Russell); and James Stephens. But more often I saw Yeats walking, his overcoat flying open, his hands clasping the walking stiek behind his back. With his chin in the air and eyes looking off into the distance, he strode along, oblivious of passersby, a lock of unruly hair falling over one temple from under a broad-brimmed black hat.

The way to school took us along one side of Merrion Square, past the railed central enclosure with its velvety lawns, winding walks, and famous pink and white hawthorn trees that made the square a fragrant bouquet in early summer. Here the Loretto girls got off the tram and began the remaining quarter mile journey to the Green. In those youthful days, in our hurry to be on time for school we gave only occasional thought to the famous names whose owners once lived in the tall Georgian houses we passed en route.

At No. 58 Merrion Square, once lived Daniel O'Connell. I felt more than a mere historic interest in this fact, because our good old Mary Anne had actually seen The Liberator, and heard him speak when she was a girl of thirteen or fourteen. With the vivid memory of the illiterate, she was able to describe him accurately seventy-five years later. We never knew her exact age, but she must have been at least one hundred years old when she died—a saint if ever there was one.

No. 1 Merrion Square was the home of Osear Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde. His father,

Sir William Wilde, M.D., was a distinguished antiquarian and his mother, Lady Wilde, was well known under the pen name of *Speranza*. On we hurried, past stately Leinster House, a building said to have been the architect Hoban's inspiration when he designed the White House at Washington, D.C. Nearby, at 24 Upper Merriou Street, Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, (The Iron Duke) was born. It was a brother of the Duke, the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who married in 1825 at Dublin, a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

As we took a short cut through that old-fashioned nook, Ely Place, we passed No. 4, where once lived John Philpott Curran, known in his youth as "Stuttering" Jack Curran, until he cured himself of stammering by constantly declaiming Shakespeare before a mirror. The words of the song, "She is far from the land," always came to my mind as I passed, for up the steps of this old house many times went none other than Robert Emmet, and in fancy I could see Sarah Curran watching for his coming, from behind the curtains of an upper drawing-room.

By now, we are on the Green with its lovely little public park, where rare water-fowl live and thrive in the lagoon. The Green has been long in existence, and has survived many vicissitudes. Between 1722 and 1735, it was known as "a place where the nobility of Dublin take the air in their carriages." But by 1765 it had slipped off the lowest rung of the social ladder, and was used as a public execution ground. At still another time, it served as a paddock for the Lord Mayor's horses and cows. As I remember it, however, it was a dignified city square with many of the old Georgian houses interspersed with more modern ones, but not so modern as to destroy the eighteenth century atmosphere of Dublin's fair city.

Loretto Convent itself began life as one of these Georgian houses, but its newer buildings behind the original house, were large and spacious, with a fine gymnasium, science rooms, class rooms, etc. Far in from the street, hemmed in by tall houses, was, as I remember it, a lovely little field with a century-old tree or two—survivals of the time when the country was not so very far from the heart of the city.

In those days, school uniforms were not compulsory, but by popular taste we wore what was practically a uniform—navy blue sailor dresses of fine wool serge. The skirts were pleated as finely as a Highlander's kilt, with three or four rows of narrow white braid set close together about three inches above the hem. The blouse

was trimmed with braid, on cuffs and collar, and was worn with a white dicky, like the English sailor's.

Of the nuns I remember—first, of course, was Mother Cyril, who always reminded me of the young Queen Victoria. Although small she had tremendous presence. Sister Mary Kotska was our art teacher, a bluff, hearty sort of person, and an excellent instructor. Art was my favorite subject. We learned French and German from Sister Martina, a Viennese. For gym we had a secular teacher. In addition to ordinary callisthenics, we had bar-bell, dumb-bell, Indian-club, and skipping-rope drills; once a year we gave a display for admiring friends and relatives.

One very old nun always "kept an eye on us" at lunch-time. She was Sister Francesca (sur-reptitiously known as "Frank").

Alas, for lady-like behavior! We sometimes mystified her by sleight of hand pranks.

One other Sister I remember distinctly, Sister Mary di Pazzi. In present day parlance she would be called a dynamic personality but, in her case, the dynamo was under perfect control. It was in her history class that I achieved a "triumph," when I was the only girl able to answer the question, "Why did the Romans leave Britain?" After that I was expected to know all the answers to English history and to keep up with my reputation I had to do a lot of cramming out of season.

Those were simple days, but happy ones, and I treasure every memory of them. This present age and its inventions—radio, automobiles, airplanes—are thrilling and wonderful, indeed; and they are as nothing compared to what the future holds for us; still—I am glad I can look back to a time very different from our present day existence—a time before Time learned to fly.

Elizabeth M. Doyle,
Loretto Alumna.

OF A CHURCH I KNEW.

On a small side street in the suburbs of Edinburgh, stands a picturesque, old, Catholic church. Rather small, architecturally attractive, and with gray, ivy-covered walls, it was for me a picture come to life. Its interior is cool and comforting: Indeed, a cloak of contentment seems to cover the shoulders of every person who enters this hallowed place. It is of the building of the church that I write.

Many years ago, a young English clergyman spent his vacations in a manner familiar to all Englishmen, namely, on walking tours. One

particular year he was busy discovering the beauty of Scotland's countryside. As he was returning to the city of Edinburgh, one day, after a jaunt over heather-covered hills, he came on a group of builders. The structure had the outline of a church, and the one who appeared to be the overseer wore the garb of a Catholic priest. The traveller stopped and after a short conversation, began to offer suggestions. They were obviously not welcome; however, priest and minister soon found themselves in friendly argument; finally, the pastor invited the new comer to stay a few days with him, with the result that, a week later, the interested guest left with the satisfaction of knowing that into the construction of that Catholic church had gone a good many of his ideas on architecture.

Years slipped by, and the church aged with a gentle dignity. One day, many weeks after the death of its good old pastor, came the news that a successor was soon to arrive from England.

When the new pastor actually came, he went out almost immediately to visit his new church. As he proceeded, his thoughts were not of this quiet, ivy-covered church, but of the mere shell of the building, and of a young Anglian minister, giving architectural points to a zealous Catholic priest. Yes — that Reverend young critic was he, himself; now, no longer young, he was returning to carry on the work of that excellent pastor.

The few days, he now recalled, that he had spent with the priest had greatly impressed him. He had returned home resolved to learn more about the Church that held her children tightly, but not forcibly, within the Fold. What he learned, led him, finally, to the Faith, and then on to the priesthood.

With a sigh of contentment, he came back from the reverie, to the present time and place. Gratefully he entered *his* church. Inside, the candles flickered a welcome; Our Lady seemed to smile on him most graciously; and the dear Lord, unseen, enriched him with new blessings for himself and his Scots parishioners.

Ethel Turner.

APRIL SHOWER.

Diamonds
Sparkle on each
Grass-blade, petal, birch-twigg;
Fairy fortunes glistening in the
Sunshine.

Donald T. Brown.

The following Marygrove College sketch of Miss Marie Claire, a graduate of Loretto Academy, Guelph, and a niece of M. M. Austin, I.B.V.M., will be of interest to many Loretto Rainbow readers:

"When Marie Clair decided to go to college, she went 'south of the border,' but not 'down Mexico way,' for you see, Marie's home is in Guelph, Ontario.

"The chemistry laboratory is her favorite haunt. She claims she could stay there all day, and still not be bored with the place. With her chemistry major, Marie has combined secretarial science. After graduation, she wants to become a chemical secretary and research chemist. As her independent work in chemistry, Marie has had two articles published; one in School Science and Mathematics, presenting the story of blood transfusion, and another, dealing with chemurgy in South America, was printed in Revista Javeriana.

"Taking pictures is Marie's favorite hobby. She also likes sports, especially bowling and horseback riding. In her spare time, Marie knits and makes altar linens for the Imelda circle, the Sodality group to which she belongs. She is a member of the Latin and Prism clubs."

TEKAKWITHA.

(She Who Moveth All Before Her)

By LADY RODDICK,

Princess Kawennaroroks of the Iroquois.

Tekakwitha, hallowed maiden,
Heal our wounds and draw us skyward:
We, your Sisters; we, your Brothers,
Are in need of exaltation.
Let our factions be cemented
In the glory of your presence,
You, who frowned on pagan vices;
You, who throve on pagan virtues
Till the mantle of the Christhood
Draped you in a dear embracement;
Till earth's lure fell from your vision
And the mystic Church upheld you;
Be our guidance, be our beacon;
We would emulate your passion.
Let the Paleface then acknowledge
We have gathered fragrant fruitage
From the Great White Spirit's planting:
It will lessen tribulation,
It will bind the ties of friendship.
We have striven, we are striving;
Tekakwitha, give your blessing—
May your cause thereby be strengthened—
You, so saintly—we, desiring.

For Better Things

FORT STE. MARIE IS TOPIC AT R.C.I.*

"Fort Ste. Marie, its Excavation and Significance," was the subject of the address given to the members of the Royal Institute at Convocation Hall on Saturday, March 6, by K. E. Kidd, Assistant Keeper of the Ethnological Collections in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology.

Mr. Kidd began with a brief outline of the history of the heroic Jesuit missionary work among the Huron Indians in the early 17th century which began to progress rapidly in the 1630's, encouraged by the support of Louis XIV and the great Cardinal Richelieu. In 1639, under the direction of the Jesuit father, Jean de Brebeuf, was begun the erection of Ft. Ste. Marie, situated as nearly central as possible among the several missionary posts to serve as a meeting place and a retreat for the missionary fathers.

A ruthless attack of the Iroquois Indians in the latter half of the following decade completely wiped out all the Huron villages, forcing the inhabitants to flee to Christian Island. The Jesuits followed them shortly, burning Ft. Ste. Marie in May, 1715, and the site remained intact until some excavations were begun in the middle of the 19th century.

The Jesuits were able to buy the property four years ago, and after an agreement had been made between the Jesuit order and the Royal Ontario Museum, excavations were begun under the direction of the speaker, Mr. Kidd. It was hoped that a ground plan for the reconstruction of the fort would be revealed, and the Museum was anxious to find material for the beginning of the study of Huron Archaeology. With the aid of lantern slides Mr. Kidd described the problems, the methods of attack, and the interesting revelations of the excavations, and submitted to the audience the present knowledge in hand regarding the fort.

President Cody, whose summer home is in Simcoe County, not far from Ft. Ste. Marie, and who is a personal friend of Father Lally, the present director of the Martyr's Shrine, expressed the appreciation of the audience to "the leader of the most scientific experiment carried on in Canada in the historical field."

Rita Stortz, 4T3,
Loretto College.

WAR WORK OF THE CANADIAN FEDERATION OF CONVENT ALUMNAE.

(Contributed)

In 1941 when the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae reached the tenth anniversary of its founding it was suggested to our 65 affiliated alumnae groups that they mark the occasion by a celebration and raise funds for scholarships and a national war project.

After a number of inquiries, the Executive learned of the great need of Catholic literature, text books and science books for the men and women of the services. Educational books were especially wanted by men anxious to study for the post-war period. It was decided to use the Tenth Anniversary funds to supply this need. National Headquarters has purchased approximately 370 subscriptions to Catholic magazines and weekly newspapers which are being mailed direct from the publishers to chaplains for their camp reading rooms and hospitals. This total number is made up of 36 "Catholic Digests"; 39 "Signs"; 104 "Canadian Messengers"; 104 "Our Lady of Perpetual Help"; 54 "Catholic Youth"; and 30 Catholic Weeklies: "The Casket," Antigonish, N.S.; "New Freeman," Saint John, N.B.; "Canadian Register," Toronto and Kingston, Ontario, and Nelson, B.C.; "Northwest Review," Winnipeg, Man.; "Prairie Messenger," Meunster, Sask.; "Western Catholic," Calgary and Edmonton, Alberta; and "British Columbia Catholic," Vancouver, B.C.

In addition to the above subscriptions our alumnae groups in the nine provinces are sending bundles of Catholic papers, magazines, pamphlets, text books and good fiction to the camp in their vicinity. Several groups are helping to establish permanent Catholic libraries in military convalescent hospitals. To each piece of literature sent out there is affixed a sticker bearing the inscription, "Donated to the Men and Women of the Forces by the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, who are former pupils of Canadian Catholic Colleges, Convents and High Schools." Sixteen thousand stickers have already been printed. Many alumnae associations have appointed a convener for this work and some have "adopted" a chaplain or camp to which to send subscriptions and current Catholic literature. We have many more chaplains on our list who are desirous of receiv-

* The Varsity.

ing such literature, especially magazine subscriptions. The Fund is still open and we shall welcome any contributions an alumnae or individual can make. We can supply you with the chaplain's name and address, and the stickers to affix to any current literature (French or English) that you may have to send. We are sorry that lack of space prevents us from quoting from the many letters received at National Headquarters from French and English-speaking chaplains. They express deep appreciation of the action of the Federation in initiating this form of war work, which they assure us is most essential and productive of far-reaching results.

A second type of war work undertaken by the Federation is that of extending group and individual hospitality to the men and women of the services. The Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae is registered with the Dominion Government appointed hostess houses and cooperates with them in dispensing hospitality to the services. Local committees are actively engaged in this work in alumnae centres throughout Canada. Group entertainment such as Sunday teas, concerts, sing-songs, dances, etc., have been sponsored. If an alumnae wishes to volunteer hospitality, as an individual or as a member of her alumnae group, she should contact her alumnae president.

LORETTO WOODLAWN ON THE AIR.

The Guests of WGN.

Chicago Tribune Radio Station.

Here in this great city of ours for the past three years, a weekly presentation has been given over the radio, entitled, "Citizens of Tomorrow." It is broadcast over WGN, the Chicago Tribune's own station. Each week it features a different high school and tells of the school's activities, both educational and social. On December 27, Loretto (Woodlawn) was starred on the "Citizens of Tomorrow" Program. The principal of the air, as he is called, Mr. Philip Maxwell, came out to the school from the studio and gave us instructions as to the manner in which we should applaud in order to get the best effect, and he also coached our cheer leaders in giving the school cheer spiritedly. It was his job, too, to time the various numbers to be given on the program.

About three weeks before the date of the broadcast the whole of the student body and faculty went down to the studio to make a transcription of the program. Excitement, anticipation and fear were embodied in each student individually. Before the broadcast we were intro-

duced to some of the stars of the network and we were royally entertained to relieve the tension brought about by our forthcoming adventure. We witnessed the "Tom, Dick and Harry" program which, until very recently, was carried by the Mutual Network.

Before the program we were given half a minute in which to settle ourselves in our seats, for it was necessary that we maintain absolute silence during the transcription, as any little sound might make the needle of the recording machine jump and thus put a flaw in the record. Very soon the little green light on the studio wall flashed its signal, a hush fell over the audience, and with our three rousing school cheers, we came on the air. This was immediately followed by our stirring and inspiring school song. The principal of the air proceeded to acquaint the audience with the various scholastic activities, social achievements, war efforts, and victory campaigns being carried on at our centre of learning. There were also two very lovely numbers presented by the glee club, trained by Mother Denise. The principal's speech, a special feature on this program, was given by Miss Therese Cuny, who represented Mother Imelda, and who gave specific accounts of the war activities at Loretto.

Six honor students of the Senior Class participated in a quiz on current events. They were, Rita Clarke, Patricia McAuliffe, Evelyn Murphy, Jomarie Carroll, Rosalie Whalen, Patricia Howard. The reward was a five dollar defense stamp to each contestant who correctly answered her question. As each girl stepped up to the microphone for her turn, the hearts of the students in the audience beat madly and all felt that they must help the contestants by telling them the answers. However, it appeared that these girls needed no assistance, because for only the fifth time in the history of that program, each of the six students answered her question correctly, and consequently, each won five dollars. (Three cheers for Loretto, girls!) Finally the President of the Senior Class, Therese Dickson, who has been president of her class for her entire four years, was interviewed.

Twice during the course of the program we were amused by the merry prattle of "Jimmy and Jerry," a high school twosome.

As it began, so our program ended, with a fervent rendition of the school song, which pleads for peace and victory, at the hands of our Lady of Loretto.

Virginia Jordan, Grade XII,
Loretto, Woodlawn.

Felicitations

REV. CLARENCE E. WILSON, C.S.P.

On Sunday, January 31, Rev. Clarence Edward Wilson, C.S.P., was ordained by His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, in St. Peter's Church, Toronto. Father Wilson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilson, 30 Albany Ave., Toronto, and brother of Rev. James F. Wilson, C.S.B., of Houston, Texas; of Mother M. Pauline, I.B.V.M., Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls; and of the Misses Gertrude and Margaret Wilson, Loretto Alumnae.

The newly-ordained Paulist Father sang his first Solemn High Mass at St. Peter's on Sunday, February 7. Very Rev. Joseph A. McDonagh, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society, was deacon; Rev. James F. Wilson, C.S.B., sub-deacon; Very Rev. S. Latchford, C.S.P., Rector of St. Peter's, arch-priest; and Rev. Matthew Killoran, C.S.B., master of ceremonies. Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., Superior General of the Basilian Fathers, gave an impressive sermon on the dignity of the priesthood.

The Rev. Fathers James and Clarence Wilson favoured Loretto-Brunswick Community by offering Holy Mass, in turn, in the Convent Chapel, each serving the other's Mass, at which their parents and sisters were present, and received Holy Communion at Father Clarence's Mass.

Congratulations are offered to all the members of the happy and favoured family, especially to Father Clarence, with best wishes for blessings on his priestly labours in St. Mary's parish, San Francisco, Calif., where he is now stationed; and to Father James, who has already resumed his zealous work in a distant mission field, also.

Felicitations and prayerful good wishes are offered to Rev. J. C. Cadot, S.J., whose Diamond Jubilee was celebrated on February 2, at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Guelph, Ontario.

As an octogenarian, Father Cadot is passing his days at the Novitiate, after an arduous life-time on the Indian Missions of Cape Croker, Saugeen, Christian Island and Honey Harbour, and he is still helpfully serving his Order, as spiritual adviser of the Jesuit scholastics in training.

Congratulations to Mr. E. F. Henderson, Secretary of the Separate School Board, Toronto, on whom was bestowed the Cross "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, on the completion of his twenty-five years of faithful, tactful service on the Separate School Board.

At the Silver Jubilee dinner given in Mr. Henderson's honour at the King Edward Hotel, on February 18, His Grace, Archbishop McGuigan, and several co-labourers on the Separate School Board, paid high tribute to the esteemed secretary, who, on this happy occasion, was made the recipient of a gold-mounted desk and pen stand from the Board of Trustees.

One of the choicest volumes to reach Loretto Rainbow sanctum in mid-winter was "Quest" (Volume 10), an Anthology of verse by the students and alumnae of Mundelein College, Chicago.

For the lover of poetry, "Quest" is a book to have close at hand, as its pages are joy-giving, not least those with their apt illustrations, such as the companion sketch for the lovely poem, "Angels on Buttresses."

The beauty of the neatly designed black and cardinal cover is enhanced by the silver-starred cellophane dust-jacket.

To the Sisters of Charity, B.V.M., of Mundelein College, to the students and alumnae of the College who contributed to "Quest," and to the publishers—The Charles L. O'Donnell Unit of the Catholic Poetry Society of America—we offer sincere congratulations, and thanks for the pleasure afforded us by "Quest" (Volume 10).

To Lady Roddick, Princess Kawennaroroks of the Iroquois, we offer congratulations on continuing to publish in book form her distinctive verse, much of which is historically valuable. Her "Waiting's Wedding and Other Poems" (1941) published by John Dougall & Son, Montreal, has much of general interest.

To one who has experienced the "shooting the chutes" in a steamer, on the St. Lawrence, Lady Roddick's recital of her actual ride on a raft over this perilous descent is strikingly realistic. Even a few quoted lines, from some

ninety treating of the incident, will help to a visualization:

“We are rafting fast and faster;
Slacken not, wild winds rage after;
Seething eddies rise to clutch us,
Slacken not, no child’s play serves us;
Now the whirlpool spits defiance.
Pull—pull—beware the rock’s allurements;
Pull—pull—Life’s Master, how we pray
Thee!

Thought is garnered in the moment.
Ah, the fearsome rock is rounded,
And the plunging drop recorded;
Smoother riding gives assurance
We are safe; but still excitement—
Still the thrill, and still the wonder—”

With permission of the gracious author we have in our current issue reprinted “Tekakwitha” from this volume.

Congratulations are offered to Mr. Gerald Beaudoin on having been elected Chairman of the Separate School Board of Toronto and suburbs for 1943.

In the recent Hamilton Junior C.W.L. Essay Contest open to pupils of Grade VII of the Catholic Schools of the city, Miss Barbara Joan Pickett, Loretto Academy, was winner of one of the two \$5 prizes offered.

The Essay Contest, now three years in existence, is a memorial to the late Mrs. Kay Hamil-

ton, who took an active part in the Junior Catholic Women’s League.

The judges in the contest were: Rt. Rev. J. F. Hinchey, Mrs. W. I. Lappin, Mr. E. Dubois, and Mr. J. F. Paxton.

Why I Receive Holy Communion.

(Prize-winning Essay by Barbara Joan Pickett, Grade VII).

So many reasons come to me as to why I receive Our Lord in Holy Communion. All that is needed of me is to love Him with all my heart, to be free from sin, and be sorry if I ever hurt Him.

Certainly God must love me. I think of the picture of our Lord sitting with all the children around Him, some even on His knee, and how He taught them and the twelve Apostles. How much does God love me? When I think of how much mother likes my baby brother and that he is only happy when she is near, I seem to feel it’s the same between the Baby Jesus and me. Mother told me He loves me a million times more than she could ever love me. He must, because He made me; He died a terrible death for me. But before going He left the Sacrament of Baptism, by which I received the gift of Faith, the Sacrament of Penance, where I may run to His knee, knowing He will understand me, and forgive my sins; and the Sacrament of Holy Eucharist which makes me more like Jesus wishes me to be, Jesus is so kind, so sweet. With Him in my heart, it feels like sitting in the warm sunshine. The sun gets right into my heart, spreading sunshine to others.

Dear Mother of the Baby Jesus, please help me during the next few weeks to prepare my heart so that I may give it to Him early Christmas morning as a birthday present. May He bless me, my family, help the soldiers win this war, help the souls in purgatory.

GOOD FRIDAY.

The Scripture prophecies were all fulfilled
From Bethlehem birth until that dreaded day.
The three and thirty years had rolled away,
The beating heart of Christ would soon be
stilled;
The heart that for the whole wide world had
thrilled
With keen compassion, now no longer may
On earth in human form for creatures stay,
Because Christ’s heavenly Father has so willed.

The heights of Calvary are reached at last
And on His Cross Jesus is crucified.
For three long hours He hangs in suffering
Before His agony is wholly past.
Dark clouds o’ershadow the foul deicide,
Good Friday’s crucifixion of our King!

M. D. Barry.

ESCAPE

By DONALD T. BROWN.

The convalescent sun has warmed the earth
And filled the air with steamy, gravid scents.
Soft breezes race white feather-clouds along
A clean-washed sky. The joyous, gurgling
mirth

Of long-imprisoned brooks plays background
for
The love-sick robin’s quivering bridal song.

The sodden quilt of autumn’s glory now
Is pierced by slender needles, vivid green.
Pale, fuzzy baby-leaves are swelling fast
Within their jailer-buds. The maple bough
Against the sky is lae’d with fragile bloom.
Nature awakes, the nightmare winter past.

In Memoriam

REV. WILLIAM J. McNAMEE.



On February 16, a beloved former pastor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, Rev. Father William McNamee, passed away at his family home in County Longford, Ireland. He had returned to his native land in 1938, remaining there until his recent death after an

illness of several months.

Father McNamee had served as assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Evanston, and later, of Holy Angels Church, Chicago; then successively as pastor of Holy Angels' Church, Aurora; St. Mary's Church, Joliet, and St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, where he laboured zealously for twenty-two years. While in charge of this parish he had the church completely renovated and redecorated; established a Catholic Social Centre and Day Nursery; and secured the organization of a choir under the direction of the late Dr. J. Lewis Browne, which won national fame.

At St. David's Church, Chicago, a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated on February 20, for the repose of his soul, by his brother, Rev. Joseph McNamee, P.P.; and on February 23, Memorial Services were held at St. Patrick's Church, the Solemn Requiem Mass for the former devoted pastor being celebrated at 9 o'clock.

In the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, gratitude is still felt for Father McNamee's kindness extended to those of the members who taught in St. Mary's School, Joliet, while he was pastor; and many have been the prayers offered for his eternal rest.

To Rev. Joseph McNamee heartfelt sympathy is offered in the death of his esteemed brother; also to his niece, Mother M. Ambrose, I.B.V.M., Superior, Loretto Convent, Chicago.

REV. FELIX COFFEY.

Profound grief has been felt by all his friends and parishioners over the death of Rev. Father Felix Coffey, Pastor of Alliston,

Born in 1899, Father Coffey, during his priesthood, was assistant for two years at St. Margaret's Church, Midland, and for a decade of years at St. Anthony's Church, Toronto; he was then appointed the first Pastor of St. Teresa's Church, Port Colborne; and for the past five years was Pastor of St. Paul's, Alliston.

In a letter received from the Superior of St. Teresa's Convent (Loretto), Port Colborne, we have the following tribute to this esteemed priest:

"Many are mourning the death of dear Father Coffey these days, and none more sincerely than the parents and children of St. Teresa's Parish, Port Colborne. Although he spent but ten months in this town, he left behind him a memory that will never be effaced. The large number of Masses, Holy Communion and the countless prayers that have been offered, and are still being offered for the repose of his soul, are evidence of the love and gratitude of his spiritual children, old and young, in Port Colborne. Every day the little ones on their way to and from school, pay a visit to the church and ask their Eucharistic Lord to have mercy on the soul of dear Father Coffey, the first Pastor of St. Teresa's Church."

The pupils of St. Anthony's School (Loretto), Toronto, have, likewise, been remembering Father Coffey in prayer. They assisted at Mass and received Holy Communion for the repose of his soul, and had five Masses said for the same intention.

The funeral took place on February 28; the Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral, by His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, with Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan, V.G., as Assistant Priest; Rev. Philip Coffey and Rev. Emmet Lacey as assistant deacons; Rev. W. F. Carvill, deacon of the Mass, and Rev. A. McNicholl, sub-deacon. Rev. Walter Kerr, of St. Augustine's Seminary, preached the touching funeral sermon; and the music was directed by Rev. Dr. Ronan.

To Father Coffey's bereaved mother, Mrs. Kathleen Coffey, and to his brothers, Rev. Philip Coffey, Mr. John Coffey and Mr. Gerald Coffey, the heartfelt sympathy of Loretto Community is extended, with assurance of a continued remembrance in prayer for their revered son and brother. May he rest in peace.



A MOTHER TO HER PILOT SON.

A beautiful Queen holds her court in the sky
 In a kingdom of blue and of white.
 The moon is a lady-in-waiting;
 Each star is a messenger bright.

Over Europe a bomber is heading
 Far out on its errand grim;
 I think of the pilot who's in it,
 And breathe a sweet *Ave* for him.

Of the Queen I am asking a favour,
 To guide his plane down thro' the blue;
 For the Queen is God's Holy Mother;
 The Pilot, dear heart, is *you*.

HIS REPLY.

Dear Mother mine, tho' oceans lie between us,
 With God above there is no space nor time,
 So when we pray, in Him we are united;
 You are so close, I feel your hand in mine.

You say you've asked the lovely Queen of
 Heaven

To pilot be of this great plane I fly.
 Ah! That is well indeed, my dearest Mother,
 For she knows all the terrors of the sky.

My plane may be a crash—my body broken—
 My resting place be under alien sod—
 Then, Mother Mary, be my soul's true pilot,
 And bring me home in safety to my God.

M. Ermingarde, I.B.V.M.

[These two poems, *A Mother to Her Son*, and *His Reply*, were written by Mother M. Ermingarde, I.B.V.M., aunt of Flying Officer Greenan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Greenan, Calgary, who served with the R.C.A.F. Overseas, and made the supreme sacrifice on March 2, 1943. The illustration is by an Eighth Grade pupil of Mother Ermingarde, in Blessed Sacrament School (Loretto), Toronto.—Editor.]

Book Reviews

SPIRITUAL READINGS FROM MOTHER ST. PAUL. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. \$4.00.

These carefully arranged selections from Mother St. Paul's Meditations on the Life of Christ, in her well-known "Christi" series—"Nativitas Christi," "Vita Christi," and others—now supplies in a most satisfactory form reflections on the Gospels prescribed for the Sundays, and the most important Feast Days of the year, thus familiarizing the reader with the spirit of the Church.

The increasing difficulty in procuring the "Christi" books, as a result of the loss of a supply of them in the late destruction of certain publishing houses in London, England, makes this new one-volume publication, which is "the very essence of the Mother St. Paul writings, formerly spread throughout a dozen or more books," a coveted treasure.

Father Rickaby says, in appraising it: "Mother St. Paul admirably combines dogmatic truth with spiritual counsel and practical suggestion. A good meditation book, it is also an excellent spiritual reading book."

Solace and strength are imbibed from its pages, whether we read systematically through its over 300 pages, or open it at random. An ideal book it is for the individual, the family, the study club, and for Religious Communities. K.M.B.

In the Book Reviews in our April, 1942, issue there appeared an article on the admirable achievement of a member of the Assumption Community, Nicolet, P.Q.—a charmingly enlightening catechism beautifully illustrated, entitled "Aux Petits Du Royaume," and complete in six volumes, with two series of practical exercises for the pupils, one, "Mon Cahier D'Enfant Du Bon Dieu," including six exercise books for the first six years of the course; the other, "Mon Cahier D'Enfant De L'Eglise," containing four for the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th years.

At that time it was mentioned that only volumes I and II were available; we have recently received III and IV, and are again enthusiastic over the production, which, once seen, would be treasured in any Christian home, school, study club, or library, where "la belle langue française" is read; and where

human beings wish to come to a more intimate knowledge and love of Christ—the "Most Beautiful of the sons of men."

To a reader of this page desirous of becoming acquainted with a unique and admirable work, we would say: "Send an order for the 1st volume of *Aux Petits Du Royaume* (\$1.00), and the first two or three of the practical exercises, entitled, "Mon Cahier D'Enfant Du Bon Dieu" (10c. each), to

L'Oeuvre Catéchistique,
des SS. de l'Assomption de la S.V.,
Nicolet, P.Q.

(using English or French). There will be for any such purchaser no hesitation over the ordering of the remaining volumes and exercises!

We are hopeful that before the end of 1943 we shall have the pleasure of announcing that the first volume has appeared in English.

Our congratulations are again offered to the inspired, and painstaking author, and to her Religious Congregation, the Sisters of the Assumption, Nicolet, on this attractive and enlightening publication, destined to inspire a real love for God, and for all that leads to Him, that will abide in hearts, and increase with the years.

RANDOM HARVEST.

Suppose life and memory come to you suddenly, as you walk down the street. You stand fearful and alone, recognizing no one. Loss of memory, this is the terrifying problem James Hilton dramatizes in his latest book, "Random Harvest."

The setting takes place between the two World Wars. Smithy emerges from World War I with a case of amnesia and is put in a sanatorium. In an attempt to find himself, he escapes and is found by a girl, Paula. She offers to help him and nurses him back to health. They fall in love, and marry. One day Smithy is hit by a cab; the blow brings back the memory of his pre-war days, as Charles Rainer. He has no memory of "Smithy," or Paula, or their child; only a haunting sense that something cherished is lost to him. The struggle to fit broken pieces together leads to an exciting climax. On the top of a hill near one of England's beautiful lakes, the most startling drama is played. The

beautiful scene of lost love finally regained, will leave you speechless. After reading this best selling novel, you will better understand why human emotions are racked and torn in a life made terrible and complicated by loss of memory.

Antoinette Kasko, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE QUEST OF DON BOSCO—By Anna Kuhn. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.00.

Miss Kuhn tells the story of the great and beloved founder of the Salesians in a manner that is most appealing and interesting to children.

Don Bosco was born in the Beechi, Italy. While a boy he lived on a farm. He was given a start in education by a kindly priest, Don

Calosso. He went to college and, even as a boy, showed that quality which made boys love and trust him. He became a priest, and in the great industrial city of Turin started small classes for delinquent boys. These oratories, as he called them, expanded until the priests of his order were in all parts of the world.

In all his work he was powerfully aided by his mother, who knew well how to make sacrifices for God's work.

Father Flanagan's "Boy's Town", famous in film and story, operates on the principle that there is no such thing as a bad boy. This was Don Bosco's theory, put into action years before in far away Italy. Holy Mother Church canonized Don Bosco, Easter, 1934. Thanks to Miss Kuhn for making us acquainted with him.

May Don Bosco pray for us.

Bob Walker, Grade VIII,
Blessed Sacrament School (Loretto) Toronto.

The Saga of Saint William's*

Close beside the gate called Mickle
In the street, whose name melodious,
Calls to mind the flowers of summer,
Stands the stately old Bar Convent,
Famous battle-scarred Bar Convent,
From whose doors in every season
Pour like torrents in the Springtime
Crowds of merry-hearted children,
Children hastening gaily homewards
At the bells' long wished-for summons,
Often with a face more serious
Carrying tomes of precious knowledge
To the houses of their fathers,
For the study known as homework.
Often will the untutored stranger,
Wandering in these halls of learning,
Be amazed to hear the maidens
Praising four beloved Houses
Named to honour Saints of Heaven,
On the maidens of Saint William's
Latest made of all the Houses,
Young in years yet old in honour,
He perceives the eye of fortune
Beam with an especial radiance,
As the sun in early springtime shines
Upon the frozen landscape.
Skilled are they in deeds of prowess.
Some, beneath the heat of summer,
Smite the flying ball at tennis.
Others, in the cold of winter,

Leap upon the court of netball
Like the young gazelle in springtime.
Some with honey'd speech and accent
Sweeter far than any songster
In the shadow of the woodland,
Speak the lines of mighty poets,
Act the works of honoured playwrights.
At the time of Marks and Places,
When the lazy and the heedless
Quake in fear of retribution, tremble,
As their dreaded sentence thunders
Round the Hall of Concert,
Valiant maidens of Saint Williams's
Smile while others intellectual
Gain the prize for feats of study;
Their reward is "First for Conduct."
Vanish will the halls of learning,
Vanish will the marks and places,
As the sun in ditch and meadow
Flees before the sun's enchantment.
But the maidens of Saint William's,
In that stately old Bar Convent,
Close beside the gate of Mickle,
In that busy street of Blossoms,
Stand united and triumphant
Sworn to help and aid each other,
Sworn to try and not be vanquished.

* Courtesy of The Bar Convent, I.B.V.M., School Magazine, York.



COLLEGE NOTES.

Jan. 25—Advice to college graduates! "Don't Join the Army!"—Father McLaughlin, in a talk on Vocations as a part of the war effort, informed us that the women's branch of the armed forces does not require the intellectual ability of a college graduate. It is far more patriotic for a girl with a B.A. to go, for instance, to O.C.E. and direct her capabilities toward the teaching of the three R's, or into one of the other post-graduate professional courses—Social Sciences, Business Administration, or Public Health Nursing.

Jan. 29—A recipe for "Success": Take St. Michael's, Loretto, and St. Joseph's—in formals—starched fronts—frills and ruffles—add a dash of Newman, and flavour with out-of-town—"steadies"—set them down in Brennan Hall, and mix well to spicy air of Morgan Thomas. Result: The St. Michael's Ball of 1943! This innovation, an incidental by-product of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board (not ration books!) was acclaimed by all as bigger and better than any of the previous individual Faculty at-homes.

Here, at Loretto, the Soirée was off to a good start with the Faculty entertaining at a coffee party, which provided an opportunity for getting acquainted and for exchanging dances. Then a reversion to the primitive means of transportation—thanks to gas rationing—as the slow procession ploughed through snow in Queen's Park to Brennan Hall, whose main dining-room was transformed past recognition—walls softly draped with hangings of blue and gold, and richly shaded with amber and mulberry lights.

Jan. 30—Since Christmas the sports activities of the college have been confined to hockey. Under the leadership of Aileen McNally, our energetic President, we got into action several times, playing against Vic, U.C., and Trinity—we won't disclose the scores! The team—Florence Cooper, Betsy Gowan, Aileen McNally, Peggy O'Brien, Hope McSloy, Kitty and Joan Galligan, Mary Farrell and Jacqui Samson.

Feb. 11—"Quiet! Lights, Curtain"—The St. Michael's College Players present "Drama Night"; three one-act plays staged by St. Michael's, St. Joseph's and Loretto—"Trial by Moonlight," "Right About Face" and "Pater Noster." Loretto's leading ladies included Shirley Flynn, Anne Gilchrist, Hope McSloy, Sally Chiovetti, and Helen Read. Acclaimed by all as a great success.

Feb. 15—Brrr! Brrr! To the accompaniment of 20 below zero a few brave souls ventured out to their lectures with all the sweaters and socks they could muster. The rest, braver still, stayed at home and took the "front room" by storm. Anytime of day one passing might hear the sound of jacks, "three no-trump." "Sh, I'm trying to study!" but, best of all, the fire crackling. I'm sure "Mademoiselle" would approve of our styles, "What to wear on a cold day when not going anywhere"—Pyjamas plus ski pants plus jackets and dressing gowns and, over all, your flashiest plaid blanket and ear muffs!!

(Three days later out came the rubber boots and, like ducks, we struggled across the campus. The great thaw! The first time in history there was swimming in Queen's Park in February!)

Feb. 15—Along with the cold came Miss Winifred Fletcher, B.A., Loretto College, to tell us of her interesting work in the Day Nurseries. Miss Fletcher stressed the work of the Nurseries in war time, emphasizing the necessity of trained college workers, and interesting us so in "Bill," two year old "problem child" of the nursery, that all planned a visit to make his acquaintance.

Feb. 21—Mass followed by a Communion breakfast for the College Alumnae. Father McLaughlin was celebrant and Mr. C. J. Eustace, outstanding Catholic writer and philosopher, spoke on "The Catholic Sense."

Feb. 26—For the first time since September the upper corridor was silent. ? ?—Retreat. Rev. Father J. Hennessey, S.J., gave the impressive conferences. The open forum each afternoon proved extremely popular and *on dit* has been the best yet.

Feb. 27—Athletic Night—and several of our athletes in the swimming meet—Connie O'Connor came through with a first. The catch—she was on the P.H.E. team. Others participating were Pat Leonard and Kay O'Connor.

March 1—Last Women's Interfaculty Debate of the year: "Resolved that the Beveridge Report provides an adequate means of social security." Loretto was well represented by Marion Sirdevan, speaking for the Affirmative, and Rita Stortz, acting as Speaker.

March 11—Loretto entertains the Senate Club



Top left—Hallowe'en Party.

Top, right—Posing.

Centre, left — Group of Freshmen.

Centre, right—A Trio.

Bottom, left—St. Michael's Ball.

from St. Michael's—Lillian Callaghan and Jean Vale in the chair, and Louise Hart-Smith and Rita Stortz upholding the Affirmative: "Resolved that the French-Canadians are justified in their attitude to the war." Well, the men showed their superiority (in debating)—they won, but then Jim McCardle, president of the Modern History Club, was leader of the Opposition—the discussion from the floor was particularly spirited—the visiting Senators had a twelve o'clock leave! We did our best with cookies and hot chocolate.

March 11—An all-University Spanish play directed by OUR Marion Sirdevan was pronounced an outstanding success by an audience of some two hundred, largely Spanish-American.

March 12—Today the Freshmen debated the Sophmores in the semi-finals for the shield. The Sophmores, Jean Vale and Joan MacKenzie, upheld the Affirmative: "Resolved that membership in a sorority is desirable for a girl in this college," while the Freshmen, Ozzie Skemp and Gyneth Stencil, opposed them stalwartly. Decision—in favor of the Opposition. Yea, Freshmen!!

Helen Read, 4T5,
Anne Schmalz, 4T5.

A GLIMPSE AT THE GRADUATES OF 4T3.

When examination time comes and goes once again, fifteen of us at Loretto will be packing up our books for the last time, and at graduation we'll be waving good-bye as each one departs to follow the path of life that she has chosen: But before we go, here we are, all fifteen of us—

An Irish-tempered, red-haired farmerette drifted in from Arthur, Ontario, three years ago. LILLIAN CALLAGHAN has excelled in debating throughout her college career, and is president of many of the Women's Debating Clubs on the campus. She has become attached to the third floor of our establishment, and we sometimes wonder if even graduation will separate her from the pigeons. Hobby: talking. Pastime: talking. Recreation: talking.

FLORENCE COOPER and her violin came to us from Hamilton. Although she didn't like us at all the first few months, "Coop" has since become a real part of the college. She's an all-round athlete and, for her success in that field, was given a University award of a Junior T. She loves her 8.30 classes, and finds the study of French Literature most intriguing.

A brilliant performance in the leading role

of "Cinderella" was our first introduction to CATHERINE GALLIGAN, another red-head, this time from Pembroke, Ontario. "Kitty" is a whiz at mathematics, knitting, and playing the piano, and she did a fine job as our Torontensis Representative this year. She is an enthusiastic supporter of Newman Club social activities.

BETSY GOWAN belongs to the "one of it's kind" class—we don't ever expect to meet anything quite like her again in life. Although she's from Port Arthur, she likes to consider herself a westerner and, indeed, she does possess some of the characteristics—*e.g.*, friendliness and good humour. Betsy's athletic ability won for her, also, a Junior T; added to this, she has had the distinction of being Woman's Sport's Editor this year on the Masthead of the Varsity. Her motto is—"Early to bed and early to rise."

Another Hamiltonian of whom we are justly proud is our LOUISE HART-SMITH. She is Head Girl this year as well as President of the Sodality and Director of Newman Choir, and is making a wonderful job of them all. How she manages to keep her sweet disposition, nobody knows. She spends her spare time trying to get her room-mate out of bed in the morning, and entertaining the various branches of the armed forces over the week-ends.

That tall, dark-haired beauty? Oh, that's MARILYNNE LUNZ, from Hamilton, too! Socially, "Lunzie's" been in the front line ever since she came. As our dance convener this year, she worked in co-operation with St. Michael's and St. Joseph's to make the St. Michael's Ball the success it was. She is a firm believer in the bliss of single life.

MARGARET McDONOUGH, one of our day pupils, leads a very busy life. She's President of our S.A.C., and has been active in many University organizations. Her work as President of the Art and Music Club at Newman is highly commendable. Marg. has a little difficulty getting to the right lecture in the right building at the right time, but outside of that—she manages very well.

Also from Hamilton is AILEEN McNALLY, who has taken part in almost every college activity that exists. She has been particularly successful in sports, and had the very great honour of being awarded a Senior T for her ability. "Al" knows *all* the answers to *every* question. Of late she has become intensely interested in provincial politics.

With her present home in St. John's, Newfoundland, MAUREEN MURPHY came to us

from London, England, three years ago with an intriguing English accent: She still has the accent, of course, but you should hear the Canadian slang she's picked up. "Murph" has a wide variety of skills and interests; right now her special interest is in Western Canada. She specializes in writing essays that the Heavenly Powers alone can interpret (and sometimes we wonder if even They can). Her future promises to be exciting.

PEGGY O'BRIEN, from Hamilton, too, is one person who can strike a happy medium between a good time and industry. "Peg" is an excellent dancer, and does some fine team work with a certain individual from St. Mike's. We have noticed her recent interest in Household Economics.

Another day pupil, KAY O'CONNOR, believes in having a good time at college, and she certainly puts into practice her ideas on the subject. Kay is an active member of Newman Club, and is well acquainted with the various numbers of its record library. She has a special fondness for her Latin classes; nobody in the world, not even her professor, could persuade her to miss some of them. Her favourite expression—"Isn't it a panic!"

From the famed metropolis of Killaloe, Ontario, comes our little MARJORIE ROCHE. Petite and all as she is, "Marje" is a personage of authority in these hallowed halls, being the senior member of the House Committee. Her big brown eyes and sweet expression have always been an attraction to those of the male persuasion, and one member of the Air Force has found them especially charming.

We now come to the third, and last, of our Senior Year day pupils, MARION SIRDEVAN, who has to show for herself, a well-spent four years at college. Marion has excelled in her studies and, at the same time, has taken an active interest in inter-faculty debating and Spanish Club dramatics. As a member of the Varsity Staff, she has won renown for writing poetry. She loves long letters, especially if they're addressed in one certain handwriting.

What! Another Hamiltonian! Yes, this time it's that enigma. GERRY WILSON. In spite of, or perhaps I should say because of, her idiosyncrasies, Gerry is a very popular young lady. She has been our representative at Newman Club during the past year, and as Corresponding Secretary has done a great job on the sandwiches for teas, decorations for parties, etc. Her motto is—"Be punctual, and you'll succeed in life!"

I am the fifteenth member of the crew. I

haven't much to say for myself except that I am a native daughter of that great old town, Arthur, Ontario, which fact alone must indicate something—(dear knows what!) I love my lectures—especially those in which the professors are considerate enough to speak softly so as not to disturb the sleeping members of the class.

So there we are! Graduating Class of 4T3! and, although in a few short months we'll be breaking up, in all likelihood never to be all together again, we shan't ever, ever, forget our happy years at Loretto College.

Rita Stortz, 4T3.

P.S.—RITA thought that she would get away with giving the "lowdown" on all of us, without giving it on herself, but I saw this Literary Work on its way to the press, and couldn't resist adding a few words. Rita, a budding Varsity author, is a woman of many skills, ranging from farming to professional entertaining (especially on St. Patrick's Day).

She has not likely told you this, but actually she is the cleverest girl in Loretto College, when it comes to extracting lemon pies from desk drawers and underneath dressers. Ask her some time how she does it, won't you? Just one more item—Rita is thinking seriously of going into a cartage business after graduation because she acquired so much practical experience this year at L.A.C.

Lillian Callaghan, 4T3.

RENAISSANCE.

Lithe lilies lift their whitened bells to ring
The Alleluias! Welcome, Saviour King!
From choirs of angels, cherub voices sing
A jubilant song, a glorious joyous thing.

The sun is anxious early that this morn,
With glistening rays of gold he should adorn.
Creations, come! Arise! for Christ is born
Anew. Acclaim your King, Whom devils
scorn!

This Wonder-man hath brought redeeming grace
To saturate the soul, and sin erase
From beings of the fallen, human race.
New life there is serene, for man to face.

The One full Truth that makes new Beauty
grow
Thro' endless years—'tis Christ has deemed
it so.

Florence Skemp, 4T5,
Loretto College.

REMBRANDT AS AN INTERPRETER OF DUTCH THOUGHT.

The title of this paper combines two themes: the life and thought of the Dutch people as it really was during the time of Rembrandt, and how truthfully he portrayed it in his works. We shall present an historical picture of our own, showing, in a general way, the period into which Rembrandt was born.

Rembrandt Van Rijn (of the Rhine) was born on July 15, 1606, in the city of Leyden. The Dutch Republic was at this time recovering



Self-Portrait
Rembrandt Van Rijn (1606-1669)

from any ill effects of her victorious war for independence from Spain. The people were, on the whole, progressive, prosperous, and Protestant. Descartes, in a letter to M. de Balzac, dated May 5, 1631, gives us an idea of the industry of the people of Amsterdam: "In this vast city, where I am the only man not engaged in trade, everyone is so busy money-making that I might spend my whole life in complete solitude. The people had been united in war and were now united in peace. Thus there arose the merchant guilds, the military and civic bodies in which each individual worked for a common cause. The trade and commerce of the country were increasing tremendously through the formation in 1602 of the East India Company, and in 1621 of the West India Company. The huge Dutch fleet and merchant marine gave the Dutch Republic mastery over the seas. The intellectual life of the country flourished and developed,

along with the commercial life. At the University of Leyden founded in 1575, such scholars as Arminius, Gomarus, Lipsius and Scaliger, were teaching; while Hugo Grotius was numbered among its alumni.

The people themselves were neither very rich nor very poor. They were mainly of the industrious middle class, who enjoyed the homely life of moderate comfort, and enjoyed it to the full. The comments of Sir Thos. Overbury, who visited Holland in 1609, gives us a picture, through rather amber-tinted spectacles, it is true, of these people who were England's principal rivals in trade. "Concerning these people; they are neither much devout nor much wicked; given all to drink and eminently to no other vice; hard in bargaining but just; surly and disrespectful, as in all democracies; thrifty, industrious, and cleanly; disheartened upon the least ill success and insolent upon good; cunning in traffick." Perhaps one should set beside this as corrective, Washington Irving's inimitable sketches of their counterparts in their American colony—New Amsterdam.

In this atmosphere of activity and prosperity, Rembrandt was at home. Whether he lived in Leyden—sometimes called the "eye of Holland"—or in Amsterdam, the heart of the commercial world, he was always surrounded by, and interested in, the Dutch people. Rembrandt was never tempted to leave his native country to make a pilgrimage to Italy, the mecca of artists. What he wished to paint he had at hand in his own country—the Dutch people as they were in everyday life, their individuality, their home-life, their religion, their community organization. From a selection of his paintings, I should now like to discuss Rembrandt's picture of the life and people of his time; for simplification I have divided this into several aspects—individuals, home-life, religion, literature and the community.

It is to be noted at the start, that individuality rose to prominence in Dutch thought during the years following the fight for independence. It fitted into their national spirit and their pride of accomplishment. Moreover, the increase of individual prosperity made it possible for them to satisfy this pride artistically, by having their portraits done by a famous painter. Rembrandt was such an artist. He painted his clients as they really were—*Nicholas Ruts*, for instance, whose portrait, done in 1631, reveals the well-dressed, wealthy burgher, his piercing eyes grown shrewd in business, where quick discern-

ment of values is a daily necessity, a man who might easily fit Overbury's "character" as "hard in bargaining but just." Rembrandt made full use of the deep, rich tones and shades of the man's dress to emphasize both the wealth and comfort of his subject, and his own love of painting such materials.

Another portrait done in the following year, the "*Portrait of a Lady from the Family of Van Beresteys*," shows, in the more obviously feminine way, the wealth and importance acquired by the great trading families during this period of prosperity. The woman wears an exquisite lace collar on an elaborately slashed dress; about her neck is hung a jewelled necklace; from a gold chain attached to her right wrist, dangles an ivory fan, while her left wrist is adorned with a heavy pearl bracelet. The whole effect is that of wealth, position, and self-assurance. Throughout Rembrandt's works, we find numerous portraits of these wealthy, middle class, burghers and their families, that give a true picture of these interesting individuals.

The second aspect under which we view Dutch life is the family. A most apt example of this is the self-portrait of *Rembrandt* with Sashia, his wife, on his knee. Here in this intimate picture of home life Rembrandt has revealed a love of wine, woman, and if not song, at least laughter, so characteristic of the Dutch Middle Class. While it is true that the plumed hat and sheathed sword were added by the artist to allow freer reign to his delight in portraying colours and textures, still the whole atmosphere of happiness and good living that radiate from the picture excuse these extra trappings. Rembrandt was at this time at the height of his power, and he was a Dutchman with an unflinching zest for life; this naive picture shows the result of the combination of these two factors, and no doubt represents the jollity which pervades the supper table of these people "given all to drink."

Two pictures showing a more restrained and serious view of family life are the portraits of Jan Pellicoine with his son Caspar, and of Jan Pellicoine's wife with their daughter. The first shows the obvious pride of the father in his sturdy son and heir, to whom he is symbolically giving a bag of money. The mother, too, in the second picture is handing her daughter a coin. In these two pictures the elements of family pride, well-being, and security are established, not only in the rich dress of the people, and their significant gestures, but also in the fact that Jan Pellicoine evidently commissioned these paintings that they might represent his love, and family pride, and material success.

The family was the centre of Dutch life, and Rembrandt was himself entirely devoted to his family, whom he made the subjects of many pictures. Perhaps it is in his pictures of the *Holy Family*, however, that the joys of family life are best typified. Their essential naturalness and simplicity could have been gained only from the artist's keen observation of life about himself.

Our next view—of Rembrandt's religious paintings—should give us a further insight into 17 Century Dutch life. The Bible was the backbone of the Protestant faith; Rembrandt himself was a Mennonite—one of the Broad Church party for whom the Bible was sole rule of faith. Moreover, this suited Rembrandt's artistic soul, for in the Bible, which he knew so well, he found a vast source of dramatic scenes, which he delighted in painting, while the doctrine of direct personal intercourse between God and man allowed him to introduce into his religious pictures a humanistic quality freed from traditional convention. The portrait of the *Mennonite Preacher* reveals in the preacher's sincere expression and the woman's wrapt attention, the interest taken in theology in 17 Century Holland.

From both the Old and the New Testament, Rembrandt chose many scenes in which he could exploit his love of dramatic situations, rich colours, realism and chiaroscuro. Even though these were his main motives for selecting Biblical subjects, we can see a devout religious spirit pervading his best works. In "*Manoah's Sacrifice*" the kneeling figures of the man and woman are reverently portrayed. Their downcast eyes, the woman's calm expression, the rendering of the deep folds of their cloaks, the soft light on their faces and hands, give the picture a sense of the quiet dignity of adoration.

Among Rembrandt's pictures of the Passion, one of the most striking is that of the "*Raising of the Cross*." An intense feeling of realism and drama is accentuated by the predominance of the white, tortured face of Christ, which stands out like a naked flame against the dark background. The exquisite pain of the Crucifixion is brought out by the taut muscles of Our Lord's arms and the blood from His hands which is flowing down His wrists. The humanistic element is evident in the fact that Rembrandt painted Christ as a man, a man who suffered with every twisted tendon, and every drop of blood. Christ here is utterly human, and yet, the light which strikes His Body reveals Him Divine, too. In all of Rembrandt's paintings of Him, Christ is rendered as more human than divine; as a man who lived on earth,

taught, suffered and died—but as our elder brother, not the Only Begotten Son of God Incarnate. In this he was simply picturing the current Dutch Protestant theology.

A few portraits of Capuchin monks indicate that a small minority of Catholics still remained in Holland after the break with the Catholic Flemish province (now Belgium). One sees, too, in Rembrandt's paintings, some signs of the spirit of toleration which was beginning to spread throughout the Republic. Holland had provided a refuge for Hebrew immigrants from Spain and Portugal; four hundred Jewish families had settled in Amsterdam before the second half of the 17th Century and, among Rembrandt's portraits, there are over thirty portraits of Jews—rabbis, merchants, philosophers, and studies of old men. The fact that he did paint them, and paint them well, without accentuating features, so as to give a distorted or prejudicial picture of them, and the fact that most of them are richly dressed, shows us to what an extent toleration had progressed in Holland.

Rembrandt reflects also in his art, the classicism which pervaded the literature of the time, in which, Dutch literature was no exception, as evidenced by the works of Hooft, Vondel and Brederoo (who in turn influenced our Milton). Allegorical pageants were popular among the Dutch people. At the University of Leyden, which Rembrandt attended for a short time, the Chamber of Rhetoric staged for public festivals pageants of a semi-pagan, semi-religious character. It was natural, then, that Rembrandt should utilize allegory and mythology and the Ancient Classics, just as he had made use of the Bible for source material. Such pictures as the *Concord of State*, *Mars*, *Bellona*, *Lucretia*, etcetera, reflect in their own way the classicism of the writers of the period.

Last of all we turn to the four "Corporation" pieces: *The Anatomy Lesson of Professor Nicholas Tulp*, *The Anatomy Lesson of Doctor Deijman*, *The Night Watch* and *The Syndic*. In these pictures are shown the guilds, and the military and civic bodies, which were an integral part of Dutch commercial and intellectual life. Members of these groups would, on occasion, commission a well-known artist to paint a group portrait of them at their specific work. For the privilege of appearing in the group, each member would pay a certain amount. Frans Hals did many fine corporation pieces. Rembrandt was not at home, however, with this type of picture, because of the fact that every person who had paid for his "ticket of admission" felt he ought

to be given a place equal in importance and prominence to that of any of his fellow members. Such an arrangement would necessarily hinder the composition of the picture as a whole, and restrict the author's style. The "Lesson in Anatomy" was done in accordance with these restrictions placed on the artist by his clients; although Professor Tulp, whose professoriate was being honoured, was given the prominent place, each fellow doctor had his due place in the picture, while a list of their names appears in one man's hand.

When in 1641-2, Rembrandt defied this conventionalism, in his "Night Watch," with the forced effect of chiaroscuro and drama, many of the contributors who had paid their hundred guilders or less, were angered by this subordination of themselves to the whole composition. The artist wanted to achieve the feeling of movement by the use of light and dark masses, but many members of the Civic Guard resented being utilized to provide "dark masses." Even one of Rembrandt's own pupils regretted that he had not put more light into it.

"The Syndies" (1661-2) is considered to be Rembrandt's masterpiece. This picture was done when Rembrandt's artistic maturity was complete—just eight years before his death (Oct. 4, 1669). Gone was the timid conventionalism of the "Anatomy Lesson," and gone, too, the flagrant independence of the "Night Watch." With age and suffering, a spiritual depth and simplicity had come to Rembrandt's work.

These corporation pictures express the unity of the new Dutch people, working together to maintain and stimulate the prosperity and intellectual progress of their common life. At the same time, that individuality, which was part of the national spirit, asserts itself, either in the portraiture or in their voiced dislike of being subordinated to an artistic ideal.

By studying Rembrandt's works, one receives a true and revealing picture of Dutch life, as seen by one who was himself a Dutchman; who lived among, and painted, and loved Dutchmen—and knew them as he knew himself—even if his genius, developing beyond their understanding, set him apart from them in his last years.

Patricia Leonard, 4T4.

Loretto.

[ED. NOTE: This paper was delivered orally by Miss Leonard to a group of University students, slides being shown of the pictures named in Italics therein. Since it represents a piece of co-ordinating study by a student surveying at least part of her particular field (Fine Arts) it will be of interest to many "Rainbow" readers.]

FATHER SHOOK LECTURES ON "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE."

"The poor have time in their bones"—just such a sentence as this on the first page of the book, marked as it is with utter simplicity and a driving sincerity, sets the pace for the whole of the novel," stated Rev. L. K. Shook, Ph.D., (Harv.), in a lecture delivered to the students of Loretto College on the intrinsic literary qualities of Franz Werfel's best seller, "The Song of Bernadette."

"It is quite a difficult proposition to go at a book like this," continued Father Shook, "for this is an Age of Paradox when more and more people want to write about the Church. One theme that Franz Werfel seems particularly to like, and one that comes as a revival, is the question of exile literature which, indeed, the author has exploited to the full. The exile seeking a new homeland, as Werfel is seeking it in America, tries to arrive at a new supernatural culture, apart from, and between nations."

"The Song of Bernadette' is technically clever," Father Shook pointed out. "The style is light and even ascends to the poetic in many passages, but the matter of dialogue is at once the forte and the secret of Werfel. It is almost disturbing to find how much of it there is; and associated as it is with drama, it is yet not overplayed to the point of being melodramatic, but remains at a level pitch of simplicity. We simply read about the life of the Soubrious family, the dramatic effect proceeding from the dialogue."

In tracing special literary effects through the successive chapters, Father Shook mentioned especially the introduction to the domestic life of Bernadette and her family, which he stressed as being "intensely realistic." The miracle of the Bouhours child is recounted in a startling manner of suppressed awe, while the incident of the Babon tavern forms a particularly grave and striking example of the author's mastery of religious portrayal. "Wherever there is real grace, there is great temptation and sin. Although perhaps Soubrious's behaviour that evening was not in poor taste, yet it does illustrate a principle. I think there was a meaning to it."

"The core of the situation handled by Werfel lies in the chapter entitled, 'Café Progrès.' Here there are a number of men entering a radical inn, where radical magazines are lying around. These men represent the ideas of the nineteenth century. There is the poet, Hyacinthe de Lafitte, an objective target of humour

for the reader, under the old device of the suspense system, where his newspaper article, of which he is so proud, fails to catch the attention of any of his friends, glancing through the paper. There is the philologist, Clarens, who stands for that nineteenth century class of thought, in an age of fantastic language, philosophy and study. Then, too, there is Durand, talking about the Golden Age all the time. Werfel has made a careful study of the Age. A battle waged by the world on Bernadette—that is the problem of the book: "For a saint in the nineteenth century was not welcome—either to the civil government, or to the bureaucracy of France, or to Churchmen."

"A splendid device to give historical atmosphere to the novel," explained Father Shook, "is found by the author in humanity's purpose to create a genius." As to the treatment of character development, Lafitte may best answer to the integrity of the author's style in this direction. It is the subtle tracing of a position in its evolutionary stages from aesthetic pantheism through to genuine faith."

"The dialogue being handled largely by interview," Father Shook stated, "is again a question of method. The Dean, a difficult person to deal with, yet has a way of getting things out of people, which technique he uses on Bernadette in the powerful scene where she approaches him in the execution of a mission imposed on her by 'the lady'—that of asking for a Chapel to be built. The problems of both literary execution and religious judgment are skilfully worked out."

"Of course," Father Shook enlarged, "the Clergy had to be cautious in dealing with miracles. Perhaps the old Dean was a little crude, but he came around in the end."

"Most important aspect of the book is its attempt to present an important truth—that supernatural gifts are not bestowed for individual benefit. 'The spring is not for me' repeats little Bernadette, again and again, to her throngs of worshippers, which well sums up this puissant thought behind the novel."

"Finally, we must keep in mind that the story is one of objectivity, not propaganda," concluded Father Shook. "The propaganda-leaflet style is abominable, but Werfel holds to straight facts. As one of the editors of the 'Saturday Evening Review' puts it: 'Werfel simply describes what happened to Bernadette.' If we put down the book with that conviction, our reading of the novel will not have been wasted time."

Maureen Murphy, 4T3,
Loretto College, Toronto.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO HARDY'S "THE NATIVE."

As a child might venture forth into a new world, full of colours and lights and mystery and find himself confronting with naive awe and wonderment each strange object that popped into his view, so did I feel as I slipped through Hardy, page by page, each forcing me into a deeper confusion, each adding to the total effect to build a masterpiece of intrigue and bewilderment. And as that same child might fall in love with mystery and want to be a part of it, so, too, I fell in love with Hardy and felt myself an actor almost, in his drama. Like the mythical Midas whose touch made the commonest things gold, so Hardy seemed to me to make every part of Nature that he brushed against become alive—much more alive than gold could ever be.

That Hardy is like a prince in his romantic power to create, his dignity of expression, his movements through line on line of exquisitely picturesque prose, so that one feels he is like a King's son on a white horse who moves along at an enchanting measure yet has the power of a nation in his blood and stride; that he is princely most of all in the things he says, rather than in what he thinks, for so grand and suggestive are they that plebian minds are strangled in their tangling plots and transformed into an element of aristocracy; that he is all of this and more, everyone who knows him and loves him has no desire to doubt.

Living among men, he was yet, like the Master Shakespeare, above mankind still much a part of them. His world was a world of nature, not of man, and as one sees in the *Return of the Native*, a "Nature" that is more than a scenic-accessory, it is the essential element of structure, the determining force that wraps itself around almost every being it touches. If it is not the superior force of nature that crushes Hardy's puppets, it is often a hostile chance, indifferent, accidental; many times it is the errors implied in these puppets' own desires and dreams which frustrate and destroy them. If it was not the magnificent backdrop of Egdon Heath which lay at the bottom of the tragedy of Eustacia Vye and Clym Yeobright, it was Fate, another tool which Hardy uses most effectively and almost mercilessly.

To me, the atmosphere and setting of *The Return of the Native*, stand out above all else, lending a certain quality to the characters, which by themselves they could never quite attain. The drama takes place exclusively out-of-doors, where the country yields up its intimacies,

where there are winter and night and storm and wind. Every slightest detail seems beautiful—the grass on the black hillsides, the instrumental effect of the dry heath bells, the wild rhetoric of night bellowing across the barrows to the bluffs, the fallen leaves whirling and dancing even as the "folk" danced; the signal pool at Mistover Knapp near Eustacia's home; the garden behind the house with its hollyhocks and small apple-tree; "Devil's Bellows," that with its wild atmosphere and trees "kept up a perpetual moan," all the little insects of earth toiling endlessly in their unseen world. You would almost believe that Hardy felt the surging power and presence of God—the nature he expresses is so alive, so aesthetic, so ancient.

I thought I knew the country even under dark and starry skies, but that vast expanse of Egdon Heath opened itself only to those who lived within its bosom, those who met it on its own terms, accepting it, knowing all along that "civilization was its enemy." Hardy called Egdon "the face upon which time makes but little impression"—small wonder then, that the belligerent Eustacia and Wildeve should fall down in tragic hopelessness before that face so cold and unfeeling. It is this opening description of the Heath with its melancholy tone that intimates the part it is to play in the lives of its inhabitants:

"Fair prospects wed happily with fair times; but alas, if times be not fair. . . ."

Already one anticipates potential tragedy; "human emotions baffled by destiny." The moor with its gloomy pigments is like a massive theatre in which the author is preparing to place his characters and have them act out their lives. Certainly with such a stage to act upon their story should be as a pageantry, profound and universal!

Into this land of night Hardy plants a race of docile men, and, like a patch of furze these peasant folk quite naturally find nourishment upon the only soil that they have ever known; here too they bend in pliant submissiveness before the wild decreeing wind. Just as the heath with its moaning and mystery eternally looks upon all who pass by, with a sombre regard, so do these simple folk unthinkingly scrutinize outsiders as they come and go. They are a perfect medium utilized to point the author's philosophy . . . one which was constantly pre-occupied with the insignificance and inevitable doom of man. Ironically enough, Hardy considers them the wiser with their lack of

"scholarly wrinkles," their ignorance, their subservient acceptance of Nature as a Master who could not be trampled down.

I was almost forced into this same strange stream of life when I met little Charley Non-such, laboriously feeding Eustacia's fire with the simple adoration of a slave; Granfer Cattle with his military illusions and his eternal youthfulness bursting out in song, dance and witticism, Christian Cattle "the man no woman would marry" with his nightmare dreams of red ghosts and death; Charley's simple pastoral devotion to his bewitchingly superior deity the "Queen of the Night"; the Heath itself with its harmonic enrichment and profound beauty.

Step by step I climbed to tragedy with this sorrowing poet. His pen, habitually jotting down just such little things, wove a texture so close knit that were one omitted it would spoil the perfect congruity of the whole; the strength of each succeeding act depending upon the degree of interest held over from that which went before. It is not so much the action that is set before you; it is rather what you feel. Like the true scientist that he was, Hardy had the tendency to view both external nature and the human heart with the sharpness and bold precision of a naturalist. He builds up the situation with a succession of tensions, gradually tightening and relaxing with a steady continuous pull. His natural descriptions are more the lyrical song of a poet; his characters, the scientific creation of an architect.

The reader is introduced to Egdon and its primitive products at cloudy twilight with the dark hand of the Heath drawing down Night before its rightful time. Into the blackness of this desert, starless and moonless, he paints the flickering lights of the Fifth of November bonfires and thus adds a wild luridness and mystery to the figures dancing about, talking in tense muffled tones. As Shakespeare might present his characters, so does Hardy deal with these rustics through whose provincial chatter we get none the less vivid pictures of several major characters; Thomasin, Mrs. Yeobright, Wildeve, and less clearly, the independent old seaman, Capt. Vye, who, with his bewitching granddaughter, lives semi-isolated in their home at Mistover. Their talk is clearly informative as well as amusing and characteristic. They almost tell too much.

Only the etching needle of Rembrandt could portray the scene when Wildeve and Christian throw dice for Mrs. Yeobright's gold pieces, with the intrusion of the heath-croppers "dusky forms between four and five feet high . . . with

their timid eyes fixed upon the scene," the light furnished by glowworms which "dotted the hillside like stars of a low magnitude."

Like Hardy himself this entire drama seems to ignore the existence of a present-day world. His is a philosophy of simple unchanging reality—far from the fever and fret of industry. But if he found solace and I presume he did, in the simplicity and smug content of the natives, he found on the other hand a disturbing opposition, in the non-natives, Eustacia and Wildeve, and the half-native, Clym. In each was a strong-willed soul—a soul of individuality and rebellious, human desires, intensified by human love. And in striving to express and fulfil themselves they were crushed against the churning wheel of Fate.

That Hardy appreciated human beauty as well as natural is strikingly apparent in his almost desperate sketch of Eustacia Vye:

"The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as though you had lost them." And Eustacia did that most royally. It was this "raw material of a divinity" with "passions and instincts which make a model goddess" whom I first met standing proudly beside her fire on the Knoll expectantly awaiting the sound of a falling stone in water; the signal to mark the approach of her lover Wildeve. As much as she blended into the dark tempestuous beauty of the moon, Egdon to her was "Hades" and she cradled dreams in her heart of Paris, gaiety, and passionate love. To her "a blaze of love and extinction was better than a lantern glimmer of the same which should last long years."

By some play of chance Eustacia learns of young Clym's return from Paris, through the convenient device of eavesdropping so frequently employed by Hardy in his stories. Quite incredibly, she is half-in-love with Clym before she ever sees him. It is in the description of Clym that Hardy finds another peg upon which to hang a philosophy of disillusionment. Clym was an altruist and was made of the stuff of martyrs; on his face could be dimly seen "the typical countenance of the future" . . . scarred with the experience of pain, of the "disease of thought." But to him the Heath was alive and throbbing: he was "permeated with its scenes, with its substance, and with its odors. He might be said to be its product." Because he loved Eustacia who detested the heath, he was not spared a share of its tragic outcome.

Diggory Venn, the reddleman, was to me a patch of the very landscape, sincere and unassuming, and as tactless as only an honest man can be. He walked the Heath in much the same

attire as the devil—but his soul was more the kind an angel would possess. His was the type of mind which worked for the happiness of others regardless of his own; his game was one of Chance, and whatever he did, of blunder or good, came from a well-meaning heart. Because he idealized Thomasin, he felt it a sacred duty to tell her of Wildeva (her husband's) walks to Mistover, thus causing the burden of sorrow to fall the heavier on the poor girl's shoulders. To Mrs. Yeobright, whose only fault (if so it can be termed) was that of loving her son too much. Venn, though somewhat inferior, was an honest man worthy of any trust, yet his mistake as to the allotment of the money causes further trouble to Thomasin, Eustacia and Clym.

The drama reaches a crucial height in the "Closed Door" scene—wherein Hardy's mastery of atmosphere attains its fullest reality. It is here that Mrs. Yeobright, desiring reconciliation, journeys the hot heath to the home of her son. By chance again, Eustacia imagines that her husband, now a blind furze-cutter, has wakened and gone to answer his mother's knock. Asleep by the hearth, Clym has not heard, however, while his mother, after seeing Eustacia's face at the window thinks the discourtesy deliberate and retraces her footsteps across the moor, heart-broken and miserable. The vividness with which Hardy brings home to the readers that last halting walk, through the unconscious irony of little Johnny Nonsuch's questioning is unforgettable.

Thus it is that Clym, who set out as soon as he awakened with the same intention of reconciliation finds her dying on the heath, and holds her in his arms as she breathes her last. What is more pitiful than a son who believes himself the murderer of his mother—or the husband who can no longer trust the love of his wife?

These are the characters that have bewildered me; these the settings which have intrigued and entangled me. That Hardy has placed them both in a sorrier plight than experience warrants, I know to be true, but one cannot forget such a mysterious venture into the land of Egdon.

It has been hard for me to write my exact sentiments, lacking adequate expression, for this lost author who did not even seem to know himself. To me he seems constantly to be crying out—"Why was I born to suffer?" Throughout the whole of his "Native" he seems to deny not only the hope of a happiness founded upon the progress of critical reason but the whole of modern civilization; and his sore heart seeks as would a wounded dog, the shelter of the

most primitive and untouched earth. I believe his whole philosophy of life, sincerely sad and tragic; to me he is a poet rather than a novelist, with his power of concentration, economy of words, vigorous and personal, with his artistic love for the beautiful and simple things in life. I still remain amazed. This man so closely bound to a universe of hills and moors—what if he had known their Maker? I only wish he had.

Florence Skemp, 4T5.

THE PASSION.

These wounded blood-stained Hands—and here
a nail

Upon a tree where Human Life did fail;
Those thorns—so ghastly sharp, so deep and
crude;

A Body, battered, lifeless, torn and nude;
Those Lips, my God, what thirst has made them
crack?

What whip has gnashed its teeth across that
back?

Whose arm was near enough to jab the sword
That pierced the side where Sacred Blood has
poured?

A moaning wind on bitter Calvary,
Defying devils, rushing to the sea;
The grass that eries and drips the Blood He
shed.

Upon the earth; a mother to her dead,—
O Love! that this is what a world would do
To praise a prince who died for want of you.

Florence Skemp, 4T5.

Loretto College.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

"Celebrate St. Patrick's Day
In the good old Irish way!"

Such the emerald green sign on Loretto College bulletin board! Accordingly from 6.45 to 7 p.m., in ye Olde Assembly Halle, Faculty and students were entertained by members of the student body.

As the audience assembled with characteristic Irish cheer, all nationalities were merged into one, namely, that emanating from the "Emerald Isle"—as the programme shows. The Nightingales of Irish Ayres, the Misses Mary Farrell, Joan Galligan, and Jacqueline O'Sampson (originally from Cork), gave the opening number and started things off in a typically Irish way, with songs. Next came some tantalizing Irish jigs performed by Miss

Helen Read, and Miss Rita O'Stortz, which set our hearts a-jigging in time to the busy toes.

The vocal Daughter of Erin herself next entertained us—none other than the celebrated Jacqueline Do-Erin (sometimes known off-stage as Jacqui, Joekqui Doiron).

Finally, entered a galaxy of Irish belles to sing all cares away. Many requests for Irish songs were granted before the girls, each flashing her green ribbons, left the hall with the thought—"Now, away for another year! But St. Patrick cheer you all."

Betty Ann Ehrle,
Loretto College, Toronto.

ODE.

To Christ's Anointed.

To you—who stormed heaven's gates that we might live;
Who baptized us and introduced us to the Altar of God,
Priests, men of God, men of beautiful heart and soul,
Of beautiful hands that lift the oblation, and call down the Son of God and Man—
Appease the just wrath of Him Who moved oceans and wild winds by His Omnipotence;

Who is Pure Act, and all that is sublimest in virtue,—God.

To you—in whom constancy and wisdom join power,

And move to the utmost *that* in us which cries for some sort of being and expression;

Who move swiftly as angels and would have us all saints singing with you in Highest Heaven;

Who move slowly as strategists, and act gently, with consideration only for the good of souls;

Whose voices rise to all that is sublimest in virtue—God.

Praying Him that we might grow in mind and in body to love and to serve Him—

Even as you serve, should we aspire to do so;

To you—who watch the night and day in prayer that all might live in Eternal Light,

The Light of Faultless Beauty and Love;

To you—who follow the impression of His Blessed Hand;

Who lift the Bread He lifted and, as Christ, effect the change;

Who offer Him in boundless sacrifice to all that is sublimest in virtue—God.

Florence Skemp, 4T5.

Loretto Secretarial College

The second group of Sodalists from Loretto Secretarial College made a memorable and happy Retreat at Marian Hall during the second week of February. Father Fleming, S.J., Director of our Sodality, conducted the spiritual exercises.

Catholic Press Month was interestingly presented by the Catholic Truth Committee L.S.C. Numerous periodicals, newspapers, and pamphlets were tastefully arranged on the Bulletin Board daily. Each day a new thought was given, stressing the importance and influence of the Catholic Press. Masses and Holy Communion were offered for the success of the Catholic Press. Book jackets were displayed on the Bulletin Board and also in the Classroom.

On St. Patrick's day a five-minute Book Contest was held. Marie Kot won the prize by writing the names of twenty-four Catholic books, which had been displayed during Press Month.

If L.S.C. Stamp Drive for the Missions was a success, the generosity of the Graduates was responsible for a good deal of it. Thanks, girls!

Keep it up! Muriel McCabe was prize-winner, having collected most Stamps.

Best wishes to Estelle Kucheryk, Denise Leonard, and Mary Scholes on their new positions! (And at \$45 a week!)

Special thanks to Estelle for her lovely poster on "Our Weapon to Win the War." It's beautiful, and effective.

A pleasant surprise awaits the Graduates in their next copy of "Our Lady's Letter." Dorothy Ainsworth contributed her time and effort to making our heading the centre of attraction.

The Loretto Secretarial College Theatre Guild presents daily its version of one of our numerous pamphlets. Monica Keast proved herself another Sarah Bernhardt in her brilliant performance in "Peanut, the Big Little Man." Nena Alfaro ably starred in the supporting role.

March 14 to 20—Vocation Week. Talks are scheduled to take place every morning. These talks are to help us determine our state of life.

Junior College

DISCIPLINE AND SELF-DISCIPLINE.

Frequently these days we hear the word, *discipline*, but do we think much of its significance? From the dictionary we may learn that it is "the systematic training, or subjection to authority; especially the training of mental, moral, and physical powers by instruction and exercise; by authoritative control and direction." This means that all the faculties—the sight, the hearing, the mind, the will, are affected and influenced by strict training.

And what of *self-discipline*? It is the process of having one's faculties, or energies, especially the inclinations and emotions, under the control of the will. Self-discipline means submitting bravely to discipline. It means that every act, every thought is carefully weighed; that the mind has control over the whole body—over the emotions and inclinations.

In all circles, discipline is needed. As Stroude expresses it:

"In schools and colleges, in fleets, or in the army, discipline means success; anarchy means ruin."

Equally necessary is self-discipline. If we do not subject ourselves to discipline, then discipline is valueless. Especially in school is self-discipline needed. We come to school to be taught and to learn, and an important part in the routine of school life is played by discipline and self-discipline. If it is a school rule that there be no talking in line, it is a matter of self-discipline that we conform to that rule, and keep silence. If the ruling is that the girls do not wear "make up," it is an occasion for self-discipline, for some, a real penance, to live up to the regulation. And so with other rules, if we cheerfully obey, we are better individuals for that subjection.

Many people claim that there should not be so much restraint in schools. They think that a child, a youth, should do as he pleases; should not be thwarted; should never be punished. In what state would the school, or the world be, if this were regularly practised? Everyone would do as he wished, without any regard for his neighbours. So necessary, indeed, is self-discipline, as well as discipline, that all steps should be taken to increase the feeling of the need for it. Without it, what kind of citizens shall we have in the proposed better world of tomorrow?

Now is the time, even before this World War is over, to realize the need for self-discipline in

order to solve most of the post-war problems; in order to win real success, as a God-fearing, peace-loving people in the world of tomorrow.

Audrey Doyle, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MY MOST EXCITING DAY.

Never during last summer had the sun seemed so warm, so friendly, as it did on that eventful afternoon. It all began as I was taking a sun bath while Mother and Daddy were sitting in deckchairs outside of our summer cottage near Jarvis Airport on Lake Erie. They were watching the airplanes whizzing overhead. About two miles out on the water the little "bomb boats" were zig-zagging back and forth to dodge the bombs dropped by the practising planes. It is seldom that these little "bomb boats" are hit but once hit on a vital spot it might mean death for the airmen inside.

Lazily the afternoon had passed, until suddenly into the din of bombs and motors came a roar. I found out afterwards that "the roar" was actually my father trying in vain to talk and call out at the same time. Poor mother jumped and as for me I leaped. Daddy was so excited that he was not able to tell me what had happened but kept on repeating "airplane" and pointing towards the water. There to my horror was something in flames. The black smoke was pouring over the water and a trail of white behind the object informed me that it was still floating and heading toward the shore.

My senses returned in a moment and I ran off down the shore for help. It was too far to swim to what we thought was a burning plane and to go out in our old row-boat would never do. Running madly along the shore, I at last reached the Airforce Pump House and explained by pointing and gasping that an airplane had fallen and exploded. The airman phoned to the airport for an ambulance and in the meantime a "crash boat" had been sent out to rescue the trapped airmen.

I sat down on the sand to recover my equilibrium—and my breath—and to await official news from the airport. The airman and I decided, much to our later amusement, just exactly the kind of plane which had fallen. Some five minutes later, the phone at the Pump House informed us that it was not an airplane that had fallen but that a "bomb boat" had been hit and all occupants were safe.

Later that evening the damaged boat was towed into the dock and as I sat thinking over the excitement of the day, I thanked God that

the war was not here. Accidents like this in Canada were not accidents over there in Europe, and I thanked God again that I could sit on the dock and know that I would sleep that night without bombs bursting around me.

And so came the peaceful end of the most exciting day in my life.

Mary Fitzgerald, Junior College,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

OF BOOKS.

In these days of strife and chaos, it is more necessary even than heretofore that everyone have a diverting interest. The school boy has his stamp collection; the business man has his gardening, the office worker has her knitting, but the school girl has—almost anything.

In my pile of school books, including texts labelled "Latin Grammar," "Algebra," "Trigonometry," is often tucked a book with a green, blue, or red cover. It may seem out of place among the others, but its contents have much the same effect on my mind as the cover has on my eyes. After hours of absorbing homework, it is an indescribable joy to be able to sit in an easy chair before an open fire, and drift into Wonderland and my childhood with Alice, or in more serious moments, visit Ireland, "the Emerald Isle," with Morton. Hours of toil (over homework) fade away and, with "Monsignor Masterman," I travel in the world fifty years from now. I go back to Elizabethan times to sympathize with Robin, the hero in Robert Hugh Benson's "Come Rack! Come Rope!"—I marvel that a Jew could beautifully and sympathetically tell the story of Bernadette; I understand the Protestant Revolution more clearly; and see Henry VIII and Elizabeth in their right perspective, after reading Belloc's, "Chaareters of the Reformation." I weep with Nicholas Nickleby and David Copperfield, and am disgusted with Steerforth. The depth and beauty of Chesterton's poetry startles me. I travel in Bethlehem and Jerusalem with the greatest Hero of all, in the greatest book of all, the Bible.

Of all hobbies, I consider reading the best. Of course, my mind may be biased, because of the enjoyment I derive from it. Reading educates the mind and serves to make the reader more broadminded. Today, poverty is not an excuse for ignorance, because the best and least expensive education can be acquired from books.

Mary Ellen Hogan, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MY FIRST DAY IN A NEW SCHOOL.

Will Rogers once said "Life begins at forty," but my life began on my first day at Loretto Academy.

I arrived at the new school rather early. Groups of girls were rushing to and fro and greeting old friends. After being directed to the cloak room I took off my jacket and stood in the corner feeling very lonely and rather out of place. One or two of the friendlier girls would give me a sympathetic glance or come over to say a few words such as, "You're a new girl?" or, "I hope you'll make yourself at home," but at the sight of a familiar face they dashed off shouting, "Hi-ya Fay; taking Commercial this year, too?" After what seemed to be years, the bell rang and I was directed to the Commercial room.

As I was mortally afraid of Sisters, I slyly slunk into a back seat in the far corner of the room. For about five minutes more, the other girls chatted and babbled about old times and the new work that lay ahead. Suddenly a perfect silence! All arose quietly and politely. Awkwardly I pulled myself to my feet, although at the time I did not know why. A tall, stately Sister, entered the room and took her place in front of the class. This Sister who was to be our Commercial teacher greeted the class with a cheery "Good morning, girls! We shall say the prayer."

As we sat down after prayer, she glanced at me. I am sure I would have felt more comfortable had I been pierced with a dagger. "We have some new girls, I see," Sister remarked brightly, "What is your name, dear?" It must have been the supernatural that pushed me onto my feet, for I am sure I would not have done this at High School. Then some questions were asked and answered. Finally, came the query, "What school did you attend before coming here?"

"Arthur High School!" I replied proudly. This gave me my first ounce of self-confidence, for although the old familiar "igloo of knowledge" did not stress manners and training to such an extent as this new one, memories of times spent there would always be dear and precious to me.

"You are going to take Commercial?"

"Yes, sir . . . er . . . uh, yes Sister!" The astonished class turned and stared at me as if I were a freak; but then there was no use in explaining that this was the manner of addressing Mr. Brown.

Sister then proceeded to explain an entirely new lesson—in Shorthand. In doing so she

dropped her chalk, and a short, plump "blonde" seated in the front row sprang to pick it up. "Teacher's Pet," I mumbled to myself.

All during the morning classes I sat positively spell-bound. Then, I did not realize that these little acts of kindness should play a very important part in any school-girl's life. The ringing of the eleven-fifty bell brought the usual clatter and noise of books being put into desks; but again that awful silence! As the teacher walked towards the door, a small, bright-eyed Italian girl approached her.

"May I take your books, Sister?" I could not understand how anyone could be such a sissy as to offer to carry books for a teacher!

The afternoon passed with more "new lessons" and happenings. That evening after dinner, my mother broached the subject of the new school.

"How do you like Loretto training?"

This brought my mind out of a dense fog. Although Latin and French, and other subjects had been well taught me in the past, not until my first day at Loretto Academy did I begin to realize that a Christian training was the sound foundation for a good education.

Helen Hollis, Junior College,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

GOOD FRIDAY.

His Mother met Him on that day,
As to Calvary He made His way;
And every blow to Him they dealt
Was by His mother also felt.

His body ached, His shoulders sagged,
And as a criminal He was tagged—
Her Son, Who all His life had spent
To make the human race content.

And those He loved, and taught before
Were now as foes from a distant shore.
But even when about to die—
"Forgive them, Father" was His cry.

Theresa Chantery,
Loretto Intermediate High School, Toronto.

A FAIRY QUEEN.

Everyone, even the most prosaic of our English race, has at one time believed in the existence of fairies and, as all realms of life owe allegiance to one of their kind, *our* fairy sovereign was symbolized by a queen.

The fairy queen was lovely, almost beyond description and yet still tangible enough not to overawe tiny people.

As we grew older, this vision vanished and with the calm assurance of a ten-year old we stated: "Fairies? Only children believe in them!"

Yet, we were mistaken; a fairy queen *does* exist!

Amid the luxurious surroundings of Buckingham Palace, in one of its blue and white drawing rooms, is seated our "Fairy Queen"—Elizabeth.

Her features are bathed in sunlight which seems to enhance their charm; her hair glints with many lights; her eyes have stolen a bit of the English sky; her skin follows the best fairy traditions, for it is as delicate as a rose petal; her lips are parted in that smile we have come to know and love so well.

Her gown of frosty net, shimmering with bits of gold, falls in graceful folds to her feet, while a double strand of pearls encircles her throat.

If, at first, her beauty blinds us to the amount of strength, goodness, and courage which her features reveal, we must be forgiven; but, as we continue to gaze spell-bound, we see that here is a woman whose price is truly "greater than rubies."

As we reluctantly leave her, we realize that our dreams have been fulfilled, and that in Elizabeth we have truly found our "Fairy Queen."

Norma Griffiths, Commercial,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

INTRODUCING A GROUP OF JUNIOR COLLEGE MAIDENS.

Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

Name.	Description.	Hobby.	Pet Aversion.	Ambition.
Frances Walsh	Irish Coleen	Listening to Symphonies	Homework	Radio Announcer
Mary Fitzgerald	Très Charmante	Studying	Pessimists	Nurse
Helen McManamy	Très Jolie	Most anything!	Latin	Matrimony
Kathryn Martlin	Glamour Girl—1943	Dancing	Typing	To find that Perfect Mate!
Anne Beatty	Personalty Plus	Basketball	Maths.	College
Joan Boyle	"Vivacious Lady"	Cooking	Public Speaking	Social Service Worker
Norma Griffiths.	Dark and Demure	Talking	Studying	Matrimony

AN EPISTLE.

(Karshish to Abib—20 years later).
(With apologies to Browning)

Karshish, more learned than when last I wrote,
And yet the humbler still; the knowledge that
I now possess more great by far than charms or
drugs—

To Abib, wisest of most men I yet have known,
To whom, I would impart (if I but could)
This knowledge more precious than the richest
gems.

Thou wilt recall, how years ago I met
One Lazarus, a Jew, who, 'tis said,
Did die but lived again, restored to life
By a learned physician of his tribe.
Lazarus (and others too) acclaimed this man as—
I scarce dared say it—God Himself!
Thou wilt recall I could not forget the tale
Though I would fain. And then—but this you
know—

I met a follower of this Nazarene.
He, like myself, was once an unbeliever.
He, in fact, brought persecution on
These Christians; his name was Saul . . .
The tale he told ran thus:
He was journeying, it seems, throughout this land
(The Damascus Road, in truth) when suddenly
A great light blinded him and he heard a Voice:
"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"
It was the Christ Who spoke, the Nazarene!
This man is now become the teacher Paul,
Whose fame outshineth even thine, great Abib.
As my ear was bent to hear, doubts vanished,
Fears were gone, and I, Karshish,
Arab physician and your humble student,
Believed and loved the Nazarene, both God and
Man.

All this you know. Yet, 'tis so wonderful
I ne'er grow weary telling it to all
Who listen. For the meaning is so simple
Even a child may understand, and yet
So subtle that from wisest men like thee
'Tis hidden. 'Tis the way of God—to teach;
Man's way should be to learn. (But back to
Lazarus).

I came last week to Bethany once more
In company of some Christian brethren,
We found our Lazarus nigh to death, but waiting
Patient to the last for death, which needs
Must restore his being to equilibrium,
Body loosening soul divorced for long,
Long years, by premature full growth.
He lived, nay it hath pleased him to live
So long as God hath pleased and how God pleased.
He did not seek to please God mere
(Which meaneth otherwise) than as God please.
He sought not, affected not, to preach
The doctrine of his sect; but still, his life
Hath wrought in me and others, too, a change
To Life, to Life Eternal through his Lord,
The Christ. The very God, yes, Abib, yes,
'Tis true, the All-Great IS the All-Loving, too—
And He hath asked, nay surely 'twas command,
That we should love Him Who has died for us.
Come, Abib, come and thou mayest see there,
Wonders such as these; and, then, dismiss them if
Thou canst by saying merely: "It is strange!"

Norma Griffiths, Junior College,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

SPRING IN TWELVE.

The walks are streaming rivulets,
And mud is everywhere,
But we don't mind a little bit—
For Spring is in the air!

We try so hard in history class
To remember who was king,
But memories all are simply blank—
For outside it is spring!

In Latin Authors, much the same,
The problem grows each day—
How can we study Hannibal's route
When spring is on the way?

Geometry period heads the list;
It is now a classroom woe;
For whatever once we might have known
Has gone with winter's snow!

Well, everyone gets a fever in spring!
But alas, our teachers have found
With Grade Twelve, Loretto Abbey, it seems
It's spring the whole year round!

Joan Shinnick, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MARY, QUEEN AND MOTHER.

The Word of God Incarnate,
In her is glorified;
The splendor of a kingdom,
In her is magnified.

She sits upon her regal throne,
We bow in adoration;
The Angels chant her glories,
We breathe in exultation.

Beauty sublime and humility sweet,
We see in our heavenly Queen,
Obedience, worship, immaculate grace,
Complete her wondrous mien.

Maternally she watches,
Her smile a benediction,
Within her arms enfolding us,
Fulfilling God's prediction.

With filial love and confidence,
We come in our great need,
"Meadiatrix, 'tween God and man,
Your children humbly plead!

"Have pity on all your children;
Help those who have gone astray;
Ask God to end this fearful scourge,
In His own kind, merciful way.

Silently, patiently standing
'Neath the cross in calm resignation,
Oh, Mother of Sorrows, afflicted on earth,
To war mothers bring consolation!"

Margaret Simpkin,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

A GUESSING MATCH

(1)

Who?

She was a heroine, womanly as well as feminine; courageous as well as high-spirited. She was lovely to look at, with a beauty that came from her own natural qualities rather than from make-up. She was the ideal heroine of war-time.

She was the kind of woman we would all like to be, particularly in these times. She could see her whole outer world collapsing without losing her inner strength and courage. She was generous in all her feelings, but knew when to keep her feelings to herself. She could watch her world being blown to pieces without losing her gentleness of heart. Best of all, she was one of those rare human beings who never seem conscious of their own superiority—even if she did have one of the most beautiful roses named after her.

Margaret OToole, XII,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

* * *

(2)

Who?

The character I have chosen is a movie actor. He is a huge man, in fact most people would describe him as a giant. He walks at an even pace, rather a slow, frightening walk. His hands are usually hanging motionless at his sides, or else they are occupied in destroying some creature, or thing. His head appears to be of leather, or some sort of plaster, and it is quite long, with a high forehead. He has very small slits in his head for eyes which are minus lashes and brows, and generally appear to be closed. These all add to his inhuman appearance. He possesses the strength of a superman, moving around with stiff, steady, slow motions as if he were wound by a key. He was influenced, or ruled by a mad man named Ogar, in his last picture. Can you guess who he is?

Louise Grightmire, XII,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

* * *

(3)

Who?

The character I wish to describe is surely known to every Canadian and American worthy

of the name. He is as Canadian as apple pie and cheese—as American as coffee and doughnuts—(pre-rationed, of course). He is tall, but not too tall; dark, but not too dark; thin, but not too thin. He is average in every way, and his name might easily be John Doe. He is married to a charming blonde; they have two children—a little girl, and a boy who is absurdly like his father. Mr. Doe rushes to business every morning, and his day is just like every business man's—except a little more so. His wife has a special weakness for preposterous hats,—his son, for anything noisy; and his daughter, for anything edible. The family also includes some puppies with a zest for living which add to the general confusion of Mr. Doe's home life. He, like us all, wants peace; but he seems to have a little less than most of us, especially when he has settled down in a comfortable chair with his slippers, pipe, and the evening paper.

Mary Alice Rogers, XII,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

* * *

(4)

Who?

He holds the destiny of millions in his hands, and these same millions he has guided and directed through the storm of war for over three years. He has become an international figure, recognized by most as the outstanding leader and statesman of our day. At a casual glance he would not cause a sensation. You would see him mingling in the Sunday crowd of strollers, dressed in a dark suit, topped with a derby. Out of the corner of his mouth an unlighted cigar protrudes from its perpetual resting place. But what holds your interest is his eyes, small, yet filled with an expression of wisdom, foresight and prudence. Hidden in their depths is a shrewd mingled kindness that gives them their light. A dynamic personality belongs to this man of sixty-three who, though small in height, looms above the average in intelligence and energy. Everyone knows and loves him; by the lowliest as well as by the most exalted you hear him called "Winnie."

Frances Walsh, Junior College,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

N.B.—You have probably recognized the above as: (1) Mrs. Miniver; (2) Frankenstein; (3) Dagwood; (4) Winston Churchill—and so merit 100 per cent.

WELCOME, SWEET MAY.

As the chilly blasts of March speed along on wings of lightning, I can see April peeping so timidly around the corner, as she ventures forth with her gentle breezes. As I listen to the birds raising their voices in jubilant song, I know that in obedience to Mother Earth's wishes, they are bidding us all rejoice, and welcome with open arms beautiful glorious May.

In every lane and meadow, each blade of grass takes on a brilliant verdant hue. Cattle, grazing with such contentment, pause and lift their heads appreciatively to the sun blissfully aware that to its bright rays they owe these delicious morsels. Flowers so exquisitely colored, bow their heads in salutation to the breeze filling the air with their fragrant perfume, their beauty enhanced by the true coloring of their delicate petals dripping with dew, each one a striking contrast to its lovely neighbor. Giant sturdy oaks tower skyward, their branches waving majestically in unison with the breeze, their roots twining and clinging so firmly to Mother Earth, giving each flower and blade of grass a secure foothold, an assurance of strength.

All Nature rejoices, and reflects her joy to a waiting world, as May distributes with a lavish hand her wealth. As I gaze spellbound at this beautiful inspiring scene, it seems as though an Angel were wafting a message urging us all to look heavenward to a glorious tomorrow, and to keep hope ever alive, and blooming in the garden of our hearts.

Margaret Simpkin, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THE MOONLIT RIDE.

Tobogganing on a moonlit night,
The silver stars shining bright,
The crunch of the fallen snow
Whispers as the toboggans go.

Laughing voices ring so clear,
Voices of those who to us are dear,
The moon makes a ribbon on the snow,
Paths its way to the vale below.

Now that the long ride is done,
Boys and girls who have had this fun,
Think of the years as you round the bend
Of the little time to your journey's end.

Laurine Hume, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

LOST AND FOUND.

'LOST: A small poodle dog. White—with black spots between eyes. Answers to name of 'Scottie.' If found, return to 504 Whitefield Ave. REWARD.

This was the notice put in the evening paper, but alas with no success. I kept thinking of the dreadful things that might have happened to my Scottie. I couldn't put them out of my dazed mind. Didn't anyone see my little puppy anywhere? Oh, where could he possibly be?

He had his favorite spot reserved in the kitchen and in the living-room also. He used to follow my every step and I would often scold him and watch his wagging tail suddenly droop. I now promised never again to scold a dog in all the coming years. I prayed to St. Anthony. I searched in every nook and corner, and in all his favorite hiding places from baths, but with no clues. I finally gave up in despair and began to look up other pets, but none could take the place of Scottie.

After school, I went to the pet shop but walked out again with nothing following at my heels. I opened the door to my home; there was my Scottie, my long lost pal, my pride, my joy; crazily jumping up and down, here and there, everywhere! He had been found at the other end of town by a kind old man.

Once again our kitchen and living-room are lively, disordered, animated rooms—and Scottie is such a dear!

Geraldine LeLievre, X
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

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A RENDEZVOUS IN NEW YORK.

Otto cleared the table quickly and set out clean napkins and a tablecloth. It was six o'clock and the famous Washington "rush" was beginning. Otto watched the diners with distaste. "These Americans are so foolish," he muttered, "They are so gullible." But then it was good that they were like that or he wouldn't be here. He remembered his orders well. "You, Herr Otto Hoffman will secure a position as a waiter in a restaurant in Washington, D.C. You will, at every possible moment listen for any military information which might prove valuable to the Third Reich. You will then report to Herr Gruber immediately."

Otto was shaken out of his dream by the arrival of a party of five. He looked at them closely as they entered the private dining-room. One man was a major-general of the Army and two were colonels. The last two were Navy captains. Otto's eyes gleamed. Army and Navy officials dining together, something was up!

All during the dinner, Otto gave the men the best of care but he heard nothing of interest. Finally the men had settled back with their coffee and cigarettes and began talking of their work. Otto left the room and discreetly closed the curtain.

To the other diners in the restaurant, it appeared that the small waiter was absorbed in writing out the check but in reality Otto was listening—listening.

Suddenly he caught the phrase, "It's all planned." He moved closer and strained his ears. They were talking very low but Otto heard someone say, "Between 40,000 and 50,000 will be waiting." Otto scribbled the words down quickly. What were they talking of, a troopship perhaps? He missed the next few words but then he heard a voice saying, "And the meeting place will be where, General?" Otto held his breath. The general replied softly, "New York and the date is set for November tenth."

The small waiter began clearing the table away. His work was finished. He would report to Herr Gruber tonight. If the ship is sunk with the loss of 50,000 American men, he, Otto Hoffman would become rich! Who knows, he might even receive a medal!

When the Army and Navy men left, Otto picked up their generous tip. "This is the second tip you've given me this evening, gentlemen, and I thank you," he said.

On November tenth, Otto could hardly keep the excitement from showing in his face. "These

Americans are fools, utter fools," muttered Otto as the hands crept slowly around the clock.

By seven o'clock the restaurant's rush was at its height. "Our submarine should have completed its mission by now," mused Otto, "and I will be rich."

At nine-thirty Otto stepped out into the street and began walking towards the corner. Crowds were everywhere and the newspaper boys were selling their wares. He bought a paper and started to read it as he walked along. Suddenly he stopped and stared at the headline. His eyes bulged and his face took on a deathly pallor. He dropped the paper and walked slowly away.

A few minutes later, a little boy came along and picked up the paper. "Daddy," he cried. "Did you see this headline? I'll read it to you, '50,000 watch Army defeat Navy, 7 to 0 in New York!'"

Virginia Kinsella, XII,

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

I'M GOING TO FIGHT.

I can still see him standing by the gate, the sun dancing on his blue uniform, the last time he was home. And I can see his crooked grin and hear the way his voice sounded, firm and steady, as he said—"I'm going to fight so that this world will be a better place when I come home! See?"

Well, he's not coming back, and it rests with me to do my best to make this world a better place because *he* had to die.

I can't join any of the women's auxiliary corps; I can't even work in a defense factory. But I can fight.

Perhaps my battlefield will be only a kitchen sink filled with dinner dishes. But I can forget to grumble, and remember to offer it up to God. I can smile at heatless houses, and cancelled leaves, and rationing—smile in the security that I, too, am a soldier: A soldier with a peaceful heart; a soldier who can write smiling letters to faraway places; a soldier with hands that can knit, and fold, and make the Sign of the Cross, and a mind that can convert idle moments into prayers for our boys.

I can be a part of a living source which furnishes our boys with the grace that is their spiritual blood. I can fight for a spiritual victory while they gain a material one. My battle cry is Cardinal Newman's prayer—"Dear Jesus, help me spread Thy fragrance everywhere."

Theodora Underwood, XII,

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

JIMMY'S FAITH.

Michael Morton realized that he had again let his little son stay up too late—so, “to bed, now!”

Jimmy knelt down, clasped his hands over one of his father's knees and began in a loud whisper,

“Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.” Then he stopped to ask, “Is Mrs. Nolan coming tomorrow?”

“She'll be here, all right,” Michael said. “I'll give you ten seconds more to finish your prayers!”

Jimmy grinned. “I thought you wanted me to go slow. “Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.”

He unlocked his fingers. “Will she?”

“Will she what?”

“Will she now and at the hour of our death. Amen?”

The words of Jimmy's prayer caught in Michael's mind and stayed there; “Yes,” he said. “Climb into bed, young man, it's past nine.”

But Jimmy had something difficult to say. “You mean she'll ask God for *anything* I want, and He'll give it to her for me?”

“She's His mother.”

Jimmy stood up, kissed his father and got into bed. Michael opened the newspaper, read a paragraph, then dropped it. He felt tired. Perhaps tonight he might be able to get some sleep. He hadn't slept well in the last six months; not since his wife had died.

He entered the bedroom on tiptoe, but Jimmy was not asleep. “Dad,” he whispered, “I've been asking Hail Mary for something.”

Michael lay on his back closing his eyes. “What've you been asking for, Jimmy?”

Jimmy sat up in bed. “I thought I'd better make it something easy at first. A jack-knife.”

For a full hour Michael tried to make sleep come, but it was no use. He got up and dressed. Then he left the apartment and strolled down the street. He stopped in front of Sam's drug store where a box of jack-knives was on display in the window. Going inside he purchased the biggest and shiniest one Sam had. After strolling around the block once more, Michael turned back towards the apartment.

It was morning when he awoke. He heard Jimmy and Mrs. Nolan talking in the kitchen.

“Do you ask for things when you say your prayers, Mrs. Nolan?” Jimmy demanded.

“I do,” said Mrs. Nolan, as a pan clattered to the floor.

“Do you always get what you ask for?”

“It all depends. I just try to guess what the Good Lord wants to give me, and then I ask for that.”

“That's how I got this knife,” Jimmy said, holding his prize. “Isn't it beautiful?”

“You must have said a fine prayer,” the housekeeper replied.

“It was only a Hail Mary, but I said it very slow, the way Dad told me to.” Jimmy was silent for a moment. “But I'm asking for the real thing tonight. Someone's going to be here when you come next week.”

Mrs. Nolan turned. “Someone instead of me?”

“She was here with Dad and me long before you came,” Jimmy said, his voice thin with sorrow, “and she's coming back.”

“Jimmy!” Michael shouted.

Jimmy ran to the doorway. “Look what I got!” he said. “I was showing Mrs. Nolan.”

“Come here!” Michael said. When Jimmy reached the bed, Michael took his son's hands in his. There was only one thing to say. “I'm glad you liked the knife,” he said. “I bought it for you at Sam's last night.”

Evelyn Murphy, XII.

Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE CASUALTY.

Mistletoe wasn't any special kind of pup. No, he was just plain dog; but then, sometimes they're the best. According to Pamela, who really didn't know, he was about eight months old and he certainly looked it. The first thing you always saw, when surveying the creature in question, was four huge, white, clumsy paws and two coal black ears that flopped uncontrollably at their tips. He had the glossiest black coat I had ever seen and a pathetic look that would tear your heart out—if you didn't know of the mischief that was being planned behind those appealing eyes.

Mistletoe was a slum puppy and lived in London's east side with two of England's loneliest children. Though the flaxen-haired Pam was only nine, her face had the wizened look of experience that comes from shouldering heavy responsibilities.

Now all young puppies are lively and want to run, and jump, and play, but this one sat beside Pam's little brother, day in and day out, with a faithfulness that hurts. It took time for Mistletoe to learn that Peter couldn't run and

jump with him, and though he couldn't understand why the pale little fellow wore the brace on his leg, he seemed to admire him for it. Never have I seen, in any of God's living creatures, the love that that shaggy little pup had for his master.

And then came tragedy. Pam had gone out, I can't remember where, and Peter was alone with Mistletoe. The two of them were, in a sense, playing a game of catch when suddenly the pup stiffened. The coal black ears stood straight in the air, as if straining to hear some faraway sound. But now the boy heard it, too, the drone of planes overhead, in their own British sky. The blood slowly drained from his already pale face and, as he instinctively put his thin little arms out towards his motionless puppy, a few feet away, a shrill, whistling sound was heard. The drone of planes — a whistling sound—an explosion—and it was all over!

The whole world rejoiced with the Island, that so little damage had been done. The whole world, except a heartbroken, little boy, who cried floods of grimy tears, night after night. And when he finally fell into a troubled slumber, and his sympathetic sister crept noiselessly to his bedside, she saw clutched tightly in his little fist, the one remaining object that had any significance — a tiny rubber ball marked with puppy's teeth.

Jean Hanson, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

MY FIRST MOVIE.

"There is to be a movie Friday afternoon in the auditorium," said Sister. "Don't forget to bring your dimes."

This is my first remembrance of going to a movie. I was seven, and of course, wildly excited. I rushed home to my mother and said,

"Mother, please give me a dime! A movie's coming to our school!"

The auditorium was full of laughing, talking people. Then suddenly the lights went out, and I was sitting in inky blackness. I grasped the edge of my chair, not knowing what was going to happen next. Then upon the dim white sheet there appeared suddenly a bright light. For a moment I was blinded. The room was hushed, and everyone watched the picture.

The heroine was a beautiful, young, South Sea Island girl. She looked like the picture of a fairy queen I had seen in my book of fairy tales.

I'll never forget though, the two missionaries on the island who were trying to convert the

unfriendly natives. Unknown to everyone, they had converted the girl to Christianity.

One night there was a tribal meeting. I was lost in admiration when the girl danced. She seemed to sway and bend like a palm tree, to the strange beautiful music. The music sent thrills up my spine, and I sat transfixed.

The girl stopped dancing. I thought the chief was frightening when he stepped out in his ceremonial robes and in a deep voice declared, "The white devils must die!"

It ceased to be a picture for me. It became real! I was living it myself. I felt all the terror in the girl's face.

The young girl rushed to the huts of the missionaries that night to tell them what she had heard. When the ugly chief and his horrible head-hunters walked in, my heart gave a plop in fright.

It was beating fearfully when they bound and carried the girl away. They tied her by her beautiful hair to a post. When they began the music preparatory to burning her to death, I shuddered. I felt hot and cold at once! My tongue stuck to my throat and my hands were shaking.

Going to burn her! Oh, no! I didn't have a clear idea of what burning was, but didn't people burn forever when they went to hell? I could stand it no longer, I must get out of here! Stumbling and groping through the dark, over everyone, I finally got into the aisle, and hardly knowing how I reached there, I stood outside the auditorium and gaspingly drew a deep breath.

To this day, I have never learned the ending. I often wish I had waited to see it.

Mary Dillon, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

A LETTER TO JOE.

I have written our Joe a letter;
He's in the Navy, you know,
He had never been away from home,
And it was hard to see him go.

But Joe knew it was his duty,
To his country and his own—
To fight for all his loved ones—
So he went when the bugle was blown.

Of course we miss him sadly,
But letters bring him back,
So that is what I do each night;
And send the news he may lack.

Have YOU written our loved one lately?
Your letters are his reward,
For he's fighting for you and his country,
But most of all for his Lord.

Henrietta Mueller, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

ALL IN AN HOUR.

A brisk cooling wind, whose habitual haunt is Michigan Boulevard, whisked two lovely young ladies down the sunlit sidewalk. A study in contrasts, one was tall, blonde, city-clothed; the other was small, demure, her dark hair covered by a red silken babuska. Engaged in an animated conversation in a decidedly foreign language, they little heeded the curious looks of passersby.

Suddenly Katerina excitedly clutched her comrade's arm and cried,

"O Hej! Hej! I should like to see the famous university, even if I shall never attend one. Please, Margarita!"

"Well—" came the dubious reply, "I'm not sure which bus to take. Oh, there's one!" With a pleasing smile she ventured to ask the lolling pilot of a parked bus, "Do you—?"

"Down the block, lady! I ain't goin' nowhere now," he nonchalantly answered, turning his attention elsewhere.

"Oh, dear! We have to go down the block, Katerina."

Katerina's step was elastic as they walked. It was a wonderful day, a wonderful city, and oh, what a wonderful country! A strange fear seized her. Perhaps this was only a dream, and suddenly a bragging insolent trooper would confront her. But no! There were gay, fresh-faced young boys in khaki and blue who peacefully patrolled these streets. Joyfully she assured herself.

"I'm not afraid! I'm not afraid!"

She turned with a laugh to her friend, "Oh, Margarita, it's so good to be in this country! Just think, last year I was hungry, afraid of death—and worse." Sudden tears filled her eyes at the recollection.

"God was so good to let me flee Czechoslovakia. I only wish I did not have to leave all my friends."

"Dear, try not to think of that now," Margarita patiently soothed.

"I won't. I promise." A quick smile chased away the tears. She had resolved to forget.

"Here comes a bus. You wait on the sidewalk, Katerina, while I ask the driver where he stops. My gosh, look at the puddle! I'll get my toes wet."

She gathered strength for the short leap, jumped and landed. Breathlessly she inquired, "Does this bus stop—?"

Bang! The door slammed shut behind her, as the bus started with a jolt.

"Whaddyawant, lady?"

"Want?" Fairly bursting with anger, she put on her skid chains and said from between clenched teeth, "Young man, I stepped on this bus to ask you a simple question. Did you pay any attention to me? No! I don't *want* to stay on this bus. Do you realize I've left a poor, helpless girl who can't talk English—stranded back there?" She gesticulated wildly, as anger gave way to horror.

"O.K.! O.K.!" he muttered savagely. "Get No. 667—but some of you dames run the darndest rackets. Get *off here!*"

"You'd better let me off before—before—I explode and blow you and this bus too to the Tribune Tower! She was possessed by a white heat of anger and distress, thinking of poor Katerina standing there, alone, with one word of English to her vocabulary, and that one—"Hi."

When Katerina saw the door suddenly slam and the vehicle lurch down the street, she gasped and ran shouting after it.

"Ceky! Pridz nazat! Ne ohab mne!"

As the dread of desertion crept over her she began to run faster, and then it happened so suddenly!

Watching the vanishing bus, she failed to see a form emerge from the I.C. substairs, and ran straight into a broad khaki figure.

"Oh," she gasped, then smiled, "Hi!"

"Oh," he in turn gasped, as he looked into a pair of unbelievably expressive eyes.

Tongue-tied she tried to say something, wishing desperately she knew some English. Then a torrent of Slovak, one word tripping over another, tumbled out. Pleadingly she looked at him and summed up the situation, tall, dark, nice, and—umm, something familiar about his eyes. Then his eyes did it. They wrinkled in a funny way as he exclaimed with incredulity, "I can't believe my eyes! It can't be. Ale to je! Katerina! Nepametas mne, Palko Janosic?"

Uncertain, she looked at him with tender eyes. Then with an exuberant motion, she grasped both his hands and gazed into his strong face. Their eyes met over years—school days, the little toy village, pleasant memories of sweet smelling hay fields, and then, the first days of the invasion! Two counterparts of lost Czechoslovakia, transplanted here on fertile ground, take up where they had left off, and carry on their lost generation. That one look caught and held, covered ages—and millions of meanings.

"Thank goodness, you're still here!" breathless, Margarita steamed up. "I—", she stopped

in amazement. "Well, you certainly do work fast!"

Katerina turned eagerly to Paul explaining, "To je Margarita, moya mila Krianka," and to Margarita, "To je Jan Palko, moya straceni Krajah."

Paul shook his head and said, "No, Katerina, not Palko Janosic any more. Now shall it be Mister— and Mrs.?"

Susan Galgan,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

A STRANGER.

The white sand blew viciously as Jimmy, hot and tired, dragged himself wearily to the top of a hill. He stood there in the gleaming sun, a khaki-clad solitary contrast against the blue sky. His red hair blew wildly as his despairing eyes searched for some sign of human life. This was the third day he had been without food and his water supply had now given out. He sat down on the hill and thought back to previous happenings.

His company had fought a hard battle, but to no avail. All his buddies were dead and the enemy had returned to their camp. He could not push the picture of the red blood against the white bleaching sun from his mind or the young twisted bodies that had lain around him. The deafening silence compelled him to clench his fists and slowly tears trickled down his thin, pale, drawn face.

Suddenly he felt the presence of someone near him. It was a strange sensation, one of fear and yet of complete safety. Slowly he raised his eyes and before him stood a tall, thin man, clad in a military uniform he could not recognize. Who could this man be, and where did he come from? These questions raced through his mind as the man smiled down at him. Jimmy was held spell-bound by the deep brown understanding eyes that looked into his. The stranger handed him a pack with food and water and pointed North. He then said, "I, too, was once in the desert for many more days than you, my son."

Jimmy took the pack and when he looked up, the Man was gone. He thought back to what the stranger had said. He knew now Who the Stranger was, but he knew, also, that no one would ever believe him. Jim picked up his pack and turned North with a light heart and a new and greater love for his Lord.

Betty Nelson, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

MAY.

May, bright month of many flowers,
Brings the robin's whistling song,
While the children in the garden
Play with marbles all day long.

In the glory of the sunshine,
Daffodils and tulips bright
Seem as happy as the children
Playing in the sunny light.

Claire O'Sullivan, VIII,
St. Joseph's School (Loretto),
Hamilton.

RESURRECTION.

It was on a sad and darkened day
Our Lord forgave all and passed away.
He was taken down from the Holy Cross
And laid in a tomb. Oh, earthly loss!

The third day has come; it is Easter morn;
Our Lord again to life is born—
He is born from death to life again,
Victorious over the world to reign.

J. Metcalfe, Grade VII,
St. Joseph's School (Loretto),
Hamilton.

SPRING.

This is the season of spring.
Birds are beginning to sing;
Sheep-bells are tinkling;
Brooks now are sprinkling
The flowers that grow on their banks.

So, do not fret. Learn to forget,
For now is the season of spring.

J. Dabbs, Grade VII,
St. Joseph's School (Loretto),
Hamilton.

APRIL SHOWERS.

April showers may be quite wet,
But why sit down and fume and fret?
Let's think of May,
When children are gay!
There are flowers of pale colours,
And soon there'll be others—
Daffodils stately in orange and gold,
Flowers about which poets have told.

A. Schlosser, VII,
St. Joseph's School (Loretto),
Hamilton.

THE LARK.

From south the birds fly north,
Surging bravely forth,
In mass migration, or lonely flight,
Flying by day and resting by night;
Venturing bravely forward,
Winging steadily nor'ward,
The song of one, or of many a lark,
Is heard at dawn, and again at dark.

J. Johnson, VII (age 11),
St. Joseph's School (Loretto),
Hamilton.

SHE CHOOSES FOR HERSELF.

"Good morning, Miss Taylor! Just what would you like to see first?" inquired the sales-girl in "Madame's Hat Shoppe," with her most charming manner.

An hour later, Miss Tilder walked out, very erect, the latest in hat-creations perched precariously on her forehead.

As she crossed the threshold on her way out, a suppressed titter ran around the room, expanding into a hearty laugh as she passed out of sight and hearing.

A reporter, catching this outburst, ventured to peep inside the door and inquire about it.

"We need a funny story for our 'Brighter Days' column in The News," he explained, looking around expectantly.

The girls at once began a mirthful account of their experience with Miss Tilder.

"The dear lady came in," began one, "saying she needed a nice respectable-looking hat because she was going to a bazaar. So, we—"

"Told her that nice respectable-looking hats were out of date, and therefore you didn't keep such things," interrupted the reporter, with a chuckle.

"No," declared another, "we didn't; and we have got nice respectable-looking hats!"

"You haven't really!" The reporter feigned incredulity.

"Well, anyway," continued the speaker, "she came in here, saying she wanted a nice respectable-looking hat. So—"

"You said that before," murmured the amused reporter, busily jotting down notes.

"... we showed her a few," the girl went on, ignoring the last remark.

"But she didn't like them," volunteered another, with a smile.

"Then we brought out all the respectable-looking hats in stock."

"I'll bet there weren't many," commented the newspaperman, mockingly.

"Will you please stop ridiculing our hats!" exclaimed the girl indignantly.

"Go on, I didn't mean a thing!" The reporter, pencil in hand, looked penitent.

"We had all the hats piled out here, as you can still see," explained the first speaker, with a gesture showing the table covered with hats of all shapes, sizes, and colours.

"But she didn't like any of them!" supplemented another girl. "She said they didn't suit her face."

"They certainly didn't!" laughed another.

"And then she spied that tiny Paris creation that had just come in, and she . . ."

"Promptly fell in love with it," suggested the reporter, grinning.

"And how!" "Did she ever!" chorused the girls, breaking out into laughter again as they recalled the incident.

"We told her it didn't suit her face and age—"

"And she nearly killed us for such insinuations about her age!"

"Then she glared at us, snatched the hat, and tried it on—"

"*Backwards!*" chorused the girls, going into new fits of laughter.

"We tried to tell her, but she wouldn't listen to us. She paid the bill and walked out."

"And nearly knocked my eyes out with that knitting needle on what you call a hat," ruefully remarked the reporter, although he smiled as he closed his note-book.

"It was *so* funny when she put that hat on backwards," mused one of the girls.

"Yes, it must have been funny," agreed the reporter, then, dubiously, "but with the condition that hats are in this present day and age, what I'm amazed at, is how on earth *you* knew whether the hat was on backwards or frontwards!"

Ethel Farkas, XII,

Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

SIGMA TAU CHI.

"Every Catholic girl has the right to a pleasing personality, in order that she may draw people to Christ."

This is the foundation of the Sigma Tau Chi, or as you have probably known it before, the Charm Club. It is a Grade Twelve English project here at Brunswick: But we refer to it now as the Sigma Tau Chi.

When we returned to school last fall, we took stock of our club, and after deciding that it was worth while continuing, we knew that it should be improved in several ways.

First, the Name. Charm Club sounds too worldly, we thought—more like an advertisement, reading, "How to be popular in five easy lessons," than a Catholic girls' club for self-improvement. Christ should definitely have His place in its title.

After much deliberation, and many excellent suggestions, we finally agreed upon Smile To Christ, as a suitable name for our club. Not only would the Smile be our badge of membership, but each letter in it is significant of the work that we accomplish in the club. And here it is:

S is for Sports and Style.

M is for Manners and Morals plus Music.

I am the person to be Improved.

L is for Literature.

E is for all our Endeavour in all our work.

"I endeavour to improve myself in Manners and Morals; to take more interest in Literature, Music and Sports; and to learn to dress correctly,"—such the individual resolution!

Now you see where we get the Smile; and we take it all to Christ, since it is with His help that we hope to accomplish all these things. Next, it was an easy matter to change the initials S.T.C. into the Greek, and get Sigma Tau Chi.

But this is only the beginning of the improvements. It was agreed that the Fashions Committee report only once a month; the Music Committee alternate each week between Swing and Classical music.

Our Manners and Morals Committee use as their guide Father Rooney's pamphlet, "Courtesy and Christ." We have discussed most of this book in the club, and worked out several of the suggested "stunts," and "skits." Father himself wrote us a guest editorial, and encouraged us in our work. Each week, we have a mental prayer, every girl taking her turn, and choosing her own topic.

The Literature Committee have been specially on their toes, as every month a paper is edited by them, containing contributions from all the members. They have named the paper after the club, and it has many interesting, and timely articles, as well as a short story, and a serial.

The Music Committee have been giving us a series of talks on the lives of composers, and soon they will give us a quiz on these.

We all keep note-books now, in order that we may record these tips for future use as well as the present. We are still reading our anonymous Criticisms and Congratulations as we did last year.

We plan to keep all our minutes, in one book, and with them the copies of the paper. The front page will be adorned with pictures of all the girls who have been members of this club, either last year or now.

We have already had our first visitors, Miss MacLean, and Miss Moss, who were interested in the club. We just held our usual meeting, and they spoke to us afterwards.

Those who have read about our club in a previous "Rainbow," will see how many innovations have been brought in. We hope that any other classes who wish to form clubs of this nature will profit from our experience, and

we shall be really interested in them if they write to us.

We have all worked together to make this club the success that it is, and we do appreciate the aid of our Teacher in charge. The club is the sum total of the ideas of the girls in the class. When we disagree on any points we discuss the situation thoroughly, and come to an amicable decision.

Virginia Burkholder, XII,

Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

THE DREAMER.

In my ship I sail in the early dawn,
When the morning sky is red,
And I return with eventide
Before the sun is fled.

I sail upon uncharted seas,
For the dreamer's wand is mine;
I seek and find unknown delights
As I follow fancy's line.

So, voyage now with me, my love,
Till we pass the sands of Time,
The weary world left far behind,
We'll find a life sublime.

Bernadette Ward, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

A LITTLE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

The Church was old and quaint and gray;
'Twas shrouded with vines from a far-off day—
It stood on the hill by an old oak tree,
And its stately steeple was fine to see.
The church, 'tis true, was very small—
About the size of our church hall.
The clouds which drifted o'er seemed lazy,
And the fields afar looked dim and hazy.
That is how it used to be—
The little church so dear to me.

Jeanne Stevens, XI,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

SPRING.

Lovely Spring is on the way,
Coming closer every day;
Soon the birds will daily sing
Happy tribute to the Spring!

Away go ice, and snow, and sleet,
And in trips Spring on dainty feet,
Cloudy skies turn brightest blue;
Up pop flowers of every hue!

We'll put away the skates and sleighs,
And welcome back the sunny days;
Of all the seasons of the year,
Springtime is to us most dear!

Nora-Jean Byrnes, IX,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

FIRST AID TO LOVE.

Prize Winning Short Story by KATHERINE BOLLING.

CHAPTER I

It was a warm spring day in April and Tourniquet, Puneture, and Laceration, all seniors, were coming home from school. They were discussing the latest developments in their First Aid class. "Don't you think First Aid is silly," said Laceration. "I don't know when I'll ever use mine."

"Oh, I think it's pretty good," replied Puneture. "We may be able to prevent accidents."

"I really think it's great," argued Tourniquet. "No matter how careful we are, accidents are bound to happen."

As they reached the corner a young girl started across the street and at the same moment a huge truck came bearing down on her. There was a screech and grind of brakes but too late. The girls ran over to see what had happened. The victim was bleeding profusely from the leg, a great gash was cut across her forehead and there were many bruises and cuts all over her arms. Laceration gave one look at the blood-covered girl and turned on her heel saying, "I just remembered I've got a date at home."

Laceration Applies First Aid.

"Oh, no you haven't," said Puneture and Tourniquet together. "Laceration, you've got to give that poor girl First Aid. You do it the best of any in the class. You've got to help her."

"Well, er! well, O.K.," replied Laceration. Dropping her books and taking her bandages from an envelope in her notebook, Laceration set to work. The injured girl's leg was bleeding in spurts so Laceration concluded it was bleeding from an artery. She took the ruler offered her by Tourniquet, and made the tourniquet tight. Wiping the blood from around the girl's hair she wrapped the gash securely and then applied mereurochrome which Puneture had procured from the drug store on the corner. After fifteen minutes she loosened the tourniquet, and tightened it again. Just as she finished printing T. K. on the girl's forehead with her lipstick the ambulance drove up. Two men came running with a stretcher and a handsome young doctor jumped out of the front cab. He looked at the injured girl, and then at Laceration for an instant and quickly bundled the girl on the stretcher and into the ambulance. Laceration gathered up her books as Puneture came over and helped her straighten herself up.

Tourniquet said, "Oh! Laceration, you did a beautiful job on her. Wasn't that doctor ente looking? (Sigh) How I'd love to have him to take me to the prom next month."

"Oh, is that all you can think of, Tourniquet?" said Puneture. "You know, I'm glad I took First Aid."

"And you'll have somebody to take you to the prom," said Tourniquet and ducked just in time to miss a slap directed to her by Laceration.

CHAPTER II

After Dr. Prevention had left the scene of the accident, he kept thinking about the T. K. on this girl's forehead and wondered who the girl was who made it. "Well," he thought to himself, "as soon as this young lady regains consciousness I'll know." Soon they arrived at the hospital and Dr. Prevention had the girl placed in the Emergency Ward until they found out who she was, and where she lived. After a nurse had taken charge, loosened the tourniquet and fixed the wounds, the doctor left, telling the nurse to notify him when the girl regained consciousness.

Hearing a call, Dr. Prevention hurried into the room. "Do you remember your name?" he asked. She smiled wanly and said, "Of course I remember, Doctor, my name is Cravate."

Doctor Shows Symptoms.

"Well, Cravate, how are you feeling?"

"I'm much better, Doctor. I really don't know what happened."

"As I heard the facts, you either walked in front of a car or a car ran into you. A young girl gave you First Aid until I arrived and that's what saved your life. By the way, do you know who the young lady was? I'd like to a—er—return her bandages," he asked eagerly.

"Why, no, doctor. I really don't know who she was but she had brown hair and a pretty face. That's all I recall about it," answered Cravate.

"Well, thank you, Cravate, I'll see you again tomorrow," said Dr. Prevention as he left. He quickly went to a newspaper office and asked for an order blank for a personal ad. After placing the ad asking for all witnesses of the accident, he went home to wait.

The next afternoon about twenty people came in regard to the ad, but none had administered First Aid. One said, in answer to his question of what the young girl looked like: "She was short with long blonde hair." An-

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other thought she was tall and lanky, just like a scarecrow, and another didn't know anyone had given First Aid. So he thanked them and breathed a sigh of relief as one by one they left. Soon a trim young girl with deep brown hair came; his heart skipped a beat: this probably was she. He smiled and said, "Won't you sit down. You're here in regard to my ad?" he asked hopefully. She sat down opposite him and answered, "Why, yes, I came in regard to it. I thought I might be of some help."

Lovers Meet.

"First," began Dr. Prevention, permit me to introduce myself. "I'm Dr. Prevention. And you?"

"Oh," she stammered. "I'm Laceration."

"Well, I'd like to know who administered First Aid to the victim of the accident in question."

"Was anything the matter?" she gasped. "I knew I shouldn't have tried it. Oh, dear, is the poor thing dead?"

"Oh, no, don't get excited," he laughed. "You did a beautiful job on her."

"Oh," smiled Laceration, "I was so afraid something had gone wrong. I must be going now, Doctor; that is, if that is all."

"Certainly, Laceration, but may I drive you home?" asked Dr. Prevention.

"Yes, thank you, Doctor," replied Laceration.

As they were driving home in Dr. Prevention's trim little maroon convertible, he suddenly asked, "Laceration, may I see you again? Perhaps I could take you to dinner tomorrow night."

"I think so, Doctor, and I'd be delighted to have dinner with you tomorrow. You may pick me up about 7:00," added Laceration.

At this moment they drew up at Laceration's home. Thanking him and telling him not to forget, she ran into the house. She felt as if she had known him all her life and then and there vowed to ask him to the Senior Prom.

CHAPTER III

The days had really flown by. The first dinner date was now a thing of the past as was the Senior Prom. Laceration had been thinking how all the girls had gasped when she, radiant in pink net and sequins, had waltzed in with a handsome interne. She sighed as she thought of all the fun they had had on picnics, dances and parties during the summer, and here it was September and their first quarrel. She wanted him so awfully much; she missed his phone calls and dates and it was her fault that they had quarreled. Suddenly the brightest idea came to her. She had met Dick (as she now called Dr. Prevention) through First Aid. She would see if First Aid couldn't bring them together. She called Dick and asked if he would come and see her but would he first listen to what she had to say? "Dick," she said eagerly, "I've applied a permanent tourniquet to my temper, I put love to bed and bandaged it up as best I could; won't you come over and give expert care?"

"Darling," cried Dick, "I'll be right over."

Laceration laid the receiver on the hook and cried softly for joy. A ring on the bell told her Dick had arrived. Opening the door, she threw herself into his arms. They sat down on the couch and told each other what they had done the past day. Suddenly he reached into his pocket and took out a little box; opening it he showed her a beautiful diamond ring. "It's yours, Laceration," he solemnly told her.

Now, happily married, Laceration thinks First Aid is the most wonderful thing in the world since it brought her love, a wonderful husband and a happy home.

(The prize First Aid story written by a Freshman, as it appeared in *The Lorelei*, Englewood).

SO, YOU'RE IN THE ARMY!

"Mabel, will you get a load of that!" exclaimed Sarah.

"Well, twist my turban man alive, if it isn't Jimmy McFarland in a Uniform! Well! well! Hi soldier; how do you like the army."

"It suits me fine, girls! Why at the rate I'm going I'll be a lieutenant or a corporal any day now." "Reahly!", drawled Mabel as she and Sarah continued down the street; then Sarah called back, "Bye Jimmy! I wouldn't go in for pipe-dreams if I were you."

"Halloa, Mr. Noble, how do you like my new uniform?" "Why, son, you look great. When did you join up?"

"Well, Mr. Noble, just a few days ago, I says to myself 'Jimmy McFarland the army needs men like you.' So I up and joined."

"Yes, I think a lot of these fellows who loiter on street corners, unemployed, should join up. Makes them look more alive, that's what it does. Gives them something to do."

"Now, Mr. Noble, you wouldn't be insinuating that I loitered on street corners, would you?" jokingly exclaimed Jimmy.

"Not at all, oh, no! But I must be on my way now, or my wife will be wondering if I'll ever get home with these groceries. Bye son, and the best of luck."

"Jimmy McFarland let me take a look at you! Yes, you do look, grand—like a regular he man! Why, I thought your mother wasn't in favour of your joining up yet—but there's no keeping boys like you back. My, oh my! Your family certainly must be proud of you."

"Oh mother didn't mind, you know the army needs strong men and I thought I could fit the bill all right, Mrs. Turvey," "My, oh my! The first boy on the street to join up; and won't the boys envy you, me lad. Sure and you're quite a spectacle. Tell your mother I was asking after her. Good-bye me lad!"

"You're in the army now. You're in the army now. Tra la de la, la la la. You're in the army now!"

"Hi Jimmy, how'd you get in the army? I thought they were only accepting *men*."

"None of your cracks, O'Donaghue. Hi gang, how do you like the khaki?"

"Well, confidentially, pal, I think pink taffeta *suits* you better." "Oh, I'll just ignore you, you're only a moron, anyhow. Boy, oh boy, do I feel good!"

"Brother, we're not going to tell you how you look."

"Aw, fellows, let's cut the kidding. I think Jimmie looks perfect. He's as good a male

species as the army ever had. What do you think fellows? Let's give three rousing cheers for Jimmie, the first one in our gang to join up!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! 'A we shucks, fellows!"

"Jimmie! Jimmie! Do you hear me? Wake up or you'll be late for school."

"What was that you said about school? I won't be going now, you know."

"What do you *mean*, you'll not be going?"

"Well, you know, I'm in the army now."

Mary Cancilla, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

WHEN THEY MARCHED AWAY.

I was sitting up on a hilltop,
When they marched away.
Tom and Jim and all the rest,
With whom I used to play.

The boys that marched away one day,
(The thought new sorrow lends)
They died out on a barren field,
Fighting for us, their friends.

Now a war was waged within me,
Whether this was all right and true.
And a voice cried out deep within me,
Which made me sad and blue.

I was sitting up on a hilltop,
When more marched into the sun.
One of them turned and waved at me,
Just then, my war was won!

I knew then why they must fight,
This war of blood and strife.
It's that you and I may carry on,
Their cause for death, their ideals for life.

Margaret Robinson, XI.

LILACS.

Soft, purplish pink
With sweet fragrance linked,
All leads us to think—
Lilacs.

A light rustling breeze
Drifting through trees,
The vision one sees—
Lilacs.

From growing bush to vase,
Or soft frilly lace,
All care to erase—
Lilacs.

Nora Simpkins,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

The second quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto Abbey College, St. George Street. Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman, president, was in the chair. In the absence of the activities convener, Mrs. John Harkins, her report was read by Mrs. H. Roesler. The report outlined the work that has been done by the Alumnae in providing hospitality to the men and women of the services. Mrs. H. Roesler, National President of the Canadian Federation of Convent

Alumnae, reported on the Dominion-wide war activities of the affiliated alumnae. Over 300 yearly or weekly subscriptions to the "Catholic Digest," the "Sign," "The Messenger," "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," "Catholic Youth" and Canadian Catholic weekly papers have been donated from the Tenth Anniversary Fund to camp libraries. Text and various educational books have also been donated for men anxious to study for the post war period. Letters of appreciation were read from several French and English-speaking army chaplains. Miss Margaret Kelly was appointed literature convener for the services. Miss Miriam Anglin gave a book review on several recent publications. The guest artists were Miss Jacqueline Ricard, a pupil at Loretto Abbey, and Miss Ethel Farkas of Loretto Abbey College School, Brunswick Avenue.

LORETTO COLLEGE ALUMNAE.

The Loretto College Alumnae held a meeting at the College on Sunday, February 14th. It took the form of a breakfast meeting, following Mass in the College chapel. Mr. C. J. Eustace, the guest speaker, spoke informally on the "Catholic Sense."

Plans were made for the Luncheon in honour of this year's graduates, which is being held at the University Women's Club on Saturday, April 3rd. Tickets were distributed for the raffle on an Elizabeth Arden Gift Box which the College Alumnae are holding. The raffle will take place at the Luncheon on April 3rd. It is hoped that the College Alumnae will be able to have a week-end retreat at the College, early in June, for the members.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

We are always fond of referring to ourselves as "orphan" alumnae. One of the drawbacks of not having a Loretto foundation in Detroit is that for the past 19 years we have had no convent to go to for our monthly meetings, and so we have had to look to one another for a place of hospitality. In January, our kind and gracious hostesses were Mrs. Edward O'Connell (Cynthia O'Donnell, Soo), and Mrs. T. N. Doherty (Catherine Maher, Woodlawn) at a Tea following the meeting held at the League of Catholic Women Activities Building. Plans for a Bridge Tea were discussed.

War-time has certainly streamlined American living, and presents many obstacles to having a party. Rationing of sugar and coffee; the shortage of meat, tea and butter, and the high prices on all the delicious things that go into the making of party dainties did not, however, curtail the generosity of Loretto girls, who gave of their "substance" to the figure of over 1,200 cookies and 1,000 sandwiches; also many door prizes, for our annual Bridge Tea held January 16th, at Kerns Auditorium.

The president, Catherine Babcock, welcomed over 250 guests and introduced the Chairman of the day, Zoe McCormick, who graced the loud-speaker with her usual humour and charm. She conducted the drawing of 25 door prizes procured by Mrs. Louis Evans (Winifred Flynn, Guelph),

and then invited all to refreshments, provided by the Chairmanship of Mrs. M. J. O'Neill (Ella Mae Dacey, Soo). Mrs. V. J. Lordan (Violet Culliton, Stratford) was Chairman of Tables; Catherine Doherty was Chairman of Table Prizes; Miss Mary Woods (Stratford) was Chairman of Tickets, assisted by Cynthia O'Connell; Bernadette Wilson and Ann Hurd were at the door receiving, and we were all "on call" to help in every quarter every minute of the afternoon.

The party was a success in every way. It was really hard work—but we had plenty of fun working together. It was a satisfaction to see the same people there who have been coming every year, and to hear them tell us how they look forward to our party, and wish it were twice a year! Our one and only public social event, it is the time when all members, both active and non-active, have a grand get-together in true Loretto fashion.

Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anne Bickers, Guelph) entertained us at a lovely Tea, with Valentine appointments, following our February meeting at the Women's City Club. We had as speaker on the programme, Mademoiselle Marthe Suzzette, who spoke about the Fighting French in Africa. "With the Cross of Lorraine as their insignia, they provide," she said. "stories, not modern, but of old time chivalry in dramatic situations."

February was the month of celebrities for us. Margaret Anglin came to Detroit, playing a stellar role in "The Watch on the Rhine." While here she was interviewed by a Radio Commentator, and mentioned among the high-lights of her life here having been a pupil of Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Maisie Ward lectured at the Catholic Study Club of Detroit, February 15th, and Loretto Alumnae were invited by the Study Club to hear her speak on "A Grandchild to the Oxford Movement." After the lecture we accompanied her to her car, and she told us that she had attended St. Mary's at Cambridge, England, a school conducted by our nuns, who are known in England and elsewhere as the "Institute of Mary." It was a delightful afternoon spent with Maisie Ward, and we came away fired with some of her enthusiasm, or, as she expressed it, "her passionate love for Catholic Culture."

Members of the Circle extend their sympathy to Mrs. R. E. Danaher (Lula Hubbert) of Grosse Pointe, on the recent death of her husband, Mr. R. E. Danaher. I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Russell Meyer (Rita McIsaac Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on January 7th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Waldron (Adelaide St. Charles, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Collee (Gertrude Brunning, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of a son, Richard Joseph.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Conroy (Rita Schuett, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of their son, Michael Dennis, on March 3rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Archie Fulton (Mildred Schuett, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Barbara Lee, on March 4th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Malone (Dorothy Goetz,

Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Patricia, on March 17th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Phelan (Agnes Austin, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, in February.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Schwalm on the birth of a daughter, Rosemary Thérèse (a niece of M. M. Camilla, I.B.V.M.), on December 16.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wright (Jeanne Quinn, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Wilson (Kathleen O'Flaherty, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Margaret Catherine, on March 17th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Walsh (Helen Walsh, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Maureen Catherine, on February 19th.

To Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Lauria (Teresa Lacey, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a son, Francis Michael, in February.

To Mr. and Mrs. John A. Berges (Hilda Sheerin, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their son, Joseph Anthony, on February 23rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bebee (Mildred Johns, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the recent birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Paré (Mary Sweeney, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Denise Margaret, a little sister for Michael; first and only niece of M. M. Leocrita, I.B.V.M., Jan. 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Curran (Mary Smyth, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of twin sons, Donald Joseph and Douglas John, on March 9th.

To Dr. and Mrs. Holmes (Rita Quinn) on the birth of their daughter, Loretto Marie, on March 21st.

To Mr. and Mrs. Larry Lloyd, on the birth of a daughter, Mary Agnes (a niece of M. M. St. Basil, I.B.V.M.), on February 23rd.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Helen Patricia Carlin (Alumna L.C.S., Brunswick Ave.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Carlin, was married recently to Michael Philip (Phil) Quigley (former St. Michael's boy) in Holy Family Church, with Monsignor Coyle officiating. The bride is a cousin of Mother M. Theophane, I.B.V.M., Superior at St. Cecilia's Convent, Toronto.

Miss Maria Teresa Pesado, Loretto Abbey Alumna, '41, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pesado, of Mexico City, was married on February 18th to Mr. John Robertson, Mexico City.

Miss Ana Ester López (Loretto-Niagara Alumna and some-time student at Loretto Secretarial College, Toronto), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles López (y Fabrega) of Panama City, R.P., was married in November to Mr. Tulio Gerbaudy y López, in the sanctuary of Christ the King, Panama City.

Miss Elizabeth Anne Johnson (Loretto Secretarial College Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Parnell Johnson (Blanche Smith, Loretto Abbey Alumna), was married to Dr. John George Dignan, in Newman Chapel, on January 2nd.

Miss Anne Martlin, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, was recently married to Mr. Allan Thorpe.

Miss Betty O'Brien, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, was recently married to Mr. Reginald Jackson.

Miss Catherine Fox (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. William H. Fox and the late Mrs. Fox (Loretto Abbey Alumna), was married to Second Lieutenant Alexander Frank McConvey, in St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, Newman Hall, January 18th.

Miss Marie Florence Bodendistel, R.N. (Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Bodendistel, was married recently to Corporal Thomas Sturrock, son of Mr. Charles Sturrock and the late Mrs. Sturrock, in the Basilica of Christ the King, Hamilton. The bride is a niece of M. M. Basilla, I.B.V.M.

Miss Ruth Mary Curtis (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Curtis, Timmins, was married, on December 26th, to P.O. Thomas P. Callon, R.C.A.F.

Miss Aileen McDonough (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McDonough, was married, February 15, to Lieut. Gerald Stanislaus Horgan, Irish Regiment of Canada, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Horgan, Valleyfield, P.Q. Rev. Father John M. Foley officiated.

Miss Mary Gizzie (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gizzie, was married recently to Mr. Joseph Lombardi.

Miss Kathleen Findlater (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Grace Findlater, was married to Mr. Leslie Bruce Lundy, 210 Dragons, on January 2nd.

Miss Margaret Wissler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wissler, Niagara Falls, was married recently to Mr. Larry Finn.

Miss Mary Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hughes, was married recently to Lieut. Richard Margrave Brown.

Miss Vera Mae Robinson was recently married to Gnr. Joseph H. Spry.

Miss Anne Hudson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hudson, was married recently to Franklin J. Hicks, R.C.A.F.

Notice of the following early Fall weddings, 1942, of former Loretto-Woodlawn students has been recently received: Miss Rose Mary Kiley was married to Mr. Eugene Kempt; Miss Florence Buzik, to Mr. Edward Ballweber; Miss Aurelia Buzik, to Mr. E. J. Kulik; and Miss Margaret Shaw, to Ensign Charles J. Carney.

Miss Eugenie Harper, M.A. (Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), was married to Sergeant George Duffy, on January 5th.

Miss Elizabeth Hickey (Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), daughter of Mrs. George Hiskey, was married to Lieut. John Vensel, December 5, 1942.

Miss Kathryn O'Malley (Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), was married to Mr. Lawrence A. Ward, January 23rd.

Miss Margaret Pendleton was married recently to Mr. John Hines.

Miss Evelyn Peace Boland (Loretto Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Boland and the late Mr. George Boland, was married recently to Aircraftman Delmar A. Whittaker, R.C.A.F., son of Mr. James Whittaker and the late Mrs. Whittaker, in Holy Rosary Church, with the Reverend M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., officiating.

Miss Sheila Maude Smart (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Wallace Smart, of Winnipeg, was married to Captain William Howard Stevens, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, on February 10th. Capt. Stevens is

the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stevens of Winnipeg.

Miss Jeannette Callinan (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Callinan, was married to Petty Officer H. J. Cowhig, R.C.N.V.R., on March 6th, in Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, Toronto.

SYMPATHY.

To Mrs. G. L. Proulx, Sault Ste. Marie, on the death of her son, P.O. Thomas Omar Proulx, R.C.A.F., killed in active service in Canada, March 6th; to the bereaved brothers of the deceased, Douglas, R.C.A.F.; Gerald, R.C.A.F.; Richard and Leonard; to his sister, Mrs. T. Watson; and to his aunt, M. M. Thomasina, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Greenan, Calgary, on the death of their son, P.O. Fergus Greenan, R.C.A.F., overseas—killed in action on March 2nd; and to Flying Officer Greenan's bereaved brother, Paul, and his sister, Noreen; also to his devoted aunts, M. M. Ermingarde, I.B.V.M., and M. M. St. Augustine, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. L. C. McCloskey, on the death of his son, 2nd Lieut. John D. McCloskey, killed in action January 30, on North African front. Lieut. McCloskey was a former pupil of St. James' School (Loretto), Toronto.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Archer, on the death of their only son, Sgt.-Obs. Ross Arther (19), R.C.A.F., killed in action overseas, January 29; and to his bereaved sister, Miss Ruth Archer. Sgt. Obs. Archer was a former pupil of Holy Family School (Loretto), Toronto.

To Mrs. Cleary (Winifred Webb, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the death of her husband, Lieutenant Michael Cleary, killed in action in N. Africa; also to the other bereaved relatives of Lieut. Cleary.

To the bereaved family of the late Mrs. Daly, especially her daughters, Druo and Flora, former Loretto College students.

To Mrs. V. de Crespigny (Norah), London, Eng.; Mrs. R. A. Macfarlane (Bessie) of Winnipeg (Loretto-Hamilton Alumnae), and to Colonel J. Ivan McSloy, of Ottawa, on the death of their mother, Mrs. James A. McSloy, on March 17th.

To Mrs. Burke and the bereaved family, Dorothy, Vincent and Madeline, on the death of their husband and father, Mr. Thomas Burke, on January 2nd.

To Mrs. Nolan, on the death of her husband, Mr. Denis Nolan, former Reeve of Bradford, and one-time owner of the Nolan Motor Company, and to their bereaved family—Mr. James Nolan; Miss Constance Nolan, B.A., Loretto College, and Mrs. E. A. Grise, B.A., (Aileen), Loretto College.

To Mr. Richard, Mr. Arthur and Mr. Alexander Gough; and to Mrs. F. J. Sullivan and the Misses Geraldine, Mildred and Beatrice Gough, on the death of their esteemed mother, Mrs. Richard P. Gough; also to Mrs. Gough's bereaved brother and sisters.

To Sr. M. Edwardine, I.B.V.M., on the recent death of her aunt, Miss Marie Russell.

To Miss Patricia McAuliffe (Loretto-Woodlawn Senior), on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. Patrick McAuliffe; also to her cousin, Sr. M. Con-suela, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Hocking, Miss Katybel Andrews, Mrs. Stock, Mrs. Kirkwood, and M. M. Joan, I.B.V.M., on the death of their father, Mr. Stephen Andrews, of Collingwood.

To Mrs. O'Donnell, on the recent death of her husband, Mr. Daniel O'Donnell, and to the bereaved family, Mrs. Duquette, Peggy, Joan and Ralph O'Donnell.

To Dr. Paul McMahon, on the death of his mother, Mrs. McMahon (Ettie McGuire, Loretto-Niagara Alumna).

To Mrs. Abbott (Mary Whittey, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the death of her husband, Mr. James Abbott, and to their sons, Wilfrid and Arthur.

To Mr. Arthur Welshofer, on the death of his wife (Mary Burchill Welshofer, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), and to their bereaved daughters, Maureen and Helen.

To Sister Aimée Marie, of the Notre Dame de Namur Sisters (Helen Burchill, former Loretto-Niagara student); to Mrs. Edgar Bergholtz (Margaret Burchill, Loretto-Niagara Alumna); and Mr. Jack Burchill (husband of Elinore Ryan, former Loretto-Niagara pupil), on the death of their sister, Mrs. Welshofer, and more recently, the death of their beloved mother, Mrs. Burchill.

To M. M. Stanislaus, Sr. M. Marina, and Sr. M. St. René, on the recent death of their grandmother, Mrs. Mary Seitz.

To Mr. H. Smith, on the recent death of his wife, and to the bereaved family, Miss Dorothy Smith, B.A. (Alumna Loretto College School, and Loretto College, and former member of L.C.S. Staff) and her three brothers, Corporal William Smith and Flight Sergeant Lloyd Smith, overseas; and Private Bruce Smith, British Columbia.

To Mrs. O'Reilly, on the death of her husband, Mr. John O'Reilly, of Malton, on March 7th, and to their bereaved family, Rev. John B. O'Reilly, S.T.L., Toronto; Miss Florence and Miss Maude O'Reilly.

To Mrs. Meehan on the recent death of her husband, Mr. Joseph Clifford Meehan; and to Mr. Meehan's bereaved brothers, Rev. E. Meehan, C.S.S.R., and Mr. M. Meehan; and sisters, Mrs. M. O'Meara and Mrs. F. Heffernan; also to Very Rev. H. J. Fleming, C.S.S.R.; Mr. O'Reilly's brother-in-law; and Rev. G. Breen, his cousin.

To Mrs. Glynn, on the death of her husband, Mr. Simon Glynn, Niagara Falls, N.Y., and the bereaved family, especially Rev. Leo J. Glynn, Lakeview, N.Y.; also to his devoted sisters, M. M. Martha, I.B.V.M., and Miss Katie Glynn; and to his niece, M. M. St. Denis, I.B.V.M.

To the President and Faculty of St. Augustine's Seminary, on the death of Rev. L. J. Hodgins, Bursar, on January 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dashney, of Ottawa, on the death of Mrs. Dashney's mother, Mrs. James Summers, and to her devoted grandchildren, Donald, James and Edna Dashney; also to Mrs. Summers' bereaved sister, M. M. St. Edna, I.B.V.M., Loretto-Brunswick Ave., Toronto.

To Mrs. Angela La Croix, Mrs. Edward McCoe, Mrs. R. A. Finn, Mrs. William Young, Mrs. James Hayes (Loretto-Guelph Alumnae), Mr. Richard Hanlon, and Mr. John Hanlon, on the recent death of their esteemed brother, Rev. James Hanlon; also to Father Hanlon's niece, Sister Marina, C.S.J., London, and to his cousins, Very

Rev. M. I. Fleming, C.S.S.R., Rector of the Redemptorist Provincial House, Toronto, and Rev. Joseph P. Finn, London; Sister de Pazzi, Sister M. Raymond and Sister M. Felicitas, of Hamilton; and M. M. Dolores, I.B.V.M., Loretto College, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

To the bereaved husband, and to the devoted son of Mrs. R. H. Moore (Loretto Alumna), on her death in January; also to her brother, Mr. Tapsfield, and her sister, M. M. Anita, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. John, Mr. George, and Mr. Richard Hopkins; to M. M. Constantia, I.B.V.M.; and M'ss Georgina Hopkins, on the death of their brother, Mr. Alfred Hopkins, in January.

To M. M. Attracta, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Mrs. McGinnis, on January 12th.

To the bereaved family of Dr. A. J. Lawler, Niagara Falls, N.Y., on his recent sudden death; also to St. Mary's Hospital staff, in the loss of this eminent surgeon and diagnostician.

To the bereaved family of Dr. George Crile, Cleveland Clinic, on his recent death; and to the members of Cleveland Clinic staff in their irreparable loss.

To Mr. George Dunlop, on the death of his wife, and to their daughter, Mrs. F. Allan Neilson; also to Mrs. Dunlop's bereaved sister, Mrs. Fred. P. Monahan, and to her nephew, Very Rev. H. J. Callaghan.

To Rev. M. J. Pickett, C.S.B.; Mr. John Pickett, Mr. Peter Pickett, Mrs. W. J. McAuliffe, Mrs. B. J. Power, Mrs. H. J. Lawrence and Mrs. H. Brophy, on the death of their dear father, Mr. John Pickett, on February 22nd.

To Mr. Hugh Ellard, on the death of his wife, on February 7th, and to the bereaved family: Mr. Ferguson Ellard; Rev. Hugh R. Ellard, P.P., Collingwood; Rev. Basil Ellard, Professor at St. Augustine's Seminary and Chaplain to St. Francis De Sales Deaf-Mute Society, Toronto; Miss Marie Ellard, Reg. N.; Sister Mary of St. Hugh, Good Shepherd Cloister; Sister Mary Consolata, I.B.V.M., and Miss Maureen Ellard, of Holy Rosary staff.

To Mrs. Garney, on the death of her husband, Mr. Andrew Bernard Garney, on January 25th, and to their bereaved daughters, Mrs. Walter Travers (Hilda); Misses Germaine, Sybilla, Leona, Sister Holy Name of Mary, and Mrs. Vincent Davidson (Alma); also to his grandchildren, and his sister, Mrs. Ritz, of Rochester, N.Y.

To Mr. Frank Clutchey, of Brechin, Ontario, on the death of his wife, on February 1st, and to their son, Mr. Charles Clutchey, and daughters, Mrs. Ambrose Donnelly, Miss Opal Clutchey, and Mrs. Lavery Wylie; also to Mrs. Clutchey's bereaved brothers, Mr. James Wood and Mr. William Wood, and to her devoted grandchildren.

To Mrs. Ronan on the death of her husband, Mr. Edward I. Ronan, on February 9th, and to their daughters, Misses Marjorie, Rosemary and Anne Marie; also to Mr. Ronan's bereaved brother, Mr. P. J. Ronan, California; and to his sisters, Mrs. T. W. McDonough, Mrs. Royal LeSage, Miss Anna Ronan, Mrs. T. H. Kilgour, and Misses Mary and Josephine Ronan (Loretto-Hamilton Alumnae).

To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Callinan, on the death of their only son, Air Pilot John Callinan, and to his bereaved sisters (Loretto Abbey Alumnae).

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Jan. 4—We came back to the Abbey through the snow-drifts of the record storm that blocked roads and delayed trains—with cheery greetings and good wishes for a Happy New Year and new term.

Jan. 15—Miss Grace Murphy, from St. Michael's Hospital, talked to us on nursing as a profession—a practical and patriotic consideration to-day, when nurses are especially needed in a war-torn world.

All our other patriotic work goes on apace, especially knitting for the Forces and for children: socks, sweaters, scarves, dresses, and many other useful articles.

The intense cold, days of brilliant sunshine, and heavy snowfalls, all promote zest for winter sports. The rink in the quadrangle is a magnet at every available free time during the day, and anything that "happens on ice" must be pretty good, to rival the clever feats and tricks of some of our skating champions.

Jan. 22—We celebrate in honour of Mary Ward, the beloved foundress of our Loretto Schools, and pioneer in all uncloistered Catholic education of girls. Fourth Form gave a play depicting scenes from her life, with Marie Lamey playing the leading rôle. After the play everyone enjoyed a skating party and a box social given by Fifth Form, with proceeds for war work.

Jan. 23—The boarders were entertained at a formal dinner-party in honour of Mary Ward. After the prayer for the King, toasts were proposed to the King, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Our School—and, of course, Father Fraser, our Chaplain and guest of honour on the occasion, who responded in particularly happy vein. Dancing brought a delightful evening to a close.

Feb. 2—A half-holiday to go to see "The Eternal Gift" at St. Michael's Hall. Everyone found it beautiful and inspiring.

Feb. 4—Our Sodality Holy Hour, especially fervent in these serious days, in preparation for our First Friday Dialogue Mass.

Feb. 8—Grades VII and VIII entertained us with a charming play, "The Roses of St. Dorothy," which captivated the audience and won all sorts of compliments for the cast. The proceeds went to war work.

Feb. 10—Our Lady's Committee directed an interesting Sodality meeting, with accounts of the various apparitions of Our Lady, which we found instructive.

Feb. 12—First Form entertained at a delightful Valentine Party, with dancing and games. Proceeds for war work.

Feb. 14—Despite Arctic weather conditions, a fine lecture on "Reading for Fun and Information," by Reverend Father Boiwhois, S.J., in Columbus Hall, was well attended.

February being Catholic Press Month, our Sodality activities have been directed towards the Catholic Press. At the Sodality meetings, several

reviews of books, magazines, and pamphlets were given, and enthusiasm for good Catholic reading increased. The Pamphlet Library, under the capable direction of Joan MacDonald, is doing a flourishing business.

We have been receiving many interesting acknowledgment letters for Christmas boxes sent overseas to soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

March 8—A Mardi-Gras party, given by Second Form. Each Form had a float in the procession held before the party. Some very amusing, and all most appropriate. Third Form won the prize for their float, "Aunt Jemina and her Pancakes." Fifth Form's float, "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," won second prize. Later in the evening, Mary Ellen Hogan was chosen "Miss Loretto," for her school spirit, loyalty and courtesy. Congratulations! Increased resolve, incidentally, to be, one and all, "Miss Loretto." The proceeds of the party went to the Red Cross.

March 16—Grades V and VI, presented a charming play in honour of St. Patrick, to the accompaniment of Irish Airs by the orchestra. Proceeds towards a cope for Father McNeill's Army Chapel.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day in the morning!—with the traditional holiday. In the evening the boarders entertained the Community at a lovely old-time Irish Concert, with Kerry Dances and all the old favourites.

March 21—"Vocation Week," heralded by attractive posters, by Mary Valenti, Mary Boland and others, was an outstanding week of the school year. Father Priester opened the series by a most interesting "Vocation" talk, on Monday. On Tuesday, Miss Mary Power set before us many fields of action: Chemical Research, Dietetics, Physio-Therapy, and Occupational Therapy, all of which are becoming increasingly important. On Thursday Miss Jean Tatton told us of the valuable work being accomplished in Physical Education. On Friday we had Open Forum, with outstanding speeches by Patricia Dennis, "The Two Great Vocations"; Joan Shinnick, "Journalism"; Shirley Newcombe, "Teaching"; Pauline Evans, "Laboratory Technicians"; Eleanor Meyers, "Nursing"; Claire Snetsinger, "Social Service"; Marie Lamey, "Dentistry"; Victoria Douglas, "Radio Work"; Mary Klimack and Agnes Kinney, "Medicine."

Mary Frances MacDonald.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

Jan 12—A symposium on the life of Mother Mary Ward foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was given by Grade X. Incidents in her life were ably portrayed.

A skating party at Sacred Heart School was our second treat to-day.

Feb. 8, 9, 10—Outstanding days! Rev. Leo Burns, S.J., conducted our retreat exercises, stressing Our Lady's apparitions and the virtues of St. Bernadette, the favoured child of Lourdes. Re-

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treat closed with the Missa Recitata on the Feast of St. Bernadette.

Feb. 14—Valentines, valentines, valentines! To Grade XI girls, makers and sellers of attractive valentines, we are grateful for the two new mirrors—one in Juniors', the other in Seniors' cloak-room.

Feb. 18—Grade XI's mission sum ransoms another little Hindu boy, to be named John Bosco.

Feb. 19—Seven public speakers from Grade X made the judges wish they had seven awards to bestow. Betty Zuiger was adjudged first standing. Congratulations to Betty, and to Grade X!

Mar. 17—Irish eyes were smiling—when a half-holiday was announced for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

Jan. 4—Happy New Year's resound as girls rush around welcoming friends back, and viewing each other's Christmas gifts.

Jan. 15—Loretto-Niagara was specially dedicated to the Sacred Heart by Reverend Father Hennessey, S.J. We were privileged to have three inspiring talks on devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Jan. 19—The young ladies of the Graduating

Class go Shakespearian and present hilarious scenes from "Twelfth Night."

Jan. 20—Our Senior Discussion Club members were guests of St. Patrick's Social Club, and presented their symposium on "The Sword of the Spirit."

Jan. 22—To celebrate Mary Ward's Day a half holiday was planned, featuring a skating party at the Arena.

Jan. 26—Hardly do we get our hats and coats off from vacation, when the joy of life is marred—Examinations! !

Jan. 28—Miss Dorothy Willmann, Associate Editor of the Queen's Work, paid us a visit. Miss Willmann gave a talk to the student body on "Personality," and offered many helpful suggestions for Sodality activities.

Feb. 3—Reverend Father Clarence, O.Carm., Assistant Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, lectured on the canonization of St. Thomas More, at which function he had the honour of being present.

Feb. 6—Reverend Father Luke, O.Carm., celebrated Requiem High Mass in our chapel to-day, the first anniversary of his father's death.

Feb. 11—The Teresa Dease House challenged the Mary Ward House to a basketball game. Congratulations to the Mary Ward Housers, the victors.

Feb. 13—Once more Third Form sponsored a

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delightful party. This time in honour of St. Valentine's Day. Congratulations!

Feb. 17—Second Form girls in public speaking. Their oratoricals dealt with various subjects. Anne Irene Schill, who gave us a vivid account of Cardinal Newman's life, won first place. Congratulations!

Feb. 19—A short week-end at home, but just long enough to cause the usual flutter.

Feb. 27—Congratulations to Adele Dodge, Rosemary Averse, Mary Ann Egan, and Beverley Ann Booth, all First Class Honour standing in the Toronto Conservatory Music Exams!

Mar. 2—Third Form provided a very entertaining afternoon by their presentation of scenes from "Quality Street."

Mar. 5—We were honored by a visit from Reverend Bernard Doyle, Director of Priests' Eucharistic League. The Missa Recitata was said all week; the last Mass on Friday was a Dialogue Mass. Fr. Luke, O.Carm., said the Mass, while Father Doyle explained the significance of the ceremonies.

Mar. 9—A Mardi Gras sponsored by the Sodality. Proceeds towards the fund to send our Prefect to the Summer School of Catholic Action.

Mar. 14—Every Sunday during the present school year it has been our good fortune to have a sermon by Reverend Father Pascal, O.Carm. His talk on Saint Joseph was particularly instructive and helpful in increasing devotion to the great Patron of the Universal Church, in this month dedicated to him.

Mar. 16—The Senior Play, "The Saint of Chelsea," based on the life of St. Thomas More, is in its last stages of rehearsal and will be presented about the third week of Lent. The music for the choral numbers of the closing scenes, The Miserere and the Te Deum, was written especially for the play by our esteemed friend, Reverend J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.C.S.C. Imagine our elation when the copies were distributed to find the beautiful and soul-inspiring music of the Te Deum dedicated to the Choral Class of 1943. We are trying our best to follow the composer's advice, and study it as a work of Art and of Religion.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Jan. 7—First school day of the New Year and not one broken resolution—yet! "Well begun is half done!"

Jan. 15—Sodality meeting at which Mother Eymard emphasized the importance of prayer, especially during the Church Unity Octave, Jan. 18-25.

Jan. 21—First basketball game of the New Year—Loretto vs. Normal. Congratulations to the Normal players (Seniors)—they proved too much for ours this time! Score: Seniors, 14-20; Juniors, 20-13.

Jan. 25—Crusade meeting. Fourth Form portrayed an excellent picture play of the life of the beloved foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary—Mary Ward. All are to be congratulated on their splendid costumes and portrayals. Congratulations are also on hand for Mother M. Eymard and Mother St. Hubert for their perseverance in training the girls. One of our best Crusade meetings!

Jan. 25-29—Concentration week—term exams.

Feb. 4—Some of us were privileged to-day to hear Dimitri Metropolous and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra at a special concert for the school pupils of Hamilton. Outstanding on the programme was the stirring march, "Pomp and Circumstance"—a favourite at Loretto.

Feb. 5—Our monthly Holy Hour, although always a wonderful success, seemed more beautiful this time, as it came during our Forty Hours' Devotion. To-day, we also had a basketball game with McMaster. Most thrilling game yet, but alas and alack! we lost, 19-12.

Feb. 26—At our monthly crusade meeting, Grade X entertained and instructed us with a symposium on the Shrines of Our Lady. Excellent work, girls!

March 4-5-6—Three days of great spiritual worth—the results, we trust, far-reaching. Father Hennessey, S.J., was our excellent Retreat master!

March 8—Shrove Tuesday party a real success, thanks to the efforts of Audrey Sephton and Helen Pritchard, assisted by their hard-working committees.

March 9—Our first basketball games in the City League. Grades IX, X, and XI met Westdale and Commerce. A close margin, but our teams were forced to bow to our visitors. Scores—21-12, and 11-10.

March 11—Grades XII and XIII vs. Central in the City League. Victory was ours, 16-12. Congratulations to all the players.

March 12—Instead of our usual meeting, we Crusaders said the Stations of the Cross.

Basketball games, Loretto vs. Burlington High. Both teams were tied. Seniors, 14; Juniors, 16.

March 17—A holiday in honour of Erin's good Saint. The girls in XII and XIII spent part of the afternoon serving at the P.T.A. St. Patrick's Bridge, where the "wearin' o' the green" was in evidence.

March 22—At long last our statue arrived after having been en route for six months. School halls re-echoed with our exclamations of delight!

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

Jan. 5—We begin the Red Cross Course in Home Nursing, the classes of which will be conducted by Miss Hilda Shea, Dr. J. A. Boyd, Miss Marentette, and Miss Jeffreys.

Jan. 13, 14, 15—We struggle to confine our thoughts to paper as the mid-term examinations close in on us.

Jan. 24—We entertain our mothers at a Sociality meeting in honour of Mother Mary Ward, and then invite them to luncheon, prepared by the Home Economics class.

Jan. 27, 28, 29—We lay aside the workaday things for three perfect days of Retreat under the capable direction of the Reverend Thomas Hynes, S.J.

Feb. 2—We dedicate ourselves anew to Our Lady's service on this, the feast of the Purification.

Feb. 14—We hold a Valentine Sale, and with the proceeds shall ransom a pagan baby in the Far Mission Field.

Feb. 18—We were entertained and instructed by a symposium on Catholic Literature, given by Grades IX and X English Classes. The speakers were Marie Heinbuch and Marie Reinhart, who



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gave a survey of Catholic Literature; Wanda Frawley, Mary Hishon and Alma Flanagan a talk on "Catholic Women Writers," and Mary Campbell, Angeleen Conway, and Valerie Shantz selections from the works of Alice Meynell, Marigold Hunt, and Agnes Repplier.

March 4—We of the House of Princess Margaret Rose, having gone down to ignominious defeat in the first three months of school, belatedly entertain the House of Princess Elizabeth.

Commercial's play, "The Foolish Princess," proved both original and amusing. Yes, we learned a lesson!

March 9—We celebrate the eve of Lent by a Mardi Gras party. Congratulations to the Princess Elizabeth-ers!

March 10—We begin the Daily Six "for the duration" of Lent—and are in earnest.

March 11—We pile up five hundred pennies in a Penny March, and buy another pagan baby! May we not hear the Master say to us, also, some day, "Inasmuch as ye did it . . .?"

March 15, 19—We use Vocation Week to advantage in serious and prayerful consideration of the choice of a right life-work. The Reverend J. B. Clark spoke on the religious state. Miss E. Marentette's talk on nursing as a profession, opened up new lines of thought. A series of tableaux depicting the various vocations a girl may choose was presented at Sodality. Valerie Shantz was the narrator, Miss Stella O'Neill the accompanist; those taking part were Marie Bannon, musician; Kathleen Tollmer, business girl; Virginia McNamara, teacher; Jean Duggan, nurse; Ann McCarthy, bride; and Inez Whaling, nun.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD.

Jan. 27, 28, and 29—Junior and Senior classes' annual Retreat. Father Cousens, Retreat Master. Stressing the simple acts of life which so often are taken for granted, Father Cousens gave four conferences each day, closing with Benediction. The third day, opening, as did the others, with Mass and Communion, was given over to meditation upon the Way of the Cross. Both the upper and lower classmen (the Freshmen and Sophomores had their Retreat January 24, 25 and 26) will long remember 1943 Retreat as one of the most instructive and inspiring they have ever made.

Feb. 24—On the evening of February 24, ninety-eight freshmen in the first aid classes were awarded their certificates by Monsignor D. F. Cunningham, and Red Cross Instructor Pence commended the girls on their achievement and seemed well pleased with the perfection of the various demonstrations.

Later, in March, the First Aid play was given several times, in order that the entire student body might attend. Consisting of 13 tableaux, the play not only revealed the Freshmen's aptitude as First Aiders, but instructed the upper classmen on the fine points of Bandaging, Artificial Respiration, the construction of stretchers, and treatment for dangerous burns. Combining, as it did, practical instruction and genuine entertainment, it deserves the praise showered upon it by both students and faculty.

March 3—Wednesday a tea was sponsored by

"Les Amies Françaises." The entertainment consisted of the presentation of Le Petit Chaperon Rouge. A French quiz was held and prizes awarded the successful contestants. Refreshments were served, and the girls completed the afternoon with dancing.

March 6—The Senior Prom held in St. Bernard's Lyceum was, as usual, very successful. The Seniors, Juniors, and Alumnae who attended, danced till 12 o'clock to the music of Kenny Mann. Abandoning plans to have the Prom in a hotel because of the war, the students nevertheless, enjoyed themselves immensely.

March 8—The Junior Sodality held a Surprise Party for the Senior Sodality. Refreshments were served, and the party was further augmented by a grab-bag. A delightful surprise to Juniors and Seniors, the party was no less enjoyed by the Freshmen and Sophomores.

March 18—Father Hubbard, the "Glacier Flying Priest," gave an illustrated lecture in St. Bernard's Gymnasium, afternoon and evening. Loretto students acted as hostesses for the South Side of Chicago as students of many schools attended. Father Hubbard's lecture, "Spotlight on Alaska," was augmented by movies showing the bombing of Dutch Harbour and other events.

March 8 to 12—Vocation Week. The entire student body attended daily Mass and Communion to ask God's aid in choosing their vocation. Talks were given by various students each morning over the loud-speaking system, on Vocations, The Religious Life, the Single State, the Marriage State, Nursing, the Women's Military Organizations, etc. Discussions were held on Vocations, and daily prayer said in unison for Divine Aid.

March 29, 31 and April 1—On those dates Loretto High School held its annual Senior play in St. Bernard's Gymnasium. The play, "Meet Maritza," met with tremendous success, perhaps because it dealt with modern situations, against a modern background. Under the guidance of Miss Theresa Cuny, two complete casts of girls gave six performances to capacity crowds. Frances Jean Hanley and Patricia Grace were cast in the leading roles. Other important players were: Patricia Rogers, Marjorie Cunningham, Marilyn Mahoney, Rosemary Sullivan, Jean Manix, Eleanor Wheeler, Florentine Scully, Virginia Sexauer, Leona McKnight, Genevieve Lanigan, Mary Hurley, Eileen Champlin, and Mary Hay.

March 15—The entire student body attended a movie sponsored by Pan-American Air Lines, concerning the development of aviation. The film was of particular interest to the Pre-Flight Students, who are constructing their own models, in line with their Pre-Flight Aeronautics class.

Gloria O'Grady.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

Jan. 4—With sighs and a bit of reluctance we found ourselves in class once more, willing and able to resume work after a most exciting Christmas holiday.

Jan. 22—The dramatic club presented as its first major attempt of the year "The Pageant of Mary Ward." The audience were unanimous in

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their opinion that colorful Elizabethan costumes and scenery only emphasized the dramatic ability of the players.

Jan. 27—The Business English students were hostesses at an imaginary reunion of the Class of '43. The scene was the school clubrooms, the time ten years hence—1953. Tea was served and many interesting and amusing speeches given about events occurring since graduation. Especially entertaining was the talk of Irma Carr, guest speaker, who told of her arrival, in 1945, at MacArthur Island, formerly known as Japan.

Jan. 31—For their first social activity in the new year, the seniors were both hostesses and guests at a skating party. A Chile supper was enjoyed at the school, after which the girls left for an evening of spills and thrills at the Pullar Community Building.

Feb. 2—Of double interest was this year's Sodality reception ceremony, for the seniors received their brand new class rings at the same time. Father Charles Herbst blessed the rings and Sodality medals, and presented them. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the impressive ceremony to a close.

Feb. 3 and 17—With true Christian charity the Sodalists emptied their piggy banks and baking cans and brought the contents to school, there to take part in a penny march for the missions. Wonderful were the results, with Pearl Gentilcore the winner of the first march, and Gloria LeLievre taking top honors at the repeat performance.

Feb. 10—With brave hearts, though somewhat troubled minds, Sodalists set out for an evening of skating at the Community Building. No catastrophes occurred, and a super time was reported by all.

Feb. 12—Valentines were the order of the day, with each class having a party in honor of the beloved old saint. The seniors were happily surprised by their principal and home-room adviser who had prepared a lovely party for them.

Feb. 24—The cast of the operetta presented, in the form of a radio play, a preview for the benefit of St. Mary's Parent-Teacher Association.

Feb. 26—A matinee performance of "An Old Kentucky Garden" was given for the students of St. Mary's School, and was greatly enjoyed by the youthful audience.

March 2—The great day finally arrived, with a capacity audience waiting to see "An Old Kentucky Garden," the school's annual dramatic event. Beautiful costumes (complete with hoop-skirts) and the entrancing melodies of Stephen Foster made the operetta a most enjoyable affair.

March 10—Ash Wednesday, and the day when all good little Loretto girls make those promises to be carried out during the remainder of Lent.

March 17—In honor of our Irish patron, St. Patrick, we all had a holiday—but Loretto girls could all be seen "wearin' the green" to and from early Mass.

March 19—With worried faces the seniors filed into the commercial room only to emerge two hours later with triumphant, if somewhat weary, smiles. The occasion was the Civil Service examination, administered by a government examiner, for which the girls had been practising the past several weeks.

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LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN.

Jan. 9—The Mothers' Auxiliary gave the annual Pantry Shower—a great success and everyone had a good time while contributing to a good cause.

Feb. 2—Miss LaVerne Fullem, answering the call of Christ, entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary and has become Sister Mary Grace. We're proud of you, Sister.

Feb. 9—Everyone rushing to the library to put in a reservation for "The Robe." Last night students and parents were present at Mrs. Upham's review of Mr. Douglas' book, just mentioned.

Feb. 10—Dr. Eugene Hanrahan gave the Advanced Algebra Class some valuable hints to help

us in this world of buying and selling. He gave us a good idea of the Stock Exchange.

Feb. 14—The Junior Sodality gave a Valentine Party, with music, refreshments, and entertainment, that Freshmen and Sophomores will not soon forget. You'd never know there was such a thing as sugar rationing from the number of cakes that appeared. A few of the Seniors tipped in, and know how good they tasted.

Feb. 17—Father Saurd gave an interesting lecture concerning the Home Missions of America. He is one of the apostolic men to venture forth in the new mission-field of America.

Feb. 22—Seniors in self-pitying mood because they had no holiday for Washington's Birthday. But, now, if you want to be in the Senior Play you have to suffer and work and smile.

Feb. 23—We had two visitors to-day bubbling over with enthusiasm about Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate. They made us want some of that light and grace which God had deigned to shower upon them. Ladies of the Grail, they were, from Dodderirde Farm, and they told us convincingly that we are and should be lay apostles.

The persistent query, "When do we get our rings?" has finally been silenced. Father Frank, the Senior Ethics teacher, presented each Senior with her class ring in the Ring Ceremony. Smiles and shining rings are now in evidence.

Feb. 24—Juniors terribly exhausted after half a day writing Psychological Examinations, which the University of Illinois features yearly for the Junior Class.

Feb. 28—Lorraine Heaton, a well-known Senior, won first place, on the South Sidē, in a city-wide Symposium in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas. The title of her talk was, "St. Thomas Aquinas—A Safe Guide for Youth."

March 3—Father John Wilson, C.S.C., gave an interesting talk on vocations, and showed slides of the campus and various halls at Notre Dame taken over by the Navy as training centers. He emphasized the need of religious vocations to-day.

March 4—"Does my hair look all right?" "Have I too much lipstick on?" Prelude to picture taking for The Loretta, our year book. Many interesting pictures are planned for its publication.

March 7—Our Lorraine Heaton followed up her first successes by securing second place and a gold trophy for the school in the finals held at Fenwick High School. We're proud of our able orator.

March 11—The Juniors recently took over the publication of The Spire and promptly sponsored a Bingo Party for the benefit of the paper. The prizes were lovely. Thanks for a real treat and the shortening of afternoon classes, Juniors!

March 15—The Illinois Bell Telephone Company gave an interesting demonstration of what goes on over the wires, which the average subscriber knows nothing about. Since the war, and war calls began, it has been impossible for anyone to visit their exchanges, so they brought two operators and two switchboards to Loretto to give us an idea of what an operator does. During the war the telephone should not be used without necessity.

March 17—The Juniors have utilized all their spare time making green bows for St. Patrick's Day, which incidentally was a holiday.

March 16, 18—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!" Everyone is thus encouraging herself, and writing and rewriting the life of Thomas Jefferson for the contest now approaching. The faculty will choose a representative for Loretto, Woodlawn—so the student body is working in earnest, looking to the choice.

March 18—Thursday afternoon and evening Cisca featured Father Hubbard, S.J., at St. Bernard's Auditorium. Of his latest trip to Alaska he spoke and showed pictures—"Spotlight on Alaska." All present will gratefully remember Father Hubbard.

St. Xavier's College, through two of its teachers, informed us that they are sponsoring an accelerated nursing course, due to the war and the immediate need of nurses at home and abroad. We shall have that in mind.

Every Friday Miss Brown is surrounded by jumping, running, excited girls eager to participate in a volleyball game, basketball game, tournament, or anything involving the use of energy. Yes, the G.A.A. is going strong. We just hope the gym will have a floor by next June!

It has become a great pleasure to study Shakespeare at Woodlawn. Before reading one of the plays the students hear records of Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson, and Orson Welles in "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," or "Hamlet."

Bernardine Doberstein, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

Jan. 25—We celebrated Mother Mary Ward's Birthday by pageantry, in which we all took part for the purpose of increasing our knowledge and appreciation of this great teacher, and foundress of the Institute to which Loretto-Brunswick belongs.

Feb. 18—The auditorium was filled with students and staff to hear Rev. Father Priester's interesting and informing lecture on the Catholic Press. We received enlightenment on the Catholic Information Centre on Bay Street, and made many good resolutions to patronize it; also, to contribute reading matter for its shelves.

Feb. 23, 24, 25—Rev. Father Hennessey, S.J., ably conducted the spiritual exercises of our Senior Retreat, which has left us with many high and holy resolutions.

Feb. 26—Miss Leopoldine Pichler, as guest artist, sang for us at the close of our amateur concert. Each time we hear her we are more charmed than ever with her exquisite voice, and lovely bearing.

March 1, 2—"Time goes by turns"; it was Grade X's turn to have retreat. From all appearances they are making good use of Rev. Father Byrnes, C.S.P.'s impressive talks.

March 17—St. Patrick's Day celebration.

March 19—Debate between Loretto College School and Loretto College Freshmen. Our girls carried off the laurels, we are happy to announce. Congratulations to our Public Speaking Class!

Heartfelt thanks are extended
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All are daily remembered in prayer.



July 1945

To

His Grace

Most Reverend J. C. McGuigan, D.D., LL.D.

Archbishop of Toronto

we dedicate this

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with our esteem and heartfelt felicitations

on his

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and

the Thirteenth Anniversary

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Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory. Commercial Subjects: Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Primary, Intermediate, College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, for resident and non-resident students. Accredited to the University of Michigan. Commercial Subjects: Music, Art, Athletics, etc.

Mary, in America—1847-1943



Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades. High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Regina Angelorum), 1932. Regina, Saskatchewan. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Social Service, Sodality, etc.



St. Teresa's Convent (of Our Lady of the Cenacle), 1937. Port Colborne, Ontario. Residence for Sisters. Catechetical Work, Social Work, etc.

LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA
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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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His Grace, Most Reverend J. C. McGuigan, D.D., LL.D.
Archbishop of Toronto

LORETTO



RAINBOW

Vol. L.

TORONTO, JULY, 1943

No. 1

CHRIST'S CHAMPION

“WISE, old Rome,” they said; and, as critics may
Echo, after full years have speeded down
The slopes of Time, “wise” to have placed the crown,
The mitred crown that joy-bells chant to-day,
Upon him who has taken with such peace
The ramparts round the hearts of older men,
To enter then charmed citadels, as when
Great Charl’magne ruled the Frank, on ancient lease.

And greater victory no man may claim,
Who travels out to death on land, or sea,
Than he whose high election still must be
Daily to die, that souls he may reclaim.
He goes with vision clear, ignoring fame—
To-day, let angel’s trumpet tell his name.

LUCILE B.

A Guardian Angel's Choice

Angels of light, invisible,
Our footsteps, all through life, attend,
Not by a word, or sign, to tell
How, nearer than a faithful friend,
A spirit may abide

To wake us early, lead us late.
Unknowing why, we feel the urge
To follow some uncharted fate,
From danger safely to emerge,
A guardian by our side.

Light-hearted, thus unarmed, we move,
Through hazards of the day or night,
To the last hour, when all we love
Must leave us, as we take our flight,
With our unfailing guide.

But, free to choose—as angels may—
Some form, or word, his work to do,
These FIFTY YEARS, along the way,
Have we not heard his message true,
With gratitude and pride?

Surely. In our dear English tongue
Seeking a worthy, much-lov'd voice,
Safe Monitor, for old or young,
"LORETTO RAINBOW" was his choice,
Resounding far and wide.

Lily E. F. Barry.

Reminiscences

By MARGARET CAREY FRACKELTON.

In 1874 the Michigan Central Railway sent my father, who was passenger agent for the M.C.R., to take a large picture of Niagara Falls, and the M.C.R. train. On his arrival, he interviewed the local photographer and was informed that the finest view possible would



As a schoolgirl at Loretto.

be from the top of Loretto Convent. When he went to ask for the privilege he was received most courteously and was so favorably impressed that he assured the Mother Superior he would send his daughter, then twelve, to school there, when she was fourteen. Two years later I arrived at Loretto-Niagara, where I continued my studies for four years, graduating in June, 1881.

The picture taken by my father continued to be used by the Michigan Central, whose trains regularly stopped below the Convent to enable passengers to view the Falls and listen to the sound of the mighty cataract. The accompanying picture shows the Falls and Loretto as I remember them in my school days. Amongst the many memories of those days which I have cherished is that of studying the harp under the instruction of Sister Purification, and I still enjoy my old English harp which I have had over a half-century. It is a great comfort and pleasure to me, especially in the last lap of the journey.

In a school diary I kept in 1881, some names

mentioned are: Mother Patricia, Sisters Mt. Carmel, Stanislaus, Demetria, Euphemia, Agnes, Agatha and Annie Duffy (later Sister Isidore). Sister Joseph taught us many kinds of fancy work, plain sewing and darning. (I was awarded a \$2 prize for the "best darned stocking").

My dearest friend and class-mate through the years at Loretto was Meta Phillipson Labaree. We continued to correspond and exchange visits. With grief I learned of her death last year. On an Easter card sent me a year ago, she had written:

"Keggie dear:

"This was intended to get to you for Easter



but I had an arthritic attack and it wasn't written. I never had any reply to my letter enclosing the account of my being made Honorary President of the Loretto, N.Y., Alumnae group. Why?"

Meta has left a son, and a daughter, Mrs. Harold Douglas (Meta Labaree, who also attended Loretto, Niagara, for a time). Recently the latter wrote to say she was so glad to have her mother's oldest friend interested in her.

It would be a pleasure for me to hear of some of these former Loretto girls whose names I recall: Lizzie O'Reilly, Sadie Munroe, C. Chilton, M. Carter, Mollie Hancock, Louise Nagel, Elle Iradelle, Kitty Hanoford, Minnie Doty, Fly Purcell, and many others.

Several years ago our household goods were destroyed by fire, and everything pertaining to my graduation, including a photograph, was lost but, perhaps, a more recent picture of a minstrel and her harp will be a fairly good substitute.

In 1884 I was married to Judge David S. Frackelton (who died in 1933); he was former Probate Judge of Genesee Co., Flint, Michigan. Our three sons are: W. E. Frackelton, of Detroit; Harold L., Poughkeepsie, N.Y., Civil Engineer and a Captain in World War No. 1; and Ralph J., a medical specialist in Lakewood, Ohio. I have three grandsons—two in the Service, one of them in Iceland, the other in Ft. Logan, Col., and the third at Lakewood High School; also one granddaughter, wife of Lt. Robert Phelps.



Mrs. Frackelton, Loretto Alumna, still enjoys her harp.

[Editor's Note—We are privileged in having in the Golden Jubilee issue of *The Rainbow*, which began its career at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, the reminiscences of a Loretto Alumna who attended the Academy before *The Rainbow* made its first appearance. Mrs. Frackelton, as a faithful reader of our magazine, keeps informed of doings at her Alma Mater, and other Loretto schools.]

AS WE SEE.

Make not unkindly judgments
Over hastily:
Things in their true light often are
Other than we see.

On Calvary's dismal heights,
In Christ when suffering,
One thief—a criminal saw
And òne, a KING!

M. D. Barry.

THE BLUE HILLS OF HOME.

O! the blue hills of home in my heart!
The hills that look down on the sea.
Where winding roads wander,
And laughing streams squander
Their spray spangled waters in glee.
On mountain roads once more to stray!
In the dusk of the long summer day.
And to hear the soft breeze
In the murmuring trees,
On the hills above sweet Dublin Bay!

O! the blue hills of home in my heart!
The hills that I long so to see.
Where the homeland is calling,
Her spell so enthralling
Is drawing me back o'er the sea.
On mountain roads once more I'll stray,
And I pray that God send soon the day
When I stand, looking down
Upon Dublin's fair town
From the hills above sweet Dublin Bay!

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
Loretto Alumna.

Robins

Everyone will concede that birds add materially to the enjoyment of life. Without them the world would lose much of its charm, and would be vastly more prosaic. First harbingers of spring, they keep the out-of-doors festive, on through the summer, and even until late autumn with their care-free songs.

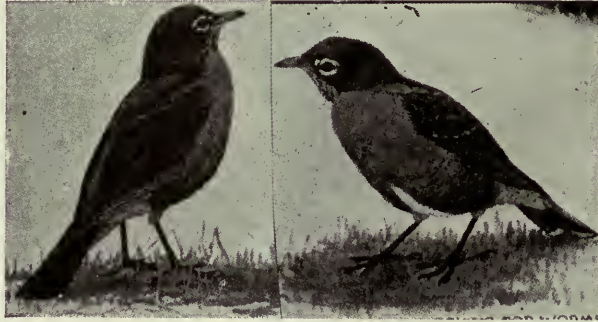
Best known, probably, and universally loved is the robin. One of the first to arrive in the spring, he always receives a hearty welcome and is announced in the local paper: Mr. Smart saw the first robin on his lawn yesterday. This causes public rejoicing, and alertness to catch a glimpse of the new-comer.

The robin's morning song is loud and clear, "Cheer-up! Cheer-up!" Towards evening it becomes more subdued, and sweeter; and now, master robin also becomes more friendly, often coming up close to one, and responding in his own peculiar way to any sound made to attract him. His bright little eyes seem to scintillate as he turns his head to listen for a worm in the ground. With what startling quickness he extracts and swallows the tid-bit! During their sojourn in the South, the robins sing little, and live in flocks remote from human habitation, which may account for their being less loved there than in the North.

A nurse in a Western hospital, which is situated in spacious grounds, adorned with many large shade trees, was frequently on night duty. Being a lover of birds, she began to observe the early morning habits of the robin. Over a period of eight years, she discovered that the following schedule never varied. When the robins arrive in early spring their first cheery morning call is heard at 2 o'clock. Immediately they fly away, and begin building their nests, which it must be admitted, are rather untidy affairs. Mud is a necessary item in the construction, and one observer has told of watching a pair at work on their nest in a very dry place. The birds

would wet their feet in a brook, then rustle in dust, and take the mud thus formed to the nest.

The 2 a.m. call continues exactly two weeks, after which the first notes are heard at 3 o'clock; again, this continues exactly two weeks. By this time the nests are built, and Sir and Lady Robin rest until 4 o'clock in the morning — which waking hour they keep during the summer. It is really little wonder that they need the extra rest, after their strenuous work of feeding and raising a family of young robins. The hungry baby birds



*Oh, sing sweet bird, thy magic lay,
Till all the world be young with me!*

are always calling for food—one baby robin eating 68 angleworms, or 165 cutworms a day, we are informed. When father robin has pulled up this number of worms for each of his gaping brood, he has reason to look worn-out with anxiety and overwork, as he frequently does, due to the fact that he chooses to assume the entire parental responsibility of feeding the family.

At present our gardener is putting in a Victory Garden and is greatly entertained by a pair of fat robins which regularly follow him, quite unafraid, and pounce on the cut-worms which appear as he spades the ground.

A poet's words come back as we think of the robin:

He made the robin; He made the swallow;
His deft hands moulding the shape of His
mood,
The thrush, and the lark, and the finch, to
follow,
And laughed to see that His work was
good.

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

Her Spirit Soared

It was barely light when Mother awoke. The night had been warm, but now a small, cool breeze parted the curtains and seemed to stir the blue-grey shadows that filled the room. They held ground awhile, but as a wandering sunbeam followed the breeze, they retreated, scattered, faded, then melted away altogether. A robin fluted outside in the garden. She sat up in bed, clasped hands about her knees, and dreamed a few precious moments away; then cautiously let herself down over the side of the bed. Almost out and never a squeak! All out and nev—darn the old bed! Sorry, dear Lord! A little prayer.

Mother began to dress, putting each garment on with swift, stealthy movements. Clatter! She had tripped over a shoe. She held her breath, listening intently. Silence.

Now for the bathroom. Heavens! How her ankles and toe joints cracked and clicked, and how each board creaked. At last safely inside the bathroom. Bath? Too noisy. Just a small, very quiet wash. How that faucet gurgles! Now for the kitchen to get some ironing done while all is quiet and no lively eighteen months' baby to play tricks with the iron cord.

Mother closed the inner kitchen door, let down the ironing board, pushed in the iron plug, then quietly opened the back door. Four full milk bottles sat on the back step. There they were, white and fat and smug, waiting to be washed and placed in the ice-box. This concrete evidence of the little cares that infest the day struck an irate spark in Mother's usually placid bosom, and for a wild second she felt like kicking them off the step. But saner thoughts prevailed, including one of the milk bill, and she stepped over the bottles to the porch rail.

The garden was small, but would soon be fragrant with Mother's favorite flowers. Sweet William and ox-eye daisies bobbed and courtesied to early blooming cornflowers which had weathered the winter cold. The spring-sown cornflowers were crowding closely on their older sisters, and poppies waved young feathery fronds. Along the walk tiny white stars of sweet alyssum peered from the cool green firmament of their leaves and against the fence a low hedge of cosmos gave promise of autumn glory. Mother breathed the sweet morning

air and in fancy saw her garden wax and wane as each season adorned it with lavish color.

Warning clicks from the iron brought her back reluctantly to humdrum things. She ironed steadily for more than an hour, then started the morning cereal. Dad now put in a stealthy appearance and they breakfasted together, speaking in hushed tones. Afterwards he departed to the nether regions to start the hot water heater before catching his train, and Mother held her breath as he dropped something below stairs.

A sound came from the baby's room. Another and another, and soon baby Peter was welcoming the morn with his usual glad shout of "Mah-Mah!" Mother hurried in, snatched him up and tip-toed past the girls' room. Safely back in the kitchen, she put the baby in his pen and resumed her ironing, which was almost finished. All went well for awhile. Peter played with some spoons. Mother felt she would surely get her ironing done this morning. But now Peter was on his feet, and the next moment—crash!—he had slipped on the only drop of water on the floor. She leaped from her stool, but even in her fright remembered to release the iron, and put it in a safe place before going to her small son's assistance.

Immediately after the fall and ensuing howls, the kitchen door flew open and like stones from a catapult the two girls bounded into the room. The day had really begun!

By eight-thirty Mother had Janet off to school after a last minute search for her pencils, which she accused Noreen of taking. Now came the easy task of dressing Peter, and the exasperating one of helping Noreen who, although only four, had very definite ideas as to clothes. Certain dresses she would wear only under protest. Socks must match her dress, and her handkerchief must match her "ensemble," as she grandiloquently called it.

By ten o'clock Mother had both children dressed, fed and out in the sand pile. Now she hurried through her routine work of making beds, mopping the floors and tidying up. At night the house had looked fairly tidy; now there seemed to be something on every chair and table. The day grew hotter. She pulled down all the shades, but the heat persisted.

Noreen, tiring of Peter's company, came in complaining that he couldn't play her games. Mother persuaded her to go back to the garden and backed persuasion with cookies for her and little brother. But the tot was soon back again with louder and more insistent complaints, while Peter stood at the gate and shouted "Mah-Mah!" with mechanical and maddening rhythm.

The mounting heat and that cry were too much for Mother. She took him down to the basement and attacked his washing while he pulled a little wagon up and down and Noreen bounced ball with grave concentration, "One two three O'Lary! Four five six O'Lary!"

Back in the garden again Janet's rabbit was found to be A.W.O.L. Noreen couldn't tell where it was. She guessed Peter must have lifted the hutch when she wasn't looking. Anyway, the rabbit was missing and there would be heartbreak and desolation if Janet came home and found her pet gone. So the three went hunting. Finally they came upon their quarry half a block away, hugging a hedge for shade, and bore him home in triumph.

It was now nearly noon, and Janet must have her lunch on time. Peter and Noreen were clamouring for food and Peter was sleepy as well. This was the most trying part of the day, and Mother needed all her patience and self-control to keep from flaring out at the children. By diplomatic methods extraordinary she managed to quiet them and feed Peter, so that when Janet crept up the back steps and sprang on the porch with a loud "Boo!" peace was on the surface, at least.

Mother listened with a dutiful smile to Janet's recital of incidents at school, and watched her eyes grow big when she heard of her rabbit's dash for freedom. Lunch was over presently and she started back to school.

It was now time for Peter's nap. Mother's own eyes were stiff and heavy and she had to drive herself to the tasks that lay ahead. A glass of milk for the baby, heated just enough to take the chill off. She stood it in a small pan of water and lit the gas under it. Then she must have fallen asleep on her feet. Suddenly, the water was boiling over and simultaneously both telephone and front door bells began to ring. Mother tried to run three ways at once, but compromised by leaping to the stove and shutting off the gas. The two bells continued to ring merrily, and Mother, feeling anything but merry, decided to answer the phone. A voice, dripping saccha-

rine sweetness, wondered if she would be interested in a new book on Child Psychology. Mother resisted a terrific urge to scream "Bah!" into the mouthpiece but the veneer of civilization held without cracking. Instead, she said, "No thank you," politely—but firmly, and hung up.

Now for the door bell! But by the time she reached the door the tintinnabulator had passed on hopefully next door to fresh fields and pastures new.

At last she could concentrate on that nap, but Noreen must first be disposed of before putting the baby in his crib. No use trying to make her take a nap. She would bounce in bed for an hour or read stories aloud from the telephone book or such unpromising material. She finally consented to "read" in the living room and "mind the house."

That settled, Mother sponged Peter, put him to bed and lay down herself. How wonderful to be still, without thought or motion, tired muscles and frazzled nerves at rest! Waves of drowsiness began to sweep over her. Deeper and longer they came until at last she sank into a smooth sea of sleep!

A nagging sound pierced Mother's consciousness. A dream began to take shape in her half-awakened brain. Someone was ringing the door bell. How she hated the thought of getting up! She would not get up. But perhaps it was one of the children. The thought brought her to complete wakefulness and the persistent ringing of the telephone.

She scrambled out of bed and hurried to answer, mentally praying that Peter had not been disturbed. Wrong number! Mother shook her fist at the telephone as she set it down; then turned to see if Noreen had observed her pantomime. But Noreen was fast asleep on the davenport, her head pillowed on the pages of "Advice to a Wife."

Two hours later, when the children awakened, rested and refreshed after a bath and change of clothes, Mother dressed Peter and then sat down to the piano for a short practice. First scales to loosen up fingers stiff from housework. Now to work at "Liebestraum." She had long loved this piece but only lately decided to learn it. Ah! That was better. Mastering new music was like exploring lovely new country. One's mind could always wander through it. It was a means of escape from the rut of household routine. Now for some old favorites. "Schmetterling." and other exquisite short pieces of Greig's. "An den Fruhling"—I mustn't let that get away

from me. Coleridge Taylor's "Un Sonnet d'Amour"; then I'll have to stop and—"Mother, play 'Old Black Joe.'" And the practice hour closed with Noreen sitting beside Mother on the piano bench singing: "Gone are the days" in an incredibly high treble, while Peter made futile grunting attempts to climb up on the other side.

It was too hot to go to the stores, so Mother telephoned her order, and when Janet returned from school she put on the sprinkler, dressed the children in their bathing suits and left them dodging the drops while she watched their lovely rounded bodies from the porch and did some darning.

Soon it was time to begin preparations for supper. How hot the house was and especially the kitchen! The evening meal must be cool and light to-night. Her head throbbed and her feet ached with the heat.

A howl from the garden! Peter had actually got wet. And resented it. Dad was home presently, and it was time to bring the children in and dress them for supper. But where *was* Peter? The imp had let the rabbit out again and was in the hutch himself! They hated to give up the freedom of their bathing suits for clothes, however scanty, and grumbled and protested. At last they were all seated at the table with shining faces and damp hair. They looked rosy despite the heat, and the meal simply melted before their onslaught.

After supper Mother handed Peter over to Dad's care in the garden while she attacked the dishes. She moved in a daze of fatigue. The clatter of the dishes seemed to come from a great distance. Beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead as she listlessly dried spoons and forks and laid them in the drawer. Finished, she went outside and sat in the swing with Dad, watching Peter play ball and marvelled at his energy.

Dusk sifted down presently. Robins trilled their evensong in the motionless trees. The light faded perceptibly. Zing! A mosquito added its metallic voice to the evening chorus. It was time to gather the children and bring them in to bed. More grumblings. "Mother, can I read the funnies first?" "I don't know whether you can or not Janet, but you may."

Beds to be turned down; sleeping suits brought out; buttons unbuttoned. ("Mother, quick. Peter is up on the sewing machine!") The thousand and one exasperating delays before prayers were said and the children in

bed at last. "I want a drink, Mother." "May I have a cookie, please?"

To keep them from chattering, Mother stretched her tired body on Noreen's cot. All was quiet for a while. "They're going asleep quickly," thought Mother drowsily. A touch on her hand. It was Janet slipping out of bed to kiss her hand then hugging her and whispering: "Goodnight, dearest, dearest Mother. I'm glad you are my mother!" While Noreen on the other side whispered with adoring eyes: "Goodnight, sweetie Mother, you're as nice—'most as nice as God!"

It was eleven o'clock before Mother crept into bed, but tiredness and discouragement had slipped from her shoulders like a heavy cloak. Her spirit soared. She had been paid lavishly for the ceaseless tasks, the irritations, the self-control of the long day. Her rewards were two precious jewels to be treasured in a golden casket of memory. She smiled tenderly as she drifted off to sleep. "Glad you are my mother . . . nice . . . 'most as nice as God!"

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
Loretto Alumna.

CONTENTMENT.

*St. Francis, famed Assisian,
Belovèd, loving saint,
Of whose great suff'ring none might hear—
He never made complaint;*

*But whose wonderful humility
Could quench, of all, the ire;
His calling birds his brothers
Can still a song inspire:—*

O birds, who sing such thankful songs,
Rebuking human fretting,
Teach me your secret of content—
Your science of forgetting!

For every heart must have its ills,
Perhaps you, too, have sorrow,
Teach me, like you, to lay mine by,
And sing again to-morrow.

I learn from every song you sing
How direful is resentment,
Knowing the greatest gift of God
Is faith, with sweet contentment.

Minnie Cummings Patterson,
Loretto Alumna.

Cornelia's Jewels

The Board of Education at Bradford felt quite complacent about the only woman member. She was a grandmother with a very creditable assemblage of young Rutherfords, Morrisises and O'Hares doing well at the local schools. Grandfather Rutherford was more approving than anyone else; he whole-heartedly admired all his wife's activities. He used to be trustee when their Jennie, Annie, and Tom were young, but gave it up when the younger children were growing up. Grandma was so busy in those days sewing, getting meals or putting the little folk to bed, that he was glad of the meetings to attend. Later they were able to enjoy quiet evenings together. He had pattered in the garden with the children around him, or spent evenings at his hardware store that provided ample means for their comfort.

"With so many grandchildren at school and what with all the taxes I've paid, a body'd like to know just how that money is being spent."

So had Mrs. Rutherford explained her reason for going into municipal politics.

"If you can keep an eye on those fellows as you've managed this house for the last thirty years," said Grandfather, admiringly, "the school board will start to save money."

In fact the school grounds were improved and an effective building programme was projected. Grandma investigated costs and compared estimates. Her judgments were penetrating and she combined relentless inquiry into details with a diplomacy that kept all factions in good humour.

The other members of the Board were proud of Mrs. Rutherford, and it was obvious that she should be deputed to introduce Miss Waverly at the Teachers' Convention in October. Miss Waverly was Literary Doctor, Bachelor of a great many letters, Ph.D., and the greatest living authority on Philology. Her lectures and even poems filled volumes and her activities were legion. Miss Waverly wrote an acceptance from New York in reply to the invitation from the President of the Teachers' Association. Her fee was high but it was the Principal of the Collegiate who knew about her lectures. She was much too highbrow for popularity—so none of the School Board had ever heard of her. The Principal was diffident

about introducing her, as he had failed to awaken any enthusiasm about her. When Chairman Greene glimpsed the long list of degrees after her name, he suggested that Mrs. Rutherford was the most appropriate person to appear on the platform with a lady of such accomplishments. In his efforts to avoid such prominence, he waxed eloquent and reminded the members of the Board of the lady of ancient Rome (Cornelia was it not?) who said of her children, "These are my jewels."

Grandma was driven home from the meeting by Robert O'Hare, as she intended to stay all night with Jennie, who was sitting near the radio waiting for her. The rest of the children were in bed except Luella and Rupert, now grown-up enough to go to parties.

"You'll have to get a new dress, mother," said Jennie, when she heard the news.

"Nonsense, my black dress is plenty good enough!"

"Now, mother, they'll all be in evening dress, because literary people from New York do things that way. It's just like an opera singer coming. You remember when Alma Gluck gave a concert in the Presbyterian Church Hall; all the men were in dress suits."

"Maybe I can get Miss Dodge to fix up my black with new sleeves."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. We are going downtown to-morrow and we'll look around. Nu Vogue has a pretty grey in the window."

Neither worried a particle about literary knowledge, which was why they could face the situation with dauntless calm.

The grey gown was the very thing, as Jennie had unerring taste. An exclusive model, fortunately it was a large size. Mrs. Rutherford was a stately woman, rather tall, with remarkable white hair, which the grandchildren sometimes called playfully "Niagara Falls," when she combed out its great rippling length. The dress was made of a silk that took pleating well, and panels over each shoulder in fine pleating gave a dignified line. Towards the bottom of the skirt the pleats were not seamed down and the lining of bright cerise showed slightly when a step was taken, a reminder of youthful days when an all cerise dress might be worn.

"Just the right touch with that shade of

gray," said Jennie. "We'll get you a corsage to match."

Rupert quoted lines from the Kerry Dance:

"Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon."

The children called each other at intervals, "Cornelia's jewels."

Robert rummaged in his memory for some literary knowledge and then triumphantly exclaimed: "That saying that if you build better than your neighbour the world will put a mouse-trap at your door, is true; Grandma will knock 'em cold in that dress."

"Silly," said Luella, "that isn't what Emerson said at all. "If you build a better mouse-trap than your neighbour, the world will make a path to your door."

"I don't know why people should need mouse-traps when rat poison is so cheap. I mean Grandma's about the smartest person around here, fashionably and otherwise, and that's what Emerson meant. She's a wow in that dress."

Robert drove Grandma and the Principal of the Collegiate down to the station in the O'Hare Buick, which was much more impressive than any other car they might commandeer for the occasion.

The train from New York arrived at eight o'clock, so there was just time to introduce themselves to Miss Waverly and take her immediately to the Collegiate Hall. This was the night Robert took his orchestra out to a suburban dance hall and he was anxious to deposit his passengers and speed away. He would return, during a dance intermission, take them home and get back to conduct the second or third dance. His orchestra was a paying concern, although the boys were all in Technical School; and it was more important than lectures attended by hundreds of teachers.

Miss Waverly had stepped off the Pullman hatless but she wore a warm evening wrap, as the October evening was cool. It was a beautiful silver fox that showed off the grey of her dress beneath. They were whirled away to the Collegiate and were soon conversing pleasantly in the dressing-room off stage. Someone had left the window partly open by mistake, so they kept on their wraps until called upon to go on the stage. From the dressing-room one could hear the polite murmur of hundreds of voices, and Grandma made mental notes of the success at the box office.

The Principal was at the door inviting them to come up on the stage. They hastily removed their coats and came forward. Miss Waverly was as tall as Mrs. Rutherford, with iron grey hair, beautifully coifed. As they came on the platform the polite murmurs died away, but a titter suddenly started up in the gallery where Mrs. Rutherford's commanding glance observed many of the young teachers. The titter was hushed as the guest speaker was introduced, and the lecture was begun before Mrs. Rutherford understood the cause of the giggling. There, before her on the tall, slender figure of Miss Waverly, speaking with eloquence that held her audience completely interested, was a grey dress, fine pleats running from shoulder to hem, and erise showing at the slight movements she made in speaking. She was wearing a model gown—the duplicate of Mrs. Rutherford's.

With supreme dignity the B.O.E. member turned her eyes on the audience with a majestic indifference. The day was saved.

After the lecture, the Association adjourned for a buffet supper prepared by the Domestic Science classes and served in the gymnasium.

Jennie's Robert appeared in the hall just when the assemblage was beginning to break up. He was not unaware that his appearance was meant to add glory to Mrs. Rutherford's matriarchal achievements. Being very anxious to get back to his party, he made his way with purposeful assurance towards the grey-clad figure in the centre of the room.

Without preliminary, he thus addressed the graceful woman with her back to him:

"Now, that the whole family's got to go on bread and water to pay for your gown, Grandma, hadn't you better call it a day and come home?"

When the graceful figure turned towards Robert, the amazement on Miss Waverly's face gave way to a broad smile of humorous understanding, but it was too late. Robert had decamped, nor could any persuasion bring him back into the hall to be introduced as one of "Cornelia's jewels."

Florence Prud'homme,
Loretto Alumna.

A new thought comes like a fresh creation of God, as fair and fragrant as a flower blooming. It is aglow with light sifted through the plumes of angels' wings.—Spalding.

Of New Books

THE IMPORTANT PIG—By Julie Bedier,
Pictures by Louise Trevisan. Longmans,
Green and Co., Toronto. \$1.35.

LITTLE MISS MOSES—By same author, same
artist, and publishers. \$1.35.

Since our last announcement of a new publication in the Lo-Ting series, two more of the uniquely bound and copiously illustrated little volumes have come to our attention.

Notwithstanding its unprepossessing title, "The Important Pig" has much interesting information about our little friends, Thomas and Anna, and about Chinese customs that seem not a little in need of improvement.

"Little Miss Moses" is even more fascinating than "The Long Road to Lo-Ting," or "Thomas, the Good Thief," or "The Important Pig," and makes one hope that Julie Bedier, and Louise Trevisan, will produce many more of these charming books dedicated "To the children of the Maryknoll missions of the Orient and to their brothers and sisters in America."

CELESTIAL HOMESPUN, The Life of Isaac
Thomas Hecker—By Katherine Burton.
Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto, 1943.
\$4.00.

With Katherine Burton for author, Longmans, Green & Co. for publishers, and Isaac Thomas Hecker for subject, "Celestial Homes-
pun" scarcely needs recommendation to make it sought for in libraries and book-stores.

Possessed of an admirable sympathy for the subject of this captivating biography, Mrs. Burton arouses in the reader an appreciation of the trials, physical, intellectual and spiritual, undergone by the great co-founder of the Paulist Fathers, writer, lecturer, founder and first editor of "The Catholic World," which "from the beginning set out to be a monthly magazine which would rank with first-class periodicals in literary content, and which never gave up that ideal"—which after 78 years is, under its brilliant editor, Rev. James A. Gillis, C.S.P., one of the most distinguished magazines published.

Not the least pleasurable feature of "Ces-

tial Homespun" is its presentation of noted churchmen and literary celebrities.

K.M.B.

A YEAR TO GROW—By Helene Conway.
Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto, 1943.
\$2.50.

A sprightly novel this is—of convent school life, with realistic picturing by Erick Berry on dust cover and inside front and back covers.

Anne Reagan's varied experiences and impressions, from her arrival at Maple Grove in autumn until the end of her first school year as a student in residence, make pleasurable reading for young or old. Were it not for a few passages in which the adverse criticisms of a discontented pupil irritate the reader acquainted with the cultured Religious of the Order obviously intended to be portrayed, the book would be flawlessly commendable.

The author, Helene Conway, niece of the well-known Catholic writer, Katherine E. Conway, possesses a pleasingly animated style which should win for "A Year to Grow" a steadily increasing demand.

K. M. B.

A NEWMAN TREASURY—Selections from
the Prose Works of John Henry Newman,
Chosen and edited by Charles F. Harrold.
Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto, 1943.
\$5.00.

For lovers of Newman who wish to recall some of his incomparable writings, as also for those desirous of acquiring considerable knowledge of them, the 404-page "Newman Treasury" will prove eminently satisfying.

Professor Harrold has provided "A Preface (Designed to Be Read)" and a 31-page "Introduction: Towards the Understanding of Newman," which are delightfully interesting and informing.

The volume contains of Newman's writings: I. Essays and Discourses; II. Sermons; III. Selected Passages and Miscellaneous Subjects; IV. Aphoristic Selections; V. Meditations and Devotions; VI. Apologia Pro Vita Sua.

WITH A MERRY HEART. A Treasury of Humor by Catholic writers. Edited and compiled by Paul J. Phelan. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto, 1943. \$4.25.

In these days when much of the mental pabulum served to the public by the daily press is such as to depress even the bravest hearted, a welcome awaits such a book as "With a Merry Heart," an exceptionally good collection from the works in prose and verse of well-known, and less well-known, modern Catholic writers. Among these are Belloc, Heywood Broun, Katherine Burton, G. K. Chesterton, T. A. Daly, Leonard Feeney, Doran Hurley, Joyce Kilmer, Thomas J. Walsh, Douglas Woodruff and half a hundred more.

The compiler and editor, Paul J. Phelan, a university professor, has most helpfully arranged the selections. In Part One are found Fiction and Short Stories; in Part Two, Humorous and Satirical Poetry; in Part Three, Essays, Letters and Columns; in Part Four, Plays and Dialogues; in Part Five, Anecdotes of Fact and Fancy. A volume to have at hand. A real tonic. C.T.D.

The Ryerson Press, Toronto

Announces the publication
of

"ROAD'S END"
by

MARY DOUGLAS

This work of Catholic fiction will appear
in the near future

The author is a member of I.B.V.M.

Golden Jubilee Greetings

to

THE LORETTO RAINBOW

from

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

215 Victoria St., Toronto

Canadian Missionary Exposition will be held in Varsity Arena, Toronto, Ontario, October 15-19, 1943. The plans already drawn up give promise of more than a glimpse at actual missionary activities steadily increasing in Canada, through Canadian effort.

A small folder, "Canadian Mission Exposition Year," including a calendar—June, 1943—May, 1944—is obtainable on request from

Very Rev. J. A. McDonagh, President,
Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada,
67 Bond St., Toronto, Ontario.

\$1,000 BOOK CONTEST.

Coward-McCann, Inc., of New York, and Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto, offer \$1,000 as a prize for the best book of fiction or non-fiction, or both, written in English on any subject, by a Canadian citizen living in Canada, or serving in the Canadian forces outside Canada.

The contest is now open and closes December 31, 1943.

Entries should be addressed to Contest Editor, Coward-McCann, Inc., 2 West 45th St., New York 19, N.Y., or to Contest Editor, Longmans, Green & Co., 215 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.

Contestants are requested not to send a letter with their entries.

On the title page of the manuscript should be typed or written: "This manuscript is entered in the Canadian Book Contest."

All manuscripts must be type-written, on one side of a sheet 8½ x 11 inches, and double-spaced. No carbon copies will be read.

All pages must be numbered consecutively from one to the end.

Authors should retain a complete carbon copy of entries.

AN ABANDONED CHURCH.

Here I stand, old and forlorn;
Here I stand battered and worn;
I have no sweet music, no blushing bride
Approaching my altar down aisle so wide;
No shining limousines at my door;
No thick carpets on my floor;
No flowers gay; no rich stained glass;
No priest coming in to say his Mass.
I do not shelter the Lord, so dear,
For there is a new church very near,
As beautiful as once was I
In olden times—in days gone by.

Laurine Hume, X,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

Felicitations

MOST REV. J. C. McGUIGAN, D.D., LL.D.,
Archbishop of Toronto.

The year 1943 has seen some memorable celebrations in connection with the sacerdotal Silver Jubilee and the Thirteenth Anniversary of Episcopal Consecration of His Grace Archbishop McGuigan. The first public commemoration was held in St. Michael's Cathedral on Saturday, May 15th, when His Grace pontificated at Solemn High Mass for the members of all religious communities in his archdiocese. The singing was provided by the Schola Cantorum, directed by Rev. Dr. Ronan, with congregational singing of "Vivat Pastor Bonus," and the "Credo."

On behalf of the various communities represented by the religious who practically filled the Cathedral, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Brennan, V.G., President of St. Augustine's Seminary, offered to the revered and beloved Jubilarian congratulations, and words of sincere gratitude, and of fervent good wishes for a continuance of the great good work for souls which His Grace is ever promoting in the Archdiocese and beyond its boundaries.

The Archbishop replied feelingly, reviewing briefly the events of his life, and expressing his keen appreciation of the self-sacrifice and devotion to duty of the religious communities of men and women, to whom he appealed for a continuance of their zeal in their respective works of education and charity. He requested that where possible they should undertake, as, in fact, they already had undertaken, new labours for the poor and distressed, especially in large centres such as Toronto.

On Sunday, May 16th, a pontifical Mass was again celebrated by the Archbishop in the Cathedral, as a thanksgiving for God's blessings during the years, especially the twenty-five years of his priesthood, and as an offering for his good people, the laity of the Archdiocese, representatives of whom from various parishes constituted the crowded congregation.

The Very Rev. Father McQuillen, Rector of the Cathedral, in a beautiful address for the double celebration expressed felicitations and the heartfelt appreciation of a grateful clergy and people to their beloved Shepherd. "Our association with you," he said, "will always be a treasured memory. We thank God that

he has brought you to us, and we pray that you may long be spared to the Catholic Church in the Archdiocese of Toronto."

In his reply the Archbishop, recalling the years spent in various parts of Canada and particularly those since his arrival in Toronto, expressed his deep gratitude to all present, and through them to the laity of the Archdiocese for their unfailing loyalty and generosity, the latest proof of which was in the united effort to make the campaign for better High School accommodation for the Catholic children of the Archdiocese a magnificent success.

The clergy of the Archdiocese, in large numbers, attended the banquet held at St. Augustine's Seminary in honour of His Grace's Sacerdotal and Episcopal anniversaries, and in the address expressing their felicitations paid tribute to him who "has been a worthy successor of the great Bishops who have blazed the religious trail, opened up the spiritual highways, and developed the religious resources of this part of the Lord's vineyard, since the days of Bishop Michael Power."

At the Fourth Convocation of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies on May 24th, the President, Very Rev. Dr. G. B. Phelan, on behalf of the faculty and students, presented to the Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor, congratulations and a spiritual bouquet of twenty-five Masses on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. His Grace, as Chancellor of the Institute, gave an impressive and enlightening address, and congratulated the five candidates on whom the Pontifical Institute, by his hands, conferred the degree of Licentiate in Mediaeval Studies.

The Cathedral was again the setting for a demonstration of good will towards His Grace, when on Saturday, May 29th, the boys and girls of the Separate Schools and of the Catholic High Schools, Academies and Colleges, filled all its available space, during the Mass celebrated by the Archbishop for their welfare, spiritual and temporal. The effective congregational singing was directed by Rev. Dr. Ronan, and the sermon was delivered by Rev. V. I. McIntyre, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College School. The Archbishop then expressed his pleasure in having present on this occasion so many of his Toronto boys

and girls, and his thanks for the innumerable prayers they had offered for his intentions. He wished them to realize that the "Catholic Youth held first place in his heart and in his mind; that they were the future of their Church and of their country; that they were old enough to know that the Catholic Church was built on a rock; that they must not sell their Catholic Faith for any worldly success, but must cling fast to the unchanging truths of God." His Grace spoke with pleasant anticipation of the additional Catholic High Schools soon to be opened in the Archdiocese, from which would come leaders, especially leaders in Catholic life.

In the afternoon of Sunday, June 20th, the annual Holy Name Rally was held on the beautiful grounds of De La Salle, "Oaklands." As the hymns, prayers and addresses were broadcast many, in addition to the thousands present, were able to participate. Listening to His Grace's address, in which he stressed the necessity of religious education, one felt that the Rally was in some way connected with the Jubilee celebration and called for a special remembrance in prayer for the esteemed Jubilarian's intentions.

In the evening an Archdiocesan Jubilee Banquet was the occasion for yet another assurance to the Archbishop of the kindly sentiments and loyal support of his people.

As a result of the campaign under the auspices of the Holy Name Society, with the splendid co-operation of the Knights of Columbus, and other Catholic lay organizations, for new High Schools and Catholic Youth Recreational Centres, a cheque for \$50,000 was presented to His Grace for this cherished objective, with assurances that this was but the beginning of the fund which would presently be increased.

Thanks are due to The Canadian Register for publishing full accounts of the various celebrations and the several inspiring addresses delivered on these occasions to and by the Archbishop. It is hoped that this literature will reappear in book-form before the end of 1943.

To Rev. J. F. Kehoe, Pastor, St. Clare's Church, Toronto, we offer congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his Ordination.

Sincere congratulations and good wishes are extended to the following Graduates of St. Augustine's Seminary, who were recently ordained to the Holy Priesthood in the Toron-

to Archdiocese: Rev. Fathers C. J. Cerrone, John Culnan, Louis Dignard, Joseph Driscoll, James Hayes, Pearce Lacey, Edward Madigan, John A. Marvyn, John F. McIsaac, Francis Robinson, Peter Rosettis, Francis Sullivan, M. J. Clifford; also to the following ordained for other dioceses: Rev. Fathers Ainslee, J. P. Brown, R. Coursehene, B. Cox, L. W. Landri-gan, W. S. Lyons, D. D. MacDonald, F. T. MacKay, K. C. MacMillan, E. J. McCarthy, J. McElgum, C. P. Pagliuicca, L. Patenaude, and G. E. Topshu.

Amongst the newly-ordained who said Mass at Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, and gave their first priestly blessing were: Rev. Father Culnan, whose sister is a member of Loretto Abbey Novitiate; Rev. Father Sullivan, who has been an assistant to Rev. Dr. Ellard in his work connected with the St. Francis De Sales Deaf Mute Society, which meets weekly at Loretto College School; Rev. Father Rosettis; Rev. Kevin Kidd, O.F.M.; and Rev. Father Johnson, C.S.S.R., who has cousins in the Loretto Community; Father Johnson was ordained by his uncle, Most Rev. Bishop Johnson, of Nelson, B.C.

Heartfelt felicitations to Rev. Aurele Joseph Doucette, O.Carm., former St. Patrick's (Loretto) pupil, ordained to the Holy Priesthood on June 3rd, in St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, by His Grace Archbishop McGuigan.

Felicitations with prayerful good wishes for blessings on his future years are offered to Rev. John R. Finn, C.R., who was ordained by Most Rev. Bishop Kidd, D.D., on June 12th, in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont., and celebrated on the 13th his first Solemn High Mass. On this occasion his brother, Rev. Peter Finn, was deacon, and his Seminarian brother, sub-deacon, the eloquent ordination sermon being preached by Father Finn's cousin, the Very Rev. H. I. Fleming, C.S.S.R. Congratulations are extended to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Finn (Loretto Alumna) and to his brothers and sisters, especially Sister Marina, of St. Joseph's Community, London; also to his cousin, Mother M. Dolores, I.B.V.M.

On June 27th, Rev. Kevin (Joseph) Kidd, of the Franciscan Order, was ordained by his cousin, Most Rev. J. T. Kidd, Bishop of London. Our congratulations are extended to Father Kidd, and to his parents, Mr. and Mrs.

Kidd, St. Vincent's parish, Toronto; also to the other members of the family.

To the Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal, on its Golden Jubilee Anniversary, we offer heartfelt congratulations with prayers for its continued successful achievements in the Sailor Welfare Service. For those desirous of becoming acquainted with this most helpful institution, a request sent to Dr. W. H. Atherton, manager, 329 Cannon and St. Peter Sts., Montreal, P.Q., will procure an enlightening booklet. One dollar secures membership for a year. One hundred dollars makes one a life member.

Congratulations to Miss Lillian McCarthy, Loretto College Alumna, on receiving her Ph.D. degree from the University of Toronto; also to Miss M. I. Sirdevan, 4T3, B.A., Loretto College, on winning the Gold Medal in Modern Languages, U. of T. (St. Michael's).

Congratulations are extended to the following Loretto Abbey music medalists at the Peel Festival in May, 1943: Miss Delia C. Olsen—Reading at Sight, under 17 years, Silver Medal; Miss Barbara Mitchell—Singing, under 13 years, Bronze Medal; Miss Barbara Mitchell and Miss Mary Virginia Foster—Duet, under 13 years, Bronze Medal; Miss Floy Halbus—Singing, under 11 years, Silver Medal; Miss Elizabeth Rosar and Miss Floy Halbus—Piano Duet, under 11 years, Bronze Medals; Miss Gloria Pegg—Creative Dramatics, under 12 years, Silver Medal.

Congratulations also to the following who received Honour Certificates at the Peel Festival: Misses Dorothy Sloane, Delia Olsen, Joseph F. McSloy, Doreen M. Williams, Joan Rosar, Floy Halbus, Elizabeth Rosar, Gloria Pegg.

Congratulations to Miss Dorothy Hatch, Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, and a resident pupil of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., who won the Florence Kirby Trophy for the highest marks in singing in the class of 16 years and under, at the recent Niagara Falls Musical Festival.

To the following pupils of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, congratulations are offered on their high standing at the Niagara Falls Music Festival in May: Beverly Ann Booth, Ida May De Grant, Caryll Ann Fisher, Eleanor Strang, First Prizes, Silver Medals, in piano; Dorothy June Vicker, Eileen Walker, Marilyn Peckham, Second Prizes, Bronze Medals, in piano; Mary June Tesch, Marianne Fennis, Ann Mahoney, Sandra Sheppard, Jocelyn Wrong, Connie De Grant, Certificates, First Class Honours in piano; Joan Walker, Ann Miller, Barbara Bain, Rita Glynn, Honours in piano.

Vocal—Dorothy Hatch, Joan Brass, Shirley McGill, First Prizes, Silver Medals; Sandy Smeaton, Alice Langmuir, C. Young, Second Prizes, Bronze Medals; Sandy Smeaton, Joan Brass, Joan McDonough, Certificates, First Class Honours; Evelyn Peters, Joan Brass, Suzanne Leone, Honours.

LORETTO'S TRIBUTE.

Among the felicitations and good wishes that have been showered upon Mrs. James Carson (Dr. Victoria Mueller) on the occasion of her wedding on May 4, the feast of St. Monica, it is fitting that her Alma Mater should speak in public as well as in private. We had that afternoon at the College, an unusual event, when Lieut. and Mrs. Carson came from the wedding reception at Newman Hall to attend Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the College Chapel. Reverend T. McLaughlin, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, gave Benediction, the bride and groom kneeling on white-draped priedieus just outside the sanctuary and the College choir grouped at the

organ, while the College staff and the staff of St. Joseph's College formed the congregation. Afterwards in the parlours we greeted the bridal party and shared their joy until it was time for them to leave for the plane that was to take them to the Seigneurie Club, Quebec.

It is natural that we should take a glance back over Victoria's years at Loretto, undergraduate days, graduate days, and then the years on the staff of St. Michael's. The qualities that have been remarked in her were evident in the beginning—an ability to give herself unreservedly to people and circumstances, to identify herself with a cause, from the an-



Photo by Ashley & Crippen.

Dr. Victoria E. Mueller, Professor of U. of T., only daughter of Mrs. Mueller and the late Mr. Max K. A. Mueller, of Hamilton.



Photo by Ashley & Crippen.

Lieut. Frederic James Carson, R.C.A.S.C. (Royal Canadian Army Service Corps), son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Carson, of Toronto and St. Alban's, Vermont.

nual Christmas tree for poor children, in which she could entertain sixty or seventy children of varying ages with the simple story of Bethlehem, to the championship of the truth in a mixed history class, or the exhaustive manner of dealing with a thesis. It was all one, all done with the same unselfconscious devotion that counts no cost. What the writer in *The Canadian Register* said of her was already noticeable—gifts of intellect and of zeal, and “charm of personality arising from her complete sincerity and universal kindness.” Praise will, I think, be a joy to her but not a pride. Her education has not fitted her into a mould or a groove but has been the occasion of a growth from within that issues in the noble effort to give God all, and a surprise at the bountifulness of His return. We ask God’s ever renewed blessings on Lieut. and Mrs. James Carson. Ad multos annos!

M.M.

THE HERMIT.

The hermit lives in a shallow cell
 He has hewn in the mountain side;
 He has no kindred with him to dwell;
 To his days love would seem denied.

Yet the daisies cluster around his home
 And the lark’s song is sweetest there;
 To his doorway close the white sheep roam,
 Bells chime through the quiet air.

The hermit toils in his earthly plot,
 And he watches the lambs at play,
 With never a sigh for his lonely lot,
 Or the cities far away

The white haw-bough is like drifted snow;
 Blue, blue is the sky above—
 How well the hermit’s heart doth know
 God’s bounty of joy and love.

—Aline Michaelis.

In Memoriam

MOTHER MARIE LOUISE STALEY (I.B.V.M.)

On April 8th, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, an esteemed member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother Marie Louise Staley, died, fortified by the last rites of Holy Church. Suffering for the last four years, she had courageously endeavoured to continue her usefulness, although obliged to relinquish her teaching. The remaining weeks of her illness were spent in loving communion with her God as



was evident to all who had care of her. All her former pupils and associates would agree with one who said, "She was the kindest person I have ever known." The affection that was felt for her by all who knew her was based on esteem and gratitude; it was a filial sentiment full of tenderness and veneration.

She taught in Stratford, in Niagara Falls and in several Toronto schools. She spent the greatest number of her years of teaching in St. Cecilia's Parish. On Friday, April 9th, Msgr. Treacy celebrated a Requiem High Mass for the repose of her soul, at which the children and teachers of St. Cecilia's School were present.

Mother Marie Louise (Helena Staley) was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Staley of Kingston, Ont. Three sons and three daughters of these good parents consecrated their lives to God; Rev. Arthur Staley (deceased), Very Rev. Louis Staley, Dean of Brockville; Rev. Melville Staley, Parish Priest of Thorold; Rev. Sister Mary Cecilia (deceased), Sister of Charity, Kingston; Mother M. Cecilia, I.B.V.M., Loretto College School, Toronto. The other members of the family are Mrs. M. Shyne (deceased), Chester, Pa.; Mr. Frank Staley, Toronto; Mrs. S. Brooks, Toronto; Mrs. C. Beroard (deceased), Ottawa; Mr. Albert Staley, Toronto. Mother M. St. Ignatius, I.B.V.M., is a niece.

Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated at Loretto Abbey on Monday, when His Grace Archbishop McGuigan was present. The Very Rev. Dean Staley was celebrant with Rev. Edward Canning as deacon and Rev. Melville Staley as subdeacon.

On Saturday and Sunday a continual succession of friends, relatives and former pupils paid their respects to the deceased. Present at the funeral Mass, in addition to Sisters of St. Joseph and Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, were the following: Right Rev. W. A. McCann, Right Rev. J. P. Treacy, Right Rev. J. J. McGrand, Right Rev. E. Brennan, Right Rev. W. McGrath, Rev. Dr. Basil Markle, Rev. Wm. Fraser, Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., Rev. S. Latchford, C.S.P., Rev. W. J. Roach, C.S.B., Rev. H. J. Murray, Rev. W. A. Egan, Rev. M. J. Ryan, C.S.B., Rev. P. J. Flanagan, Rev. F. M. Caulfield, Rev. A. E. McQuillen, Rev. S. J. Ryan, Rev. J. T. Egan, Rev. N. MacKinnon, Rev. B. Doyle, Rev. P. Hendriks, Rev. F. Mogan, Rev. B. Sullivan, Rev. J. A. Warren, C.S.B., Rev. V. A. Priester, Rev. A. J. MacDonald, S.F.M., Rev. J. P. Leonard, S.F.M., Rev. D. Stringer, S.F.M., Rev. W. Kennedy, Rev. Bro. Jarlath. —M.T.

REV. MELVILLE STALEY, P.P., THOROLD.

Widespread grief was experienced as announcement was made of the sudden death of Reverend Melville Staley, Pastor of Our Lady of Holy Rosary Church, Thorold, on April 21st.

Although Father Staley's health had been for a considerable time so impaired as to cause anxiety to physicians and friends, he bravely carried on his parish duties to his last day, on the morning of which he celebrated the Requiem Mass for a member of his parish, and later went on a sick-call to one seriously injured in an accident. On his return from this visit of supreme charity he collapsed, and died a few moments later, after being anointed and receiving a final priestly blessing from the assistant pastor.



But ten days previously he had been subdeacon at the Requiem Funeral Mass for his sister, Mother Mary Louise, I.B.V.M., at Loretto Abbey.

Father Staley was an alumnus of St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, and of the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He had served

as priest in two Toronto churches, St. Cecilia's and St. Mary's; as chaplain in the Canadian Expeditionary Forces overseas in the First World War; as assistant priest at St. Catharines, and for the past twenty-one years, as Pastor in Thorold, where, as in his previous appointments, he was esteemed and loved for his kindly words and deeds. He was a member of a family generous towards God, three sons being priests and three daughters members of religious communities.—Rev. Arthur Staley; Sister Mary Cecilia of the Sisters of Charity of Providence, Kingston; and Mother Marie Louise, I.B.V.M., predeceased him. The Very Rev. Louis E. Staley, of Brockville, and Mother M. Cecilia, I.B.V.M., survive to mourn him; as also Mr. Frank Staley, Mr. Albert Staley, and Mrs. C. Brooks.

The obsequies were such as became a pastor of souls, universally beloved as was Reverend Captain Melville Staley. During the last days of Holy Week his body reposed in its flag-draped casket, first in the St. Catharines church where his former parishioners and friends came in succession, day and night, to watch and pray; and later in Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Church, Thorold, where on Easter Sunday evening the Office of the Dead was chanted. In addition to those who stood on guard and who were replaced successively, a continuous stream of persons, throughout the night and in the morning, came to view the remains and pray for their devoted father and friend.

On Easter Monday morning the Pontifical High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop McGuinn, with Very Rev. Louis Staley, Dean of Brockville, as Assistant Priest; Rev. Edward Canning, P.P., Port Colborne, Deacon; and Rev. G. Kelly, Toronto, Sub-Deacon. The choir was composed of priests of the Toronto diocese, with Rev. Dr. Ronan acting as director. Touching tributes were paid to the deceased pastor by Monsignor E. Brennan, V.G., President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, in his funeral oration. He recalled that two weeks previously, when he had been present at the funeral of Father Staley's sister, Mother Marie Louise, of Loretto Abbey, Father Staley had thanked him for coming and said, "If you are home in St. Catharines for Easter, be sure and run over to Thorold and see me." Monsignor's promise to do so was fulfilled, but under circumstances, he said, undreamed of two weeks ago.

"Father Staley," he continued, "died as he had lived—like a knight in the field of com-

bat. In his passing a new name has been added to the litany of those found dead at their post in the faithful service of the Master . . . Long ago he had learned the Master's mandate, and was conscious of his promise, 'Be thou faithful unto the end, and I will give thee the crown of eternal life.'"

Present at the Requiem Mass were priests from St. Catharines, Toronto, Brockville, Welland, Lewiston, N.Y., Lakeview, N.Y., and elsewhere; members of various religious communities; and former parishioners from Toronto, St. Catharines and Thorold.

The remains were conveyed to Kingston on Monday afternoon and, to the Cathedral, where the Libera was chanted by His Grace Archbishop O'Brien and clergy from Kingston and Toronto dioceses, after which interment took place beside the grave of Rev. Arthur Staley in St. Mary's Cemetery, Very Rev. Dean Staley, brother of the deceased, officiating.

To the brothers and sisters of Father Staley, and to his devoted nephews and nieces, in their sudden bereavement, the second within a month, we offer heartfelt and prayerful sympathy.

MISS MARY COOPER.

(A Tribute)

The passing of Miss Mary Cooper marks a finale to an era of Toronto life. She belongs to days of neighbourliness, and leisurely hospitality. The youngest and the last surviving member of the late James Cooper's family, she had the distinction of being an octogenarian when the final summons came for her on December 29, 1942.

A life-long resident of Toronto, she was probably best known to the wide circle who in their need came to her Nursing Home, 17 Queen's Park, where for many years she devoted her great talents to the care of nervous patients. Invalids whose obscure nervous traits had long baffled doctors, came out of her Home strong and capable—able to face situations in which nerves must stand heavy strain. In this work she was associated with Miss Sarah Gordon, a graduate of Toronto General Hospital, and with Miss Mary Campbell.

The nursing home was a new venture in Toronto, and had the approval of leading physicians. The system of restoring health depended largely on rest and principles of diet laid down by the American authority, Dr. Weir-Mitchell.

Miss Cooper had studied Dramatic Art with the Wheatcroft Brothers in New York, and Physical Culture with Delsarte. She was adept in gaining the patient's confidence, and setting at rest the morbid fancies that prey on the imagination of frail invalids.

With friends she liked to talk of her school-days at Loretto. Her primary and secondary



MISS MARY COOPER

A Loretto Abbey Graduate of More than 60 years ago, who died Dec. 29, 1942.

education she received at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Street, and throughout her life she was a steadfast friend of the Ladies of Loretto, who, in turn, held her high in their esteem. At the Abbey her dramatic talent had been wisely cultivated. She took keen delight in the Drama, especially in Shakespeare's plays, which she studied earnestly. She approached the world's greatest dramatist with a rare humility, which may account for her having absorbed so much of his thought. Her broad understanding and her elocutionary ability were not mere ornaments, but a useful equipment for living life to the full. Her facility in reciting noble verse was a great aid in the monotony of daily, humdrum existence.

Nervous persons are not particularly interesting companions, but to Miss Cooper each patient was of interest, and she frequently succeeded in dispelling the gloom of her invalids by some apt quotation. A favourite expression to explain acts of loving service was, "A grain of gold hidden in the dull sands of life." Patients and nurses, alike, at her Home sought out this gold, and life was not dull where the supreme touch of perfect charity penetrated dull, melancholic moods.

Miss Cooper sustained serious injuries in an accident on College Street in 1932, and was never really strong again. Her brightness of spirit, however, remained with her and, through the last less active years she still had with her as congenial friend and constant companion, Miss Mary Campbell, who predeceased her by only two weeks. Both were members of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Miss Cooper is mourned by her niece, Miss Mary Mason; her nephew, Mr. Harry Mason, and the two sons and two daughters of the late Col. Cooper Mason.

This gifted, charming lady, who lived to help others, is still in the thoughts and prayers of many to whom she had endeared herself. May she rest in peace.

F.O., Loretto Alumna.

AGATHA MARIE McLENNAN.

The death of little Agatha McLennan, beloved and only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLennan of 517 Indian Road, Toronto, on April 26th, has occasioned grief to the many who were privileged to know her.

Her mother's earliest prayers for this heaven-favoured child that she might resemble Our Blessed Lady seem to have been answered. From infancy she was inclined to things spiritual. When only a year and a half, she accompanied her mother to High Mass on Sundays, and watched with interest the movements of the priest and acolytes. At home one day when she was two, they were listening to a broadcast of Benediction at a Eucharistic Congress. Agatha was at the radio, and hearing some talking in the room, she said, "Church, Mummy, church," and made a sign for them to stop talking. Having seen persons making the Way of the Cross in church, she imitated them by standing and kneeling before the pictures on the wall at home. To her mother's inquiry about her doings, she answered, "Church."

At a very early age Agatha's love for music was evident. At four she used to sing part of the Gloria, in Latin, very sweetly, for friends. Her mother brought the little four-year-old to St. Cecilia's Convent, where the music teacher, Mother M. St. Alban, Mus. Bac., was so impressed by the child's intelligence that she consented to take her as a piano pupil. At five, Agatha passed her first Toronto Conservatory of Music examination with First Class Honours. The next year, at six, she attended school at St. Cecilia's Convent, and prepared for her First Communion, which she made on May 19, 1940. She recited prettily and in one selection, "Mary," she gave the impression that she was actually speaking to Our Lady, the expression and light in her eyes were so remarkable.

On the feast of the Assumption, August 15th, 1942, her only little brother was born, and named Alexander. To the great joy of this event, succeeded an overwhelming grief for the parents when on September 15th, the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, they were informed by the doctors consulted that Agatha had a serious disease in the arm, which was practically incurable—only four recoveries being on record, and they were not of malignant cases.

In answer to the innumerable prayers offered for her recovery, came perfect resignation to God's Holy Will, on the part of the parents and of the little sufferer.

Agatha's cheerfulness continued. One day her mother said, "I must have your hair cut," but she answered smilingly, "Oh, Mummy, I am going to die with my hair long." She asked her father to take back her library books and not to get any more; she would not be reading them. She did not like to lose the merit of her good deeds by being praised. On her return home on her last day of school at the Convent, she was asked if she were promoted and answered simply that she was sure she was. Later, when her father called at the Convent for her books which she had forgotten to bring home, he noticed that Agatha's name was first on a list pinned up in the class-room, and that she had highest marks in all the subjects. During her years as a Loretto music pupil she had received first class honours, certificates and medals at the Peel Music Festivals; first class honour certificates at Toronto Conservatory of Music examinations; and at the Inter-Loretto music festivals; and had taken part regularly in the St. Cecilia's programmes, but remained through

all distinctions and applause wholly unspoiled—a lovely, little saint.

Rather striking was the recurrence of the mystic number 9 in the important dates of her life: Birthday, July 19, 1933; First Communion, May 19, 1940; serious illness, March 19, 1943; Burial, April 29, 1943. Age 9 years and 9 months.

The Church of St. Joan of Arc was filled for her Funeral Mass, several of the city clergy being present, as, also, religious of



various communities; and many of Agatha's former schoolmates. Her grave in Mt. Hope Cemetery is close to a beautiful statue of St. Anthony—a heavenly friend to whom she had marked devotion.

To her parents we extend our sympathy in the loss of this precious child, whose name has appeared in many honour lists and programmes in Loretto Rainbow.

NOT ALONE.

No one lives to himself;
Some ray of mind or heart
Must touch another's life,
Though in slight part.

No one can walk this earth,
And never see the trace
Of feet that trod before
The self same place.

No one can weep or smile
But that some soul is touched
By grief or joy, some string
Of love is clutched.

No one can stand without
The pale of charity—
God fashioned souls of men
For sympathy!

Kathleen A. Sullivan.



Lillian Callaghan



Florence Cooper



Kitty Galligan



Betsy Cowan



Louise Hart-Smith



Marilynne Lunz



Margaret Jean McDonough



Aileen McNally



Maureen Murphy



Peggy O'Brien



Catherine O'Connor



Marjorie Roche



Marion Sirdavan



Rita Stortz



Geraldine Wilson

Graduates, 1943, Loretto College in the University of Toronto

Loretto



College

**STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL
1942 - 1943.**

President—Margaret McDonough.
Secretary—Gerry Wilson.
Loretto Rainbow Representative—Betsy
Gowan.

Head of House Committee—Louise Hart-Smith.
Dramatics Representative—Maureen Murphy.
Torontonensis—Catherine Galligan.
Athletics—Aileen McNally.
Debating—Lillian Callaghan.

**FROM THE "DATE" BOOK OF A LORETTO
GRAD.**

March 25.—A *super* Graduation banquet tendered us this evening in the College dining hall by those good Sophs. Originality the prevailing note—as witness, the place-cards (miniature mortar-boards); the songs; the Class Will; and not least, the Class Prophecy, which was accompanied by suitable but revealing gifts—a tiny telephone for the 'phone addict; Culbertson for our Bridge specialist, and so on.

Father McLaughlin's response to the toast to St. Michael's College; Father Shook's, to the toast to the Faculty of Loretto College; and Father Rush's, with its mingling of wit and kindly spiritual advice, were all greatly enjoyed—and what of Mr. Paul Dandeneau, valiant sub-ed for Father McHenry of Newman Club?—and the irrepressible Freshies taking advantage of the peals of laughter which greeted Father Shook's rendition of the Arthurian legend of Merlin and Madam Mim, to secure a second helping of ice-cream? (I noticed this, not without wistful longings for the "used-to-was")? Later—music, and snap-shots of the group, in the Reception room.

Mar. 26—Newman Club Banquet for the Graduates and Varsity Masthead Dinner. Announcement of the athletic awards; five out of thirty Senior and Junior T's came to our College this year.

April 7—"Lunched" by the Freshies—or, rather, "dined"—at Stodleigh's, with diploma favours, complete with blue ribbon and gold

seals; nosegays of sweet peas and—principal feature of the bill-of-fare—enormous steaks!

May 2—Right in the thick of exams now—the days of haunted, harried, haggard looks that bespeak long hours of "burning the candle at both ends."

May 13—Ph-fee!—pardon while I mop the care-furrowed brow—after vainly trying to cram three years' accumulation of truck into trunks, suitcases, and hat-boxes. Other years Dad could drive up to the backdoor, and one could pack them in unconcernedly; sad, too, this saying good-bye to the out-of-town undergrads one will probably not see again—but, back in a couple of weeks for Convocation—I hope!

At Home—June 1—Bag packed in one hand, telephone receiver in the other for the long-distance call from the Dean—with results—. Madly calling anyway when it didn't come by eleven. Not till morning!—half an hour before train time!—Dad scanning all the "without gradings," and then deciding I'd failed! Feeling suddenly ill—then Mother's voice triumphantly, "Why, here you are in the B's!"—recovered but dazed—could it be a misprint?—But here goes! All aboard for Toronto!

At College—June 2, 3—Practice for graduation in morning and evening shifts, to suit the undergrads, who are all at work.

Quiet, informal supper dance at Newman, followed by Margaret McDonough's party at the Royal York, in honour of her classmates.

June 4—Convocation Day at last! My day—the fulfilment of many hopes, dreams, and prayers . . . 10 a.m.—we "process" from Teefy Hall to St. Basil's for the Baccalaureate Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Kirby, 1T1, and the magnificent Baccalaureate sermon by the Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B. (Superior General of the Basilian Fathers) on the importance of fidelity to the three degrees of knowledge, as distinguished and synthesized by M. Maritain, "man of our age."

2.30 p.m.—Convocation Hall—row upon row of grads, in cap and gown, filing up to the platform to place their hands in those of the grand old Chancellor, Sir William Mullock, and receive the coveted sheepskin, insignia of admission to the ranks of the graduates of the U. of T.—Then, a festive garden party for relatives and friends on the campus.

8 p.m.—Loretto grads, in long, white dresses, academic caps and gowns, and carrying crimson roses and white phlox, take their

places on the stage in the College auditorium to the strains of the College hymn, "Gaudeamus"; Rita Stortz, valedictorian; Louise Hart-Smith directing; Rev. Father Bondy, C.S.B., heard in a soul-stirring Baccalaureate address; Benediction in the College chapel; a formal reception by the Faculty for our parents and friends.

9.30 pm.—Groups leaving for the Graduates' Ball at Hart House; curtailed to 1 a.m. this year.

June 5—The Faculty hostesses at an informal Tea for grads' relatives and friends. In the evening, the Old Mill lent its Old World atmosphere to the festivities of our class party.

June 6, 10 a.m.—Our last College Sodality Mass and Communion. At the breakfast, our guest speaker, Rev. Father Coughlin, C.S.B., in his fifteen-minute talk left us dazed and

gasping as he placed before us a résumé of Catholic Theology to serve as a *vade mecum* on the journey ahead

3.30 p.m.—Over to the St. Michael's Alumnae and Faculty Tea, intending to proceed from there to the Loretto Alumnae meeting at Loretto Abbey, but having failed to acquire bi-location in our College course, many of us missed our last chance of a visit to the Abbey.

June 7—Bouncing on the lids of suitcases, trunk, and boxes once again—but with less vigour as one realizes with a pang that the old green trunk won't be returning in September! Fond farewells—a last visit at the door of the College chapel, taxi, station, train and—home! I realize that, although College days are now behind me, I have the changing world and the on-stretching years before me in which to build my life.

IN THEIR BEING REJOICE.

Hymning infinitesimal things
 can be God-like
 Small happenings
 that swell the common grind
 transformation ensuing
 dark things into light
 Lush beauty unadulterate
 from brown mother earth
 bursting in rush green symphony
 Star effervescence glowing with sharpness
 Shy scurrying cloud forms
 lingeringly illusive
 Sweet cadencing of multitudinous choristers
 And plashy shimmering waters
 splintered
 in thousand fragments of light
 Pine exorcism of deep heady wood scent
 sadly intoxicating
 Crisp onward rushing winds
 unconcerned
 Black welling night eternal
 dipping long fingers into nothingness
 Warm nestling intimacy of robin's film blue
 eggs
 Autumnal beauty
 patterned in gold and brown design
 spilling luxurious from nature's arms
 into the lap of ripe maternal earth
 Effulgence dream wafted
 small stirring from a morning sky

milk soft in falling loveliness
 Rosaried colour
 flinging pale vestal strands
 in silver winged confusion
 rainbowed lace intertwined
 through slowly tinting sky reflections
 from the hand of God
 Gobleted rain new glistening
 earth bound
 emergence unheralded
 Green issue startling
 encompassing
 of spring's delirium
 Shafted moon iridescence
 draped in luminous folds
 over earth's throbbing breast
 Horizons unpredictable
 saffron enchanted
 unknowable
 Such happenings
 find
 For their coming
 be thankful
 In their being
 rejoice
 Seek rather little things
 in secret multiplicity
 Because
 these things belong to God.

Maureen Murphy, 4T3,
 Loretto College.

BLISS?

Writing is
A liquid art—
It flows and flows, and then—
Ah, bliss, undreamed of bliss;
'Tis here, 'tis here—the end!

Your muse beguiles
Away the hours—
It chides and chides, and then—
At last, you see the thing it does:
Deny it if you can!

It prompts, indeed,
Such blissful thoughts—
Its pictures true become, and more—
And people, plots, and plays emerge
Ne'er seen or heard before.

Your thoughts in beauty
Shine and shimmer
Through themes and words, true
 gems, and more—
Content is yours; content that
 gives
The critics, too, a blissful score!

Betsy Gowan, 4T3,
Loretto College.

CONTENT.

Under the low, broad, oak-beamed roof,
With the fire burning bright,
And the gently-falling, soft spring rain
Dropping out of the night,

I, gazing into the leaping flames,
Listening to the rain,
Have a drowsy feeling of sweet content
That creeps o'er my heart again;

And I drift on a placid sea of dreams,
'Neath a breathless, star-lit sky,
Whose sapphire depths are shadowy pools
Of moonlight from on high.

Yes, still is this silvery ocean,
Where tempest is unknown,
Windless, waveless, wreathed in mist;
And I float on—alone.

Awed into silence by silence,
Hushed by the haunting light,
My heart is steeped in slumber and peace
By the magic of rain and night.

Marion Sirdevan, 4T3,
Loretto College.

ROMANTICISM AND MUSIC.

Walter Pater, in his *Appreciations*, defined Romanticism thus: "It is the addition of strangeness to beauty that constitutes the Romantic character in art; and the desire of beauty being a fixed element in every artistic organization, it is the addition of curiosity to this desire of beauty that constitutes the romantic temper." The innovatory spirit of Romanticism is thus set over against the conservative spirit of Classicism. It is, to quote another critic, "the renaissance of wonder," which feeling, not only gives the romantic, himself, great satisfaction, but urges him to excite it in others. In addition it stands for complete freedom in art, and attitude of sensitivity to all that is picturesque and to the lure of the Middle Ages. It is closely linked with the spirit of independent thought and action, born of the French Revolution with its cry of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and, after the temporary Napoleonic eclipse, emerging again in the social and political life of every one of the nations of Europe after the Congress of Vienna.

In Germany, as one would expect, it took the form of a vigorous oppositon to France. It had its preachers who fulminated, like Luther; its diplomatists who plotted, like Stein; and apart from its intellectual interests, it based itself upon some of the strongest national and religious emotions to which a revolution can appeal. The air was full of controversies and enthusiasms. Men were never so ready to think freely, to question the truth of every established power from religion to principles of science. There sprang up a great love of the world, its wonders and its beauties, a curiosity as to the past and the spirit which animated its people. Folk-lore and consequently folk-songs, interested the people more than ever. Nationalism began to develop in the distinctly modern sense. A desire for emancipation from restriction in every field grew stronger and became more vocal. From Weimar, Leipsic, Bayreuth, the new manifestos and campaigns issued forth. All the arts were affected—sculpture, painting, literature. The romantic literature of France with Victor Hugo at its head, the dramatic and lyric poetry of Germany captained by Goethe and Schiller, our own poets from Wordsworth and Byron to Shelley and Swinburne, are so many aspects of this spirit which animated every word of inventive genius in the nineteenth century. Did music then stand aside from all this and

remain self-sufficient, at best the symbol of one soul's aspirations? One has only to look at the complete break which occurred in the development of music at this time, and particularly, at the small group of men who immediately followed Beethoven—Schubert and Schumann, Mendelssohn and Chopin, Berlioz and Liszt, Heine and Eickendorff—to see that it did not. Romanticism coloured the later music of Beethoven from the "Sonata Appassionata" (1806) to the "Ninth Symphony" (1818) just as surely as it suffused the poetry of Goëthe and Schiller. Music, which had with Mozart been so serene, detached and impersonal, became, in Beethoven's later quartets and sonatas, his "Pastoral Sonata" especially, a language of personal feeling, of individual passion, even of whim, fantasy, and humour. His successors followed this path of subjectivism and specialized expression.

The work of Beethoven from 1806 to 1818 revealed a subjective and personal quality which differed not only in kind but in degree from the objective art which preceded it. A profound dissatisfaction with every established ornament acceptable in the music of the eighteenth century plus a sense of personal responsibility which was part of the Romantic spirit, took possession of the artist. He discarded the charm of balanced chords and harmonies; and moods of turbulent energy and serene calm abruptly succeeded one another. He associated not only states of feeling but verbal phrases, embodying them both in his music, as for instance, in the F Sharp quartet. The daring harmonies with which Bach anticipated the Romantic movement, however far his spirit as a whole may have been removed from Romance, found in the later Beethoven a fuller development. "Beethoven," to quote a modern critic, "was not only the embodiment of all that was before him, but also of what was yet to come. . . He was the prototype of Wagner's *Hans Sachs*, who wished due respect paid to laws of the poet's craft so that poetical creation might go on within the lines of beauty, but who also wished spontaneous creative impulse to have its rights. . . Like *Faust*, he ever heard the dread words ringing in his ears: "Entehren sollst du, sollst entehren!" His art asked his all; he knew it and gave his all; and then Gottbeit, which he was wont to invoke, hushed the noises of the material world that he might the better hear the whisperings of the spirit pervading it; and raised a barrier between him and mankind to force him to be a witness and historian of the struggle between

the human and divine reflected in his own soul. All the misanthropy which filled his later years could not shake his devotion to an ideal which had sprung from truest artistic inspiration, and had been nurtured by enforced introspection. This is the key to Beethoven's music" . . . Beethoven's license may have degenerated into lawlessness, but he pointed a way that has been followed by Mendelssohn and Strauss, Schumann and Liszt, Berlioz, Nicodé and Mahler.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was very nearly the greatest of the composers—had he but lived longer, been more carefully trained when young, and received greater appreciation in his life-time. His earliest songs, such as "Gretchen at Her Spinning Wheel" and "The Erlking," both by Goethe, show that his whole nature was seized by a spirit of poetry at once lyrical and dramatic. The years 1814 and 1815 saw the birth of a whole group of songs by Goethe, and they show how completely pliable was Schubert's music to the thought of the poet. The famous Schubert circle, which reached its climax in the year 1815, included significantly not only musicians but men actively concerned in literature and drama. Lyricism and local colour are the Romantic traits characterizing Schubert's music, his songs and his symphonies. His creation of the song was in truth almost miraculous, for he not only invented an absolutely new kind of song but developed its utmost possibilities almost one might say at a blow; so that to quote H. A. Scott, "It is hardly possible to exaggerate his influence on the lyric . . . It was not a reform that he introduced but a revolution." As to his influence on the composers of the Romantic school, one has only to consider in general the whole character of his music, with its all pervading poetry and emotional expressiveness, and in particular such works as his "Impromptus" and "Moments Musical," to realize the character of this connection . . . Apart from such technical matters as his harmonies, modulations, instrumentations, and the like, under all of which heads he made striking advances, he breathed into these established forms also a spirit of romance, a yearning, wistful, personal note of lyric tenderness and fervour whereby they are distinguished from all earlier compositions of their kind. Well might it be said by Grove, of Schubert, that "there never has been one like him, and there never will be another."

It was Schumann (1810-1856) who took up song where Schubert had left it, setting to

music, after 1846, many poems of Heine, Rückert and others; they include the "Myrthen," the "Liebesfrühling," the "Frauenliebe," and the "Dichterliebe." Song more than any other musical form is the natural counterpart of intense emotion and, though it does not always reflect the mood of the composer, it often bears witness to the action of an unusual stimulus from without. The year of crisis was also the year of "Schöne Wiege" and "Er der Herrlichste von Allen." The *Neue Zeitschrift* a periodical devoted to musical criticism and polemics, also owed its inception in 1834 to Schumann who, when the original committee comprising Wieck, Schunke, the pianist, and Julius Knorr, dropped out after the first year, was left the sole editor for ten years and was always the guiding genius. "My troubles have been productive of much music," wrote Schumann, and *à propos* of the *Novellen*, "I have never written so thoroughly from the soul as just lately." Arising out of the refusal by Clara Wieck's father to permit her to become engaged to the young musician, the great "Fantasia in C," "Humoreske," "Arabeske" and others, all record with varying accents of triumph, or pathos, the alternating hopes and despairs of the lover's heart. In reviewing Schubert's C Sharp Symphony in the *Neue Zeitschrift* of 1840, Mendelssohn gave an admirable example of the best kind of Romantic criticism:

"Everyone must acknowledge that the outer world, bright to-day, gloomy to-morrow, often deeply impresses the inward feeling of the poet or the musician; and all must recognize, while listening to this symphony, that it reveals to us something more than fine melody, mere ordinary joy or sorrow such as music has already expressed in a hundred ways, that it leads us into a region which we had never before explored."

One can glean further hints of Schumann's character from his reading Richter, whom he described as "that curiously German compound of sentimentality, mysticism and wayward humour"; Schlegel; Byron; and Heine. These models he imitated in erotic ballads and plays about picturesque robbers. Music was the language of his deepest moods. He was influenced also by Bach, who contributed to his training a general purification and strengthening of musical thought as well as furnishing an invaluable antidote for his wayward, youthful subjectivism. Schumann's place in modern music, though hard won both in his native land and elsewhere, shows little sign of being shaken.

"In the noble band of Romantic adventurers into new and unexplored realms of music," says Richard Aldrich, "Schumann was a leader, but he never failed in his bold and chivalrous championship of the rectitude of his art."

It must have been almost impossible for *Mendelssohn* (1809-1847) to admire the work of the Romantic school. The qualities which he valued most in music—nieety of touch, refinement of thought, perfection of finish—were necessarily absent in the stress of a revolutionary movement. Yet Mendelssohn, a great friend of the aged Goethe, represented a mild, restrained, tentative application of the artistic principles of the Romantics. His greatest work is, of course, the Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and was written when he was nineteen. While music seemed to come to him straight from the skies, his place in music is not definitely settled even to-day. Music was to this gay, companionable, brilliant musician not so much a spiritual as a pantheistic influence (hence a certain kinship with the Romantics); the external world fired his brain, and his delicate genius responded, but his influence has been confined chiefly to the more elegant song-writers of the time, to the composers of graceful and forgotten oratorios, and to the brilliant comic opera record of Sir Arthur Sullivan. "And this though Mendelssohn, after arriving at man's estate, never wrote a note that indicates him as possessing one flash of genuine humour," to quote Vernon Blackburn's estimate of his genius.

Of the other leading Romantics, three are outstanding—*Chopin* (1810-1849) a Pole, *Berlioz* (1803-1869) a Frenchman, and *Liszt* (1811-1886) a Hungarian—all three specializing in piano compositions. The first was hailed by Schumann with typical spontaneity in 1831: "Hats off, gentlemen!" and in 1839 reviewing certain of his preludes, mazurkas and waltzes, "He is and remains the keenest and staunchest poet-soul of the time." Chopin will never be forgotten so long as the piano remains the piano. He is, as Rubinstein said, its soul. During his lifetime Chopin was the centre of a circle of wit, talent and fashion. He toured the continent and England and Scotland, until his death, ostensibly of consumption, probably of a broken heart. Though Chopin played but seldom for the public—that task he gratefully resigned to Liszt—those favoured souls who heard him in the twilight salon said that never since has the piano sounded so aerial, so witty, so passionate; tender, martial, ironical, capricious, gay and sad, this young Pole held in bondage

the whole emotional gamut. As to his compositions, I leave that to the words of a recognized critic, Mr. James Heineker:

"Chopin is the poet of his instrument, the musical poet of Poland. He caught up and treasured the folk-songs of his country and gave them caprice, wounded pride, ecstatic moments; his four ballads are epic in scope, containing noble melodies, the form absolutely original; the four scherzos are evidences of Chopin's power, for here the form is again novel; the content, startling."

In short, in form and content and treatment, Chopin illustrates and expands all the outstanding features of Romanticism, "changing the modern map of music by his subtle and profound experimenting with the possibilities of chromatic harmonies and, for this, ranks among the great composers . . . Within his range he is the most perfect lyricist that ever sang, and the ethereal sonorities of his style, his discreet and original use of the 'tempo rubato,' make him a fore-runner of all that is free, individual and exotic in latter-day music."

As Berlioz's early influences were as much literary as musical, one can see whence he derived his Romanticism—"Into the world of Beethoven, and the operas of Gluck and Weber," Newman tells us, "he breathed the newer, more nervous, life of French Romanticists. Colour and sensation became as important as form and the pure idea . . . All his music aims at something concrete . . . Colour, passion, and veracity were the prime needs; form had to follow their guidance. Hence both his successes and his failures. His virtue is truth and vivacity of expression; his defect, the pursuit of these to the detriment of the musical interest. All modern programists have built upon him—Liszt, Richard Strauss, Tschaiakowsky. Wagner felt his influence though he belittled it." Perhaps the best estimate of Berlioz, however, is his own, "I have taken up music where Beethoven left it." He is the real beginner of the movement that has transformed modern art—that of the interpretation of music and the poetic idea.

The life of Liszt offers two paradoxes: the most adored pianist of all times, he ceased playing in public about thirty-nine years before his death; one of the greatest of all piano composers—he had transcribed in all about 371 compositions, and written altogether 160 original compositions, many of them as new in form as in substance, especially the fifteen Hungarian rhapsodies—collections of Magyar melodies with gypsy ornaments moulded by him into

works of art, after the manner of epic poets—yet he transferred his attention chiefly to the orchestra, e.g., the "Faust" and "Dante" symphonies and thirteen symphonic poems in which, to quote Henry T. Finck, "he deviated from the old symphonic form in a spirit similar to Wagner's operatic reforms—abolishing the mosaic of unconnected movements and allowing the underlying poetic idea (programme) to shape the form of the music." The last period of his life was given chiefly to writing sacred compositions, e.g., the "Legend of St. Elizabeth," and "Christus," in which the last elements of opera (aria and recitative) are eliminated from the oratorio. As Liszt's own genius was shaped largely by Schubert, Chopin, Berlioz, and Wagner, his influences on the pianists and orchestral writers of Germany, France and Russia can hardly be over-estimated. And there we leave the Romantic Movement in music—Wagner, the only other great name which ought conceivably to be included, representing rather a new departure again.

Louise Hart-Smith, 4T3,
Loretto College.

JOY

Tell me—have you ever felt the joy of climbing hills

To reach the stars?

I have,—

And I can say, it's wonderful.

When I was just a little girl—oh, not so long ago—

We used to play a game that I remember now,
Called "King of the Hill"—

Do you remember too?

A strongly muscled lad stood atop and challenged me,

Sandy, wind-blown hair, and sun-filled eyes of deep gruff blue,

Much feared, respected leader of the softball gang around the block,

A real boy, my brother.

"I'm King," he'd cry—"come up and beat me back if you are strong and unafraid—Then you'll be King, and I'll climb up to you." Philosophy there, but we were just too young to know.

So, steady-like I'd clench my baby fists and mount to fight him off,—

Knowing all along that he was strong and I'd fall down to earth again—

Laughing, crying, powerless, worshipping the
sandy wind-blown hair and sun-filled eyes,
A royal King, my brother.

Growing up has changed the softball gang,
And baby fists have broadened out through
being unafraid.

Tell me, have you ever felt the joy of climbing
hills

And gathering stars, for there are miles and
miles between.

Tell me, have you ever felt the joy of climbing
hills

To reach the stars?

I have—

And I can say, it's wonderful!

Florence Skemp, 4T5.

BLISS.*

What joy to fashion with my art
The sculptured form from shapeless mass;
What wonder to behold in part
The beauty of the whole at last!

To paint the beauty of the land,
The flowing stream, the lowly beast—
Some masterpiece of God's own hand,
Whereon the soul of man may feast!

To bridge the gap 'twixt ideal and real,
And sense the surge of sounds advance;
To move a soul that now may steal
Back to God and grace, perchance!

To cleave the blue with lofty spires,
And cause sad-hearted men to raise
Their weary eyes from earthly briars
In prayerful glance of suppliant praise!

To mould the fleeting thoughts of man
And echo forth his lofty aims
In lasting form for eyes to scan—
In words the mind so swiftly frames!

To feel the comfort and the peace
Of work well done, though much we miss;
To know a joy that ne'er will cease
Is God's good gift—our present bliss.

Louise Hart-Smith, 4T3,
Loretto College

* Poem winning the Aline Michaelis medal in Loretto Rainbow poetry contest restricted to Loretto College students.

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Under the auspices of the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

BACK ROW (standing, left to right)—Mary Johnson, Antoinette Calderone, Shirley Pezzack, Gabrielle Plaxton, Marie Kirby, Audrey Doyle, Mary Valenti, Joan Huggins, Estelle Gauthier, Pauline McGuigan.
FRONT ROW (left to right)—Rita Ormesher, Lois Noble, Frances Mary MacDonald, Mary Ellen Hogan, Monica Spearin and Eleanor Goldthorp.

Photo by Aber.

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, Graduation Exercises.

Graduation ceremonies opened at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, with Holy Mass celebrated by Rev. J. A. Keating, S.J., at which the graduates and the student body assisted. At the conclusion of the Mass the reverend celebrant, who is instructor of the Senior Class in Religion, gave an inspiring talk to the graduates. He impressed on them the thought that although they had now reached a long cherished goal, their graduation was but an entrance from the sheltered walls wherein they had spent such happy years, into life. They had received a thorough training in Christian principles; their lives would be the proof that they had merited an eternal crown on that greater Graduation Day which would mark their entrance into eternal life.

Dignity and beauty marked the graduation exercises held in the afternoon, May 20, in the auditorium. To the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance" (Elgar) played by the school orchestra, the graduates in crisp white gowns of eyelet work, entered the hall and took their places on the stage, banked with ferns and spring flowers. The student body, in white uniform dresses, on the tiers behind the graduates, formed an effective background. "Rule Britannia" (Arne) rendered in excellent manner by the choral class, opened the afternoon's programme. To Miss Joan Huggins of Trinidad was given the honour of welcoming the guests. Miss Mary Ellen Hogan was class valedictorian. The choral class delighted the interested audience with the Gregorian number, "Sub Tuum Praesidium" and Aylward's "A World of Praise." Miss Rita Ormesher and Miss Shirley Pezzack gave a brilliant interpretation of Kreisler's "Liebesfreud."

In an eloquent address Right Rev. E. M. Brennan, V.G., who presided at the graduation exercises, congratulated the young ladies on their achievement in graduating from a school with the traditions of Loretto; "Loretto, old in tradition and culture, but young and vigorous in educational achievement." He urged them to be loyal to the traditions that had been placed before them, and promised them happiness and peace if they remained close to Christ and His Immaculate Mother. It was their duty on this memorable day of their lives to plan what return they should make for their happiness. The privilege of

graduation brought with it the responsibility of devoting themselves to the service of God and their neighbor. This service they must give, in order to realize to the full the training they had received.

The medals presented by Monsignor Brennan and Rev. Father Fraser, chaplain of Loretto Abbey, were:

Medal of His Holiness Pope Pius XII for Religious Knowledge—Miss Audrey Doyle; the Governor General's Medal for English Literature—Miss Frances Mary MacDonald; the Archbishop McGuigan Medal for Apologetics—Miss Marie Lamey; the Eugene O'Keefe Medal for Mathematics—Miss Frances Mary MacDonald; the Gertrude Foy Medal for English Essay—Miss Mary Ellen Hogan.

The graduates were: Miss Antoinette Calderone, Miss Audrey Doyle, Miss Estelle Gauthier, Miss Eleanor Goldthorp, Miss Mary Ellen Hogan, Miss Jean Huggins, Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Marie Kirby, Miss Frances Mary MacDonald, Miss Pauline McGuigan, Miss Lois Noble, Miss Rita Ormesher, Miss Shirley Pezzack, Miss Gabrielle Plaxton, Miss Monica Spearin, Miss Mary Valenti.

JUNIOR SCHOOL, LORETTO ABBEY,

Closing Exercises.

On Friday, June 18, the closing exercises of the Junior School, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, were held in the auditorium. The stage was attractive with its wealth of spring blossoms, and its still lovelier little human flowers in pastel colours, showing to advantage against the stately folds of the dark-hued curtain.

Parents and friends were present to witness the presentation of Promotion Certificates and Prizes, and to congratulate the children on their diligence and success.

For Christian Doctrine, the awards were:

Gold medal for highest standing in Grade VII, to Miss Pauline McDonough; Highest standing in Grade VI, Monica Wilson; in Grade V, Anne Gilding; in Grade IV, Virginia Travers; in Grade III, Anne Quigley; in Grade II, Jacqueline DeLesseps.

A playlet, "It's May-Time," was prettily presented by Grades I, II, III and IV, incidental music being provided by some of the little musicians.



LORETTO ABBEY SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Photo by Aber.

Winners of the Silver Cup for Plain Chant and Two Part Singing at the 1943 Inter-Loretto Festival held at Loretto Abbey.

TOP ROW (left to right)—Joan Norman, Bernice Dwyer, accompanist; Joyce Cabral, Sally Lancaster, Isobel O'Gorman, Patricia Dennis, Rosamond Collins, Anna Marie Hogan, Joyce Prudhomme.

THIRD ROW—Jacqueline Huggins, Claire Snetsinger, Jullann Shannon, Joan Shinnick, Margaret Kulick, Betty Cormack, Muriel Smith, Dana Sheppard.

SECOND ROW—Eleanor Hughes, Theresa Menard, Mary Cameron, Jacqueline Ricard, Marilyn Burt, Marlon Kelly, Helen Labine, Frances Walsh.

FRONT ROW—Mary O'Halloran, Peggy McDonough, Marilyn Kelly, Alice Buscher, Mary Kilmack, Conductor; Catherine Givens, Elsie Plumbtree, Margo Morley, Joanne Healy, Josephite McSloy.



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

Left to right, the graduates are: Miss Maxine Cadwell, Miss Evelyn Hoag, Miss Mary Bruder, Miss Sheila Corbett, Miss Helen Clair, Miss Josephine Shields, Miss Geraldine Schuett.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH, Graduation Exercises.

An historic occasion was observed on Sunday afternoon, May 23, when the Graduation Exercises of Loretto Academy were held for the first time in the Church of Our Lady. Formerly they had been held in the Academy.

Preceded by the choir and the students of the Academy, the graduates advanced up the centre aisle to the seats reserved for them. They were gowned in white and all wore wreaths of blue flowers and carried yellow roses tied with broad blue ribbons. The graduating class included Miss Sheila Corbett, Miss Helen Clair, Miss Josephine Shields, Miss Evelyn Hoag, Miss Mary Bruder, Miss Maxine Cadwell and Miss Geraldine Schuett.

Graduation honors were conferred by Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly, who also announced the following awards and scholarships:

Gold medal for general proficiency in Middle School, donated by Dr. P. O'Brien, Miss Sheila Corbett; gold medal for highest standing in Christian Doctrine in senior classes, donated by Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly, Miss Mary Schuett; gold cross and chain for highest standing in Christian Doctrine in Junior High School donated by Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Our Lady's Parish, Miss Betty Klein.

Scholarships, June, 1942, for highest standing, Grade VIII, Sacred Heart School, Miss Rose Marie Sorbara; for highest standing, Grade VIII, St. Stanislaus' School, Miss Dorothy Flick; for highest standing in Grade VIII, donated by Mr. John Sutherland, Miss Nancy Goetz; for highest standing in Grade X, donated by local council Knights of Columbus, Miss Katharine Hanlon.

The ushers for the graduation ceremony were Alumnae of Loretto, Miss Anne Ray, Miss Mary Bordigan, Miss Josephine Darnell and Miss Betty Reinhart.

The clergy in the sanctuary included Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Rev. Father Higgins, Rev. Father Cox, Rev. Father Gillen, Rev. Dr. P. L. O'Brien, Rev. Father Ryan and Rev. Father J. F. Coghlan, C.Ss.R., of Toronto.

Reminiscing about his early days in Guelph, Father Coghlan told of his impressions as a small boy that made him remember the order of Loretto as a human and humane sisterhood. He paid tribute to four notable teachers, of St. Stanislaus' School, who had exerted a great and lasting influence there.

Congratulating the graduates on having

attained academic proficiency under the best of auspices, he reminded them that they had been taught by women who have made education their life work, who believe in including religion in education and who have made education of the young their absorbing aim.

He congratulated them also on having had religious training which gives them principles with which to meet the exigencies of life. "Education is for the heart and will as well as for the mind," he said. "You are going out into an unsettled world where we hope for victory and for a new order. As graduates of Loretto you have been trained to know that women have a definite sphere. The finer and gentler side of life is theirs. Women's ability and dexterity in the domestic realm amazes men. Loretto students are educated under a system which recognizes women's distinctive role."

In closing, Father Coghlan exhorted the class to choose Mary, to whom this month of May is especially dedicated as their model and exemplar, and to remember the good examples they had seen during their life at Loretto.

On Wednesday, June 9th, Mrs. T. J. Hanigan and Mrs. Robert D. Lark, representing the Local Canadian Red Cross Society, visited Loretto Academy, Guelph, to present to the pupils certificates awarded for Health, Home Nursing and Emergencies.

The classes have been ably handled by a member of the Faculty of Loretto Academy, who is a Registered Nurse; lectures and demonstrations were also given to the students by Miss L. Harrigan on Home Nursing; by Mrs. G. E. Stanton on Dental Health, and Mrs. Robert D. Lark on Communicable Diseases.

The certificates were awarded to: Misses Yolanda Bertoncello, Mary Bruder, Shirley Bolton, Catherine Carere, Kathleen Corbett, Ilene Forestal, Barbara Goetz, Muriel Goetz, Marguerite Hall, Catherine Hanlon, Valerie Heimler, Cleo Heimler, Mary Patricia Hurley, Maureen Ireland, Jacqueline Rivard, Mary Schuett, Catherine Ryan, Helen Scroggie.

SPRING.

Limpid,
Sun-shot pools of
Melting snow; cascading
Trills from bluebirds in the budding
Treetops.

—Donald T. Brown.



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

Photo by James.

STANDING (left to right)—Miss Louise McVikar, Long Island, N.Y.; Miss Margarite Rice, Ridgeway, Ont.; Miss Rosemary Haydock, York, England; Miss Bina Fell, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Miss Rose Picinlo, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss Anne Read, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
SITTING (left to right)—Miss Barbara Leland, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Gloria Sexton, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss Betty Lorenzo, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Miss Mary Gardner, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss Frances Giampolo, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss Florence Willick, Chippawa, Ont.; Miss Betty Leland, Worcester, Mass.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

The eighty-second Graduation Exercises of Loretto Academy were held in the auditorium of Mount Carmel College.

The procession was a lovely and impressive one, as the graduates, wearing floor length white dresses, accompanied by their flower girls, entered the main door to the strains of Elgar's immortal "Pomp and Circumstance," played by the orchestra, and slowly advanced to the stage, the base of which was banked with gift flowers. The girls comprising the choir of Loretto occupied places at the rear of the stage. The crowning of the graduates with wreaths of pink rosebuds by the Very Reverend Richard Haag, O.Carm., added to their attractive appearance. "Dear Canada" was rendered by the orchestra following the processional.

Delivers Salutatory.

The salutatory was delivered by Miss Rosemary Haydock, York, England, an overseas evacuee who has been spending the past three years here.

Following the singing of "Lead Kindly Light," awards and diplomas were presented by Father Haag. A piano duet, "Marcia alla Turca," from the Sonata in A by Mozart, was rendered by Miss Bina Fell and Miss Marjorie White, followed by the rendition of "A World of Praise" (Aylward).

Miss Bina Fell, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., gave the valedictory, after which the Te Deum (Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan) was rendered. The music, based on the traditional Ambrosian hymn, is dedicated to the Loretto choral class of 1943.

"You are the hope of a nation at war, and you will be the hope of a nation in peace. In this you cannot fail, you must not fail, and with the grace of God, you will not fail," declared the Reverend Pascal Baier, O.Carm., of Mount Carmel College, the guest speaker, in addressing the graduates.

Eloquent Address.

Father Baier, in his eloquent address, dealt with memories of the graduates during the past four years they have attended the academy where students from both sides of the border and one from England have intermingled in their educational and recreational circles and what the present and past memories mean to them in the future.

"Keep your parents, your relatives and

friends always as proud of you in the future as they are to-night to see you radiant in your lovely gowns, amid beautiful surroundings, receiving your diplomas and awards. Your future rests in the hands of God. You alone can extinguish the flaming torch of Christian education which has been entrusted to you." He concluded his remarks with the declaration that the young generation are the hope of war and peace time.

The programme concluded with the singing of "Ave Maria Loretto," the "Star Spangled Banner" and "God Save the King." The auditorium was filled with friends and relatives of the graduates.

Special Awards.

Special prizes were awarded as follows:

Medal of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, for highest standing in church history, obtained by Miss Rose Picciolo, of Buffalo, N.Y.

Medal of His Excellency, the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada, for highest standing in general proficiency, obtained by Miss Anne Read of Niagara Falls, N.Y.

The Brault Medal for highest standing in Grade XI General Proficiency and excellence in English, obtained by Miss Lorraine Ganter.

The Mary Ward Scholarship for Loretto Junior College, offered to the members of the graduating class, who obtained first class honors in Pass Matriculation, with excellence in English, awarded for the year 1943-44 to Miss Anne Read, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

The Graduates.

Miss Bina Fell, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Miss Frances Giampolo, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss Mary Gardner, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss Rosemary Haydock, York, England; Miss Betty Rose Lorenzo, Niagara Falls; Miss Betty Leland, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Barbara Leland, Worcester, Mass.; Miss Rose Picciolo, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss Anne Read, Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Miss Margarite Rice, Ridgeway, Ont.; Miss Gloria Sexton, Buffalo, N.Y.; Miss Louise McViekar, Long Island, N.Y.; Miss Florence Willick, Chippawa, Ont.

Miss Ann Read won the Mary Ward Scholarship of one year to Junior College, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls. The Academy is offering a tuition and partial residence two-year scholarship to students entering Grade XI, information concerning which will be obtained from Mother Superior, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Left to Right—Misses Helen T. McManamy, Marie O'Sullivan, Audrey G. Sепhton, Margaret E. Kazinezy, Frances Ellen Walsh, Mary Fitzgerald, Norma V. Griffiths, Jane Pulkingham and Kathryn T. Martin.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON,**Graduation Exercises.**

On Friday, May 28th, the seventy-eighth annual Graduation ceremony took place at Loretto Academy. His Excellency Most Reverend Joseph F. Ryan, D.D., J.C.D., presided and several members of the clergy were present. The speaker of the occasion was Rev. J. Arthur O'Brien, Rector of the Basilica of Christ the King, who pointed out that the true plan of reconstruction is the plan of life set forth by Christ in the Beatitudes. In wishing the Graduates a happy future, the speaker emphasized as qualities essential to that end, love of virtue, charity, and remembrance of the Providence of God.

His Excellency congratulated the Graduates, their parents, and teachers, and in his remarks made reference to the recent message of Queen Elizabeth wherein Her Majesty spoke of the important part religion and the home must play in the reconstruction of society.

Controller Clarke represented Mayor Morrison, who was out of town. Mr. O'Hare, on the part of the Red Cross, accepted the gift of fifty dollars presented by the Graduates as a fund for packages for Canadian prisoners of war in China.

Miss Frances Ellen Walsh was valedictorian, and the salutatory was given by Miss Nora Griffiths. Miss Mary Fitzgerald announced the presentation to the Red Cross which was made on behalf of the Graduates by Miss Jane Pulkingham. The programme was completed by delightful choral numbers with Miss Helen McManamy conducting and Louise Dell Robertson as accompanist. The school orchestra provided the Processional, Recessional, and incidental music.

In the morning, Mass at which the student body assisted, was celebrated in the convent chapel by Rev. Norbert A. Dentinger, C.R., who addressed the Graduates. The reverend speaker reminded his hearers that education is never completed, that life constantly offers new opportunities, and that sacrifice is always necessary to achieve a goal.

The Graduates are: Misses Mary Fitzgerald; Norma Griffiths, who was awarded the Governor General's Medal for English Literature; Margaret Kazincezy, Helen McManamy, Kathryn Martlin, Marie O'Sullivan, Jane Pulkingham, who is the fourth generation in her family to graduate from Loretto; Audrey Sephton, and Frances Ellen Walsh, who was awarded the Bishop's Cross for Christian Doctrine.

Graduation Breakfast.

Fourth Form entertained the Graduates at a delightful breakfast held last Friday morning, after Mass. The beautifully decorated table bore the colour scheme of mauve and green. In the centre of the table was placed a bowl of lilacs. Attached to mauve ribbons were scrolls on which were written prophecies for each Graduate. Much enjoyment was derived from the songs Fourth Form composed and sang. There was a song for each Graduate. Each girl in the graduating class willed her "most valuable" possession to a girl in Fourth Form. We were honoured by the presence of Father Norbert, Mother St. Gregory and several members of the Community.

Graduation Dance.

Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. McManus received the guests at our graduation dance. The gymnasium was handsomely decorated in patriotic colours. The Graduates and their friends, members of the Alumnae and pupils of Loretto enjoyed dancing to the music of "Lloyd Standen and his Rhythmairs." Variety dances throughout the evening proved entertaining, especially the perennially popular "Paul Jones." A delightful lunch was served during intermission. We wish to thank Mrs. Ryan and her committee for making this dance such a success.

Parent-Teachers Tea, May 30.

The Parent-Teachers were hostesses to our charming Graduates on Sunday, May 30th. Mrs. O'Brien congratulated the girls on behalf of the Parent-Teachers. The Graduates made a presentation to the school of four Oxford dictionaries for Grades X, XI, XII, XIII. The main feature of the attractive table was a blue and white cake on which were nine pennants with a Graduate's name on each. Pouring tea were Mrs. W. G. Pulkingham and Mrs. J. H. Shepton.

Graduation! The magic hour has come and gone and left us with many memories, many joyful and a few sad. The goal for which we have longed has been reached and now we stand—Graduates of Loretto! But, if we stop at this goal, all the patient years of training will have been in vain. It is because we are graduates that we must strive on, ever onward toward our ultimate goal and destiny—Heaven. Only then shall we be worthy to be Graduates of Loretto. It is our earnest hope and prayer that Our Lord and His Blessed Mother may guide our steps and may, at life's close, "Call all Loretto's children home."



SENIOR CLASS PLAY, LORETTO, HAMILTON.

STANDING— (left to right)—Rita Karnes, Joan Holland, Frances Walsh, Kathryn Martlin, Mary Fitzgerald, Jeane Stevens, Marie Last, Margaret Kazinczy, Norma Griffiths, Audrey Sephton.
SEATED—Claudette Hall and Dolores Carroll.

**LORETTO ACADEMY SENIOR STUDENTS
 PRESENT PLAY.***

The play, "The Lord of Death," filled with inspiring sentiment and performed with dramatic excellence, was staged by the senior students of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, on Wednesday and Thursday of Passion Week to a well-filled hall.

One does not look for perfection in amateur work of the kind produced by students whose days are spent in study for academic honours, so that more or less, one is prepared to make allowances and applaud the general aim and effort to entertain. Nevertheless, this performance was far above the ordinary, indeed so good that several of the characters would have graced the professional stage. Outstanding among the cast were: Frances Walsh as Claudia, Pilate's wife; Mary Fitzgerald as Veronica; Marie Last as the servant

Centurion; and Kathryn Martlin as the Centurion's wife.

The time for the production was most fittingly chosen, as it occurred in Passion Week when minds are intent on the great Christian Tragedy. Whether it be an evidence of natural skill or training to move an audience to tears at such a recital of the great Gospel story, these actors proved their ability to make it real and unusually poignant.

The dialogue part was lengthy, and but for the pleasing tones and voice-timbre, and especially the crystal clear enunciation, might have been a little trying upon the audience. As it was, the theme held every hearer to close attention and the play proceeded upon a smooth and easy course.

One could see, and feel in the hush that greeted the climax of the play that a deep impression had been made; and the audience's reaction, as the curtain closed, confirmed the fact with eloquence.

*Press Report, Hamilton.

A MEDLEY—WITH APOLOGIES TO ANTONY AND SHAKESPEARE.

Friends, students, faculty, lend me your ears:
I come to harry these girls, not to praise them.
The mischief that girls do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their books;
So let it be with this class. Their anxious
teachers

Oft have told them they were not ambitious.
If 'tis so, it is a grievous fault,
And grievously shall each one answer it.
Here under leave of Mother, and the rest,
Come I to speak at this day's gathering.
I speak not to disprove what any think,
But here am I to speak what I do know.
We all do love them well, not without cause.
What cause withholds us, then, to tell them
so?

Here's a parchment with the seal of Fifth Form.
I found it—on a typewriter; 'tis a memoir.
Let, too, the Fourth Form hear this testament—
Which (pardon me), they may not understand.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know our Frances. I remember
The first day ever Frances came to school;
'Twas on a glorious morning in the fall
That she and little Mary, hand in hand,
Came first within Loretto's portals
Judge, O you girls, how dearly we have loved
them!

And with them came the well-beloved Norma,
For Norma, as you know, is Mary's angel.

Now make a ring around this group of grads
And let me show you them that form the class:
In this place dreamed our Helen all year
through;

See what a name the lovely Kathryn made;
Her acting in the play quite vanquished us.
There's Jane brought many ads(es) home to
school

Whose payment helped our Liter-etto out.
When that the poor have cried, Audrey hath
wept;

As treasurer she's made of sterner stuff.
See, here our gentle Marie quietly comes,
And Margaret, too, with wit, and words and
worth.

They come, my friends, to steal away our
hearts.

I am no orator as others are,
But, as you know me well, a plain, blunt nun
Who loves these girls; and that they know
full well.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you dear Fifth Form's virtues—bid them
speak for me.

Their lives were gentle and the elements
So mixed in them that teachers might stand
up

And say to all the world: "This *was* a class!
When comes there such another?"

M. Yvonne, I.B.V.M.

CLOSING EXERCISES AT LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

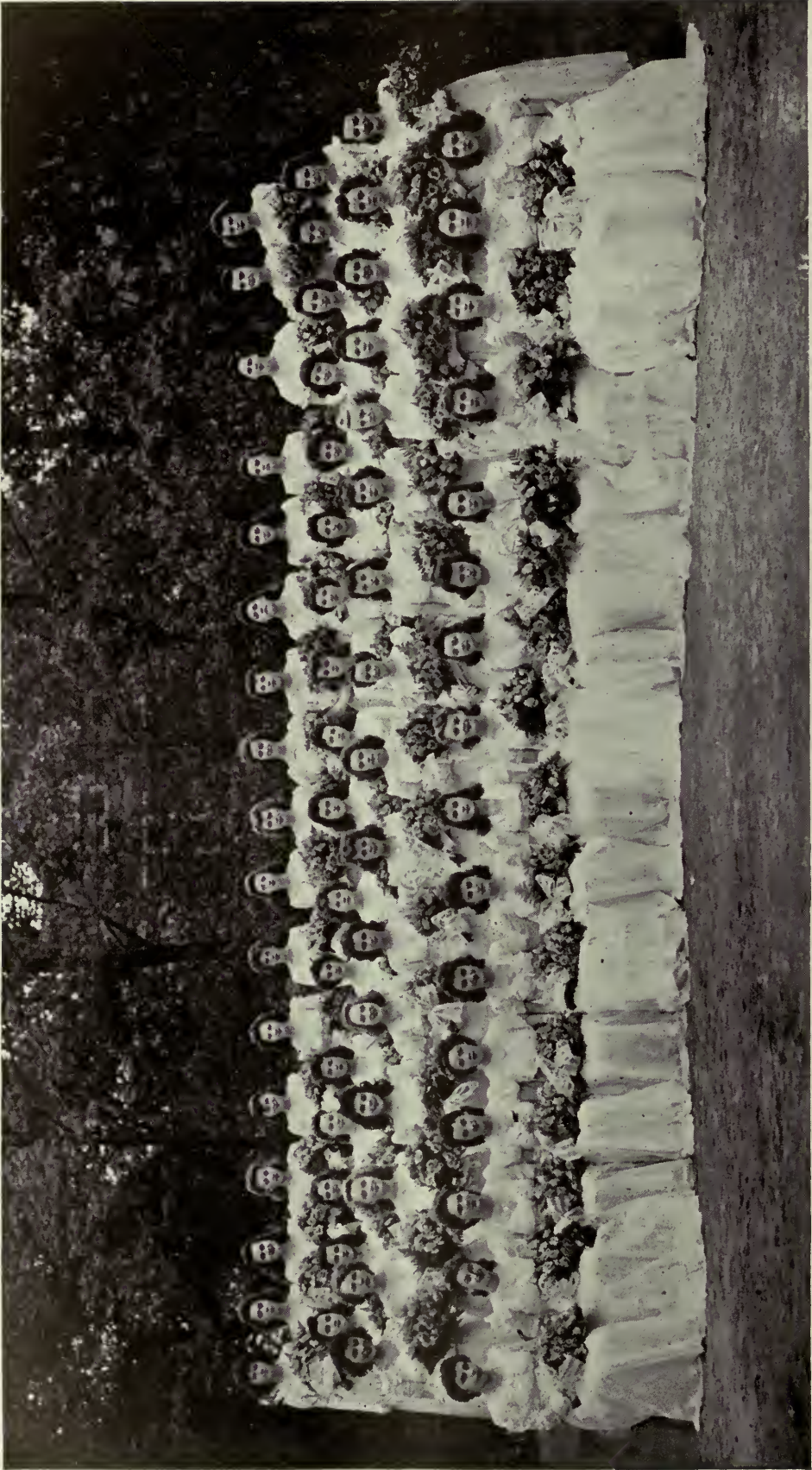
The auditorium of Loretto Academy was welcomingly attractive on Wednesday evening, June sixteenth, with its profusion of blossoms—iris, peony, spirea,—and ferns advantageously placed, as the clergy, parents, and friends of the Loretto students assembled for the Closing Exercises of the school year.

A most enjoyable programme kept the audience at attention throughout. The numbers were: Opening Chorus, "Loretto," written for the Loretto pupils, and "World of Praise" (Aylward) by the choral class; address of welcome by Miss Inez Whaling; a duet, "Spring," artistically sung by Misses Anne and Marie Reinhart; presentation of awards; address by the guest speaker; "Ave Maria," in Gregorian chant, sung with excellent interpretation by the choral class; and, as closing number, the Loretto school song, "Ave Maria, Loretto," by Rieger. The accompanist was Miss Angeleen Conway; the director of choral numbers, Miss Frances McKeough.

Awards.

The medals and prizes were presented by the Very Rev. Dean Egan, Rev. E. R. Glavin, and Rev. J. B. Clark. They were announced by Miss Mary Alice Smith, and handed to the Reverend awarders by Miss Frances Kelly:

Medal for Senior Christian Doctrine, presented by the Very Rev. Dean D. J. Egan, for the year 1941-1942, Inez Whaling; for the year 1942-1943, Jean Duggan; medal for Junior Christian Doctrine, presented by Rev. J. B. Clark, Marie Reinhart; medal for highest standing in Middle School, presented by Rev. W. T. Corcoran, Kathleen Vollmer; scholarship for highest standing in Grade XI, presented by Kilroy Council Knights of Columbus for the year 1941-1942, Kathleen Vollmer; prize for highest standing in Grade X, Alma Flanagan; honorable mention, Mary Hishon; prize for highest standing in Grade XI, Angeleen Con-



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTA HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

Photo by Koehne.

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way; honorable mention, Mary Campbell; prizes for perfect attendance; Jean Duggan and Teresa Birmingham.

Very Rev. Dean Egan's address included congratulations to the students on the excellent work they had accomplished; an appeal to them to prize what they had received in their Catholic education; and high praise for the religious orders, men and women, for their zealous efforts in "imparting knowledge to Catholic students, and at the same time in fostering in these young hearts high standards of life."

TO OUR MOTHER.

Oh, Mary, in your month of May,
We plead, unceasingly our cause,
That peace may come to a war-sick world,
And men may recognize God's laws.

Remember, Mother, your words that day,
When the flow of wine was seen to cease;
Now look on the world, and turn to Him
And say, "My Son, they have no peace."

Oh, ask Him to open the gates of grace;
Let a stream flow into the hearts of men,
Replacing hatred with love for God,
Replacing this war with peace again.

Inez Whaling, XII,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

**LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD,
CHICAGO.**

First as entertainers for the Class of 1943, the Sophomores had a unique surprise in store on May 24th, when they invited the Seniors to be their guests at noon at a Box-Luncheon in the Recreation-room, and as a leading feature of the luncheon presented an excellent Floor Show. Talent a-teaming in that class!

In the evening at St. Bernard's Gymnasium we had our final musical programme for the year, and Glee Club, Orchestra, and Choral Group entertained friends and relatives.

On May 26th a high-light of the entertaining came in the Junior-Senior Luncheon—the best party ever! As to those coveted Loretto necklaces, we were sure there could be no possibility of their appearance this year—and there they were! Did the Juniors make arrangements a year in advance?

In the evening of May 28th, the Class of '43 played hostess to neighboring Eighth Grade girls and their mothers. The Dramatic Club with the aid of the Orchestra, did the entertaining, exhibiting to all prospective Loretto Freshmen how talented and versatile Loretto students may become! Seniors, in school uniform for the last time, showed the girls and their mothers the attractions of the school, and saw that they met the nuns. As we doffed the uniform to-night we decided that it was rather a precious dress after all. It had seen us through many an exciting event.

The day of days, June 1st! Graduation! This morning, with the student body acting as a double guard of honor, we Seniors, accompanying our mothers, walked over to St. Bernard's Church for nine o'clock Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Reilly. Mothers and Graduate daughters received Holy Communion. In the Recreation-room, converted for the occasion into a dining-hall, Communion breakfast was served.

At eight o'clock in the evening we walked in graduate attire, in stately procession, for the last time as Loretto students, to St. Bernard's Church, where Rt. Reverend Monsignor Cunningham presented us with our diplomas. In his address he exhorted us to be true to the high ideals we have been given at Loretto.

Deep in our hearts is the hope that our Alma Mater may ever have reason to be proud of us of Class '43.

How pleasant it is to do better than one is thought capable of doing.—Spalding



GRADUATION EXERCISES OF LORETO HIGH SCHOOL, IN ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH, CHICAGO



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

SEATED (left to right)—Sara Madigan, Helen Mahl, Helen Ujinski, Dorothy Moran, Margaret Willette, Irma Carr.
STANDING—Genevieve DeMerse, Madonna Paul, Marjorie Robbins, Adele Malkowski, Noel Dagenals, Catherine LaFaver, Mabel Bosbous.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

On May 20th the Juniors were hostesses at a banquet for the Graduates of 1943. The decorations were in orchid and gold, with sweet-peas for a centerpiece, and at each Senior's place a dainty gift. Margaret LeLievre, Junior Class President, welcomed the Seniors, and the Senior president, Adele Malkowski, expressed the gratitude of the class for the thoughtfully planned banquet. Dorothy Lapish read the clever and amusing class prophecy, which was followed by the Senior Class will announced by Helen Ujinski.

Just a week later, May 27th, Graduation Day! In the morning, the Graduates and their mothers attended Mass and received Holy Communion in the Academy chapel. They were afterwards guests at the graduation breakfast prepared by the faculty. Irma Carr extended a welcome to the mothers, and the class prophecy and class will were read again, and heartily enjoyed. Rev. Father Coughlin expressed his pleasure at seeing the mothers and daughters enjoying together this memorable graduation day, begun in a truly Christian manner by attendance at Mass, and wished for those now leaving the school many blessings on their life-work.

In the evening, to the organ's rich tones, the Graduates slowly advanced to the sanctuary of St. Mary's Church, there, each in turn, to receive from His Excellency, Bishop Magner, the diploma won by twelve years of earnest school work. His Excellency gave a beautiful and encouraging address, and the ceremony closed with Benediction.

The members of the Class of '43 were received on June 3rd into the Loretto Alumnae Association at a banquet given in Loretto Academy club-rooms. Graduates and Alumnae took part in the programme which followed.

The Bowating Club entertained the girl Graduates of '43, of Loretto, and of Sault High School, at a vocational dinner at the Hotel Ojibway. The theme was, "To-morrow is Yours, Miss America." Adele Malkowski, as Loretto Senior President, gave the response to the welcome, and the Loretto Seniors contributed two vocal numbers.

Little and great is man;
Great if he will, or if he will
A pigmy still;
For what he will he can.

—Christina Rossetti.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

Seventy-one Graduates received their diplomas from Reverend Anselm Werner, O.Carm., on June eighth, at the thirty-fourth graduation ceremony held at Loretto-Woodlawn, Miss Jean Stadler, speaking for the Senior Class, voiced a sincere welcome to parents and friends. In its last act at Loretto, the class chose Mary Immaculate as the Queen of all their future days.

To-night, in your presence, we choose Our Lady, Our Queen, as our guiding star and inspiration in our world of to-morrow . . .

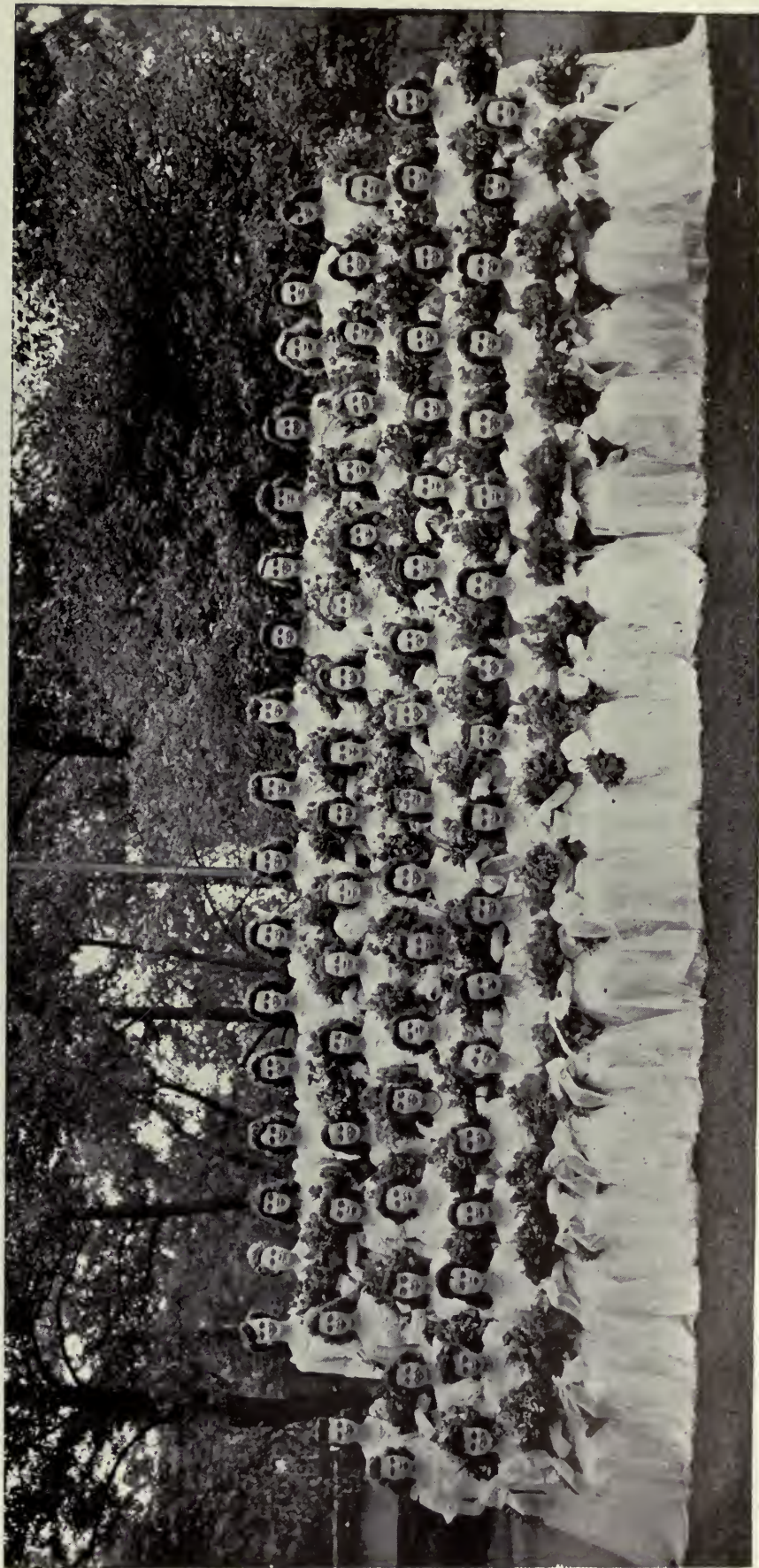
Though we now bid farewell to Loretto, teachers, and friends, and each may go a different path, yet our hearts will always find inspiration in the words of our school song,

"In every danger of battle,
We call, dear Mother, to thee,
And with the shield of Loretto,
March on to victory."

Honors for scholastic achievement were conferred by Reverend Father Frank, O.Carm. The number of scholarships this year noticeably surpassed the awards of former years, a tribute to the Class of '43 for its zeal and earnest endeavors in the fields of liberal arts, dramatics, commerce, music and art. Miss Rita Clarke received the medals for General Proficiency and Perfect Attendance. To the Misses Maristel, Patricia Dixon and Margaret Kelley attendance medals were also awarded. The honor key of the Catholic Press Association was bestowed upon Miss Mary Catherine Dowd. Catholic Action medals were awarded to the Misses Joan Sullivan and Patricia McAuliffe.

Reverend Father Ambrose Casey, O.Carm., in addressing the Graduates, asked them to remember the first Loretto student and graduate, Mary, our Blessed Mother; he reminded them that they had a very real heritage, and noble ideals to bring into the modern world with them. The choral numbers, in harmony with the setting of the graduation, were "The Heavens Are Telling," by Haydn; "The Voice of Freedom," by Rubinstein; "Waltz Song," by Gounod, sung by Lorraine Heaton; and our own school song, "Ave Maria Loretto."

That the victories of the Class of '43 during their days at Loretto may be only the prelude to greater victories in a world that needs them, was the fervent prayer of teachers, parents, and friends as they watched the Seniors, so beautiful that night in white attire accented by red roses, proceeding in stately march to the strains of "Pomp and Circumstance."



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Catherine Concagh, Bernardine Doberstein, Beth Morgan, Dorothy Sundstrom, Mary Margaret Rhoads, Hermina Horvath, Leona Ringwald, Mary Virginia Hoxie, Virginia Kinsella, Therese Dickson, Joan Sullivan, Patricia O'Neill, Joan Boyter, Jane Anderson, Jane Mahoney, Patricia McAuliffe, Mary Jane Tighe, Rita Clarke.

SECOND ROW—Virginia Ciancy, Elaine Ross, Rita Lorenz, Mary Gallagher, Ursula Brodbeck, Mary Ann Paul, Therese McCabe, Lorraine Heaton, Jayne Musson, Gloria Beale, Evelyn Murphy, Mary Jane Lister, Margaret Kelly, Jean Hanson, Therese Polich, Mary Ann O'Sullivan, Rosalie Whalen, Mary Margaret Harrington.

THIRD ROW—Therese O'Sullivan, Therese Oudshoorn, Betty Ann Redding, Jean Stadler, Patricia Howard, Maristell Dixon, Patricia Dixon, Dorothy Wind, Harriet Fitzmaurice, Virginia Jordan, Lorraine Link, Alice Mae Rock, Jomarie Carroll, Joan Hogan, Helen Jean Heenan, Margaret Nessinger, Betty Nelson.

FOURTH ROW—Dorothy Lee Muir, Theodora Underwood, Ann McGuinness, Clara Stachura, Antoinette Pareti, Colleen Powers, Mary Dillon, Mary Catherine Dowd, Patricia Hurley, Jeanne FitzGerald, Florence Fisher, Mary Bedford, Rosina Walls, Dolores Flynn, Patricia Crotty, Margaret Shea, Catherine Bell. In absentia, Laverne Fullem (Sister Mary Grace, I.B.V.M.).

Golden Jubilee Congratulations

to
Editor and Staff
of

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1893 - 1943

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LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

The Graduation Exercises of Loretto College School were held in St. Peter's Church on Sunday, May 30th. After the students, in school uniform, had taken their assigned places, the white-wreathed graduates in floor-length white dresses, each carrying a sheaf of pink roses with long, blue streamers, made an attractive picture as they proceeded in single file to the front seats reserved for them.

As their names were announced each advanced into the sanctuary to receive, as reward of her labours, graduation honours, which were conferred by Monsignor Harris, V.G. The speaker on the occasion was Very Rev. S. B. Latchford, Rector of St. Peter's, who in his address, employing the text, "Paul planted, Apollo watered, but God giveth the increase," pointed out that the graduates should feel grateful to their parents who sowed in them the seeds of knowledge and truth; to their teachers, who watered the seeds; and above all to God, Who made the work fruitful.

The organist, Mr. H. O'Grady, accompanied the beautiful choruses, sung by the student body—"Veni Creator," "Praise Ye the Father," "Te Saeculorum Principem," and "In Thy name, O Mary."

Benediction and the recessional concluded the church ceremony, after which the parents and friends were present in Loretto College School Auditorium at the impressive closing exercises of the month of Mary. The stage had been transformed into a bower of blossoms and lights, in the centre of which was a statue of Our Lady, before which the graduates came to read the Act of Consecration to their Heavenly mother. Miss Velma Cordovado had the privilege of placing the floral crown on the statue. The inspiring hymn, "Ave Maria Loretto," the music of which was written for Loretto pupils by the late Ernest Rieger, added the note of pathos which is inseparable from the joy of graduation day:

O when we leave this place of rest,
Watch o'er us still, O Mother blest.
Tho' pain and sorrow touch each heart,
O lead us still from sin apart
Unto thy Son, Whose works we see
Here where thy children sing to thee,
Ave Maria Loretto . . .

The De La Salle Cadets, dignified and courteous, acted as ushers both at St. Peter's and at the Academy.



GRADUATES, 1943, LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVE., TORONTO.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Mary Harding, Rose Dennis, Lillian Fleury, Mary Jane Tully, Rena Longo, Beryl McDermid.
SECOND ROW—Marion Macklin, Josephine Invidiata, Margaret O'Keefe, Emilie Le Hockey, Irene Adams.
THIRD ROW—Gloria Jordan, Joan Glatt, Eileen Gamble, Clare Smith, Joan Conway.
FOURTH ROW—Velma Cordovado, Clare McLaughlin, Helen Jones, Marlon Crady, Margaret Love.

Simpson's

is pleased to felicitate
the
editors and staff
of
The Loretto Rainbow
on
the 50th anniversary
of its publication

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

Patroness, MOTHER GENERAL M. ST. TERESA, I.B.V.M.	
Honorary Presidents	MOTHER M. ERNESTINE, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. CONSTANCE, I.B.V.M.
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Convener of Membership	MRS. GERALD O'CONNOR
Convener of Tea	MRS. W. A. SMYTH
Convener of Entertainment	MISS ELLA HERBERT
Convener of Activities	MISS GLADYS ENRIGHT
Convener of Press	MISS DOROTHY SULLIVAN

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

Loretto Abbey College, Toronto	MISS ROBERTA RANKIN, 103 Glenrose Ave.
Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter	MISS RUTH BAIGENT, 54 Harper Ave., Toronto.
Niagara Falls	MISS MARY BAMPFIELD, 761 Clifton Rd., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Hamilton, Ont.	MRS. M. P. RYAN, 54 Queen St. S., Hamilton.
Stratford, Ont.	MISS HARRIET BLAIR, Stratford, Ont.
Englewood, Chicago	MISS MARY DONAHUE,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan	MISS GENEVIEVE ANDARY
Loretto Joliet Circle	MISS BLANCHE DAGGETT
Woodlawn, Chicago	MRS. JAMES P. KAVANAGH, 6234 Greenwood Ave., Chicago.
Loretto, Detroit-Windsor Circle	MRS. JOHN W. BABCOCK, 913 Chicago Blvd. W., De- troit, Michigan.
Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle	MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Eggersville, N.Y.
Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont., Circle	MISS ROSE C. DAWSON, 1896 Main St., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Loretto, Woodlawn Auxillary.	MRS. ARTHUR O'CONNOR.
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MISS VERONICA O'MEARA, 277 River Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

THE LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

The last quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association for the year 1942-43 was held on Sunday, June 6th, at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. Previous to the meeting the members attended Benediction in the school chapel. Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman, the President, presided at the meeting. Following the general business meeting and reading of the reports, the election of officers for 1943-44 and 1944-45 was held. Those elected are:

- President—Mrs. Nell Smith.
- First Vice-President—Miss Miriam Anglin.
- Second Vice-President—Miss Aileen Robinson.
- Treasurer—Miss Josephine Ronan.

- Recording Secretary—Miss Margaret McCormick.
- Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. G. M. Parke.
- Membership Convener—Mrs. Gerald O'Connor.
- House Committee Convener—Miss Kathleen McDonald.
- Tea Convener—Mrs. W. A. Smyth.
- Entertainment Convener—Miss Ella Herbert.
- Activities Convener—Miss Gladys Enright.
- Press Convener—Miss Dorothy Sullivan.

Mrs. John Harkins gave a splendid report on the work of the War Hospitality Committee. There is now a list of Loretto Hostesses at Memorial House, I.O.D.E. Hostel, Land, Sea and Air Booth, Information Please at the Union Station.

Following the meeting a reception was held in honour of the 1943 graduates from Loretto Abbey, Loretto College School, and the University of Toronto graduates from Loretto College.

R.M.R.

LORETTO-NIAGARA ALUMNAE.

Our local Chapter of the Alumnae has had a busy and interesting season. We have been holding monthly supper meetings at the Wright House, and a splendid spirit of co-operation has been evident in our group.

On June fifth the Fox Head Hotel was a lovely setting for our annual Loretto Day luncheon, at which the graduates of Class '43 were the guests of the Alumnae. Covers were laid for fifty at small tables centred with gay spring blossoms; the places of the guests of honour were marked with old-fashioned nosegays.

The guests were welcomed by Miss Mary Bampfield, our International L.N.A. President, and the charming young graduates were officially inducted as members of the Alumnae Association. Miss Rosemary Haydock replied on behalf of the class of '43.

Following luncheon, an open meeting was held, and members of the Executive spoke briefly. Plans were made for a picnic supper, to be held at the Academy in mid-July. After the meeting, all visited our Alma Mater, where there were the usual pleasant interviews; and, as fitting close to another memorable afternoon, we assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Convent chapel.

On Saturday afternoon, June twelfth, the examinations for the Annual Day-Scholarship for the Academy, sponsored by the Niagara Falls, Ontario Chapter, was held at the school. Of eleven young misses who wrote the examinations, Miss Patricia Craig, S.S. No. 5, Dorchester, was adjudged the winner. The runner-up was Miss Joan MacDonough of Falls View School. They are both very charming and intelligent girls, and will do credit to Loretto next term.

Our good wishes are extended to our Loretto-Niagara Alumnae recently married.

Rose Dawson.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, CIRCLE, LORETTO ALUMNAE.

The thirty-ninth annual reunion luncheon of the Joliet Circle of Loretto Alumnae, was held at one o'clock on June 6th, in the Hotel Louis, Joliet.

At the business meeting, Miss Blanche Daggett was elected president, succeeding Miss Leona Johnson, who has so successfully directed the affairs of the Circle for the past year. Other new officers are: Mrs. P. F. McFarland, first vice-president; Mrs. John J. Kinsella, second vice-president; Mrs. William F. Sennett, secretary; and Miss Ruth Heywood, treasurer.

Crystal candlesticks held lighted tapers and flanked crystal bowls of pink and white peonies on the luncheon table, which seated some fifty guests.

An enjoyable programme closed with the school song.

Amongst the out-of-town guests were our welcome Loretto Nuns from Chicago: Mother Mary Teresa, M. Anita, M. Oswald, M. Alphonsus, M. St. Thomas, M. Bernardine, M. Callista, M. Paschal, and M. St. Vincent; also, Mrs. S. F. Wilhelmi, Mrs. William Tyerol, Mrs. Mary McVey, Mrs. Thomas F. McFarland, Miss Marie Rezak, Miss Anna Korbel and Miss Margaret Mahoney.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

Among the hostesses who entertained the Circle this year was Mrs. John W. Babcock (Catherine Mahoney) who generously opened her lovely home to us for the April meeting. A letter of Easter wishes and sentiments from Mother M. Angelica, I.B.V.M., Chicago, was read and filed. We also were happy to hear from our oldest member, Mrs. David Frackelton of Fenton, Michigan, who graduated from Loretto-Niagara in 1881, and who is very much interested in all that pertains to Loretto. An account of her early memories of school days at the Falls Convent is to be found on another page of the July Rainbow.

Mary's Day, sponsored by the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, was observed by Loretto Alumnae at Mass and Communion at the Convent of the Sacred Heart on Lawrence Ave. At the breakfast, Msgr. Frank Hardy of Lansing, Michigan, spoke at length on the patriotic duty of women on the home front.

Margaret Moriarity was in Henry Ford Hospital in April undergoing a serious operation. She is now well on the road to good health, and we ask all her friends to join us in our prayers for her complete recovery. She has just returned from a visit to friends in Toronto and Hamilton and hopes to be back at her duties at the Detroit News in a few days.

The annual meeting in May was again held at the home of Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey), in Huntington Woods. Reports were called for from all officers and chairmen of committees. A discussion was held regarding the frequency of meetings for next year. The new 48-hour law affecting all occupations for the duration makes it difficult for many members to attend the usual Saturday afternoon meetings, and the shortage of gas makes it a problem for others to attend the evening meetings, so a compromise will have to be worked out to accommodate the largest number attending. The president's report reviewed the aims and ideals of our Alumnae organization and stressed the continuance of close and sustained co-operation among all members to

carry on these ideals, taught us by our nuns in the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The sum of \$75.00 was sent to Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, to defray the expense of one nun's board and tuition for Summer School at Nazareth College, Kalamazoo, Michigan. This is our annual contribution to the cause of Catholic Education.

Nine subscriptions to the Rainbow were received by the chairman; this brings the total up to 12 individual subscriptions in the Circle and 7 Club subscriptions still unexpired.

A vote of thanks and appreciation was given to the two chairmen of Programme, Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anne Bickers) and Mrs. Thomas Shea, for the splendid work accomplished during the past year. They have played a great part in making our monthly meetings interesting and worth-while.

Election of officers followed, with Mrs. John Babcock re-elected President; Mrs. Thomas Shea, 1st Vice-President, succeeding Mrs. Hurd; Mrs. T. N. Doherty (Catherine Maher), 2nd Vice-President, succeeding Mrs. Shea; Mrs. A. H. Priebe (Inamae Dupuis), Recording Secretary, succeeding Miss Mary Woods; Mrs. Ripley (Lola Bell), Corresponding Secretary, succeeding Mrs. Doherty; Mrs. F. N. Wilson (Bernadette Macnab), Financial Secretary, succeeding Mrs. Edward O'Connell (Cynthia O'Donnell); and Mrs. Cecelia LaChance (Cecelia Reinhard), re-elected Treasurer.

For the afternoon's programme, Mrs. Shea provided two piano compositions played by Miss Eleanor Grantier, a niece of Marjorie McDougall (Abbey), who also accompanied Mrs. Shea's daughter, Miss Connie, in singing "The Rose of Tralee." Tea was poured by Mrs. A. H. Priebe and Miss Eileen Teahen, assisted by the hostess and her four talented young daughters.

Miss Iris Sullivan was in charge of arrangements for our Mass for living members and their families at St. Mary's Church, Sunday, May 16th. Attendance at this Mass is an annual custom in the Circle, and the Holy Ghost Fathers are always very kind in setting aside one of the Sunday Masses in May for us and making special mention from the pulpit.

Members of Detroit-Windsor Circle extend their sincere and heartfelt congratulations and best wishes to The Rainbow Editor and Staff on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of their very worthy and inspiring publication.

I.D.P.

Of interest to many of our readers will be the following information concerning Lieut. Rose Jamison, which appeared recently in a Guelph paper:

"Miss Rose Jamison, daughter of Mrs. Rose Jamison and the late William Jamison, and sister of Miss Anne Jamison, widely known lyric soprano, has enlisted in the United States Army Medical Corps as Nursing Sister with the rank of lieutenant. Miss Rose Jamison was born in India, but previous to coming to Guelph, lived for a short time in Ireland. She was educated at the Loretto Academy and is a graduate of Saint Joseph's Hospital. For some time she has been living in Los Angeles, California."

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Firth (Dorothy Jean Overend), on the birth of a daughter, Joan Marie, in November, 1942.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Roos (Helen Pigeon), on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Marinne, in November, 1942.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Seiferling (Emertina Ell, Loretto-Sedley Alumna), on the birth of a son, Eugene Andrew, on April 4th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ell (Mildred Seiferling, Loretto-Sedley Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Anna Mary, on April 9th.

To Dr. and Mrs. John Enright (Marie Sullivan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ripa (Frances Willick, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Ruth—a niece of Sr. M. Colette, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Turner (Catherine Tansey, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Patricia (Patsy) in November, 1942.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Aiman (Peggy Larkin, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a son, Edward, on May 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Downey (Phyllis Burghart, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Smithwick (Betty Trainor, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a son, John William, on May 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Halloran (Helen Bodendistel, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), on the birth of a son, on April 3rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack Winser (Marguerite White, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. George C. Mosbaugh (Nadine Ysaye, Loretto Abbey Alumna), on the birth of a son, on May 12th, at Huntsville.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephenson (Madeline Murphy, a third generation Loretto Alumna), on the recent birth of a daughter, Mary Patricia.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Tracey (Madeleine Woods, Loretto Alumna), on the birth of their daughter, on May 16th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Maynard (Ruth Scott, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna), on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Coffey, on the birth of their daughter, Marilyn Helen, sister of Robert and Elizabeth, and great-grand niece of M.M. Febronie, I.B.V.M..

To Mr. and Mrs. John Keine (Elizabeth Wolbrum, Loretto-Sedley Alumna), on the birth of a son, on March 2nd.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Beatrice McKeown (Loretto-Stratford Alumna, and sister of M.M. Angela, I.B.V.M.), daughter of Mrs. McKeown and the late Mr. Edward McKeown, was married to Mr. Thomas A. Moorman, on June 26th.

Miss Mary Towner (Loretto-Guelph Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Towner, was married, July 10th, to L.A.C. Charles MacMillan.

Miss Jeanette Selz (Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Selz and the late Mr. Her-

man Selz, was married at Old Mission, San Gabriel, Calif., June 26th, to Mr. Stewart Schenck.

Miss Mary Hogan (Loretto Alumna) was married recently to Mr. Joseph Sparo, a former pupil of St. Bride's (Loretto), Chicago.

Miss Marilyn Esch (Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) was married recently to Mr. Joseph Dillon, a former pupil of St. Bride's School (Loretto).

Miss Mary Boland (Loretto Abbey Alumna), only daughter of Mrs. Boland and the late Mr. Harry B. Boland, of Montreal, was married, on July 3rd, to Elgar Denis Shea, Warrant Officer, R.C.A.F., in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, with Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gerald McShane officiating.

Miss Irene Kuntz (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Kuntz, was married, December 26th, to Mr. Russell Schafer.

Miss Audrey Willick (Loretto-Niagara, and Loretto Secretarial Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willick, was married, June 26th, to Mr. James O'Reilly.

Miss Joanne Braden (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Braden, was married recently to Mr. Arthur Wright.

Miss Betty Bova (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bova, was married on June 25th, to Mr. Frank Dargie.

Miss Dorothy Smillie (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Smillie, was married, April 17th, to Douglas Eatwell, R.C.A.F.

Miss Mary Lococo (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Lococo, was married, May 23rd, to Mr. Edgar Brancley.

Miss Mary Catherine Birmingham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Birmingham, Stratford, was married, June 14th, to Mr. John Baker, of Brantford.

Miss Rita Bannon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bannon, was married June 15th, to Mr. Leo Crenin.

Miss Margaret Flanagan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Flanagan, was married to Mr. John McMullin, on May 22nd.

Miss Alice Bertille Breen, daughter of Mr. Simon J. Breen and the late Mrs. Breen, was married, on May 29th, in Blessed Sacrament Church, to Mr. Norbert E. Farley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Farley. Rev. Gerard Breen, the bride's cousin, officiated. The bride is a niece of Miss B. Breen of Mission Press.

Miss Hilda Werner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Werner, was married, on May 24th, to Joseph Stettner, of the R.C.A.F., in the Little Flower Church, Regina. Monsignor A. J. Janssen officiated.

SYMPATHY.

To Mr. Wilfrid Kelly, on the death of his wife, on April 2nd, and to their bereaved children, Dorothy and George.

To Mr. Thomas Kelly, of Stratford; Mr. John and Mr. Andrew Kelly of Winnipeg; and Mr. Joseph Kelly, of Vancouver, on the death of their sister, Miss Winnifred Kelly, on May 21st.

To Mrs. LeBlanc, on the death of her husband, Mr. Clement D. LeBlanc, on April 4th, and to their bereaved daughter, Mrs. Gerald McNamara (Irene, Loretto-Niagara Alumna).

To Mrs. Malouf, on the death of her husband,

Mr. Abraham Malouf, on March 24th, and to their bereaved daughter, Mrs. Hunter (Rose, Loretto-Niagara Alumna).

To Mr. Frank Hinkamp, on the recent death of his wife, and to their bereaved daughter, Miss Joan Hinkamp, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. Curren, Mr. Tom Curren, and Miss Eleanor Curren, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, on the death in action, in England, of their son, and brother, Lieutenant Eugene Curren, in May.

To Miss Blanche Daggett, of Joliet, on the recent death of her devoted sister.

To Miss Dorothy Gruner, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, on the recent death of her mother.

To Mrs. Johnson (Olive Smith, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the death of her father, Mr. Patrick Sheridan Smith.

To Mr. Edward Kelley, Mother Mary Teresa, I.B.V.M., Superior, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, and Miss Maude Kelley, Loretto Alumna, on the death of their father, Mr. John Kelley, Joliet, Illinois.

To Rev. T. Traynor, Rev. John Traynor, Rev. Sisters St. Phillip and Loretto of St. Joseph's Community, London, Ont., and to the other members of the family, on the death of their sister (Elizabeth) Mrs. J. Moran, Buffalo, N.Y.

To Mr. N. J. O'Neill, Toronto; Mr. D. J. O'Neill, Brantford; Mr. Justin O'Neill, Windsor; and the Misses Kathleen, Eleanor, and Margaret O'Neill, of Brantford, on the recent death of their mother, Mrs. J. F. O'Neill; also to Mrs. O'Neill's bereaved sisters and brothers.

To Mr. James Doyle, on the death of his wife, on May 24th, and to their bereaved daughters, Miss Anne Doyle and Mrs. Ford Cosgriffe (Callista, Loretto College Alumna).

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Murphy (Mona Dineen, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna), on the death of their infant son, Paul Joseph Murphy, on April 14th.

To Mrs. Swales, on the recent death of her husband; to their bereaved son in the Royal Canadian Air Force; and to Miss Marguerite Swales, R.N., St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton.

To Mr. and Mrs. William H. Dolan (Mary, Gordon, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna), Tonawanda, N.Y., on the death of their daughter, Margaret Ann Dolan.

To Mrs. Ryan, on the sudden death of her husband, Mr. Donald Edward Ryan, on April 22nd, and to their daughter, Miss Shirley Ryan, Loretto Abbey Alumna.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Mary Ellen O'Neill Hanlon, who died April 21st, and to her grand-daughter, Miss Anne Marie Fallis, a pupil at St. Anthony's School.

To Mr. Anthony Prendergast, on the death of his wife, on May 1st, and to their daughter, Miss Aileen; also to Mrs. Prendergast's brother, Mr. John Pollard, and her sisters, Sister Norine, C.S.J., Mrs. E. O'Reilly, and Miss Anne Pollard.

To the bereaved family of Mr. George Best, killed in action, June, 1943, especially to his sister, Mother M. Raphael, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Boland, on the death of her husband, Mr. Edward T. Boland, on April 3rd, and to the bereaved family; also to Mr. Boland's brothers, and to his sisters, Mrs. Kerr, Miss Bertha Boland, and Miss Florence Boland, Loretto Alumna, Past President of the Catholic Women's League.

To Mrs. Henry on the death of her husband, Mr. John J. Henry, on April 1st; to their bereaved sons, Mr. Charles, and Mr. Eugene Henry; and to Mrs. Henry's brother and sisters, especially Sister Lidwina, Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Thorold.

To Mr. Charles, Mr. Frank, and Mr. Basil Hawkins; and to Mrs. Frank McDowell, and Miss Leona Hawkins, on the death of their brother, Mr. Fred. Hawkins, June 15th; also to Mr. Hawkins' cousin, Mother Mary Magdalen, I.B.V.M.

THE GLORY OF THE SECOND TEMPLE.

(Aggeus II, 10)

He wills to woo and win a world sin-rent,
A little Boy, silken-haired, undistraught,
Levi in His blood, the new Aaron sought
In the rich plan of God Omnipotent!
O Whitest Child in human history,
Or of the race that made a waste of Thee
Upon a Jewish hill; yet can there be
In holocaust a kinder mystery!

He comes through pain and death to victories,
Upon a world that thrills beneath His feet,
Full conscious of the touch it rose to meet—
And register for future centuries—
The loving souvenir, His footprints, set
Upon the hungry stones of Olivet.

Lucile B.

THE SORCERY OF DAWN.

The sorcery of dawn allures the soul
To follow witching lights down magic ways;
One glimpse of fair Aurora's aureole,
And earth is peopled by glad elves and fays.
Their lithesome feet trip airily along
The smooth greenswards, and dance with
laughing flowers,
While birds supply a harmony of song
That charms new Day away from Night's
dark bowers.

The sorcery of dawn has art its own
To draw souls forth upon a new highway
Of usefulness and joy, where deeds are sown
That bear rich fruitage which will toil repay.
It is ecstatic beauty given man—
A part of joy's effulgence in God's plan.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

April 16-17—In reporting the Annual Inter-Loretto Musical Festival, held at the Abbey, it would take much more space than we have here, to do justice to the skill, artistry, and scope of the competitors. Some of the interpretations were exceptional in young performers. The high-light of the event was the Choral Competition, in which the Abbey Choir, trained by Mother Frances, won the coveted trophy, and the highest commendations from the adjudicator, Mr. Donald Heins. Congratulations to Mother Frances and the girls.

April 17—A violin recital by Miss Dorothea McLaughlin, an artistic delight from beginning to end. Miss Hermine Keller was selected accompanist.

May 5—Exclamations of delight over the beautiful cope, on exhibition at our Sodality meeting before being sent to Father MacNeill for his army chapel in St. John's, Newfoundland. The motion to raise funds for vestments for the Military Chapels met with unanimous approval. Some other vestments and silk brocade linen have been bought, and at least one complete set of Mass vestments will be made here by the girls, assisted by the nuns. Our mailing of Catholic magazines and papers to the Chaplains was recorded.

May 6—Fifth Form's play, "The Rehearsal" (a farce depicting the first rehearsal of Macbeth), was cleverly done and thoroughly enjoyed, rollicking through the typical dilemmas of a stage director and producer confronted by a difficult and exacting cast. The parts were:

Lois Noble, Director; Mary Ellen Hogan, Producer; Frances Mary MacDonald, Lady Macbeth; Joan Huggins, Macbeth; Gabrielle Plaxton, MacDuff; Marie Kirby, Eleanor Goldthorp and Shirley Moir, The Witches; Audrey Doyle, The Doctor; Pauline McGuigan, Banquo; Shirley Pezzack, Shakespeare.

It was followed after prolonged applause, by "Les Deux Timides," a comedy well known to many a French class, given by Fourth Form. Claire Snetsinger's interpretation of the "quaking Frémessin," caused some hilarious moments. Mary Lemey, was a charming and vivacious Cécilie; Mary Pacini, an attractive and "petite" Annette; Eleanor Hughes, the shrinking Thibapdier, and Glenna Graham, the pompous Garadoux.

May 8—Mary's Day opened with Holy Mass at the Cathedral, at which all Toronto Catholic schools were represented. In the evening we gathered around Our Lady's Shrine and talked of her visits to earth—to Guadalupe, Lourdes, Fatima and of countless other apparitions of Our Blessed Mother to favourite children. It was a fitting close to a beautiful day.

May 9—Mother's Day. We entertained our parents at a Musicale and Tea, when the whole Abbey was 'en fête' and lovely with fresh Spring flowers.

May 16—The Graduates and their mothers were guests of honour at a charming Alumnae Tea, given at the home of Mr. Justice Kelly.

May 20—Graduation Day—a long and happy

day which we shall always remember, and which teachers and pupils endeavoured to make perfect for us in every detail. At the Graduation Breakfast in the Club Room, given by Fourth Form, the Class Last Will and Testament and Prophecies were read.

May 31—The traditional May Procession in Our Lady's honour. Mary Ellen Hogan had the honour of crowning. The ceremony ended with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

June 3—Ascension Day. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

June 4—First Communion Day for Marilyn Maynard and Patricia Beal, making this last "First Friday" of the school year particularly memorable.

June 6—The Graduates of the Abbey and Loretto College School were entertained at the Abbey by the members of the Loretto Alumnae and welcomed into the Association.

June 9—Congratulations to the girls who were presented with prizes for the highest standing in their classes in the Archdiocesan Examination in Religion:

Junior College—Mary Ellen Hogan.

Grade XII—Patricia Siegert.

Grade XI—Helen Power.

Grade X—Marilyn Walsh.

Grade IX—Joanne McWilliams.

June 10—The final entertainment of the year, before the ordeal of examinations, was "Fitness for Victory"—directed by Miss Jean Sutton, and a delight from beginning to end. The programme went as follows:

Clap, Clap, Bow; Sail Boat; Go Round and Round the Village. by Grades I, II; Czebogor (Hungarian); Hansel and Gretel (Dutch) by Grades III, IV; Arkon (Ukrainian), Grades VII, VIII; Highland Fling (Scotch), Grades VI, V; La Cucuracha (Mexican), Grade X; Keep Fit (Rhythmic Gymnastics), Grade XI; Charmarita (Portuguese), Grade IX; Waltz (Original), Grade XII.

Frances Mary MacDonald.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

May 5—A musical recital was given by the students in honour of our eighty-seventh Graduating Class. We especially enjoyed "The House with Nobody in It," recited by Joanne Stout.

May 9—A programme in honour of our mothers was presented by the students.

May 14—Five Grade IX students gave their oratoricals. Congratulations to the winners, Rose Marie Sorbaro and Elaine Marshall.

May 18—A interesting as well as instructive lecture on Communicable Diseases was given to the First Aid Class by Mrs. Lark of the Red Cross.

May 21—After Benediction in the Chapel and a short talk delivered by Dr. O'Reilly, a breakfast was served in honour of the Graduates, by Grade

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XII. All enjoyed the Class Prophecies, which were read by Miss Shirley Bolton, president of Grade XII.

May 25—Loretto Graduation Dance. At intermission, all Loretto Graduates and Students sang our school song, "Ave Maria Loretto."

May 31—After the customary May procession around the school grounds, singing hymns, we assembled in the chapel to crown Our Blessed Mother's statue.

June 4—The finals in our oratorical contests were judged by Father Cox and Father Gillan. The contestants were congratulated by the judges on their ability and good work.

Rose Marie Sorbara, Grade IX, received first prize for her speech, "In Praise of Fathers." Elaine Marshall, who spoke on "China," was awarded second prize.

June 9—Mrs. T. J. Hannigan and Mrs. Lark, representatives of the Red Cross, presented the Home Nursing Class with their certificates. Mary Bruder thanked Mrs. Hannigan and Mrs. Lark for giving their time, and for taking an interest in our Red Cross Work.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day and the wearing o' the Green!—and a half-holiday, which we enjoyed to the full.

Mar. 19—Reverend Father Morrison paid us a visit and inspected the various "Religion classes."

April 3—Dress rehearsal for our play, "The Saint of Chelsea."

April 4—At last! After weeks of hard toil, under able direction, the play, "The Saint of Chelsea," was presented to large and enthusiastic audiences.

April 7—In reward for selling the most tickets for the play, the Fourth and Fifth Forms received a well-earned half-holiday.

April 13—Reverend Father O'Connor, C.M., from Niagara University, lectured on the all-important subject of "How to Choose a Vocation!"

May 9—A delightful Tea given for Mother's Day in honour of the mothers of the students, and members of the Alumnae. Father Bowhuis, S.J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, gave an enlightening talk on "Youth and Its Problems" to students and guests.

May 14-16—Forty Hours! The High Mass each morning was sung by the Senior students.

May 17—Rev. Fr. Bowhuis, S.J., paid us a visit, and this time he held an open discussion with the students on "Youth Plans its Future."

May 19—A very instructive and interesting lecture was given on "How to make clothes last longer, during war-time."

May 26—Borden Milk Company presented three moving pictures, showing the process of obtaining milk, from the farm to the door-step. A very interesting feature was a short movie, entitled: "From Moo to You," and starring famous "Elsie," the Cow.

May 28—The Little King Choir, of the Junior School, gave a most entertaining musical recital.

May 29—The Graduates of 1943 were enter-

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GOLDEN JUBILEE ANNIVERSARY

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tained by Third Form. The usual banquet, with its attendant ceremonies, was replaced by an informal but delightful "Tea" in the library—in accordance with war-time regulations.

May 30—The Loretto Choral Class assisted at the May "Crowning" held at our Lady of Peace Church.

May 31—Our own May "Crowning." Mary Gardner, vice-prefect, gowned in Our Lady's colours, had the honour of crowning the statue of Our Blessed Mother, in the garden Shrine.

June 3—Several of the girls attended the ordination of Reverend Father Doucette, O.Carm., at St. Patrick's Church.

June 4—The annual day of Recollection for the Graduates of the Academy and the Junior College. Reverend J. A. Keating, S.J., gave the Conferences.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

April 14, 15—Our impressive play, "The Lord of Death," was presented before a rapt audience. Wish everyone could have seen Margaret and Norma in their trappings—beards and moustaches included!

May 14—A rousing "O Canada" started off our

gym display. Directed by Mrs. Armstrong, the pupils of both the Junior and Senior school marched, did exercises, and danced. During the programme, Kathryn Martlin, President of the Athletic Association, announced the gift of a cup by Mr. Charles Land, which is to be presented, commencing in 1944, to the girl who is most outstanding in sports.

May 30—Members of the Parent-Teacher group entertained the graduates at a delightful tea.

May 31—Our May Procession and the "crowning" ceremony were pronounced the most beautiful ever.

June 2—Sodality Convention at the Basilica. Loretto was honoured by being invited to sing in the choir. That was an "occasion" for us.

June 8—We had our last Sodality meeting with everyone "taking this opportunity" to present orchids (figuratively speaking, of course) to everyone else.

June 11—The senior recital. Everyone rendered a good account of herself. Members of IX, X, XI, XII said farewell to school, to return next week for results. Members of Junior College meanwhile are making a brave attempt at cramming for their finals. So ends the school year, with all in a hopeful frame of mind.



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LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

April 15—A pleasant surprise visit from one of our adopted chaplains, Reverend Michael B. Dwyer, en route from the Navy in the Atlantic to the Navy in the Pacific. He and his much-travelled missionary companions, Rev. Hugh Sharkey and Rev. Father Walsh, had many interesting things to relate.

May 8—Mary's Day. Notwithstanding a heavy downpour, we assembled in St. Joseph's Church for the Dialogue Mass, offered for the spiritual and temporal welfare of our boys in the Service.

May 22—a welcome is extended to our new Sodalist, Catherine Ducharme, Bernadette Flanagan, Teresa Birmingham, Elva Shantz, Marian Costello. Rev. Father Glavin was the speaker on the occasion, and gave many helpful thoughts for old members and new.

May 31—Here on our own grounds, Our Lady's statue was crowned among the blossoms in all the beauty of a spring day. To Inez Whaling went the honour of crowning, Sodality officers assisting. Rev. J. B. Clark, chaplain, after a choice conference on Our Mother, Mary, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

June 4—The Sodality year closed with a Holy Hour, conducted by the chaplain. Earnest prayer for world peace. Re-dedication of ourselves to the interests of the Sacred Heart on this First Friday of June.

June 11—The friendly rivalry between the House of Princess Elizabeth and the House of Princess Margaret Rose ended for the school year with an enjoyable Polar Pie Party tendered by the latter (the losers) to the former (the winners).

June 16—Closing programme of which there is an account on another page.

June 17—Garden Party.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

May 11—Weather perfect for our annual May procession and crowning. With all in school uniform except the Seniors, who wore pastel formals, the students sang hymns in Our Lady's honour as they proceeded through the halls to the chapel, where Helen Mahl, Sodality Prefect, placed the crown on the statue. All then assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

May 17-18—Examination days, which will tell the final tale! Heard more than once when the ordeal was over—"Oh, it wasn't so bad, after all."

Mar. 24—The Seniors gave us food for thought in their well-presented skit, "Highways and Byways," a most suitable presentation for Vocation Week.

May 28—Graduation Day—of which an account appears elsewhere in The Rainbow.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

The Faculty attended the Convention of the Central Regional Union of North Central Education Association. The students welcomed a little free time.

Loretto-Woodlawn faculty and students went over to Loretto-Englewood to "Meet Maritza."

To the Englewood Seniors congratulations on the success of their play, a really enjoyable affair.

April 12-13—Everyone seems well pleased with "The Seven Sisters"—our Senior play—a real success!

May 3—The Mothers' Auxillary were entertained at the annual Spring Luncheon at Loretto. Members of Senior class served.

May 8—A dinner-dance! Formal or informal? Where get cars? Where get the gas? Weighty problems were finally solved. Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors chartered a train to Olympia Fields Country Club for the annual Senior Prom. Oh, yes—it was formal!

May 12—We were impressed this afternoon by Miss Hoyt's interesting talk on De Paul University's Secretarial Department. We foresee some of Loretto-Woodlawn's Class of 1943 there in September.

May 16—The Writers' Club sponsored a delightful Tea-Dance at Loretto from four till seven.

May 24—Annual procession and crowning of Our Lady's statue at the grotto. A welcome to Grammar School girl graduates and their parents. Presentation to an interested audience of the winning production in the contest plays written and produced by the Freshman Class.

May 26—The French Club's yearly Luncheon was une fête royale!

May 27—Junior-Senior Luncheon a memorable event.

May 28—At the Writers' Club Luncheon the Seniors received the coveted Writers' **Blub** pins.

May 31—Memorial Day fittingly celebrated.

June 2—Seniors' day of Recollection prior to Graduation was spent at the Cenacle this year. All appreciated the day's programme.

Bernardine Doberstein.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

Mar. 22, 23, 24—Grades VII, VIII and IX took time out for their annual retreat, which was directed by Rev. Father Macdonald, C.S.P.

Mar. 25—We found a formidable rival in basket-ball in the Abbey girls. We lost—but it was a game enjoyed by all.

April 2—Grade XII and Junior College "had words" when it came to the debate, held in the auditorium this afternoon. Father Allen, as judge, declared the representatives from Grade XII winners.

April 9—A pleasant diversion in school routine, with real inspiration, was provided when Rev. Dr. L. Markle visited us with lantern slides on the life of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus.

April 12—Friends and relatives assembled in auditorium this evening to hear the "chosen ones" in a public speaking demonstration. Each number was appreciatively received.

April 16, 17—Many Loretto-Brunswick girls competed in the Inter-Loretto Music Festival held at Loretto Abbey. Mr. Donald Heims acted as adjudicator.

May 8—Student body assisted at Mary's Day Mass celebrated in St. Michael's Cathedral.

May 21—Grade IX-C patriotically celebrated Empire Day with a programme on the progress of

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the British Empire in World War II. Staff and School were the interested audience.

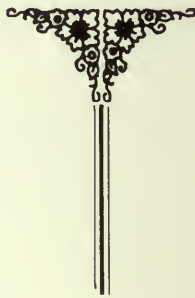
May 30—Graduation in St. Peter's Church followed by May closing ceremony at Loretto-Brunswick.

Ethel Farkas.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE ISSUE
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October, 1943.....Vol. L, No. 2
January, 1944.....Vol. L, No. 3
April, 1944.....Vol. L, No. 4

TO the kind friends who have sent us con-
gratulations on the Golden Jubilee of
the Loretto Rainbow we extend our heartfelt
thanks; also to our literary contributors, sub-
scribers, advertisers, printers, engravers, book-
binders, transportation firm, and Post Office
officials, who assist us in its publication.



B. L. 1743

78

78

NEVER doubt that Spring will come,
Lacking not one flower;
Song of thrushes, bees' loud hum—
All its age-old dower!

You are young, dear, and in youth
Loss may seem earth's ending;
Later, you will learn this truth,—
Hearts were made for mending!

Never doubt that Spring will wear
All of beauty's guises;
Primrose petals in her hair—
April's gay surprises!

Howe'er loved the thing may be
Life from you has taken—
Still the lark is on the wing;
Still the rose will waken!

—Aline Michaelis.

78

78



REPORT OF
LORETTO COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

ALSO

THE NAMES OF
LORETTO RAINBOW
STUDENT STAFF

WILL APPEAR IN JANUARY ISSUE OF
THE RAINBOW



LORETTO RAINBOW

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS, TORONTO, CANADA
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The "Loretto Rainbow" is a quarterly magazine, the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States. Its object is to cultivate the literary taste of the pupils, to exchange news between the Schools, and to keep former pupils and friends in touch with Loretto activities. You will enjoy it, and by subscribing to it you will not only give yourself pleasure, but will help the cause of Christian education.

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Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1856. Guelph, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of the Blessed Sacrament), 1861. Niagara Falls, Ont. For resident and non-resident pupils. Middle and Upper School Courses. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto Academy (of Mater Admirabilis), 1865. Hamilton, Ontario. Resident and non-resident pupils. Kindergarten to Honour Matriculation for U. of T. Music, Art, Athletics.



Loretto Academy (of the Assumption of the B.V.M.), 1878. Stratford, Ontario. High School for resident and non-resident pupils. Music, Art, Athletics, etc.



Loretto High School (of Our Lady of Good Counsel), 1892. Englewood, Chicago. Accredited to the University of Ill.



Loretto Academy (of Our Lady of Victory), 1896. Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Primary, Intermediate, College, Preparatory.

Mary, in America—1847-1943



❧

Loretto Academy (of the Immaculate Conception), 1905. Woodlawn, Chicago. For resident and non-resident pupils. Accredited to the University of Illinois and North Central Association of Secondary Schools. College Preparatory, Normal Preparatory, Commercial Subjects, Music, Art, Athletics, etc., and Loretto Branch Novitiate.



Loretto College (of Our Lady of Light), 1911. St. George St., Toronto. Women's College of University of Toronto through St. Michael's. All University activities.



Loretto College School (of the Holy Angels), 1915. Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Grades, High School, Commercial School; Music, Art, Athletics.



St. Cecilia's Convent (of Our Lady of Perpetual Help), 1920. Toronto. Residence for Sisters in St. Cecilia's School. Day school for little girls. Music.



St. Bride's Convent (of Our Lady of Peace), 1920. Chicago. Residence for Sisters in Parochial School. Music, etc.



Loretto Convent (of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), 1921. Sedley, Saskatchewan. Boarding School for Girls. Complete Public and High School Courses as prescribed by the Department of Education of Saskatchewan. Music (Toronto Conservatory). Athletics, etc.





Corot, 1796-1875

Paysage

I cannot but think that something of music found its way into Corot's pictures. They look as if they could have been done in music as well as they have been done in paint. —SIDNEY ALLNUTT



AUTUMN

Autumn picks her colors
Now with zealous care—
Richest gold and orange,
Red, green, purple rare;
She is painting works of art
For human eyes to see;
Scenes of rapturous delight—
Painting large and free.

Autumn picks her colors—
She will have the best;
Shades that lurk in rainbows
Are her beauty-test;
These she'll blend with sun-
set flames;
Splash woods, vales, sea
and sky—
Fill the world with loveliness,
Souls to gratify.

KATHLEEN A. SULLIVAN.

John McCrae*

By H. ORTON HOWITT.

So much has been written about Colonel John McCrae, author of "In Flanders Fields," that it is difficult to add much that may be of interest.

I almost feel as if I am writing about some other person than the John McCrae who attained such fame when I mention these few disjointed reminiscences; but, because throughout his lifetime we were thrown a great deal together in Guelph, Montreal, and for a short time in Toronto, because I do not remember the time when I did not know him or look up to him as my boyhood ideal, I am writing about plain Jack McCrae as he was to me. After all it is the intimate associations that we treasure most, and perhaps for that reason these notes may be of interest.

I like to think of Jack McCrae as he was when he lived in my father's house; tall, boyish, hair inclined to be wavy and fair; striking, sparkling eyes, teeth with hardly a filling in them, hard and of a pearly colour, the second incisors slightly tilted; all of which, strange to say, added to the attractiveness, and the infection of his smile. His smile was one of his greatest assets. His cheeks were inclined to be reddish; his head was well-formed; he had an excellent forehead. His expression changed frequently, but I think when smiling that he was most attractive. He wore clothing that was not considered fashionable, generally rough grey with considerable black mixed with it. His coats were cut shorter than those that the average person wore. They were not particularly well-tailored and seldom were his trousers pressed. I cannot remember him ever wearing other than black high shoes

when in town. He never wore any jewellery, unless one would consider jewellery, his silver watchchain and the silver seal that dangled from it. His watch was also silver, and if I remember correctly, it was a hunting case and



John McCrae and Bouneau in Flanders.

wound with a key. He often wore a polka dot necktie; generally his collar was of the winged type.

Jack McCrae had just returned from the South African War, and I was a freshman in medicine at McGill, when we met in Montreal and renewed our friendship. I frequently would meet him at the Medical Building, and sometimes at dinner with friends, such as Dr. Adami. We belonged to the same Greek Letter Society, where we had many mutual friends. Nearly every Saturday evening he would turn up at the Zeta Psi House, and although an elder, he showed great interest in the active members, and gave wise counsel on many occa-

*Courtesy of the author and of "The Torch," and "The McGill News."

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sions. Best of all was to hear him tell stories, as only he could tell them.

When I was doing my first year's work at The Montreal General Hospital, Jack McCrae demonstrated each Saturday in pathology. From some interesting case he would use "wet specimens" and demonstrate them to the students. As a rule some student read the case history to the class. This history gave all the illnesses of the patient during life, paying particular attention to the last illness. It told of the method of onset, and the progress of the last disease and finally of the mode of death of the deceased. The diagnosis made by the physician was read and also the treatment given. Then Jack McCrae would give a short talk on the possible presence of other conditions than those noted, or what doctors call a differential diagnosis. The various organs of the deceased would be shown as "wet specimens" and microscopic sections of the same. Jack McCrae's ability to make lucid these findings and to explain the reasons in a logical and brief way, so that the students could easily digest and remember after the lecture what had been said, made these demonstrations very popular with the students. No student ever missed them. It was the reputation which he created at those Saturday demonstrations that largely influenced his future.

He was promoted to the position of Junior Physician at the Royal Victoria Hospital, but he never lost interest in pathology. With three other men he opened an office, which by intimates was referred to as "The Bull Pen." In a short time one heard his name frequently referred to as the attending physician of someone or other. To know him was to like him. No one questioned his knowledge of medicine. Such a combination could not help but be associated with success. To be on the staff of one of the large hospitals, and to have a connection with the university, helps a beginner in medicine a great deal. It means, of course, that anyone holding those appointments must have had an excellent training. Jack McCrae had those qualifications. He was Gold Medallist when he graduated. He did post-graduate work at the Toronto General Hospital, and in Baltimore, at the Johns Hopkins, during the halcyon days of Sir William Osler. He had experience in the Artillery at the South African War, where he and the late General Morrison formed a unique friendship which lasted throughout their lives. On his return from South Africa he went to Montreal and worked in pathology under Dr. Adami, Professor of Pathology at McGill University, who was then

considered by many the best-known pathologist in the English-speaking world, and author of the most complete work on pathology at that time published in the English language.

In my third year he demonstrated in histology and bacteriology. Histology is microscopic anatomy. I am forever grateful for the assistance Jack McCrae gave me in making easy a subject which at first was very difficult for me. To be able to do so was his great gift and one of the reasons of his popularity with the students. I remember one day in the bacteriological laboratory we were working with tetanus, the germ which causes lockjaw. I had a tube in my hand containing a culture of tetanus, which I thought Jack McCrae told me to drop. I promptly did so, the tube crashed, and broke on contact with the floor. There was not a smile on his face, but a look of sternness, and severity. He made a remark which even today would have to be printed with words omitted, and asterisks substituted. I protested that I had done what he told me to do. For a moment we stood facing each other; suddenly his expression changed and the smile reappeared and with his eyes fixed on mine he said, "The first duty of a soldier is to obey, you did it." For a time we were occupied in removing the debris and destroying the deadly germs that I had dropped, then work went on as if nothing had happened.

In my fourth year Jack was a clinician in medicine. It was then that I learned the great value of pathology to the student of medicine. In his clinics he referred to the pathological changes in the various organs, and interpreted the effect of these changes as causes of the symptoms of the various diseases.

Having graduated I left for London to do post-graduate work, and stayed at a place recommended to me by Jack McCrae; the place where he had stayed a year or so before when working in the London hospitals. I met many of his friends and all spoke glowingly of his charm and ability.

The following year I returned to take up practice in Guelph. One of my first cases was an English student at the College who was suffering from lockjaw. He was one of the few, at that time, fortunate enough to recover. Before the turn came I suggested a consultation and was asked to name the consultant. I named Dr. John McCrae. He came up from Montreal but the turn for the better had taken place when he arrived. He refused to take any of the credit and, furthermore, the relatives of the patient could not understand why his fee was so small.

Some years later I worked on the subcutaneous injection of oxygen. Jack McCrae was very interested. He tried the injections at the Royal Victoria Hospital, and published his findings in the *American Journal of Physiology*. He prefaced his paper with the statement that the work had previously been done by me, and stated that my work had yet to be published, and had priority over his. This was typical of him.

On another occasion a young woman in Guelph, who had had her tonsils removed, developed quite a swelling in the tonsillar space, and in the neck, which was not of an inflammatory nature. When called in to see her, I realized the extreme seriousness, and as Jack and Tom McCrae were both in Guelph, I suggested that Dr. John should see her in consultation with me. When I told him I had diagnosed sarcoma (a very malignant growth), he said to his brother Tom, "We will go together and you will be the consultant." His brother then had a greater reputation as a medical man, having collaborated with Dr. Osler in editing his book on medicine, which was the best-known text book at that time.

I remember that Tom shook his head and said, "It is so rare I would doubt it very much." Jack did not express an opinion, but after the consultation he made a section, and pronounced it sarcoma. Throughout the entire consultation he remained in the background. This was typical of him—when in the presence of anyone, like his brother, who was better known than himself.

Years ago the Toronto *Globe* published an annual Christmas number, and sometime in the summer announced that it would pay for a short story, written by a Canadian, for this special number. I remember Jack reading this announcement to me and he said, "I am going to try to win that prize. I should have at least an equal chance with others." He wrote his story and won twenty-five dollars. At that time he was living in my father's house, where I now live. Later he turned from prose to verse. A number of his poems were written while he sat on a seat in the bay window at the front of my house. I remember particularly his poem "Eventide." He allowed me to see it before it was completed. I am shocked to note that it was published in 1895 when I was at the 'teen age. This poem is one of my favourites. Everyone is familiar with "In Flanders Fields," but several of his other poems are splendidly written, such as "The Unconquered Dead," "The Anxious Dead." I

feel surprised when occasionally I hear someone say that he wrote only one poem.

One summer father sent the family to Lake Ahmic. Accompanying us was a young friend of mine, who with myself had collected an arsenal, which we proposed to use in the north country. Jack McCrae who was spending the summer with us was sent along to keep us out of danger. We lived together, fished together and hunted together for nearly three months, and when we returned, all of us in the pink of condition, he had endeared himself to everyone, especially to my friend and myself.

At Lake Ahmic one night the weather suddenly became cold and my friend and I went out to get wood. It was rather a tedious job to cut down a tree, so we returned with a supply of wood we had taken without permission from a neighbouring camper. I remember he laughed and apparently suspected where we had obtained the wood. On attempting to use it, the logs were found to be too long for our fire-place, so they had to be cut. A saw was borrowed and we were about to use it when Jack asked, "Where did you get the saw?" We told him.

"Where did you get the wood?" We told him. It happened to be the same place.

Then he said, "I don't mind you stealing his wood, but I'll be damned if I'll let you borrow his saw to cut it with." . . . That decision was final.

The McCraes and the Howitts shared the same pew in St. Andrew's Church. The families visited each other a great deal. Colonel David McCrae used to tell us stories, and taught us a great deal of history, mostly about battles, and that sort of thing. At that time the French and the English were rather far apart and we were not the slightest bit sceptical when he told us one Britisher was equal to three Frenchmen—anytime.

For a time Colonel David McCrae lived on Woolwich Street in a stone cottage next door to where the Priory Club is. Later he moved to his father's home on "Janefield Farm," at the west end of College Avenue. Jack could never sleep in the "Janefield" house without getting severe asthmatic attacks, so he slept at my father's home when in Guelph. Something at "Janefield" caused an allergic reaction. It caused it only at night. Very likely the mattress or pillows were filled with goosefeathers that caused Jack's asthmatic attacks. So I have to thank goosefeathers for increasing a friendship that I will always treasure.

In 1914 my father and two sisters were abroad when war broke out. There was a

seramble to obtain accommodation for the trip home. It so happened that Jack McCrae was a fellow passenger on the ship. Those who had known him well, and so long, noted that he was not as jovial as he used to be. Something seemed to be preying on his mind. He told them that from South Africa he knew all that war meant. He had no illusions about it. Now, at his age, he would much prefer to be out of it. He was in practice in Montreal, doing well and had a splendid future ahead of him. The war would ruin it all; but he felt it was his duty and he was on his way back to enlist with the Canadian forces. In South Africa he was an Artillery officer; in the war of 1914-1918 he was in the Canadian Army Medical Corps.

Jack McCrae was a man's man. All men seemed to like him. Somehow or other he made an equal appeal to the fairer sex. From time to time I would hear of his engagement to someone. In fact there were for years rumours that this or that young lady would be married to John McCrae; but the final plunge was never made. Possibly one reason he never married might be that he did not feel that his financial position warranted it. Although at his death he was middle aged, he was not well off. Until his death he had spent his time in study and as he himself might have said "was lining his brain." He could not save money, because he had never made much, and with his way of living, and his fondness for travel, accumulation of wealth was impossible. It is a fact that his entire estate was considerably less than five thousand dollars, possibly half of which was in life insurance that was made out to his mother. Had he lived undoubtedly the story would have been different, because fortune and fame were knocking at his door.

Mutual friends who had known him in the days of his health and vigour, in those happy days of the infectious smile, have told me that for months before his death he was a totally different man. They spoke of this change of temperament with subdued voices, as if they were mourners, as if an ikon had been broken. In my life work I have many times seen temperaments alter with illness, or after accidents. Biochemistry explains laughter and frowns, ability and inability to make friends, but, as Kipling might say, "that is another story." If Jack's temperament altered, it was not his fault, but because he was a human being, and not immune to the effect of chemical change.

We are told that on the afternoon of January 23, 1918, he complained of a slight headache which grew worse towards evening. It was

then confirmation arrived of his appointment as Consulting Physician to the British Army. We are told of the pleasure that this information brought to him. Sad to say his enjoyment was short lived, his condition rapidly grew worse, his mind became confused, and he died in coma on January 28, 1918.

On December 29, 1915, *Punch* published its index for the year. On examining this index I found that the author of "In Flanders Fields" was Dr. John McCree. His name was incorrectly spelled. At that time the poem had not become known to the world. Today such an error would be impossible. When his friends have all passed on, he will probably be remembered as Dr. John McCrae, author of "In Flanders Fields." Before his great poem became well known, Jack McCrae was referred to as the brother of Dr. Thomas McCrae, the doctor who edited Osler's *Practice of Medicine*. A few years ago Dr. Thomas McCrae died. The dispatch from Philadelphia, telling of his death, informed the public that he was the brother of Dr. John McCrae, author of "In Flanders Fields." Such is fame.

Dr. McCrae wrote a three-verse masterpiece, of original construction, which dealt with a subject which had a world appeal. This poem—descriptive, informative, prophetic—is really a prayer. This combination, so perfectly timed, placed John McCrae among the immortals, his fame, "more enduring than brass."

Eventide

By JOHN McCRAE.

The day is past and the toilers cease;
The land grows dim 'mid the shadows grey,
And hearts are glad, for the dark brings peace
At the close of day.

Each weary toiler, with lingering pace,
As he homeward turns, with the long day done,
Looks out to the west, with the light on his face
Of the setting sun.

Yet some see not (with their sin-dimmed eyes)
The promise of rest in the fading light;
But the clouds loom dark in the angry skies
At the fall of night.

And some see only a golden sky
Where the elms their welcoming arms stretch
wide
To the calling rooks, as they homeward fly,
At the eventide.

It speaks of peace that comes after strife,
Of the rest He sends to the hearts He tried,
Of the calm that follows the stormiest life—
God's Eventide.

The Most Popular Woman of the Nineteenth Century

By MOTHER M. AGATHA ALLISON, I.B.V.M

Art has many definitions but, whatever is said, it is that expression of the ideal which creates the illusion of reality, stimulates the



St. Thérèse of Lisieux.

imagination of the beholder, and awakens an emotional response. Its medium may be colour, sound, form, or words; the medium *par excellence* is life.

Cardinal Mercier says that a life which portrays Christ so completely that the illusion fulfils the exclamation of St. Paul, "I live now, not I, but Christ liveth in me," is a masterpiece of Christian art; and, as the Gospel narrates of Our Divine Lord, "The whole world has gone after Him," a truly Christian life speaks to the heart, and marks the distinction between popularity and notoriety.

Sometime between 1920 and 1925 a poll was taken in order to determine the most popular woman of the nineteenth century. The award

was in favour of Thérèse Martin of Lisieux, The Little Flower of Jesus.

Thérèse was born at Alençon, France, in 1873, and died at Carmel in Lisieux, in 1897. Her parents were well to do and deeply religious. Thérèse was the youngest of nine children, and was her father's "Little Queen." As her mother died when she was but four years old, her training was continued by her sisters. At the age of fifteen she entered the cloistered convent of Carmel. Friends lamented this, as she was a bright and very attractive girl, capable of achieving much.

On account of her youth and frail constitution, Thérèse was physically unable to practise the severe penances and mortifications common in Carmel. She was inspired to choose instead the way of self-denial in all things—a real martyrdom, her "Little Way," an insight into which she gives in her

SONG FOR TO-DAY.

"Oh, how I love Thee, Jesus! My soul aspires
to Thee,
And yet for one day only my simple prayer I
pray:
"Come reign within my heart; smile tenderly
on me,
To-day, dear Lord, to-day!

"But if I dare take thought of what the mor-
row brings,
It fills my fickle heart with dreary, dull dismay.
I crave instead, my God, the cross and suffer-
ing—
But only for to-day!

"O sweetest Star of Heaven! O Virgin, spotless,
blest,
Shining with Jesus' light; guiding to Him my
way!
Mother, beneath thy veil let my tired spirit
rest—
For this brief, passing day!

"Soon shall I fly afar, among the holy choirs;
Then shall be mine the joy that knoweth no
decay;

And then my lips shall sing to Heaven's angelic
lyres

The eternal, glad To-day."

Outsiders think of a nun's life as one of quiet and rest. In reality it is a very busy one—its rest, similar to that of a top when spinning fastest. Besides her ordinary duties, Thérèse held the office of sacristan, and later that of mistress of novices.

Before her death, in September, 1897, Thérèse said:

"In heaven, the good God, will do all I desire, because I have never done my own will upon earth."

"After my death, I will let fall a shower of roses."

These prophetic words have been fulfilled. The graces and favours attributed to her intercession are innumerable, as testified by the countless letters received at her various shrines. Thérèse told one client, "I wish to be known

everywhere. My power is great with God. Ask me what you will." She revealed to a Carmelite nun that no one invokes her without being heard. As acknowledgments of favours received are from every part of the world, we may in truth say, "All the world has gone after her." She is not only known but loved. A masterpiece of Christian Art, she is the most popular woman of the 19th century—and of the 20th.

Thérèse loved not idleness; her rest was poise;
Ordered activity; no discordant noise;
In between heart-beats, sipping the joys
Found but in Jesus.

Her rest was in service, motherlike, wide,
Balanced by love of the Crucified,
Counting no costs, but full satisfied
Just to have Jesus.

And true to her promise, Thérèse in this wise,
Scatters her roses from Paradise—
Active in goodness, e'en from the skies,
Resting in Jesus.

Château de Peyrieu

In the happier days before the war, it was our privilege to spend some weeks each summer at beautiful Aix-les-Bains, at that time frequented by a congenial, refined class of visitors. The villas in the surrounding country were occupied by some of the best French families, and a few Americans. Some of the villas were permanent homes, others were occupied only during the summer months by families who came out from their Paris homes to enjoy a bit of country life, which French folk love quite as well as do the English.

It is often said that one of the greatest pleasures of travel is the new friends one makes. We met many interesting, cultured persons during these visits, and made some lasting friends. Among the latter were the host and hostess at Château Peyrieu, Mr. and Mrs. Hoff, who were noted for their hospitality. Gala were the days when as many as eight or ten guests from our hotel and from neighbouring villas were invited to Peyrieu. We would set out in the morning and the drive of forty miles in automobiles through a charming, well-cultivated country was but the beginning of a delightful day.

Arriving at the splendid iron entrance gate, we drove up the well paved, winding road

which led to the Château, where we were greeted by Mrs. Hoff, who was watching for us outside the beautiful cloister door of the main entrance. She welcomed us with open arms, and true American democracy not waiting for the butler to announce our honored selves. I may mention here that Mrs. Hoff was born in Detroit, Michigan, and was the daughter of a wealthy lumberman. On a visit to Paris she had met Mr. Hoff who was living there, the representative of a large American Oil Company. Naturally, after her marriage, she made France her home, and soon loved her adopted country. She acquired an excellent knowledge of French, and quickly adapted herself to the ways and customs of the people, but she still cherished her native land, and the friends of her early days.

To resume the account of our visit to the Château; after a brief rest we were served luncheon in the large, Renaissance dining hall, which was panelled in carved oak, each panel a different design; at one end a musician's gallery overlooked the stately hall. After luncheon came a tour of the Château, which is rich in historic and romantic associations. All through this part of France, traces of Roman occupation have been found. The



Left—Chateau de Peyrieu, Aix-les-Bains.



Right—Cabinet de Travail.



Left—Salle à Manger.



Right—Bibliothèque;
Ancienne Salle des Gardes.



Left—Chambre de Madame.

waters of Aix-les-Bains were known to the Romans, who came to seek health in them as long ago as the 3rd and 4th centuries, A.D. Remains of Roman burial grounds exist within the borders of the estate; a very old stone bridge across the Gland river in one part of the grounds is attributed to Roman builders of the 3rd century.

Peyrieu is first mentioned in the records of a neighbouring bishopric in 1100, and was part of an endowment of the diocese. The present Château was built in the 15th century, and was owned by the powerful Dukes of Savoy. Beautifully situated upon the side of Mount Chattelard, it overlooks the wide valley of the Rhone, through which the river, like a silver ribbon, winds across fertile fields.

The architectural details of the building are varied, Gothic elements prevailing. The old, gray stone walls are mellowed by the years. Some of them are three feet and more in thickness as was discovered when the Château was modernized by acquiring electric light. Artisans worked for months installing up-to-date conveniences and fresh decorations. It took the true artists who can be found in France to preserve the original beauty in the new decorations.

To attempt a detailed account of the treasures and furnishings of the Château would require a whole volume, but I shall refer to Mrs. Hoff's pet hobby—books. Hundreds of rare, old tomes fill ancient vetrines which stand in the cloister hall. Original editions in armorial bindings; books which belonged to French kings—Francis I, Henry I, II, III, IV, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, Madame Elizabeth; a prayer-book used by Marie Antoinette, and countless other rare treasures, as books from the library of Malmaison, bearing the arms of Napoleon I, and Josephine, Queen Hortense and many others.

I must now tell of one of Mrs. Hoff's many admirable charities. On the estate was Le Moulin, the old mill to which, in the days of the Dukes of Savoy, the tenants brought their grain to be milled. For many a year the sturdy stone building had lain idle, but it was destined for new activities.

It had long been Mrs. Hoff's wish to establish a rest home for a class of working girls in Paris, who had aroused her deep sympathy. Most of them had seen better days and many of them had dependents. In case of illness these girls found themselves in depressing situations during convalescence, not able to

work and with no place to rest. If only one could offer them a respite which would enable them to take up their tasks with renewed courage! This was Mrs. Hoff's dream; a place where they could be entirely free from care and responsibilities, a privacy which would be restful to their spirits and bodies, and in which they could feel the nearness of someone who cared, and on whom they could rely. Le Moulin held possibilities.

Again artisans were put to work. Soon charming rooms, each one opening on a small private balcony, were arranged, with every necessary comfort. The furnishings and decorations were chosen with the thought of restful, artistic beauty. Breakfast was served on dainty trays in the rooms. The old mill-stone was preserved, and around it was most ingeniously constructed a lovely dining-room in which were served luncheon, dinner, and afternoon tea. Le Moulin is entered through an interesting old door with wrought iron knocker and elaborate hinges.

The exterior, as well as the interior, is ideal. There are spacious lawns, ivy-covered walls, terraces, shrubs and flower beds. Paths through the park and surrounding forest invite the guests to long walks, and at every turn, inspiration for sketches is afforded to art students. At one corner of the building stands an old, stone statue of St. Catherine of Alexandria in its weather-beaten shrine, providing a spiritual touch. Nearby is a marble bungalow which is used by the gracious châtelaine; here they come, sometimes for only an hour or two, and sometimes, for several days. The bungalow has its dining-room, kitchen, bedrooms, and a large reception room, in which is an excellent grand piano. Mrs. Hoff loved to have "her girls" join her here to sing in chorus favourite selections—one the charming Carillon composed by Massenet, and dedicated to Peyrieu on the occasion of one of his visits. Mrs. Hoff played the accompaniments herself. Being a gifted musician, she enjoyed arranging musical programmes for "her girls," among whom were sometimes "premier pris de conservatoire." The piano here as well as the organ in Le Moulin, proper, was for the use of "the girls."

Each year ten or twelve at a time came for a sojourn of a month, or longer if their convalescence required it. All expenses were paid, including round-trip tickets on the railroads. Girls from any country who were working, or studying, in France were welcome provided they had proper recommendations. What wonderful restorations to health were effected

here! It is not surprising that on the day of departure from this charming resort all were sad, and that one wrote in *Le Moulin* guest book: "To leave with a soul full of memories, is not to leave, but to stay singing with the water which turns the wheel of *Le Moulin*."

The stories of most of the convalescents who enjoyed the hospitality of *Le Moulin*

would make interesting reading. Mrs. Hoff had several other great charities about which you may hear on some future occasion, when the writer again recalls her visits to *Château Peyrieu*.

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto, I.B.V.M., Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

In Groves of Sacred Oaks

By ELIZABETH MAGUIRE DOYLE.

Most people have heard of St. Patrick and the snakes, and many are familiar with the story of his bloodless conversion of the Irish nation to Christianity. Few, however, know more than the name of the native pagan priests who preceded Patrick—the Druidic Hierarchy.

Unlike the early Britons and Scots, Eire was never brought under Roman control. Consequently, the Irish created and developed a civilization of their own, which, by its comparative refinement and love of learning, enabled the Irish mind to accept without difficulty, the truths of Christianity.

Druidism was the pagan creed of the people. They worshipped the sun and the moon, and venerated the Spirit of Nature that dwelt in rivers, mountains, and all growing things. They believed in immortality and in the transmigration of souls, and regarded their priests with the greatest reverence—a regard that the ardent, ingenuous, Irish nature transferred wholeheartedly to St. Patrick and his successors.

Religion, with the Druids, was closely allied with medicine. In addition to using medicinal herbs, they used charms, spells, and amulets. The herbs were collected with great ceremony at appointed seasons and some of the old beliefs still persist in remote districts where the "arrab" (herb) doctor plies his (or her) trade.

The Druidic Order embraced numerous divisions and sub-divisions. The Ollamhs, members of the highest order, lived at the courts of kings and princes, ranking second only to the ruler. As such they were entitled to wear six colors in their attire. Their dress consisted of a flowing checked under-robe, (believed by some authorities to be the origin of the Scotch tartans) and a white mantle. They acted as advisers to the king and instructors to his children. The Chief Druid was distinguished by a head-dress with a fan-shaped ornament in

front representing the sun, and a half-moon below it. The same design has been found on sepulchral urns, while the actual ornaments have been discovered in perfect condition in bags. The Faid, or prophet, wore a sky-blue, hooded mantle. The member of still another order was the Filé, or poet, whose training took twelve years or more. There was also the Ban-filé, or woman poet, who was often famed as a soothsayer.

The Druids carried wands of yew inscribed in Ogham characters as symbols of wisdom, authority, and magical powers. The practice is commemorated in a proverb, still in use, to describe one who is "knowledgeable" or successful. "He has a Druid's wand!"

Caesar tells of the Keltic Druids and their mysterious rites by the light of the moon in groves of sacred oaks. They also built temples consisting of circles of large upright stones. The circle was a favorite symbol of the pagan Irish, derived, no doubt, from the prehistoric Neolithic culture native to Europe and known as that of *La Tène*. This circular form which was also used in dwellings and forts seems to have had some connection with sun-worship. The ancient Irish believed that it was unworthy of the Author of Space to confine His presence by walls or roof. Hence their temples were open to the elements. The stone circle was a place of worship, a court of Justice, and a rude observatory where the priests marked the course of the sun, moon, stars, the seasons, and periods of the day with appropriate ceremonies. These circles were sometimes concentric; at Rath-michael, Co. Dublin, there were three, one within the other.

The altar usually consisted of a great rock or flag resting on a number of pillar stones, and was often of stone foreign to the neighborhood. Sometimes the altar stone is found with one end resting on the ground and the other

raised on a single support. More rarely, a natural rock formation is used. Their erection proves that those who raised the altars had knowledge, even then, of the wedge, the lever, and the inclined plane.

So much we know of these long dead priests and their temples, but of their religious lore no record has come down to us. Their ritual was



Saint Patrick.

kept secret and died with them when Christianity became the religious choice of the nation.

An interesting old legend of the Druids has been preserved for us from those far-off days. It is of undoubted antiquity, being mentioned in the Book of Armagh about the year 800 A.D. and was old at that time.

The coming of the future national apostle was foretold to the pagan monarch, King Laori, by his chief Druids, Lochra, and Luchat Mael in the year 429—three years before Patrick reached Eire on his great mission. The prophecy runs as follows:

A Tailcenn will come over the raging sea,
With his perforated garment, his crooked-headed staff,

With his table at the east end of his house,
And all his people will answer, "Amen, Amen!"

The perforated garment is identified as the chasuble of the Catholic priest; the crooked-headed staff, as the bishop's pastoral staff or crozier; and the table, as the Christian altar.

In the year 432, at the Paschal time, Patrick

lighted the sacred flame on the Hill of Slane in defiance of the royal edict that no fire should be lighted in the land until the great fire of the Druidical festival blazed forth on Tara Hill. Called by King Laori and asked the meaning of his violation of the sacred laws, the high priest replied sadly:

"O King! there is indeed a flame lighted on yonder hill, which, if it be not put out to-night, will never be quenched in Eire."

Laori directed that the offenders be brought immediately before him for punishment. An old tale passed down by generations of sehanachies (story-tellers) relates that Patrick, like the Druids, wore white vestments and, crozier in hand, rode at the head of his captors in a chariot drawn by white stags. A bell, given him by Pope Celestine (and still preserved in the National Museum at Dublin) was rung to announce his coming. The sound of the bell, to which they were unaccustomed, seems to have had an almost hypnotic effect on the wondering people.

Instead of punishment, Patrick found an absorbed audience when he reached Tara, reciting aloud a litany (still extant) in which he invoked, "on this momentous day for Eire," the Holy Trinity, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, ever Blessed Mary, the Mother of God, and the saints around the throne of heaven.

"At Tara to-day in this awful hour,

I call on the Holy Trinity!

Glory to Him who reigneth in power,

The God of the elements, Father and Son,

The Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,

The ever-existing Divinity."*

To the listening Druids it was a new chant—the swan-song of their order.

And down the centuries, Patrick hears again the Voice of the Irish in thundering waves of prayer beating unceasingly upon the shores of Eternity. "Amen! Amen!"

* Translated from the Irish by James Clarence Mangan.

The Fairy Cap*

'Twas in a quiet valley

A league from Lissadare.

I came around a corner,

And saw it lying there.

It lay among the rushes,

Beside a singing stream,

But faith! You couldn't miss it,

So brightly did it gleam.

* Published in the Joliet Herald-News.

A cap, bright red and pointed,
 An owl's feather white,
 Too small for child or baby—
 You doubt me! But I'm right.
 For listen! 'Till I tell you.
 (Here's my hand upon it too!)
 'Twas no mortal cap I found there,
 Beside the water blue.

'Twas a Leprechaun's—I tell you!
 And we, who know them well,
 Won't offend the Little People,
 Or risk an evil spell.
 And so, that evening early,
 Before the moon was high,
 I laid the weeshie cap-een
 Where Themselves would see it lie.

Nearby the rath I laid it,
 Beneath a fairy thorn,
 Where soon a path of moonbeams
 Would lead from night to morn.
 A path for fairy brogueens—†
 ('Tis truth I'm telling you!)
 To tread the land of mortals,
 And dance the whole night through.

'Twas gone from sight next morning,
 (The dotey‡ cap-een red!)
 The green rath slept in sunlight.
 The fairy host had fled.
 You think that I was dreaming?
 Ah! 'Tis no dream I've told.
 For there, beneath the thornbush,
 I found—a crock of gold!

—Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
 Loretto Alumna.

† Little shoes. ‡ Cute.

Children on the McGill Campus*

By MILDRED LOW.

Roddick, and Redpath, and old McGill,
 Who, being dead, are living still,
 How does it meet your kind intent—
 The way your benefice is spent?
 That speechless infants and thoughtless youth
 Usurp the sacred walks of truth,
 And all the year, on the campus square,
 Little children are playing there?

Logic and learning, grave, profound,
 Surely should hold this holy ground!
 And solemn teaching heard in the halls
 Must emanate from these gracious walls.
 Yet here are babies with ball and sled,
 Calmly regardless of the dead,
 Whose kind provision for times to be
 Has smoothed the way for posterity.

Little children with innocent eyes—
 To what great heights may they arise?
 Famed physicians among them play,
 Builders whose art outstrips their day,
 Preachers whose word inspires with awe,
 Doctors learned in all the law—
 Now they are busy with ball and sled,
 Companioned by the invisible dead.

What saith the Prophet of Galilee?
 "Suffer little children to come to me,"
 And ever since the race began
 The child is instructed—to make the man.
 So to the youth of the present day,
 Gently, wisely, showing the way,
 Those long dead are speaking still—
 Roddick, and Redpath, and old McGill.

The Healing Gift

She brought me roses in my need—
 A friend is a very friend indeed
 Who ministers to the hungry soul
 To make the harried body whole.

And she has a child laid in the grave—
 An angel in heaven with power to save.
 Her baby's flowers she brought to me—
 "For yours is the greater need," said she.

"My little one is safe," she said;
 "There is never a thing for her to dread.
 The Lord Himself her wants supplies;
 And there must be roses in Paradise.

"There must be roses of every hue,
 Richer by far than this poor few.
 My darling, dead, is glad to give
 Her flowers to make you glad to live."

Mildred Low.

* Courtesy of Poetry Group, Canadian Authors Association.

The Battle of Clontarf

A.D. 1014.

(After "The Ballad of the White Horse")

by RT. REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, D.P., Litt.D.

'Twas a fateful day for Erin,
When the Viking galleys bore
In from the ocean pouring,
Like crowding sea-gulls soaring,
Their blond-haired crews roaring,
Thirsty for loot and gore!

They dressed their lines by Tolka,
Athwart Clontarf's wide plain;—
Tall Vikings from Norway strands,
And mail-clad Jutes, and baresark bands,
And pirates from the Netherlands,
And from the coasts of Spain.

Their raven banner flaunting
Its heathen menace, sang
High on the breeze of morning,
The Christian armies scorning,
While, notes of dreadful warning,
The shouts of "Odin!" rang.

'Twas then through Erin's heroes
Desire of battle blazed;
Scarce could their chiefs, restraining,
Hold them in ranks, complaining,
Vexed by too long refraining,
They fretted as they gazed.

But the royal Tanist, Murrough,
Viewing with half-shut eyes
That blinding shimmer of Danish mail,
Bade all his war-pipes skirl and wail,
And rouse the saffron-girded Gael
To deeds of higher emprise.

Leaping into the combat,
He swung his axe on high,
And as the din of war did swell,
His blows of death resistless fell,
And many a Viking's parting yell
Rose to the pitying sky!

Heimdal of Orkney first he slew,
And Starkad of the Yews;
And Vidar of the golden locks,
And Eyjwolf of the castled rocks,
And Loki of the battle-shocks,
And Gymir of the Meuse!

And Thangbrand, out of Helsingfors,
Who burned the Virgin's shrine,
And Hrapp that pillaged Wexford Town,
And Beld, a Baresark of renown,
And Thorkell of the evil frown
He clove from crown to chine!

Out of the raven standard's foot
He cut a gory lane,
When, as the flag of Odin fell,
Burst out an agonizing yell,
From the lost Danes—like souls in Hell
That drank the dregs of pain!

Then Murrough raised the Strong Hand Cry;
The call of his ancient line;
And, left and right, and all about,
Answered his clansmen's rending shout
As, roaring over the Norsemen's rout
Thundered the troops of Brian!

* * * * *

The Cross shall blaze o'er Erin
And the Psalms again be read!
No more the Danes come roaring
Over her plains and pouring,
On roof and walls and flooring,
Brimstone and molten lead!

Nor more the raving heathen
Harry, and maim, and slay;
For out on the billows, crying,
A hopeless few are flying,
And on Clontarf, low lying,
Their bravest sleep for aye!



The Fair Miniota

(Canadian Legend)*

Stretching into the bay at the entrance of Charlottetown Harbour,
Picturesque Rocky Point reveals a sorrowful legend.
In mythical days of yore, as pioneers sat by a camp fire,
Out of the silver twilight, a moaning song fell o'er the waters,
Filling the sailors with fear as the wailing sound was repeated.
They were calmed by an Indian chieftain, who told the mournful story
Dear to the native Micmaes, the story of Fair Miniota,
A beautiful Indian maid who atoned for her father's rash anger
By the sacrifice of her life.

From Cape Breton to visit the Micmaes,
Kiotsatou came with his children, Sunfells and Fair Miniota.
Sunfells, a venturesome hunter, scoffed at recurrent warnings
Not to traverse a creek which a Manitou jealously guarded,
But once as he recklessly crossed, the river-god vengefully drowned him.
The grief-shaken father in rage, shot a powerful bow from his arrow,
Piercing the Manitou's side. As he fell, the stream overflowing,
Spread and flooded the land, the hunting-grounds inundated.
Vainly the gods were entreated, for nothing, alas! would appease them
Save the life of Kiotsatou's daughter, the beautiful Fair Miniota.
Midst loud lamentations and groans, the maid from her father's embraces
Courageously plunged in the stream, and the turbulent rising abated;
Slowly the water ebbed till restored to its natural level.

As a monument to the maid and for stricken Kiotsatou's comfort,
She was turned into stone on the bank and still remains metamorphosed.
Miracles have been wrought, 'tis said, thro' her intercession,
And Indian women cease not to visit her in their trouble,
To come in the hardships of life for the sad-fated maiden's kind solace.

No wonder at silver twilight, a moaning song falls o'er the waters
Like a requiem softly chanted for the sacrificed Fair Miniota!

M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

* Authority for this legend—D. J. Dickie, in *Pioneer Days*, Bk. Six. J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto.

Autumn

O Keats, your sleep-drugged senses visioned
wrong,
You painted Autumn as a buxom nymph
Sprawled in a languorous doze amid the sheaves.
Go walk through gaudy-painted woods, along
The margin of a wind-combed hill—you'll see
A slender sprite with gay, brown, twinkling
eyes.

She robs the golden trees of treasured leaves,
And dances with the wind. A fairer maid
Than yours, O Keats—though yours the sweeter
song.

Donald T. Brown.

A Roadside Drive

Here beneath a maple's splendid bonfire,
Nature's lavish gifts, her hoard arrayed,
Call to every passing city-dweller—
Mellow colors, twisted forms displayed.

Chinese lanterns, flaming garden torches;
Shaggy asters; milkweed, downy-white—
All the harvest of a summer's labor
Massed in splendor in the evening light.

Golden pumpkins; bumpy, crooked squash;
Shiny crimson apples, crisp and tart;
Night-blue Concord's piled in frosted clusters;
Autumn's bounty—at a wayside mart.

Donald T. Brown.

All Things and Weather

“All things and weather must be taken in together
To make a year and a sphere.”

The Modish Millinery shop stands at the corner of Dunfield's main thoroughfare where the highway leads off to the City. A black and gilt sign above the shop forms the effective outer support for a box of geraniums and foliage that blooms audaciously all through the dusty summer days. This sign, repainted annually for the last fifteen years, replaced the less pretentious window lettering which had first informed the public that here Miss Miranda Martin, Milliner, sold hats and accessories. The geraniums were under the window of the parlour—now styled the living-room—of the Martin home, and were Miranda's mother's special pride, and care.

“Modish Millinery” was hung as a challenge to the highway that led the purchasing population of the place into the shopping paradise of downtown Broadway. To cater to the country trade that still held to the hearty custom of enjoying Saturday night in Dunfield, Miss Miranda had condescended to add a stock of small wares, such as are sold at notion counters in the departmental stores. She sold these with inward disdain, concealing, as best she could, her distaste for what she considered a shop-girl's task.

Hats were different! To sell a hat required knowledge, taste, and cultivation. Miss Miranda had spent six months in New York to complete her training in the sale of ladies' and misses' hats; and this was after a stiff apprenticeship with old Madame Seguin from whom her father, now dead, had purchased this shop. It was the only store that remained in its original structure—though considerably altered. On Harmon Street there still stood the stone bank building; the Post Office; and behind its shady trees, the old Dunfield House, now generally referred to as *The Hotel*.

Twenty years ago travellers for wholesale houses came into town on “the local,” and spent the night at the Hotel. Miranda and her mother occasionally went over to dinner with one of these transients, a Mr. Harrison. When the paved highway came through Dunfield, Mr. Harrison drove into town and out again in short order.

“Think you ought to sell out, Miranda! The millinery business is done in this town.”

“O, Mr. Harrison, “this is a good corner, now that we're on the highway to the City. We'll stay on a year or so, anyway.”

“How'd you like to live in the City?”

“Oh, I can't see much wrong with Dunfield, especially as we can get to the City in an hour, now.”

“Sorry I can't stay over at the Hotel nowadays but my route's all mapped out, you know. If you're down in the City be sure to ring me up.”

“We'll certainly miss you, Mr. Harrison. Yes, sales of models are dropping, but we'll make out all right.”

With this exchange of brief remarks a budding romance terminated—withered, as it were, in the dust of the highway, as his car rolled away.

The Modish Millinery really had a most fortunate location now that the main highway was deflected to pass through the village. But Miss Miranda had already gallantly hung out her black and gold sign long before she knew that the loss of the patronage of prosperous villagers who now bought hats in the City was amply compensated by the increased demand for small wares, hair pins, veils, handkerchiefs. Someone was always dropping in to buy them, then the cars would roll along the smooth highway into that oblivion that speed has brought upon a fast-moving population.

It was strange for Miss Miranda to serve people who seemed to come from nowhere, and who travelled along again, to be at last disappearing specks on the highway. It took the sting out of the shop-girl task somehow, that the world moved on. She did sigh regretfully for the old-time busy, spring and fall seasons, when, becomingly gowned in black with touches of white, she had presided at the dressing-table while the whole feminine portion of Dunfield awaited anxiously her pronouncement as to which was the most suitable hat. There had once been trips to New York every spring from which she had always returned with a smooth flowing line of talk that rippled pleasantly along as she adjusted flowers, smoothed out velvet, or sewed a feather securely in place.

After fifteen years of smallwares, stock

hats, and inconsequential sport hats, bought in job lots, Miss Miranda had again been to New York to buy. The sport hats, purchased without much ceremony, when displayed, always brought chances of a quick sale to some in the ever moving line of wayfarers that passed her door. The stock "models" went like hot cakes to the foreigners from West Dunfield.

One afternoon early in March, Mrs. Martin was helping her daughter to unpack her newly delivered order.

"Why, what's this?" inquired her mother. "I thought you had only sport hats in this lot. Surely you don't intend to put those violets in the window to get faded. They're velvet—and what a pretty shape it is! I always liked violets on a hat." There was a wistful note in her voice.

"Try it on, Mother!" said Miranda.

"The mauve is so light, I'd be afraid."

"Never mind! I am sure it will be becoming—Just as I thought!"

"Why Miranda, you don't mean, do you, surely not—?"

To try on a new hat was a complete departure from the custom of their business. The pristine beauty was jealously preserved for customers. A mauve turban, violet-trimmed, should be viewed only through the best showcase.

Miranda held up another box. "See what is in here! Now just leave the hat on, Mother," she added, as her mother's slender fingers went reverently up to her head. "In this box is the newest spring model and the newest colour; in fact, the style is a season ahead. I couldn't resist it. But I had to buy the exclusive right to the model." Miranda's pale cheeks grew pink with excitement. "It's ten years since we stocked any pattern hats. This year the hats are so lovely—" she was undoing the box as she spoke. "Look, purple ink they call this colour. It is the right shade for my hair. I have to wear something definite."

Somehow the shop seemed to be filled with soft breezes and illusive gleams of sunshine when Miranda seated before the dressing-table, now relegated to an obscure corner, crowned her beautiful auburn hair with a hat so brilliantly purple-blue, so eminently becoming, it transformed the sedate middle-aged woman into a sophisticated lady of fashion. It was the sort about which you do not ask the price, but at which you gaze admiringly—and longingly, if you are an envious woman and do not own it.

"This year we'll celebrate Easter," said Miranda.

"Well, this is a surprise, dear! Those hats

are really lovely. I'm so glad you are getting back your interest in looking at your best."

"Easter coming in April, we'll likely be able to wear our suits, and these hats will make it seem like a real holiday. A person hardly gets the good of a fine hat tripping off in cars. A church day or a women's club meeting are the occasions for millinery to be appreciated."

"Or going out to dinner," thought her mother, but she merely suggested the repacking of the hats.

The days before Easter were busy. Miranda did a rushing business selling the usual stock hats to the wives of the Ukrainian and Hungarian employees of the paper mill, and the match factory. They formed a separate colony on the west side of the town, and, not infrequently, it was Miranda who sold one of these women her first hat. The woman would come into the store, shyly conscious of her strange surroundings, in the wake of a voluble husband, who mingled broken English with a persuasive torrent of his native tongue. He would finally crown his wife with an American hat in place of her customary shawl; then as the happy couple went out, Miranda watched them walk proudly down the street with the new possession. Yes, they were good customers when a person got accustomed to their ways. Somehow, this year, the spring days seemed all bright and joyous.

Easter morning dawned with faint streaks of pink showing on the edge of ominous grey clouds. Mrs. Martin rose early and prepared the coffee. By the time she put on the eggs and called to her daughter to come down to breakfast, the sky was overhung with grey. Soon a drizzling rain began.

They ate cosily in the breakfast nook, with the table gaily decorated. The weather was too important for casual discussion. Neither mentioned the fact that it was raining. The meal over, Mrs. Martin washed the dishes and tidied up the kitchen. As she never allowed Miranda to help, the latter read the paper until the work was finished. Nine o'clock came, and the rain had settled down to a determined, all-pervading, monotonous pitter-patter.

"We'll just have time to dress for church!" said Miranda, putting aside her reading. She still said nothing about hats.

"I suppose I had better give Chester a call to drive us over to church," she remarked. Chester was the town policeman whose main occupation was running a garage. Her mother agreed without any enthusiasm.

With the fine adjustment to living that middle-age and old age can make calmly and

without useless lamentation, the two ladies drove off to church in their winter hats. The Easter "models" remained in their nests of tissue paper, in the gay boxes, safe from the ravages of the weather, symbols of feminine taste and dignity.

"Of course, Mother, *your* hat will be nice all summer, but *mine* goes in the window."

"Surely, you can wear yours all summer, too, Miranda. You never had such a becoming hat."

"I know, but the price of one model would give the two of us a week-end at the lake. Now that Easter is over, I don't care about putting that much into a new hat. I'll sell it to someone passing through."

Mrs. Martin sighed. To persuade Miranda to keep the hat was impossible; to tell her how unselfish she was could not smooth out the disappointment both felt. At sixteen or seventeen one can weep over thwarted hopes, as if the world had come to an end, but at forty and sixty, one knows that things may go on indefinitely, monotonously, to the vanishing point of dullness.

Monday being a holiday, the "purple ink" hat did not go into the window until Tuesday morning. It was centrally placed at nine o'clock, and shortly after ten a purchaser came in. Miranda breathed a sigh of relief when she found it was not a village girl. She could not trust herself to sell it to someone in Dunfield. That is why she had decided to ask a good stiff price for it. Seventeen dollars was high, even considering all its evident charms. In her first years as a milliner she had often sold hats of such quality and her customers had not demurred at the price. The customer to-day was a nice looking girl, in a smart suit, and wearing an informal crush sport hat. A dress hat would certainly show off all her good points.

She carried a small dressing case and when she tried on the hat she simply gave a nod of approval and, rolling up her crush hat, said, "How much?" while she packed it in her dressing case.

Miranda was full of such varied emotions that she only vaguely observed her customer's indifference. When she answered, without any extra sales talk, "Seventeen dollars," she expected some remonstrances; the girl merely opened her purse, counted out the money, and in a moment was gone. Miranda looked out expecting to see a car drive off, but the stranger was already some hundreds of yards away. "She's going to catch the Eastbound at eleven," thought Miranda.

She stepped into the rear of the shop where dinner was being prepared. Before she could tell her mother the news, Mrs. Martin began, "Listen, dear, to what came over the radio a few minutes ago. The bank at Centreville was robbed this morning. The bandits got away in a maroon sedan—a man and a young woman. It's a stolen car, and the police are watching all roads. They headed towards Dunfield. That's all I heard."

"They'll likely leave the car somewhere, near; maybe in those camp grounds. They'll not come through town now," said Miranda, thoughtfully. "What's Chester's number? Quick!"

When Chester answered she was cool and collected. "That you, Chester? You know that radio announcement about the robbery at Centreville? Well, I sold a girl a hat five minutes ago and I think she's the one."

"Eh? I didn't see a maroon car along the street."

"There wasn't any car. She's gone down towards the station to catch the eleven o'clock. If you hurry you can catch her."

"Oh, now, I can't arrest anybody just because you sold her a hat!"

"If it was seventeen dollars she paid for a hat a person wouldn't be wearing just after robbing a bank?"

Chester whistled. "Most people would have to rob a bank to buy seventeen dollar hats."

"Well, if the money's stolen I want the hat back! You had better hurry. I figure the man may try to catch the same train. It's a blue hat that's somewhat purple, too. You can't miss it. You can at least find out where she's bound for, and wire the police. Get the hat back for me if you can."

"All right, all right, Miranda! I'll see what I can do."

They heard the eleven o'clock come in to the station, and heard it pull out. Soon Chester came by, and stopped his car at the store.

"Look, who came in on the local when I was waiting around. Mr. Harrison, here, is the man whose car was stolen."

"Why, Mr. Harrison," exclaimed Miranda; "isn't that too bad—and such a lovely car!"

"He knew the girl at once," said Chester. "The two drove past him in an old touring car yesterday. The hat might have fooled anyone, but Mr. Harrison had sold hats too many years not to notice that one. It sure is a winner!"

"Believe me," remarked Harrison, "all those endearing young charms show up under *that* hat. But the rest of her costume tallies

with the description I got from Centreville this morning when I missed my car."

"The man isn't found yet, but I got enough to hold the girl," added Chester. "The police are watching all along at every station. I'll just step out to the car and bring in the hat. It sure is a pretty one, but seventeen dollars! I'm glad my wife didn't see it."

"Well Miranda, business must be picking up. I didn't know you sold exclusive models in Dunfield any more," said Mr. Harrison.

"I happened to see that hat in New York, so I bought it for Easter, and then decided to sell it. It's many years since I bought pattern hats from you—isn't it?"

"I haven't had a chance to take you to dinner for—let me see—how many years? Here I've got to put in a night in this dull, old town. Couldn't you help a fellow out, and come over to the Hotel for dinner?"

Before Miranda could answer, Chester had returned triumphantly. "Bet you bought that hat for yourself, keeping it out of sight until Easter morning, and all the women wondering what you'd wear to church. Yes, sir, and didn't it rain on Easter! Now, Mr. Harrison here, will have to take you to the Hotel for dinner, so's you can show it off." All three laughed.

"That's just what I was saying, Chester."

"Thanks for the hat," said Miranda. "You'd better take the money, and lock it up in your safe until you find out what's what."

"A pretty smart woman," Chester kept saying as they left the store; "never did see the beat of her in this town."

"I'll be back at six," said Mr. Harrison.

Before the time, Miranda and her mother were ready for the leisurely walk down to the Hotel, a matter of two blocks. When Mr. Harrison called, and they came out on the sidewalk wearing their new spring hats, the April sun shed a glory of light, and the walk assumed the aspect of a triumphal procession. There were many, "How d'ye do's" and "Good evenings" exchanged.

At the entrance to the Hotel, a crowd had assembled and Chester came forward with interesting news.

"We've got them both in custody now. Your car's been located, Mr. Harrison, but it's out of commission. Guess it was a streak of luck just the same losing that car." There was a pleasant murmur of approval as our three entered the Hotel—The old Dunfield House.

Florence Prud'homme,
Loretto Alumna.

Life's Delight

By ALINE MICHAELIS.

Sometimes love is a rose aglow
In a garden gay with sun,
Where the winds all sweet with perfume go,
And song is never done.

As day by day the roses nod,
And brighter the garden place,
So love in a life is the smile of God,
And life grows fair by love's grace.

Sometimes love is a lily bud,
As lovely as the moon—
A lily bud in the starlight's flood
On the still and black lagoon.

As lilies may lift their petals pale
Out of the mud and slime,
So love in a life can never fail
To make that life sublime.

Love may be rose, or lily white,
A thing of sun or shade,
But always love has been life's delight
Since ever the world was made.

Dona Nobis Pacem

What but the peace of God, these troubled days,
Can compensate for every care and pain?
What but the power, His sceptred Hand displays,
Forces of threatened evil can restrain?
He, Who once calmed the Galilean wave,
Can quell the storms, these latter days, that rave.

Where is our solace save within His Heart?
And who shall take away the balm we find,
Where all life's petty stress is left behind?
Availing hour! For weary travellers, rest—
When He is present as a willing Guest!

Some day, forever His we hope to be,
This finite world of passing conflict o'er;
Some day, beyond its dark, tempestuous sea,
Problems will all be solved; and, of the store
Of His perfected bliss we shall partake:
Till then, we bear our cross for His dear sake.

F. B. Fenton.



Our Lady of the Cenacle

(St. Teresa's Convent, Port Colborne).

His Sacrifice consummated, see Mary stay
Within those hallowed walls through all the day
 To comfort and console
Those of the scattered band—His own, who feared
Bravely to stand where Calvary's Cross was reared.
When at the dawn on that glad Easter Day
Her Jesus came, soothing her pain away—
 Rapture ineffable!
Her Mother's heart, the trust divine He gave—
Care of the infant Church, our souls to save.
O Virgin, Queen of Apostles, gathered there,
With one accord in persevering prayer
 Unto the Paraclete,
When to His Church the Holy Spirit came,
Upon thy brow shone Pentecostal flame;
And in thy heart His seven-fold gifts complete
Enriched thy soul—the Triune God's retreat:
 The Mystic Christ was born.
Dear Lady of the Cenacle, we pray,
Lead us to Him—the Truth, the Life, the Way!

M. St. Rita, I.B.V.M.

Needles in a Haystack

AN EPISODE OF INDIAN WARFARE IN EARLY AMERICAN DAYS.

The woodland path was ablaze with fiery glow that August morning when Jessica Vanderwyck came towards her cabin in the clearing, her six-months-old daughter in her arms. The cabin was the most pretentious dwelling of the new settlement, which was a tendril stretching out from the mighty root of Manhattan. The smell of ripening fruit pervaded the air and the scent of the new hay softened the briskness of the six-o'clock-in-the-morning breeze. Jessica pulled her shawl closely around her as the baby stirred.

Seth Vanderwyck was gone ever since the haying, leading the local militia against the Indian and French foraging parties that were making unconfirmed rumours of war in Europe a pretext for hostilities. The men had been working that summer in the hay fields with their guns stacked beside them. Marauding Indians and breeds had come in sight of this new settlement, attracted by the smoke from the chimneys, but had been driven off by the settlers. Seth had left in the midst of haying for Fort Orange on the Hudson to get help to drive the invading rabble northward. With the few soldiers detailed from the Fort the settlers set forth in earnest.

This August morning as Jessica came down the path, her four year old son Robert ran before her, chasing tawny orange and blue butterflies that rose in clouds around him. Jessica was just twenty-two, already widowed once when her young husband had been slain in Indian raids. He was father of Robert, native to America like herself, and of English ancestry. Seth Vanderwyck whom she met in Manhattan, where all survivors of the dreadful raid had been taken, was lately from Holland, a man of substance and authority. The settlement considered Jessica very lucky and were proud of his leadership.

Every available man was gone out from the clearing and all the women were busy at what work of the harvest they could do. Jessica slept at a neighbour's house where the wounded were being cared for. She came home each morning for the careful preparation of food, the drying of berries, the spinning of yarn and all the innumerable tasks a foresighted pioneer woman considered of paramount importance. Not one hour of summer sunlight must be

wasted, but since Jessica was wife of the leader and so young, only such tasks as were needed for her home fell to her. Older women, more robust, with sons and daughters able to be of help in the house, tended the sick.

As Jessica came down the path where the golden rod and fireweed spread out on either side like the broken fragments of the sunrise, Robert was chattering in English, as they always talked that language when no one else was present. She was unaccountably overcome by a fierce surge of longing for her young lover in his unmarked grave in the woods. That is why, the sight of a strange man at the barn door did not cause her to make outcry.

"You speak English, madam," said the man in reassuring tone but with broken French accent. "How very unfortunate I am not to speak it well. I have been lucky in enjoying your hospitality ever since the raid. Now my foot is healed."

So that was the mystery of disappearing bread. Other food need not be so carefully husbanded, but she had wondered how the forest thieves such as squirrels and fox could have outwitted her careful storing away of supplies. Weighted crocks or stony nooks had yielded a generous largess, but not to hungry foxes or squirrels.

"So you are the one who eats my bread!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, madam, I have enjoyed good fare here and I trust I have deserved your hospitality and you will not regret the generous supplies I have enjoyed."

"But you are French," she said, and added in a tone of terror, "You are an enemy."

"I am Léonard Fréchette from New France but I am not an enemy. Our country is not at war with the Dutch. You will not betray me, madam," he continued pleadingly. "I was prisoner with the Indians and escaped here when they went on the warpath. They have only breeds with them, not Frenchmen, madam; I was kept in camp to cook for them. I had no weapon in the fight. I took this gun from the dead."

"But you can not stay here!" said Jessica catching her breath. "The Dutch would send you a prisoner to Fort Orange, on the Hudson."

"That is your nearest fort!" exclaimed Léon-

ard Fréchette. "Then I can make it—two days to the east and I am bound to fall in with friendly Indians or French."

"Then you are very confident that I will not hand you over to the Dutch," said Jessica, taking stock of the handsome young man standing before her in motley garments of buckskin and tattered cloth, in the shadow of the barn.

"I am very confident, madam, you will not do so, but it is dangerous to talk here in the open. Go you forward to the cabin and I will go around by the haystack nearest it. We can talk from there. I have watched you working for two weeks now and it has made me lonesome for Cécile. She is my wife."

That strange feeling she had of being observed was not, as the hard-headed Dutch women would have her believe, an effect of living in the forest, a memory of the former raid. This good looking young Frenchman had been observing her for two weeks. How could she tell the settlement of his presence?

Her heart missed a beat as she held her infant daughter close to her, Seth's daughter. That grave in the woods was distinct in her mental vision, but the warm stirring life at her breast reminded her of all practical considerations that a pioneer woman must decide for herself. Was she not in command in her husband's absence?

There was no place to keep a man prisoner as locks were almost unknown in such a community. Her inborn love of liberty cried out against locking him up although the stolid Dutch women would spare themselves no labour to make a prison for him.

There were many men taken prisoners by the Indians who refused to fight with them or become as degraded and ferocious as the Indian warriors. The average settler took up arms only in regular defence under soldier leaders. Such proved sorry candidates for Indian camp life when war dance or torture of prisoners were in progress and were relegated to menial tasks like the squaws with much gibing and ridicule.

In a sense any white man travelling with roving Indians was their prisoner, as they could not be outwitted in woodcraft. Starvation, or attack by wolves or bears threatened any who attempted to track the forest alone. The hideous half-breeds and vicious renegades who became members of the band, dancing the war dance, sitting in council and participating in the torture of prisoners, were lawless marauders who burned and destroyed in savage abandon, with the flimsiest pretext of warfare. The Frenchman appeared to be what he claimed. His style of dress indicated possibly that some

redskin was decked out in his uniform, or that his brilliantly hued winter woollens now kept out the cold for a squaw who had taken them to stuff in the chinks of the winter Long House of the Six Nations. He was remarkably clean—a very good sign. Buckskin can be washed in cold water with tolerably good results. The worn cloth visible in the complicated patching was carefully darned, indicating, beyond a doubt the homesteader. He was probably a skilful cook and thus had ingratiated himself with the squaws who adroitly use every means to lighten their own slavery. Jessica had heard stories of Indian captives in the long winter evenings when settlers gathered round cheery log fires, and these stories came back to her as she entered her cabin and went towards the stone fireplace. She placed the baby in the cradle standing there. One corner of her cabin seemed like a separate room with its huge bed curtained off with woollen drapes.

She reached for the tinder box to light the fire already laid and was startled when the man's hand took it from the shelf before she could reach it. She had not noticed that he had followed her into the cabin.

"I shall light your fire for you," he said simply and she set about mixing the corn meal to bake for her breakfast. He talked gaily and the great blanketing quiet and isolation that oppresses a woman alone in a cabin, that threatening silence full of intangible fears, was lifted. The smothering feeling in her throat relaxed, as once or twice she laughed happily. So absorbed was she in her task she did not observe that Léonard Fréchette did not put the tinder box back on the shelf above the fireplace.

He talked of Cécile. He played with Robert after making cautious inquiry as to whether Robert would talk of the visit. Jessica thought it unlikely he could make himself understood, though undoubtedly the event loomed large in his mind. His halting Dutch would not be sufficient and none of the women understood English.

Nowhere else could people have enjoyed conversation as did this young fugitive and the lonely wife. The sense of insecurity and danger is so active in those bred in pioneer families that only the task at hand was in their minds. They were healthily hungry and it was a sort of pause in the endless battle against the lurking dangers of the forest. Self-preservation being infinitely more active in those who battle against Nature's many cruel dangers, both availed themselves of the hour to re-arm, as it were, for the lonely hours ahead. Talk and laughter were precious elixir.

After they had eaten Johnny cake and pork and enjoyed dishes of raspberries Léonard searched in a leather pouch he wore at his waist. He brought out an embroidered needle case, displaying it with evident appreciation of its design.

"Look, madam, what I found in your haystack."

Jessica reached eagerly forward to grasp it but he held it high teasingly, as he caught her right hand and swung it lightly in his.

"It is mine," she said. "Robert took out my work box and he must have lost it there. I have no needles for this winter when I have time to embroider."

"You are very accomplished, are you not?" said Léonard, still holding the case above her reach.

"If it is too late to go to Fort Orange when Seth returns," Jessica faltered—"I shall have no needles all winter." Léonard dropped her hand. "I cried so much when I found they were gone. Please give them to me." She seemed on the verge of tears and he ceased to tease. Embroidery was a dearly loved art for Cécile, too.

"Madam, I am a desperate man. I need gunpowder to get to Lake Champlain. I sat in that haystack calculating on how far I could get in the forest without gunpowder. I said to myself, 'You can't reach the Lake without it,' and I looked down and there were the needles. You shall have your needles when I get some powder."

She silently went to the chest of drawers above which hung a gun. "Here," she said, "I can only give you so much, for we need it here. Give me the needle case."

"You are very charming and a great artist with the needle I am sure. You are also very generous as befits an artist. I had not expected so much gunpowder as this. I need also salt meat, some dried Indian corn and some flour. One can not walk all day on the partridge I can get. Besides I will not fire a shot unless I am very hungry. It is too dangerous." He spoke as one absorbed in his own problem of life.

Jessica rebelled against handing over further stores of needed supplies. "No, I shall give you nothing more. If you do not set out with what you have I shall take you prisoner," she answered firmly; for she was a little ashamed of her tears over the needles.

Once more the man reached into his pouch. He brought out the tinder box, with its flints rattling inside it.

"How will you light your fires when I am gone?"

Once more Jessica reached out to snatch the box and this time Léonard Fréchette put it back in his pouch and caught her to him with both arms playfully. "Will you let me go without saying goodbye?" He lifted her high in the air. Robert began to cry. Jessica held herself rigid, vexed at letting him tease her like that. Her face turned very white beneath its tan. Gently and kindly he set her down.

"Will you go right away, please! I'll give you pork and flour and corn!"

"By my mother's faith, I will," he said seriously. "I am hurrying back to Cécile; but you have little sympathy for an exile," he complained whimsically, "you have Robert and the baby and what do you care for starving Frenchmen in a haystack?"

"You do not seem to be starving and I expect you will get back to Cécile, for you are very smart," she replied, busily cutting the pork. She handed him the food in a sack. He stooped to kiss Robert and, raising his hand to his cap with military gesture, he left the cabin. Jessica stood in the doorway.

As he neared the haystack which shut out the view from the cabin he turned again waving gaily and disappeared into the forest, that hummed with bees and birds already busy with their day's work.

Florence Prud'homme,
Loretto Alumna.

A Sunday at Muskoka Lakes

Nature, all bounteous, these lakes has spread
With sheet of blue and gold—sun-woven waves,
The submerged feet of age-old rocks that lave,
The white cap of the foam for each grey head;
While many a purring pine and swaying spruce
Their own aromas in still coves let loose.

Lo! mystic naiads seem to haunt these glades
Of dotting islands, smiling o'er the lakes!
Anon, the breeze's gentle voice awakes,
Whose music all my sense of being takes;
Till I, a kindred spirit in their bowers,
Roam with the wood nymphs, through enchanted
hours.

O lovely spell of waters, dancing bright!
O peaceful Sunday, void of week-day care!
For here, enshrined, breathe deepest praise and
prayer,
In Nature's sovereign realm of pure delight.
Thus, modern Eden, in a troubled world,
Thy radiant banner seems awhile unfurled!

F. B. Fenton.

Beau Geste*

DONALD T. BROWN.

This is one of those narrow, dark side streets which lie just around the corner from the Broadways of the world. Shabby, brick tenements, their walls blackened by years of city dirt, reach out grimy fingers to trap the few pale rays of sunlight which try to penetrate the gloom. Torn cartons of ill-smelling waste and battered ashcans filled with broken bottles are heaped before narrow areaways. Ancient signs, *Furnished Rooms Cheap*, are barely visible through the fly-speckled glass of staircase doors.

Here a murky window shows glimpses of tarnished jewelry and all the amazing miscellany of the pawnbroker's hoard. There stands the inescapable Chinese laundry; across the street, an all-night-lunch emits a powerful odor of hamburgs long forgotten. And here, where golden light streams through a tattered venetian blind, where neon signs shed their sickly scarlet glow, is that dispensary of free lunch and general hospitality, Pat O'Toole's Bar and Grill. It is from this haven of good fellowship that a shabby figure now emerges—quite hurriedly—propelled from the rear by a large red hand and a torrent of Irish brogue.

* * *

Cornelius Eugene Miller, known to the world as "Jade," reassembled his shattered dignity, brushed a bit of lint from his coat, and made his erratic way down the street. Being bounced was no new experience for Jade; he took it quite in his stride. In spite of the handicaps of a battered Homburg and a week's growth of wiry beard, he managed to achieve the air of heavy nonchalance of a retired sausage manufacturer after a big night with the boys. But though he presented a calm exterior, within, his spirits boiled. "Cheap, chiseling bum!"; how those words rankled! At length he snorted in disgust. "That thick, mick, he can't do this to me. I'll fix him. I'll—I'll"—His threats died away in an incoherent stream as his eye fell on a bit of paper on the sidewalk.

"What's that?" It was green. He snatched it up—a ten dollar bill. His jaw fell; his man of the world pose deserted him completely. He gasped. Pausing in the dim circle of light shed by a street lamp, he shook his head to clear his bleary eyes—then looked once more at the bill.

"This isn't real. It can't be, not with my luck." It was genuine. There was no doubt about that. Still in somewhat of a daze, Jade wandered on.

In his preoccupation he never noticed that he had turned the corner onto the big street.

A shriek of brakes and the wrathful curses of a taxi driver brought him to his senses. Passers-by, intent on their own all-important business, bumped and trundled him along. Now his numbed mind began to speculate. "Ten bucks—what a find!" He passed the chrome-plated doors and rose-silk shaded windows of a famous restaurant devoted to the delight of the gourmet's palate. "What a feed I could buy with that ten bucks!" But the thought of facing, in his present state, the supercilious hauteur of waiters in full dress fazed even his stupendous nerve. He meandered on, not staggering exactly, but the least bit uncertain of his footing.

The gaudy placards of a liquor store pulled him up short. He stood in awe before the window, fascinated by the gleaming array of bottles. "Ten bucks. Two hundred beers. What a glorious drunk!" His eyes narrowed and his parched throat seemed less arid at the very thought. He was slowly edging toward the door, when a vision seen dimly in the glass before him brought a look of amazement to his already bewildered face.

Jade Miller might be a bum wearing threadbare clothes and sleeping in cheap hotels, but he did know a beautiful woman when he saw one. There had been a time, long ago, when beautiful women too found him attractive. But for years now, he had not dared to lift his eyes in beauty's direction. The present vision, however, swept all diffidence away. Mesmerized, awestruck, dumbfounded—he turned from the very portals of the state-store and followed his dream.

She was in a hurry. Her elegantly molded legs on their high spike heels set a rapid pace for Jade as he lumbered in her wake, paying no heed to these indignant pedestrians whom he elbowed out of the way. The crush soon thinned out. Jade found himself headed for swankier regions, ones in which he was not so much at home. He realized that the girl knew he was following her. She looked back every now and

*Courtesy of The Holy Cross Purple.

then, walking even faster. Suddenly she halted beside a lamp-post. She looked around, but no one was there. This was evidently a rendezvous.

Jade, his tongue all but hanging out from the exertion of the walk uptown, slowed his speed to a leisurely amble and took stock of the situation. The corner was occupied by a de luxe flower shop. Its soft lights shone through the window and lay in a glowing pool on the sidewalk. At the sight of a placard on the door, Jade smiled. *Say It With Flowers*. He would.

As Jade pushed his way through the door, an angular spectre rose from behind a desk. A beaked nose and large horn-rimmed glasses gave her the air of an ancient and decrepit hoot-owl. She regarded Jade with a disapproving glare, but he stood his ground. "An orchid, please," he demanded in his best Fifth Avenue voice. The woman, plainly astonished, led the way to an immense icebox, the walls of which were lined with exotic blooms in all shapes, sizes, and colors. "How much is that one?" queried Jade, pointing to a particularly magnificent specimen—virgin white, with a deep ruby lip.

"Ten dollars." Jade winced. A vision of legions of golden beers with snowy crowns flashed through his head, but he was never one to retreat. "Okay, fix it up. I'll take it." The slim hands, which contrasted so oddly with the aging face, worked skillfully with lengths of wire, tape, and ribbon. She turned. "Shall I put it in a box, sir?"

"No, just give it to me." Sadly Jade handed over his treasured bill; gingerly, almost tenderly, he took the precious flower, and, hold-

ing it carefully by the stem, headed for the door.

The cold, dank air of the street was bitter after the highly scented atmosphere of the shop. Jade had a moment of panic that the girl might be gone, but her slim, fur-clad figure stood there on the corner. The set of her shoulders registered extreme indignation. It was easy to see that her date was late. Jade steeled his nerve. Just as he took the first step forward, a tall figure in Navy blues slid out of the shadows into the light and wrapped his arm around the girl's waist. She turned. Jade heard, "Oh, Dave, so you're here at last."

As the couple moved off into the night, a wave of despair swept over the watching Jade. He looked down at the fragile flower, so incongruous in his horny hand. There was no use trying to return it, but perhaps someone else would buy it. He slowly started on the long walk back downtown.

"Ten dollars! Are you nuts?"

"Five bucks—get out of here!"

"How much? Two-fifty? Okay, let's have it."

* * *

Pat O'Toole, in shirt sleeves and a voluminous white apron, stood behind his bar. His florid face grew even redder, and he let out a bellow of rage as Jade slid through the swinging door. "I thought I told you to keep away from here, you no-good loafer."

Jade advanced to the walnut counter and with a lordly air plunked down two crumpled dollar bills and a tarnished fifty-cent piece. "A beer—and keep 'em coming," he ordered smugly as he reached for a hunk of "boloney."

For Better Things

RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT LORETTO ABBEY.

The religious ceremony of reception of the habit took place at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, on Tuesday, August 10, at 9.30 a.m. A procession of eight young ladies attired as brides and bearing lighted candles ascended the aisle of the chapel to present themselves before Right Reverend Msgr. McCann in the presence of relatives, friends and clergy, as formal aspirants for the religious habit of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The ritual questions and answers were followed by a sermon delivered by Rev. B. T. Kyte, of Pickering, Ontario. Beginning with the text, "Who-

soever will save his life shall lose it, but he that shall lose his life for my sake shall save it," Father Kyte dwelt on the characteristics of the religious life, a life of self-sacrifice, mortification and prayer, a life incomprehensible to the worldling. The worldling asks where, in the New Testament, one finds the words monastery or convent. No, they are not specifically mentioned, but neither are such institutions as hospitals, homes for the aged, or schools. All these are the normal development of Christ's teaching. The Master's loving invitation to the tax gatherer, Levi, "Come, follow me," has been

repeated to countless others through the centuries; they have responded, and in the life of sacrifice have known the sweetness of His promise: "Everyone who has left house, or brothers, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My Name's sake shall receive a hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting." The speaker closed with words of congratulation, especially to the parents and their daughters. The "brides" then left the chapel bearing their black veils on their arms and returned clothed as novices.

The new novices, joined by five who a few days before were in a similar ceremony in the branch Novitiate in Chicago are as follows: Miss Marie Beyer, Sr. M. St. Rose, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth Mallon, Sr. M. Sebastian, Roseville, Mich.; Miss Mercedes Rickard, Sr. M. Xaveria, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Miss Irene Howell, Sr. M. Pierre, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Miss Mary Cates, Sr. M. Michel, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Germaine Beaulieu, Sr. M. Adelaide, Nutrie, Sask.; Miss Lillian Reddy, Sr. Mary Vincent, Toronto, Ont.; Miss Mary Lynch, Sr. M. Annette, Loretto, Ont.; Miss Lucille Ducharme, Sr. M. Jane Francis, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Gladys Neal, Sr. M. Chrysostom, Hamilton, Ont.; Miss Ruth Johnson, Sr. Marie Anges,

Toronto, Ont.; Miss Marian Marr, Sr. M. Blandina, Thorold, Ont.; Miss Laverne Fullem, Sr. Mary Grace, Chicago, Ill.

Mass was celebrated by Rev. L. V. McGivney and, among the clergy present besides Right Reverend Msgr. McCann, and the chaplain, Father Wm. Fraser, who assisted him, were: Very Rev. J. A. McDonagh, Rev. P. J. McSherry, (of Detroit), Rev. E. Rogers (of New York), Rev. R. Hayes, O. Carm., Rev. Dr. L. Markle, Rev. L. P. Haydon, Rev. J. E. Ronan, Rev. John O'Connor, Rev. P. Kirby, Rev. Jas. Fullerton, Rev. John Fullerton, Rev. E. Lacey, Rev. V. Ferrando, Rev. C. Schwalm, Rev. R. McGinn.

At the community Mass earlier the same morning seventeen novices pronounced their first vows of religion: Sr. M. Wilfreda O'Flaherty, Sr. M. Peter Claver Rooney, Sr. M. Felicitas Madigan, Sr. M. Anysia Leboldus, Sr. M. Mona Pelly, Sr. M. St. René Schuett, Sr. M. St. Catharine Lowe, Sr. Mary Emmanuel Hayes, Sr. M. Anastasia O'Connor, Sr. M. St. Christopher Girard, Sr. M. Marita Lynch, Sr. M. Mildred Weinberger, Sr. M. Sophie Hinker, Sr. M. St. Wilfrid Cushing, Sr. M. Frederica Boyle, Sr. M. Elva Ruhr, Sr. M. Germana Cahill.

CEREMONY OF FINAL VOWS.

On Thursday, Aug. 19th, at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, the ceremony of Final Vows took place. Mass was celebrated at 9.30 a.m., by Rev. Michael Seiferling, O.F.M., of Montreal, assisted by Rev. Clement Crusoe, S.J., of Regiopolis College, Kingston. After the Gospel the sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. McHugo, Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Chicago, portrayed the greatness of religious profession, the total submission of the will made not only to the commandments of God but likewise to the Divine counsels. Just as Our Lord remedied by obedience the evil wrought upon man by Adam's disobedience, so religious join themselves to Him and by their holocaust of obedience fill up the measure of His sufferings and obtain grace for others, for wavering hearts and for sinners. The obedience of religious governs the obscure details of daily life, they may never be called upon to do great spectacular things. Their model is Christ, Who, when called upon by the mocking Pharisees to come down from the Cross, chose rather to embrace in silence the Will of God and consummate His sacrifice. Inspired

by the liberality of God religious bind themselves to a new scale of existence, seeking the Author of life and echoing His "O God, I come to do Thy Will."

The novices who pronounced their final vows at the Holy Communion of the Mass were: Sr. M. Boniface (Molly Hopkins, Toronto), Sr. M. St. Gerald (Lillian McNamara, Niagara Falls), Sr. M. St. Donald (Mary Lofranco, Toronto), Sr. M. Scholastica (Olive Murphy, Toronto), Sr. M. Henriette (Dorothy Pinfold, Toronto), Sr. M. St. Felix (Catherine Heraty, Chicago), Sr. M. St. Camillus (Florence Hayes, Chicago), Sr. M. Justina (Beatrice Malone, Regina), Sr. M. Aileen (Margaret O'Connor, Chicago), Sr. M. Louisa (Barbara Seiferling, Sedley, Sask.), Sr. M. St. Claude (Anne Crusoe, Waterdown), Sr. M. St. Francis (Margaret Nims, Chicago), Sr. M. Consuela (Marie McHugo, Chicago).

Many relatives and friends were present for the event, among them Rev. Philip Hayes, Rev. R. Stoeckel, of Chicago, and Rev. A. Chafe of China Mission, Victoria, B.C.

SUMMER CATECHETICAL SCHOOLS.

The classes conducted during the summer for pupils who have not been privileged to receive daily instructions in religion during the year are achieving excellent results. The enthusiasm of the children throughout the course and their almost invariable request that it go on "for another week" is gratifying not only to the teachers appointed for this additional work in the classroom, but also to pastors and parents.

In July, 1943, religious from Loretto Abbey and its branch houses taught groups in—

ONTARIO: **City of Toronto**—St. Cecilia's, Holy Family, St. James', St. Mary of the Angels, St. Matthew's, St. Monica's, St. Thomas Aquinas;

Outside the City—Stayner, Victoria Harbour, Richmond Hill, Mount Dennis, Alliston, Beaverton, Port Credit, Schomberg, Acton, Lansing, Ayton, Port Colborne, Port Erie, New Germany, Chippawa, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Niagara Falls—St. Patrick's, St. Anne's, and Our Lady of Peace.

MICHIGAN—Algonquin, Ewan, Sidlaw, Berglaw, Watersmeek, Big Bay, Rapid River and Trenary.

SOUTH DAKOTA—Mackintosh and Watinga.

SASKATCHEWAN—Regina, Sedley, Dy-sart, Coupar, Chamberlain, Estevan, Wawota, Kennedy and Lampman.

The sacrifices made by the boys and girls in coming great distances to attend—and in many cases by their parents, who bring them—are proof of a keen desire to learn more about our holy religion.

* * *

A brief account of the programme at Port Colborne conveys an idea of a two-weeks' course:

AT THE PORT.

Summer School at Port Colborne opened with eight-fifteen Mass in St. Teresa's, the parish church. The attendance was large, and boys and girls of all sizes and ages were eagerly expectant of the joys of the coming two weeks.

Five of our nuns took charge of some three hundred children. The tiny tots of five were under the supervision of two of our high school girls.

Each day opened with Holy Mass and closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Ten Commandments proved a favourite project of many of the classes. "The Hymn of the Commandments," by Rev. B. Doyle, which the children learned, fixed these truths in their minds. As *their* project, Grades five and six presented an enjoyable dramatization of the Mysteries of the Rosary. The pupils' performance showed great ingenuity and originality, and their evident enthus-

iasm for the scenes enacted left their audience with a greater understanding and love of the Rosary.

At the close of Summer School the children assembled in the church for the awarding of prizes for the best work and for good conduct. The pastor, Rev. B. Malone, presented the awards.

In the afternoon a picnic was held at Port Colborne Picnic Grounds, twenty minutes walk from town. Races, games, and other amusements, particularly a close, exciting ball game, made the afternoon fly.

Last but not least came lunch. The children, each equipped with an individual luncheon bag and a bottle of ice-cold "pop," formed two large circles. A few more games and the picnic was over, bringing to a close one of the most successful Summer Schools at the "Port."

During the year this apostolic work is carried on by correspondence, the mailing of Catholic literature, etc., in some of the houses, notably Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and St. Teresa's Convent, Port Colborne, a Loretto Mission Centre. The co-operation of friends in this enterprise will be welcomed.

As we go to press, plans are almost completed in connection with the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibit, which will be held in Varsity Arena, Toronto, Oct. 16-19.

From the excellent mission exhibits given in past years at the Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy, Toronto, as also from the magnificent one in Montreal last year, prospective visitors to the forthcoming National Missionary Exhibition, foresee something surpassingly good in store for them.

Of the Loretto booth, and other features of this highly promising Exhibition, a report will appear in January issue of *The Rainbow*.

Weeds

They grow along the wayside,
And by the quiet pool;
The children play among them
Returning home from school.
They have such pretty colors,
Such slender greenish strands,
They make bouquets of beauty
To hold in little hands.

They fringe the shining rivers
With plumes of fairy web.
They cast a net of shadows
That, lace-like, far outspread.
They grasp the Rainbow's colors
To light the hills and meads,
They give to earth a magic—
Yet they are humble weeds.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

St. Luke to the Blessed Virgin

Mary, how can I picture Thee for them,
The mothers down the ages—I, who know
How motherhood is strangely, sadly blent
Of pain and glory? Women need Thee so

Who pray for constant patience and for skill
To nurture tenderly the little one;
Then, guide the adolescent; and, with tears,
Still keep for Christ the headstrong older son.

Mary, how can I picture Thee Whose brow
Serenely knows, yet shines with youth's pure grace,
Maiden and mother, Thou Who hast indeed
All joys, all sorrows, written in Thy face,

Who, from the cradle to the hov'ring Cross,
Hast lifted oft those anguished seeing eyes
And hugged the burden closer to Thy breast
And sang Him sorrow in Thy lullabies?

Thy features I can trace, Thou beautiful
Of women; but the brush, the written word
Is helpless to portray Thy shining soul
Who wast the glad handmaiden of the Lord!

And if, O Mary, it be given me
To vision that radiance for one brief wild
Sweet moment that I leave its likeness here;
Even then, even then—how shall I paint the Child?

—Anne Sutherland.

Reprint from Loretto Rainbow, '28.

In the Library

THE HOUSE ON HUMILITY STREET. By Martin W Doherty. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto and New York.

To those familiar with the North American College in Rome, *The House on Humility Street* will recall happy memories, while to others who never drove down Via dell' Umiltà to the great *portune*, there to be greeted by Leopoldo, that prince of *portieres*, "with a few words of Italian that sounded like an aria from a Verdi opera," it will reveal within its pages a fascination that holds to the end and allures to a second reading of many a section.

Vivid descriptions of the Vatican, of private audiences with the Holy Father, of Mass in his private chapel, and receiving Holy Communion from his hand, are intimate touches of Rome which are not found in any guide-book, however good.

Father Doherty early in his captivating book gives a frank and graphic description of his young manhood days in Chicago; of his staunch Irish father, "that grand old warrior" of the police force, who gave two sons to the Church and trained three others to be useful, honorable citizens. He describes his mother as that wonderful person who could not only care for the material needs of a large family, but who could intuitively read their thoughts, desires and ambitions. As Father Doherty expresses it, "It seems you do not have to tell things to a mother." It was the faith and fortitude of this splendid mother that sped her son, Martin, on his way to Rome.

With what artistry he describes the parting with family and friends, and his journey to the Eternal City—his conflicting emotions, with joy predominant, as he realizes that at last his dreams and ambitions have become a reality.

The steamer, *Leviathan*, with its Hawaiian orchestra and tropical atmosphere, was to him as enchanting as was the weather, but more alluring were the many strange faces about him. He soon found some congenial souls. Three, like himself, were en route to the North American College in Rome to study for the priesthood.

After many days of pleasant sailing they sighted Cherbourg. France! Europe! Could it be real? . . . What a travelogue we enjoy in the journey the wizard pen describes from Paris to Italy. "O bell' Italia"—only the vibrant

notes of a tenor in the party could express the first impressions of that land of beauty, and sunshine, and song.

But the journey was not all beauty and rapture; there were some trying, and amusing, incidents also, as when the quartette on the train for Rome entered a compartment with space for eight and only the four to occupy it! Their determination to sit up all night gave place to visions of "stretching out and enjoying some small degree of comfort." Vain hope! Just before the train started, a large and happy Italian family crowded into the compartment. There was nothing for it but endurance. After a time, however, all slept. Presently Mr Doherty awoke to find the bambino of the family sleeping peacefully in his lap. Realizing that "to shift it over to Charley's lap might awaken the creature," he decided that nothing could be done but to leave it where it was. Fortunately sleep again came to the rescue, and when he awoke the second time, he found that the family had departed and, to his relief, had not forgotten their youngest—for which he "had become an unwitting, an unwilling bassinet."

At last Rome, the Eternal City! "The dome! This time it was no vision. I was seeing it now with my own eyes, that dome I had been seeing so long in dreams, and daytime fantasies." Rome—then, the North American College! Father Doherty describes the subsequent days within its walls with an affectionate pen. At first how cold, severe, disheartening seemed his cell. As day followed day, however, a transformation came, as he met sympathetic, genial fellow-students, kindly professors, and an understanding Rector. He soon learned to appreciate the bareness, the grayness of his room; the beauty of the "cortile," filled with lemon, orange, and magnolia trees. The afternoon walks, the visits to churches and ancient monuments were daily pleasures; even the language was beginning to have a meaning.

The Christmas season brought a two-weeks' vacation, and with it the almost sacred tradition of the College—a whole day in the country. They were to travel to Frascati in the Alban hills. A donkey ride up the hills made our author wish a dozen times that he had not left Humility Street that morning. However, the dinner which the thoughtful proprietor of the hotel had provided after the trip, proved ample compensation.

The visits of distinguished guests, especially of the Cardinals, to the College, occasioned great excitement, pleasure and lasting memories.

Much more could be told of this fascinating book, but only by reading it can you enjoy the humor, the artistry, the soulfulness it contains.

Nellie A. Burke,
Loretto (I.B.V.M.) Alumna,
Denver, Colorado.

TO THE END OF THE WORLD, by Helen White. Macmillan & Co.

The story is of the French Revolution; of a period which has occasioned a multiplicity of novels, essays and dramas.

Michel de la Tour d'Auvergne, hero of this novel, is a priest, a finely balanced amiable character who preserves his integrity throughout the terrific holocaust. M. Emery, Superior of St. Sulpice, is that type of teacher whose stability constantly influenced the younger man. Since saints grow through the Communion of Saints, there is also here Sister Claire, a gay product of St. Vincent's Order of Charity which fostered an amazing number of saintly women in a particularly evil age for the Church in France. She complains of a sinner who "will not even take her advice cheerfully."

The following remark of M. Emery reveals him—and the situation: "What I have been trying to do is keep the Church in France alive in however starved or hunted a fashion, living, functioning. Our enemies think they can destroy us; they think they are destroying us. They are mistaken. Only we can destroy ourselves. It is our fault if they succeed, and we shall answer to God for it."

Michel de la Tour, the second son of his father, a landowner, is destined for the Church from birth. He heartily embraces his religious vocation, exceeding his family's demands by preferring the life of a cloistered monk to being set on the road to becoming a Cardinal. He is attached to his sister Gabrielle, who committed the error of falling hopelessly in love with one below her in rank. The other members of the family are typical of the aristocrats on whom the peasants revenge themselves, thoughtless, light-hearted, frivolous. Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, a brother of Michel's mother, is sincere and wise but there are too few like him among the ruling class to stem the tide. The reflective balancing of the claims of the various ranks of society en-

grosses the young priest who welcomes a revolution that will terminate the hopeless misery of the poor. All is viewed by a man who wishes to do justice to all his fellowmen. By his faithfulness to the essentials of the priestly calling, he hopes to expiate the crimes of his class of society. He alienates all but a handful of friends—even his mother and uncle cannot understand how he could disagree with their reverence for the established government. He becomes a hunted outcast hiding in caves or city garrets, administering the sacraments secretly.

He meets again an old priest who, after the orders were disbanded, had solved his problem of livelihood by becoming a shepherd.

"Do not forget that there were the hermits before the monks, and before that the shepherds, keeping their flocks on the hills."

"But do they never bother you, the Jacobins and the Guards?" asked Michel.

The blue eyes looked puzzled. And Michel explained that in the Vendée the National Guard had been hunting down the priests. But the old monk only shook his head in pity. "I pray often for all those poor people. They must have become terribly confused about things."

"They were, I assure you," said Michel, dryly.

.....
"They are wonderful people, these mountaintop folk! The good God did not forget us, Michel, when He let us be driven from Cluny."

Here we have the clue to the blossoming forth of the nineteenth century in France which produced a Bernadette, the Curé of Ars, Ste. Thérèse de Lisieux. With these in mind, this book is refreshing and recreational and sublimely optimistic.

Florence Prud'homme.

MARIA CHAPDELAINÉ. By Louis Hémon.

This book describes the life of the French-Canadian pioneers. While it depicts beautiful scenes of Canada as it was at the time, it also sets forth the hardships of clearing land, and establishing a home in the wilderness.

The main character is Maria Chapdelaine, a lovable girl of about sixteen, modest, patient, and straightforward. She has a great affection for François Paradis, and her patient waiting for his return in the spring arouses the reader's sympathy. After months of hoping and planning, she hears from Eutrope Gagnon, who

has long admired her, that François is lost. François had tried to make his way through the almost inaccessible forests, in an effort to see Maria. Since no word had been received from him—and he knew the forest so well—all realized, at length, that he must be dead.

A year has passed, when Lorenzo, a young man from the States, proposes to Maria. He shows her the advantages if she will accept. They will live in comfort and enjoy city life. She will no longer have to endure the hardships of the bleak country. She claims time to think about it.

Eutrope now follows suit, offering Maria the type of life she has lately known. The girl is still undecided when her mother suddenly dies. The sad and realistic scene is portrayed in all the naturalness of human life.

Then comes the telling scene. Maria is keeping watch with her father in the parlour.

He tells her tales of her mother, then drops off to sleep. Maria's thoughts turn to the two proposals, the advantages and disadvantages offered. Voices seem to speak to her, reminding her of those brave pioneers who had stayed and fought perils and loneliness, as they looked to the future. She decides to remain in Canada, and the story ends with her promise to marry Eutrope.

This book appeals greatly through its simplicity, and its satisfying description of pioneer life. Much of the charm lies in its showing Canada as it was then, unblemished by factories, machines, and the noise and bustle of modern cities.

"Maria Chapdelaine" is a book well worth reading.

Mary Cancilla, Junior College,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

Book Reviews

ROAD'S END. By Mary Douglas. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. \$2.00.

"Road's End," by Mary Douglas is a book of unusual charm and is a distinct contribution to Canadian letters. Farm life in Ontario is described in a series of idyllic pictures as Monsignor Carling on his death-bed re-lives in memory the scenes of his childhood and youth. Occasionally the dying man's fancy makes kaleidoscopic changes in memory's picture, and again, the keen mind of the old priest brings fact and fancy to focus in a startling symbol of some eternal verity.

The humor, pathos and love that consecrate the simple things of home life give an atmosphere suggestive of the fragrance of an old-fashioned garden.

M.B.L.

AUX PETITS DU ROYAUME. Par Une Religieuse de l'Assomption de la S.V., Nicolet, P.Q.

We are happy to announce the completion of the beautifully arranged and most informing series "Aux Petits du Royaume" (Essai Pratique de Méthodologie Catéchistique).

Dévoilons—

(A) *Les Secrets Du Bon Dieu*
(Leçons sur le dogme Tomes I et II).

Découvrons—

(B) *Les Sources De La Vie*
(Leçons sur les sacrements Tomes III et IV).

Montrons—

(C) *La Route Dans La Lumière*
(Leçons sur la morale Tomes V et VI).

The work is one which cannot fail to afford enlightenment and inspiration to those interested in Christian education, and who possess a knowledge of French. We agree with the commentator who said of *Aux Petits Du Royaume*:

"Je voudrais que dans chaque foyer, chaque maman, chaque grande soeur, comme chaque personne chargée d'enseigner le catéchisme aux petits et aux grands enfants ait la grâce de posséder ces ouvrages. . . . Toutes les personnes responsables de bibliothèque paroissiales familiales devraient immédiatement lever la main, réclamer cette riche nourriture pour en multiplier la distribution autour d'elles."

To those desirous of learning at first hand the merits of this splendidly illuminating series we would suggest that they write, in English or French to—

L'Œuvre Catéchistique des S.S.
de l'Assomption de la S. V., Nicolet, P.Q.
for the first volume of *Aux Petits Du Royaume* (\$1.00), and for the first two or three of the six practical exercises entitled, "Mon Cahier D'Enfant Du Bon Dieu," (10c each).

We offer sincere congratulations to the Sisters of the Assumption, Nicolet, and to the author, on the completed series—an efficient agent in promoting the Kingdom of God on earth.

MAN OF MOLOKAI. By Ann Roos. Illustrated by Raymond Lufkin. \$2.50. Obtainable at Longmans Green Co., Toronto.

However well versed one may be in Damien lore, he will add appreciably to his store of information, and to his pleasure, by a perusal of *The Man of Molokai* by Ann Roos, a capable young author whose dramatic training has not gone amiss.

Damien's marvellous life is portrayed from his first appearance in "the wooden cradle when the dawn was glimmering through the frosted windows" in the Flemish kitchen, till, in far-off Molokai, "Father Damien's little room was dark and quiet. The shallow breathing ceased; and the worn body lay still." And what prodigies had been accomplished in that span!

The clergy, and the laity—men and women, boys and girls—will eagerly read the inviting pages, and enjoy the helpful illustrations in this 1943 biography of the saintly, heroic missionary, Joseph Damien de Venster, which contains also an appreciation of those who came after his long, weary years, to assist him in his sublime apostolate amongst the lepers whom "he had gathered out of the night into a household where there was food and fire for the human spirit."

K.M.B.

DO YOU BELONG TO THIS SCHOOL?

(Between ourselves)

Do you belong to this school? Of course, you come here practically every day, go to classes, do some homework. But, do you give anything to your school? And more important, do you receive anything from the school?

If you put an amount of money in a bank, after a while you get that money back, plus interest. You enjoy playing the games which you play well, and those in which you win occasionally. That is because you put all you have and can into the game. The same applies to your school,—Loretto.

Like putting the money in the bank, if you take an active interest in your studies you receive an education and a "mind of your

own." And the interest? Well, you learn other people's views on the subject, and meet heroes of the past. You belong to a club, and work hard for its success. In return you receive the thrill of satisfaction, and the experience of working with people; you make the acquaintance of fellow-classmates and have a good time.

If you support the different projects of your class, Freshman, Sophomore, Junior or Senior, you have a warming feeling of really being important—and you *are*!

Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, are you helping to put over the War Bond Drive? What about your part in bringing in Patrons for the Senior Play? Do assemblies mean anything to you? Do you uphold the standards of Loretto in the face of the public?

Do you really belong to this school?

Dolores Prosek, '43,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

SCHOOL BEGINS.

A couple of weeks ago the opening of school meant a change in the lives of most children from the age of five upwards. Little ones who had never known anything but play now looked eagerly to the opening day when they would start on this new adventure which they had always heard the older ones talk about. Many children were thrilled, while others who never knew what it was like to be alone among strangers cried when the time came for their mothers to leave them in the care of their teacher.

To several, in the senior grade, it meant giving up positions which they had held during the summer. Naturally many of the girls were reluctant to surrender these positions but, after careful consideration, the majority of them realized that an education would mean more to them in the end; they would be better equipped and later, when seeking positions, they would, as high school graduates, have the preference over others who had never obtained their diploma.

Yes, another busy school year is granted in which to acquire a lasting treasure—better than gold.

"The little more, and how much it means;
The little less, and what words away!"

Virginia Belleau, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Felicitations

To His Excellency Most Rev. John R. MacDonald, we offer our heartfelt congratulations on his installation as Bishop of Peterborough. A nephew of our late, beloved Archbishop McNeil, His Excellency is particularly welcome to Ontario.

On his new and arduous work as Bishop, may the choicest blessings descend in answer to the countless prayers now being offered in his behalf in more than one diocese.

* * *

To Rev. Father Henry Cormier, S.J., of the staff of the Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy; the appointed tri-weekly visitor to Catholic patients at Western Hospital; and Chaplain, Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, we offer sincere congratulations on the recent celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood.

After the Mass in Loretto-Brunswick chapel, during which all silently invoked special blessings on their devoted chaplain, an informal reception was held in which Silver Jubilee felicitations and the gratitude of the Community for Father Cormier's unceasing promotion of the spiritual welfare of all were expressed.

To the revered Jubilarian our best wishes are extended for continued happy years of splendid achievement, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, in the Society of Jesus.

* * *

REV. CANISIUS SEIFERLING, O.F.M.

In the impressive Ordination ceremony in Holy Rosary Cathedral, Regina, Sask., on Sunday, August 29, by Most Rev. P. J. Monahan, D.D., Bishop of Regina, assisted by Rev. Fr. Hyacinth Workman, O.F.M., Superior of Regina Cleri Seminary, and Rev. John de Capistran, O.F.M., also of Regina Cleri, Rev. Canisius Seiferling of the Franciscan Order, a former Sedley boy, was amongst the privileged number raised to the priesthood. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Seiferling of Sedley, he is the third in a family of sixteen to become a priest. His brother, Rev. Frederick Seiferling, is Pastor at Chamberlain, Sask., and Father John Seiferling, O.F.M., is professor of English at the Franciscan College, Three Rivers, Quebec.

Father Canisius Seiferling was educated at Loretto School, Sedley, and St. Anthony's College, North Edmonton. After entering the

Franciscan Order at Sherbrooke, Que., in 1935, he took his Philosophy in Quebec from 1936 to 1939, and his Theology, from 1929 to 1943, in Montreal.

Father Seiferling celebrated his first Solemn High Mass in the church of his boyhood. In the afternoon a reception was held in his honour. During the week, he said Mass in Loretto Convent chapel, Sedley, and imparted a first priestly blessing. A pleasant morning was spent in the breakfast room as the Community entertained their kind benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Seiferling, Father Camisius and the other members of the esteemed family who were able to be present on the happy occasion.

To Father Seiferling, to his parents, and each member of the family, especially his sisters, M. M. Herman, I.B.V.M., and M. M. Louisa, I.B.V.M., we extend congratulations and all good wishes.

* * *

A DOUBLE GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

September 12, 1943, Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, and of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, was a day of exceptional rejoicing and thanksgiving at Loretto Academy, Mt. St. Mary, Hamilton, the occasion being the Golden Jubilee celebration of two esteemed members of the Community, Mother M. Elizabeth, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. Mechtilde, I.B.V.M.

In addition to the earlier Mass, said by the Chaplain, the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated at 10 o'clock by His Excellency, Most Rev. Joseph F. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, for blessings on the Jubilarians. His words of congratulation and commendation added greatly to the joy of the honoured Religious.

Friends of the Jubilarians who called to offer felicitations, as also many at a distance who were unable to be present, contributed to the Jubilee festivities by their thoughtful and acceptable gifts which were on display in the Convent Community Room. Many happy recollections of the day remain.

On the following Tuesday, another thanksgiving Jubilee Mass was celebrated at the Convent by Rev. T. B. Traynor, Pastor of St. John the Baptist Church, Hamilton, and cousin of Mother Elizabeth. On a recent brief Jubilee sojourn at Loretto College School,

Toronto, Mother Elizabeth had the pleasure of some happy interviews with her sisters and brothers, one of the latter being Rev. Brother Matthew, of the Christian Brothers, Aurora.

To dear Mothers M. Mechtilde and Elizabeth we extend renewed felicitations and good wishes for the years that may still be granted them in their devoted service of the Heavenly King

* * *

Felicitations and best wishes are offered to Mother Mary Agnes, Superior, Sister-Adorers of the Precious Blood, Peterborough, on her recent Golden Jubilee celebration. This esteemed Jubilarian, a Loretto Abbey Alumna who has kept in touch with her *Alma Mater* through half a century, shares in the daily prayers offered in Loretto for "all the children who have been, or are now under our care," and, on this happy occasion, is the recipient of many additional spiritual remembrances and petitions to heaven for abundant blessings on all her well-filled days and years to come.

* * *

Heartfelt felicitations to the four dear Sisters of the Assumption, Nicolet, P.Q., who celebrated their Diamond Jubilee, August 15, and to the seven Golden Jubilarians, especially Soeur Saint-Caeur-de-Marie, former Superior at Ecole Normale.

* * *

To Mr. and Mrs. James Faragher, Toronto, we offer sincere congratulations on the recent celebration of their Silver Wedding. To the happy couple, and to their children, especially Misses Eileen and Mary, Loretto-Secretarial Alumnae, we extend every good wish, and assurance of a special remembrance in our prayers.

* * *

Our congratulations and best wishes are extended to Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Bennett on the celebration of their Silver Wedding anniversary on the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption. May many happy years, enriched with heaven's blessings lie ahead for Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, and for each member of the esteemed family.

* * *

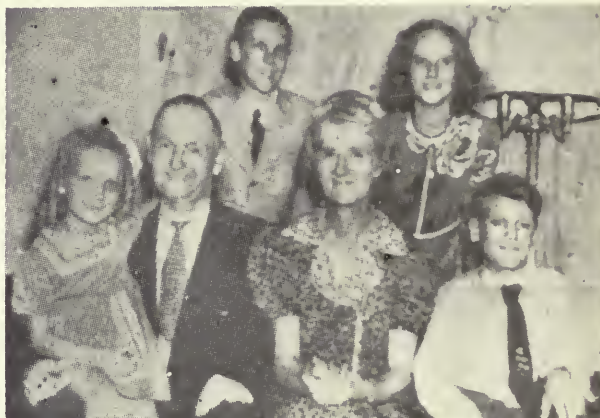
Congratulations to the Archdiocesan students who won distinctions at the graduation ceremony held on Catechetical Sunday, October 3, in St. Michael's Cathedral, when the diplomas and prizes for Toronto Diocesan Examinations in Christian Doctrine were awarded.

Our special word of commendation goes to the successful Grade XII students of Loretto Abbey; Loretto College School, Toronto, and

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, who received diplomas; also, to Miss Rose Picinlo, Loretto-Niagara Falls, on winning in the Catholic High School competition the second prize—Archbishop McGuigan prize—\$10 in cash; and to Miss Shirley Newcomb of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights; and Miss Ethel Farkhas, Loretto College School, on receiving Honourable Mention in the same H. S. contest.

In the Separate School awards, Grade VIII, congratulations to Anne Marie Sullivan, St. Helen's (Loretto), for Honourable Mention; in Grade VII to Raymond Ferri, St. Rita's (Loretto) winner of First Prize—Pope Pius XII prize—\$15 in cash; also to Miss Joanne O'Donnell, St. Patrick's (Loretto), Niagara Falls, for receiving Honourable Mention.

* * *



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin, of Baltimore, have adopted five children bequeathed to them by their dying mother. Seated with Mr. and Mrs. Martin are Barbara Elaine and Robert; standing are William and Marjorie; the fifth is in the Navy.

THE MARTIN'S TOME.

Of all bequeathed fortunes this is tops!
 Five immortals! He would have died for one!
 So transcending is the soul to the Son
 Of Man, the only One whose value props
 The Truth upon earth, for mortals weak
 As we, the only One who understands
 What immortality, and all its brands
 Connote in the hereafter that we seek.

Gold is much, but life is miracle, mark:—
 A Lincoln is a gift for purpose high,
 And long, upon a world that yet may sigh
 For higher reaches in the shadow dark
 Of the sure Hand that steers the exiles home—
 Tell me, what shall be written in *their* Tome!
 Lucile B.

In Memoriam

MOTHER M. ST. MATTHEW MULROY, I.B.V.M.

At St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, in the evening of August 25th, death came to a well-loved member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother M. St. Matthew Mulroy. In a short twelve years in religion she fulfilled a long time. Before her entrance into religious life, she had already followed the vocation of the daughter of the family who sacrifices all other plans to care for and remain with her mother in her last years. She was a successful teacher in the Toronto Separate Schools and after her entrance into religion taught in Toronto, in Stratford, and then in the last year in the Sacred Heart Separate School in Guelph. Her gentle, kind and reliable disposition, together with a quiet sense of humour, made her an ever welcome addition to the community work or recreation. She taught until within a few weeks of the end of the school year with perseverance and cheerfulness, ignoring the already undermined health. From the month of June it was known that she would not recover and before the opening of a new school year she had laid down the responsibilities of this life and gone home to the dear Lord for whose sake she had long spent all her efforts.

The Funeral Mass was sung at Loretto College School, Toronto, by Rev. H. Cormier, S.J. It was attended by friends and relatives, among them a number of the Sisters of St. Joseph, of whom Sister Electa, M.M., St. Matthew's only sister, is a member. Two cousins, Sister St. John of St. Joseph's, and M. M. Francis Clare of Loretto, were also present, all four being nieces of the late Dean O'Malley. Of M. M. St. Matthew's family there survive, besides Sister Electa, two brothers, Mr. P. J. Mulroy and Mr. Matthew Mulroy of Chicago. Among the priests attending the funeral were Rev. Dr. P. O'Brien and Rev. L. Ryan of Sacred Heart Church, Guelph, Rev. E. J. McDonald, C.S.P., Rev. G. Flahiff, C.S.B., and Rev. J. Wilson, C.S.B. Reverend W. A. Egan officiated at the grave. R.I.P.

—L. C. G.

MOTHER M. CELIMA, I.B.V.M.

The death of Mother M. Celima Brisson occurred on September 12, at Loretto Abbey, Toronto. The feast day of the Institute seemed a

fitting one for the close of this dear Sister's earthly life. Her wish to die on Mary's Feast was granted.

Mother Celima, the daughter of the late Edward Brisson and Celima Denomy, was born at Drysdale, Ont., and entered Loretto Abbey thirty-two years ago. In the houses where her appointments placed her she fulfilled to perfection whatever duties were assigned. She had frequent ill health and, in suffering, her courage was dauntless. The end came gradually, affording her every opportunity of receiving the consolations that Holy Church can bestow on a departing soul. She was again anointed and received Holy Viaticum in full consciousness a few hours before her death.

To Mrs. E. Brisson, her devoted stepmother, and to her bereaved brother and sister, Mr. Edward A. Brisson, of Chicago, and Mother M. Amelia, Loretto College School Toronto, heartfelt sympathy is extended. Rev. Maxime Brisson, of St. Peter's Seminary, London, and another brother, Thaddeus (Ted), predeceased her.

Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the Abbey Chapel on Sept. 14, celebrant, Rev. A. J. Denomy, C.S.B. (cousin); deacon, Rev. J. I. Ducharme (cousin); subdeacon, Rev. W. T. Flannery, St. Peter's Seminary, London. Clergy present were Rt. Rev. A. P. Mahoney, Rector of St. Peter's Seminary, London, Rev. H. Callaghan, Rev. Wm. Fraser, Rev. T. McLaughlin, C.S.B., Rev. W. E. Dillon, Rev. I. J. Poisson, Windsor, Rev. G. Flahiff, C.S.B., Rev. J. B. O'Donnell, C.S.B., Rev. D. L. Forestell, C.S.B. Burial took place at Mount Hope cemetery. R.I.P.

—M. T.

MOTHER M. CYRIL, I.B.V.M.

On September 14, Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Mother M. Cyril Coleman, I.B.V.M., passed away in St. Bernard's Hospital, Chicago, after a week of intense suffering from serious injuries sustained in a severe fall.

Mother Cyril, born in Davenport, Iowa, sixty-five years ago, devoted her energies for forty-eight years to a religious life in the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, teaching in various Loretto schools in Canada, in Joliet, Illinois, and, more recently, in Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, and Loretto High School,

Englewood, Chicago. From many of those taught by her have come, with their condolences, words of grateful praise, not only for her teaching, but for her cheerfulness, her gentleness, her spirit of prayer and religious fervor. An aspiration dear to her, and to which she attuned her life, was borrowed from the Little Flower, "Would that I could love Him as He has never yet been loved!"

The Funeral Mass in St. Bernard's Church on Friday, 17th, was celebrated by Rev. P. J. Riley, assisted by Rev. Robert Henley and Rev. James Toolan. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor John F. Ryan, Pastor of St. Bernard's, in a touching memorial, praised the type of Catholic Action exercised by religious teachers, as exemplified by good Mother Cyril.

Present in the sanctuary were Rt. Reverend Monsignor Thomas F. Friel, Pastor of St. Bride's Church; Rev. A. P. Schorsh, C.M., De Paul University, and Rev. Leo Coggin.

Interment took place in the Loretto Community plot, in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, Chicago.

—L. C. E.

COLONEL DOUGLAS R. STREET.

On August 7, the many friends and acquaintances of Colonel Douglas Street, of Ottawa, were grieved to learn of his death which followed a prolonged illness.

Numerous tributes have been paid to the late Colonel, whose ability and varied activities made him for many years an outstanding figure in the Capital City, in Canada and Overseas. During his strenuous life he held highly responsible positions. "He was former general manager of the Ottawa Light, Heat and Power Company Limited; former general manager and director of the Ottawa Electric Company, and of the Ottawa Gas Company. Of all these he had served as secretary-treasurer for some years. He was a director of Capital Trust Corporation, and Capital Life Assurance Company, Ottawa."

Col. Street won distinction also in the militia. "He was in command of the 'Guards' Regiment at the Quebec Tercentenary in 1908; and in 1909, at Lake Champlain Tercentenary celebration at Plattsburg, N.Y., and at Burlington, Vt. He mobilized the 77th (Ottawa) Battalion C.E.F. in April, 1915, taking it overseas in June, 1916. He was appointed to the command of the 8th Infantry Brigade, M.D. No. 3, in Canadian Rifle team at Bisley in 1925."

The Funeral High Mass of Requiem was sung in St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa.

In the military honours paid at his funeral to this distinguished Christian gentleman and soldier, veterans of the last World War took a prominent part, as did also the representatives of the many organizations which he had at various times directed.

To Mrs. Street on the death of her husband, to their bereaved son, Mr. Harold Street, and



Colonel Douglas R. Street.

daughter, Mrs. H. Steacy, heartfelt sympathy is extended; also to Colonel Street's devoted brothers and sisters, especially M. M. Rose Frances, I.B.V.M., M. M. Loyola, I.B.V.M., M. Marie Thérèse, I.B.V.M., Mrs. May and Mrs. Hoban (Loretto Abbey Alumnae).

POOR LITTLE BOY.

There he was all alone on a street corner crying;
Evening papers he was selling—but no one was buying.

He thought of his mother, at home, sick in bed,
And his father dear—his name had been Ted.

Poor little boy!

It was cold; he was hungry; it was nine o'clock;
He was coatless; getting weaker, and could hardly talk.

Tears were stinging; ears burning; now he couldn't see!

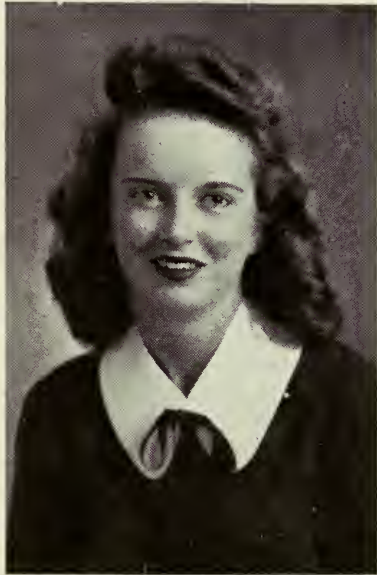
Papers scattered; people gathered; now, was he—
God's rich little boy!

Gloria LeLievre, XII.,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Loretto Secretarial College

387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO

1943 Scholarships



Miss Joan Conway.

INTER-LORETTO SCHOLARSHIP.

Miss Joan Conway, of Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, is the winner of the Inter-Loretto Scholarship, having had the highest standing of those who applied from Loretto Schools. Miss Conway had eight First Class Honours and one Third on her nine Upper School Departmental examinations. Her scholarship entitles her to free tuition throughout her 10-month Course at Loretto Secretarial College.

MOTHER EVANGELISTA SCHOLARSHIP.

Miss Bernice Ryan, of Englehart, Ontario, is the winner of the Mother Evangelista O'Sullivan Scholarship, donated by the Alumnae of Loretto Secretarial College. Miss Ryan was awarded the Scholarship for the highest standing in Upper School subjects in any collegiate or high school outside the City of Toronto. Miss Ryan is now a resident student at Loretto Secretarial College, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto.



Miss Bernice Ryan.

FROM ROMANTICISM TO CLASSICISM IN EUROPEAN SCULPTURE FROM (1850 - 1920)

The fruits of the victory over tradition won by Rude, David, d'Angers, and Barge were enjoyed by the sculptors of the Second Empire, 1852, and of subsequent time. Art was no longer a question of different schools, but each master was free to express himself according to his own personality and wishes, and to choose the style that best pleased him. Therefore they sought inspiration in the early Renaissance, the Rococo, the Baroque, and the Gothic, as well as in antique art.

Jean Baptiste Carpeaux of Valenciennes (1827-1875) is the most typical representative of the spirit of the Second Empire. In 1846 he studied for eight months with the progressive artist Rude, but soon abandoned him to study under an academician, and in 1854 he won the *Prix de Rome* with a typical neo-classical group.

Once in Rome, he drew his stimulus from the observation of free and unrestrained Italian life, and the works of Michelangelo. Most of his time was devoted to cultivating successfully aristocratic and imperial patronage which gave birth to such characteristic, representative, and decorative pieces as *Flora* for the Pavilion of Flora.

Herein he incorporates the license and feverish thirst for pleasure of the Second Empire. He depicts buxom, and frankly carnal feminine forms—which suggests Rubens and the Baroque. He stresses the physical in his effort to make the skin warm, soft and sensitive. It has a true elegance and a decidedly aristocratic spirit. The faces are animated with expression, and he achieves the vivid effect of momentary activity. In this spontaneity he stands on the threshold of introducing pictorial Impressionism into sculpture.

By this is meant that he models his groups with a plastic treatment rather than a sculptural, depending upon the quick moving, pleasing play of broken lights and shades to achieve his effect. This method requires that the modelled surfaces should be broken up into bosses and cavities, just as in impressionistic painting, line is broken up into tones of colour and light to achieve atmosphere and form. This brings us to the fundamental difference in the Classicists' and Romanticists' approach to sculpture. Millet's *Vine Cutter* illustrates this difference between the Romanticist's and Classicist's approach.

The figure of the *Vine Cutter* is a solid, heavy form decidedly resting in and occupying space, and not conceived as a pattern of lights

and darks, but as something whole and entire, modelled out of space by shadows, whereas the background is treated with a sketchy play of lights and tones, giving the momentary impression, as it were, of trees and forest. The figure is composed of clear cut definite parts, giving it monumentality, and repose, and permanency. The landscape is a vague semblance of detail without form, giving a fleeting and picturesque effect.

In his later manner he stresses the sensual as found in the Rococo, in the manner of Clodion with his fresh naturalism and opened-mouthed joyousness. Carpeaux's modelling, like the impressionistic painters, is not just objective naturalism, it is picturesque naturalism.

* * *

Auguste Rodin (1840-1917) was Carpeaux's successor in the next generation, and more than that, he became the leader of the most recent movements in France and European sculpture in general. He began his artistic education in a small drawing school in Paris at the age of fourteen. He listened to Barye's zoological lectures and received an introduction to the impressionistic technique. During a journey to Italy he came in contact with the works of Michelangelo, whence came the strongest artistic influence of his life.

The Man With the Broken Nose, one of his first attempts, was rejected by the Salon in 1864. It bears great similarity to the Greek portrait bust of Socrates. Rodin has treated his subject with objective realism and at the same time retains a certain classic calm. In hair, beard, and brow are seen those flickerings of light.

He developed further Carpeaux's interest in the various movements of the body and the attainment of pictorial effects of light and shade. Doumier's deformed and distorted figures also influenced him.

His early works carry audacious naturalism further than any previous artist. They show startling originality of conception, technical skill and a power of personality.

In the *Saint John the Baptist* (1878) of the Luxembourg, and the *Six Burghers of Calais* (1886), he attempts the asceticism of Donatello, combined with the stark realism of Gothic art.

In the former, St. John is represented as striding among his followers, preaching his gospel. In the latter, the *Six Burghers'* realism was emphasized by combining them in a casual composition, which is that of walking forth to their death, and placing the figures not on a

high pedestal, but on a low one so that they seem to be mingling with their fellow citizens. It is the inner vehicle for seven souls facing the thoughts of death.

The surfaces are broken up into many small planes to increase the effects of chiaroscuro, and in the Calais group Rodin has begun to define only the parts of the figures which seem significant to him, as Millet does in delineating his peasant folk.

This brings us to his second manner. In his second manner, he further developed this simplification of form by deliberately avoiding the modelling of non-significant parts, so that he began to allow large portions of the body to remain concealed in the block of stone, and even to be left in the rough certain sections that emerged. This effect shows the direct influence of Michelangelo, and illustrates Rodin's mysticism, his ever persistent striving to express the spiritual in terms of the physical.

Michelangelo's neo-platonism bears comparison here. Platonism is the philosophical theory of Plato as founded on the principle of the "World of Ideas." Plato states that the "real" world is the world of ideas or concepts, and that all things in their "essence" exist here for eternity; therefore this world in which we are living is not a world but a state, and all objects in it merely shadows, substanceless forms which awaken in the mind (which is the key to the previous "World of Ideas"), memories of the essence as known by the mind in the "World of Ideas." Thus knowledge is derived subjectively. In other words, Platonism is idealism; the world is illusion, a mystical state. A true idealist has no objective criteria; an artist in this predicament finds himself faced with the paradox of re-creating what he sees (for his ideas come from what his senses bring him) yet not believing in it, and at the same time trying to transform to matter through memory essences never known. Thus Michelangelo's works breathe agonies of despair, the reluctance of the soul to be born, and so, many masterpieces were left unfinished. Rodin's mysticism, although not neo-platonic, is the result of this craving to transform ideas into concrete forms, which his mind (which was always in a state of flux) was incapable of conceiving as a whole. Rodin saw but fleeting, snatching moments of his ideas. The fact that he could not control his imagination caused him agonies akin to the despondency of Michelangelo. Just as the figure of the *Slave* grows out of the stone, which may be said to represent the mind, so do the *Magdelene and Christ* (1894). But do this *Magdelene*, and *Christ*,

actually represent anything except great longing? It has been suggested, also, that Rodin used this device of the emergence from the block to hide those ugly views of his contortions which in painting might disappear behind a frame.

This permitted him to represent all kinds of instantaneous movement, otherwise confined to painting only. Here again the intrusion of sculpture further into the realm of painting is realized.

By placing *Eve* (1881) (at Art Gallery) and Michelangelo's *Slave* side by side, one realizes how much Rodin actually assimilated from Michelangelo. There is the same bend in the knee, the same bowed head, the same raised arms, and the same feeling of bondage. This is one of Rodin's finest works.

His figures have a high personal sense of beauty and he often uses them as symbols for ideas, such as the *Flight of Love* (1887). This theme illustrates his marvellous organic and spatial sense. One figure grows from the other like the branch of a tree. It has a feeling of Gothic movement, a reaching out to heights, and yet, remarkably enough, his figures maintain their solidity. He often employed acrobats to pose for his various contortions.

To this period also belongs the never completed doors known as the "*Gates of Hell*." The conception of the *Gates of Hell* (1880), he derived from the *Divine Comedy*, and it may be compared with Michelangelo's *Judgment Day* in the Sistine Chapel.

Here we realize how far short of the genius of Michelangelo, Rodin falls. The scene depicted, the door, is but a conglomeration of groups of figures conceived as separate units, individually modelled, and stuck on at intervals. It lacks all coherence whatsoever. Again Rodin could not conceive his idea as a whole. He could produce forms in movement, but just exactly what they represented he was unable clearly to see. Thus he gave his creations whatever names they suggested to him upon completion, frequently changed them, and put them to different use later on. He made separate studies from the figures on the door, among them the *Flight of Love*. Here he used almost a mechanical means to achieve his effects, for the *Flight of Love* is but the *Prodigal Son* (another figure from the door).

Also from among this group is *The Thinker*, derived from the large figure in the centre of the door. Its source, without a doubt, in stature, posture and mood, is Michelangelo's *Lorenzo of the Medici Tomb*. He is represented as a primitive Savage, gazing upon the riddle

of the universe. He may even symbolize Rodin himself gazing upon his own muddled universe, the ideas which he could not wholly liberate. It is one of his most profound works.

The *Balzac Monument*, which caused him no end of trouble and a great deal of notoriety, shows his almost complete abandonment of exterior form to express his ideas. He has shorn himself altogether of exterior detail, and represents in a huge bulk of rock the powerful mind of the man and his universal domination, rather than the exterior, physical likeness of both body and countenance, which the people of Paris were expecting. Rodin's expressionism has almost run away with him in his desire, as usual, to express by some tangible means the spiritual, in terms of the physical. He is but the modern psychoanalyst.

In the piece called *Thought*, the same idea is prevalent. The head only is seen emerging from the block of marble, it is the mind that matters, not the body. However, there is a slight difference, this is symbolical rather than expressionistic. This head may also be used as illustrative of his portraits, in which he combines his usual technique with a supreme ability in the characterization of his subjects, and can stress their noblest points.

His later works have a fleeting, transitory quality. Rodin found it more and more difficult to express his thoughts in concrete form. They were too vague for him to grasp, as his mind was always in a state of flux. His themes grew farther and farther away from comprehension, and thus less understood and no longer appreciated, becoming lost in the realm of imagination. He represents the embodiment of the disillusionment of the late 19th century and early twenties, and the awakening change of the modern interest in the mind of man, rather than in the world about man. He established France as the artist centre of the world, and broke most definitely the bonds of neo-classicism.

* * *

Meunier of Brussels (1831-1905) has continued in the naturalistic tradition of Rodin. He belongs to the Belgian School which came to the fore in the last quarter of the 19th century, due partly to persistent contact with France. It revived that strain of old mediaeval Flemish naturalism which had been suppressed during the neo-classical period. The favourite themes of the naturalistic group in Belgium are drawn from the life of the lower class, which they no doubt have derived from contact with Millet, the painter, who in turn was influenced by Michelangelo.

It is due to Meunier's genius that the cult of labour as a sculptural theme was popularized throughout the world. His favourite themes of labourers were peddlers and miners, (e. g. *The Miners*). He stresses the sorrow and burden of the workman's lot, as well as his victory over his lot.

The type of head that recurs again and again in Meunier's productions suggests a low type of mentality, with eyes set far back and the pronounced nose continuing the line of the receding forehead. The cheek bones are strongly marked. He sees the esthetic value in the lank body of the labourer molded, muscularized, made lithe, and hardened, by toil. He does not exaggerate sinewy build or gauntness, but shows a thorough knowledge of his subject's anatomy. His labourers take on the classic stillness and universal significance of *Millet's Vine Cutter*. (I do not mean to say that Millet is a classicist). They are elevated to the sphere of the heroic.

Meunier models like Rodin, in the impressionistic manner, outlining only the significant parts, and relying for characterization on general pose and gestures.

He reduces the costumes of his labourers to the lowest terms, so that he may treat them as nudes.

His principal medium is bronze in which he has preserved the sketchiness of his impressionistic painting, as can be seen particularly in the handling of the landscape (in the "relief" shown). It is almost like a pastel. He succeeds in preserving a feeling of monumentality.

* * *

Maillol (b. 1861) stands at the head of a reaction against the impressionism and naturalism of Rodin. He began as a painter, and eventually fell under the influence of a similar reaction in the painting of Gauguin. This reaction may be said to have been begun by Cezanne who was the first to try to restore the inner architecture of painting.

In the deeply religious art of the Middle Ages, in the art of the Orient, and in the art of primitive people, artists found a new solidity and order which they felt they needed. It broke through the hard shell of materialism and pessimism, which had overlain western thought in the late 19th century.

Maillol's first sculptor appears about 1896. He returns to the primitive. His aim is to produce in a figure the solid effect of architecture, not to give the figure lines that will harmonize with any use as decoration for a building, but

to make the figure itself look like a piece of architecture.

He bases his figures upon a much less elaborate scheme than Rodin's. He does so by combining heavy repose with strength and massiveness, and a more sculptural treatment. The direct opposite to Carpeaux's plastic treatment mentioned before—the essence of his art is a formal order in which his figures are harmonies of full volumes. His models produce great simple planes and outlines whose smooth surfaces are bathed in full light. Compare the uncertainty and the flickering of Rodin.

He has led a recent return to Archaic Greek art and so back to classicism e.g. *Monument of Cézanne*. Often he uses the primitive material of wood.

Maillol's opposition to the pictorial subtleties of Rodin may be said to constitute the usual conservative tendency which is discerned in all periods of French art. Both masters carry their interpretation of nature so far that it is only a step to the vagaries of Post-Impressionism, and related movements.

Maillol created a calm, plastic style, devoid of introspection, that forms an oasis of peace in the modern world. He considers sculpture as solid, weighty and timeless. (Richardson).

* * *

Bourdelle, Rodin's pupil, has also passed into more archaistic style than Maillol advocated, as seen in his *Hercules Drawing the Bow*. Still prevalent is the Rodin interest in momentary movement, however, it is athletic, and form rather than emotional. He achieves a decorative completeness lacking in Rodin.

* * *

Ivan Mestrovic (1883) in Jugoslavia was particularly interested in Rodin's addiction to unusual postures which he had derived from Michelangelo, as seen in the *Day of the Medici Tomb*.

He began much in the same manner as Rodin, doing such symbolical themes as the *Feet of God*. But he turned from Rodin to the greater simplicity of Bourdelle and to Archaic.

He differs from Maillol in bestowing architectural lines upon the body, and he borrows certain Archaic Greek conventions in such detail as hair and drapery. His portraits are backed in the same rude formal designs as his ideal figures, e.g., *The Head of Moses* in Art Gallery, Toronto.

He did numerous religious works which are but modernizations of Byzantine and Romanesque prototypes, in the same peculiar way as his secular figures.

St. Roch, with elongated body and flat

linear folds of drapery, may claim as its derivation the *Romanesque Soulliac* from Notre Dame Cathedral.

His *Pieta*, a delicate low relief of intricate linear pattern, shrouded with eastern asceticism, may have had its inspiration from the *Byzantine Entombment*. In every case he succeeds in combining the decorative and the emotional with great results.

Assyrian art became another source of inspiration as is seen by comparing his *Canadian War Memorial* at Ottawa with the *Hall of Xerxes* at Persepolis. Both are in the repetitive manner in order to emphasize that there is strength in unity and number. In the despotic military rule of the Assyrians, Mestrovic finds solidity, law, and order, which is representative not only of his own individual longing for order, but as the interpreter of his age of the passion for order of the entire universe, which has expressed itself in extreme form in Naziism and Fascism. However Mestrovic does not advocate these extremes, but a return to the order of a true humanism.

Thus the swing has been from romanticism to classicism, from objective realism to the purified basic forms of the primitive.

Margaret McDonough, 4T3,
Loretto College, Toronto.

OUR LADY, STAR OF THE SEA.

Everything was still, as the destroyer, Margaret, sailed into the night, through the perilous waters which reflected the sparkling star-studded sky above.

On the deck of the ship stood the look-out, peering watchfully into the darkness. His mind was tired, for he had not had any sleep that day. In spite of a gnawing need to relax, as nothing had been sighted in three days, he made a greater effort to see what lay in the dark abyss before him. Silently he begged Our Lady to give him the strength to see the dangers lying ahead. It was quiet and still. How could there be anything out there? Yet, what was that? Could it be? Yes, it was a ship lying in wait. Instantly he signaled to the officer on the bridge, and soon a cry went up, "All hands to battle stations!" Men came pouring out on deck, and in no time at all each was ready and waiting at his station. The captain was on the bridge giving various orders when suddenly a brilliant flash cut the darkness—the battle was on! Nothing could be heard now but the blasts of guns, as they spat their balls of fury into the darkness.

But in heaven something far different was heard. From the bridge a captain's prayer rose into the blue, "O Mary, Star of the Sea, protect these gallant men who are so brave and yet so young!" An old salt from the boiler-room silently prayed, "Lady, Star of the Sea, you have been my guiding star throughout all my years, please guide me with my comrades safely home again." Likewise in a gun position a young sailor, on this his first voyage, prayed to Our Lady of the Sea to safeguard him that he might return to his bride-wife.

A day later the Margaret arrived safely at a small fishing-port, and in the morning, in the village church, fervent thanksgivings were going up to heaven to Our Lady, Star of the Sea.

Colette Mulholland, XI,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

UPPER SCHOOL RESULTS.

Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School.

Calderone, Antoinette, Eng. Lit. C; Mod. Hist. 1; Zoology C; Chem. C; Fr. Comp. 3. Conway, Joan E., Eng. Comp. 1; Eng. Lit. 1; Mod. Hist. 1; Geom. 3; Trig. 1; Lat. A. 1; Lat. Comp. 1; Fr. A. 1; Fr. Comp. 1; Cordovado, Velma, Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. 3; Mod. Hist. C; Geom. 3; Trig. 1; Lat. A. 3; Lat. Comp. 1; Fr. A. 1; Fr. Comp. 1.

DeGroat, Maxine, Eng. Comp. 2. Dennis Rose T., Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. C; Mod. Hist. C; Geom. 3; Trig. C; Lat. A. C; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. A. 3; Fr. Comp. 2. Doyle, Audrey, Eng. Comp. 1; Eng. Lit. 1; Mod. Hist. 1; Latin A. 1; Lat. Comp. 1; Fr. A. 3; Fr. Comp. 2.

Fleury, Lillian, Eng. Comp. 1; Eng. Lit. C; Geom. C; Trig. C; Latin A. 3; Latin Comp. 2; Fr. A. 2; Fr. Comp. 2.

Gauthier, Estelle, Eng. Comp. 2; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. 3; Botany C; Zoology C; Chem. 3; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 3. Goldthorp, Eleanor, Eng. Comp. 2; Eng. Lit. C; Mod. Hist. 3; Zoology C; Fr. Comp. C.

Hogan, Mary Ellen, Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. 1; Lat. A. 2; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 2; Ger. A. 2; Ger. Comp. C. Huggins, Joan, Eng. Comp. 2; Eng. Lit. 2; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 3; Span. A. 3; Span. Comp. 2.

Invidiata, Josephine, Eng. Comp. 1; Eng. Lit. 1; Mod. Hist. 2; Geom. C; Lat. A. 1; Lat. Comp. 3; Fr. A. 2; Fr. Comp. 3; Italian A. 1; Italian Comp. 2.

Karl, Mary Louise Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. 1; Geom. C; Trig. 1; Lat. A. 1; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. A. 2; Fr. Comp. C. Keating,

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Marcia J., Eng. Comp. 2; Eng. Lit. 3; Mod. Hist. 3; Geom. C; Trig. C; Lat. A. 1; Lat. Comp. 2; Span. A. 1; Span. Comp. 2. Kirby, Marie, Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. C; Alg. 2; Geom. C; Trig. C; Physics C; Chem. 3; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. C.

Longo, Rena, Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. 3; Lat. A. 3; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 3; Italian A. 2; Italian Comp. 2.

MacDonald, Frances M., Eng. Comp. 2; Eng. Lit. 1; Mod. Hist. 1; Alg. 1; Geom. 1; Lat. A. 2; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. A. 1; Fr. Comp. 2. McGuigan, Pauline, Eng. Lit. C; Mod. Hist. C; Lat. A. C; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 3; Span. A. C; Span. Comp. 3. McKenzie, Yvette, Fr. A. 3; Fr. Comp. 1. McLaughlin, Irene, Eng. Lit. C. Macklin, Marion F., Eng. Comp. C; Geom. C; Trig. C. Malcolm, Helen, Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. 2; Alg. 2; Geom. C; Trig. 2; Physics 2; Chem. 2; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 3. Maloney, Edna L., Eng. Comp. 3; Fr. A. C; Span. A. C; Span. Comp. 3. Moir, Shirley, Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. C; Chem. C; Fr. Comp. C.

Noble, Lois, Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. 3; Mod. Hist. 1; Lat. A. 2; Lat. Comp. C; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 2; Span. A. 3; Span. Comp. 2.

Ormesher, Rita, Eng. Lit. C; Zoology C; German A. C.

Pezzaek, Shirley, Eng. Comp. 1; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. 1; Lat. A. 1; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. A. 1; Fr. Comp. 1. Plaxton, Gabrielle, Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. 3; Trig. C; Chem. 3.

Ruscica, Mary, Eng. Lit. 2.

Sheppard, Aileen, Bot. C; Zoology C. Shinnick, Eleanor, Eng. Comp. 2. Smith, Clare, Eng. Comp. 1; Eng. Lit. 2; Mod. Hist. 1; Trig. C; Lat. A. 2; Lat. Comp. 2; Fr. A. 3; Fr. Comp. 1. Spearin, Monica, Eng. Comp. 3; Eng. Lit. 2; Alg. 2; Trig. C; Physics 3; Chem. C. Sullivan, Frances, Eng. Comp. 1; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. C.

Tully, Mary Jane, Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. C; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. C.

Valenti, Mary, Eng. Comp. C; Eng. Lit. C; Mod. Hist. 3; Trig. C; Bot. C; Zoology 2; Chem. 2; Fr. A. C; Fr. Comp. 1.

The following Upper School Students are in the Ontario Farm Service. Their standing will be published when their certificates are forwarded by the Department of Education on completion of their term of service: Adams, Irene; Foster, Eleanor; Gamble, Eileen; Glatt, Joan; Grady, Marion; Harding, Mary; Jones, Helen; Jordan, Gloria; Love, Margaret; McDermid, Beryl; McLaughlin, Clare; O'Keefe, Margaret; Quail, Genevieve.

LORETTO ABBEY ARMOUR HEIGHTS

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Examination Results, 1943.

PIANO.

Grade X—First Class Honours, Shirley Pezzack.

Grade IX—Honours, Victoria Douglas.

Grade VIII—First Class Honours, Joanne Healy; Honours, Dolores Duffort, Joanne McWilliam; Pass, Alice Buscher, Marion Kelly, Teresa Lamberti.

Grade VI—First Class Honours, Pauline McDonough, Helen LaBine.

Grade V—First Class Honours, Monica Wilson; Honours, Jane Timmins, Patricia McDonough; Pass, Frances LaBine.

Grade IV—First Class Honours, Jane Timmins; Honours, Dorothy Anderson; Pass, Douglas Dwyer, Anitra MacInnes.

Grade III—First Class Honours, Jacqueline DeLesseps; Honours, Gloria Pegg, Florence Halbus.

Grade II—Honours, Barbara Knips, Sally Lancaster, Sally Stephens, Jacqueline De Lesseps.

Grade I—Honours, Barbara Knips, Rita McDowell.

SINGING.

Grade X—Honours, Teresa Lamberti.

Grade VIII—Pass, Mary Klimack.

Grade IV—Honours, Josephite McSloy, Dolores Duffort.

Grade II—Honours, Marion Kelly, Margot Morley.

Grade I—First Class Honours, Mary Kaufman; Honours, Barbara Mitchell, Sally Lancaster.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.

Grade III—Honours, Anita Goggio; Pass, Doreen Williams, Mary Klimack.

HARMONY.

Grade III—Honours, Dorothy Sloane, Joanne McWilliams, Doreen Williams, Delia Olsen, Noreen Prestley, Bernice Dwyer; Pass, Mary Klimack, Marion Kelly.

THEORY.

Grade II—First Class Honours, Joanne Healy, Alice Buscher, Dolores Duffort.

In the 1943 Peel Festival, Miss Delia C. Olsen who received a silver medal for Reading at Sight (under 17 years), had the distinction of receiving also a Bronze Medal for Ear Training (under 17 years) with highest mark (98) given in any department at the Festival.

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PIANO.

Grade IX—Pass, Mary Ellen Meade.

Grade VIII—First Class Honours, Mary Lou McGregor.

Grade V—Honours, Colombe Cousineau.

Grade IV—First Class Honours, Leonard Walker.

Grade II—Honours, Caroline Dilworth, Russel Jeffreys.

HISTORY.

Grade V—Honours, Ethel Farkas.

Grade III—Honours, Eileen Gamble.

THEORY.

Grade II—First Class Honours, Ethel Farkas, Monica Paul; Pass, Mary Lou McGregor, Mary Frances Barry.

* * *

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
EXAMINATIONS
1943 Honours.

PIANO.

Grade VII—First Class Honours, Beverly Ann Booth, Marjorie White.

Grade VI—First Class Honours, Joan Walker, Ann Biller.

Grade V—First Class Honours—Eva Leifl.

Grade IV—First Class Honours, Marilyn Peckham; Honours, Shirley Ballard.

Grade III—First Class Honours, Barbara Bain, Adele Dodge, Rosemary Aversa; Honours, (equal) Ella May Brown, Teresa Willick, Rita Glynn.

Grade II—First Class Honours, Dexter Potter, Eilen Walker, Margaret Smeaton.

Grade I—First Class Honours (equal) Eleanor Strang, Mary Ann Egan.

Grade I (Theory)—First Class Honours, Beverly Ann Booth.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The turkey is ready; the pies on their way;
And we're looking out for a jolly old day.

Ma's in the kitchen; Pa's in the barn
Getting things done on the good, old farm.

The neighbours are coming to our place today;
And everyone's singing the gay time away.

Kathleen Hunter, Grade VIII.,
St. Joseph's School (Loretto), Hamilton.

WALKING WITH MARY.

As we journey along down the pathway of
life,

Comes one trial after another;
We longingly search for someone to guide us,
And then we think of Christ's Mother.

While still we keep doubting and longing and
thinking,

We see our Mother at prayer,
As the Angel Gabriel found her one day,
The Virgin so holy and fair.

In spirit we journey to Bethlehem,
Where the Infant Jesus was born,
"O Mary, we wish to share in the joy
Of that memorable Christmas morn!"

Next we think of the sorrows beneath the
cross,

That pierced that heroic heart,
And feel what a blessed thing it would be,
To have in her grief a part.

We sympathize with our Mother Blest,
Loved Mary so generous and sweet,
As we come with our joys and our sorrows, too,
To place them all at her feet.

Then we ask her to win us the love of our Lord,
To keep us from sin apart,
To inflame the hearts of all humankind,
With the love that inflamed her heart.

Lo, sudden, our path seems to brighten,
As we journey on with a smile,
For with our good Mother to guide us,
We know that all trials are worth while.

No matter how winding or hard be our path,
Let us never choose any other,
For beside us, down this pathway of life,
Walks our Blessed Immaculate Mother.

Margaret Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THANKSGIVING PRAYER.

Dear Lord, accept our thanks this day
For all Thy blessings sent our way;
For favors big, and favors small—
Thy loving Heart has given us all.

And, with our thanks, we make a plea
For peace and loving harmony:
Let friendship reign on earth again—
Oh, hear our prayer, dear Lord! Amen.

Rita Clarke, '43,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

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HER SECRET ADVENTURE.

As the bright rays of the morning sun cast their glow on the nursery window, they awakened little Elaine. She rubbed her eyes, looked about her, bewildered, then ran to the window. The world outside looked so beautiful and inviting. One had only to drink in the beauty of the scene to understand why the little girl clapped her hands in childish glee. The window framed a view of sun and sky, and the gentle breeze caressed the fragrant lilacs; they seemed to float like white and purple clouds against a background of blue.

Now that the day had arrived, she wondered if she dared. Yes, to-day was going to be an eventful one, for she was about to venture forth alone to see the world. Nurse, after performing her usual morning duties, was called to Mother's room. Now was the golden opportunity!

Elaine tiptoed down the stairs, passed through the open door, and two bright eyes of blue gazed rapturously on a world viewed mostly through panes of glass. Things seemed so different under this blaze of light. Her mood was one of joyous anticipation, for having gained the first step of her great adventure, she was entering a golden world of enchantment, where she stood alone, watching the morning activity with shining eyes.

The patter of her small feet was in rhythm with the fluttering of her heart, as she watched with excitement, mingled with fear, the huge moving bodies that were making such a frightful noise. She remembered now. They called these "cars." Father had taken her for a ride in one of them. They were really not frightening at all.

Up one street, down another she toddled, falling and rising again. It seemed to Elaine that she had seen the whole world, while in reality she was only a few blocks from home. Her little white dress was so wrinkled and soiled that it didn't look hers any more. What would Mother say? Suddenly she wanted so very much to see Mother. Tears glistened in her eyes, and trickled down her cheeks, as she began her homeward journey. This world was not such a wonderful place after all.

With weary tottering steps, she reached the nursery, and observed with a great sigh of relief that Nurse hadn't missed her. Adults were such queer, inquisitive people, and could be most annoying at times. Nurse might even require an explanation of her absence, and

that must remain a secret locked securely in her own little heart.

How peaceful it was here! With an angelic countenance, she greeted Mother as she came in for her morning visit. One small hand crept up to caress Mother's cheek, while Mother, murmuring words of endearment, stroked the lovely golden head as it rested so blissfully in the haven of her arms. "Why, Baby," Mother said in her gentle voice, "How could your dress become so soiled when you have been in the nursery all morning?" Elaine chuckled softly to herself, for she possessed a precious secret that just now she couldn't even tell darling Mother. Some day she would tell her all about it. Now, all she wanted was the security of Mother's arms as they enfolded her. This was her world. Never again would she leave it.

Margaret Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

YOUR DAY.

Mary, dear Mother, so sweet and mild,
Always ready to hear a child,
We honour you in a special way,
On this feast all yours—this Mary's Day!

But all the year through our prayers ascend,
Greeting you with the hours we spend
Spreading devotion to your loved name—
None can be found of such sweetness and
fame!

Barbara Price, IX,
Loretto High School, Toronto.

LORETTO'S HALLS.

Life is what we make it, a certain saying goes—
And by each thought and action our future we
compose!

Our deeds and our ambition are as poems given
life

That beautify the character, and bless in the coming
strife!

The joys of dear "Loretto" will be cherished
through the haze

Of misty years that gather as we look back on
these days.

And saintly nuns, our teachers, kind, efficient, true—
May we never fail their confidence, or the colors,
white and blue.

And when life's curtain lowers, and our heavenly
Father calls,

May the prayers of Loretto's children echo through
these holy halls!

Jean McCue,
Woodlawn-Chicago.

UNITED WE WIN.

Winning essay in contest sponsored by The Ladies Auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Americans must unite for victory! The man behind the gun, the soldier, sailor, marine, the people of America, although separated in distant lands, are all united in heart and spirit, each with the hope of keeping Old Glory waving high, and showing Uncle Sam what he can do. Each individual knows that he has not just another task to do, but a job to accomplish, and that he is out to win. But the question, "How can I do my share in this great struggle?" enters the mind.

An individual can get so discouraged with the conditions of the world that he may be tempted to give up—not thinking his work of importance. We don't admire people like this; we call them quitters, but in a sense they are correct. The work of one individual sometimes doesn't carry much force, but joined with that of millions of others can accomplish a vast amount of good. When a person feels that he is not fighting or working alone, but is a member of a great team which has an important game to win, he will take a different attitude towards his work—for in unity there is strength. And the next time he sees a patriotic poster of Uncle Sam, he will realize, what he should have known long before, that Uncle Sam is really pointing at *him*. He counts! Uncle Sam asks everyone, from the small child to the old man, to join his "All American Team" pulling for victory.

Unity means that everyone is joined in one strong team working together for the same goal. To win this war will take both the Army and the Navy, both guns and planes, both income taxes and ten per cent of the pay. It will take the hard work and sacrifices of everyone, for in this game there are no grandstands for people to sit idly by and enjoy themselves—everyone plays. It is a wonderful feeling to know that we have a share in America's liberty and that we are helping to pay for a war we have to win. Our boys in the fighting forces are depending upon us to produce the materials they need and "to keep the home fires burning." In return we are depending upon them to continue their good work. Doesn't this show unity?

President Roosevelt expressed his desire for unity when he said, "In the partnership of our common enterprise, we must share in a unified plan in which all of us must play our several parts, each of us being equally indispensable and dependent one on the other."

We call ourselves the United States, and now

more than at any time we must prove the truth of our Country's name. If people all over the world were united in common charity and beliefs, what a happy world this would be! But this condition does not exist today and it is for us, the people of the United States, to take the lead in showing others the right thing to do. When our team is victorious, others will admire and imitate it, and our hopes for world-wide unity may not be an endless dream.

Unity has proved successful before; it isn't something new, that we should hesitate to try. In all successful achievements and enterprises unity has proved its worth. In this Second World-War unity will stand out as an important factor on the side of the winning team.

Every American should feel proud that he is a member of Uncle Sam's great team. Even after the war our "All American Team" should continue its good work, for we want America to be still "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." We want freedom of Religion, of Speech, and of the Press. We want American families to grow up in freedom, and we want our America to be the ideal country. We want the boys to come home to a new America in which the luxuries of today will be the necessities of tomorrow. If the people, young and old, of 1943 invest their time and money wisely, America will be that new Country.

And in future years, as the American Eagle struts in liberty and American beauty grows lovelier than ever, we will tell our tales of the Second World-War and end them with the lines:

"And thus united, yet apart,
Unfettered in hand, and joined in heart,
Joined as a team, in unity,
America, gained victory."

Irma Carr, '43,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

AUTUMN CHANGES.

Autumn leaves are falling now
Softly to the ground,
Going to rest on earthy beds,
Till next spring comes around.

Little squirrels are hunting fast,
Looking here and there,
Trying to gather winter food
To fill their cupboards bare.

All the birds are flying south,
Far—so far, away!
Searching for a warmer home
Where they for a time can stay.

Mary Masi, Grade VIII.,
St. Joseph's School (Loretto), Hamilton.

NULLI SECUNDUS.

A kitten of the classics this,
With mighty purr and ominous hiss;
A kitten singled out by Fate
To be numbered with the great.

Black he is, as black as night,
Except his paws, which are pure white.
Though graceful—an Aristocrat—
His lineage is but this and that.

We call him Niger (nigra, rigrum),
The ancient Latin this is from,
And signifies his coat of soot,
And not the whiteness of his foot.

This pussy has a "yen" for learning—
For study's sake, his brothers spurning;
And though on books he goes to sleep—
You must admit that Latin's deep.

Nancy Cancilla,
Loretto Secretarial College (1943).

AUTUMN.

The woods are resplendent with beautiful color,
I gaze at this picturesque dream;
The leaves on the trees are now turning red,
As Autumn again reigns supreme.

The air so refreshing fills me with cheer,
All Nature seems chanting her love;
The hill and the dale, and the birds in the trees,
Breathe their thanks to the Father above.

The rippling brook flows so peacefully on,
I can hear it merrily singing
A sweet hymn to summer, a fervent farewell,
A message of hope to us bringing.

Autumn reminds me of courage and faith,
Of hopes that live through the years,
When the summer of life has faded and gone,
Heaven beckons, and stills all our fears.

Margaret Simpkins, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

OUR LAND OF THE FREE.

At war is our cherished land of the free,
Our land of peace and liberty.

Not fighting are we to control the sea
But to set poor conquered peoples free;

To clear their streets; rebuild their homes;
Let stand again their capitol domes.

The motors roar, and bombs still fall;
For Yankees answer freedom's call.

We're young and strong, eager to fight
For a cause which our hearts tell us is right.

We'll work and pray; be strong and gay,
Till every nation can proudly say,

We've done our best, and now we'll rest!
In North and South, and East and West,
The world with victory's light is blest.

Lillian Osterhout, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

WHAT COLOR MEANS TO ME.

The Food that we need to nourish our souls,
To keep them shining and bright,
Is the Host; It tells of infinite love—
I love this beautiful white.

Tho' black is so somber, and tears fall like rain,
Your heart can be singing a song;
Don't think of the heartache; your loved one has
gone
To join the heavenly throng.

Red tints the sky as the sun goes to rest;
Drops of Blood trickle down from His Side;
Though red describes rubies, a Hill was red, too,
With the Blood of our God crucified.

I gaze at the sky of picturesque blue,
At the lake so calm and serene,
Then I glance at the grass and leaves on the trees,
And I view a resplendent green.

When together I see some red, white and blue;
My heart thrills anew with elation;
In triumph, I view but the glorious flag,
That waves for our dear nation.

Margaret Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

LULLABY.

Go to sleep, my little lad;
Half-closed are weary eyes;
One by one, the stars come out
And light the darkened skies.

Far up beyond the sleeping clouds,
Sweet, heavenly voices ring.
The golden stars dance in and out,
As angel choirs sing.

Your guardian angel, laddie dear,
Will guard you through the night,
And fill your mind with lovely dreams
Of all that's sweet and right.
My precious babe, good-night!

Jean Hanson, '43,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

DADDY'S BOY.

Just a tiny little fellow
With blue eyes and curly hair,
Taking care of Mother dear,
While Daddy's "Over There."

He won't forget those parting words
Addressed to him alone,
"Remember, son, watch over Mom
While I'm away from home.

"Have faith in God and you will find
In all your work and play
A guiding light to lead you on
Along life's troubled way."

Here, all is still in the little home;
There, a plane—a flash—a bomb!
His Daddy won't come home again—
But he'll take care of Mom!

Rita Clarke, '43,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

OVER THE HILLS.

One of the most beautiful lines in English poetry is "Over the hills and far away." This simple phrase carries such a depth of meaning behind it: it conveys an almost indescribable sentiment—something of hope, of expectations, of dreaminess and peace, of lovely thoughts and beautiful optimism for the time to come—as if somewhere, away in the distance and the future, "over the hills and far away," is a place, perhaps just an immaterial state, where there is happiness—real happiness—where mundane troubles and cares are minor and peace reigns supreme.

We on earth can but dream of this land and enter it through the doors of our minds and hearts, for which Imagination is the key. There are many things that could not be done without Imagination; it is an invaluable treasure: if you have developed in you this faculty, you realize you could not live without it. It is in every one: in some persons it has developed to a higher and more acute degree. In others it can practically be said to be dormant. But it is there! The most practical persons have Imagination—in love for poetry, for music, for nature—although they do not call it that. Without Imagination you could not love, nor even act. It helps you in sundry undreamed of ways throughout the day, possibly without your conscious knowledge of it.

What is this—this art, this faculty, of Imagination? The dictionary calls it "the mental faculty of making images of things not present." To me, this definition is too bookish, too pedantic, even too material, ever to be Imagination. The song says: "it makes a cloudy day sunny, it makes a bee think of honey." *That* is more like it. For if you have Imagination, you can do anything—you have everything—you are richer than a king on his throne.

I would say Imagination is an awareness, an apprehension, of a better state, which thus provokes a longing for it, in some more intense than in others. What makes the tears come involuntarily to our eyes as we listen to beautiful music? It is a sub-conscious sentiment that provokes an extreme yearning for a land of music—of beautiful, glorious music. It is Imagination.

The very essence of Imagination is contained in the line "Over the hills and far away." This is the land—the Land of Imagination—to which poets and musicians have ready access.

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gination—to which poets and musicians have ready access. A poet could not be a poet unless he had Imagination. A musician would not be such a lover of music if he lacked it. It is the salt of the earth—an essential factor in our lives—an important ingredient of our happiness—happiness which is found "Over the hills and far away."

Ethel Farkas, Junior College,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

SLEEPING IN IVY.

Was it Christopher Morley who, in an essay on life at Oxford, said that some of the values of education were to be had merely from "sleeping in ivy?"

School days—a tangled pattern of crowded hours which hold new experiences, new knowledge, new emotions, new thoughts: Days held together by our love for Him: Days filled with the deliciously satisfying friendship of real Christians: Hours of settling the problems of the universe; hours planning for the life which lies beyond these walls: Hours of struggle; hours of dreaming; minutes of losing one's self to the sheer loveliness of a poem or a picture; Seconds of inspiration that exalt to the skies!

Gladness of working and striving; learning to win and to lose. The joy of "sleeping in ivy"—and sadness at the thought that life cannot forever be lived within the walls to which the ivy clings in close embrace.

Theodora Underwood, '43,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MISS VERONICA O'MEARA, 277 River Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

Members of the Detroit-Windsor Circle extend their congratulations to the parents of our esteemed past-president, Miss Agnes Pineau, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of their marriage, August 29th. Mr. and Mrs. Pineau were blessed with the presence at Mass of all nine daughters. Open House was held in the afternoon and evening for friends and relatives at the family home at 495 Oak Street, Windsor.

Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anne Bickers, Guelph) was hostess at our opening meeting of the year, September 11th, in her home on East Grand Boulevard. The president, Mrs. John Babcock, appointed the following chairmen to serve on committees for

the year: Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoe Case, Abbey) Charities; Mrs. M. J. O'Neill (Ella Mae Dacey, Sault) Membership in Detroit; Mrs. J. C. Keenan (Nora Teahen, Abbey) Membership in Windsor. Miss Myrtle Lloyd (Stratford) Publicity; Mrs. J. W. Matteson (Helen Barrows, Guelph) Courtesy; Mrs. Edwin Hurd and Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey) Programme; Mrs. V. J. Lordan (Violet Culliton, Stratford) Revision; Miss Loretta Dupuis (Sault) Parliamentary; Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault) International Federation of Catholic Alumnae; Mrs. A. H. Priebe (Inamae Dupuis, Sault) Loretto Rainbow Interests.

Members of the Circle wish to extend deepest sympathy to Miss Eileen Teahen and Mrs. J. C. Keenan on the recent death of their mother Mrs. Mary Teahen, 151 Casgrain Place, Windsor, Ont.

* * *

Erratum—Through an unaccountable slip the name "Carey" appeared in our July issue instead of "Sheehy," as the maiden name of Mrs. Frackelton, whose delightful article, "Reminiscences," has received many enthusiastic appreciations, in conversations, also in letters arriving at Loretto Rainbow sanctum. If any of Mrs. Frackelton's (Margaret Sheehy's) Loretto-Niagara schoolmates should see this notice, they would, we feel confident, give Mrs. Frackelton great pleasure by communicating with her. Her present address is 706 S. LeRoy St, Fenton, Michigan.

[Editor's Note].

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lemoine (Kathleen O'Meara, on the birth, July 31, of their daughter, Kathleen Mary—niece of M. M. St. Brendan, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. James O'Keefe (Catherine Schwalm, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Gertrude, on September 12th. Mary Gertrude is a niece of M. M. Camilla, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Newton (Josephine Schwalm, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Elizabeth Anne, on August 5th. Elizabeth Anne is a niece of M. M. Camilla, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Neil Keogh (Jeanne O'Leary, recently of St. Cecilia's staff) on the birth of their son, Michael Gerard, on May 21st.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Roche (Kathleen Tobin, recently of St. Cecilia's staff) on the birth of a son, Nicholas Basil, on August 27th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Schlosser (Elizabeth Pfeifer, Loretto-Sedley Alumna) on the birth of a son, Joseph James, on August 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Lynn (Marie Sheehan, St. Bride's and Loretto-Woodlawn) on the recent birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. House (Margaret Mary Coleman, Loretto-Englewood Alumna and Loretto Abbey Junior College) on the birth of their son, Thomas, on September 17th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Keith Russner (Ellen O'Leary, Loretto College School Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Joan, in California, on May 20th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Norman Fernandez (Marion Patterson, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Lynne Verna, on September 21st.

Lynne Verna is the granddaughter of Mrs. Minnie Cummings Patterson, Loretto Alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corrigan (Margaret Mary Loftus, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, and Loretto Abbey, Junior College) on the birth of their daughter, Loretto Anne, on August 22nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Usher (Mary Anne Kratchnik, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth, August 12th, of their daughter, Dorothy Rita.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Noice (Anne Conyers, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of their son, James Allen, on August 12th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kneeland (Kathleen Cullinan, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Marjorie Bradley, on September 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dubois (Miriam Shea, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a daughter on August 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John A. Kelly (Marguerite McKee, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their son, Brian John—a nephew of M.M. St. Urban, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Murray (Eileen Mahoney (Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of their daughter, Anne Gertrude.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Weiler (Ruth Goetter, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on August 10th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clarke McGlashan (Pauline Marsh, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hallet (Patricia Welsh Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson (Nora Haun, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of their daughter, Barbara.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. Kelley (Constance Thibert, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Lieut. and Mrs. Wm. Hauck (Alice McLaren, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of their daughter, Lynn.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Montague (Jean McLaren, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent birth of their daughter, Clare Suzanne.

To Mr. and Mrs. John McNamara (Mae Healy, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their twin sons, Gerald Healy and James Andrew, on September 2nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Prince (Dorothy Lawson, Loretto College School Alumna) on the birth of a son, September 20th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Simon C. Weisler (Helen Duffy, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Patricia Anne, on August 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Warnke (Elizabeth Reinhart, Sedley) on the birth of a daughter, Geraldine, on August 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stelfi (Marie Hettrick, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of their son, John Robert, on Sept. 18th.

To Flt. Lieut. and Mrs. James Corcoran (Catherine Boucher, Loretto Abbey Alumna), on the recent birth of their son, James Michael.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. Thomas (Isobel Hannon, Loretto Abbey and College Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Walpole (Mary Pickett, Loretto College Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. Bill Knowlton (Grace Kent, Loretto Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Woods (Dorothy O'Connor, Loretto College Alumna), on the recent birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. David O'Connor (Mary McGoe, Loretto College Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Joan, in May.

To Mr. and Mrs. Cartier (Winifred Rankin, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Jane.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Rankin on the recent birth of their daughter, Norah Ann.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Isabel Dwyer (Loretto College School Alumna) sister of Fl.-Lt. Paul M. Dwyer, D.D., and of M. M. Gratia, I.B.V.M., was married May 15th, in Newman Chapel, Toronto, to Mr. Michael Moran, brother of M. M. Saint Bernard, I.B.V.M. (Guelph). The Very Rev. Joseph McHenry, Rector of Newman Hall, officiated.

Miss Mary Dunnigan (Loretto - Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Dunnigan, was married to James Matthews on July 11th.

Miss Phyllis Serviss, R.N., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Serviss, Moose Jaw, was married July 25th, to Dr. Alex. Wasylenki.

Miss Betty Jane Olsen (Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) was married to Mr. Maurice Mulcahy, Jr., on July 31st. At home, 6230 Kilpatrick, Chicago.

Miss Rosemary Usher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Usher, was married June 19th, to Mr. William Sheridan.

Miss Anna Marie McCarrin, daughter of Mrs. M. McCarrin, was married Sept. 6th, to Mr. Paul Lechosvik

Miss Helen Dennehy (Loretto - Woodlawn Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond P. Dennehy, was married to Mr. James C. Powers on August 7th.

Miss Mary Ada Craven (Loretto-Hamilton Alumna and recent dramatic art teacher at her Alma Mater), only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Douglas Craven (Loretto Alumna) was married, April 17th, to L.A.C. William H. Moore, R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Moore, Nottingham, England. Rev. A. M. Reitzel, C.R., officiated at the ceremony.

Miss Helen Delassandro (Loretto-Hamilton), was married July 13th, to Pilot Officer Presnail.

Miss Mary Louise Dagenais (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Noah Dagenais was married to Pvt. William F. Byron, on September 7th.

Miss Mary Ellen Tardiff (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Tardiff, was married, Sept. 14th, to Mr. Richard Dault.

Miss Mary Walsh (Loretto-Guelph Alumna), daughter of Mr. Michael Walsh and the late Mrs. Walsh, was married August 10th, to Mr. John Sullivan.

Miss Mary Helena French (Loretto Abbey Alumna) was married Sept. 16th, in St. Monica's Church, to Mr. William J. Cluff. Rev. N. MacKinnon officiated.

Miss Marguerite Peplow (Loretto - Guelph Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Peplow, was married, Sept. 11th, to Mr. Hugh Tremblay.

Miss Marion Bazett (Loretto-Guelph Alumna),

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bazett, was married, Sept 2nd, to Lieut. Frank Champlin, U.S.A. Naval Air Corps.

Miss Mary Henrietta McGillivray (Loretto-Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McGillivray, Guelph, was married Sept. 11th, to Mr. Alonzo J. Lambertus.

Miss Anna Jean Etta Mullally, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Mullally, Montreal, was married August 7th, to Lt. John Murray Skelton, Camp Borden, Ont. The bride is a niece of Mother M. Euphrasia, I.B.V.M., Superior, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Miss Elaine Coté (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Coté, was married, July 24th, to Mr. Geo. D. Werrett.

Miss Sheila Foulis (Loretto-Niagara Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Foulis and the late Mr. James Foulis, was married in September to Mr. William D. H. Lowe, son of Mrs. Lowe and the late Sgt.-Major Harry Bernard Lowe, Toronto.

Miss Ida Margarita Lopez (Loretto-Niagara Alumna, and recent student Loretto Secretarial College), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lopez y Fabrega of Panama City, R.P., was married August 5th to Mr. Miguel Guillermo de Roux.

Miss Mary Grace Podger (Loretto Alumna), daughter of Mrs. Podger and the late Mr. Robert Podger, was married on Sept. 21st, in St. Peter's Church, Toronto, to Mr. Bernard Vaughan O'Brien, son of Mrs. Elizabeth O'Brien and the late Mr. James O'Brien. Rev. Justin O'Brien, C.S.P. officiated. The bride is a niece of Mother M. Mt. Carmel, Superior, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Miss Lucy Gehl (Loretto-Sedley), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gehl, was married, on July 10th, to Mr. Charles Luterbach.

Miss Mary McLaughlin, Loretto College Alumna was married in August to Capt. Donald Clarke.

SYMPATHY.

To Rev. Louis Woods, P.P. St. James' Church (Colgan P.O.); and to his bereaved sisters, Madeleine, Lillian and May (Loretto Alumnae) and brother, Arthur, on the death of their mother, Mrs. J. Louis Woods, on August 23rd.

To Mr. James E. Doyle; Mr. Thos. S. Doyle; Mrs. Jerome O'Connor; M. M. Austin, I.B.V.M., of Loretto Abbey; Sister Mary Mechtilde, of Sisters of Providence, Winnipeg; and Miss Helen Doyle, Toronto, on the death of their brother, Mr. John J. Doyle, on July 17th.

To Mr. Ivan Brazill, Mr. Rudolph Brazill; Mrs. Wilfrid Shanahan (Inez), and Miss Patricia Brazill (Loretto Alumnae) on the death of their mother, Mrs. A. K. Brazill, on July 2nd; also to Mrs. Brazill's brothers and sister; Most Rev. J. T. Kidd, D.D., Bishop of London; Mr. Joseph M. Kidd, and Miss Mary F. Kidd.

To Miss Ellen I. Madigan, B.A. (Loretto College Alumna) on the death of her mother, Mrs. J. P. Madigan, July 18th, and to Mrs. Madigan's bereaved brother, Mr. Samuel J. Bibby, and sister, Mrs. P. J. O'Connor, of Seymour.

To Dr. Max Maxwell, Dr. John Maxwell and Miss Mary Maxwell, M.A., Past President of Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, on the death of their esteemed brother, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Charles Maxwell, of Buffalo, N.Y., on August 23rd.

To Dr. D'Arcy Frawley, Toronto, and to Mrs. J.

J. McMahon (Loretto Alumna), of New York, on the death, on August 19th, of their sister, Miss Helena Frawley (Loretto Alumna), of Orillia; also to the bereaved nephews and nieces.

To Mr. William Hourigan, of Guelph, on the death of his wife, on Sept. 2nd, and to their son, Rev. Daniel Hourigan, S.J., of Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy, Toronto; also to Mrs. Hourigan's sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Brown and Mrs. Julia Johnson, of Toronto, and Mrs. Mary Johnson, of Galt.

To the bereaved relatives of Rev. T. J. Ryan, who died recently, especially to his niece, Miss Bernice Ryan, in residence at Loretto Secretarial College.

To M. M. Martha, I.B.V.M., and Miss Katherine Glynn, Niagara Falls, on the recent death of their brother, Mr. Michael Glynn.

To M. M. St. Rita, I.B.V.M., on the recent death of her aunt, Mrs. Devine.

To the bereaved relatives of Mrs. Mitchell, who died recently in Brantford, especially to her daughter, Frances (Loretto Abbey Alumna).

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Morrow, of California, who died recently, and to her devoted sister, M. M. Benigna, I.B.V.M., of Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

To Mr. George J. Abele on the death of his wife, on July 16th, and to M.M. St. Germaine, I.B.V.M., only daughter; also to Mrs. Abele's bereaved sisters, Mrs. George Waldraff, Mrs. Francis Chapin, and Mrs. George Geiselhart.

To Mr. George M. Lennon, of Joliet, Ill., on the recent death of his wife, Mrs. Grace (Welsh) Lennon, and to the bereaved family; Peter, and the Misses Jean, Ruth, Marion, Annette and Georgia.

To Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Connolly and Mrs. De-laire, on the death of their father, Mr. William T. Kernahan, on August 23rd; also to Mr. Kernahan's sisters, Mrs. Annie O'Connor, and Mrs. D. E. O'Brien, Welland.

To Mrs. Dillon, of Detroit, on the death of her husband Mr. John Dillon, July 22nd, and to the bereaved family; also to Mr. Dillon's brother, Mr. Patrick Dillon, and sisters, Mrs. Proulx, Mrs. McGee, Mrs. Enright, Mrs. Hunt, and M. M. Thomasina, I.B.V.M., Loretto College School, Toronto.

To Mr. Henry Paepe on the death of his wife, Mrs. Virginia Paepe, and to the bereaved family, Mr. Clarence Adatte, Mr. George Adatte, Mrs. (Irene) Johnson, Mrs. (Beatrice) Blais, Mrs. (Virginia) Striegel, and M. M. Eleanor, I.B.V.M., Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

To Mr. Clarence Battle and Mr. Leo Battle on the death of their mother, Mrs. James Battle (Mary Conlon, Loretto-Niagara).

To Mr. Robert P. Gamble on the death of his wife, Mrs. Ellen Veronica Gamble, Sept. 16th, and to the bereaved family, Miss Eileen Gamble (Loretto College School Alumna), Mr. John Gamble, Mr. Elwin Gamble, and Robert Gamble, L.C.P.L., Camp Borden.

To Mr. Solano, of Mexico, on the recent death of his wife, and to the bereaved family, especially Miss Amalia Solano, a former pupil of Loretto Abbey.

To Mr. Roger Gartlan, of Stayner, on the death of his wife, on August 10th, and to the bereaved family, Mrs. Dean Follis (Elizabeth, Loretto Alumna); Mr. Michael Gartlan, R.C.O.C., and Mr. Jerry Gartlan; also, to Mrs. Gartlan's sisters, Mrs. Long, Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Robert Giffen.

To Mr. Thomas J. Breman on the death of his wife (Mrs. Hilda M. Gibbons Breman) and to the bereaved family, Daniel, Dorothy and Aileen (Loretto-Brunswick).

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Marian Breen Teehan, who died on September 8th, especially to Mrs. A. R. Stone, Mrs. J. C. Keenan (Windsor), Mrs. R. F. Dore, and Miss Eileen Teehan (Loretto Alumnae); also to Mrs. Teehan's sister, Mrs. Daniel Sugrue, and to her brother, Mr. Michael Breen.

To the bereaved relatives of Mrs. Joseph Fahlman of Kronan, Sask., who died on August

3rd, especially to her granddaughter, Sr. M. Benedicta, I.B.V.M.

To M. M. Joan, I.B.V.M., and each bereaved member of the family on the recent death of their brother, Mr. Stephen Andrews.

To Mrs. Fortune on the recent death of her husband, and to the bereaved family, especially Miss Marie Fortune, Loretto College School Alumna.

To Mr. Thompson and the Misses Thompson, especially Miss Priscilla (Loretto College Alumna) on the recent death of their mother.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Sept. 7—Loretto Abbey re-opened to-day, and it seemed like old times to see all the familiar faces again. Everyone is glad to be back, and is ready for a year of hard work—well, glad to be back, anyway; and let us hope that 1944 is the year for first class honours.

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome our many new friends to Loretto, from Western Canada, Eastern Canada, Trinidad, South America, Central America, Newfoundland, and of course those from good old Ontario. We are delighted to have you, girls.

Sept. 8—To-day is the birthday of Mary, and to celebrate the occasion, we gathered around her Shrine to sing her praises and to offer her the gift of the Rosary, asking her blessing for the coming year.

In the evening, the scene around the grotto was of a gay picnic supper, which we had to close Our Mother's birthday.

Sept. 11—Old Girls Welcomed New Girls at a Weiner Roast—and true, if trite, we came home tired but happy at the end of a perfect day.

Sept. 12—The Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, and a great day for Loretto, for we are her children in a very special way, living in a house where Mary is Mistress.

Sept. 13—An ideal day for riding, and an ideal sport, affording a little relaxation from the task of getting back into the "harness" of school-day regulations and homework. We have held elections for Sports' representatives in every form. Basketball, Baseball, Badminton, and Bowling teams are to be organized under the capable direction of our new Athletics teacher, Miss McGuire.

Sept. 16—Loretto is preparing for the Mission Display. Twice a day, in accordance with the wish of our zealous Archbishop, Most Reverend J. C. McGuigan, we say the special prayer for the success of the approaching Mission Exhibition, to which the best efforts of nuns and pupils are directed. "Is that for the Exhibit?" someone asks—about yet another piece of fine art or needlework. Yes, for the Missions—the beautiful vestments and altar linens, whose completion has been a special labour of love for Mrs. Huggins (Joan's Mother), Joyce Cabral, Helen Glennon, Anne Tighe, Margaret Kurlick, Kathleen Higgins, JoAnn McWilliams, and Josephine McSloy—not to mention the nuns. Most of all we hope and pray that this great enter-

prise, made possible in these difficult times by the courage and zeal of our Archbishop, will bring a harvest of vocations—generous souls who will carry on the Missionary tradition of our forebears.

This evening a most delightful concert was given by Mr. Moss.

Sept. 17—Holy Mass to invoke God's blessing on our school year was offered by Reverend Doctor Markle of St. Augustine's Seminary. Following the Mass Dr. Markle gave us a most inspiring talk urging all to a greater devotion to the Holy Spirit. The Sequence of the Mass for Pentecost has become one of our favourite prayers.

Sept. 18—A clear, crisp, Autumn Day—Ideal for our long hike terminating in a picnic supper.

Sept. 22—Sodality Elections: Prefect, Joan Shinnick; Vice-Prefect, Patricia Dennis; Secretary, Mary Boland; Treasurer, Lorna Lloyd.

Rainbow Student Staff—Editor, Shirley Anne Newcomb; Business Manager, Joan Shinnick; Associate Editors, Joan MacDonald, Muriel Smith, Helen LaBine.

Shirley Anne Newcomb.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Sept. 8—New pupils and their mothers were greeted, and escorted to class-rooms by the seniors who, in "mild weather" school uniforms, served as models when the newcomers had "uniform" problems. Registration largest in last ten years—some grades positively bulging!

Sept. 12—A particularly happy day for the boarders at Loretto, Mt. St. Mary—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. The newly decorated chapel is a joy to all. The grounds still have much of their summer beauty, which we appreciate at recreation times.

Sept. 16—A welcome to the baseball nine thoughtfully brought by Rev. F. J. McHugh from Cayuga to play our boarders' team! Before the encounter, supper was served on the lawn to guests and hostesses. The exciting game ended when the score stood 13-13. Did the gallant umpire call a halt because of the tie? Picnic and game a success.

Sept. 17—The traditional Mass of the Holy Ghost for blessings on this new school year was celebrated by our Chaplain, Rev. Father Power, whose appropriate and impressive sermon will re-

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main with us to serve as an inspiration through the year.

Sept. 18—Our annual "Get-acquainted" picnic was again held at Dundas Park. The weather, the ponies—everything, contributed to a glorious day. We wonder if Alice Stroh's pony remembers struggling around the ring with her till she finally rolled off? Hurt, Alice?

Sept. 20—Campaign managers are busy and general interest is apparent in the Sodality elections to be held this week. Results in next issue.

LORETTO ACADEMY, ENGLEWOOD.

Sept. 18—**General Registration Day** when old friends meet again to compare notes of a busy summer. Wide-eyed "freshies" marvel at the cordial welcome by all.

Sept. 13—**School Opens Officially.** Last minute program rush—dashing from class to class in a way that will soon become mechanical.

Sept. 17—**Mother Cyril's Death.** The entire school is bereaved at the loss.

Sept. 19—**Holy Name Hour.** Over one hundred and fifty thousand people witnessed the inspiring ceremonies at Soldiers' Field; representative Loretto Girls were not only complimented, but photographed in perfect uniform.

Sept. 20—**Third War Loan Bond Drive is Launched.** Many have already responded to the Bond Drive Stimulus. Amongst Loretto Bond pur-

chasers are Mary Lou Pusatera, Rita Boyle, Rose-marie Manix, Elizabeth Harsh and Jean Webb.

Rita Boyle.

Our Tribute.

On September 17, the Loretto Englewood girls paid their tribute of love and respect to Mother Cyril as she was carried to her last resting place. Always a source of great inspiration to the girls, Mother Cyril was surrounded by her "pets" at the last. The girls felt privileged to act as her Guard of Honor, and the six selected as Pallbearers felt they had been awarded a treasure indeed. There was not a Loretto girl who did not dearly love Mother Cyril. Everyone was her "Pet." Everyone was her "Dear."

For forty-five years, almost half a century, Mother Cyril taught the word of God to countless children. Whether it was Algebra, Art, Latin or Science, God's graces were constantly being emphasized through her teaching. Her sanctity, her twinkling smile and never ceasing kindness will long be remembered by her students at Loretto.

In Mother Cyril's death the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary lost a Sister, the Loretto students a teacher, yet all feel they have gained a greater friend and advocate before the Most High. We shall keep her in loving remembrance, and in our prayers.

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LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

Sept. 7—As opening ceremony of another school year, Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated this morning in St. Mary's Church, with student body in full attendance.

Sept. 8—Our Lady's Birthday and formal school re-opening. Full day schedule—with purchase of new school supplies as a diversion.

Sept. 9—Our second busy day closed with the high-light of an inspiring talk on "The United States, Our Mission Field." The address provided us with excellent ideas for our Mission Unit's work this year. Our thanks to Rev. John Sourd with good wishes and prayers for the success of his missionary labors.

Sept. 15—The whole school alert! Every girl trying to excel as the University High School Visitor makes the round of our classes in his annual call at Loretto.

Sept. 18—Helen Ujinski, Dorothy Moran, and Helen Mahl, of class '43, pay us a farewell visit at the school before leaving for college. Good-bye Helen, Dorothy, Helen! Good wishes from the girls you leave behind you!

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

Sept. 7—Back to happy school days! Many new faces. Class-rooms filled.

Sept. 8—Our Lady's birthday specially honored.

Sept. 10—Many Loretto volunteers for farming, to help Canada's War Effort. Will our call come? Meantime no day-dreaming!

Sept. 15—Annual Mass of the Holy Ghost in St. Peter's Church for our new school year; full student attendance.

Sept. 24—A welcome visit from Rev. Dr. Ronan at choral class. Special training these days on the Mass to be sung by Catholic High School students in St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday of Missionary Exhibit week, and also on Tuesday.

We are all looking forward to the mission display in the Arena, in October, and are trying to have a share in the good work by daily prayers for its success.

Our Physical Culture exercises have a good start for the year in Junior and Senior grades.

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consist of four numbers, namely:

July, 1943.....Vol. L, No. 1
October, 1943.....Vol. L, No. 2
January, 1944.....Vol. L, No. 3
April, 1944.....Vol. L, No. 4

TO the kind friends who have sent us congratulations on the Golden Jubilee of the Loretto Rainbow we extend our heartfelt thanks; also to our literary contributors, subscribers, advertisers, printers, engravers, bookbinders, transportation firm, and Post Office officials, who assist us in its publication.





Our Lady of Victory
Pray for Us

