

Jan 1924



To The Rainbow



*Golden Jubilee Greetings
Are yours in abundance this year;
Your family convents have published theirs
In words of endearment and cheer.
Your friends have kindly consented
To join their wishes too,
With the wealth of those wisely uttered,
Dear Rainbow, all for you.
And may I, a humble writer,
Add my weak voice to these
Wishing you the most joyous
Of golden jubilees!*

Mother M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.



(1)

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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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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—1847-1944





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.



I. WEIDINGER, I.B.V.M.

And Jesus advanced in wisdom, and age, and
grace with God and men. St. Luke, II, 52.



LIFE WILL BE SWEET

As long as music and laughter, flowing,
Lend wings of joy to dancers' feet,
And song on the winds of spring is blowing,
Life will be sweet.

As long as toil fills the summer weather
With gold of sun on the golden wheat,
And man and woman are strong together,
Life will be sweet.

As long as the old enchantment, stirring,
Comes in with autumn, so far, so fleet,
With poignant passage of swift wings whirring,
Life will be sweet.

As long as the ruddy hearth-fire blazes,
While wildly the gusts of winter beat,
And memories brighten the dark night's masses,
Life will be sweet.

—ALINE MICHAELIS

Where the Little Flower Was Born

By REVEREND GERALD DOYLE.

[Editor's Note: Rev. Gerald Doyle, known to many of our readers, has recently returned from Mission labours (and internment) in China. We feel Saint Thérèse, The Little Flower, Patroness of the Missions, has won by her prayers his safe return, and that of his missionary companions, and that a thanksgiving tribute will be paid to her in the reproduction of this delightful account of Father Doyle's visit to Alençon, her birthplace, while pursuing his studies at Lisieux. It was written for The Loretto Rainbow and appeared in the January, 1933, issue.]

IT WAS on the twenty-second of last September [1932] that I first met Madame Grant, the little lady with rosy cheeks and bright eyes which are kindly wise, who lives at 42 Rue St. Blaise, Alençon, France, where was born St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face. It was in May, 1912, that she came with her husband, Mr. Alexander Grant, a former minister of the United Free Church of Scotland, who was first attracted towards the Church by reading the Life of the Little Flower, to live in the Maison de Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant-Jésus; and it is here that she continues to reside since the death of her husband in 1917.

"But you are not French!" was her greeting to me, as, opening the door, she led me into a comfortable little sitting-room which, as you will learn later, was the "family" dining-room of the Martins in the time of the Little Flower.

I had left Lisieux by the morning train, and after a two-hour ride reached Alençon, and going at once to the chapel adjoining the room in which the Little Flower was born, I celebrated Mass; the altar had been prepared for me by the Sisters who have charge of the chapel. After making my thanksgiving, I visited the little chapel, which is in perfect taste.

Over the altar is a statuary group showing the Little Flower receiving roses from the Child Jesus and dropping them on the world. In front of the altar is a relief work depicting allegorically the interior life of the Saint, at the Crib at Bethlehem; and on the walls are frescoes of incidents of the Saint's life in Alençon: her Angel Guardian beside the little cradle; her Baptism; praying on her mother's lap; escaping from the house in the rain in order to go to church; in the garden with her sister, Celine, counting her sacrifices; and a fresco of little Thérèse kneeling beside her father and sisters at the anointing of her dying mother. The room in which the Little Flower

was born can be seen through a grating on the Epistle side.

It was raining as I made my way out of the chapel and went down the steps to the street, but the weather was forgotten in the cheery welcome I received from Madame Grant as she led me into the little sitting-room. We had begun to talk about St. Thérèse and Lisieux when it was agreed that it would be better for me to visit the places of interest in Alençon first, and then return in the afternoon for a cup of tea and to visit the house itself; so following her careful directions, I walked down Rue St. Blaise. The rain had very obligingly stopped.

Alençon is a busy little city of perhaps eleven thousand inhabitants, and although the Church of Notre Dame is in the business section, as one enters this massive edifice the outside world is forgotten. The weight of centuries seems to be concentrated in its dim interior, but after a little while this feeling passes and is replaced by the feeling that God is very near. The baptistry where the Little Flower was baptized on the fourth of January, 1873, is on the left side of the church, and here also is a large window erected in her honour.

After a belated but substantial breakfast at a little restaurant, I made my way along the Rue du Pont-Neuf, keeping my eyes to the left, until finally, at No. 23, I found the jewellery-shop which had once been owned by Mr. Martin, the father of The Little Flower. The present proprietor of the shop is one Monsieur Henri Martin, no relation, however, to the family of the Saint—who has occupied the premises since 1907. When the Martin family moved to Rue St. Blaise in 1871 the shop was taken over by the nephew of Mr. Martin, Adolphe Leriche, and following his death the business was carried on by his wife under the name: "Maison Leriche."

It is a substantial-looking establishment, but by no means elaborate, giving the impres-

sion that here one would be given satisfaction and not over-charged. I entered by the door which was between two large show-windows which displayed watches, silverware, a radio, and various other articles, and purchased a few medals. Strange to say, no medal of The Little Flower was in stock at the time, which speaks eloquently of the fact that no effort is being made to capitalize upon the association of the store with the family of The Little Flower. In fact, if Madame Grant had not given me very careful directions as to its location, I should never have found it.

Inside, the store was wider than it was deep, and the furnishings looked as though they might have been in use in the time of Mr. Martin. Immediately back of the store was a room which was probably the dining-room, and it was easy to imagine Mr. Martin having to leave the table from time to time during his meals to see to the needs of customers. I was permitted to enter this room and also look out into the garden, which is below the level of the street, and see where the family must have had their little gatherings on summer evenings; for it was in this house, I was told, that the four living sisters of St. Thérèse were born.

Continuing along Rue du Pont-Neuf, it was not difficult to find the Church of St. Pierre-de-Montfort, which had been the parish church of the Martin family until they had moved to Rue St. Blaise, in the parish of Notre Dame. Entering the church, whose interior appealed to me very much, I found the baptismal font, where the sisters of The Little Flower had been baptized, and walking up the church I came to the Blessed Sacrament chapel behind the high altar. It was undoubtedly in this little chapel that Mr. and Mrs. Martin and Marie and Pauline very often attended Mass and received Holy Communion. Around the walls are some interesting modern mosaics representing the saintly Curé of Ars, Our Lady of Lourdes, Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, and other scenes, which probably appealed to the former pastor who planned the decorations. It was this former pastor who baptized St. Thérèse; he was a curate at the Church of Notre Dame at the time.

Near the church of St. Pierre is "The Pavilion," a property owned by Mr. Martin, which The Little Flower often visited with her father, and which is now under the care of two Oblate Sisters of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus, who explain the points of interest to pilgrims. In the center is an interesting statue

which some of her clients have privately named: "Saint Thérèse, Doctor of Spiritual Childhood." Of interest also in the pavilion proper is the room on the ground floor containing the fishing-tackle of Mr. Martin and some furniture used by him and the Saint on their visits. Next to the pavilion is the granite slab that covered the first tomb of Mrs. Martin before her body was removed to Lisieux in 1897; near the statue of The Little Flower is a walnut tree planted by Mr. Martin, and at the end of the garden is the shrine of the "Virgin of the Smile," erected in the same place where Mr. Martin had the miraculous statue before his marriage. Finally, but by no means last in the way of interest, is the large cage containing two turtle-doves, progeny of the historic pair offered at the Mass of the Canonization of The Little Flower. The Pavilion is really delightful.

Hoping to see the Baptismal Register with the entry of The Little Flower's baptism, I returned to Notre Dame, but I was unable to find the sacristan, so I hurried back to the Maison Natale to be greeted by Madame Grant, who, knowing that I had been delayed, was enjoying her indispensable cup of tea.

Soon we were talking about Lisieux, and she was interested in the pilgrimage from Metz on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In this pilgrimage was a large number of sick, many of them on stretchers, which were placed in the sanctuary of the Carmel chapel or before the tomb of the Saint. The devotion of these suffering men, women and children was an object lesson in faith, and while I did not hear of any cures, they received something more important than relief from bodily suffering, the grace to offer up their sufferings for the love of God. I am sure that some even rejoiced that they were permitted to suffer for love of God, which is perhaps one of the greatest "roses" The Little Flower gives to her clients.

While speaking about her husband I asked Mrs. Grant was she also a "convert" of The Little Flower.

"No," she replied, "it was through a Redemptorist Father some time previously."

When speaking of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, she told me a little more about her husband:

"He had a devotion to The Little Flower, but I could not get him to pray to the Blessed Virgin, so finally I said to The Little Flower: 'I have done everything I can, so you will have to teach him yourself.' So it was either that

night or the following night that he felt she spoke to him, and asked him how he could say that he had devotion to her if he refused to have devotion to the Blessed Virgin; for shortly afterwards he said to me: 'Well! I have prayed to your Virgin,' just like a man would say it, you know grudgingly, hating to admit that he had to give in."

Just then she started up: "But your train will be leaving soon and you have not seen the house."

"This room was the family dining-room, where they had their meals when they were alone. And this little cupboard," she said, opening a door, "was the cupboard where Celine 'blessed' the bread." Leading the way, Madame Grant opened a door and we entered another room.

"This was the kitchen," she explained, "but the Sisters who have charge of the chapel needed it for a sacristy, so I had to give it up. The Reverend Mother paints very nicely," she added, and pointing to a small picture on the vestment case, she said: "She painted that picture of the Sacred Heart."

Passing through the sitting-room, we came to the front room, which was of medium size, with two large windows facing the street.

"This was where the family would have meals on special occasions, such as the dinner on the evening of Léonie's First Communion, and it was near this window that Mrs. Martin used to sit while making the lace for which Alençon is famous."

Going into the hall, which is not very large, Madame Grant pointed to the place where the coffin of Mrs. Martin had been placed, and remarked: "You remember in the Autobiography that Little Thérèse said: 'Once I found myself alone in front of the coffin, which had been placed upright in the passage, and for a long time I stood there lost in contemplation. I had never seen one before, but I knew quite well what it meant. I was so small that I had to lift up my head to see its whole length, and it seemed a huge and melancholy thing.'"

Mounting the staircase, which is now somewhat shaky, especially the railing, Madame Grant recalled one of the incidents relating to the stairs, stating that Mrs. Martin must have been sitting in the front room at the time. To quote from a letter of Mrs. Martin: "She will not even go upstairs by herself without calling at every step: 'Mamma, Mamma!' and if I forget to answer, 'Yes, darling!' she waits where she is and will not move."

Coming to the top of the stairs, and before opening the door to the left, Madame Grant said that the house was very damp and cold, especially in the winter. Opening the door, she explained that the room had been built into the house, and that the twin beds in the room had belonged to a friend of the family in whose home The Little Flower used to love to visit, because: "It was like Heaven, it was so warm." Following the death of the friend, the furniture of the room was acquired, although it is not known in which bed The Little Flower slept, as the beds have been mixed; but perhaps she slept in both at different times.

Entering the next room, Madame Grant explained that it was the room of Marie and Pauline: "And it was in this room that Marie used to give Celine her lessons while little Thérèse would lie at the door and watch them."

In the next room, larger than the others, Madame Grant said: "I think this must have been the room of Mr. and Mrs. Martin." and turning to a bed in an alcove, she explained that it was in this bed that her husband had died. Over the bed was a picture of The Little Flower which Mr. Grant had before he became a Catholic.

Next we visited the room of rooms, where St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus was born, and where, I understand, Mrs. Martin died. In it is the bed which formerly belonged to the room and which has been brought back from Lisieux. There also is to be found the "high chair" of The Little Flower, while in a glass case were a few articles of clothing, baby garments, of the little Thérèse. Recalling the death of her mother, the saint has said: "The touching ceremony of Extreme Unction made a deep impression on me. I can see the spot where I knelt and heard poor Father's sobs." Through a grating, replacing one of the walls of the room, can be seen the chapel.

During the tour of the various rooms, especially the room in which the Saint was born, little Thérèse seemed very near. For me the whole day was a day of pilgrimage, a spiritual adventure, rather than a mere "outing." To realize that she lived in very much the same world as the rest of us, had the same joys and sorrows, brought her closer to me, and she seemed to be literally fulfilling her promise of not only "looking down," but also of "coming down."

Downstairs once more, the discovery that I had only twelve minutes in which to catch my train, put a stop to my reverie, so after

quickly writing a few postcards, which Madame Grant promised to mail for me, I hurried to the station with a cheery "Au revoir" ringing in my ears.

Fortunately the train was half-a-minute late in starting, so that I was able to get on just before it pulled out of the station. Two hours later I was back in Lisieux, having made

the same journey, from Alençon to Lisieux, that St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus had made just fifty-five years before, at the age of four years. Turning into the Rue de Livarot I took a quick glance at the Carmel convent in which The Little Flower lived and died, and then I entered the Maison des Chapelains, which for almost three months had been "home" for me.

John McCrae Boulevard*

The Colonel John McCrae Memorial Garden

By H. O. HOWITT, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Eng.)

Many people fail to realize the great value to Canada of the Veterans Organizations. Their membership at present consists of middle-aged men trained to discipline, mature in judgment, and broadened by travel.

Some tens of thousands of young men from the present war will soon be added to their numbers and swell the membership of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League.

The Colonel John McCrae Memorial Garden.

The Colonel John McCrae Branch of the Canadian Legion is the tubercular section of the Legion. It has helped in all the Legions' efforts, but the McCrae Branch has made a specialty of helping defective children. Its members believe that in helping children to enjoy better health, the children so helped, will develop into better citizens when they grow up. The McCrae Branch has expended over three thousand dollars for the supplying of glasses, having dental work done, tonsils and adenoids removed, supplying of groceries, assistance at time of bereavement, contributions to distress funds, etc.

Besides those worthy deeds accomplished, they are ambitiously undertaking the construction of what is to be known as the "Colonel John McCrae Memorial Garden"—which when completed, should be a beauty spot and place of interest in the City of Guelph.

This Garden will be constructed on part of the property that was once known as Peterson's Grove. It has a frontage on Water Street, and extends south east of Forbes Avenue. It is separated from Mary Street by

some cottages, one of which is the house in which Colonel McCrae was born.

The Memorial Garden will have its only entrance on Water Street where its frontage is one hundred and twenty-five feet. It will have one hundred feet frontage on John McCrae Boulevard, which is about to be constructed, and which will be sixty-eight feet wide, west of the Garden and extending from Water Street to Forbes Avenue. A roadway thirty feet wide will be paved—also a sidewalk and there will be extensive lawns.

The Memorial Garden will be surrounded by a two-foot wall with pillars at each corner. Almost in the centre of the Garden will be an elevated piece of land elliptical in shape, twenty-three feet in length, approached by several steps. The front half of the longitudinal ellipse will be paved with flagstones. The other half will be surrounded by a curved wall, which will form an alcove twenty-three feet in length. The wall will be four feet high at its centre and slope gently to two feet at each end, where there will be two four-foot pillars, also two central pillars of six feet—on the top of each will be placed a torch. Visitors standing on the flagstone pavement, and looking westward towards the wall will see a flat stone six feet by four feet, one foot high in front and raised posteriorly at an angle of about thirty degrees, on which will be carved data about Colonel John McCrae.

On the wall behind the stone, and on each side of it, will be carved one of John McCrae's poems. West of, and behind the alcove, will be an elevated cedar hedge. Directly behind the hedge will be a green sward fifty-six feet long by thirty-two feet wide, in the centre of

*Courtesy of the author and of "The Torch."

which will be a lily pond oval in shape, twenty feet by ten feet, and some trees. There will be walks five feet wide throughout the Garden which will pass among many flowerbeds of Poppies, Peonies, Iris, and Roses. There will be at least four trellised arches to support Rambler Roses, there will be Evergreen and Maple trees and flowering shrubs. There will also be a number of artistic benches.

Some months ago an article appeared in the Guelph Mercury written about the names of the streets of Guelph. In that article it was suggested that it would be nice if a street were named after John McCrae. The McCrae Legion has acted on that suggestion, and in the near future the John McCrae Boulevard will take its place among the streets in Guelph.

The writer has seen the plans, and believes that the Memorial Garden, when completed, will be an attractive asset to the City of Guelph.

The McCrae Legion deserves great credit for having conceived such a plan and for the fact that its members will contribute greatly to the labor—without charge, and the members also propose to care for the Garden and to supply the labor necessary for its upkeep. Money will also be needed—perhaps a city grant and the financial help of public-minded citizens, for the purchase of material. The members of the Legion are not in the high income tax bracket, but it must not be forgotten that they are giving their labor without charge, and as a result of their efforts, Guelph will be enriched decidedly.

Summer Songs

By JOHN McCRAE.

I.

Sleep, little eyes

That brim with childish tears amid thy play,
Be comforted! No grief of night can weigh
Against the joys that throng thy coming day.

Sleep, little heart!

There is no place in Slumberland for tears:
Life soon enough will bring its chilling fears
And sorrows that will dim the after years.
Sleep, little heart!

II.

Ah, little eyes,

Dead blossoms of a springtime long ago,
That life's storm crushed and left to lie below
The benediction of the falling snow!

Sleep, little heart,

That ceased so long ago its frantic beat!
The years that come and go with silent feet
Have naught to tell save this—that rest is
sweet,
Dear little heart.

Upon Watt's Picture "Sic Transit"

By JOHN McCRAE.

"What I spent I had; what I saved, I lost; what
I gave I have."

But yesterday the tourney, all the eager joy
of life,

The waving of the banners, and the rattle
of the spears,

The clash of swords and harness, and the mad-
ness of the strife;

To-night begin the silence and the peace of
endless years.

(One sings within)

But yesterday the glory and the prize,

And best of all, to lay it at her feet,

To find my guerdon in her speaking eyes:

I grudge them not,—they pass, albeit sweet.

The ring of spears, the winning of the fight,

The careless song, the cup, the love of friends,

The earth in spring—to live, to feel the light—

'Twas good the while it lasted: here it ends.

Remain the well-wrought deed in honour done,

The dole for Christ's dear sake, the words
that fall

In kindness upon some outcast one,—

They seemed so little: now they are my All.



For Better Things

ANOTHER MISSION EXHIBITION.

It was announced in Assembly that the National Mission Exhibit would be open soon. Had we heard about it?

I had been to mission exhibits before; in fact felt that I had little to learn in that line. How could this one be different? How could I feel enthusiastic about it?

Little did I know! When I heard that it was to be in Varsity Arena I changed my ideas. I felt that it was to be on a large scale. Having seen some of the work that was to be sent to it from The Abbey, I was fully convinced that this exhibition would be something wonderful, something one should not miss. But I had much still to learn.

The day came, and our school went as a whole. When we arrived the Arena was crowded, but as an arrangement was made by which school groups that had been there for a half-hour were informed through a "loud speaker" that it was time to pass down on the left side to the exits, we presently had an opportunity to inspect. The booths were not only beautifully fitted up as others had been in past exhibits, but there were countless new things to learn—lives of martyrs, of whom I had never heard before, and representatives of orders of nuns, new to me, and Reverend Fathers with interesting stories of mission life that all seemed full of inspiration for those who paused to hear.

Of course, we from Loretto felt that our I.B.V.M. booth was particularly attractive, but that did not mean that we failed to appreciate the others. The amount of informing literature on the missionary work being done, which was distributed at the different booths, enabled us later to recall our visit and to discuss various features which might otherwise have been forgotten.

To see, and hear, and realize the efforts that are being made in our own land and in foreign countries for our Faith, and for the saving of souls, made me immensely grateful for this Faith, and resolved to do all in my power by prayer and work to promote missionary undertakings from this time forward.

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

LOVE LIKE FIRE.

The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

[Reproduced from the Souvenir Handbook of the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibition.]

Come and see! The dominant feature of the display of the I.B.V.M. at the Missionary Exhibition is a large oil painting, the work of Mother M. St. Martha Cronin, at Loretto Abbey, which pictures in glowing colour the apostolic work of the Institute from the days of seventeenth century foundress and pioneer, the noble and valiant Englishwoman, Mary Ward, down to the present series of schools and extension labours whose centre is Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto. The painting enthrones Our Blessed Lady and her Divine Child at the top centre with the Dove above her head and a circle of saints in the clouds below her: St. Joseph and St. Patrick, patrons of Canada and Ireland; St. Luke and St. Cecilia, patrons of the arts; St. Aloysius and St. Agnes, patrons of youth, and our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, from whom the breath of inspiration and vocation goes out to all workers in the vineyard.

In the upper left is the great lover of youth, the foundress, Mary Ward; on the right, the figure of St. Michael, miraculous protector of the Institute at York, England, in the Cromwellian persecutions. Just below are two charming vignettes of the departure of the Loretto Nuns from Dublin, and their arrival at Cooper's Wharf, Toronto, in 1847.

The centre of the canvas is the present Motherhouse, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, and in the foreground a typical group of actual pupils who will recognize themselves.

Along the border are, on one side, miniature portraits of the heads of the Archdiocese, from the saintly Bishop Power at whose call the Sisters came to Toronto, to the reigning Archbishop, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan; on the other, the successive Reverend Mothers of the Institute in America. Along the lower margin are the Schools and Colleges of the Institute at the present time.

Serving the Missions.

Come and see! The display of vestments, altar linens, albs, surplices, "porte-Dien," etc., the handiwork of nuns and students, destined

Views of the
Institute of the
Blessed Virgin
Mary (Loretto)
Booth



At Canadian
National
Missionary
Exhibition,
October, 1943



Top—General View. "In-
stitute" picture on
rear wall.



Middle Left—
(a) Exhibit of Vest-
ments for Missions.
(b) Photographs of
I.B.V.M. Activities—
Mission, Catholic
Press, Etc.

Middle Right—
(a) Exhibit of altar
linens for missions.
(b) Photographs of
I.B.V.M. Activities,
Social Welfare, Cate-
chetical Schools, etc.



Below—Entrance to
I.B.V.M. (Loretto Booth).



for the service of the Church in missions and needy parishes, occupies one side of the booth. On the opposite side is a pictorial representation of the extension field of the I.B.V.M.; catechism summer classes in the various provinces of Canada and in the States as far distant as South Dakota; two Mission Chapels in the Canadian West erected by the activities of the Student Mission Crusade; a handwrought chalice made of the precious metal and precious stones of jewelry donated by students and their relatives; a growing catechism correspondence

“Divine love is like fire, which will not let itself be shut up; for it is impossible to love God and not to labour to extend His honour.”—Mary Ward, Foundress, I.B.V.M.

EDUCATION AND ACTIVE LIFE.

(From a brochure published for distribution at Loretto Booth).

The Educational System of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary is designed to develop



enterprise in the Hamilton diocese, etc. The St. Francis de Sales Society for the Catholic Deaf of Toronto has its centre and weekly gatherings and annual mission at Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

Come and see! Unique relics: a miniature model of the Holy House of Loretto; the chalice with which Mass was first celebrated in the Niagara peninsula; the large Agnus Dei, gift of Archbishop Lynch to Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, made famous in the recent fire in which the Convent wing was saved. [Come and see copies of Loretto Rainbow, the Golden Jubilee issue of which appeared in July, 1943.]

Small medals of Our Lady of Loretto, patroness of aviation, are to be distributed here, as well as leaflets and small pictures, souvenirs of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

in girls the gentleness and the strength of a true Christian womanhood, and enable them to be a source of happiness and blessing in any surroundings in which they may be placed.

On the intellectual side, it comprises the complete range of University, High School, Conservatory of Music, Commercial, and Domestic Science Courses, with a view to the various certificates issued by Departments of Education and State Universities.

Loretto College, St. George St., is a Women's College, an integral part of St. Michael's College, within the University of Toronto. Here the students pursue their studies in a Catholic College and obtain their degrees from one of the major State Universities in the world.

School activities, dramatic, athletic, and religious, are a means of developing initiative

and character. The sodalities of the Blessed Virgin for the senior pupils, of the Holy Angels and of the Infant Jesus for the juniors; Mission Crusade and Propagation of the Faith movements offer scope for spiritual and charitable enterprise. A complete education thus helps young girls to understand the greatness of life, the power and joy of uprightness and holiness in all its walks.

New Features.

As the times require it, new educational features develop. The contemporary move-



Mother Mary Ward, Foundress, I.B.V.M.

ment for the spread of catechetical instruction has met with enthusiastic co-operation from the Institute. An extension at Port Colborne, Ontario, provides daily catechism classes, children's church choir, Catholic library facilities, and general supervision of hundreds of children who have no Catholic school. The summer vacation time finds the members of the I.B.V.M. conducting catechism in more than thirty centres in Ontario, and in a score of country parishes in the Province of Saskatchewan, with Sedley and Regina as headquarters. Chicago and Sault Ste. Marie are centres in the United States, which extend their activities

beyond their own precincts as far as Dakota and Northern Michigan. From the Abbey all these activities radiate and converge to the greater glory of God and the honour of our Blessed Mother.

SILVER JUBILEE of CHRIST-LIKE WORK.* TORONTO CATHOLIC DEAF SOCIETY.

One feature of mission work unique in its scope yet little known even in Toronto, where it has functioned for twenty-five years, is that done by the Catholic Deaf Society.

Founded by Mother Colombière White, a Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in November, 1917, it has since that time provided for the spiritual and social needs of the Catholic deaf, who because of their handicap can benefit from sermons only when given in the sign language.

Early in November, 1917, Mr. John Crough, a deaf mute, called at Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, and in writing, asked for the Sister who was interested in the deaf. The message was given to Mother Colombière, who had taught in the Provincial School for the Deaf at Belleville.

Mr. Crough told of a long and fruitless search in Toronto for a Catholic who could communicate with the deaf. His was a personal interest, as he wished to arrange for instruction for his fiancée, who intended to become a Catholic. He requested Mother Colombière to speak to His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, on behalf of the Catholic deaf. She did so and received the memorable reply: "For a long time I have been worried about this portion of my flock, but who could understand them or take charge of them I did not know. Now I ask you to take care of these afflicted people."

First Meeting.

The following Sunday the deaf assembled at Loretto College School, where a room was assigned for their use. A year later, November 18, 1918, they organized as "The Toronto Catholic Deaf Association," with Mr. Crough as president. On October 7, 1923, the name was changed to "St. Francis de Sales Deaf Society." This name, however, proved so confusing to Catholic deaf mutes seeking information in a strange city that the Society has gradually come to be known as "The Catholic Deaf Society."

*In The Canadian Register, Nov. 20, 1943.

In the beginning the work of religious instruction was carried on by means of an interpreter. Many different priests will remember delivering sermons and explaining our religion to the deaf through an interpreter. At first this task was fulfilled by Mother Colombière herself. Soon, however, a generous and devoted convert, Mrs. Mable Murphy, came to her aid. Mrs. Murphy was and is conversant with the sign language. Sunday after Sunday for twelve years, with no thought of her own comfort or convenience, Mrs. Murphy made the journey to Loretto College School to perform this Christ-like deed of charity.

Seminarians Trained.

This method could at best be only temporary. It was soon realized that priests acquainted with the deaf and proficient in their language must be trained if the work was to prosper. Archbishop McNeil, seeing the need, gave permission to the Seminary to send certain students to the meetings every Sunday. The response was enthusiastic and generous. For the last seventeen years St. Augustine's Seminary has sent forth zealous priests well fitted to minister successfully to the deaf. To name only a few, Reverend Fathers A. Belanger, J. E. McHenry, Francis McGoey, Francis Sullivan, Vincent McGivney, James Meehan, John Carley and Reverend Basil Ellard, who has been the devoted chaplain of the Society for fourteen years.

Archbishops' Interest.

Archbishop McNeil's kindly interest never failed. He came every year on Good Friday to make the Stations with the members and to preach the opening sermon of their annual mission. This custom has become a cherished tradition in the Society and it is with genuine joy and gratitude that the deaf look forward to the yearly visit of His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, whose paternal care reaches even to this small portion of his flock.

Mother Colombière's solicitude for the deaf continued until her death in 1937. She was succeeded by Mother Mary Joseph, who, in turn, was succeeded by Mother M. St. Eugene and Mother M. Cécile-Thérèse.

A great deal has been done but there is still greater work to be accomplished in the future. Not all of the one hundred Catholic deaf mutes of Toronto avail themselves of this Deaf Centre. To this is added the deplorable fact that there are an estimated thirty-five hundred deaf mutes throughout Canada and

only a half-dozen centres for their Catholic education. Many very large cities and whole dioceses have no such centre—to the great spiritual loss of these people. To meet this need partially, the deaf of Toronto patiently teach their sign language to students of St. Augustine's and the Jesuit Seminary in the hope that after ordination to the priesthood they will begin similar centres in their far-flung places of labour. An example of success is the work among the deaf Catholics of Manila, in the Philippines, by Reverend Edward Klippert, S.J., even during Japanese occupation. Reverend James Meehan was similarly trained for Ogdensburg Diocese, and Reverend John Carley for the Archdiocese of Kingston.

Silver Jubilee Mass.

In a spirit of joy, the members of the Toronto Catholic Deaf Society will celebrate their Silver Jubilee of existence on Sunday, November the twenty-first. Holy Mass will be celebrated by Father Basil Ellard at Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, at ten o'clock, at which the deaf will receive Holy Communion. At five in the afternoon Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given together with a sermon in the sign language, to be followed by a ration-time banquet and an evening of entertainment.

Dear Reader—you are asked to become interested in this work. Come and see what is done at this Deaf Centre any Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. God will repay you for your charity, and you will gain the undying gratitude of the deaf themselves.

The Jubilee celebration of Toronto Catholic Deaf Mute Society, at Loretto College School, was duly carried out. For the delightful hour and a half of entertainment after the banquet, congratulations and sincere thanks were offered to Rev. Father Sharkey of China Seminary, who was proclaimed by spoken word, and in sign language, a real "magician."

A SEQUEL.

Editor's Note: The picture of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin's family, and the sonnet entitled, "The Martin's Tome," by Lucile B., in the October issue of Loretto Rainbow, have proved of interest to so many that, on request, a member of the Community, who recently obtained some interesting information concerning this happy Baltimore family, is graciously allowing us to publish part of the letter.

Maryland Ave., Baltimore, 18, Md.,
Nov. 23rd, 1943.

Dear M— L—:

I visited the Martins on Sunday afternoon. I had no difficulty in locating the house and had a very satisfactory interview, I think. As mentioned previously, my first thought was to call on the Sisters but as I was not sure of the parish, decided to go directly to the address given in the paper.

Mrs. Martin opened the door. I told her that a friend of mine, a teacher in Canada, had read of her adopting the children and asked me to visit her. She invited us into the living room, and two of the children, Marjorie and Howard, came in. We chatted for a few minutes when Mrs. M. excused herself to attend to a pie which was in the oven. That gave me an opportunity to look around for some sign of Catholicity. Surely enough, there was a picture of the Sacred Heart on the wall, so I casually asked Howard what school he attended and he answered "Sacred Heart of Mary."

When Mrs. M. returned she told us the children's story. Their mother was in a sanatorium for some time, and Mrs. M. took care of Marjorie and Howard during that period. The Children's Aid Society (a non-sectarian agency) had the two older boys. Elaine, the youngest, was born later. We did not see Elaine, as she was asleep. She has a rheumatic heart and is allowed up only about four hours on Sunday. She is seven years old now and this is her first year at school. Mrs. M's own daughter, who is married and lives in the same house, takes Elaine to school and calls for her daily. Elaine is under the care of a child specialist and Mrs. M. takes her to his office for periodical check-ups. She seems to be progressing favorably.

Marjorie is thirteen and in the eighth grade. She is rather a serious type and appears to be mother's helper, as she made several trips to the kitchen to look after the pie.

Howard, aged eleven, is a "real boy." He was going out with his friends and Mrs. M. gave him some spending money. He bestowed a big kiss on her cheek and said, "Good-bye, Mom, I'll be back soon!"

The second boy, William, is sixteen, rather short for his age but has an attractive personality and is a good-looking chap.

The oldest boy is in the Navy, and is stationed in New Orleans.

The Martins are Catholics. The children's

mother became a convert just before her death and said it was due to the example of Mrs. Martin. Mrs. M. had the three younger children baptized and is sending them to the parochial school. The two older boys are non-Catholics.

I gave Mrs. M. the October Rainbow containing their picture and the poem. They were much interested and when William came in, Howard exclaimed: "Hey, see our picture!" and Marjorie said: "Just look, the Sister wrote a poem about us."

Mrs. Martin is a likeable person and one can see kindness written all over her. The children are devoted to her and one would really think she was their own mother. She seemed very much pleased at your interest in her family, and I told her no doubt you would write her. She said she would be glad to receive a letter from you and would answer it. She told us it had not occurred to her that she was doing anything extraordinary when she adopted the children. The three younger ones were only little tots when she took them and the two older ones asked to be included, which the Martins consented to, as they thought the family should not be separated. The father, who has since died, gave his permission.

The children looked well clothed and nourished and, judging from the array of bottles on the porch awaiting the milkman, they surely receive their quota of milk. They are exceptionally well-mannered children.

Well, I believe I have told you all I know regarding the Martins, even though the information is somewhat tardy. However, I was glad to have the Rainbow to give them, as it "backed up" my story. I could see it made a favorable impression on Mrs. M., and the children were simply delighted. I suppose it has been shown all over the neighborhood by this time and most likely they took it to school to show "Sister."

Since I said you might write, I hope you will drop her a line when you can. The address is: Mrs. Charles Martin, 1132 South Bensal St., Baltimore (24), Maryland.

I am enclosing a clipping from our Baltimore Evening Sun.

The friend who accompanied me to the Martins was much interested in the article in the Rainbow regarding Dr. John McCrae. She knew his brother, Dr. Tom, very well, having been associated with him at Hopkins years ago. The world is not so large after all, is it?

Sketches

SNOWFALL.

My window frames a monochrome in gray:
 Drab walls, lead sky, sad skeletons of trees.
 Mine is a barren mood. This lingering day
 Recalls a host of mournful memories.

But now the grace-note of a snowflake glides
 Across the glass; another follows fast
 Till soon a swaying, swirling curtain hides
 The lifeless scene without Thus, too, our
 past

Is soon erased. Though wounds be cruel and
 deep
 The speeding days will cast their masking
 veil

As does the drifting snow. No more we weep.
 Our tragedy becomes a jester's tale.

Donald T. Brown.

A BANKRUPT SALE OF BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Under my door, but the other eve,
 I found some beautiful old fall leaves.
 Red and golden, yellow and brown,
 From the far-off woods beyond the town.
 Leaflets left by the passing breeze,
 Snatched from the boughs of the autumn trees.
 Writ with the message the fall wind brings,
 Of a bankrupt sale of beautiful things;
 Out where the woods are red and gold
 And a million wonderful things are sold.
 Out where the apple and butternut's found
 And the squash and pumpkins litter the ground.
 A riot of good things, calling far
 Where Autumn is holding her gay bazaar.
 Let's hie away, where the blackbird sings
 At this bankrupt sale of beautiful things.
 Autumn has wonderful things for sale
 Out in the woodland, down the vale.
 Bits of moonlight silver for you,
 A wild-bird winging against the blue,
 Sunset's crimson and sunshine's gold,
 Blackberries, blueberries, things untold.
 Moon riding high in a storm-swept sky,
 Dreams to keep till the day we die.
 The years go quickly, and youth goes too.
 While yet we're young and the sky is blue,
 Let's garner these wonderful memories
 For a fireside pregnant with reveries.

Let's furnish a place for the years in store
 With all these wonderful things, and more.
 Come, dear, let's squander a bit of time
 'Midst the crimson woods and the fall sunshine.
 Out where the blackbird sweetly sings
 At a bankrupt sale of beautiful things.

—Hugh F. Sharkey, S.F.M.

MOONLIGHT.

By MOTHER M. DOROTHEA, I.B.V.M.

Only when the night-time comes
 Without a light to show
 The traveller his chosen path,
 Does the soft moonlight glow.

It shines as lovely silver
 With a beauty all its own,
 Telling its tale throughout the world,
 Conscious of being alone.

Alone with none to comfort,
 It fills the dark night sky
 Heaven blue with peacefulness
 In its immensity.

Moonlight! nothing can compare
 With thy sole beauty, and serene,
 We name thee of the silent night
 The Queen.

THE SEASONS.

Every season has its beauty;
 Spring with promise comes
 Of buds and early blossoms
 After cold weather benumbs.

Summer comes with gracious smiling;
 Time for holidays and fun,
 Gorgeous colouring, fruit and flowers
 For which we thank the golden sun.

Autumn is the world's delighting
 In celestial Artist's power,
 Tinting trees in unrolled beauty
 With new loveliness each hour.

Winter comes in its own splendour,
 Earth in all its beauty white:
 With its crowning feast of Christmas,
 It is truly a delight!

M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

NATURE'S MASTERPIECE.

At nine o'clock we were well into the heart of the White Mountains. From the peak of Mount Colin, we were able to distinguish the impressive entrance to Franconia Notch, New Hampshire. The distance from our starting point, Lake Winnepesaukee, to our destination, "The Old Man of the Mountains," was approximately one hundred and fifty miles. Our course took us over mountainous country, bottomless chasms, and swift-flowing streams.

Many are unaware of this stone marvel, "The Old Man of the Mountains," yet some people mention him as being the ninth "wonder of the world." This statuesque face was carved out of the side of a mountain by nature and is wholly untouched by man. It is the most natural face in the world, called also "The Profile," or "The Great Stone Face," of Hawthorne's story. The old man's face is forty feet high on the south end of Cannon Mountain, one thousand, two hundred feet above the ever beautiful Profile Lake.

It is difficult to perceive the "Profile" with the naked eye on a dull day. We could not have wished for a more beautiful one than that chosen for our trip to Profile Lake. The beginning of the day was so clear we were able to view the old man's face without the aid of field glasses. The small lake at the foot of the mountain was a picture in itself. The face at the top of the mountain was photographed in the deep, still waters of Profile Lake. The wild ferns and flowers that grew along the water's edge formed a natural frame around the picturesque lake. When a ripple disturbed the silent water, one of our fellow-tourists remarked on the unusual change that came over the face. The eyes of the carving reflected in the water seemed to shed tears. It was such a startling observation that one of the members of the party, who was an amateur poet, later wrote in verse, "Weeping Stone Face."

About two hours after our arrival, a thunderstorm blew up, for which we were not unthankful, for the sight of the old man during a storm was even more thrilling than on a clear day. Dark clouds blotted out the sun and the whole earth darkened. Then came streaks of lightning, followed by the booming thunder. All was most impressive. The contours of the face against the dark background were sharply defined by the play of lightning, while the crevices were in total blackness. It

is truly the most fascinating sight I have ever witnessed.

These are Daniel Webster's words after he had viewed "The Old Man of the Mountains":

"Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades. Shoemakers hang a gigantic shoe, jewellers a monster watch, even the dentist hangs out a gold tooth; but up in Franconia Mountains, God Almighty has hung out a Sign to show that in New England He makes Men."

Pauline Evans, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

BROWN EYES.

He was small, delicate, thin, and —about six years old; his face was narrow, with large, brown eyes and dark, curly hair.

All this came to my notice at once when I saw the little lad trying—with some help from his mother behind—to climb that steep step of the street-car. The resemblance between the child and mother was striking: there was but one difference, and that was the expression in those two pairs of large brown eyes. The mother's were filled with pride and admiration of her son. The child's were filled with mischievousness, and enthusiasm.

When he was seated by his mother, an incessant stream of questions flowed forth, and those which his mother could answer, she did with great pride. Soon the child could find no more questions, but his curiosity remained, and he wanted to move about in the car. The mother, not wishing to attract the attention of the whole street-car, told him it would be better for him to remain seated. The child's will was not to be restricted; he apparently had never been on a street-car before, and he was going to find out just whatever there was for him to find. He went up and down the car, gaining the attention of everyone present—even those business men who always seem so engrossed in their newspapers.

Now there was but one person left to approach; that was the conductor. The little lad crept up to him stealthily, in between the jerks of the street-car, with his large brown eyes open and full of curiosity. Instead of beginning the conversation with the weather, he rather timidly asked, "Have you any stubs for me?" In the little brown eyes I read the answer no, but just then the conductor found

something better—a shiny red apple. Little brown eyes thanked him, and he ran to his mother, whose expression was now showing a little of what one might call embarrassment.

It was just time for them to leave the car, and he queried in a loud voice, "Wasn't that a nice conductor, Mummy?"

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

A SNOWSTORM.

A snowstorm was gathering in the west and was rapidly expanding along the thin, misty line of the horizon.

In the gathering dusk the village looked drab and forlorn. On the hill, standing guard over the little hamlet, were the slowly decaying ruins of the old castle which stood out in relief against the gray and dreary sky. A cold pall hung in the air and the slushy snow on the ground began to freeze. The lamps were lit in the shop windows and the people began hurrying to their homes, where there awaited them a good dinner and a roaring fire on the hearth.

Then, like an eagle swooping swiftly down out of the sky on its prey, it came!

The snowstorm, in all its fury, lashed against the roofs of the houses and beat upon the window-panes. The wind swept the swiftly falling flakes of snow into huge drifts against the fences, and bent the boughs of the trees until they touched the ground. The little streamlets were soon frozen over, and icicles began to form on the eaves and window-sills of the houses. The snow fell faster and faster, and beat in the faces of the few stragglers who were caught in the storm, forcing them to bend against the cold, piercing wind and gather their coats closer about them.

A pale moon could occasionally be seen as it looked out from behind the clouds. The trees cast dark, ominous shadows upon the snow-blanketed ground. In the forest could be heard the caw-cawing of a crow calling to its mate. The storm abated a little, but still the wind whistled through the trees and shook the snow off the roof-tops in a thundering avalanche. The night sped on and the snow continued to fall for hours.

In the morning the sun smiled joyously down upon a fairy wonderland. Icicles glis-

tened in the sunlight like the daggers of some elfin princes. A coverlet of snow lay on the ground and sparkled and shone in the sunlight like millions of diamonds. The air was crisp and cool and on the morning breeze came the clear, sweet song of the whip-poor-will. Sleigh-bells jingled merrily in the streets and people called cheery good-mornings to each other. The happy shouting of children could be heard as they played and romped in the snow. One by one, shops were opened, and the busy bustle of people began as they went about their daily tasks. From the church steeple the deep, rich-toned bells tolled out their glad tidings.

Dogs barking, horses neighing, children laughing and shouting, people talking, people working—what a happy sight it is! A snowstorm brings good cheer and happiness to many, both young and old.

It makes one sing with Browning:

"God's in His heaven,
All's well with the world."

Marie Liberty, X,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.

Holly wreaths, evergreen trees, colored lights and bells adorn every home. It is Christmas again!

Around the corner, in the little church, a soft, blue light attracts the attention to quite a different type of holiday symbol—a crib. Imitation snow on the roof of the cave-stable; within, tiny, woolly lambs close to the shepherds; a cow, a donkey; two people, Mary and Joseph, gazing reverently at the beautiful Infant Jesus lying on the straw and being warmed by the breath of the animals. Venite adoremus!

Born to be the Redeemer of all men, He was the purpose for that crib; the very reason why holly wreaths and colored lights now decorate Christmas windows.

He Himself *is* our Christmas!

Year after year, no matter what the condition of the world, that Crib with the Infant Jesus will draw our hearts anew to His love.

From the world's bustle and cares, go into any Catholic church, and find there that appealing little manger-bed, that crib with the soft blue light, ever telling of "Peace on earth to men of good will."

Betty Shackmuth, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

Felicitations

To His Excellency Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, we offer our most cordial felicitations on having been appointed Assistant to the Pontifical Throne and Roman Count, by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, in appreciation of His Grace's episcopal labours and achievements. An announcement of the high honour bestowed on our beloved Archbishop in the centennial year of the Archdiocese of Toronto was made by the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Ildebrando Antoniutti, during the opening ceremony of the Canadian National Missionary Exhibition.

On the glorious success of the First National Missionary Exhibition, held in Varsity Arena, Toronto, October 15-19, 1943, we extend heartiest congratulations to His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, who was President of the Exhibition; to the Co-Chairmen, Very Rev. William T. Davis, D.D., and Very Rev. Joseph A. McDonagh; to the Secretary, Very Rev. F. V. Allen, and the Assistant Secretaries; to the Canadian Register; to Mr. H. Somerville, Co-Editor of The Canadian Register, and Chairman of the Mission Exhibition Publicity Committee; to Mission Press; to the Special Chairmen of Committees; to the General Committee, and to all who contributed in any way to the magnificent and memorable Exhibition whose results will be far-reaching and lasting.

To Miss Mary Frances Barry, student in Grade XI-A, Loretto College School, go congratulations on winning a special Loretto Rainbow prize for her splendidly arranged looseleaf "Scrap Book," containing a copy of practically every piece of literature distributed at booth after booth of the National Missionary Exhibition. The book, 14½ x 12¼, is quite attractive, with red leather cover, crimson silk cord, and title in gold.

Congratulations are extended to Rev. Thomas Laurence O'Brien of Los Angeles, California, and to his happy parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, on his Ordination to the Priesthood by His Excellency, Most Rev. Archbishop Cantwell. Father O'Brien is a nephew of Rev. Father O'Brien, C.S.P., and of Mother M. Gerarda, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. St. Justin,

I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey, Toronto, to whom we also offer our felicitations.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, the Golden Jubilee of Mother M. Alexia O'Brien was happily celebrated at Loretto Convent, Stratford. The chapel, which had been renovated recently, was particularly beautiful on the occasion, with its sanctuary adorned with choice blossoms and lights.

Amongst those present who helped to make the day an exceptionally joyous one for the Jubilarian were her two sisters, Mother M. Redempta, I.B.V.M., of Loretto, Stratford, and Mother M. Prudentia, I.B.V.M., of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, each of whom has had a Golden Jubilee within the past two years; also Mother M. St. Edna, of Loretto College School, Toronto, who is a cousin.

A feature of the afternoon programme was the effective reading of two jubilee poems by their respective writers.

To Mother M. Alexia congratulations and best wishes for the years that lie ahead, which all who know her can foresee will be filled with the whole-hearted alertness and eagerness to contribute to the welfare of those about her which have signalized the dear Jubilarian's past years.

JUBILEE GREETINGS.

To Mother M. Alexia, I.B.V.M.

The golden years are rich with mellow glow;
 In decades five with stately calm they flow,
 Soft twined about a life of homely tasks—
 The widow's mite—'tis all the Master asks!
 Small, hidden deeds and silent, loving prayer—
 What more His needs to carve this jewel rare?
 The world whirls past, yet cannot stir surprise
 In pools of wisdom cradled in your eyes.
 Your winged thoughts can rend the veil of
 skies,
 For daily tryst you keep with Jesus Christ.

Novitiate days sped by in joy and peace—
 Those gay young days of eighteen ninety-
 three;

How brimming full must be the treasure-trove
You cherish still from early dawn of love!
Long vistaed hopes whose memory lingers yet,
Glad echoes of the years in Joliet.

The King's command you held in many parts,
And gathered harvests rich in human hearts.
Nor have you laid aside your kindly power
Of skill, but spend it yet in generous shower
Upon this little town on Avon's banks,
Where first you joined Loretto's mission ranks.
In larger spheres of action you have won
Your spurs.—The Falls, Toronto, Hamilton;
But towns like *this* and Guelph, steeped in
Mary's lore,
Must deeper be enshrined from days of yore.

The grace to build up Mary's Institute—
You use it still, and point us out the route
By voiceless lessons, clear though mute.
Young nuns dream dreams of heights unsealed
before,
Store visions in our minds from memory's
store.

Can we not seek to tread the path you trod,
Reaching, through little things, the arms of
God?

On this glad day of holy jubilation,
We bring you our sincere congratulation,
Asking Our Lady Mother and her Son
To bless, and shower with gifts, their faithful
one.

Mother M. St. Gerald, I.B.V.M.

Loretto Convent, Stratford,
December 8, 1943.

THE IRISH SAINTS.

Fifty years ago on this sweet day
There came a young girl named O'Brien
To knock at the Loretto Novitiate door
To follow her sisters, it is true,
But more to seek our Blessed Lady
In the way of her friends, the Irish Saints.
To-day she dreams of them again as they
gather 'up there'
In love and song to Mother Mary.

St. Patrick, the apostle, the father
Of holy bishops, Aeden, Benignus, Colman of
Dromore,

Laurence O'Toole, Mel of Ardagh, Macharius,
Malachy of Armagh, Oliver Plunket, martyr of
Tyburn,

Thaddeus Macartin of Ross and Cloyne,
The holy Bishops, all, bless our jubilarian,
Whose heart has still the fresh ardour

Of an Irish colleen; they beg our Lady
To put her seal of love on the fifty years spent
Under her roof on earth, answering bells and
doors?

In the laundry, in the garden, and always
With a holy envy for prayer and the company
Of the saints, Adam and Eve, too, and her own
patrons,
Elizabeth and Alexius, and Pius X.

Next come the beloved nuns and holy women
Led by the valiant Bridget of Kildare:
Attracta of the house of hospitality in Sligo,
Cera of Tipperary, Ita of Munster, Caellainn of
Roscommon,
Cannera of Bantry, Dympna of the miraculous
touch,
Edana of the holy well, and a hundred more
Whose paean of praise sounds like: "O'Brien,
O'Brien, O'Brien."

Then the abbots, the monks, the hermits, in
solemn file:

Finbar of Cannaught, Brendan, Columcille the
exile,
Columbanus, Gall of Ben Chor, Kenneth and
Kevin and Ryan,
Vorech and Vougas . . . their chant of "Jubi-
late, jubilate, Deo"

Grows into a prayer that our Immaculate
Mother

Will bless with the dew and sunshine of
Heaven

The sweet growth of holiness in the heart of
Our Mother Alexia, *ad multos annos*.

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

Loretto Convent, Stratford,
December 8, 1943.

SPEAKING OF JUBILEES.

Grace Campbell, the author of that delight-
ful book, "Thorn-Apple Tree," was asked to
write something which might be of value to
high school students of Canadian literature.
She wrote: "Investigate your environment,
and appreciate it." By so doing, she claims
that they can provide for themselves a great
body of material for creative writing and,
should they never write, they have, neverthe-
less, permanently enriched their lives.

Those who have read Mrs. Campbell's book
will know that she investigated and appre-
ciated—and with what pleasure to her read-
ers!—the old Highland community of Glen-

garry with its hardships of pioneer life, but also with its attempt at gentle living.

Loretto, Stratford, has a wealth of Memories for us to investigate and appreciate. We may here recall a few:

In 1878 the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary were invited by Right Reverend Dr. Walsh, Bishop of London, and Reverend E. B. Kilroy, to found a mission in Stratford, "one of the principal towns of the diocese." Dr. Kilroy had previously purchased "Brunswick Place," the Jarvis estate, consisting of about two acres. Accordingly, five nuns arrived from Loretto Abbey, Toronto, on August 15. That date accounts for the title of the Stratford Convent of "Our Lady of the Assumption." They went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Coreoran (whose eldest daughter was later to be the first postulant from Stratford) while awaiting the opening of their new convent.

In September the Separate School, a rented house, and the "Select School" opened. As time went on the number of nuns and pupils increased.

The Convent records make mention again and again of the kindness of Dr. Kilroy. The initial expense of the house was his, but it was the smaller acts of kindness that endeared him to the Community. The records say that, during the summer of 1887 he supplied lumber for a new fence around the Convent grounds. We think some of it is still standing. He presented the nuns with "*a forty-dollar cow to replace one that died.*" As the underlining appears in the records, evidently cows were of immense importance then, as now, in our rationing days. Dr. Kilroy installed the telephone for the nuns during the days of the building of the new story, 1888, when they had great need of it.

The great event of 1893 was the erection of the Chapel by the same kind friend, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, through his love for her Immaculate Conception, and it was on this lovely feast, December 8, 1893, that it was consecrated by Bishop O'Connor—fifty golden years ago!

Frances Kelly, XII,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.

Congratulations to Miss Anne Mahoney, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Mahoney, 1014 Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls, Ontario, on winning the championship for the city in Group B, Public and Separate Schools, Grades

4, 5 and 6, of the Fifth Victory Loan School Quiz Contest.

Anne is 10 years old and is in Grade 6, St. Patrick's School (Loretto). She is a sister of Mrs. Stewart Murray (Eileen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), and a cousin of Mothers M. Alacoque and Gerard of Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

To the Detroit-Windsor Circle of Loretto Alumnae Association heartfelt congratulations are offered on the 20th anniversary of its formation.

May this superbly loyal and active group increase in numbers and continue its admirable work as long as does the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

EMMANUEL.

Like to a jewelled pendant on the night,
Low-poised, a lustrous Star, transcendent
Stranger in the lucent galaxy,
Pierced with its vibrant shaft of gleaming
light

The vast ethereal space; resplendent
Herald of Divinity
New-born to earth, whose swift, unerring beam
Sought out the King; flooded a narrow stall
With rev'rent starlight. There, 'neath Baby
charm,

His uncreated Glory hid away—
Love's prodigality—a God so small!
Within the tender curve of Mary's arm
THE INFINITE—the CHRIST CHILD lay.

M. St. Rita, I.B.V.M.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

The road before may seem to be
Dark shadowed by uncertainty,
Or rough or stony, full of briars,
Impeded by dread danger-mires;
Yet, never need one feel despair,
If he can look behind, and there
Clear see by light of memory
A golden road to yesterday.

O lovely road! you are a balm—
To present woes you bring a calm;
Youth's joys that on you shine so bright
Can turn to *day* the darkest *night*.
How sad for those to whom you show
But loneliness or poignant woe!
How fortunate are we, how blessed
Who see on you sweet peace and rest!

Kathleen A Sullivan

In Memoriam

REV. THOMAS J. MacMAHON, S.J.

A sense of shock and of sincere regret was experienced by a large circle of friends of the late Father MacMahon, on learning the sad news of his death, which occurred on October 7th, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Port Arthur, where for the past four years he had been chaplain and had conducted a course in apologetics for the nurses.

Father MacMahon held important positions in the Society of Jesus, and his good judgment



Rev. T. J. MacMahon, S.J.

and executive ability were evidenced in such enterprises as the transfer of Loyola College, Montreal, to its present site during his tenure of office as rector; the opening of Campion College, Regina, Sask., in 1918 and the direction of affairs there for four years; the building of the handsome Loyola College chapel, which was effected during another term of office at Loyola, Montreal.

For many years Father MacMahon was engaged in giving missions and retreats, a work very dear to him, in his zeal for souls. His labours are ended, but the eternal reward and the fruit of his self-sacrificing life, remain. He will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to know him and to receive his spiritual directions.

To his devoted brother, Mr. James MacMahon, of Hamilton, and his sisters, the Misses Mary, Rose, and Alice MacMahon, of Toronto, and Mrs. Perry, of Vancouver, our heartfelt sympathy is extended in their bereavement.

MOTHER M. FEBRONIE DREW.

At Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Sunday, October 3, Feast of the Little Flower of Jesus, the death of Mother M. Febronie brought to a close her lengthy and devoted life of service for God and her neighbour, in Our Lady's Institute.

Mother Febronie, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, of Montreal, was born in Clarina, Limerick, Ireland, and, at an early age, came to Canada with her parents. A graduate of the Sherbrooke Convent of the Congregation of Notre Dame, she was one of the first of Montreal's young ladies to enter the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Upper Canada.

During her long years in the Institute she filled various offices, and whether labouring as teacher, accountant, pharmacist, or superior, she endeared herself to all who had the privilege of coming within her influence. Blessed with exceptional sight, it was a great comfort to her to read during the late less active years; a short time before the end, realizing that her vision was seriously impaired, she, who had never spared her best efforts in behalf of the suffering, prayed that her life might not be prolonged, if she were to lose her sight, as she dreaded giving trouble to others.

With her clear mind, her remarkable memory, and her affectionate heart, she remained a living magnet to the closing days of a life covering nine decades of years, the dedicated portion of which she spent for the most part at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls; Loretto Academy, Hamilton; and Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

At her Requiem High Mass, and at the interment in Mount Hope Cemetery, were some who had come long distances to pay their last tribute to Mother Febronie. Amongst these were representatives of three generations of relatives—her devoted niece, Mrs. J. Penfold Coffey; her nephew, Mr. John Drew; her grand-niece, Miss Fannie Coffey, all of Montreal; and her great-grand-niece, Miss Eileen Ryan, of Chicago.

Our sympathy is extended to her nephews, Rev. John Penfold, S.J.; Rev. Geoffrey Penfold; Mr. John and Mr. Henry Drew; to her nieces, Mrs. J. Coffey, Loretto Abbey Alumna and Past National President of the Catholic Women's

League of Canada; Mrs. Loretto Drew Barrie; Misses Mary and Fannie Gillies; Miss L. Penfold; also to her grand-nieces and nephews, especially Miss Fannie Coffey, Mrs. Rita Coffey Ryan, Miss Agnes Coffey and Mrs. Ramona Coffey Sweeney, all former Loretto-Niagara pupils.

In each of her twenty grand-nieces and nephews, and ten great grand-nieces and nephews, Mother Febronie took a loving interest, knowing each of them by name. She will long be missed by her Sisters in religion and by her relatives and friends.

May her dear soul rest in peace.

MOTHER M. LUCINA EGAN.

On Sunday, November 28th, Mother M. Lucina, I.B.V.M., died at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, leaving a record of a saintly life of ninety years.

Elizabeth Egan was the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Egan, who had come from Ireland to Etobico, Ontario, where Elizabeth was born, August 17, 1853.

In May, 1877, Elizabeth entered the Novitiate at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, and was professed there August 2, 1881.

Mother Lucina spent the greater part of her religious life at "The Old Abbey," where her sunny disposition and sisterly kindness endeared her to all.

The crippling effects of a fall reduced Mother Lucina's activity but she refused to be an invalid, attending Mass, religious exercises, and caring for her personal needs until a few days before her death.

An attack of bronchitis was more than her frail constitution could withstand.

Mother Lucina is survived by her nephews, Messrs. Valentine, Thomas, Patrick and James Doyle; her grandnephew, Mr. John Doyle, and his children, Helen and Calvert; all of Toronto.

The Requiem Mass at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, was sung by Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., on Tuesday, November 30th, at 9.30. Interment was at Mount Hope Cemetery.

R.I.P. M.

DR. PAUL O'SULLIVAN.

The death of Dr. Paul O'Sullivan, on October 1st, at the early age of 53, occasioned grief in the hearts of all who knew him, and has called forth beautiful tributes in discourses and in the public press.

A Reverend Jesuit friend of the Doctor's, writing in The Canadian Register of Nov. 6th, thus expressed what many felt: "No one who had come in contact with Paul O'Sullivan could ever forget him. Generous, sympathetic, gentle and self-sacrificing, the greatness of his life did not always appear before the world. Moving in circles where the professional theologian rarely, if ever, entered, Dr. O'Sullivan succeeded by way of explanation and example



Paul M. O'Sullivan, M.A., Ph.D., M.B.

in breaking down long-standing anti-Catholic prejudices. Students of Catholic colleges and seminarians owe him a debt they can never repay for the generosity with which he gave of his time and of his deep and exact knowledge. To all who knew him, Paul O'Sullivan was an inspiration and a blessing."

And referring to letters of appreciation he had seen:

"It was easy to follow the doctor in his visits to the poor, where food and clothing were freely given along with medical care. In those cases where the skill of the physician proved helpless, the misery of the sufferer was always shared, never passed by. From these the essence of Dr. O'Sullivan's medical ethics can be distilled, that of bearing the burden of others. . . . Paul O'Sullivan professed his faith quietly, gently, but ever so effectively, in his

class-rooms, in scientific academies, of which at times he was the only Catholic member; in the hospitals that he served and in the homes he visited."

In the Bulletin of the Academy of Medicine, Toronto, November, 1943, this obituary notice appeared:

Paul Michael O'Sullivan, M.A., Ph.D., M.B., died October 1st, 1943, in Christie Street Hospital. He had been in poor health for a year or more but carried on until a week before his death at the age of 53.

Dr. O'Sullivan was born in Toronto, the son of the late D. A. O'Sullivan, Q.C., LL.D., and Emma Higgins O'Sullivan. He was educated in St. Michael's College and the University of Toronto. He graduated B.A. in 1910, M.A. in 1911, M.B. in 1915 and Ph.D. in 1921. In the Great War he served in France as Medical Officer of the Seaforth Highlanders, having enlisted in the R.A.M.C. in 1915. He was a member of Alpha Omega Honorary Medical Fraternity and of Nu Sigma Nu. He was one of the founders of the Medical Historical Club of Toronto. He was for a time Associate Professor of Physiology in the University of Toronto, and held a similar appointment in St. Michael's College. He was also a Professor of Philosophy in the Jesuit Seminary.

Dr. O'Sullivan was a man of rare gifts. He mastered half a dozen modern languages and read Latin like his mother tongue. In the Jesuit Seminary he lectured in Latin! It is doubtful if any other medical man in Canada ever attained scholarship equal to that of Paul O'Sullivan, yet he was the most modest of men and only his intimates knew the depth of his learning. In medical history he could speak with authority. The range of his reading was immense. As a medical scientist he ranked high and was in charge of the laboratories of Christie Street Hospital when he died.

Paul O'Sullivan was never a pedant. He was a most lovable character and had a flair for friendship. His passing at so early an age is a shock to those who knew his quality and his abilities. To his wife, née Alma MacLaren, his daughter and his son, Pte. Paul O'Sullivan, R.C.A.M.C., the Fellows of the Academy offer sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

For many years Dr. O'Sullivan was the physician in attendance at Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue. His unflinching readiness to come at call will ever be gratefully remembered.

In this capable, scholarly, gentlemanly physician, one felt that an abiding reverence for his fellowmen was one of his choice virtues, and that in him the poet's words:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell."

had long since been realized.

In many a prayer offered in the convent chapel he is still remembered. To Mrs. O'Sullivan, Pte. Paul O'Sullivan, R.C.A.M.C.,

and Miss Joan O'Sullivan (Loretto Alumna), on the loss of a devoted husband and father, we offer heartfelt sympathy and assurances of continued prayers for the departed.

HER SON.

(In memory of Dr. Paul O'Sullivan.)

Unwonted Death strode in, and pallid hand
Laid o'er the fevered brow of one too young
To die. "What bringeth thee, dark Stranger,
among

The living, indispensable, skilled band
Of men who raise the dead, 'tis often said,
What wilt thou, then, for one who was the
son

Of so valiant mother, she who has won
Immortal memory in hearts not dead

To the feudal splendour of her buidled
Worth?" He was her son, scion of her race,
A soul now signed by God for the high place
Prepared by the Father e'er the guild-ed,
Mighty onset of the sea made the deep,
Or the hills grappled high places, to keep.

Lucile B.

DR. WILLIAM P. ST. CHARLES.

On December 15th, Dr. William Patrick St. Charles passed away, fortified by the blessings of the Church, and mourned by a countless number of friends and of those who had experienced his skilful help in their physical ills, or his unostentatious charity in their financial difficulties. Beautiful and sincere were the tributes to his worth in the secular press as also in the Catholic papers. In a heart-gripping editorial in *The Globe and Mail* of December 16, such lines as these revealed keen appreciation of his sterling character: "He was an extremely competent physician and as a skilful diagnostician, he had few equals in the Province . . . The health and welfare of the patients who sought his services were his foremost concern, day and night. . . The poorer they were in purse, the more devotedly did he serve them." And in reference to his presidency of the Lake Shore Mining Company: "His possession of a very comfortable fortune did not affect one whit his fundamental philosophy of life. He had undertaken the duty of serving humanity with his medical skill and he was not going to forswear it as long as he had health. His fortune was useful only in that it made him able to disregard the need for financial remuneration for his work, and scores of his

patients never got a bill from him. . . The stories of his benefactions, which are given in the news columns, are only fragmentary episodes in a long career of bountiful and practical charity, and the memory of Dr. St. Charles will long be kept green by many humble beneficiaries. It will be particularly revered in St. Michael's Hospital, in whose fortunes, as a devout Catholic, he took an intense interest, and which he served for years as a consultant."



Dr. W. P. St. Charles.

Across Canada The Canadian Register of December 25 brought an illuminating account of Dr. St. Charles' life; and of the Solemn Requiem Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral, thronged with a congregation, made up of members from all professions, and from the humblest walks of life. The celebrant of the Mass, Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., former rector of Newman Hall, Toronto, and now of Washington, and the Deacon, Rev. George Daly, C.S.S.R., were for many years close friends of the deceased. The sermon was delivered by Rev. A. E. McQuillen, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral. In speaking of Dr. St. Charles' admirable charity, he said, "This charity was recognized by His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, when in March, 1937, at his request, Our Holy Father, Pius XI, conferred upon the Doctor the Papal decoration, 'Pro Ecclesia et Pontificis,' for his works of mercy."

His Grace the Archbishop, absent from the

city, had telegraphed his sympathy to the family and his regret over being unable to be present at the Funeral Mass.

To the bereaved sisters of Dr. St. Charles, Mother M. Ethne, I.B.V.M., Superior of Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, and the Misses May, Margaret (Pearl) and Helene St. Charles (Loretto Alumnae), our deepest sympathy is extended in their inestimable loss.

MRS. ELMER M. HOBEN.

With a sense of shock and of grief, the large circle of friends of Mrs. Elmer Hoben (Lucie Isabelle Street) received the announcement of her sudden death on December 13th, the Feast of St. Lucy, her patron saint.

Mrs. Hoben's earthly life of beautiful deeds and unflinching consideration for others has closed, leaving with all who knew her the remembrance of her kind and gracious ways. In Loretto, where she has been known and loved since her childhood days, prayers will continue to be offered for the repose of her soul, and for her intentions which must still be directed to the well-being of others. One of the last instances of her thoughtfulness was her having her Christmas gifts all neatly done up and addressed—some already sent had been received by friends at a distance.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to her bereaved husband, Mr. Elmer M. Hoben; to her devoted daughter-in-law, Mrs. Gordon Hoben (Hilda Duffy, Loretto Alumna); and brothers and sisters: Mr. J. C. Street, of Welland; Mr. L. J. Street, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. H. A. May, of Ottawa; Mother M. Rose Frances, I.B.V.M.; Mother M. Loyola, I.B.V.M.; Mother Marie Thérèse, I.B.V.M.; Mrs. Hilda Taube, of Cleveland; Mrs. H. F. McNaughton, of Toronto.

Her son, Pilot Officer Gordon Hoben, after distinguished service in flights over enemy territory, gave his life in a last act of heroism Overseas, in July, 1942, and her brother, Col. Douglas R. Street, was called to his eternal reward but a few months ago.

May her soul and theirs rest in peace!

Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time, disconsolate,
To inarticulate murmurs dies away
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Book Reviews

THUNDERHEAD—By Mary O'Hara. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Those who have read "My Friend Flicka" and have also had the pleasure of seeing it in technicolor on the screen, will rejoice that Mary O'Hara has written another book. "Thunderhead," as its name implies, is forceful and impelling. One misses perhaps the touching sweetness and simplicity of "My Friend Flicka," but is compensated by the philosophy and psychology of a stronger and greater book, filled with intense horse-and-boy emotions; a deep study of horses; their almost seeming intelligence and characteristic ways, in a setting of majestic grandeur. From the wild horse on the plains to the gentle riding horse, or the spirited racers of the tracks, Mary O'Hara knows and understands them all. Only one who loves horses would make such an intensive study of their natures and habits. Mary O'Hara studies men, and boys, and mothers too. How perfectly she portrays the warm-hearted, high-strung Ken. and his calmer, fine brother, Howard. Rob McLaughlin is the true American father, teaching his sons lessons of fortitude and courage "to take it." And Nell is the ever faithful wife and mother who adores her husband and reads the hearts of her boys by her own great love.

Castle Rock, one of her vivid pictures, is an hour's drive by auto from Denver, on the direct highway to Colorado Springs. It needs no stretch of the imagination to understand why it is called "Castle Rock"; so perfect is its outline, and so real the resemblance to a castle, that one can easily imagine knights and ladies riding up the impregnable heights; but the scene one visualizes is that one of real, wild life which our author describes when she tells us of the death struggle between the two white stallions seeking leadership over the harem of mares, and of the eagle's eyrie clinging to a ledge far up on the peak, and of two wild rams on a high, narrow ledge of the mountain, in a desperate fight; suddenly the body of one hurtled through the air; scarcely had it reached a landing, hundreds of feet below, than an eagle swooped after it with wings folded; soon it was seen rising from the mile-long descent, holding in its talons a mass of white "stuff," which was later shared with the baby eagles.

The story of the horses and of members of the family and their financial difficulties, makes interesting reading, which ends with the profitable sale of the lovely filly, "Touch and Go," after she had won the race on the sporty little track at Saginaw Falls and Nell going to the hospital to await the arrival of Flicka, the Swedish name for little girl,—a baby girl to fill Nell's empty arms, now that the boys are almost grown up and going to college. Let us hope that Mary O'Hara will write another book, telling us of this wee Flicka.

Mary O'Hara is the "nom de plume" of Mrs. Alsop Sture-Vasa, who was born in "Brooklyn Heights," the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman; she now lives with her husband, a Swedish American, in Granite Canyon, Wyoming, on a ranch called "Remount Ranch." She has two children. She loves and writes music as well as books. One of her Christmas Carols is sung by the famous choir of the Paulist Fathers in New York.

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

A BOOK OF UNLIKELY SAINTS—By Margaret T. Munro; 220 pages. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, Toronto. \$3.00.

Our first impression on glancing at the contents of "A Book of Unlikely Saints," by Margaret T. Munro, is that we are already quite familiar with the five saints chosen by the author; that a perusal of this particular book can, therefore, be deferred indefinitely; however, we condescend to devote a moment to the "Preface," then to "Notes on Sources," and finally by way of giving the book a fair chance, the first "Life," with its intriguing title—"A Piece of Twisted Iron," or "Machiavelli's Prince Goes Good." (The Story of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, 1568-91).

Captivated, we decide that other books may wait till this delightfully written, gloriously enlightening volume is finished.

We whole-heartedly recommend it for the increasing of one's breadth of vision with regard to the political, social and religious atmosphere in which the saints herein described attained to salvation, and to sainthood.

HOUSE OF BREAD—A Catholic Journey—

By C. J. Eustace. Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto. \$2.75.

In this splendidly sincere and convincing autobiography, the author wins us to attention in a brief but telling Foreword, but much more in each succeeding page of the 153-page volume:

In addition to his own religious views from childhood to the present, he presents beautiful appreciation of the great Catholic writers of past centuries and of the present, and does not hesitate to offer adverse criticism of such as fail to satisfy the inquiring minds of those seeking spiritual enlightenment. His chapter on "Catholics and the Problems of the Modern World" should be of particular interest to Catholic study clubs, and religion classes.

One feels newly inspired by a perusal of this timely, scholarly book by Mr. C. J. Eustace, well-known writer of books, short stories, and articles in such magazines as the Canadian Magazine, Commonweal, Thought, Sign, etc., who is at present Educational Editor of J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, and a most appreciative convert to Catholicism. C.T.D.

CHILDREN UNDER FIRE. Notes of a teacher in a war-time school. By S.M.C. Longmans, Green & Co., Toronto. \$1.50.

S.M.C., the author of "Brother Petroc's Return," which won immediate success in England and America, and was "designated the prize novel, by the London Daily Mail," has produced another fascinating and illuminating book, "Children Under Fire," whose sub-title is "Notes of a teacher in a war-time school."

Its delightful and lengthy Foreword by the famous screen-writer, Emmet Lavery, at whose suggestion the book was written, and a letter from the author to Mr. Lavery, prepare one for the treat to follow in this volume which can be read through at a sitting—provided the reader refrain from pausing over almost every page to make a special note of some particularly pithy lines, brimful of good philosophy, or description, or humour—or pathos, such as:

"It is of no service to have too serious an outlook on life, even at its worst, for such an outlook does not mend matters, and in itself, it is no light thing to be responsible for a number of children when there is danger abroad. One can only do one's best and for the rest trust Providence, Who never lets one

'down'; or, "There is nothing so infectious as fear, and fear is a thing which grows with us"; or, "It had been a lonely day and the sun was getting low in the horizon as we passed. The sky was aflame inland, while the sea and sky over it were translucent and almost colourless. The tiny waves were caressing the pebbles, as they broke lazily on the strand, while, up the river, estuary gulls and herons with a long-beaked kingfisher or two were fishing."

This is a book which holds the attention from first page to last—and then invites to more than one re-reading. K.M.B.

PREFACE TO THE LIFE OF MOTHER FRANCIS XAVIER CABRINI.

By FATHER PIERO PARINI.

(Translated from the Italian by Mother M. Agatha Allison, I.B.V.M.)

It is not true that our age, so given to activity, does not permit sanctity and poetry. Ever as now humanity has need of saints and poets. Of saints and of poets, because nothing in life and in story is durable unless there is breathed into it the spirit of poetry or the salutary example of sanctity. Politics, art, literature, science, technology are not able to rise to the summit of perfection except in virtue of that mysterious, divine, ineffable sense of things human and celestial which gives to men the idea of eternity; the certainty that much of the better things in us will not perish with us but may be transmitted to the sons of God, our children, as a remembrance always present, always living, as an inspiration to better things.

Every age has its own poets and its saints; it has poets and saints of whom it has need and whom it merits. Our time finds greater sanctity in action as the proof that this our life, so restless and sleepless, encloses in itself something that will not perish in the field of morals.

Life has its compensations from the mysterious equilibrium which is the testimony of an ever present Providence.

Sanctity is a category of life, the lofty expression of the spirit; it watches at the threshold of grief and meets every necessity with the infallible instinct of charity. Its guide is love; its rule, consolation. It creates martyrs and heroes in silence. . . . For them, life is a mystery, except for God; it is secret and inviolate; revelation is for them wholly in their work.

Of this heroic Christian life, Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini offers in our time, one of the most luminous, heroic, and touching examples. As a young girl she already thought of distant lands and the salvation of souls. She knew not how, or where. But the inspiration that comes from God consents not to doubt, and does not tolerate hesitation. One cannot read without profound emotion the story of her first years, when, as a very little girl, she trusted to the current of a stream some tiny paper boats filled with violets, and followed ecstatically the miniature flotilla she was send-



Blessed Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini.

ing filled with missionaries to convert the heathen; nor does one read on without being impressed by the remarkable example of the marvelous will which is portrayed when, at thirty years of age, at Codongo, in the beautiful land of Lombardy, she laid the foundations of the Institute of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, overcoming difficulties of every sort.

Her thoughts wandered to China, to the distant East; she longed to carry far into the countries most remote the words, the works, and above all, the example of Christian living;

however, the Pope, the great Leo XIII, suggested to her another field for her activity.

"Not to the East, but to the West! Go to the United States and you will find a great field for your labor." The counsel was a command and during twenty-eight years the great Mother of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart accomplished a marvelous work. She divided her heroic activities between America and Europe, enduring every hardship and becoming an incomparable apostle of every virtue based on Faith and Charity. Works, Foundations, in numbers were the indubitable sign of her sacrifice to God and for humanity. The swift and affecting life story of the venerated foundress, given "In the Way," offers an exact picture of the faith she had, and her love of better things. It shows to what a degree a soul consecrated to God, vowed to God, may accomplish prodigies in the whirl of this modern world.

At this point attention is drawn to a signal aspect of the Apostolate of Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini, and the inestimable contribution ascribed to her, namely, the welding together by a national spirit of the Italians scattered beyond the Ocean, and abandoned in time of sadness. She began a lofty work of charity and of patriotism; awakened and revived the cult of the Homeland, by works of piety and goodness.

Thousands of Italians and sons of Italians recall the atmosphere of their mother country in this incomparable religious, who knew how to understand the mind—to find a word of consolation for every grief, and an encouragement in every trial.

Through these Italian emigrants, especially those who were scattered in lands beyond the sea, the motherland asserted herself, in good works, in an unforeseen solidarity which had asked nothing and which would never have been able to distinguish itself otherwise. One cannot say how much the Italian National character owes to Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini in this remote land.

MOTHER CABRINI, BELOVED SPOUSE OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS,
INTERCEDE FOR US!

GALLERY OF LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

We at Loretto Abbey recently had the great privilege and pleasure of a visit from the distinguished Foundress and director of the Gal-

lery of Living Catholic Authors, Sister Mary Joseph of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, of Webster College, Webster Groves, Missouri. Sister's lecture was charmingly enlightening.

Her purpose in beginning the Gallery, she informed us, was, first, to make great present-day Catholic writers known to the world; and, secondly, to promote the reading of Catholic books.

The lecturer showed interesting films of the various authors in their Webster Gallery, and told amusing little stories in connection with several of them. We were all delighted to hear something more of the renowned G. K. Chesterton, a man who did so much for Catholic literature even before his entrance into the Church; of Hilaire Belloc, world-recognized writer and authoritative historian; of Jacques Maritain, regarded as the greatest living Thomistic philosopher; of Eric Gill, an authority in aesthetics; and Arnold Lunn, author of "Now I See," the story of his own conversion, all of whom, as members of the Gallery, were appreciatively discussed.

With some of the "members" we felt already well acquainted, as the eloquent orator, Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen, whose series of radio broadcasts we hear annually with new pleasure; Father Daniel Lord, S.J., promoter of Catholic Action, who is loved and eagerly listened to by Catholics and non-Catholics on this entire continent, and in other lands, for his unceasing interest in the welfare of people, especially the young; Rev. Dr. James Gillis, C.S.P., Editor of *The Catholic World*, writer and lecturer, whose series of broadcasts we eagerly await each year; John Farrow, a movie director, but also the capable writer of such books as "Damien, The Leper," and "The Pageant of the Popes"; Father Owen Francis Dudley, author of "The Shadow on the Earth," "The Masterful Monk," and other excellent works.

Holding honoured rank among the members are: Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., poet and essayist, author of "Fish On Friday"; Father Neil Boyton, S.J., whose books for boys have long been favourites; Msgr. Ronald Knox; Archbishop Goodier, S.J.; Father LeBuffe, S.J., and others whose works are already regarded as classics.

Some of the women members of the Gallery are: Sister Madeleva, C.S.C., a leading Catholic poet; Lucille Borden, a delightful Catholic novelist; and Helen White, writer of historical novels.

It was a delightful afternoon entertainment, which left us with a sense of closer acquaintance with these great men and women who are zealously promoting the Cause of Catholic Literature. To the lecturer, Sister Mary Joseph, we again express our appreciation of this literary treat, and our hope of one day visiting the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, even if we never win the distinction of being chosen as members of it.

Shirley Newcomb.

THE HUMAN COMEDY.

This is the best kind of fiction because it is not only a story about simple people in a special place, but also a fable, which means that it is true of all kinds of people everywhere. Saroyan begins by telling us what can happen to a boy of fourteen, working after school for a telegraph office in a small Californian town. The story is so easy to read that we don't realize until afterwards how well drawn the characters are, and how well constructed is the plot. Our hero is Homer Macauley, the messenger boy, but all the characters are important, from the lightly sketched urchin, Ulysses, to the telegraph operator, Willie Grogan, who consoles himself alternately with hymns, whiskey, and day-old pies. There are Mrs. Macauley, Homer's mother, and his sister, and the older brother, Marcus, who has gone off to war. As we read on we begin to identify ourselves with the family and all their adventures.

When a colored man on a train waves to Ulysses it is an adventure for us, too. When Homer buys a mail-order muscle-stretcher, or enters himself for a high school 220 yd. low hurdles race (he has never run a race before, but he feels sure he can and almost does!) we are quite as excited as Homer. In the telegraph office the messages given to Homer to deliver in haste may be business orders from Ithaca: "Wine or sunripe Raisin," or they may be, "we regret to inform you" from the War Department. Homer watches them come in under the hand of old Willie Grogan. Despite his weakness for stimulants, old Willie has his special significance. He fills a role not entirely angelic, it is true; but not without its moments of high romance.

The story moves easily and swiftly to its stirring climax.

Margaret Beney, Grade XII,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

BOOKS ARE WEAPONS.

1774:

A nation in the throes of birth. America is about to be separated from Britain. Yet, like a mighty battle-axe, the writings of an Englishman, Locke, give strength and form to the struggle for independence. The clauses of American Independence even reproduce, in places, his very words. Before those who order the battles for freedom, is a constant vision of an America, founded on liberal principles.

1789:

The drums roll out an insistent tattoo, signalling the glittering steel to fall again, and once more, amid shouts of fiendish glee, Mme. Guillotine claims another victim. Voltaire and Rousseau had written well; here in France, speaking even from her common people, clamouring for abolition of the ancient and the traditional. In triumph is the Goddess of Reason revived at Notre Dame, and aristocratic monarchy yields to the Republic. Indeed, they had written so well that they spun for France a tragic web extending over the centuries; a web which entangled her, through similar internal division, and caused her wretched collapse later. So well did they write that the rest of Europe, in suit, staged similarly unfortunate attempts at revolution.

1821:

Simon Bolivar is making his most dramatic appearance on the stage of South America. With intellectual weapons, namely, ideas obtained from a study of the American Declaration of Independence and from Washington's writings, as well as from the liberality of Voltaire and Rousseau, he inspires zeal in his fol-

lowers, and leads several South American states to a conquest of freedom.

1917:

The Tsar of Russia and his immediate relatives are shot by the Bolsheviki, and the Soviet Republic, "a dictatorship of the proletariat," is formed. Russia adopts socialism and proposes a revolution of the world. The ideals of Marx are being put into practice and his "communist Manifesto" becomes practically a Russian textbook.

1939:

Armed intellectually with the insidious doctrine of "Mein Kampf," the German nation, at Hitler's command, rises to achieve German dominion of the world. Thus is the fuse ignited, which causes an explosion that rocks the world, leaving in its wake a trail of barbaric cruelties and inhuman suffering.

1944 and the future:

How shall these years be influenced? Whose writings will direct the course of nations?

It can be ours to command. If literature has been a weapon to play havoc among nations, why can it not be a weapon to sow the seeds of a lasting peace? It is the duty of every Catholic to popularize Catholic intellectual traditions, to keep before the public eye the Pope's five peace points, and the works of the Church's great thinkers, so that, one day, nations will take the course that leads not to a Roman suicide at the sword's point, but to the establishment of truly harmonic international relations.

Bernadette Ward, Junior College,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

Come Let Us Adore Him

Adoremus Dominum,
See Emmanuel is come!
Just a little tender child,
Pure in flesh, in spirit mild.

God is very great and grand.
Man can never understand
The stupendous mystery
Of abiding Deity.

Jesus is so sweet and small,
Cradled in a manger stall.
Man shall ever bow the knee
To His native majesty.

God, the Omnipresent One,
Is revealed in Mary's Son.
So Emmanuel is come.
Adoremus Dominum.

Mildred Low.

A NEWMAN CHAPEL WEDDING.

In a setting of pink chrysanthemums, fuchsia, dahlias and blue pampas grass, at St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, Newman Club, on Saturday, October the fourth, the wedding was solemnized of Agnes Mary Purtle (Loretto Abbey Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs.



Captain and Mrs. F. Brennan.

Arthur William Purtle (Loretto Abbey Alumna), and Captain John Francis Brennan, R.C.A., son of Mrs. J. Gibbs Morton and the late Mr. John Francis Brennan. Monsignor E. M. Brennan performed the ceremony, during which Mr. Harold Armstrong played the wedding music and Father Ronan's choir sang.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore an ice-blue satin gown with heirloom lace collar from her mother's wedding gown. Her headdress was a calot of matching heirloom lace, from which fell a tinted ice-blue veil of tulle illusion. She carried a satin-covered prayer book and shower of blue

Vanda orchids, French roses and swansonias.

Mrs. John T. Weir was matron of honour, wearing a gown of rose-wine French crêpe and small matching hat trimmed with feathers and veil. Dr. R. J. Thompson of the U. S. Army, was best man.

Before the reception, which was held at the Granite Club, the bridal party called at Loretto College, where relatives and friends in the Community had an opportunity to wish them happiness. With her usual thoughtfulness Agnes had planned a banquet for the nuns; there was even a wedding cake, a replica of her own.

To the happy couple, who are now living in Ottawa, we offer congratulations. May God continue to bless them!

MUSIC.

I've heard great organs swelling
In old cathedrals dim—
Their mighty voices telling
To God their praise of Him.

I've heard great voices singing
Sweet songs of joy and cheer—
Their messages a-winging
To many a listening ear.

I've heard orchestral music
Weave tapestries of sound;
Brasses, flutes and oboes quick,
In patterns profound.

Other music oft I hear,
That needs not string nor bow;
Robins trilling, silver-clear,
A streamlet's murmur low.

Tenderness in voices dear,
A baby's laughter sweet—
Simple things, and ever near,
Make earth and heaven meet.

Winds that sing in leafy trees,
The wildwood's voices, all
Chant His praise and never cease,
Who made both great and small.

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
Loretto Alumna.

Loretto College "Snaps"



Top, left—
Loretto College
Dining-room.

Right—Graduates
of 4T3 go forth
as Catholic
Leaders and
Mission Aids.



Centre, left—
Practical aid for
the Missions at
Home and Abroad.



Training Mission Leaders of To-morrow—
A Symposium Group.



Sodality—Ad Jesum per Mariam.



COLLEGE NOTES.

Sept. 28-29—Registration—a dismaying experience for a bewildered Freshman, told to go here; to go there; sign this; enrol in that—and, despite all that, a registration that broke previous records: forty residents, thirty-three non-residents—and, amongst these, our freshmen make an excellent showing.

Wandering about, ineffectually looking for everything from household economies to metallurgy, our self-assurance quite dissipated, we were just about ready to give it all up—oh, this higher education stuff may be all right when . . . when a knowing and kindly Soph pointed out that Simcoe Hall was the building against which we were wearily leaning; that the spire glimpsed through the trees of Queen's Park was on St. Michael's main building; and that the Department of Agriculture is situated in the "Little Red School House," in front of which two groups of men were engaged in what looked like a southern race riot (nothing at all! Just Meds!) After what seemed like weeks, we found our way back to the friendly haven of the College residence, and finished unpacking.

Sept. 30—Michaelmas term opened with Solemn High Mass at St. Basil's—the College Church. Freshmen hearts beat more vibrantly at the sudden realization that each student present is actually part of a wonderful organization which gives "a genuine Catholic education in a war-torn and bewildered world," as the speaker, Father Bondy, C.S.B., put it. Then, off to lectures (by this time, alas, we had forgotten all the Campus Geography learned yesterday, and so, reached some of them in time to hear the Professor's concluding sentence). Initiation next—a tale in itself, but better left untold—still it was fun, and not too gruesome.

Oct. 4—Newman opened to-night, welcoming the Freshies as well as old members with a gala party. The intelligentsia (and a few not so intellectual, as glad of the chance to see the greatest living philosopher, whom St.

Michael's is privileged to have on its Faculty) attended the first of M. Maritain's fall lecture series in Teeffy Hall.

Oct. 11—Thanksgiving week-end. Those fortunate enough to live close to Toronto enjoyed the holiday at home and returned with pleasant memories of the celebration.

Oct. 16-21—Working overtime to help get our Loretto booth decorated for the Mission Exhibit, which was a marvellous success despite the raindrops.

Oct. 20—Soph-Frosh banquet—Rev. Father Sullivan and Mrs. Carron guest speakers. Two Freshmen plays won good applause.

Oct. 25—Afternoon tea and formal presentation of Freshmen to Mother Superior and the Faculty, followed by the first debate of the term—the Seniors, with Freshmen contributing to a lively discussion from the floor, while the judges came to a decision as to the winners.

Oct. 30—Everyone decked herself out in plaid shirt and skirt, and went to the Hallowe'en Frolic at Newman. An enjoyable time, as usual.

Oct. 31—First Hart House Sunday evening concert. All who appreciate good music welcome.

Nov. 5—Royal York, scene of the festive Meds' At Home.

Nov. 8—First Freshman debate. Fran. MacDonald and Corinne Mighton on the affirmative against Helen Malcolm and Ruth O'Shaughnessy. Resolved: The restrictions on European immigrants to Canada should be lowered for the duration of the war. A fine debate and the affirmative won.

Nov. 11—Remembrance Day again—with three thousand University men in uniform and on parade. Prayers offered for our boys killed in this war.

Nov. 12—Our congratulations to University College for their super follies.

Nov. 24—Second Freshman debate. Millwood O'Shaughnessy and Marcia Keating on the affirmative against Jean Allore and Edna Maloney. Resolved: The editorial of a paper does more for the reading public than the comics. Affirmative won. A good debate.

Nov. 25—Pre-Advent hop at Newman before our retreat, preached by Father Pape, and ended with a Communion breakfast on Sunday.

Nov. 28—We entertained the residents from St. Joseph's College with tea and a concert. Mary Farrell and Jacqueline Doiron sang and Miriam Dever gave some piano selections.

Nov. 29—A debate at Newman. Bunny Joyce and Izzie Skemp were our representatives—and they were good.

Dec. 1—St. Michael's Music and Drama Club organization meeting held and a marvelous programme for year drawn up.

Dec. 5—Mission tea held and a real success.

Dec. 8—The beautiful feast of the Imma-

culate Conception, celebrated by Mass and Benediction. Later a party enjoyed by all.

Dec. 10—Prayerful tributes to-day went to Our Lady of Loretto. The College gathered for a pleasant tea—and heard an address by Father Keating, S.J., on the C.C.F. Food for thought and prayerful action for many a day — and riddling and spirited questioning.

INTRODUCING THE FRESHMEN—CLASS OF 4T6.

MILLWOOD O'SHAUGHNESSY: The stage is losing a Sarah Bernhardt to the teaching profession in Millwood. Always on hand to sympathize and help; her hobby—giving surprise parties for the Freshmen class—an Irish disposition steals out when she thinks no one is looking.

RUTH O'SHAUGHNESSY. Another native of Cobalt is Millwood's younger sister, who collects scholarships as a hobby. First impressions of Ruth are her pug nose, fluttery eyelashes, and ready laugh. Don't let this fool you, though; in a tussle she always wins. What do we like most about Ruth? We like her eager friendliness and her mother's wild cherry jam.

ALISON O'REILLY: It's really difficult to describe Alison because we see her so rarely. A second year Honour freshie, she's always studying—seems they get that way at Memorial College. When we do see her, however, we quickly realize from her quaint accent that she's from Newfie (not to speak of seeing the Newfoundland post-mark on every second letter or parcel in the postman's bundle). As generous with her cheerfulness as with her chocolates—no further comment needed.

HELEN FARRELL: Better known as "Tommy"—is one of our Americans with a darling Boston accent. Rarely out of humour; essentially the student and always worried about her Latin (here I am kidding, of course); she collects match-folders, signs and pennants—contributions gladly received in Room 7.

SUZANNE KELLY: A hard working physiotherapist, spends her spare time reconditioning the athletes of the College, to their immense relief. Another philanthropic activity of Sue's is dragging fellow-freshmen to classes with her, as companions. Apart from visits to a certain drugstore, she spends her time studying, and it won't surprise us if she rates a high A in the finals.

MURIEL CHISHOLM—better known as "Chiek"—Hobby changing her mind. Plans to retire to a farm some day to apply her higher economics—if a Dent doesn't stand in the way.

GERRIE BRADLEY—reads her English books three at a time. We don't know how she does it, really. Her room, the assembling point for both corridors, is commonly known as "Grand Central Station." Her open-handed generosity and Irish wit have worked their way into every freshman's heart. There is a petition going through that she have a private telephone installed.

ANNA FRENCH is one girl who doesn't have to worry whether or not her nose is shiny, or whether the rain will straighten out her curls. This gal with the lovely smile is from Ottawa and finds Toronto, after being one of two lone girls at St. Patrick's last year, rather tame. Her hobbies are: studying early and going out late.

BARBARA SMITH is doing all right socially but, academically, we haven't heard. Bab's characteristics are glamour, rich voice, and height. As hobbies, she collects low heels and sign-boards; patronizes Hunt's pastry shop, and listens to music. She is noted for her long bob and her ability to get out of delicate situations.

HELEN LAMBERTUS will fill Walkerton's prescriptions in years to come and grind the capsules to soothe all toothaches and headaches away. Ah, yes! Helen is to be an apothecary. Just now she is a diligent student and faithful friend, about whom there is—well, a touch of the unexpected.

JEAN ALLORE: You're not kidding when you say that Jean is pretty tall, pretty lively, and pretty fond of rugby. She square dances, walks fast, and she's a bossy little red head — when you have the flu. She's "awful" cute, and ah, those blue eyes behind that dangling curl!

LORINNE MIGHTON: My impressions of our little Westerner? Well, she's a "swell kid," with her broad shoulders, freckles, and wide grin. An ardent jitterbug; it's really a pleasure to watch her when she's listening to Glenn Miller, Cab Calloway, or Artie Shaw. In the meantime, however, she sadly neglects her work and may be found five minutes before an essay is due, struggling madly with the first page. But—we all like her!

DOROTHY KUBIS hails from Detroit—gives out quantities of Camels, yet never seems to have a match; her steel hair-clips and smart togs are the admiration of the house. Dancing and telephone calls take up much of her time; always in a hurry, she starts the day with breakfast "on the run." Dot thinks St. Michael's "Kallage" is tops.

ALYCE DOLAN—Commonly known as Al,—is best described as an all-round American with a Bostonian accent to boot. She shares her room-mate's flair for collecting signs. We are all fond of Al's fun-loving personality, and ever-smiling face.

MIRIAM DEVER has adopted us after three years at Western. Her blond hair and brown eyes first won our approval. Then we discovered she could play "boogie-woogie" and Rachmaninoff on the piano—not to speak of Chopin! She has several hobbies—wearing a silver turtle; wandering round the halls at midnight; and knitting. Her constant worry is that her hair will exceed an inch in length.

FRAN MACDONALD—"I'm waiting Ruth" or "Let's eat"—yes, it's long John MacDonald, an old Loretto-ite who after living among swing fans, still retains her love of John Charles Thomas and faithfully continues to dash through French on Tuesday nights. Fran enjoys basketball, tall men, and Neilson's chocolate bars. She's a dear. We like her a lot, don't you?

POLLY MUTZ—Who is that wandering around in a cloud of music, poetry and the C.C.F.? Don't let her fool you. The next time you see her she'll be deep in an argument about aesthetics, communism or silver plate. Maybe I shouldn't be the one to write this, as she is usually arguing with me. Throwing herself with vigour into her newest "cause," such as bowling or bridge, she is a good person to avoid, if you don't want to get inveigled. However, at present, we are all on edge to know—what will be her next "cause!"

HELEN MALCOLM—"Swing is swing, and Frank is Sinatra, and never the twain shall

meet." But here they do—and how! With her ready smile and even deadlier helping hand we put up with walls plastered with Frank Sinatra and words of ecstasy on Rice Crispies, for friendship's sake. When it comes to debating we hope we're on her side: they say she's "deadly."

DORIS McKENNA—An irresistible gurgle down the hall and we know Doris has arrived home with her books (for she does try to study) and a letter (which precious article she receives unfailingly each day). Her preferences at the moment are the navy and the congo. It is reported that she is taking lessons in South American dancing, although her technique in that field is past improvement. Doris is a real Irishman, ready for an argument anytime, with anybody, on any subject, and brightening our studious world with her wit and good cheer.

PATRICIA ANNABLE: Coming from a suburb of Port Credit, Pat is always on time for classes. "Paul Joneses" are her biggest worry; maybe that's why she spends so much time at her German Club. A scholarship winner, her pet expression is, "I didn't come here to skip classes."

THERESA and MARY BURNEY: Since these two quiet, mild-tempered sisters are always hiding behind their test-tubes or a book on the Laws of Nature, we seem to see little of them; however, we're proud of our future physicists.

MARIE CLARKSON: A scholarship winner, from Parkdale; a combination of Einstein and Paderewski. At lunch-hour, if you hear strains of "The Mikado" issuing forth—that's Marie. In R.K. class if you see the professor doing mental gymnastics—Marie's the cause!

ELEANOR FOSTER: Don't let Eleanor's caustic wit alarm you. At heart she's as tender-hearted as Santa Claus! A cycle enthusiast, she bicycles to school, come storm, come earthquake. In Pass Arts she can ad lib an entire play through to success. She's from L.C.S.

ROSE DENNIS: Sweet and demure, Rose is 387's gift, too, to 86. Her love-life is a little "Rocky," but she finds consolation in the Pass Course. Her one and only lecture on Saturday is at 8.30. What a blow!

MARGARET FORTUNE: Some years away from school, Marg. left her office job to enroll in Honour Philosophy. She has a weakness for sweaters, especially those of Air Force

blue. Inevitably you will hear her moan, "I just know I won't get my history!"

JOAN GLATT—Another of those Brunswick girls—and how can she keep it up if the No. 2 Battalion of the C.O.T.C. pass Teeffy Hall every Tuesday at 4.30? What if she does chance to sit near the window! They have no Army Corps at Port Credit anyway! She tries hard to play duets—eventually it will Don on her.

PATRICIA GREATERIX: Pat is a man-hater (so she states). We wonder—but not much. She's the champion ping-pong player of Loretto; she was terribly surprised when her opponent mentioned that it was played on the table! But Pat's all right. She's from 387!

MARY ELLEN HOGAN: Was that a super swish red-coat! We almost whistled! It was Mary Ellen Hogan, or should we just say "Nell?" She comes from Armour Heights, and passes her time in English Lang. and Lit. Pool is her favourite sport, as long as the table's at Newman.

JOSEPHINE INVIDIATA: Jo is every teacher's dream! We offer a prize to anyone who can mention a book she hasn't read, from Steinbeck to Shakespeare, but, as one professor says, "she uses too many big words for such a little girl." Her favourite class period—Greek and Latin Literature. From L.C.S., too.

MARIE KIRBY: Sure and you must have seen the colleen with as Irish a name as Kirby—none other than the "little girl," Marie? A graduate of Loretto Abbey, this year. She's contriving to keep up her reputation as A-1 Pass student, emphasis on Chemistry, plenty of chatter and pool. P.S.—She's sterling, too!

MARY LE HOCKEY: Born in Czecho-Slovakia, Mary has lived in Canada thirteen

years. She shows everyone who will look, the place of her birth stamped on her "head-kerchief." A graduate of Loretto College School and already possessor of a teacher's diploma, Mary is in Pass Arts for further education.

HELEN McLAUGHLIN: Another L.C.S. girl who has been away from school for a few years. The knowledge she has acquired would amaze you. "Philosophy" is an excellent choice for Loretto's chief contributor to metaphysics.

JACKIE MONAGHAN: Endowed with a personality as vivid as her hair, Jackie's cheer-leading was the chief reason of St. Mike's making the semi-finals. In Pass Arts, her one ambition is to make those 8.30 lectures before 9 o'clock. I'll "garntee" that!

LOIS NOBLE: Since Lois means to be an interpreter, Modern Language course is hers. Waltzing is her chief accomplishment, and she'll take on all comers, especially at Newman. She loves Shakespeare, Hamlet's soliloquy, "T.B. or not T.B.?" particularly.

SHIRLEY PEZZACK: Doh, ray, me—no, it's not the Conservatory—just the Pezzack home on Elm Avenue with Miss Shirley's sweet notes ringing out. In between pupils and that old black magic keyboard, she's in German First Year Pass. Just 18, from Loretto Abbey—some day we may want her autograph—who knows?

Add MARCIA KEATING and EDNA MALONEY—Freshmen from the U.S.A. who did Junior College last year. As recent Loretto girls they need no introduction.

Now you've met our Freshmen Class; we hope you'll call some time to see us all. A welcome awaits you.

Loretto Secretarial College

387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

UPRIGHTNESS AND DOWNRIGHTNESS.

The man who is commonly reputed to be upright may not possess the virtue of downrightness. He may be invariably just in his dealings with others; may never act contrarily to the conventional standard of integrity or the recognized maxims of worldly prudence; in fact no one may be able to detect any notable flaw in his character. And yet, his integrity may be only superficial—only a thin outward

vener presented to the world for motives of mere expedience, policy, or vanity, from the desire to win and retain the good opinion of his fellow-men, and so increase his material prosperity. These may be his chief aims; self-interest, the motive power at the back of his uprightness.

It would shock his pride to be led into any course of conduct that clashed with prevailing customs. He may possibly do things under

cover of secrecy which do not conform to the ideas of honesty which he openly professes; but, as long as they are veiled from the knowledge of his circle of friends and acquaintances in business and society, he retains his high reputation. Downrightness is another matter. It begins in heart and mind. It is the founda-

the relationships of man to man and of man to God; and the steady shaping of actions, prompted and directed by that spirit of reverence and love.

The downright, upright man has no fear of his fellows and no anxiety about consequences. This is the kind of manhood that makes for



FROM PANAMA CITY TO LORETTO SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, TORONTO

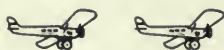
Miss Magdalena Quijano, photographed as she leaves the plane which brought her from Panama City to Toronto, to begin a 10-month Secretarial Course, as a Resident Student, at Loretto Secretarial College, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto. Miss Quijano is taking her Course as a preparation for a position in the Canal Zone.

tion of sincere, genuine uprightness. Its guide is not a mere common-place set of prudential rules and regulations, which may be faulty, more or less artificial, or inapplicable under certain conditions and circumstances. Its main motive is not to win the approval or applause of men, or the advancement of one's material prosperity.

It consists of a deep reverence and an intense love for Right and Truth, as affecting

real progress and the uplifting of the aims and ideals of all classes. We have such men, but we need more of them; not men impassioned by bare opinions and so-called "convictions," based on the foundation of prejudice and self-restraint, but men inspired by the power of Right and Truth, based on the eternal laws of God.

Nell Ruscica,
Loretto Secretarial College.



EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE, CHRISTMAS TO-NIGHT.

"Pudgy" was what the boys called him, but in reality he was Timothy Seaton, Jr. His mother had died four years ago when he was born, and his millionaire father had entrusted him to "Aunt Harriet" to raise him. "Aunt Harriet" was a good woman, but she usually forgot that her little nephew was a very lonesome little "Pudgy," and not merely Timothy Seaton Jr., sole heir to the Seaton fortune. His father was the stranger who took him to church on Sunday, who told him to be a good boy and do what "Aunt Harriet" told him to do; and who stayed at his office late every night.

Such was Timothy's life in nineteen thirty-nine.

In nineteen forty the beautiful Seaton mansion was a scene of utter destruction; for an enemy bomb had found a target. Two bodies were, as a result, laid to rest in the family plot, and the names of Harriet and Timothy Seaton, Sr., were added to the long list of Seaton's on the magnificent monument. Our bewildered little boy found himself in a hospital where he was hustled into a big, white, iron bed. "Pudgy" stayed on at the hospital with ten other boys. He had gone there in August, and now it was December—the twenty-fifth of December!

Next door was a church, whose narrow, winding stone steps led to a tower. Up these steps climbed a small, white-clad figure; it was Pudgy, who, after reaching the tower, sat down on the top step, and rested two little elbows on a low ledge. As he sat gazing out of the window, his tiny, glowing face reflected his thought, "Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!"

How he longed for a big Christmas tree with a star on the top! How he wished for someone to play with—someone who would not tease him because he was "pudgy." Tears trickled down his rosy cheeks. He quickly brushed them away with a chubby little fist.

Suddenly someone called him gently, "Timothy! Timothy!"

He turned and saw a Little Boy about his own age. Here was Someone to play with, and He had called him "Timothy!" The best surprise, however, was that he had a little puppy!

The two little boys played together, while Timothy's newly-found friend told him of His lovely Mother. He invited him to spend Christmas with him. The Little Boy took

him by the hand and led him home, where they spent a very merry Christmas together.

"Pudgy" was delighted with the Christmas tree. It was the biggest he had ever seen. There were tiny lighted candles all over it, and, as he said, "God had hung a beautiful big star at the very top, especially for him!" The lovely Lady treated him as he had always imagined his own mother would, and was as wonderful as the Little Boy had said.

Yes, Timothy, in spite of the fact that in your church tower a second enemy bomb found a target, and that some people are denied the privilege of celebrating Christmas; and that the earth is a world of chaos; in spite of all this, Timothy, it may be echoed to the north, south, east and west, "Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!"

Joan Shinnick, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

HIS SECRET.

A chill wind blew over the hill where the shepherds were watching their sheep. The cold winter weather had begun and the sheep were gathered into the sheep-fold for warmth. There were four shepherds and a young boy about twelve years old. Simon would be a shepherd when he grew up and already he had learned how to care for the flock.

Suddenly the sky became very bright and an angel appeared to them. The shepherds were very much afraid and fell down on their knees. The angel told them not to fear, for the Saviour of the world had been born that night in Bethlehem and would be found wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. The shepherds saw that the sky was filled with thousands of beautiful angels, dressed in gleaming white and wearing golden crowns. All the angels were singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." The singing grew fainter and the shepherds were alone again.

"Let us go over to Bethlehem," said the shepherds in unison. They began to choose the best lambs of the flock to take as gifts.

"Who will care for the sheep while we are gone?" asked the shepherds.

"Simon will stay. He will have a chance to show what a good shepherd he is."

The shepherds gathered their gifts and de-

parted, leaving Simon alone. He felt sad. The message of the angel had moved him and he longed to go and look for the Infant Saviour. As he sat watching the sheep an angel appeared to him and asked, "Why are you sad, my child?" Simon told the angel that he had been left to care for the sheep but he wanted to go to Bethlehem.

"No one should be sad on this holy night," the angel said. "Joy should fill the world, for the long-promised Redeemer has come. You also shall go to Bethlehem. I shall remain to care for the sheep."

With a glad heart Simon hurried over to Bethlehem. It was not difficult to find the stable, for a heavenly brightness shone about it. The shepherds had left by the time he arrived. As he quietly entered the stable he saw a very beautiful Child lying in the manger.

"Do not fear. Come and see Him," a very lovely lady said. Beside her a middle-aged man stood, watching over the Mother and Child. Simon fell down on his knees. He knew with a simple and unquestioning faith that this Child was God. Simon gazed in love and adoration upon the Babe. He had not brought any gifts but his faith and his love. The Babe was pleased with these gifts and stretched forth His tiny hands to bless Simon. This was more wonderful than anything that had ever happened to the boy.

Simon wanted to remain there but he knew that he must hurry back to the sheep. What would the shepherds say when they returned and saw the angel? Simon returned by a shorter way than the one he had used in coming. The shepherds did not see him approaching. They were all talking about the wonderful event which had taken place. At last one of the shepherds saw him and said, "You have cared well for the sheep. We were well pleased to see you doing your work so well when we returned."

Simon looked at them in wonder.

"Did they not see the angel and notice my absence?" he asked himself. At first he could not understand and then he realized that the angel had taken his place and his appearance. He listened to the shepherds talking about the Saviour, but did not join in the conversation. He had a secret which he would always keep. No one would ever know that an angel's visit had made it possible for him to be in the stable on the first Christmas night.

Eleanor Hughes, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MEMORIES.

The stairs leading to the attic were narrow and many, and after reaching the top Nan found herself out of breath. "How I wish I could redecorate the attic and make a playroom for the girls!" she said to herself, as she looked about the clean attic. Boxes, winter shutters, old furniture and trunks, were piled neatly here and there. The steps leading to the roof served as shelves for old magazines and big china vases which had belonged to Nan's mother. "I don't remember just where I packed the children's suits so I'll have to search for them," she informed herself. She walked across the floor but hesitated as she passed a large cabinet. She opened the door of it and removed something, wrapped in a white sheet, from a long wooden rod. Her eyes sparkled as her fingers nervously took off the covering. Then, as the sheet fell to the floor, a beautiful white wedding dress was revealed; Nan hummed the wedding march as she turned the hanger about, showing the full white skirt, and dainty little sleeves. She hurriedly placed the sheet around the dress again, reminding herself that she had work to do.

After closing the door of the large cabinet she walked over to a brown trunk which stood in the corner. As she looked at the contents of the upper part of the trunk she found Patty's First Communion dress, along with pictures of Grandfather and Grandmother Hollow on their wedding day. Hopelessly she made her way through piles of summer clothing until finally she came to the bottom of the trunk, and there, wrapped in heavy tissue paper, lay a parcel. Her hands trembled as she bent down and picked it up. She held it on her lap for a few minutes; thought intently; and then excitedly opened it. Before she had it completely opened her hand touched the soft material. Immediately she knew what it was. Nan found her throat dry as she uncovered the little blue velvet suit. Gently she lifted it up to her face and laid her cheek upon it. The tears ran slowly down her cheeks. "Ricky, Ricky," she softly murmured, as her heart fluttered. There on the floor, with the little blue velvet suit before her, she sat thinking. . . Thinking of the joy that had been Roger's and her's the night Ricky was born. What a lovely baby Ricky was!—and then the happiness she had experienced when she arrived home from the hospital. Nan thought of his first word, "Pretsy"; of his first stuffed

woolly dog; and the day he first walked. Her mind wandered back over the happy Christmases they had spent together. She threw her head back and laughed softly as she thought of the first picnic they had had—Roger, Rickey and she, in the pine grove. That had been one of Nan's happiest days. She had loved to watch the child sit on Roger's knee as Roger told him bed-time stories, before Nan tucked him in. Even now she could see those big, blue eyes, laden with sleep, close, as she hummed "Little Boy Blue." She remembered the day he had been lost, and of how her heart sank when night came and they had not found him. But dear, patient Roger had continued the search and had come on him asleep in Mrs. Laun's swing; and how she had worried when he fell and cut himself deeply on the arm; fortunately it had recovered quickly, leaving only a little scar on his arm. She thought of the soft, blond, curly head that so often lay on her shoulder. They had been so very happy; and then it came time to send him to school.

Her eyes closed as she thought of his last day. Rickey had loved school; it was near Christmas. Nan had been walking down town to do her Christmas shopping. She had not heard the tiny voice of a little boy who called her from the other side of the wide street. She was in a hurry, and thinking only of different things to buy. She did not see the little fellow who started after her, waving a white card in his hand; nor did she notice the bus as it swung around the corner, until its brakes screeched—and a child screamed above the noise of the crowd; then she had turned. She had run to the spot where people were gathering. As she mingled with the crowd someone said, "It's a little boy!" Pale and terrified, Nan made her way to the child. At once she recognized the little suit now blood-stained. She called softly, "Ricky! Ricky!"—and knelt on the pavement, holding the injured child gently in her arms. Two clear, little blue eyes opened and looked profoundly into hers. "Mom," he whispered unsteadily, and slowly lifted the hand which held the white card. Although it was covered with blood, Nan could make out a row of gold stars. It was his report card. She smiled and said, "I'm proud of you, Ricky, and so is Daddy!" His eyes shone for an instant; a faint smile formed on his lips; then his eyes closed slowly and his head fell on her breast. A doctor appeared on the scene and, after examining Ricky's heart, looked at Nan and said gently, "I'm afraid he's dead." For a last time Nan

drew the broken little body to her, and felt it slowly growing cold. She took the stained report card from his blood-covered hand. With the doctor's help she was led from the crowd.

The weeks following Ricky's funeral found her pale and thin. It added to Roger's uneasiness that she could not in any way be comforted.

But one morning, as she stood on the hill watching the little boys play hockey, Father Kip came up beside her

"Good-morning, Nan! Isn't it a beautiful day?" he commented cheerfully.

"For me, Father, nothing is beautiful anymore," Nan replied quietly.

"My dear child," exclaimed Father Kip, gently, "You must not look upon Ricky's death as something cruel. You are bitter because God took him from you. But Nan, have you ever thought that he is much happier with God, than he ever was with Roger and you? His death means only happiness for him, for he was an innocent child who went straight to Heaven."

"Yes, Father, I think he is in Heaven."

"And, Nan, have you ever thought what his death means to Roger? Yet I see him at church often and going regularly to his office. His manner is the same as ever, but he feels the loss as much as you do. Now you both are still very young, and have much happiness in store for you, I assure you. But *you* must be the leader in finding this happiness."

"Thank you, Father Kip! I understand now what you mean. These past weeks I have been selfish, I see, but I will make up for them."

She and Roger now resolved to speak happily, and often of Ricky. Later, and for many years now, Nan had kept the thought of what they had lost far from her mind—until now. Tears blinded her sight, but they were really tears of joy, because she realized that he was happier with God than he could ever have been here, even with Roger, the girls, and herself. At this moment, Lucy called from down stairs, "Mother, where are you?" Nan wiped her eyes, swallowed bravely, and called back, "I'll be down in a few minutes, Lucy." As she placed the suit back in the tissue paper, she noticed the report card that Ricky had held in his hand that day. The blood on the card seemed a lighter red than it had been, and Nan raised her head and whispered, "I'm proud of you, Ricky, and so is Daddy."

Adria Kuntz, XII,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont

THE KINSMEN SHELL-OUT PARTY.

October the thirty-first is, as everyone knows, Hallowe'en. This year the boys and girls of Regina celebrated it in a very different way from what they generally did. Other years all the children dressed up gaily and started out with a few of their friends to collect goodies for themselves and came home loaded down with apples, peanuts and candies. This was all pretty fine in peace time, but now that there is a war on, it seemed a little too selfish. This year, besides doing a good deed on Hallowe'en, we had a very good time. This was made possible by the Kinsmen Club of Regina, a club which at present considers the "Milk for Britain Fund" one of its main projects.

It was for the "Milk for Britain Fund" that all the school children of Regina and other cities in Saskatchewan collected money on Hallowe'en. Eighteen schools took part in the collecting. Each room of each school was organized into two groups, and each group had a captain and an assistant captain. The captain took charge of the official Kinsmen Club money-box, and the assistant carried the tags, which were hung on the door knobs of each house that contributed to the fund. In our group we had one chap carrying a lantern to light our way and the lantern went out as soon as the canvass was completed. There had just been enough candle in the lantern for our jaunt.

Everyone from whom we collected was very nice and gave generously.

Right after all finished their collecting, their money was turned in at the school. Then we all lined up and marched over to the church basement, where our party was held.

First of all we got seated and then we had a very nice programme. It consisted of community singing directed by Miss Sullivan, a song by Grade Five, entitled "Spooks." This was conducted by Miss Klotz. Then followed vocal solos, violin selections, piano solos, and a mouth-organ number. Next we had a picture show. There were fifty-seven reels of film shown at the different schools. The judging of the costumes was quite an event, as nearly all the children were wearing fancy costumes. Two members of the Kinsmen Club did the judging; there were eight prizes given out at our school. The costumes were all good, lots of variety. There were officers, pirates, ghosts, a popeye, a black tulip, a Dutch girl, tramps, and imps,—we certainly were a mixed crowd. After the prizes had been given out, everyone got in line for the apples. There

were 9,500 apples given out to the children in Regina.

Later on we learned that our school, St. Augustine's, had collected over \$82.00. This made us feel happy, as we know the children of Britain will be glad to hear that the children of Regina collected money for them on Hallowe'en, so that they could get milk, which they would otherwise have had to do without. The grand total collected for all the schools in Regina was \$3,370.00.

James Killeen, age 10 years, Grade VI,
St. Augustine's School (Loretto),
Regina, Sask.

A SOLITARY CHRISTMAS.

Mrs. Burke dreaded Christmas, this year, for her next door neighbor, whose sons were all in the army—Tom in the Pacific and Lee and Jon in Europe. It took more than a lone woman in an empty house to make Christmas, she thought. She had, herself, asked her half-sorrowfully, half-pityingly, "Where are you going for Christmas this year, with all the boys away?" Her neighbor replied, "I'm going to stay home. I know you think it will be lonely, but it won't be, really, after all the happy Christmases I've had—and will have again. They were talking over the garden wall, as women do, and they didn't say much after that. Mrs. Burke finished raking the last leaves and, as she set fire to them and stood watching the fragrant smoke curl upward, she went on thinking about her neighbor.

Her neighbor's husband, a veteran of the last war, had died a few years ago. Now her three sons were in this second war. They were all she had. Mrs. Burke was glad she didn't say the usual things to her—that she would be happier for Christmas if she made a Christmas for the poor, or for the orphan asylum; indeed her neighbor always did give something to the poor at this season, or sent a bundle to the orphanage Christmas Tree. The only thing that could make a Christmas for her now would be her three boys back at home again safe and sound—so thought Mrs. Burke.

But her neighbor thought differently; she *would* have a Christmas even though she was alone. Her hours would be full of memories that would come alive again on Christmas Day. Memories are real. They stand for real things. She would take them, one by one, this Christmas, and think, "*This* really happened on Christmas day, just ten years ago. Tom

gave me a great warm hug because I had found exactly the shoe-skates he wanted. He was fifteen and had for a long time thought he was too big to kiss his mother. I am glad I spent the time looking for the right sort. How his eyes shone and, oh, the feel of his firm young arms around my neck! I can feel them now." And Jon, there was Jon! How she loved Jon! He was twenty now, and the youngest of the three. She would remember the time Jon proudly displayed the new gloves which he had received that Christmas when he was seven. She could see again his red, curly hair, and hear his happy laughter.

There would be hundreds of such memories and she would take them out of the past, and they would fill her rooms like bright Christmas decorations, giving her peace and joy again. Nor would she be done with her memories this Christmas. Overseas, Tom, Lee, and John would be sharing thoughts of the past with her. In their tents, in the jungle, or wherever they might be on Christmas Day, their loving thoughts would be of her. They would be remembering what she was remembering; the life they shared in other years. Tom would remember his skates and that he showed his gratitude by giving his mother a big kiss and hug for them. "Dear Mom," he would be thinking, "it was swell of you, but you've always been a swell mother!" She would feel his thoughts, and she would not be lonely.

In the morning she would go to church, of course, but her three boys would not be beside her. With pride she had watched them grow taller every year, and she remembered each had always worn something new from the Christmas tree, be it a new red sweater, a crimson tie or new gloves.

In a way, Lee's life belonged to her more than the others did. When he was twelve he was caught in an undertow on the beach where they went sometimes, and she saved him; brought him back to the beach, unconscious but alive. Over the ocean, on Christmas Day, Lee would remember, too. He would remember his mother's arms put out to him, grasping him back to life. He would remember it when death drew near him again, and he would feel her strong grasp bringing him back to life.

Yes, on Christmas Day they would all remember these things, and there would be no place left for loneliness to creep in. She would not be lonely. She would be at peace.

Betty Gregus, XII,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

IMPRESSIONS.

My goodness, but it was hot! A scorching day in July on the prairies certainly is no fun, and horse-back riding certainly is not a way to keep cool; but that is what we were doing. All day under that blazing sun did not tend to put us in a good humour, so we joyously welcomed the news of a dance which was to be held that night at a neighbor's farm about eight miles away. That meant we would have to spend about another hour and one-half in the saddle, but we didn't think much of the discomfort because of the pleasure to come.

Arriving at the farm, we were greeted by the opening strains of a polka, the traditional dance of the Polish people. Out on to the platform danced half-a-dozen couples in Polish costume who went through a popular Polish polka. This came as a surprise to most of us and we all enjoyed it heartily. Then, the orchestra began to play an old square-dance and as I watched, the couples began whirling, according to the directions of an announcer standing on the platform. He seemed to me to be talking Chinese, but my companions explained that he was speaking perfectly good English. I listened closely and found they were right. Then he looked right at me and called, "Swing your partner 'round and 'round," which made me start guiltily, for he seemed to be saying, "Can you understand me now?"

Then, I too was whirled into the maelstrom and soon I was having a most enjoyable time. The friendliness of these people, most of whom were strangers to me, amazed me. I was sorry when the evening was over and the couples began to disperse.

The ride home in the moonlight was lovely and so were our recollections of the evening.

Martha Goski, XI,
Loretto High School,
Regina, Sask.

WINTER HOLIDAYS.

When the Avon is frozen hard and thick,
Each boy gets out his hockey stick;
The girls lace up their fancy skates,
And then there follow hot debates
As to which part will be for the boys—
The girls hold aloof from unladylike noise!

Well—skating means health as well as fun
For the old, for the young, for everyone!
So now is the time to take skates out of storage,
And when you've had your bowl of good porridge,
Away to the river, or creek, with a song
To enjoy yourself skating the whole day long!
Bernice Gravelle, XII,
Loretto Academy, Stratford.



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TORONTO

LORETTO STUDENTS, GUELPH, PRESENT CHRISTMAS MUSIC, SINGING.

Loretto Academy senior students presented a programme of Christmas music and singing in which the junior music pupils contributed a little play, "The Boy That Found Christmas," much to the enjoyment of all present.

Notwithstanding the storm which blew up just a half hour before the concert began, there was a large and enthusiastic audience of the students, parents and friends.

Miss Catharine Ryan was the chairman and Miss Florence Vipond, accompanist.

The programme was as follows: Pièce d'Entrée, The Marine's Hymn; first piano, Mary Louise Grieve; second piano, Rita Crimmens; followed by an address to the audience by the chairman; Christmas Carols, "Angels We Have Heard on High," "All My Heart To-day Rejoices," and "On the Birthday of the Lord," by the high school choir; piano duet, "Contra Dance," Beethoven, by Elain Marshall; Rita Crimmens; vocal solo, "There'll Always Be an England," by Alan Daly, accompanied at the piano by Geraldine and Donnell Daly; piano duet, "The Dancing Shadows," by Anne and Rita Crimmens; vocal solo, "I love Thee," Creig, by Catherine Ryan; "The King's Re-

view," piano trio, by Mary Louise Grieve, Rita Crimmens and Doreen Fischer; "Cantique de Noel," Adolphe Adam, solo by Barbara Goetz with chorus by the high school choir; piano duet, "Silent Night," by Shirley Carter and Doreen Fischer; "Jesu Bambino," Pietro Yon, by high school choir.

Boy That Found Christmas.

Of "The Boy That Found Christmas," the historical note was read by Florence Vipond as follows:

"This play is founded on an incident in the life of Louis XIV. of France. Louis was only five years of age when he succeeded to the throne. During his minority, the country was under the regency of his mother, Anne of Austria, with Cardinal Mazarin as chief minister.

"When Louis was eight years of age, legend has it that he escaped his nurse one Christmas and ran away from the severe atmosphere of court life to find his own Yuletide joy among the boys and girls in the slums of Paris. The incident, not without its humorous touches, brought home to Louis as nothing else could, that the real joy in Christmas comes in giving rather than in receiving. And while it is true

that the Babe in the manger received rich offerings from the Wise Men of the East, the Holy Child's gift to the world transcended all material things for He brought the message of 'peace on earth to men of good will,' which 2,000 years of time have not been able to erase.

"It is better to give than to receive' is, then, plainly the moral of this little Christmas play. If all the actors understand that, their work will become more purposeful and will take an added interest."

Cast.

The cast included fourteen, a boy king, Arthur Searle; the chancellor, Joan Keating; the Queen of Kindness, Marlene Ingram; Annie, Shiela Detwiler; the Three Starboys (Wisemen), Brian Reynolds, Bobbie Scott and James Keleher; carol singers and musicians, 24 members of the junior choir.

Selections during the play: "Processional," "The Christmas Bells," "Who Comes on Christmas Night?" choristers; "Bethlehem," Gounod, by James Keleher; piano duet, "I Saw Three Ships," Bobbie Scott and Brian Reynolds; "Jésus l'Ami des Enfants," Mozart, Bernadette Ryan, Jacqueline Hebert, Marilyn Schefter and Joy Krusky; piano duet, "Impromptu," Schubert, by Celine Norman and Norman Sonnenburg; vocal solo, "My Mother," Patricia Doyle; "The Spirit of Santa Claus," chorus, the choristers; recitation, Edward Case; "First Noel," descant by Brian Reynolds, Bobbie Scott and James Keleher. "God Save the King."

IN AND OUT THE WINDOW.

A window slid softly up in a summer home closed for the winter, and a tall, dark form slipped expertly into the moonlit kitchen. The form hesitated, closed the window, then vanished into another room, through the squeaky kitchen door.

A few moments later the window was pushed noiselessly up again and a short, stocky figure crawled laboriously but soundlessly into the kitchen. He, too, glanced around nervously, then vanished through the same door as the previous arrival had. Again the squeak of the door betrayed an intruder.

The tall, dark form stopped at the sound, and stood behind a curtain as he listened for footsteps. Then he slipped through an open door, through a long, dark hallway, and began to go upstairs. Suddenly he was brought

to a stop by a crashing sound in the room which he had left. Nervously he crept through the hallway to investigate what had happened. He glided through the French doors and strained his eyes into the darkness, but could see and hear nothing; he then proceeded to mount the stairs again, and entered the first bedroom.

In the meantime the short man picked up the table he had knocked over, and continued his search. Finding no valuables, he turned toward the stairway and, having reached the top, turned into a room to the left. Hearing a bang, he leapt quickly to the door but, hearing nothing more and seeing nothing, he returned to his searching.

The moon had now gone behind a cloud, and all was pitch-black. The short form started for the first bedroom at the same time as the tall one turned towards the other. They met in a head-on crash in the middle of the hall. Having regained their breath, they turned their flashlights on each other. Each assumed a highly indignant air.

The first to speak was the tall one, who inquired, "And what, may I ask, are you doing in *my* home?" The short one folded his arms and in a gruff tone exclaimed, "What do you mean by insulting me with such a question? This is *my* summer home, and if you insist upon saying that it is yours and refuse to leave immediately, I shall have to take a drastic step and call the police."

The other glared at him. "You'll call the police? That's fine! You'll call the police to *my* home? I'll have you in jail inside of half an hour. Now, once and for all will you leave, or shall I be forced to ask the law to intervene?"

"If this is *your* home, why didn't you turn on the lights?" demanded the short one.

"Because, my friend, the people who live around here might have thought I was a burglar, and I dislike alarming anyone—even you."

The short one was about to speak again when they both heard the front door open, and saw the lights go on. They quickly turned off their flashlights, and stood against the wall. They could hear voices below.

"Well, my dear," said one voice, "here is our new summer home. Do you like it?" A lady's voice answered, "It seems to be cozy and home-like, but I should like very much to look it all over." The first voice came back in a laughing reply, "The best place to begin would be the cellar, so let us start!"

When the two above stairs heard them

reach the cellar, they both slid down the stairs hurriedly, slipped through the hall and room, slowly opened the squeaky kitchen door, and reached the window of entry.

The tall, dark form slowly lifted the window, and once more expertly slipped through with the short, stocky figure following him. The kitchen was empty again—except for the light of the moon, which had suddenly come out of hiding and again streamed in through the window.

Marie Shibley, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

**FEAST OF SAINT CECILIA
AT LORETTO, NIAGARA.**

The pupils of the High School department gave a charming entertainment in honor of St. Cecilia on her feast day. All the musical numbers were artistically rendered, but the vocal solos and duets by Helen Miller, Jean Brass, Sandy Smeaton and Dorothy Hatch, and the piano solos of the Misses Barrette, won the special appreciation of the audience.

The following is the programme:

- My Pledge to CanadaFenwick
Choral Class.
- Menuetto Schubert
Joan Walker.
- Clair de la Lune MacDowell
Dorothy June Wicker. ?
- Valse Mignonne Pachulski
Ann Biller.
- Vocal Duet—Bless This House.....Brahe
Helen Miller and Dorothy Hatch.
- Vocal Solo—Little Boy Blue Nevin
Dorothy Hatch.
- “White Rose of Rome”
Choral Class.
- Allegro Beethoven
Eva Leiff.
- Fur Elise Beethoven
Mary June Tesch.
- Vocal Duet—Fly Away Birdling.....Abt
Sandy Smeaton and Helen Miller.
- Vocal Solo—The Little Brown Owl..Sanderson
Sandy Smeaton.
- Balancelle Wachs
Rosemary Deleo.
- Etude Moscheles
Louise Barrette.
- Vocal Solo—TreesKilmer-Rassbach

- Vocal Solo—A Dainty Little Damozel
Ivor Novello
Jean Brass.
- Scherzo Schubert
Beverly Ann Booth.
- Solfeggietto C. P. E. Bach
Marjorie White.
- Vocal Duet—“I Will Marry My Own Love.”
Claribel
Dorothy Hatch and Helen Miller.
- Impromptu, Op. 94, No. 2..... Schubert
Lucille Barrette.
- The Star Spangled Banner.
GOD SAVE THE KING.

At the close of the performance Miss Lorraine Ganter gave the following account of St. Cecilia:

In the early days of the Christian era there was born in pagan Rome, a maiden of noble family whose name was destined to live forever on the Honour Roll of the Church as St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr.

She has been venerated throughout the universal church for many centuries, as the patroness of music, and the many pious and romantic legends which cling around her name, even to the present day, have rendered her a popular saint.

But the one great historical fact which serves to make her our model and exemplar is her boundless love for Christ, a love so poetically expressed in the first antiphon of Matins for her feast: “At the sound of musical instruments the virgin Cecilia sang to God in her heart.”

“Cecilia sang to God in her heart.” Her heart overflowed with music in response to the graces poured over her soul, flooding her life with the beauty of true harmony with the Divine Will. Her love of God and of all goodness was so strong that without fear or hesitation she faced a pagan world. Daily, she taught the poor and the sick of heart to follow Christ. By her example she led many to His feet, many who gladly gave their lives for their faith. By her own lively sentiments of faith, she engendered in the weak, hope and perseverance. Her purity shone as the sun in the midst of vice and corruption. By her heroic courage in suffering martyrdom, she converted even her executioners.

Her life was in such accord with the Will of God that it may be compared to a melody celestial, a harmony divine, a sacred symphony of praise and glory to God, with the grand finale of martyrdom.

Cecilia, virgin, apostle and martyr, on this your feast day, when the Church on earth, in her liturgy, unites with the angels in Heaven in singing your praises, we beg you to obtain for us the grace that our lives, like yours, may be as a melody pleasing to God, and worthy one day to be heard in the unending chorus of the Saints in Heaven.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO.

A Musical Hour in Honour of St. Cecilia, November 26, 1943.

Hymn for Peace.

Grades I - VIII.

- Black Squirrel Senior-Burke
- Autumn Leaves Are Falling. German Folk Song
- Indian Lullaby Charlotte McCoy
- Jack Frost Senior-Burke
Junior Choral Class.
- Duet—Rose Petals Lawson
Mary Romita and Pamela White.
- Monkeys in the Tree Berlin
Joan Cropley.
- Ballade Burgmuller
Mary Culliton.
- Serenade Haydn
Irene Templeton.
- Gipsy Dance Lichner
Leonard Walker.
- Night in Vienna Federer
Margot Meade.
- Strawberry Fair Old English Tune
- The Miller of the Dee 17th Century
Intermediate Choral Class.
- Air de Ballet Goodrich
Bernice Stroud.
- Violin Solo—Concerto (2nd and 3rd
movements) Seitz
Barbara Buck.
(Accompanist—Kathleen Buck)
- Rigandon Demare
Anne McNevin.
- Valse Mignonne Pachulski
Colombe Cousineau.
- Duet—Hungarian Dance No. 5..... Brahms
Mary Lou McGregor and Mary
Frances Barry.
- From 'Way Down South arr. Rasbach
- Veil Dance Wright
Pauline McDonaugh.
- Gavotte Bach
Mary Frances Barry.
- Santa Lucia Neopolitan Boat Song

- The Blue Bells of Scotland..Scotch Folk Song
- The Rover Abt
Grade IX. Glee Club.
- Mazurka, Op. 68, No. 2 Chopin
Audrey Hart-Smith.
- Minuet a L'Antico Seeboeck
Mary Ellen Meade.
- Sunshine York Bowen
Monica Paul.
- Nocturne in F Schumann
Mary Johnston.
- Trio—Polish Dance Scharwenka
Mary Ellen Meade, Monica Paul,
Mary Moher.
- Polonaise in A. Chopin
Mary Lou McGregor.
- Wedding Day at TroldhaugenGreig
Ethel Farkas.
- The Viking Coleridge-Taylor
- Shenandoah Sea Shanty
- Hymn to St. Cecilia Myrseough
Senior Glee Club.

GOD SAVE THE KING

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS.

Whenever I think of Christmas I think of children, of their youthful hopes, their baby ambitions, and their innocent dreams; and then it means so much to me. It means the happiness that is born in fulfillment of desire, a happiness which is a part of being very young, and vanishes with it. There are those who believe children do not really know what Christmas is, and so they feel sorry for them. But who can say what children know or feel; for they speak their own language, and dream their own dreams, and inhabit their own little secret world. And when I look into their eyes, and read the smiles that linger there at Christmas time, there is nothing for me but to believe that in some hidden place in their childish hearts they know all about that Baby God, Who came into the world a Child, and reigned on a throne of straw. Yes, I think they know and understand, for He was a Child, and they are children, and the bond that is between them was not made by man. So in the end, perhaps it will be the children who shall lead us back over decaying centuries to the cave on Bethlehem's hill, where lies the Infant King, and He reigns on a throne of straw.

Eileen Bishop,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

The Story, Ever Ancient, Ever New

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

Some wish they'd been there
On that first Christmas morn
To offer their gifts
When the Saviour was born.

But I count it joy
Every morning to see
The little White Host
Which unites Him to me.

Kathleen Higgins, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

THE FIRST ADORERS.

The shepherds heard in wonder
As the angels, heavenly bright,
Told of the lowly manger
And the Holy Babe that night.

The shepherds sought the stable,
Where the Blessed One was born,
And knelt beside the Cradle
Of Christ, the Lord, that morn.

Julianne Shannon, XII,
Loretto Abbey.



BABY GEMS.

A Babe, so regal in repose—
Altho' no earthly jewel here glows—
With shining eyes of sapphire blue,
Soft curling hair of golden hue,
Bespeaking wealth of heav'n above,
Inspires our homage and reverent love.

Isobel O'Gorman, XII,
Loretto Abbey.



PRELUDE.

Shepherds on a mountain-side
Guarding well their sheep,
Trade winds softly rustling palms,
All the world's in sleep.
On this silent, peaceful scene
God sent His angels blest
To sing His praise, to tell the world
Of coming happiness.

Joyce Predhomme, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Christ was wrapped in swaddling clothes,
And laid in a manger-bed;
Angel choirs sang songs of praise,
And cattle breathed o'er His Head.

Shepherds tending sheep that night,
Great tidings of joy were told,
Of a little King who had been born
In a cattle stall so cold.

Together they went to Bethlehem,
And found the hallowed spot;
Mary and Joseph, kneeling beside
The Christ Child's lowly cot

Wise Men came on from lands afar
To adore the Holy Child;
They brought Him gifts of greatest worth—
He was their King, so mild

Jane Timmins, Grade VIII,
Loretto Abbey.

THE MANGER.

The entrance shone with a radiance bright;
Every nook, every corner was filled with light;
And the song of the angels was heard.

In a bed of soft straw, the tiny Babe lay,
And round Him the shepherds knelt down to pray,
While the lambs pressed closer and closer.

As the manger was filled with a glorious light,
So the hearts of these lowly men gained new might.
For Jesus blessed them with fervour.

Jacqueline McCarthy, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

**SHEPHERDS ON THE HILLSIDE.**

Shepherds on the hillside
Were watching o'er their sheep,
Suddenly, a great light
Awoke the lambs from sleep.

Shepherds on the hillside
Saw Angels fill the sky,
Telling of the Christ Child,
And praising God on high.

Shepherds from the hillside
Went to Bethlehem's cave,
And falling down, adored Him
Who came the world to save.

Maureen O'Sullivan, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

**NOCTURNE.**

Long ago, while shepherds watched
Their flocks, on Bethlehem's hill,
While people slept, and angels sang
Above the world, so still,
A little Babe lay here on earth,
Who was the Lord most high.
Gaudete! Alleluia!

Katherine Hoey, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

**ON BETHLEHEM'S HILLS.**

On Bethlehem's hills they watched their sheep,
While all the world was wrapped in sleep.
They gazed in wonder at the sky
Where shining brightly, shining high,
They saw the star God placed nearby.

They felt their hearts, all sudden, leap
As choirs of angels, hundreds deep,
Began to fill that place,—but why,
On Bethlehem's Hills?

That night they knew that some would weep,
That from those tears the world would reap
It's happiness. The angels' cry
They heard that night is yet heard nigh,
So, shepherds still, our hearts we keep
On Bethlehem's Hills.

Joyce Predhomme, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

When the shepherds reached the cave,
And there adored their King,
They watched the beautiful Child,
And heard His angels sing,
"Glory to God on High; to men of good will—
Peace."

God's law is love; His Will brings calm,
And causes strife to cease.

Annette Menard, Grade XII,
Loretto Abbey.

**THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.**

'Twas a glorious sight, that Christmas Night,
In Bethlehem far away,
When the Son of God came on earth to light
Us all to Eternity.

The shepherds were tending their sheep, when
appeared

An angel with news of joy,
Who told them to follow the Star that peered
Down out of the deep blue sky.

Then came Wise Men who followed the way
Which led to a manger bed,
Where Jesus, Our Lord and Redeemer, lay
With angels around His Head.

Cecilia LaTour, Grade VIII,
Loretto Abbey.

**THE SHEPHERDS.**

Shepherds on the hillside
Saw the angel standing by;
Falling down, they feared him
As a bright light filled the sky.

The angel told them of the Child
Who had come down to earth
To redeem and teach His people
What a life of pain is worth.

The shepherds went to see the Babe
In His simple manger bed,
With His Mother bending o'er Him,
And St. Joseph at His Head.

Joan Norman, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

**A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.**

O Sweet Jesus! Holy Child!
O Infant Christ! O Son of God!
Come to me this Christmas morn,
As Thou didst that wondrous time,
To Thy Mother holy.

Give me light to see but Thee
As the lowly shepherds did,
Receive my gifts' tho' poor in worth,
Enriched by love to equal those
Of the Wise Men, holy.

Grace Serrao, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

OUR LADY'S LULLABY.

Oh, hush Thee, my Baby!
Sleep, sleep for the night,
While angels above Thee sing with delight!
Sleep, Dear, my Baby, and do not have fear,
For Joseph and I will ever be near.

Oh, hush Thee, my Baby,
Little King of the world!
A tiny, white lamb at Thy feet is curled.
So, sleep Thee, my Baby,
Angels watch through the night,
Sleep, Dear, my Baby, sleep, Sweet; good-night.
Bernadette Delaney, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

MIDNIGHT IN BETHLEHEM.

While the shepherds were watching their sheep
in the night,
There suddenly glowed a magnificent light
And wondrous voices rang out in the sky,
Praising the Lord who to them was so nigh.

For in Bethlehem's cave, on that very hill,
They found in a manger—these men of good will—
The Promised of Ages, their Saviour, and Lord,
And there with the angels—they knelt, and
adored.

Grace Norman, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

SHEPHERDS OF THE HILLSIDE.

The shepherds on the hillside
With fires glowing bright,
Were tending to their flocks of sheep,
Guarding them by night.

When suddenly they saw above
A host of angels bright,
Who came to bear the joyful news
Of the Saviour's birth that night.

"Glory unto God," they say,
And "Shepherds, do not fear!
Unto you has come to-day
The Son of God most dear."
Shirley May Ingram, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

FIRST CHRISTMAS.

First Christmas came, one dark, still night
When not a star was in the sky;
Suddenly there shone a light;
A host of angels sang on high.

Gloriously the great light grew
Like the rising of the sun;
Angels singing loudly, clearly,
"Christ our Lord, our King, has come!"

Shepherds there on Bethlehem hill
Happily made their way
To the humble bed in a rocky cave,
Where the Infant Jesus lay.
Mary Mahon, Grade VIII,

NATIVITY.

Dark and cold was the first Christmas night;
The wind was blowing, the stars were bright;
The little Lord Jesus upon His bed lay—
The bed that was made in a manger of hay.

The shepherds came, when in the sky,
They heard the angels singing on high;
The Wise Men came when they saw the Star
That guided them to the King afar.
Antoinette Seguin,
Loretto Abbey.

PEACE.

The lowly shepherds on the hill
Watching close their sheep,
Heard the cheering message,
"To men of good will, Peace."

Oh would that all on Christmas morn,
Sad and sore oppressed,
Would understand Christ's Birthday Song
"To men of good will, Peace."
Helen Power, XII,
Loretto Abbey.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

In the little town of Bethlehem,
In a humble cattle shed,
The Christ Child in a manger lay
While angels sang o'erhead.

Three great Kings of the East were led
By the light of a brilliant star,
Which halted o'er the manger bed;
For this they had journeyed far.
Kathleen Knight, Grade VII,
Loretto Abbey.

EMMANUEL.

A star bejewelled the heavens of blue,
Shedding its rays on a Babe, so new.
In a manger He lay, watched over with care
By His holy Mother, Mary, so fair.

The stable was cold, for there was no door,
But animals there on the hay-strewn floor,
With bowed head and bended knee,
Each warmed Him with breath, most reverently.

Then voices were heard; the angels were singing—
Glad tidings of joy, their messages ringing,
To Him Who was born they would ever sing,
For He is the Lord, the Eternal King.

And His Mother's heart was filled with joy
As she gazed in rapture on her little Boy.
Their guardian was near; a smile wreathed his
face—

But why must a King choose so humble a place?
A King, do I call this Infant so small?
So the Scriptures have named Him, and Saviour
of all!

And now, remembering Bethlehem's Inn,
We shall open our hearts to welcome Him in!
Florence F. Szostak, X,
Loretto High School,
Regina, Sask.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

- Patroness, **MOTHER GENERAL M. ST. TERESA, I.B.V.M.**
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 Convener of Activities **MISS GLADYS ENRIGHT**
 Convener of Press **MISS DOROTHY SULLIVAN**

PRESIDENTS OF LORETTO ASSOCIATIONS.

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 Toronto **MISS ROBERTA RANKIN,**
 103 Glenrose Ave.
 Loretto Alumnae Graduates'
 Chapter **MISS RUTH BAIGENT,**
 54 Harper Ave., Toronto.
 Niagara Falls **MISS MARY BAMPFIELD,**
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 troit, Michigan.
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 Circle **MISS ROSE C. DAWSON.**
 1896 Main St., Niagara
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 Loretto, Woodlawn Auxilliary. **MRS. ARTHUR O'CONNOR.**
 Loretto, Winnipeg Circle **MISS VERONICA O'MEARA,**
 277 River Avenue,
 Winnipeg, Man.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

Our Alumnae Association is celebrating its 20th anniversary this month. In January, 1924, a meeting of Sault Ste. Marie Loretto Alumnae was called by Miss Loretta Dupuis at the Hotel Statler, and 24 members responded. Among those who attended this first meeting were Mrs. Ray Danaher (Lula Bonn), Miss Loretta Dupuis, Mrs. Charles Bruce (Kathleen Marshall), Miss Iris Sullivan, Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin), Mrs. B. J. Ripley (Loyola Bell), Mrs. A. H. Priebe (Inamae Dupuis), Mrs. Henry Gaspard (Mae Clark), Miss Mary Galley, Mrs. A. F. Scherzer (Margaret Hassett), Mrs. Harry Graffius (Sarah Gallagher) and Miss Kathleen O'Donnell. This was our first formal

meeting ever to be held in Detroit. One year later the Association expanded to include Loretto Alumnae from all Loretto Academies in Canada and the United States who might be in the vicinity. Notices of our monthly meetings were placed in local newspaper, and an invitation to all Loretto Alumnae was extended, so that in time the membership was built up to about 100 names. The Abbey Alumnae is represented by 18; Stratford has 29; Sault Ste. Marie 40, Niagara Falls, 8, Hamilton 4, Guelph 4, and Chicago Alumnae 1. About 30 members reside in Windsor.

We have a Constitution and we can truthfully say that we fulfill the object of our Alumnae Circle, namely, to maintain and perpetuate the memories and friendships of school days at Loretto, to strengthen the ties that bind us to our Alma Mater, and to materially aid in promoting the interests of Catholic Education.

One of Loretto's oldest graduates honored us with her presence in October at our meeting in Lola Ripley's home. Mrs. David Frackelton (Margaret Sheehy) is a graduate of Niagara Falls Convent, 1881. She now lives at 706 South Leroy St., Fenton, Michigan. She told us many amusing experiences at the convent, one of which was the time she tried to be the first one to reach the Chapel one Easter morning in order to win the title of Mary Magdalene.

Our November meeting was held in the home of Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoe Case, Abbey). The Programme Committee introduced Mrs. Heath Ballagh of the Needlework Guild, who made an appeal for sewers to help carry on the work of charity sponsored by the League.

Mrs. Louis Evans (Winifred Flynn, Guelph) was responsible for a delightful meeting in her home in December. We all gathered in her charming Recreation Room and stuffed and sewed dolls for poor children for Christmas. Miss Irene Hickey, Director of the Home Service Department of the Michigan Consolidated Gas Company, gave us many helpful hints regarding our holiday cookery. Our president, Mrs. John Babcock, appointed the various committees to carry on the work in the preparation for the annual card party to be held January 15th. Miss Agnes Pineau (Loretto College) and Mrs. John Lawlor (Helen Balfe, Hamilton) presided at the tea table, which was attractive with Christmassy appointments.

Detroit-Windsor Circle of Loretto Alumnae extend greetings and best wishes of the season to the Staff of Loretto Rainbow our associate Loretto Alumnae, Loretto pupils, and to our former teachers and friends in the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Turgeon (Alexandrine Du Charme, Loretto Alumna), on the recent birth of a son, Jerome Dennis. Jerome is a nephew of M. M. Gilbert, M. M. Adele, and M. M. St. Leon, I.B.V.M., all of Loretto-Brunswick.

To Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Seiferling (Minnie Lennie), on the birth of a daughter, Pauline, on October 18th—a new little niece for M. M. Herman and M. M. Louise, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Foley (Madeleine Crowley), on the birth of a son, John Carl Fergus, on November 18th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Maurice (Rita Sweeney), on the birth of a son, Terence Joseph, on October 21st. Terence is a nephew of Mother M. Leocrita, I.B.V.M., and of Rev. John Maurice, recently returned from China Mission-field.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Christie (Rhona Townsend, Loretto Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Ann, on November 26th. Ann is a niece of M. M. Dorothy, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Kulik (Aurelia Buziuk), on the birth of a daughter, Camille, on November 13th.

To Dr. and Mrs. Frank Young (Edith Allen, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a son, William, on November 9th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald McIntyre (Martha Smet, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Virginia, November 29th. Virginia is a niece of M. M. St. Aloysius, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Aurèle Mercier (Thelma Routhier, Loretto-Stratford Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Mary Christine, on December 2nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bruce MacDonald (Betty Collins, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a son, John Alexander.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Moore (Eileen Gardner, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the birth of a son, Thomas (Tommy), on October 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Damude (Betty Hunter, Loretto-Hamilton, and Loretto College Alumna), on the birth of a daughter, Dianne Elizabeth, on October 4.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Mary Inez Mulligan, daughter of Mrs. Mulligan and the late Mr. P. A. Mulligan, was married to Sgt. Patrick James Hitchcock, on November 25th, in St. Vincent de Paul church. Rev. Dr. Gerald Kirby officiated. The bride is a Loretto Abbey Alumna, and sister of Sister Beatrice Marie, C.S.J., of Peterborough.

Miss Felicia Seiferling (Loretto Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Seiferling, Sedley, Sask., was married November 3, to Mr. Ambrose Klein. The bride is a sister of M. M. Herman and M. M. Louisa, I.B.V.M.

Miss Rose McTague (Loretto Alumna), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William McTague, was married to Dr. A. Boyd, on November 13th.

Miss Anne Deck, sister of M. M. Rosa and M. M. Vivina, I.B.V.M., was married to Mr. Clement Bauntrog, on November 20th.

Miss Mary Roche, of Peterborough, was married to Lieutenant John Joseph Quinlan, at Newman Chapel, Toronto, on December 11th.

Miss Barbara Louise Monahan (R.C.A.F. (W.D.)), daughter of Mr. T. Louis Monahan and the late Mrs. Monahan, was married in November to Sgt. Henry N. Webster, air-bomber, R.C.A.F., in Holy Rosary Rectory. Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., officiated.

SYMPATHY.

To Most Rev. John R. MacDonald, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, on the death of his devoted mother, on November 30th; to Mrs. MacDonald's daughters, Miss M. Ita MacDonald and Mrs. J. P. McKenna; also to her sisters, Rev. Mother St. Martin of Tours, Sydney, N.S.; Mrs. Catherine

MacDonald, of Vancouver, and Mrs. J. A. Chisholm, of Oshawa.

To Mrs. P. M. Dunne, of Edmonton, and Dr. F. A. French, of Ottawa, on the death, on December 5th, of their esteemed brother, Rt. Rev. Monsignor French, of Pembroke, formerly of Renfrew; also to his cousins, especially Mother M. Felix, I.B.V.M.

To the Rev. Jesuit Fathers, on the death, in November, of Rev. Henry Bourque, S.J., LL.D., the first Rector and Master of Novices of St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Guelph.

To Rev. Bro. Matthew of the Christian Brothers, Toronto; Mother M. Elizabeth, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey; Mrs. P. Foley; Mrs. Thomas Keating; Mr. Frank Matthews and Mr. Leo Matthews, on the death of their sister, Miss Annie Matthews, on November 9th.

To Mrs. Marvyn, on the recent death of her husband, Capt. Arthur Marvyn, and to their son, Rev. John Marvyn, and daughter, Miss Mary Marvyn.

To Mrs. W. A. Smyth (Colette), Mrs. Maurice J. Doyle (Madalyn), Miss Ella Herbert (Loretto Alumnae), and Dr. Jack V. Herbert, on the death, November 28th, of their devoted mother, Mrs. Charles J. Herbert, of St. Cecilia's Parish, Toronto.

To Mrs. Anna Higgins Warde, on the death, November 26th, of her husband, Mr. James D. Warde; to their son, Mr. Paul Warde, and daughters, Mrs. L. A. Landriau, Mrs. H. R. Day, and Miss Eleanor Warde; also to Mr. Warde's sisters, Miss Agnes and Miss Lillian Warde.

To Mr. John P. McLaughlin, on the death of his devoted wife (Loretto Abbey Alumna); to their daughters, Mrs. Donald Clarke, Mrs. Frank Sirdevan, and Miss Agnes Dorothea (Loretto Alumnae); and to their sons, Frank and Jim; also to Mrs. McLaughlin's brothers, Mr. Frank and Mr. Leo Guilfoyle, and to her sister, Miss Eva Guilfoyle.

To Miss Mary, Miss Julitta, Mr. William and Mr. Cornelius Kidd; and to Mrs. (Ione Kidd) Hopkins, and Mrs. (Olive Kidd) Koverbeck, on the death of their brother, Mr. John S. Kidd, on November 14th.

To Dr. John M. Bennett, Mr. Wm. A. Bennett, Chris. J. Bennett, and Rev. Francis J. Bennett, Wexford, Ontario, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Ellen Bennett, in the first week of October.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Patrick Galvin, who died October 3rd, at the home of her daughter Coletta (Mrs. J. J. Timpy, Loretto Alumna), 17654 Warrington Drive, Detroit, Mich.

To Mr. John Joseph Daley, on the death of his wife, Mrs. Ellen Jane Rush Daley (Loretto Abbey Alumna), on November 2nd, and to their bereaved children, Mrs. John M. Harkins (Florence), Mrs. Gerald Patterson (Madeline); and Miss Mildred Daley (Loretto Alumnae); also to Mrs. Daley's nephew and godson, Rev. E. Leonard Rush, C.S.B.

To the bereaved family of Mr. Ryan, especially Mother M. Damien, I.B.V.M., on his recent death.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dunnigan, of Niagara Falls, on the death of their son, Vincent; also to Mrs. James Matthews (Mary, Loretto Alumna), sister of the deceased (a former St. Patrick's boy) who was buried in Chester, Cheshire, England.

To Mrs. Flanagan, on the death of her husband, Mr. James Flanagan, and to their daughters,

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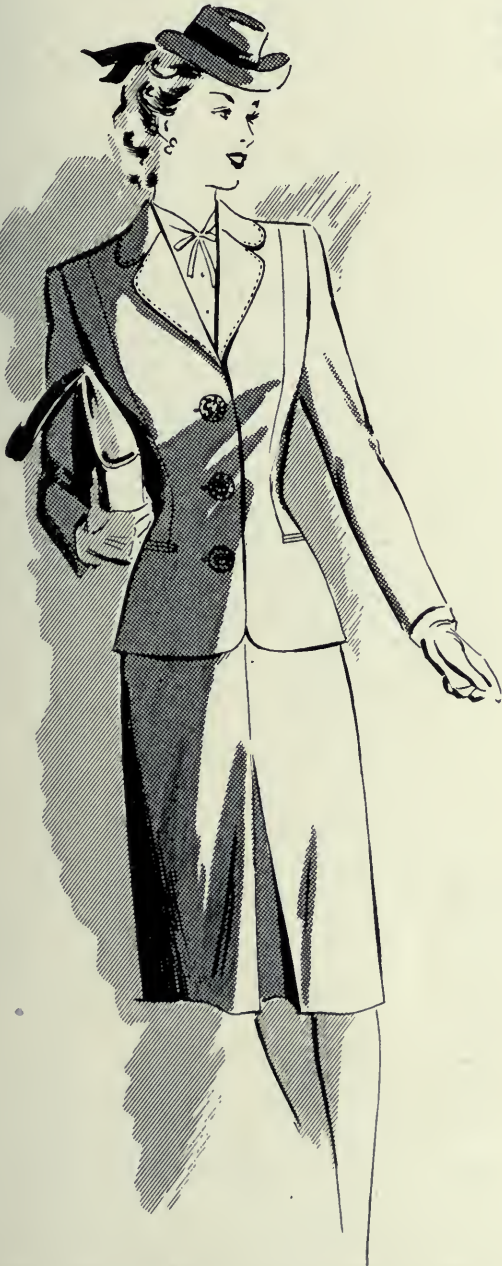
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Sr. M. St. Ronald, I.B.V.M.; also to Mother M. St. Ivan, I.B.V.M., a niece. Mr. Flanagan was a former member of the School Board.

To Mrs. W. A. H. Lowe (Sheila, Loretto-Niagara Alumna), on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. James Foulis.

To the bereaved family of Mr. Leo. McLean, especially Miss Anne, his sister, a pupil of Loretto-Stratford.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Thomas Grant, on her death, December 8th, especially to Miss Rosemary, a senior at Loretto-Woodlawn.

To Mrs. Huck, on the death of her husband, Mr. Charles Huck, on December 8th, and to the bereaved family, especially Miss Mary Jane, a freshman at Loretto-Woodlawn.

To Mrs. Kelly (Rosemary Silvester, Loretto College Alumna), wife of Dr. M. J. Kelly, of Timmins, and to Mr. George Ernest Silvester, Jr., of Toronto, on the recent death of their father, Mr. George Ernest Silvester; also to his brother, Mr. Fred W. Silvester, and sister, Mrs. A. Leaney.

To Mrs. Jackson (Gertrude Swayze) on the death of her husband, Mr. John Clifford Jackson, on November 20th.

To Misses Kathleen, Ursula, and Ruth Colleran (Loretto Alumnae), on the death of their mother, Mrs. John J. Colleran, on October 28th.

To Mrs. Thomas Dwyer (Margaret) and Miss Arlie Gaskin, former Loretto-Niagara pupils, on the recent death of their mother, Mrs. Thomas Gaskin.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

Sept. 20—Sodality elections! Prefect, Joan Shinnick; Vice-Prefect, Patricia Dennis; Secretary, Mary Boland; Treasurer, Lorna Lloyd; Chairman of Eucharistic Committee, Agnes Kinney; Chairman of Our Lady's Committee, Jacqueline Huggins; Chairman of Apostolic Committee, Mary Pacini; Chairman of Literature Committee, Shirley Newcomb; Chairman of Publicity Committee, Patricia Crawford; Chairman of Social Committee, Victoria Douglas.

Sept. 22—Our Riding Club is organized, and enjoys its first canter of the new term, over the picturesque bridle paths of Armour Heights.

Sept. 27—Baseball and Bowling tournaments are providing healthful relaxation in abundance. Interest runs high—competition keen.

Oct. 3—Catechetical Sunday will long be remembered by those receiving their diplomas in Religious Knowledge from our beloved Archbishop.

Oct. 8-12—Thanksgiving week-end—a glorious one with the added half-day giving us particular cause for gratitude.

Oct. 15—We rejoice with our dear Reverend Mother General on her patronal feast. It was our happy privilege to be presented to her.

Oct. 16—The Mission Exhibition, to which we had long looked forward, was opened by His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. Most impressive were the opening ceremonies with the numerous Archbishops, Bishops, Monsignori, and priests in attendance.

Oct. 17—An event of outstanding interest at Columbus Hall—Bishop Yu Pin and Bishop O'Gara held us enthralled as they related their missionary adventures.

Oct. 18—The Mass for the High School students at the Cathedral will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to be present. To Archbishop McGuigan a deep debt of gratitude is due for his constant remembrance of the youth of this Archdiocese.

Oct. 18—School closes at noon, and we visit the Mission Exhibition. The time is all too short for this marvellously interesting place. We could spend days and days, and yet not see half of all the wonderful exhibits. We came away with a

deeper understanding of the great work which is being done for God in the Mission field.

Oct. 20—We are happy to welcome to the Abbey, Sister Rose of Lima and Sister Frances Dolores, from Mount St. Vincent College, Halifax. We are grateful to Sister Frances Dolores for her stimulating lecture.

Oct. 27—Packing Christmas boxes for Air Force, Army, and Navy is again one of our most popular Sodality projects. It is real fun selecting and wrapping gifts for those so far away, who are doing so much for us, and with each gift goes a prayer for their safety.

Oct. 28—We spend a most interesting afternoon with the White Sisters from Africa who, through their fine films, take us far across the seas to their Mother House and Novitiate in Africa. We visit their schools and go in spirit with them over the hills into the little African homes, where they are doing such wonderful work. We almost imagine ourselves in a white habit and veil. It was a memorable experience! Toronto seemed such a prosaic place when the auditorium lights were turned on again!

Oct. 29—Our long anticipated Halloween Party! Fourth year proved delightful hostesses. Costumes "the best in years"; music perfect; a wonderful party!

Nov. 10—A most important event in Catholic Book Week was the visit of Sister Mary Joseph and Sister Joan Marie of the Sisters of Loretto at the Foot of the Cross, from Webster Grove College. Sister Mary Joseph, the foundress of the Gallery of Living Catholic Authors, lectured on her work. We spent a happy afternoon becoming better acquainted with such wonderful friends as Chesterton, Belloc, Father Owen Francis Dudley, Monsignor Fulton Sheen, Lucille Borden, Margaret Yeo, Father Lord, and many others who are doing marvels for the great cause of Catholic Literature.

Nov. 11—We are deeply indebted to Mr. F. W. Rayfield for his impressive illustrated lecture on Westminster Abbey.

Nov. 17—Loretto's own Mother Agatha brought us closer to St. Thérèse by her beautiful lecture and films.

Nov. 18—Miss Mary MacDonald, a talented

young musician, entertained us with a programme of great artistic excellence. We wish Miss Mac-Donald every success in her musical career.

Nov. 22—Examinations over! Our hearts are young and gay again . . . at least until results are announced.

In the afternoon a programme in honour of St. Cecilia. In the evening we attend Miss Mac-Donald's professional debut at Eaton Auditorium.

Nov. 24, 25, 26—Three precious days spent in Retreat under the direction of Reverend Doctor Markle.

Nov. 30—Our box of vestments and altar linens all carefully packed and on its way to a Chapel of our Armed Forces. This has been the project dearest to our hearts during the past year.

Dec. 2—Our Sodality Holy Hour—offered as preparation for His coming at Christmas.

Dec. 3—Our First Friday "Dialogue" Mass in honour of the Sacred Heart. Later we hear Kreisler—a wonderful musical evening.

Dec. 4, 5, 6—Forty Hours' Devotion. We spend three beautiful days specially in honour of Our Eucharistic King.

Dec. 7—Our Second Symphony Concert, a programme of unusual beauty.

Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception—a day dear to our hearts. Twenty-two new members were received at our traditional Sodality Reception, and consecrated themselves to our Immaculate Mother. Reverend William Fraser received the Sodalists and, in an inspiring sermon, paid tribute to Our Lady. The Sodality entertained at dinner in honour of the new members.

Dec. 10—Feast of the Holy House of Loretto. The beautiful little replica of Our Lady's home is the centre of great interest.

Dec. 16—Christmas baskets nearly ready. This seems almost the best part of Christmas. We have had such fun selecting and wrapping gifts for our little friends, and realize that truly "'tis better to give than to receive."

Dec. 17—Traditional Christmas carols heard through the Abbey halls as we carried our gifts to the feet of Our Infant King—a tableau of wondrous beauty.

Merry Christmas to all!

Shirley Newcomb.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

The Junior School presents a charming operetta.

Characters.

- Mother Doreen Vance
- Children—Justine O'Brien, Patsy Poupore, Marilyn Maynard, Barbara Basserman, Jackie Deslesseps, Anne Quigley, Burton Clapperton.
- Maid Anne Marie Ronan
- Fairies—Mary Flahiff, Carol Maynard, Carole Schwenk,
- Small Fairies—Suzanne Thompson, Jane Gilding, Sandra Maynard, Georgie Hartfield, Gall Lynch, Joan Ruscica, Patsy Horner, Carol Lynch, Anna Ruscica, Gretchen L'Adventure, Lorene Pillsworth, Anne Bolland, Wendy Gilmore, Marilyn MacGregor, Eugenia Arella, Suzanne Payette, Martha Holmes, Augusta Knowles.
- Santa Claus Joan Norman
- Santa's Helper Robert Luzardo

Choristers—Barbara Hall, Mollie Timmins, Frances Maxwell, Jacqueline Clarke, Barbara Knips, Peggy Ann Walpole, Virginia Anne Travers, Mary Dorothy Payette, Sybil Horner, Vera Gratz, June Marie Andrews, Judy Horner, Sandra Switzer, Celma Luzardo, Dorothy Burkholder, Nancy Lecour, Barbara Jane Predhomme, Carole Dakine, Dwyne Delaney, Elizabeth Gilding, Margaret La Bine, Monica Wilson.

Nativity Scene.

- Blessed Virgin Mary Mary Elizabeth Donnelly
- Saint Joseph Kent Robinson
- Kings—1, Sheila Mahon; 2, Virginia Doyle; 3, Frances Anne Foley.
- Shepherds—1, Estelle Fluet; 2, Brien Philcox; 3, Basil Hall; 4, Sandy Beatty.
- Angels—Shirley Swan, Iris Jones, Mary Lou Mayne, Mary E. Whelan, Patsy Gooderham, Lynne Connell, Carolyn Raymond.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

Sept.—First Form has set us all a good example by holding a really successful bazaar. The several booths were constantly visited by those anxious to show their skill in contests, for example throwing darts; or to make purchases. The varied refreshments were well patronized. Proceeds will help in the purchase of church vestments for the Missions.

Oct. 18—Off we go to Toronto to attend the Canadian National Missionary Exhibition! Wonderful memories of the beautifully arranged exhibits remain with us. We were very proud of Loretto booth! The girls were happy to meet some of their former teachers. A few of us were not recognized at first. Have we changed so much?

Oct.—The basketball season is well begun. Everyone expects keen competition, especially among the four First Form teams.

Oct. 31—A Hallowe'en party helped First Formers to get acquainted. The games took the form of a Loretto Field Day. Much fun for all.

Nov. 4—Elections for school officers were held. Muriel Goetz, President; Kathleen Corbett, Vice-President; Valerie Heimler, Secretary-Treasurer. Their Assistants and Form Representatives are: Mary Pat Hurley, Catherine Carere, Maureen Ireland, Betty Klein, Rose Marie Sorbara, Betty Niel.

Officers for The Loretto Rainbow Student Staff are: Valerie Heimler, Editor; Muriel Goetz, Associate Editor; Kathleen Corbett, Associate Editor; and Helen Scroggie, Business Manager.

Nov.—We are all working diligently to outfit a Navy Chapel for Rev. Father Swain, formerly of Sacred Heart Parish, Guelph.

Dec. 4—Third and Fourth Form teams play for Senior Basketball Championship. Fourth win, but Third played a good game.

Dec. 7—Sodality reception. Twenty-five girls were received into the Sodality of Our Lady, by Rev. Father Higgins.

Dec. 17—Christmas vacation begins. "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" resounds through the halls as the girls say "good-bye" until January 4th.

Merry Christmas, too—and a Happy New Year for all Loretto Rainbow readers.

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LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

The Feast of St. Cecilia, the Patroness of Musicians, was kept by anticipation on November 18th.

A musical programme was given by the members of the Choral Class, in the presence of Rev. Father Campbell, of the Church of Our Lady, also Mother Superior and the Community.

PROGRAMME.

- Piano Duet—Cantra Dance Beethoven
Claire Marshall and Rita Crimmens.
O Canada C. Lavelée
"There'll Always Be An England."
The Choral Class.
Vive la Canadienne (French Canadian Folk Song)
Sung by two choirs.
"Sing On"—A Two Part Song Denza
The Select Choir.
Slumber Song Schubert
Sung by Bernice Leitch.
The Story of St. Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr, given
by Muriel Goetz.
Hymn to St. Cecilia—"White Rose of Rome,"
The Choral Class Myerscough
Homage to St. Cecilia—A Recitation.
By Mary Schuett.
Piano Duo—Country Dance. P. Grainger
First Piano—Mary Louise Grieve.
Second Piano—Rita Crimmens.
"Ave Maria Loretto" Reiger
Choral Class.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

Oct. 7—Grade XII deserves special mention. The occasion—Field Day, and this "intellectual" group won the honours. Congratulations to all our Seniors, and to the many others who made a good showing in the several contests.

Oct. 8—Turkey, cranberries and pumpkin pie! Canadian Thanksgiving and our month-end holiday combined.

Oct. 14—Congratulations to our newly-elected officers of the Sodality: Doris Hatch, Prefect; Rosemary Deleo, Vice-Prefect; Helen Miller, Secretary; Lorraine Ganter, Treasurer; Bette Gregus, Publicity; Adria Kuntz, Social Events. Best wishes for a successful year.

Oct. 21—First Sodality meeting; the newly-elected officers displayed their oratorical talents, and executive ability.

Oct. 26—The Senior Grades gave a real welcome to the new girls in the form of a tea held in the Club Room.

Oct. 29—In honour of Our Lady, the High School participated in a "Living Rosary."

Oct. 30—Grade Eleven's Hallowe'en Party! Originality showed in the novel features introduced into the programme. The auditorium was a picture of colour, and light, and motion.

Nov. 2—"Youthful foreheads were furrowed with care," as term exams darkened the outlook on life.

Nov. 9—Our first snowfall!

Nov. 22—Feast of St. Cecilia. Programme given on another page.

Nov. 25—Another rest for hard-working students and teachers! With the arrival of American Thanksgiving everyone rejoiced in the prospect of a few days of—rest(?)

Dec. 4—Another Sodality meeting took place under the leadership of the able Prefect, Dorothy Hatch. The dates of our Retreat were announced and all are looking forward to the fifth, sixth and seventh of January.

Dec. 8—Since the epidemic of colds was not quite over, the usual event on this great feast of the Immaculate Conception—the reception of new members into the Sodality—was postponed, but as a slight compensation the usual banquet was held. We were honored by the presence of Reverend Father Pascal, and Reverend Father Luke, O.Carm.

Dec. 10—We were all pleased to receive a message from John Posset, now overseas in the R.C.A.F. As violinist he has played in the Loretto Orchestra at our Graduation Exercises for the past 16 years.

Dec. 11—The Junior school entertained us with a delightful musical programme in which the talents of the youthful musicians were evident.

Dec. 16—After the Christmas carols had resounded through the school halls, the Seniors presented a very fine play, "Mistress Castlemaine's Christmas Dinner." A lovely tableau with its representation of the First Christmas was a fitting close to our Loretto Christmas entertainment.

Dec. 17—Hasty packing, hurried adieus, and the girls depart in bliss for their respective homes for the Christmas vacation.

Good wishes to all!

Lorraine Ganter and Helen Miller, Grade XII,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Sept. 30—Many hearts at double speed to-day. Sodality elections! Congratulations to the victors: Prefect, Margaret O'Toole; Vice-Prefect, Margaret Outridge; Secretary-Treasurer, Mary Sheridan; Committee Chairmen: Social, Helen Pritchard; Apostolic, Elda Olivieri; Eucharistic, G. Wilson; Literary, Suzanne Lunz; Athletic, S. Goodrow; Our Lady's, Marie Last.

Oct. 4—An enjoyable party, supervised by the Social Committee. All the students introduced to our new Mother Superior, Mother M. Ermingarde, and to her assistant, Mother Ernestine. Mother Mechtilda represented the teaching staff.

Oct. 14—Field Day—Each trying to be just one foot ahead of the other! Ribbons given to winners of individual races; and special red, white and blue ribbons awarded to the girls having highest number of points in their grades. Hot-dogs, cokes and doughnuts enjoyed by all.

Oct. 18—Two bus loads of mission-minded Loretto-Hamilton girls visited the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibition at Varsity Arena, Toronto, to-day! It was truly a magnificent Exhibition, and we hope that many more will follow.

At our October Sodality meeting Father Herigan, Principal of Cathedral High School, gave us

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a most interesting talk on the aims of the Sodality. Our Sodality Executive, having promised us that we are to have a guest speaker at each Sodality meeting, we are eagerly awaiting future meetings.

Nov. 6, 7, 8—Did you know that we could be so quiet? Nor did we! but Father Hynes, S.J., has given us so much to think about, we haven't time for ordinary chatter.

Nov. 11—A very special day for us—early dismissal for the Rugby finals. Cathedral won. Cheers!

Nov. 12—First Crusade meeting. Grade XIII entertained with a humorous play, "The Fatal Quest."

Nov. 19—The Sodality Executive is living up to its promise! Father Morin, Chaplain at the Army Trades School, spoke to us about his work and his boys. We then surprised him by singing "O Canada" in French!

Nov. 25—Our basketball season has started! Played Normal School to-day! Our Seniors lost 20-13, but our Juniors won 11-7.

Dec. 3—Our School "Holy Hour" was most successful. This is just part of our little effort to help bring blessings on the boys "over there" and peace to the world.

Dec. 9—A return game with Normal. Although their Seniors won again, it was by a close margin, 10-9. Once more our Juniors were victorious, 13-5.

Dec. 10—Our Christmas Crusade meeting; arrangements made to send parcels to our "adopted" missionaries. We are grateful to Father Culnan, who gave us an inspiring talk on China.

Dec. 12—Seventeen candidates were received into Our Lady's Sodality. Father Arthur O'Brien officiated at the ceremony. Many mothers of the new sodalists were present. A tea was served to the newly received sodalists and their parents, who were guests of the Sodality. Helen Pritchard and the Social Committee are to be congratulated upon its success.

Dec. 16—Our traditional carol procession was held this evening and seemed to be the most successful and most beautiful yet. Through the halls the girls, in their ranks, singing carols and each carrying a lighted candle, proceeded to the gymnasium, where we grouped into the shape of a star about the Crib, and sang additional carols for the Faculty, parents and friends present. Father Power thanked us for providing Christmas baskets for needy families. This annual project is our Sodality Christmas gift to the Christ Child for His poor. The audience was welcomed by Margaret O'Toole, who then wished them and our teachers a Merry Christmas on behalf of the school. May it be a truly Merry Christmas for one and all!

Anne Beatty, XIII.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

The student body is enthusiastic about Mother M. St. George's recently published work, "Road's End." An excellent suggestion: Keep it in mind; recommend it to friends.

Sept. 29—Junior and Senior Glee Clubs in "full swing" for the 1943-44 season! Come on, girls; you have a wonderful reputation to live up to.

And baseball—We are looking forward to plenty of exercise with each H. S. Grade, divided into teams.

Oct. 4—The annual election of officers in each class began a very promising season for Loretto College School's Sodality. Our competent Prefect is Mildred Hazel; Spiritual Representative, Rita Cullin; Apostolic Representative, Bernadette Ward; and Publicity Representative, Bettie Feeley. Rev. Fr. Fleming, S.J., our Spiritual Director of former years, is to be with us again, we are happy to hear.

Oct. 10—A red-letter day for Grade XII and Junior College students. They assembled, with the students of the same grades from other Toronto Catholic schools, in St. Michael's Cathedral for the first annual graduation in Christian Doctrine. For our grads-to-be, this receiving of diplomas was a foretaste of the June Exercises.

Nov. 14—Latest in school millinery! See Loretto-Brunswick H. S. girls' jaunty beret-style hats—in navy, of course.

Oct. 16-19—The long-anticipated Missionary Exhibition! Loretto girls eagerly participated in numerous functions in connection with this great event, such as the addresses, given in Columbus Hall, and the Solemn High Mass celebrated by His Excellency Cardinal Antoniutti; and at another memorable event of the week, the Mass celebrated in the Cathedral by Cardinal Villeneuve, part of which was sung by the students; and also by assisting in the various booths in the Arena, especially in the Catholic Church Extension booth. The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary booth surpassed anything we had dared to expect and was indeed a tribute to the ingenuity of our teachers.

Oct. 28—The White Sisters of Africa presented an unexpected treat—actual movies of their work among African natives. May God bless their unselfish labours!

Nov. 10—Our Public Speaking Course has begun again in all grades. Everyone is enthusiastic since seeing proof of the benefit derived from the course in former years. We are looking forward to great things in this line.

Nov. 12—To show our recognition of Catholic Book Week, the two Grades XI, A and B, staged the first of a series of debates. Resolved, "We are what we read." In this contest the victors were the negative, upheld by XI-B.

Nov. 22—The Junior Glee Club challenges the Senior Glee Club to an Amateur Half-hour. The challenge was accepted, and a delightful programme resulted, all in the spirit of friendly rivalry. The score was proclaimed a tie.

Nov. 26—The first Musical Recital of the year is appropriately in honour of St. Cecilia. The music pupils and Glee Club were featured, and were really a success. More concerts like this, girls! We are proud of you all!

Dec. 2—A second inspiring visit from Rev. Dr. Ronan. We rehearsed Christmas carols, and the Glee Club sang a few selections for him. We're looking forward to more of these informal, instructive visits.

Dec. 10—Feast of the Holy House of Loretto! Loretto-Brunswick pupils celebrated it by a Missa Recitata in our chapel, followed by a delicious hot breakfast in the cafeteria. In the afternoon Grades XII and XI met in a second inter-class debate: Resolved, "The World Will Be a Better Place to

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Live in After the War Than Before It." This time, Grade XII, the affirmative carried off the laurels.

Dec. 15—A delightful skit, presented for our enjoyment by the class-presidents of the various H. S. Grades. It dealt with the very important problem of assembling donations for the Christmas baskets. We were all alert.

Dec. 17—Very impressive was the procession of pupils moving through the halls and finally assembling in the Auditorium—caroling Christmas hymns and songs all the while. Here in front of the Crib, which was surrounded by candles on the prettily-decorated stage, were the baskets from each Grade, fairly overflowing with food and various gifts for the poor—witnesses of Brunswick girls' Yuletide zeal. Fathers McNab, C.S.P., and MacDonnell, C.S.P., of St. eter's, were present; Father McNab expressed his appreciation of this good work for needy families of the parish. It would make many happy for Christmas, he said, who otherwise would receive no gifts.

Mary Hickey, XII.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

Sept. 7—We begin another year on the eve of our Blessed Lady's Birthday.

Sept. 9—The boarders get acquainted at supper on the Island.

Sept. 12, 13, 14—We receive manifold blessings in the Forty Hours' devotion in our chapel, at which our choir makes its debut.

Sept. 15—An essential part of the school organization gets under way—the election of the House Mistresses: Frances Kelly, of the House of Margaret Rose; Margaret Sevigny, of the House of Elizabeth.

Sept. 16—We celebrate Loretto's landing in America with a weiner roast at Kelly's farm, and are thereby provided with an opportunity to welcome our new faculty members, Mother St. Gregory and Mother Baptista.

Sept. 21—The Feast of St. Matthew, and we join with St. Joseph's School in singing a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Mother St. Matthew, whom Loretto-Stratford will not soon forget.

Sept. 23—The Rev. E. R. Glavin, who replaces the Rev. J. B. Clark, comes for the first time for religious instruction. We are won by his kindly humour and interest.

Oct. 6—We elect our Sodality officers: Mary Campbell, Prefect; Anne McCarty, Secretary-Treasurer. Committee Chairmen: Bernice Gravelle, Marie Heimbuch, Anne Campbell. We begin the Sodality year with a campaign for the family Rosary—"Rosary Day—Every Day—in Every Home!"

Oct. 18—The long-anticipated day arrives when sixteen of us go to the Mission Exhibition in Toronto. It cannot be all told. We were immensely impressed.

Oct. 20—Our Hallowe'en Masquerade, at which the House of Margaret Rose entertains. Alley Looby won the prize for the prettiest costume; Audrey Eckensviller, for the most original; and Bernice Gravelle and Donna Hall for the funniest—and they were funny! The prizes for the most attractive box-lunches went to Frances Kelly and Eileen Smith.

Oct. 21—The Sodality entertains the soldiers at a Hallowe'en Social.

Oct. 23—We attend the funeral Mass for Leo Maclean at Immaculate Conception Church.

Oct. 31—We join with the C.C.S.M.C. of St. Joseph's School to honour Christ the King, and to plead for peace.

Nov. 12—We produce candied-apples and popcorn balls for the novices at Nazareth House.

Nov. 13—We sing the High Mass for the Boyd-McTague wedding.

Nov. 15—The bowling season opens. Our eager teams are: the Iroquois, Hurons, Apaches, Navajos, Mohawks Algonquins.

Nov. 18—Grade XI presents an inspiring symposium on the Mass, and repeats it for the St. Joseph Sodality's pleasure.

Dec. 3—Reports and ribbons!

Dec. 8—We sing High Mass at St. Joseph's. The day is made memorable by two jubilees—that of our Chapel, consecrated fifty years ago by Bishop O'Connor; and Mother Alexia's fiftieth year in religion.

Dec. 17—We bring gifts for the needy to the Crib by candle-light, and then leave for vacation, with the Christmas carols still making melodies to Him in our hearts.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, SEDLEY, SASK.

Nov. 22—In honour of St. Cecilia a musical programme was presented by the pupils for their parents and friends.

Dec. 10-12—The annual retreat for the boarders was conducted by Father O'Flaherty, S.J., Campion College. At the close of the retreat a Reception for the new Sodality members was held.

Dec. 17—A Christmas concert prepared by the pupils of the grades was held in the Town Hall before an appreciative audience.

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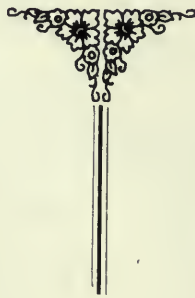
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THE GOLDEN JUBILEE ISSUE
OF LORETTO RAINBOW will
consist of four numbers, namely:

July, 1943.....Vol. L, No. 1
October, 1943.....Vol. L, No. 2
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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.



April 1944

In Cycles

*Who can foretell that Joy will not return
To sit before his hearth-fire once again;
To walk with him while summer twilights burn,
To dance beside him through the April rain?
Grief sighs her old refrain, of "Never More!"
But tears have dimmed her eyes; she cannot see
How constant are the tides unto the shore;
How even the moon owns strange fidelity.*

*If, though denied rare, priceless gems of art,
And all the splendors gracious Fortune brings,
He always made Joy welcome in his heart,
And ever found delight in simple things,
Joy will come back anew in cycles sure—
As April's bloom returns to hill and moor.*

—Aline Michaelis.

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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 — 1847-1944



❧

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-



Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon,
now Queen Elizabeth, on her
second birthday



Her Life

When one life glows with fire divine,
It is a candle on a shrine,
And all who pass the holy place
Gain something of its love and grace.

Its light is clear, and who can say
How far the valiant beams may stray?
Who knows how many there may be
By chance the matchless gleam to see?

And who in all the world can tell
What depths of dark it may dispel
As, falling where joy's forces wane,
It brings the ray of hope again?

This is *her* life, so brave, so bright,
A candle that defies the night,
And flings its questing beams afar—
A candle that outshines a star!

—ALINE MICHAELIS

Beloved Queens and Mothers



Queen Victoria



Queen Alexandra



Queen Mary



Queen Elizabeth

A Royal Review

I was only a small girl when I got my first glimpse of a reigning monarch, on the occasion of the last of Queen Victoria's infrequent visits to Ireland.

For weeks beforehand I had heard the grown-ups discussing the coming event, the personages involved, and the various ramifications of the royal family, so had a very clear picture in mind of what I was going to see. I knew, for instance, that Queen Victoria had reigned longer than any other English monarch—almost sixty-four years; that she had been widowed, while still young, by the death of the Prince Consort, whom she had loved devotedly; that she would probably be accompanied by the Princess Royal, who had never married, and was her mother's constant companion.

To see the royal procession was the easiest thing in the world in our part of Dublin. The visitors always debarked at Kingstown, now known by its original name of Dun Laoghaire (the fort of Laori), but which had been renamed Kingstown in honor of George IV. when he first landed there. From Kingstown to Dublin City is a drive of some five or six miles, the road running along the south shore of Dublin Bay. All we had to do in order to get a better than grandstand view was to walk to the main road to Dublin (not the least bit rocky, either), pick out a spot where the road narrowed, and view the royal visitors from the distance of a yard or so, as they passed. There were several such spots *en route*, so there was no overcrowding. People gathered singly or in groups along the way. No soldiers guarded the road until the city limits were reached; there the visitors were welcomed by the Lord Mayor and other officials. The procession then drove through crowded streets lined with soldiers in full-dress uniforms. Splendid uniforms, that could make the most ordinary men look significant. I am glad I can remember when all soldiers wore them.

So, it was easy for us, youngsters, to teeter on the kerb-stone, and get close enough to see not merely the whites of the royal eyes but the color of the pupils as well. Unusual eyes they were, too—long, light blue, luminous, and slightly prominent. Each member of the four generations of the royal family that I saw had

these same eyes, from Victoria to Edward VIII.

The great day came at last. It was perfect weather. Mary Ann and Ciss finally had us dressed to their satisfaction—every ringlet in place (those were the days when long hair was a feminine "must") and our sailor hats at exactly the right angle!

And here I must speak of our Mary Ann and Ciss, for they loomed large on childhood's horizon. They were often a source of secret amusement to us then, but I realize now what a real privilege it was to be cared for by two such sterling characters. Good, honest, simple-hearted, loyal souls, and utterly devoted to the "childher," as they called their small charges. Although from very humble homes, both of them were ladies in the best sense of that maligned word.

Mary Anne (the way we said it sounded like Merry Anne) was our cook. She would have warmed the cockles of Mrs. Beeton's heart—if that grand old spendthrift ever "had a heart." She was the "take four dozen eggs and ten pounds best butter" kind of cook. The sort who blenched, and clutched the kitchen table for support, if anyone so much as mentioned the unspeakable word "margarine" in her presence. My father kept hens as a hobby, and I know now why he always concentrated on the super-laying breeds. Butter, however, must have been something of a problem even in days when it cost only tenpence or a shilling a pound. But could she cook? "Mhmm-hmmm!" as my American children mhmm-hmmm, in wordless rapture.

She must have been close to one hundred years old when she died. She cooked and worked about our kitchen, and said countless rosaries in her spare moments, until about a year before her death. It was only in her last year that we could persuade her to stay home from early Mass each morning. Mary Anne never stood inside a schoolhouse in her life, for the simple reason that there was no schoolhouse for her to stand inside. She was born, and grew up, while the penal laws were still in force; but that was no excuse for one's not being *au fait* with things! One of us had to read the newspaper for her every day, while she gazed at us in wonderment and delight at our "larnin'." When she died, after thirty

years of faithful service, all her "childher"—nine of us—knelt around her, and recited the prayers for the dying; then, for the repose of her soul.

Ciss is still with our family after fifty-four loyal, devoted years.

Ciss, who was Mary Anne's niece, was our nurse. At least, that was how it started, but as time went on, and our family increased, their duties often over-lapped and interlocked, with no complaint from either. Mary Anne had been a widow so long that she could not recall what her husband had looked like. Ciss never married. Both of them spoke a version of Dublin English that out-theatred the Abbey Theatre, and gave us constant amusement. Daughters of sea-faring men, they loved to knit miniature "ganseys" (sweaters) for us—exact copies of those worn by their men who went down to the sea in trawlers. For everyday these were either navy blue or bright red and were worn with pleated skirts of the same color. For special occasions our outfits were Virgin blue, done in the softest, finest wool. Like most little Irish girls, we had been dedicated to Our Lady soon after Baptism, and each of us had Mary as a middle name. And so, of course, we wore the colors of Our Heavenly Queen when we went forth to see an earthly one.

Mary Ann took charge of me and two younger sisters on the great day. She marshalled us up to the main road, and picked out a spot where we stood alone. (Not everyone was good enough to mix with *her* childher)!

"Stan' at the edge iv the kerb," she said, "so's ye will get the full iv yer eyes when the quality comes."

There we were under her watchful eye—the original sweater girls, and never a press agent in sight! We wore fine white-straw sailor hats turned up all around, with the name of a battleship in gold letters on the front of the band; the pale blue "ganseys," with their characteristic stitches, so lovingly made for us; pleated skirts in the same shade of blue; short, white, cotton socks, and patent leather slippers with ankle straps.

As for Mary Ann, she also wore her best outfit. Her bonnet was a small thing, but very much her own, just a morsel of black crinoline that tied under her chin with broad satin ribbons. Her skirt was every bit as voluminous, if not as flaunting, as Scarlet O'Hara's. The costume was completed by a very handsome Paisley shawl, that saw the light of day only

on great occasions,—a prized gift from one of her sea-faring relatives.

Luckily, we had not to wait long, for the day was warm, and children soon get restless. On the clear air we heard the brisk clip-clop of horses' hoofs, and a courier came into view, riding fast and alone. A little later came the Life Guards, resplendent in dress uniforms, the plumes on their helmets tossing; breast-plates flashing in the sun; their horses' gear making a pleasant jingle as they approached. Then came the royal carriage drawn by six beautifully matched horses. Postillions rode on each near horse, and were attired in tight fitting white breeches, black riding boots, a short jacket, somewhat like a hussar's, very much braided and befrogged, a white stock, and a black peaked cap with a high rounded crown, worn over a short, curled, white wig. Fascinating figures they were, like the outriders of a coach in a fairy tale. The coachman and footmen were somewhat similarly attired as to the upper man, except for the added dignity—and I mean dignity—of longer, more voluminous coats and black breeches. Some young people I knew were so fascinated by these gorgeous creatures that they did not notice the more soberly clad occupants of the royal carriage until it had passed, and it was then too late!

After the Queen's carriage, came gentlemen on horseback, wearing frockcoats, and trousers strapped under the instep,—riding, for the most part, with silk hats in hand as they bowed left and right. Next were carriages with the Queen's ladies, drawn by fewer horses and with less gorgeous attendants; then, more Life Guards, who completed the procession with a flourish. The pace had slowed down as it neared us and as it had done at intervals along the way. So we did get "the full of our eyes."

Queen Victoria looked exactly like her pictures—silver hair parted in the middle and drawn smoothly back; a rather large nose, but finely cut; a small, rounded chin below a very positive mouth; well-arched eyebrows, and those unusual eyes that she passed on to, at least, three generations of her descendants. She was dressed in black, with a black cape and straw bonnet from which a fine black silk veil floated like a small, dark cloud. The Princess Royal, also in black, primly sweet, sat beside the Queen. She looked at us, three little girls, as the carriage passed, and leaned behind the royal back to smile and wave a

black-gloved hand in answer to our fluttering handkerchiefs.

The Queen had great presence—not so strange when one remembers that she had thought, acted, and looked like a queen for close on sixty-four years. She did not smile or look directly at anyone—merely bowed slightly, and it seemed to me, coldly. I had a feeling that she didn't approve of us. (Children are sensitive about these things). We, Irish, had never fitted smoothly into place in the great mosaic that is the British Empire. Instead of accepting thankfully what appeared to be our destiny, and becoming as English as the English themselves, we insisted on stressing our nationality, and clamouring for such inconvenient privileges as Home Rule. At intervals during her long reign some or others of us had posed problems that no one seemed willing or able to solve. No wonder Queen Victoria looked upon us with some distaste. But perhaps I imagined this, and she was just an old lady, tired beneath the weight of years, the sands of whose life were slipping rapidly away.

We returned home and told my mother all that we had seen.

"And what about you, Mary Anne?" she asked. "What did you think of the Queen?"

"Well, now, ma'am, I wuz disappointed."

"Disappointed?" echoed Mother feebly.

"Yes ma'am, disappointed, an' no less—beggin' yer pardon. Sure I went up there to the Merrion Road, thinkin' to see a fine, tall woman wid a gold crown on her, an' rings an' jules an' necklaces sparklin' an' shinin', an' a velvet thrain wid beautiful ermine all around it—an' Herself bowin' an' smilin' on all sides. What did I see? A little oul' widda-lady in a black eabe (cape) an' a poke bonnet! An' be the looks iv her, she still grievin' for her husband. Ne'er a smile on her at all, at all. An' what's more, ma'am, she never wance looked at the childher!"

* * * * *

It was some years before another monarch visited us. This time we welcomed King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Once more I saw royalty pass in review—this time from the front garden wall of a young friend's house. The wall touched the sidewalk, and the ground inside was on a higher level, making a sort of small grandstand. Again we waited, passing the time by watching the yachts out on the blue waters of the bay, and running in to the hall to look at the clock.

But time *does* march on, and soon we watched again the Life Guards' flashing breastplates, the story-book postillions, and the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting.

King Edward was a strikingly handsome man—"Aye, every inch a king!" Queen Alexandra, bowing with the easy grace of the continental European, was stately and beautiful, in spite of a high, curled pompadour, which gave her face a very narrow, elongated look. The king, dressed in light grey, with grey top hat, was dignified and ceremonious, saluting as if he were performing a rite. Perhaps it was the Victorian Tradition, but it seemed strange to us Irish who value friendliness so highly.

"The Queen is lovely!" exclaimed my young friend.

"And *he* is a fine, kingly looking man," I added.

"He is," she agreed, "but it's a pity he doesn't smile a little."

Just then I glanced up and caught the eye of a young and handsome rider who followed immediately behind the royal carriage, a rugged individualist, evidently, who refused to be regimented by court etiquette, for he grinned cheerfully and swept off his hat to us. We felt better after this human touch. A nobleman's smile may not rate as high as a king's, but it is much, much better than no smile at all.

* * * * *

The next time the royal procession drove by on its way to Dublin the regal carriage held King George V, Queen Mary, and two of their children, Edward, Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary. This time, my sister and I took up our post opposite the Royal Dublin Society's Building at Ballsbridge, better known as the Horse Show Grounds. A stand had been built for members just inside the railings, and we surmised—correctly—that the procession would move slowly here and so enable us to have a better view.

Yes, we were ideally placed to see everything—but this time nobody paid much attention to the postillions. Every eye was on the appealing picture presented in the royal carriage itself.

King George wore the uniform of an admiral of the fleet. Queen Mary was in white, her hair showing attractively under a white toque. Not quite as beautiful as Queen Alexandra, she yet was lovely, and managed—rather surprisingly—to look both motherly and queenly at the same time. King George

was neither as handsome nor as distinguished looking as his father, King Edward VII, but kindness and friendliness shone in his face. The King and Queen seemed genuinely pleased to be among us. I remember thinking that they looked like a particularly nice kind of father and mother. The Victorian Tradition had evidently been tossed into the Thames *en route*, for they bowed and smiled pleasantly on either side.

It was just as they passed the grandstand that Princess Mary practically "let the British Empire down." When they first came into view, she and Prince Edward sat opposite their parents, with their backs to the horses. The Prince was about fourteen, and wore the uniform of a midshipman. He was a nice, blond, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed boy, who saluted carefully and solemnly as he rode. Princess Mary wore white, with a white hat on her golden, curly, shoulder-length hair. She had bowed and smiled shyly until the carriage came almost abreast of the grandstand. Just then, all on the stand sprang to their feet, cheering and waving frantically. I don't know what the poor young Princess thought—probably that it was the outbreak of another Irish Re-

bellion! She, also, sprang to her feet, hurled herself across the carriage, and burrowed in between her father and mother. The crowd roared, and laughed, and clapped; the King and Queen smiled even more; while Princess Mary looked sheepish, like any little girl who had "let her family down." The Prince, alone, carried on as if the shocking thing hadn't happened at all—saluting as carefully and as solemnly as before!

* * * * *

King George VI I saw once in London while he was still Duke of York, but since he ascended the throne I have heard his voice more than once. And voices speak with more than words. Listening to him over the radio is one not immediately aware of the essential humanity of this democratic king?

In speaking of Queen Elizabeth I can do no better than quote the description of a "hard-boiled" reporter, on the occasion of the royal visit to the United States. He said, "The Queen is exquisitely feminine."

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
Loretto Alunna.

Romance

To-night I saw romance in bloom again,
In stately setting of an older day;
Romance, rare flower, whose beauty does not
wane,
As long as youth's, tempestuous heart holds
sway.

Past splendors lifted up their lights anew;
Love suffered at the ruthless hands of life,
And yet emerged, triumphant still, and true,
While vice and virtue waged their ancient
strife.

The play is done; the curtain drawn too soon;
Streets seethe afresh with the impatient
throng;
A jazz band bles defiance to the moon;
The honk of auto horns drowns laugh and
song;

Yet Romance, living for this fleeting hour,
Has quickened fancy; given dreams new
power!

—Aline Michaelis.

Diapason

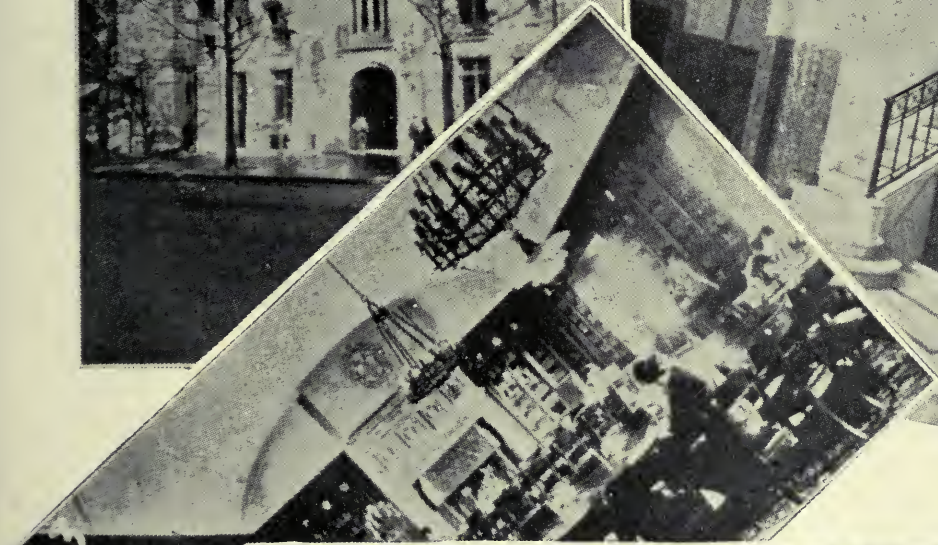
I heard the diapason of bold notes
Resounding through the storm-filled thun-
derous air;
The universe was shaken by their blasts—
In wild despair.

I knew great peoples trembled at their sounds;
That nations fell, submerged their power
to dare;
That discords of wild agony broke forth—
Grief's raucous blare!

My freighted ears would turn from all this
noise;
Would close themselves from all the dread
affair
Of sounds that emanated from war's keys,—
With cannon flare;

When suddenly I heard a melody—
A strain uplifting, soft, as borne on prayer;
O blessed chords! bright heralds of Hope's
dawn!
Sweet Peace lies there!

Kathleen A. Sullivan.



1. Students' International Home, Paris, France, built by Mme. Hoff.
2. Entrance Hall. 3. The Library. 4. Single Bed-room.

Women Students' International Foyer

The gracious châtelaine of Peyrieu already introduced to Loretto Rainbow readers, had for motto, "Be not weary in well-doing!" and, for cherished wish, "to live to make some sad face brighter."

One of the first works of charity to interest Mme. Hoff on taking up residence in Paris was that for girls who had left their homes in England, America, Russia and many other countries, and had, with confidence, thrown themselves on the mercy of a foreign city, either to study or to find employment. She had heard of the sad plight of many of them—amongst others of a young German girl who found herself utterly helpless when no one met her at the station on her arrival in Paris. Someone had directed her to a German hotel, but it had not a vacant room, so she wandered about the streets until a boot-black let her spend the night in his stall. Cases such as this inspired Mme. Hoff to establish a home where these girls could find shelter and protection.

For generations, young men had sought the intellectual advantages of Paris. By nineteen hundred, young women were beginning to follow their example. Paris beckoned but often those who answered the alluring summons found discouragement awaiting them: Perhaps they studied with more experienced students, amongst them teachers; or, discovered that their talent was not so great as it had seemed at home; or, their financial resources were exhausted just when the goal seemed within reach; or, they were lonely and too weary to struggle longer.

Of all their needs, the most acute was the problem of living. Mme. Hoff was prompt in deciding to establish a home for these girls. On Boulevard Saint-Michel, on the Left Bank, a house with promising possibilities was secured. The building was old, dating back to the 17th century, but it had a large courtyard in front, and a delightful garden in the rear. Very early in its existence it had been a convent; later, it is said, it was the home of Pascal. Under Mme. Hoff's capable guidance, the process of renovation began. The best that Paris had to offer was, to her mind, none too good for the girls whom she did not yet know, but whom she already loved.

With the house finally in readiness, and the name, "The Students' Union," selected for

it, the formal opening took place in December, 1906. Mme. Hoff had forgotten nothing that might contribute to the comfort, welfare, and enjoyment of her student friends. One could only wonder how she acquired her insight into the needs of those whose circumstances had been so different from her own.

Although the number of students who could live in the house was limited, its activities among non-residents, 1,600 in number, continued to increase for eight years—that is, while foreign students still flocked to Paris. Then came World War I. The Students' Union was turned into a relief center by the Quakers, but only after every student had found shelter elsewhere. Bombs fell around the building, shattering every window-pane.

When respite from war came, Mme. Hoff had still in mind her interrupted work; she envisaged a new hostel, which would be her gift to students, to France, and to the cause of International Peace, realizing that Peace was the greatest need of a war-torn world; and that the hope of its achievement lay in the young intellectuals of all nations. Since Providence had destined her home to be in Paris, where young people gathered from all parts of the world, she decided to create among them a center of International good will and understanding, as well as a place of protection.

It was but a short step from her ideal to the practical means of realizing it. As she planned the new Hostel, she felt that every event in her life had been a preparation for this, which she hoped to make her masterpiece. The architect secured for the work was a man who could combine the best in modern architecture with American comforts and conveniences. It took two and a half years to complete the new Hostel. One hundred students could be accommodated. No two rooms were alike, yet all were furnished with a care and taste which would satisfy the most aesthetic eye.

A new name was chosen for the establishment. Over the main entrance to 93 Boulevard Saint-Michel, appeared the inscription:

Foyer International des Etudiants.

As "Foyer" primarily signifies "hearth," on a white stone fire-place, which significantly

dominated the entrance hall, were inscribed the words:

A DIEU FOI
AUX AMIS FOYER.

(In God, Faith; For Friends a Hearth, i.e., shelter and good cheer).

The day set for the dedication of the Foyer was October 10, 1928. It was the writer's good fortune to be present, with many distinguished French citizens, and to hear Mme. Hoff deliver her dedicatory address in beautiful French. After the laudatory speech of acceptance, delivered by Monsieur Chevalier, the guests were invited to inspect the building.

Looking at its seven stories from the Luxembourg Gardens, or standing in the entrance hall with its groined arches and symbolic fire-place, one could not realize that a full year of construction was spent beneath the level of the ground. There were three floors, one below the other, complete with modern devices—heating apparatus, incinerator, electric motors, dumb-waiters, ventilating system, and a kitchen that might have been the work of Aladdin's Lamp, finished completely in marble tile and metal—truly a "conte de fée moderne!"

On the main floor was a cafeteria, equipped to serve a thousand persons at each meal—well-balanced menus at a minimum cost. A beautiful auditorium, extending up two stories, occupied the remainder of the main floor. During the afternoons, this was filled with small tables and chairs, and here tea was served to the students and their friends.

On the floors above were club-rooms, rooms with sound-proof walls, where music pupils could practise. On the top floor was a chapel, also a beautiful library, flooded with sunshine and undisturbed by the noise of the street.

Surrounding all, on the roof, was a solarium, furnished with comfortable couches; there was a model infirmary, with a diet-kitchen, and a resident nurse. Each bed-room, with its delicately tinted walls, had a wide, comfortable couch, with coverings, pillows, and draperies to match; ample wardrobes and a tiled dressing-room, with hot and cold water. On each bed-room floor was a utility room, provided with electric irons, set-in tubs, and a sewing machine, where the girls could care for their laundry and mending.

I could go on endlessly, telling of the beauty and utility of this marvellous place, but no pen could possibly record the far-reaching good that it was to accomplish, in brightening the lives of lonely girls and making it possible for them to achieve their respective, noble ambitions. More than a thousand students passed daily in and out of the Foyer. Forty-nine nations have been represented there at different times. Later, these students would scatter to the ends of the earth. The sun never sets on their achievements and good works, as is known from the lives of those who keep in touch with the Foyer. Many an interesting story could be written about these students' careers.

If time and space permitted I should like to tell you how Mme. Hoff was chosen God-mother to the 133rd Regiment in World War I; how she promised the men, as they marched away, that no wife, child, or old person belonging to them would suffer material need in their absence.

How she fulfilled her promise would make another chapter in the book of Mme. Hoff's charities.

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

Prayer to St. Christopher

By REV. HUGH F. X. SHARKEY, S.F.M.

Patron of travellers, guide my feet,
The way is long and the night comes on;
Be it the crowded city street
Or the broad highway that lies beyond.
Guide the millions of speeding cars;
The iron horse on the steel-bound road;
The missioner in a land afar;
The sweating coolie with heavy load.
Guide the planes, aloft in their flight;
The ships that plough through the briny
deep;

Guide us all till the nighttime comes,
And we lie at rest in a tranquil sleep.
Guide us all on our different paths,
King and peasant, poet and all.
Guide us safe in the way of truth,
Till our day is done and the twilight fall.
Guide us after this life is o'er,
Up to the sighed-for heavenly goals.
Carry us over the river of Life,
Christopher, Christ Bearer—save our
souls!

Easter Hymn

Words by Wordsworth
Music by M. St. Alban

Maestoso
mf.

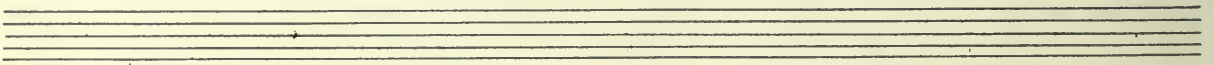
Al le luia! Al le luia! Al le lu — ia!

Hearts to Heaven and Voices raise, Sing to God a hymn of gladness

Sing to God a hymn of praise. He who on the Cross a Victim

For the world's salvation bled Jesus Christ the King of glory

Now is risen from the dead. Al le lu — ia!



Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Hearts to Heaven and voices raise;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness;
 Sing to God a hymn of praise!
 He Who on the Cross a Victim
 For the world's salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
 Now is risen from the dead. Alleluia!

Christ is risen; Christ is risen; Christ is risen!
 First-Fruits of the harvest field,
 Which will all its full abundance
 At His Second Coming yield;
 Then the golden ears of harvest
 Will their heads before Him wave,
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine
 From the furrows of the grave. Alleluia!

Christ is risen; Christ is risen; we are risen!
 Shed upon us Heavenly grace;
 Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory
 From the brightness of Thy Face;
 That we, Lord, with hearts in Heaven,
 Here on earth may fruitful be,
 And by Angels' hands be gathered,
 And be ever safe with Thee. Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 Glory be to God on High,
 To the Father and the Saviour,
 Who has gained the victory;
 Glory to the Holy Spirit,
 Fount of Love and sanctity;
 Alleluia! Alleluia!
 To the Tri-une Majesty. Alleluia!

Felicitations

To our beloved Archbishop, Most Reverend James C. McGuigan, D.D., are offered the sincerest congratulations on his inspired and inspiring Program "for additional educational facilities for the Catholic Youth of the Archdiocese"; and also on the magnificent co-operation he has received from his clergy and people who by their prayers and active assistance have made evident their desire to hasten the realization of His Grace's aims for the promotion of God's glory and the salvation of souls entrusted to him.

SILVER JUBILEE.

Rev. J. Reddin, P.P., St. Dunstan's.

On Sunday, January 16, in St. Dunstan's Church, Toronto, the Silver Jubilee of the esteemed pastor, Reverend J. Reddin, was fittingly observed.

The Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated by the Rev. Jubilarian, with his brother, Rev. Earl Reddin, S.J., of Winnipeg, as deacon, and Rev. D. J. O'Connor, his cousin, and a former pastor of St. Dunstan's, as sub-deacon. The beautiful and touching anniversary sermon was delivered by Rev. Ambrose O'Brien, P.P., of St. Therese's, Scarboro

Bluffs, and a former pastor of St. Dunstan's. After Mass, His Grace the Archbishop paid high tribute to Father Reddin, and to his splendid achievements in matters temporal as well as spiritual, often under difficult circumstances. An address from the parishioners bespoke their esteem of their pastor and their deep-seated loyalty, as did also the substantial cheque they presented to him for acceptance.

During the afternoon a most enjoyable reception was held in the Parish Hall, which had been gaily adorned for the occasion. The Reverend Jubilarian and his mother, Mrs. Reddin, received the hundreds of guests who came to add joy to the celebration.

Through The Loretto Rainbow, congratulations and best wishes are extended to Rev. Father Reddin, and to his mother, his sister, and brothers, on this memorable occasion; also to Father Reddin's aunt, Miss M. Reddin, Toronto. The late Mothers M. Seraphia, I.B.V.M., and Anselm, I.B.V.M., were also devoted aunts of the Reverend Jubilarian.

To Mr. W. H. Lovering of St. Joseph's parish, Hamilton, sincere felicitations are offered on his having been chosen recently for the annual citizenship award of the Advertis-

ing Sales Club of Hamilton. The award, a gold watch, was presented by Mayor Samuel Lawrence. Mr. Lovering's name now appears on a plaque bearing the names of the other eminent citizens thus honoured since 1938.

Mr. Lovering is a barrister-at-law, notary-public, and registrar of deeds for Wentworth County; president of the Hamilton Health Association; a member of the Hamilton Library Board; and is, or has been, a member, or a directing executive of most of the city's patriotic and charitable organizations, throughout his busy life. He has been the deserved recipient of many previous distinctions, amongst them the Esquire rank, Order of St. John, of Jerusalem; the Medaille d'Honneur, of France; the King's Medal; Certificate of Merit from Italy; and the Coronation Medal.

With our best wishes to Mr. Lovering on this occasion, we extend congratulations to Mrs. Lovering and the family, and to his sisters, Loretto-Hamilton Alumnae.

Congratulations are extended to Miss Mary O'Sullivan, daughter of Mr and Mrs. J. E. O'Sullivan, Hamilton, and niece of Most Rev. J. A. O'Sullivan, D.D., Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I., now Archbishop-Designate of Kingston, on her recent appointment as a secretary at the British Embassy in La Paz, Bolivia, South America. Miss O'Sullivan, a graduate of Cathedral High School, in her home city, and some-time teacher on the staff of Loretto College School, Toronto, has been for more than a year past in the employ of the British Air Commission in Washington, D.C. In her letters from La Paz, she has given delightful descriptions of her air-trip and new environment.

Congratulations to the following pupils in schools in charge of the Loretto Nuns, for their good success in the recent Essay Contest sponsored by the Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies of Toronto—50 awards in all being granted for the Archdiocese: *First Prize*—Margaret MacNeill, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto. *Awards of Merit*—Mildred Chesney, St. Monica's School, Toronto; Mary Clare Hillock, St. Monica's School, Toronto; Brian Hornsby, St. James' School, Toronto; Stephen Kavanagh, St. John's School, Weston; Paul Lennon, St. James' School, Toronto; Joanne O'Donnell, St. Patrick's School, Niagara Falls; Joan Williams, St. James' School, To-

ronto. *Recognition Prizes*—Mary Lou Baird, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto; Lorna Cave, St. David's School, Toronto; Marilyn Cullinan, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Toronto; Josephine Faragher, Holy Family School, Toronto; Jack Kelly, St. Cecilia's School, Toronto; Mary McCallum, St. Thomas Aquinas' School, Toronto; Mary Sue McGee, St. Anselm's School, Toronto; Frances O'Connor, St. David's School, Toronto; Frances Ryan, St. Rita's School, Toronto.

White Hyacinths

White hyacinths will feed the soul
As only earthy beauty can;
Our bodies, as we tread the span
Of years, enact the tyrant's role.

But still the spirit gains control,
And wins a place in nature's plan
For hyacinths, to feed the soul
As only earthy beauty can.

Our fleshy garb must pay its toll
Of suffering. Yet feeble man
Can master burdens greater than
His strength, if he but have a bowl
Of hyacinths—to feed his soul.

—Donald T. Brown.

The Royal Way

As once the Eastern seers of old
Were beckoned by a star of gold,
And on their camels rode in haste
O'er barren track and desert waste;
So may we turn these checkered days
Of dark suspense, led by the rays,
Not of that wondrous star that shone
Which once the Magi gazed upon;
But our Eternal Sun supreme,
Lighting the soul with holy gleam.
Oh, let us go this Royal Way,
The heart's gift at this shrine to lay!

So shall our lot be sweet and glad
That seemed so bitter, sharp and sad;
So shall we glimpse of Heaven the gleam
Outshining Bethlehem's chaste beam,
And, one day know the splendorhood
Of this divine infinitude.

Frederick B. Fenton.

In Memoriam

MOTHER M. CATHERINE O'CONNOR, I.B.V.M.

Mother M. Catherine O'Connor, sister of the late Bishop of Peterborough, Most Rev. Denis O'Connor, D.D., died at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, on January 28th, after forty-four years of devoted religious life. Mother Catherine taught in the Separate Schools in Toronto, in Stratford, Guelph and Niagara Falls, and always with earnest, high standards of what Catholic education should be. In the last ten years of much impaired health the same qualities of mind and heart kept her from being ever completely an invalid. She died after two days' illness, fortified by all the rites of the Church and with her sisters in religion praying beside her.

The funeral took place from the Abbey on Monday, January 31st, at 9.30 a.m. Requiem High Mass was sung by Rev. Denis O'Connor, St. John's Church, Toronto, and in the Sanctuary were Right Rev. Msgr. Mahoney, and Rev. T. L. McCarthy of St. Peter's Seminary, London; Rev. Wm. Fraser; Rev. John Ryan, C.S.B.; Rev. V. J. Corkery, Peterborough; Rev. John O'Connor; Rev. A. E. McQuillen; Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B.; Rev. M. Bolan.

Relatives, friends and former pupils were present also from Toronto and elsewhere. Of the many relatives who are religious, there were present Sr. Grace Alice, O.P., who came with her Sister companion from Detroit; Sr. Dionysia and Sr. Immaculata from St. Joseph's, London; and M. M. Delphine, I.B.V.M., Toronto.

Mother Catherine is survived by the following members of her immediate family: Mr. John O'Connor, Wawota, Sask.; Mr. Martin O'Connor; Misses Mary and Catherine, Maryfield, Sask.; and Mrs. P. Sweeney, Edmonton, Alta. —M.

MOTHER ANGELINA CUMMINGS, I.B.V.M.

After some months of continuous suffering borne in the spirit of total and spontaneous acceptance of the Holy Will of God which had characterized her whole life, Mother Angelina Cummings, one of the most well-known members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin

Mary, died on Saturday, January 29th. Mother Angelina (Maud Cummings) was born in Toronto. She was educated at Loretto Abbey and shortly after graduation consecrated herself to God in the Institute. A capable teacher, and for the last twenty-four years the supervising principal of our Separate Schools, as well as a member of the General Council of the Institute, her life was filled with the ever-ready service of others in things of greater and of lesser moment. Matters of administration, building plans, educational policies, or the daily needs of an individual school or a single member or pupil, all received the same self-forgetting attention. A ready sense of humour and the ability to make past experiences enjoyably vivid made her an ever welcome figure in any group. In the supervision of the outside schools, her first aim was to be a help in the class-room, to relieve an over-worked principal, to encourage a backward pupil, and to smooth out the problems of administration. It was fitting then that her funeral on Tuesday, Feb. 1st, from the Abbey was largely attended. Former pupils, lay teachers of the Separate Schools, members of the school board, and the Reverend Mother and Sisters of St. Joseph, friends and relatives filled the chapel. The community procession after the Libera, the nuns bearing lighted candles and reciting the Miserere as they accompanied the remains along the conventual corridors to the main entrance, was all the more impressive as the teachers and a selected group of present pupils took part in it.

The Requiem High Mass was sung by a former pupil of Mother Angelina's, Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J. Present in the sanctuary were Rev. Wm. Fraser, Rev. F. Pennylegion, Rev. H. Callaghan, Rev. C. W. James, Rev. P. J. Flanagan, Rev. G. Flahiff, C.S.B., Rev. F. M. Canfield, Rev. C. Schwalm, Rev. L. Crescio, O.F.M., Rev. Bro. Jarlath, Rev. Bro. Gabriel, Rev. Bro. Stephen. Other pastors of Separate Schools who were unable to attend did not fail to pay tribute to her work in the schools when they asked prayers for her at the Sunday Masses.

High Mass was sung again on Wednesday, Feb. 2nd, at Loretto Abbey, for the repose of her soul, and was attended by all the children of the Abbey; in several of the parish

churches during the same week Masses were celebrated for the deceased.

Mother Angelina is survived by two sisters and a brother, Mrs. W. L. Patterson, Mrs. John MacMahon, and Mr. John Cummings, and by nieces and nephews, Professor Gordon Patterson of the University of Toronto, Mother M. Constance, I.B.V.M., Mrs. T. Loftus, Mrs. N. Fernandez, Mr. Arthur MacMahon of New York, and Mr. Jack and Mr. Richard Cummings, the latter with the Overseas Forces. —R.I.P. —M.

A TRIBUTE

Classmates:

Pause and think
That only a brief year ago,
Dear Mother Angelina, who
Has taught us much of what we know,
Smiled gaily in our midst.

Pause and think
That though within she knew keen pain
She showed it not by word or sign,
Nor did of weariness complain;
She sought our welfare and success.

Pause and think
That God, from heaven, now looks down
To view in us the work she's done.
Let our response begem the crown
Of our loved MOTHER ANGELINA.

Julianne Shannon, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

MOTHER M. CYPRIAN McGRATH.

"I fill up in my flesh what is lacking of the sufferings of Christ," was the consoling thought which sustained the gallant spirit of Mother M. Cyprian McGrath in her painful illness during the past six years. Anna McGrath was born September 10, 1864, in Dennison, Michigan. As a young woman she entered Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and dedicated her life to the training of youth. Mother Cyprian spent some years in Loretto Schools in Joliet, Illinois, was teacher and principal in St. Joseph's School in Hamilton, and later taught in St. Patrick's School, Niagara Falls. Wherever or whatever duty called, Mother Cyprian was an inspiration to her religious sisters by her cheerfulness, patience and kindness. During those six years of paralyzed helplessness she was

never known to complain, or to ask for attention.

At her Golden Jubilee, Sept. 8, 1942, Mass was said in her room by Rev. W. Fraser, the Chaplain. The Novices' choir, in the corridor, outside her door, sang the parts of the Mass and the "Jubilate," which gave her great joy. Her religious life of nearly fifty-two years closed peacefully on February 16th. Rev. William Fraser administered the Last Sacraments. The funeral Mass on Saturday was celebrated by Rev. Hugh Barry, S.J., a former pupil. Interment was in Mt. Hope cemetery. Mother Cyprian is survived by a brother, Mr. Thomas McGrath, in Miami, Florida; a nephew and other relatives in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and in Chicago. —M.A.

MOTHER M. CANISIA.

On Monday, March 13th, Mother M. Canisia Twomey died at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto.

Mother Canisia was one of the oldest and most esteemed members of the Loretto Community, which she entered on Sept. 15, 1885, after completing her academic course at Loretto Convent, Lindsay.

She was a gifted mistress of schools and talented teacher who left the impress of her sincere, upright personality on the numerous groups of students who came under her influence in the various schools of the Institute where she was loved and revered by all. Her exceptionally fine dramatic talent and elocutionary ability were most successfully used in preparing her girls for public appearances as well as in developing the qualities needed for Catholic women in any sphere of life.

Her best work and longest term of service was in Joliet, Illinois, then a frontier town of the Middle West, where she introduced the Teachers' Course in connection with Chicago Normal School. While mistress of schools at Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, she suffered a severe illness in 1902 and all the long years since has borne the cross of ill-health while she continued to carry on her share of successful teaching and the duties of the community in many houses of the Institute. For the last seven years she had been relieved of active work while she developed more and more her prayerfulness and singularly sweet disposition.

Mother Canisia was born in Fenelon Falls, in 1864, the daughter of Jeremiah Twomey and

Mary Powers, who bequeathed to their large family not only the broad acres they cleared but the good old Irish Catholic Faith which they planted firmly in the hearts of their children. Four of their daughters entered religion. They all have been called home, and to the nieces and nephews, who are fulfilling the

traditions of their family so successfully, we offer our congratulations and our sympathy.

The Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. J. B. Cloran, S.J., on Wednesday, March 15th, in the presence of the community, the senior pupils of the Abbey, and friends among the clergy. R.I.P. —M.C.

**CHARLES H. ENGLISH,
K.C.S.G.**

With heartfelt grief the friends and acquaintances of Attorney Charles H. English, of Erie, Pa., learned of his death on February 17th, at his winter home in Santa Barbara, California, where he had hoped to regain health and vigour. Mr. English was eminent in his profession. He was President of the Pennsylvania Bar Association; he was a member of the Board of Trustees of Georgetown University, and of various organizations. Of Church activities, as of civic and patriotic enterprises, he was ever a whole-souled promoter. He was a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory—the only possessor of this high Papal distinction in his diocese. Tributes to him in the Catholic and the secular press alike, revealed his goodness and greatness; his high sense of justice; his faculty for making and keeping friends. Of his spiritual life it was said, "His faith was deep, unostentatious, the kind that sets example." In concluding the funeral oration in St. Peter's Cathedral, Erie, Pa., His Excellency Bishop Gannon said of his life-long friend: "His idealism never collapsed . . . May God in His mercy and love take the soul of Charles English to His bosom — there to give him peace and rest and reward for his decent, high-minded life, and esteemed citizenship."



To his bereaved family, and to his brother,

and his sister, Mother M. Gabriel, I.B.V.M., we offer heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.



Mrs. John L. McLaughlin
(Dorothy Guilfoyle)

EACH FRIEND THIS TRIBUTE PAYS.

To the memory of Mrs. John L. McLaughlin.*

You are within my memory so fixed,
My dear one, that time's acid test in vain
May try to blot the etching of your name
From it, or dim the shrined fancies mixed
With you in the dear pictures on its walls.
They whisper back again your valiant ways,
Your words, and smiles, and tears of vanished
days,
Till eventide in shade and courage falls.

And you, so fine, so eloquently wise,
Seem near, and Peace rides in on Victory,
When I remember your serenity
Breasting the hard places here, and I rise
And buckle up again to carry on—
That God, as you, may hail me champion.

Lucile B.

* Loretto Abbey Alumna; member of Loyola Guild, St. John's Church Altar Society and Christian mothers; China Mission Group; and St. John's Red Cross Unit.



MRS. MARGARET MCCARTHY.

In the beginning of the new year there came to Mrs. Margaret McCarthy the invitation she had been long awaiting. Her eighty-six years of faith and good works had been rapidly transforming that faith into vision, and for months she had been confidently praying God to "take her home." For sixty-seven years she had been the mistress of family, and farmhouse, and farm, in one of Ontario's most fertile districts, Logan township in Perth County. One who visited it recently thought the woods and the cultivated fields and orchards and hedges, and the well-built, roomy house itself, a beautiful monument to the great spirit in which Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah McCarthy had laboured there. In the last twenty years, since her husband's death, this valiant woman "kept the home fires burning" for the sake of her sons and daughters, and their growing sons and daughters. It was the centre of repose and fresh courage not only for them, but for all the relatives and for all who came to her.

Asked once for what in her life she felt most gratitude, she replied, "For my good family." Her love for them, the children who knelt every evening of their lives with their parents for the family rosary, grew out of her love for God. "Charity seeketh not her own; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." In her long

years of good health the call of sickness, or contagion, or distress, or death, found her generous and resourceful for the whole neighbourhood. Where the consolations of her own religion were not acceptable, she yet poured it out by her deeds.

For all her large family, and at whatever sacrifice to herself, she planned and provided the best of Catholic education. As the years went on she gave, at God's call, three daughters to religion and a son to the holy priesthood. That son she saw go across the ocean in 1915, and again in 1940, into the heart-breaking experience of war. Both times she waited trustfully till God would send him back. She stood by the deathbed of her eldest daughter and helped her to trust God's Holy Will in the sad parting from her young family of twelve children. When her youngest married daughter a few years later died far from home, she took her infant grandson and was mother and grandmother to him. "He has no mother to weep over him," she would say.

She lives then forever in the hearts of her children, her grandchildren and her great grandchildren, and in the memories of all who knew her, as an ideal Catholic woman.

Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung in St. Brigid's Church, Logan, by her son, Col. Rev. T. J. McCarthy, assisted by Fr. Veitenheimer, P.P., as deacon, and Fr. T. Corcoran, Stratford, as sub-deacon. Capt. Rev. Carl Walsh was master of ceremonies.

The funeral oration was preached by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Mahoney of St. Peter's Seminary, London.

Present in the Sanctuary were Rev. Dr. Hawker, Rev. L. P. Lowry, Rev. S. McDonald, Rev. R. Glavin, Rev. P. Halligan, Rev. P. J. McKeown, Rev. Major Hennessy, Flight-Lieut. Fr. Whyte, Capt. Rev. F. Weber, Rev. B. Gaffney, Rev. Dean Egan.

Rev. Dr. Wemple, St. Peter's Seminary, London, presided at the organ and the Requiem was sung by Rev. Maurice Sullivan, Rev. F. Walsh, Rev. R. Durand and Rev. Dr. Simpson.

Interment took place in St. Vincent de Paul's Cemetery, Mitchell. Rev. T. J. McCarthy officiated, assisted by Rev. Fr. Veitenheimer and Rev. R. Glovains. Pall-bearers were Mr. V. McKeown, Mr. O. Bannerman, Mr. Norman Engel, Mr. Jos. Regan, Mr. W. Nicholson, and Mr. T. Costello.

Mrs. McCarthy leaves to mourn her loss four sons, Col. Rev. T. J. McCarthy, St.

Joseph's church, Sarnia; John, Listowel; Daniel and Joseph, West Monkton; six daughters, Sister Margaret Elizabeth, Sisters of Providence, Chicago; Mother Thomas Aquinas, Loretto Academy, Stratford; Mother Maureen, St. Angela's College, London; Mrs. W. J. Dee, Chicago; Mrs. Kathleen Williams, Hoey, Sask., and Mrs. J. J. Gaffney, Monkton; and two sisters, Mrs. Eliz. Nagle, St. Mary's, and Mrs. Julia De Courcey, Mitchell. Four daughters predeceased her and there are thirty grandchildren and twenty-three great-grandchildren. M.

GRATITUDE.

Of all the feelings that arise
 Within my heart,
 I often wonder which I prize
 The most: what part
 These feelings hold on high
 With God, our Lord:
 Which will repay me in eternity
 With most reward.

Love will be first, of course, to claim
 The highest place.
 'Tis the first known, and bids for fame
 Throughout life's race.
 But when this race is fairly run,
 When loves depart,
 What's left to us beneath the sun,
 To heal the smart?
 Nothing! the feeling of old age—
 To fill the heart—
 Is gratitude, our heritage
 From One who never can depart
 From what is best.
 I did not know true happiness
 Till I confess'd
 This truth unto myself in heartfelt "Yes."

M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

HOPE

When your very last joy has vanished,
 And life's sky is dark and drear,
 And all of your friends have failed you—
 Even those whom you thought were so near,
 There is but one place to seek refuge,
 And that is in heaven above,
 Where happiness reigns unalloyed,
 And God is the God of all love.

Patricia Maroney, XII-B,
 Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

Book Reviews

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON — Maisie Ward. Sheed & Ward.

Here is a definitive biography that Maisie Ward waited seven years before bringing out; she knew the Chestertons very well, both their virtues and their faults. It is a big book about a big man. A look at the bibliography at the back of the book will surprise us with the realization that we have taken Chesterton for granted too long; the immense output of his mind is recorded there.

This is a very human book dealing with a fascinating character. He learned to read only at eight years of age; his schoolmates complained of his absentmindedness; like Charlemagne, "his voice was unequal to his physical scale"; there are many letters to and from his friends, among them Belloc, Shaw and H. G. Wells. The author tells of his happy childhood, his devotion to his brother, Cecil, his troubles, his marriage to Frances, a truly devoted wife; his journeys all over the world; his conversion, and his death. "He knew the price of nothing but the value of everything." It is a fine picture of the man.

His many pleasantries abound throughout the book, such as his reference to woman's emancipation, "20 million young women rose to their feet with the cry, 'we will not be dictated to' and proceeded to become stenographers." After a lecture he was asked, "What makes a woman talk so much," to which he replied, "God, Madam; next question." And to "Why is Dean Inge so gloomy?" he answered, "Because of the advancement of the Catholic Church." His views about death are bright, brisk and entertaining.

When he died, June 14, 1936, the Pope sent a telegram to Cardinal Hinsley, offering paternal sympathy to the people of England on the death of the Defender of the Catholic Faith. The secular press would not print the telegram in full because it bestowed upon a subject a royal title. There are beautiful pictures in the book and one that should be at the top of your list for vacation reading. I.D.P.

ROSE OF AMERICA—Sara Maynard. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50. (Canada).

Probably one of the best tests of an author's success is the eagerness with which his or her new book is greeted by the general

reader. "Rose of America" was welcomed because "Princess Poverty," by the same writer, was such a prime favourite with teachers and pupils. Once read, the new book stands on its own merits. The incidents in Rose's life that make it vivid and real are well chosen. Her love of God is the predominating note throughout. One sets the book down with the impression of the sweetness, charm and holiness that pervades it and somehow penetrates one's own soul. Rose of Saint Mary was a most mortified saint, but the call of God is evident, and this was something that those of her day would accept and understand. "Princess Poverty" (Longmans) has been one of the 'must' books for all our school libraries since its first publication, and "Rose of America" will rank a close second. It is published by Sheed & Ward, and is obtainable at Catholic bookstores in Canada.

Loretto has a special claim on Mrs. Sara Maynard, since she is our own pupil of Loretto Convent, Dalkey, Ireland. We congratulate and thank her for the fine books she has written. A mother of seven children must indeed have well-filled days, but Mrs. Maynard has also a sure understanding of children as the charm of her style and the manner of her approach to her subjects makes evident. May she write more of this same sort. Loretto will rejoice and be grateful. M.I.L.

IN NO STRANGE LAND. By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green & Co.

Those who have read any of Mrs. Burton's fascinating books—Sorrow Built a Bridge, Paradise Planters, His Dear Persuasion, or those of later date—will need no invitation to peruse "In No Strange Land," in which will be met again in brief, though wholly satisfying, biographies, some of those whose deeds filled the pages of the larger volumes.

Charming is the story of Sarah Worthington King Peter as told here; and of Cornelia Peabody Connolly; and of Lucy Smith, afterwards Mother Catherine De Ricci. Unforgettable the life story, as given by Mrs. Burton, of Orestes A. Brownson; of James Kent Stone; of The Paulist Group, and of other illustrious American converts.

A book at once informational and recreational which cannot be too highly recommended. K.M.B.

Sketches

APRIL SONG.

There's a pearly mist on the blackthorn,
 That gleams in the hedgerows old;
 And shimmering rain, this blessed morn,
 Has jewelled the primrose gold.
 There are cowslips tall in the meadow,
 That bow to a ruffling breeze,
 And sapphire pools, where the bluebells flow
 'Round the feet of gnarléd trees.

There's the fluted call of a cuckoo
 From the hawthorn in the lane;
 And lark-song, high in the deepening blue,
 Ripples down like silver rain.
 There's a ringdove's crooning murmur soft,
 From the woodland's greening ways,
 And the chime of Easter bells aloft,
 On this shining days of days!

There's a wind of memory, blowing sweet,
 From a land far, far away,
 Bringing scent of gorse and smoke of peat,
 And the tang of ocean spray.
 The savor of earth, new-turned by plough,
 In fields that slope to the sea.
 Dear God, 'tis there that my heart is now;
 'Tis there that I long to be!

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
 Loretto Alumna.

FEMALE PSYCHOLOGY.

Milady's smile's a handy thing,
 For when she craves the latest styles—
 A new chapeau, a dress for spring—
 Milady smiles.

When she her chosen mate beguiles,
 When she would charm him, and would
 bring
 Him to her feet, these are her wiles.

And when her man, who's had his fling,
 Recalls the many carefree miles
 And longs once more to be awing—
 Milady smiles.

—Donald T. Brown.

ST. JOSEPH.



At times, within the little shop,
 St. Joseph all his tools would drop
 And kneel in reverent lowliness
 That Jesus' love his soul might bless.

Dear Saint, help me to learn thy ways
 That 'mid distracting, busy days,
 My heart may pause and lift its cup
 That Jesus' love may fill it up.

M. Agatha Allison, I.B.V.M.

[As the above silhouette and poem, which appeared in Loretto Rainbow some years ago, have both been published since, anonymously and without our authorization—the picture, enlarged, and the verses on leaflets—we reproduce them here with the name of the artist and writer, Mother M. Agatha Allison, I.B.V.M.—Editor's Note.]

AN INDIAN SINGER.

I was looking forward to a concert by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and to hearing a beautiful and talented artist, Mobley Lushanya, who was being featured on the programme last evening. Mobley Lushanya is the only North American Indian who has achieved fame in concert and opera. Her name was really Tess Mobley, but was changed to Lushanya, meaning "singing bird," by members of her own tribe, the Chickasaw Indians.

Mobley Lushanya is endowed with a charming voice; possesses beauty and warmth of temperament; and has the stately dignity of an Indian. These are the most desirable of qualities for an artist appearing before an audience, because they create a favourable first impression, which often puts an audience in a receptive mood for the music which follows. When she appeared on the stage to sing, Mobley wore a beautiful gold Indian robe, embroidered with

Indian jewels, and beaded Indian moccasins. When the music began, she clasped her hands and lifted up her eyes as though she were praying, or about to sing to her Indian people. She sang with a great depth of feeling and sincere eloquence.

Her exit was as dignified as her entrance, and she found it difficult to conclude her recital, so insistent was the demand for encores to which she responded graciously and gracefully. The audience had only enthusiastic praise for the beautiful and talented artist.

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

SPRING IS HERE.

Spring is here! A new, intangible freshness fills the air, and timid buds begin to mist the maples and oaks. If one looks closely one may see a few daffodil sprouts polka-dotting the drab brown earth with a dash of green. A robin chirps his return from the sunny south. Nature's most charming season is ushered in with alternate sunny and rainy days, and the occasional snow flurry is a grim reminder that winter leaves reluctantly.

Spring is here! Windows are opened sky-high to rid houses of that stuffy mustiness resulting from months of artificial heating. Closets are cleaned; windows are washed and steps are scrubbed; storm-doors vanish and window-boxes bravely defy the wintery winds. From the attic's dim shadows we unearth umbrellas and rescue last season's rubbers from salvage piles. In every home there is evident the hustle and bustle that accompanies the approaching season.

Spring is here! Little girls enliven the sidewalks with hop-scotch squares, while their brothers speed rainbow agates down the street. Skipping ropes reappear and industrious fingers oil roller skates. Dust is whisked from bicycles, and skates and sleighs lie abandoned in the cellar. Hikes are planned and many a pleasant outing is envisioned. It is easy to see that every child knows that spring is here and is loath to waste a minute of the precious time.

Spring is here! Store windows boldly proclaim the news with colourful clothes. Milady's sensible winter hat (or was it sensible?) is replaced by a chapeau resplendent with flowers, feathers, and veiling of assorted shades. Its brightness is challenged, but not quite surpassed, by the incredible hues of the latest in

men's ties. New shoes are broken in, and old ones given an extra shine. In the place of sombre furs appear the gay checks and plaids of spring suits topped with dainty blouses. Need we look any further than the eye-catching displays in every departmental store to see what season it is?

Spring is here! School books are thumbed more often if not more eagerly, for the threat of examinations is focusing on the not-too-distant horizon. Last-minute cramming is the style and most of the pleasures of formerly care-free days are temporarily forsaken for the urgent pursuit of knowledge. Easter comes as a breathing spell in a busy school schedule. Ask any student what time of year it is; he is sure to know.

Spring is here! Young ladies' thoughts continually wander to churches and orange blossoms, and everyone knows in what direction a young man's fancy is turned. We are gay, happy and carefree; we know the cause of it all: Spring is here—and so is our annual attack of spring fever.

Frances Walsh, Commercial,
Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

A LONE WATCHER.

As the sun sank, the sky above the trees became a blaze of glory: rich gold, orange, red and purple edged in silver. Night descended.

Hours passed, and still the figure on the hill sat silent and motionless, gazing with sorrowful eyes upon the city that had once opened its gates joyfully and begged Him to enter: that city whose very pulse-beat seemed still to echo Hosannas: that city whose rich and poor had rubbed elbows, as, rapt and silent, they sat, charmed by the spell of His voice, having followed Him for miles, drinking in His every word.

And now that same city, little dreaming of the fate that would soon befall it, lay silent and sleeping, utterly unaware of the Man who sat motionless on the mount, murmuring softly, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"

As He started on His way down the mountain, the pale glow of another dawn swept over the house-tops of the sleeping city, lighting His descent. And as He slowly moved away through the olive grove, the glory of the rising sun shone on the doomed city. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem!

Elinor Neesen, IV.,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

For Better Things

Amongst the numerous highly commendable works steadily carried on by the Archdiocesan Council of the Catholic Women's League, and the Catholic Women's War Service Committee, is their securing of the offering of a Requiem Mass at 8.30 a.m., the first Monday of each month, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, for the repose of the souls of all those who have died while on active service in the present war. That this benefaction is appreciated is evident from the large attendance on each occasion.

On the 2nd Monday a similar favour is obtained by the Toronto Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus for the "souls of those who have made the supreme sacrifice during the present war"; and on the 3rd Monday of each month, for all men and women of the Canadian Forces who are in active service.

In the altar furnishing display in the Loretto Booth at the Canadian National Missionary Exhibition in Toronto, was an interesting



Chalice Palls.

collection of palls, showing a variety of symbolic designs, and daintily edged with tatting. These were, we learned, the handiwork of Mother M. St. Alban, I.B.V.M., and we have fortunately secured the above picturing of them which may be helpfully suggestive for many of our readers who are interested in needlework for mission churches.—Editor's Note.

LORETTO STUDENTS PRESENT PLEASING PLAY AT GUELPH.

There is an idea prevalent in some sections that young people should not attempt to produce plays that are above the common sort usually associated with Sunday school productions.

Happily the students of Loretto Academy, Guelph, do not subscribe to this idea. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 27 and 28, they capably presented "The Saint of Chelsea," a play written by Mother M. St. Clare, and directed by Mother M. Eva.

Excellent Performers.

The central figure of the drama, St. Thomas More, was portrayed by Miss Katherine Hanlon, who carried the tremendous burden of her rôle with remarkable distinction. Her enunciation was excellent throughout the whole play.

Miss Mary Schuett as Henry the Eighth, and Miss Elaine Lefnesky as Cromwell, were very good in their major supporting rôles. Miss Rose Sobara as Duke of Norfolk and Miss Evelyn White as Sir Thomas Dudley gave good performances.

Miss Patricia Craven managed to give the proper shrewish air to the part of Dame Alice More. Miss Coleen Mills played Meg, favourite daughter of More, in a sympathetic manner.

Everyone in the cast was cue perfect and all parts were capably handled. The costumes were colourful and well chosen. Staging was excellent with no delays in production, and incidental music added to the enjoyment of the audience.

The play was dedicated to St. Thomas More, champion of sanctity of conscience and freedom of worship, and to members of the armed forces fighting modern forces of evil.

—Canadian Register.

WESTERN NEW YORK STUDENT SODALITY CONFERENCE.

The annual Western New York Student Sodality Convention was held in Kleinhan's Music Hall, Buffalo, on March 19th, Father Vincent P. McCorry, S.J., presiding. The subject of the convention was Inter-racial Justice,

or the relations between the White Man and the Negro.

The invocation was given by Father Francis Le Buffe, S.J., National Secretary of Our Lady's Sodality.

Father McCorry followed with an address of welcome, and introduced the guests of honor, Rev. Eugene Loftus, Father Le Buffe, Mr. Smitherman and Father Huston, C.S.S.R.

The introductory remarks on the subject to be discussed were given by Mr. George K. Hunton, Executive Secretary of the Catholic Inter-racial Council. Mr. Hunton spoke of the need of action in these relations, and told some of the things which Holy Mother Church has done, and is doing, in the matter.

The Discussion was divided into two parts—the first dealing with the Negro in America, and the second with the White Man and the Negro.

Father John Huston, C.S.S.R., of New York City, presided over the first part, in which Miss Weppner of Holy Angels Academy, Buffalo, talked on the Facts About the Negro—his economic conditions, his history, his lack of education, and lack also of religious opportunities, and ended with a stirring quotation: "If you discriminate against me because I am unclean, I can cleanse myself. If you segregate me because I am uncouth, I can become educated, but if you discriminate against me because of my color, I can do nothing! God gave me that!" Miss Weppner is deserving of praise for a very fine and well-delivered speech.

The next talk, "The Demands of the Negro," was given by Miss Carol Person of D'Youville College, Buffalo. Miss Person stated that the Negro does not desire intermarriage and the like, but the right to a fair trial, decent living conditions, economic opportunity, respect for his women, and judgment on his merits, not on his color.

A discussion from the floor came next, whites and negroes participating. The questions were answered by Father Huston, or by the speakers themselves. A fifteen-minute intermission was then given, during which the tension was relieved and all present sang. One small negro boy, named Junior, entertained with the well-known classic, "Mairzy Doats."

For the second part of the discussion, the chairman was Father McCorry. The opening speech on "The White Man's Complaints against the Negro," was given by Henry Heubusch of Canisius College. The white man complains that the negro is unclean, lazy, and destructive, but is the white man in a position

to judge when he knows little or nothing of the true situation? In the next discussion from the floor two or three coloured women told their many difficulties. They said that where the *whites* were living from year to year, *they* were living from day to day, trying to have nice homes, decent clothes and a better education.

The second speaker, Mr. William Jacobs, also of Canisius College, spoke on "A Just Platform for the Negro." This is a problem which cannot be settled over night. A plan must be made. The whites must do away with the idea that they are superior, while the negro is hopelessly inferior; that the negro will abuse any privilege granted; and that he wants absorption into the white race. The whites must oppose all segregation which is not voluntary and give the negroes equal opportunity—this is not only human, but Christian.

Again there was discussion from the floor, after which Mr. A. J. Smitherman, colored editor and publisher of the Buffalo Star, gave the closing remarks.

Father McCorry then proposed the following resolutions which were passed almost unanimously:

Resolutions Approved by the Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Western New York Student Sodality Conference.

We, the Sodalists of the Western New York Student Sodality Conference, in convention assembled in the city of Buffalo on this 19th day of March in this year of Our Lord, 1944, do approve and endorse the following resolutions:

RESOLVED:

1. That we do interiorly and sincerely accept and approve the fundamental principle of inter-racial justice: that men of different races are essentially and fundamentally equal; and that all men are therefore entitled in justice to equal opportunity of every kind.
2. That we will upon every proper occasion give vocal expression to the principles of inter-racial justice.
3. That we will do everything in our power to reduce to actual practice these just principles.
4. That practically and specifically we do hereupon call upon the Congress of the United States to enact as law the Scanlon-Dawson Bill to establish a Fair Employment Practice Commission.

Symposium on the Interracial Question.

"In America, the Catholics and the Negro are in the minority. Therefore, what is good for one minority is good for another." In these words Miss Anne Weppman of Holy Angels' Academy, Buffalo, called to our minds the urgency of the inter-racial problem.

The occasion was the presentation of the Inter-Racial Symposium, a project of the W.N.Y.S.S.C., of which Reverend V. P. McCorry, S.J., is Moderator, and Miss Anne Weppman, Mr. Kevin Glynn and Mr. William Jacobs are active members. On Friday, February 25, these Sodalists with Father McCorry, Canisius College, Buffalo, came to Loretto-Niagara to present their Symposium.

The first speaker, Miss Anne Weppman, compared for us the life of the White Man with that of the Negro. She told us that the average annual income of the White Man in the Southern States is \$2,019, while the Negro receives only \$635. The Negro's opportunities for education are far less numerous than ours. In the first place, many of the schools of higher learning are barred to the Negro; and in the second place, if they were made available, most Negroes could not afford to take advantage of them.

The second speaker, Mr. Kevin Glynn of Canisius College, outlined the grievances of the White Man against the Negro, namely, the Negro's violence and lassitude. "But," queried Mr. Glynn, "Who is responsible for these grievances? Are not we, the White race, responsible for the Negro's violence and lassitude? If we maltreat a dog, thereby breaking its spirit, do we blame the dog, because it has adopted an indifferent, lazy attitude? The situation in which the Negro finds himself is similar to this. For centuries, the Negro has been treated as an underdog by the white race. Surely, if the Negro's spirit is broken, it is not his fault, but ours."

In introducing Mr. W. Jacobs of Canisius College, Father McCorry told us that Mr. Jacobs is entering the Jesuit Novitiate shortly. His problem was to put forth a suitable platform for the Negro. "But, first of all," he said, "we must face the problem; we must lay down sound principles to serve as a basis for more specific action." On the negative side, we must first disprove the idea that the white race is a master race. We must convince ourselves that the Negro is not inferior to us in brains, character, or ability; that he will not abuse any privileges which he may be given; that he does not want absorption into the white race, but desires above all to maintain his own race and culture.

On the positive side, Mr. Jacobs advised us to oppose segregation of any kind whether geographic, educational or economic—in short, to associate normally with the Negro. We must advocate equality of opportunity for the

Negro, judging him not by his colour, but by his merits. Last of all, we must declare these principles to the world.

After the Symposium, an open discussion was held, in which the practicability of these principles was discussed.

Thus did we begin our study of the inter-racial problem—a problem of increasing urgency, not only because of the violent racial outbreaks, but also because this war is being fought to preserve the rights of minorities. In order to preserve these rights, we must have some fixed and just policy, applicable to all minorities, which we may advocate now, and in the post-war period.

Lorraine Ganter, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

CHICAGO YOUTH CONFERENCE.

On February 11, and March 3, the doors of the City Hall Council Chambers were flung open to admit the Youth of Chicago. Over 500 delegates and alternates represented the total student body of more than 176,000 of the parochial, city, and county high schools, to combat flourishing Juvenile Delinquency.

The February meeting was merely one of organization, high-lighted by the suggestion to draw up a decalogue for parents similar to the "Ten Commandments," calling these suggestions, "Principles for Parents." These were delivered at the March meeting; they are as follows:

1. Make a friend of your child; take him into your confidence; be his buddy, not his policeman.
2. Show your child the right way by example.
3. Make it your business to know the whereabouts of your child at all times, but don't allow him to feel "haunted" or "guilty."
4. If a child errs, it is chiefly because he has never been shown the right way; hence don't punish him to excess but show him where he has faltered; show him the right way with kindness.
5. Disciplinary action should not be shifted from one parent to the other, as exemplified by the commonly heard phrase, "Just wait until your father comes home."
6. Don't give your child the impression that he is a nuisance when adults are present. Make him feel that he is a vital member of the family unit, and that you are counting on him to fulfill his obligations as such.
7. It is the duty of every father to explain to his teen-aged boy the facts of life, and his debt

- to society as a man. It is likewise the duty of every mother to explain to her adolescent daughter the fundamental truths about life.
8. Keep the doors of your home open to your child's friends. Make his home his castle. If his homelife is wholesome and enjoyable, he will not seek the haven of poolrooms and cheap movie houses that attract others.
 9. Encourage church attendance. As side issues he will find many attractions awaiting him, such as clubs, dances, parties, and at the same time he will acquire a code of morals and ethics that are extremely vital in regard to his present and future relations with others.
 10. Within your child instill a love for his country. See that his energies are utilized in Red Cross work, scrap collecting, bond selling and patriotic movements of high caliber.

Full co-operation of parents is needed for Youth to prove its worth. These citizens of to-morrow have adopted the slogan, "If we save only one youngster from going wrong we've accomplished our purpose."

Several resolutions were adopted to clean up the movies, rid the city of vitiating magazines, and other immoral secular publications.

Rita Boyle, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

A SURVEY OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

Catholic Press Month means extra activity in our schools, to arouse greater interest in the reading and spreading of Catholic literature, some of which may be by non-Catholic writers, as "The Song of Bernadette," by Franz Werfel, a Jew.

While every Form in our school accomplished something in the good work, special praise is due to Junior College (Grade XIII) and to Grade IX-B. The former gave a well-planned symposium, "Apostolate of Catholic Literature," one afternoon in our L.C.S. auditorium, and Grade IX, aiming also at something that meant real effort, had all its members contribute to a Catholic Press Exhibit in their own class-room. Each girl prepared a talk on a modern Catholic author, or on some subject connected with Catholic literature. Representatives then held a symposium in the room, in the presence of Mother Superior and a few other guests, who requested that it be repeated for the staff and the whole school. All, including Junior College girls, praised it greatly.

The class-room exhibit was very attractive. A row of gay dust jackets, neatly arranged,

ran along the walls, and gave information about the books belonging to them; then there were the orderly rows of Catholic magazines, newspapers and pamphlets. Some of these were published in cities far apart—London, Dublin, New York, New Jersey, St. Louis, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto. Our Loretto Rainbow, in its pretty blue and white cover, was prominent among the magazines.

We came away from this literary display thinking with pleasure of the books to which it had introduced us. We have now a good list of titles and authors of delightful Catholic books for future visits to the school library, and to the Public Library.

We, IX-C girls, congratulate the Form teacher in IX-B, and her class, on the perfect success of their Press Month Project, and repeat our thanks for having been invited to see and hear the results.

M. Sweetman and Adele Neill, IX-C,
Loretto College School.

OUR ORCHID.

In a world where the darkness of paganism is ever struggling to reign, the Catholic Press stands like a flaming torch, which no power is able to extinguish. Its rays light the way to truth; it is a beacon to those who hope to escape from the propaganda and false philosophy of the day.

For fifty years "The Rainbow" has been Loretto's steady contribution to this undimmed beacon. It has brought to its numerous readers an ever-increasing love of our special Patroness, the Blessed Mother Mary. Its stories, poems, essays, pictures and pleasant humor have entertained all—as well as inspired reflective thought. It has done a priceless service, moreover, in keeping up contact between the alumnae and the students of the several Loretto schools in America. Its pages have become a welcome friend, a guide, an inspiration.

In this the Golden Jubilee year of "The Rainbow" we offer our congratulations, and pray to God to bless all who co-operate in its production, in particular its present editor, formerly of Loretto-Woodlawn staff, who for the past nine years has perseveringly and consistently kept Loretto Rainbow up to the literary standards of Loretto, I.B.V.M.

Therese Pausback, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

Loretto



College

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1943-1944

- President—Patricia Leonard, 4T4.
 Vice-President and Sodality—Hope McSloy,
 4T4.
 Head of House Committee—Doris Filgiano,
 4T4.
 Dramatics Representative—Joan McKenzie,
 4T4.
 Torontonesis—Doris Filgiano, 4T4.
 Loretto Rainbow Representatives—Millwood
 O'Shaughnessy, 4T7; Polly Mutz, 4T6.
 Athletics—Mary Farrell, 4T6.
 Debating—Jean Vale, 4T5.

THE COLLEGE CAMERA.

Jan. 2—Sweet memories of Christmas fade! Term exams loom on the Loretto horizon. Holly and mistletoe lose their lustre before a stack of learned books—and headaches are the characteristic accompaniment of heroic poetry.

Jan. 10—First meeting of Current Events Discussion Group. Jean Vala and Jacqui Samson reviewed books on Russia, and proved unabashed and most capable in dealing with the questions put by an enthusiastic audience, as to the "Russian Enigma"—especially as to Russia's foreign policy before, and after, the declaration of war on Germany. The club promises to be a great success.

Jan. 20—Loretto entertained the St. Michael's Senate Club, and lost the debate (Resolved that Canada should become an Independent Nation) to the guests. Senator Fitzgerald, who spoke with the finality of a Burke, and Senator McKenty, whose persuasiveness rivalled Sheridan's. Our Anne Smith and Jacqui Samson, however, put up a determined resistance (not to speak of a deluge of statistics) for the negative, while the discussion from the floor was spirited and fast. Coffee and cake topped the evening—then, dancing at Newman.

Jan. 28—And it had to rain!—buckets! Oh, well, from the Loretto coffee party to the last hand-shake, the St. Michael's At Home in Brennan Hall was a grand success. College

halls were strangely silent next morning—Sh! Just resting! Do not disturb!

Jan. 23—Our Gyneth Stencil, II Moderns, upheld Loretto's prestige by debating on the successful intercollegiate team.

Jan. 25—Surprise snow flurries! Our northerners and westerners promptly got out their skis and skates while our weather-wise Torontonians shook their heads and patted their umbrellas, while they received sceptically suggestions for skating parties—this month anyway.

Feb. 2—Father Sharkey, S.F.M., who spent several years in the China Mission Field, told us of many interesting experiences and of the curious, quaint manners of those really lovable people. Father is a magician, too. What laughter and gasps of wonder he elicited with his yards and yards of silk, his rabbit, and the empty glass shown us from which water was poured again and again without any refilling! Our thanks again to the genial entertainer. His talk has aroused a new zeal for the Chinese missions.

Feb. 4—The Forty Hours' Devotion, beautiful and soulful, as always, opened in the College this morning. Privileged days for us.

Feb. 13—St. Joseph's College entertained Loretto at a tea. (That caramel sauce was the very best yet). Such a chatty, laughing tea it was, with everybody happy. There was a musical entertainment. Enthusiasm till the end—and after!

Feb. 25 — Third meeting of Discussion Group. Topic, China; Reviews by III Pass—superbly done (followed by lively discussions): Doris Filgiano, Glick's "Shake Hands With the Dragon"; Ann Smith, Chamberlain's "Japan Over China"; Shirley Flynn, Yutang's "Between Tears and Laughter"; Eleanor Wheaton, Abend's "My Life in China"; Hope McSloy, Proulx's "Underground From Hongkong"; and Margaret Huntley, Hahn's "The Soeing Sisters." First-hand information on Toronto's Chinese homes, day nurseries, etc., was given by Anne Schmalz.

Feb. 25-6-7—College Retreat. Interesting, inspiring and beautiful too. Rev. Father Carter, our retreat director, chaplain of the Montreal Newman Club, addressed us in a vivid, earnest manner at each conference. We were deeply impressed and, as opportunity offered, plied him with questions. He commented laughingly that we "may have been headaches, but were never bores."

Mar. 9—Our Jean McGoey distinguished herself on the inter-university debating team.

She spoke for the winning side, which supported the negative of: Resolved that Canada should develop a national spirit.

Mar. 13—Rev. Father McGoey, newly returned from China, gave us the "inside" story of war-time China, and of the savagery of the invading enemy; an incentive to our greater interest in the China Missions.

THREE TIMES WE BOW: MEET THE SENIORS.

ADRIENNE BLACK—From Port Arthur to Loretto. She always has had a weakness for the Irish; collects sweaters, washes them regularly, but refuses to wear one—lest she distract the lads in chem. lab; finds it simply impossible to wear out a pair of silk stockings; as master of culinary arts, she has had ample practice—and good cooking results; wild about Blue grass; can't resist Dentine, or white, or war-work classes.

MARILYN EGLI—Still the same Marilyn who graduated from the Abbey in '41. Favourite sports: Skipping lectures, and playing bride at Newman; Newman Club II and III; started off in Moderns, but decided that she had not enough time to spend in an Honour Course; advocates doing away with lectures—for the sake of extra-curricular activities.

DORIS FILGIANO—Our "late" head of house stops for tea every afternoon at four; when not writing essays, spends her time accompanying Victor Herbert fans, and vocalists, for the sheer love of music—and a slight remuneration. Doris is making tracks for O.C.E., where we know she will flit through with the same ease with which she bowls at the Mid-town, or rolls out pies on Spadina avenue.

SHIRLEY FLYNN — Irish eyes, pug nose, lively tongue, and, for *tout ensemble*, four feet two of pure dynamite; hobby—people; pas-time—people; interest—people. After a year at Western and two at Loretto as room-mates, the Flynn-Smith mutual admiration society is still flourishing. As the rising star of Belleville, and the hope of III Pass Loretto, 4T4, she is pure gold.

MARGARET HUNTLEY—In '41 arrived from L.C.S. this true-blue Loretto girl; shy but quite able to speak out on occasion; likes dramatics and day nurseries; in the latter, might make her career, but it will be difficult to tell her from the youngsters with her sockees, short skirt, and hair-bow. Let's add: "How she did love study!"

BETTY HOLMES—With a French temperament inherited from her mother, is quick, lively, voluble and graceful; prone to enthusiasm; supports various causes with gusto; findable at the Symphony every Tuesday night; asked at any time what she is going to do next, she answers, "Latin!"

PATRICIA LEONARD—Of the Intelligensia, is another from L.C.S.; can discuss Maritime and Gershwin with equal ease; carries off prudential dignity in various University clubs; relapses occasionally into Dramatics, where she "does a Gable" on male rôles. Her field is Art—aim, surrealist; her prospective destination, Mexico. Sea afortunada!

DORIS MORGAN—Our blond dynamo; pre-College years at a French convent and at Loretto Abbey; decided to investigate Science at Varsity; professionally adept at collecting lab. reports from her fascinated male following. Doris is headed for the U.S. "Waves"; if her potentialities are realized, she will sail into Admiral Leahy's command. Ship ahoy, Doris!

JOAN MACKENZIE—From The Abbey, with MARILYN and DORIS, in '41, to Loretto College:

For dramatic work, her name was famed

In school, at home, from door to door;

And, now, if it comes to discussion tense,

She dearly loves to hold the floor;

But if in despair you chance to be

Don't hesitate! See Mack!-en-zee.

How she lightens one's woes, with words of cheer!

The College will miss her sadly next year.

HOPE McSLOY—Born in the capital city; spent most of her young years in St. Kitt's; the belle of Loretto; has intervals of furious industry; as result of higher education, has a tremendous interest in the "Forces" (technical, of course); though quiet at times, "Hope springs eternal."

CONNIE O'CONNOR—

An Irish lass of 4T4,

Born in Lindsay, famed for its lore;

Raised in Cobourg—can you beat it?

She went from their grades to their Collegiate;

Two weeks, Pass Arts—then, consternation!

Connie'd turned to Physical and Health

Education!

Teaching part time the "jerks and bends,"

Proficient she is as the course now ends—

"Still," she moans, "my plans are a great complication."

ANNE HELENA SMITH—Graduate of St. Joseph's, North Bay; entered Western Uni-

versity on a scholarship; came to Loretto as a sensation—sweet and lovely—Oh, Lady, be Good! Anne became a member of Newman Executive, 1943-44; campaigned with great interest for future executives; "Round and round he goes, and where he stops" is Anne!

BETTY VIPOND — Our culinary artist turned Torontowards, after being evacuated from Mac Hall, of her home city, by the Air Force. Being patriotic, she finds time to dance with members of the A.F., when at home, in the Royal City. Her surplus energy encompasses bowling, badminton, and swimming, also midnight bouts with hip-reducing exercises. Those sparkling eyes, and sunny smiles will be victory-winners, whether her vocation be teaching, science, or exercising her domestic training on some captivated and captivating air male.

ELENAOR WHEATON—Born in Sarnia; most of her life in Toronto; High School course at Humberside, while continuing with music at St. Cecilia's Academy—a medal winner many times at music festivals; most generous, too, with her musical talent. Results of Higher Education on Eleanor—she takes the French Canadian Question to heart; but look for her later in the musical world.

CURRENT EVENTS DISCUSSION CLUB.

During the second term a new undertaking was launched by the undergraduates in the shape of a discussion club. The aim: to develop and foster an intelligent interest in world problems so that we may be at least aware of the complexity of these present-day issues and somewhat better prepared to look for a solution for them when we, who are now being trained for leadership in it, step forth into the world of to-morrow. Ambitious? Perhaps—Presumptuous? We hope not, and we have tried always to approach these problems with the humble inquiring attitude of a sincere seeker for truth, and Truth is God.

Having dealt in the first three groups with Russia and China, the next topic that obviously suggested itself was: *The Problem of India*. First Year Honour were in charge of the discussion held on Friday, March 24, which centred around five topics based on reviews of current books on India.

- (1) *The Peoples of India*—Religious, Social and Regional Divisions. Millwood O'Shaughnessy, reviewing *Introduction to India* by Moraes & Stimson.

- (2) *British Rule in India Down to the present War*. Lois Noble — Reviewing *Pagant of India* by Yeats-Brown.

- (3) *Rise of Nationalism*—three stages:

1885-1919—till the enactment of the repressive Recolatt Acts.

1919-1935—till the Government of India Act.

1935-1944—the present Nationalist issue. Joseph Invidiata—*India Without Fable* by Maude Mitchell.

Ellen Hogan, reviewing *The Problem of India* by Palm Dult.

- (4) *The Present Crisis in India*:

- (a) Political Groups—Congress, The Moslem League, The Untouchables, "Young India," The Rhans, The Princes, British Officials, The Civil Service.

- (b) Political Leaders—Ghandi, Nehru, S. H. Bose, Azad and "C.R." Ruth O'Shaughnessy,—reviewing *What Does Ghandi Want?* by Raman. Patricia Amable—reviewing *Towards Freedom*; Autobiography of Nehru.

- (c) Points of View—British, Indian, Outside World.

- (5) *Future of India in the Post-War World*: suggested solutions:

Complete Autonomy — Ghandi's Plan; Back to the old India based on crafts and small home manufactures.

Nehru—socialization of India and raising of living standard.

Bose—Fascist-minded National India like Japan.

Gradual self-government within the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Regrouping under the native princes. Francis MacDonald reviewing *Royal India* by Maud Diver.

Polly Mutz reviewing an unofficial "gal-lup Poll," of popular opinion about Toronto—from Indian exchange students, etc. As to the advisability of Indian independence.

Helen McLaughlin — presenting Maritain's views on Ghandi's technique of "civil disobedience" and on Hindu mysticism based on his remarks in *Fredom in the Modern World* and *Ransoming the Time*.

Loretto Secretarial College

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SECRETARIAL SCHOLARSHIP BRIDGE

The annual Loretto Secretarial Scholarship Bridge was held in the Auditorium of Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, on the afternoon of Saturday, January 29. The Bridge, which was convened by Miss Kelly, was a great success. Assisting Miss Kelly were the following: Mrs. D. A. Brebner, Convener of Publicity Committee; Miss Evelyn Henry, Convener of Prize Committee; Miss Peggy Heavener, Convener of Entertainment Com-

mittee, and Miss Mollie Laucey, Convener of Refreshment Committee.

Due to the illness of the president, Miss Helen O'Connell, the vice-president, Mrs. R. G. Edwards, welcomed the guests and presented the Mother Evangelista Scholarship to Miss Joan Conway, a graduate of Loretto College School, and the Loretto Secretarial Scholarship to Miss Bernice Ryan, of Englehart, Ontario. The Scholarships were awarded for the highest standing on nine Upper School papers.

SONNET II.

Illumined.

Within the depths of this loved lady's eyes,
Whose rays have caused some eager hearts
to mourn,

A transcendental beauty richly lies—
Of all the taint of worldly living shorn—
And Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, *there* are
one.

A seed implanted in Eternal Love.
The task of winning souls she has begun,
To make them yearn for riches from above.

As oftentimes I gazed into her eyes
The spark of Heaven's fire grew dim in me—
I only gazed, and failed to realize

That any love I have must be for Thee:
These are the things I ponder in my heart,
At last, I see, dear Lord, how great Thou art!

Sally Chiovetti, 4T6,
Loretto College.

THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN KEY.

"Miss Charlotte Montmorency requests the honour of your presence on Thursday next at nine p.m." One hundred of these invitations found their way into New York homes. There was much festivity, for Charlotte's wealthy uncle in India had named her his heirress. As an initial gift he had sent her a solid gold box filled with precious stones. Attached to the box was a key, also of solid gold.

There was excitement in the home of John Waters, the well-known banker. "I must see this box, Martha," said he, rubbing his hands with glee. "That old girl is always boasting about her things. We will soon see if it is as good as she says it is." His wife made no reply, as she finished dressing for the gala evening.

Antol Sirosky was among the first to arrive at the Montmorency home. "Ah, my dear," he whispered as he kissed her hand lightly, "you look more beautiful than ever this evening.

"Flatterer!" she answered as shyly as could a woman of Charlotte's type.

"And is this the lovely box, Madame?" he inquired politely. "Ah, it is wonderful. You are so very fortunate, and I envy you greatly."

"Isn't it simply grand?" she agreed, whilst Antol lightly fingered the golden key.

Soon the house was alive with action and the two became separated. Among those pres-

ent were Mr. James Hopkins, the wealthy retired jurist, and his wife, accompanied by his young protégé, William Baines, an up-and-coming lawyer. He, like the others, was greatly interested in the box.

The house was now in a turmoil of merriment. Suddenly the boisterous laughter of the crowded parlour stopped short. The room was in darkness. The gathering dispersed to other parts of the house and soon Jorkins, a servant and handy man about the house, reported that a fuse had been blown out. After a few trying moments, the lights again glared their brightness about the recently darkened room, and the party resumed its activity, which continued into the early morning.

"Well, that was a really lovely party," remarked Charlotte after the guests had departed. "I don't know when I enjoyed myself more than I did to-night."

"Yes," replied Marie, her lady. "It was certainly a w—"

"Mum! Miss Montmorency!" cried a servant, hurrying into the dining-room, "the key! It's gone—stolen! It was hanging by a silk thread at the side of the box; but the thread is broken. I looked on the floor, and on the table, but the key is not there!"

"Oh, gracious! How dreadful! Phone the police, quickly!" Charlotte fairly shrieked her orders.

Soon Detective Will I. Kitchen was on the scene of the theft. He was a tall, rather handsome man, with a deep forehead and thick, low brows. He had a determined jaw which contrasted greatly with his slender nose and small, intelligent eyes. For an hour he sat in a big, brown armchair, staring at the golden trophy, and puffing on Miss Montmorency's guest cigars. Suddenly he bounded from his chair, squelched the recently lit cigar in a near-by ash-tray, and shouted. "That's it! What else could it be?"

Charlotte came to seek the source and reason for the commotion. "What is it?" she inquired.

"Look, ma'am," explained Will. "what good is that key to the thief? What he wants are the contents, and probably the box itself—but he doesn't want it destroyed. Now, here is the plan. We shall set a trap for him, for he will surely return for the box. But take no chances in case the trap fails. Lock that box in your bedroom vault."

"It is there now," said Charlotte. "I had Jorkins put it there this morning."

"Fine. Now we must wait and see."

It was nearly a week later that the burglar alarm sounded, denoting a break-in. The trap had snapped its hungry jaws on some unsuspecting prey. At last the game of patience was over. Two plain clothes men leapt to action, and soon arrested a poorly-dressed, unshaven youth about twenty-three years of age, and who gave his name as Thomas Graham. He had succeeded in opening the safe before the officers interfered. After much questioning, Mr. Kitchem booked him on a charge of house-breaking. The game was not yet over.

The following day, Will approached Miss Montmorency's servant, Jorkins, and displaying his inspector's badge, said calmly, "All right, 'Duke,' the game is up now, so you can let down your hair." The servant displayed a look of surprise, mingled with anxiety. "We picked up Baines to-day, and he told us all about you. Come along to headquarters."

"Why, the traitor! He promised not to talk if he was caught. Listen, officers, it was his idea; I only helped him. He never even gave me all the dough he promised, the double-crosser. Honest, copper, it was his idea."

"Thanks for the information, pal, and Baines is as good as caught."

"What?" shouted the crook in surprise, "I thought you said he *was* caught?"

"Not yet, pal, but it won't be long now," triumphed the detective. "It is an old trick, but you fell for it."

Later that afternoon Charlotte Montmorency was still as perplexed as ever. "But how," she exclaimed, "did you ever suspect Mr. Baines?"

"Well, here is the whole story," conceded the detective, lighting another of Charlotte's cigars and settling himself comfortably in the brown arm-chair. "I looked up some records at headquarters. It seems that four years ago this young Baines fellow acquitted the case of a certain 'Duke' Martelli. Along with the case history was a picture of the 'Duke,' whom I immediately recognized as your butler. Now I knew that there must be two people on this job—one on the inside to turn out the lights, and the other a guest to steal the key. I also knew that the youth who broke in here was not the leader, for he was not intelligent enough and too shabbily dressed. He obviously obtained the combination to the safe from some one inside, again betraying the butler. Therefore the only logical person to tie up with Jorkins was Baines, so I tricked him into betraying his boss. Well, this writes

'Finis' to another case," he sighed as two beautiful smoke rings drifted towards the ceiling.

Mildred Hazel,
Junior College, Brunswick Avenue.

THE BEWITCHING HAT.

Jane saw the "darling creation" in Madame's Shoppe. It was a pert, little, black hat with a maze of thin veiling to give the desired air of sophistication. She stopped, examined it again, and without a moment's hesitation entered the Shoppe.

"Ah, bonjour!" Madame beamed and gushed upon her simultaneously. "Just what would mademoiselle desire?"

"I should like to try on the black hat that you have in the centre of your window."

"Oh, oui, it will certainly suit mademoiselle. There—let us put it a little to this side. Oh voilà! It is perfect!"

Jane started, amazed at her reflection in the mirror. Then she asked the price.

"You are very fortunate, mademoiselle, it is only twenty-five dollars, and such an exquisite hat for that price. You understand, of course, that all Madame's chapeaux are original?"

Twenty-five dollars! Twenty-five—at last the full import of the words came to Jane's befuddled mind. What should she do?

She knew that the cost was far above her budget. After a moment's cogitating she decided to buy it, in spite of everything.

"Would you be so kind as to put the hat away for me until I have the required sum?" she asked of Madame.

"It is not customary for us to do so. But I believe we will break the rule this once. We will give you one month. The hat so becomes you, mademoiselle, that I cannot refuse. It was made for you." Madame's remarks were as unnecessary as whipped cream on jelly. Jane arose to leave. Madame smiled and nodded as she led her towards the door.

"I will be looking forward to your return. Au revoir."

Like a little boy who has just feasted himself on some forbidden cookies, Jane felt content but slightly guilty. On her way home she decided not to mention the hat to her husband, —not yet, at least—as Henry might disapprove.

The next few weeks found our Jane quite preoccupied, attempting to find ways and means to make ends meet. She scrimped and

saved; refused to go to the show or any entertainment whatsoever, resolved, as she was, to buy that hat come what may. One day Jane took out from her dresser drawer the tin box in which she had put away the money and began to count it. Fifteen dollars, fifteen dollars and sixty-five cents, eighteen dollars, eighteen eighty, nineteen dollars, twenty and five made a grand total of twenty-five dollars. At last, she had finally achieved success. Smiling, she donned her hat and coat, walked briskly up the street, headed for Madame's and—the hat. Like a man eager for the first bite of a freshly-baked chocolate cake, she could hardly wait. Transported with delight, she entered the Shoppe. Madame was evidently glad to see her or perhaps slightly relieved to see that she had kept her word. Whatever the case, her face was a ripple of smiles.

"I have come for the hat," exclaimed Jane, handing Madame the money.

"I am so glad for you. Here it is, already packed."

"Thank you ever so much." She hurried out too excited to give even Madame a chance to answer. Carefully she tucked away the hat box under her arm and down the street she went.

That night after the supper dishes had been put away, Jane casually suggested, "Henry, how would you like to treat me to a movie? We haven't been out for ages and I hear they're featuring the swoon crooner, Freddie McGuigle, at the Eglinton. How about it? Henry, you aren't even listening."

"Hm? What's that about a cruiser?"

"Oh, Henry! I asked you if you'd like to go to a movie."

"Oh!" At last Henry began to see light.

"That's not a bad idea."

Before he could change his mind, Jane said, "I'll go upstairs and get dressed. I'll be down in a minute."

She rushed upstairs, put on her best dress, brushed her hair till it glistened and finally topped everything off with the new hat. She put it on at three different angles before she was completely satisfied. Finally, she came downstairs and found Henry just as she expected, still reading.

"Henry!" No answer. "Henry!"

He sat up, reluctantly, then went to sink back into his chair, but before he had fully reclined he jumped up, a look of complete surprise and delight on his face.

"Why, Jane, when did you buy that new

hat? It's most becoming! Why, my dear, it's bewitching!"

Mary Cancilla,
Junior College, Loretto-Brunswick.

THE NIGHT ALARM.

Men ran from all directions toward the pole in the centre of the room, as the night alarm clanged insistently. "Hmm," thought Bill, as he pulled his jacket on while running with the others, "a four alarm fire! Try to get rest around here!" He caught hold of the back ladder as the engine flashed by, and when it had arrived at the scene of the fire, he had his oilskins fastened and was ready for action. He shuddered inwardly as he saw the fire. It was centred in a block of tenements, one of many fire-traps. "They should have been torn down long ago," Bill muttered as he struggled with a hose. His mind worked quickly as he calculated heights and erected ladders. He glanced at his watch. Eleven-thirty. This was going to be a long, hard struggle.

By twelve-thirty the flames had spread to the two adjoining buildings. Even at that late hour, the public watched, fascinated, as the forty-two men tried to subdue the overpowering blaze. From atop his two hundred-foot perch, Bill could see the rescue squad and ambulances removing the injured. "That's funny," mused Bill, "the Europeans in this section are usually more careful. No one even mentioned the cause of this!"

From an upstairs window across the street a tall, dark, seemingly fearless and interested bystander watched the blazing spectacle. The hat pulled well over his face scarcely hid the scornful smile and the triumphant gleam in his eyes. The smile was twisted and hideous, due to a livid scar from his right temple to the corner of his mouth. "Dat will teach Herr Schroeder a lesson," he guffawed. "Herr Hofman will be pleased!" He turned away from the window and quickly began to pack a small travelling case. After making a last survey of the room, he hurried, unobserved, down the back stairs and around to the back of the flaming building.

From somewhere inside the burning inferno Bill thought he heard muffled cries. After shouting down instructions for the ground crew to be near if a net was needed, he climbed through a window from which heavy smoke issued. "Suffocating smoke," he wheezed; looks like a gasoline fire. Those whimperings

again! Sounds like it is in the next room. This smoke!" He opened the door, only to be met by a solid wall of flames. He forced the lock on the next door and as he squinted through the dense smoke, he made out a bulk in the far corner. It was Schroeder, the watch-maker! tied and gagged, left to die! "Someone will pay for this," thought Bill as he hoisted the watch-maker to his back. "He has been beaten too! It's a miracle that he lived. He is too old to stand it." When they reached the window the smoke was becoming denser and his added burden made him decide against descending by the stairs. The only alternative was to jump. Shouting for a net, he threw Schroeder to safety, and finding the temptation too great to resist, returned to the room where he found the old German. Holding his breath, he advanced to the corner. "Ah!, this is what I'm looking for!" he muttered, picking up a card and returning to the window. He did not think about it again until the next day.

At six o'clock the next evening, after a short rest, Bill remembered his find and decided to investigate. He visited Carl Schroeder and, piecing together his information, his mind ran over the results. Carl's family was in Hamburg; the Gestapo was on Carl's trail, trying to force him to become one of them. "This is much more serious than it looks," Bill thought, 'my only clue is the card. If I fail—well, that is a risk I shall have to take!' He re-read the brief message, scrawled in an apparent hurry. "Meet me to-morrow at Hoffman's, 8.30. Bring your credentials!"

Following his instinct, Bill looked up the Hoffmans in the city directory. Only three of them. It was six-thirty. Two hours left.

The first Hoffman, he learned, had moved the previous week. The second was a harmless young chap whose confidence Bill won immediately. Bill was a book salesman. "Would Mr. Hoffman care for a set of books? The Complete Works of Shakespeare. Very moderately priced. No? In that case, will call again. Thank you. Good-night!"

As Bill remembered the accent that Mr. Hoffman possessed, it became clear to him that it had been too easy. After phoning for a police squad, Bill returned on the pretense of having forgotten one of his gloves. He had to keep Herr Hoffman talking for another ten minutes. The fellow was uneasy, Bill noticed; he kept glancing at his watch, nervously. Bill offered, "Do you think Shakespeare is given full justice in English? Have you read the German translation?" "That did it?" Bill

rejoiced. "He is wrapped up in the German now. He has forgotten his guests are to arrive in six minutes. I hope the police are here to welcome them." Hoffman had finished on the topic of Shakespeare and was implying that Bill leave, as he expected guests. "Oh, where are those policemen!" Bill wondered, desperately. Just then a knock sounded. Hoffman started quite noticeably. He welcomed two men—a tall, dark one with a scar and a thick accent; the other short and stocky. After racking his brain for an excuse to delay another moment, Bill moved towards the door. As Hoffman opened it, Chief Clancy entered, gun in hand.

An hour later Bill explained to Chief Clancy how he knew his hunch would be right. From his ladder, he had seen the tall man watching from the window on the previous evening. He had watched him slink around to the back of the tenements and try to gain entrance. "He had seemed anxious," Bill related, "as if he had lost something. The flames prevented him from re-entering; so I knew that the card I had found was the object of his search. I imagine that he hoped it would burn." "Thanks to you, Bill, it did not, and we have caught the head of the local espionage ring. You did your country a great service, Bill. Congratulations!"

Wilhelmina Wallace, Junior College,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

DAY BY DAY

O Lord of the fragrant hillsides
Of the windswept sea and sky,
My soul, with the winging swallow,
Soars to Thee on high!

O Lord of the rocks and meadows,
Of the brooks that steal my heart,
My soul, and the shyest violet,
Have Thee close' tho' seeming apart!

O Lord of the rustling treetops,
Thou who givest the bird its sweet trill,
My soul, with the silent greenwood,
Has Thee near, though all is still!

O Lord of the glorious sunlight
Which gladdens all the earth,
My soul, like the merry robin,
Rejoices with Thy mirth!

And, Lord of the amber moonlight
Shimmering over the bay,
My soul, with all creation,
Adores Thee, day by day!

Bernadette Ward, Junior College,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

A VISIT TO THE ART GALLERY.

To some a visit to the Art Gallery would be rather boring. I used to think so myself but, after my last visit, I realized how interesting an art gallery really is.

The art exhibit was given in aid of The Allied Seamen's Club. This is a very worthy cause and the men who have given up everything to guard this country of ours deserve our utmost patronage.

Personally, I enjoyed the exhibition immensely. It was a mixed exhibit composed of contributions from English, French, Dutch, Venetian and other artists.

The majority of the pictures were oil paintings; there were a few water colours and tempera. There were not many landscapes but one painted by Constable caught my eye. It was a very beautiful picturing of Hampstead Heath. I think my favourite painting of the English Artists was an oil painting of the Graham Children by Hogarth. The picture portrayed the four children in their own home surroundings, not luxurious but comfortable. The two older girls were posing quite naturally but the tiny one was caught in an animated expression, gazing at the cherries her sister held. The little boy's attention was held by the canary in a cage. It was really a delightful picture. Opposite to this was a picture painted by Reynolds of two aristocratic children. These children were serious and possessed poise far beyond their years.

The Venetian paintings were nearly all portraits. I think my choice was St. Catherine with the crucifix, by Titian. The picture was charming because of the light and dark portions, the subtle glowing colour and the beautiful sense of proportion.

The "portrait of a man seated," by Franz Hals, was fascinating. At first glance, the man looked happy and carefree; at closer inspection, he seemed to have a sad, wistful look in his eyes.

The impressionistic style of the French stresses colour, as in Cézanne's Mt. S. Victoire. I found Rembrandt's "The Philosopher," very interesting. Pictures done in tempera are very striking, especially from a distance. Two I noticed were of Dido, and Judith, respectively.

The paintings in this exhibition at the Art Gallery of Toronto were displayed to advantage. The lighting was good and the pictures were not crowded.

Annette Menard, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

*Golden Jubilee Congratulations
and Good Wishes*

for

LORETTO RAINBOW

from

Loretto Academy, Hamilton

TO SAINT PATRICK

In days of old, when Ireland
Knew nothing of our God;
Knew nothing of the Trinity;
You stooped down to the sod
And picked a tiny shamrock
From the soil you loved so well,
And taught that wondrous mystery
By lake and bog and fell.
So down through all the ages
Since the day your voice was heard,
Erin has kept the faith you taught her
And relied upon your word.
The little Irish Shamrock
You picked so long ago,
Reminds us ever of our God
You taught us all to know.

Katherine Hoey, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

WAVES AND PRAYERS.

The other day I stood on the lake shore during one of the worst snow storms of the year, watching the turbulent waters as they advanced in the form of waves, heaving and sighing as they came, until finally they broke on the shore as a giant spray of mist and foam. It suddenly came to me how much these waves, in their insistent, steady, never-ending beating at the shore, are like the waves of prayer beating at the gates of Heaven. Our prayers should be just as steady, just as insistent, just as forceful and persevering as these waves of Lake Michigan. They should break on the gates of Heaven as a giant spray, or volley, of adorations, thanksgivings, and requests. Such a powerful demonstration of faith, God our loving Father, ever welcomes and rewards.

Ruth Etscheid, XII,
Loretto, Englewood.



SENIORS IN "LITTLE WOMEN"—LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

Upper Group, Left to Right—

Rosemae Watchorn, Adele Andary, Grace Dalimonte, Dorothy Lapish, Lillian Osterhout, Gloria Le Lievre, Theresa Dagenais, Elizabeth LaLonde, Virginia Belleau.

Lower Group, Standing—

Gloria Le Lievre, Grace Dalimonte.

Seated—

Dorothy Lapish, Rosemae Watchorn, Lillian Osterhout.

In "Little Women," presented by Seniors of Loretto Academy, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, in Baraga Auditorium, February 11 and 15, 1944, the players were: Rosemae Watchorn, impersonating "Marmee"; Adele Andary, "Hannah"; Grace Dalimonte, "Meg";

Dorothy Lapish, "Amy"; Lillian Osterhout, "Beth"; Gloria Le Lievre, "Jo"; Teresa Dagenais, "Aunt March"; Elizabeth LaLonde, "Aunt Carroll"; Virginia Belleau, "Sally Moffat."

MEMORIES.

As twilight shadows gently steal over the earth, telling me the day is over, I am transported to the days of my early childhood. Most vivid in my memory are those summers I used to spend at Grandmother's. I can still see her spacious white Colonial house, surrounded by stately elms and lovely maples. The butterfly blooms of the columbine, the tall, bearded orchidlike iris, and the arching stems of colorful perennials—all add to this beautiful scene, as they shed their fragrant perfume about in the early morning breeze.

Oh, what good times I used to have with Lady, my Grandmother's faithful dog! Lady was a large, brown collie, with a glossy coat of fur. She always seemed so sensitive and responsive to my lightest word or gesture.

Then, those early morning rides with Prince, my favorite pony, still linger in my memory. Prince was a coal black pony with white feet and white flecks in his silky mane, and he had the queerest white spot over his left eye, which reminded me of a question mark. He loved to gallop through the green, open fields, and sometimes he would even wander to the round, grassy foothills where the cattle grazed peacefully. But he enjoyed, as much as I, those early morning rides along the eastern banks of the river that flowed near my grandparents' home. We always used the same trail, a track seldom followed by others.

And there were the strolls along the mossy banks of the woodland stream. How I loved to watch those brooks rippling under the brilliant sun and bright blue sky! Sometimes I sat on the bank of the stream and watched Grandfather trying to catch a large fish that nearly always managed to get away, and I can still hear the lilting strain of his tenor voice as he fished and sang at the same time.

But most of all I treasure those evenings before the fireplace, with my lovable grandparents at my side. How I delighted in the stories of their youth! Some of them seemed so fantastic, I could hardly believe them. For instance, the one about the time Grandfather put the cow in the school-room, and left it there all night. Evidently the cow liked school no better than Grandfather did, for it ate all the teacher's schoolbooks.

But all those days I love to recall date back ten years—and now, Grandmother is no longer in that dear home. Five years ago she left her earthly friends to join the heavenly throngs. I can still remember all her pleasant ways and

words, and I know she is watching over me with just as loving care as when I was a child.

With these memories, the lines she loved to repeat come back to me with deeper meaning:

“Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight;

Make me a child again, just for to-night!”

Margaret Simpkin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

ON REFLECTION

I thought that spring was on its way—

Alas, it is not so!

This morn as I beheld the dawn

The ground was decked with snow.

And yet I like the bracing cold,

The lovely, diamond snow—

But still—'tis time for spring again,

When birds and blossoms grow!

Perhaps, I sound ungrateful, in

Saying spring is slow to come,

For winter, too, is beautiful,

Tho' it has power to numb.

Although I sound ungrateful, then,

I am not so, at all,

For He Who gave the seasons

Made spring as well as fall.

My heart is filled with happiness,

As I thank our God above,

For miracles in nature's sphere—

And His everlasting Love.

Gloria Le Lievre, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

ANSWERED

Attention, dear doubter! Now you will read
Of a prayer that was answered with superman
speed.

On a day of December in forty-three,
Not an atom of snow was there to see.
The trees were skeletons; all the ground bare;
Not a sign of a snowflake was in the air.
Now to be in December without any snow
Is very queer, as you probably know.

We dreaded the thought that the ground would
be bare

For Christmas Day, so we said a good prayer.
We woke in the morning—and joy! what a sight!
The grey world had changed to a dazzling white!
We wished a white Christmas; we asked for this
boon.

Oh, prayers are still answered; and often quite
soon!

Agatha Cole, XI,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

Vienna, in 1822, was the center of the world of music. The gaiety and charm of her people and cafés attracted thousands to her gates. Ludwig von Beethoven was the toast of Europe. His genius was recognized far and near as the "brightest diamond in an age of golden music."

The lights from the Red Dragon Café shone through brightly colored windows upon the rain-swept streets of Vienna. Inside could be heard the laughter of happy folk amidst the clatter of dishes. The aroma of coffee filled the gay little place. At a corner table sat three young men, oblivious of the noise about them. Two of them were concentrating their attention upon the small man in the center, dressed in a shabby black suit, and yet obviously much respected by the other two.

"But, Franz," said the tallest of the three to the short one, "your idea is mad."

"Perhaps, Walter," answered Franz, "but I can do nothing else." As he spoke, one could detect the sigh in his voice. From his pocket he pulled forth a set of papers, carefully folded. "There it is," he continued, "my new symphony; but there are only two movements, instead of four! It is incomplete, and since I cannot finish it myself, I shall go to him."

With a quick gesture of farewell, Franz picked up his hat and left the coffee house, with the papers safe in his cloak. Alone in the street, he turned his steps toward a large, white house half way up the road. "Perhaps I should not do this," he murmured to himself. "It is a mad idea, and I am foolish to think that he will even speak to me."

Thus occupied with his thoughts, Franz almost walked past his destination, but the sound of soft piano music drifting out to him from an open window, halted him. Only one man could play like that. The young composer walked eagerly up the little rose-bordered path to the wooden door, on which was written one word, "Beethoven." He knocked gently.

Soon he heard footsteps, and the door was thrown open. By the light of the lamp near the stairway, Franz saw a tall, sandy-haired young man looking down at him with a slight frown. Disconcerted, the caller blinked and, though he knew the answer well, asked, "Is Mr. Beethoven at home?" The answer in the affirmative was accompanied by another slight frown.

"I should like to see him for a few moments only. It is very important."

The young man was about to close the door to him when a strong voice from within called, "Who is there, Karl? Have him come in. It is not a fit night for anyone to be out."

In response to the order, Karl opened the door wide and Franz stepped in. The house was beautifully furnished, the comfortable chairs and the bright curtains lending a pleasant air of coziness. A log fire at the far end of the room blazed cheerily. These details, however, occupied Franz's mind only momentarily, for his eye was quickly fixed upon the piano and the figure that sat there. As the man turned, Franz saw an old but still active man with a mass of brown hair framing a face that reflected the strength of character, genius, and steadiness of the great musician. Beethoven spoke first.

"You are Franz Schubert, are you not?" he asked pleasantly. "I have often heard your music." He played softly a phrase of "Ave Maria." "I find it most expressive."

Franz was ashamed to feel himself blushing. "Thank you, sir," he said, "I am happy to know that you are acquainted with one of my songs."

The great man smiled and motioned Franz to a chair. "Now why do you wish to see me?" he queried.

Franz sat up quickly. "Sir, I have written a symphony." He handed the set of papers to the other. "The fact is—I have not finished it. There are but two movements."

Beethoven glanced quizzically at the young man, then with an expert eye looked over the notes. "Ah, I see this arrangement is for the piano. Good! I shall play a part and then give you my opinion."

His magical fingers ran lightly over the keys and a lovely melody filled the air. "This music is superb," he thought, "it is not every day one hears such thrilling notes." Suddenly as he played, the room, the fire, and the young composer faded away and Beethoven saw himself and his piano in the midst of a great concert orchestra. Violins, trumpets, cellos, harps—all were playing this wonderful symphony. Crashes of music echoed up and down the brilliant orchestra; the keys under his fingers flew in response to the golden notes. On and on the music sounded, until he wished that it would never stop. But, just as suddenly as it had come, the orchestra vanished, and he was back in his own house with the log fire blazing merrily on the hearth. His tired hands dropped from the keys, and he turned to Franz.

"You wrote this?" he asked reverently. His eyes glowed with an unusual light.

Franz nodded, then spoke quickly, "I could not finish it. I lacked inspiration. I have come to you, hoping that you—that you will give it an ending."

Beethoven rose. Placing his hand on Franz's shoulder, he said:

"Mr. Schubert, what you ask of me is impossible. To you, perhaps, the symphony is incomplete. You wish my opinion? I say that it is as complete as the moon and the stars. The best that I could do beside it would be mediocre. Franz, you have my complete admiration."

Very solemnly the great Beethoven bowed before the young man in the shabby clothes who had written the unfinished symphony.

Marilyn Jacobs, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE LAUNCHING INTO A CAREER.

Amy stood in the wings, tense and un-nerved. In a few minutes she would be given her cue, and on this first performance would depend her career. Her rôle was small but very important, and Mr. Martin, the producer, would pay the strictest attention to her manner of delivery. When giving her the part, he had warned her that she would receive but one chance to prove to him that she could do it. She knew that he would concede no slips whatever in so important and expensive a play.

Amy glanced at her watch, and then at the stage, where the leading lady was already well into the passionate and dramatic speech that should usher her in. Again she glanced at her watch. Nine-thirty. At ten o'clock she would know whether the stage was to be really her career. Tense as she was before, she grew alarmingly more so as the leading lady was nearing the cue lines. There, she was saying them now! For a hideous second Amy felt as if every vestige of strength and control had seeped away. She stumbled a step toward the open stage, feeling every eye in the theatre upon her awkward self.

At ten o'clock Amy was again in the wings. She had enjoyed the playing of her part—rather, she had lived the part—for, from the instant her foot had touched the stage she was in character, and remained true to the last syllable. Leaving the stage in her haughty rôle, head high, eyes flashing, she felt she was back in her home town after one of the school

plays. Mr. Martin came up and stood beside her. "You have done it, Amy," he said quietly. "I was sitting with the critics, and after your first line they were all with you." He continued to praise in detail her performance, but Amy was no longer listening. Her mind was busy with other details—with the tears and toil it had taken to get her here. Now she wondered if this success were worth the price.

She looked back upon the sorrow her career had caused. There was Mother dear, —over-worked Mother—who had struggled and labored so earnestly to help her attain this coveted place. Then there was Ralph—faithful, true—who only a month ago had laid his love at her feet, but she, looking forward to the gaining of this goal, had deemed him less important. Success achieved, tasted somewhat bitter, but there was no turning back now, she argued. She must go on and fulfil what she had started; no matter where the path now led, she must follow.

"... next week," Mr. Martin was saying with finality.

"Next week?" asked Amy, in a meaningless voice.

"Next week," repeated Mr. Martin, emphatically.

Rosalyn Fisher, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

COMMUNION.

We long for the sacred moment to come;
Our very hearts with love are numb;
All heads are bent in silent prayer—
The King of kings is present there.

Once more two reverent hands uplift
A spotless host, the Eternal Gift;
Again the Christ Child we receive,
And firm in faith, the rail we leave.

The candle lights begin to fade;
Our sweet thanksgiving we have made;
With joy within, we leave for home,
Then back to school and work we roam.

Dorothy Laxton, Grade VIII,
St. Helen's School (Loretto), Toronto.

My Rosary, which I say each day,
Is with me even when I play;
I don't think I could stand the loss
Of the small white beads and the large
gold cross.

Loyola Matway, Grade VII,
St. Helen's School (Loretto), Toronto.

THE WAYS OF GOD.

The night was dark and cold; the wind, a fierce opponent as the doctor fought his way to the cabin from which had come the urgent call. "Shall I be on time?"—the question kept racing through the mind of the half-frozen doctor. At last he sighted the small wooden dwelling. Urging his horse to a last spurt of speed, he reined in at the door-step, quickly dismounted and knocked.

The door was opened by a small, pale, middle-aged woman. "Doctor, I am glad you have come," she said sadly, "but I fear it is too late."

"Unmindful of his half-frozen condition, the doctor hurried into the one-room cabin. On a small bed lay the patient, a little boy of three, who seemed to be unconscious. The tall, husky man who stood at the child's bedside, murmured, "It's our Bobby, Doctor. He's been down with this pneumonia for nearly three days. It looks as if he's gone now." The mother was sobbing into her apron. The doctor threw off his coat and opened his small case. For five anxious hours he worked on the sick child that bitter winter night. At last he rolled down his sleeves and prepared to leave. The parents looked at him expectantly. His words were reassuring: "I think you'll have your Bobby with you for many a year."

Thirty-five years later, the doctor, now an elderly, white-haired man, sat reading the evening paper. Suddenly his eye caught a name. He read: "Robert Southwall, famous Missionary, dies in bomb attack." He read on eagerly, of how this priest, coming from a small country village, had volunteered to work in China, and had labored there for fifteen years. To the Chinese he had been doctor, priest, and friend. He was known the world over for the books he had written on the people and land of his adoption. These books had prompted persons of means to aid in sending missionaries and supplies into the desolate mission field. Now, at the age of thirty-eight, Father Southwall had been killed there, in China. The paper called him a martyr.

The doctor put down the paper, removed his spectacles and placed them carefully upon the paper. He then settled himself deeply into the great chair. A picture had come vividly before him of a stormy, bitterly cold winter's night, a tiny cabin in the country, a little sick boy. What was that plucky little fellow's name? Yes, that's right, it was Bobby.

That fine old couple had been buried in the parish cemetery not so long ago. Their name was Southwall.

"The greatness and goodness of God!" mused the doctor. "How tempted I was not to heed the call that terrible night!"

Peggy Gibbons, XI.
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE STREET MUSICIAN.

To one unfamiliar with Art or not interested in it, the painting was just so much coverage on the wall; but to one who knew, there was something gripping, intense, real, about it. It hung in a dismal, dusty, out-of-the-way office of a small mid-western town. No one knew how long it had been there, but old Judge Barclay, who held law cases in that office, said that it had been hanging there when he moved in twenty years ago.

In its heavy frame, often covered with a film of dust, the painting suggested many things. It was called "The Street Musician." To the old judge the forlorn looking violinist was more than an imaginary character.

In the cool sanctuary of evening, when the day's problems had been settled, the judge would come from behind his great mahogany desk, walk slowly to the opposite side of the room, and seat himself in his comfortable, deep, leather chair. The sun would send its last rays into the room, as it sank behind the hill, touching the gilt frame, giving it for the time a glint of burnished gold. The judge would lean back in his chair and gaze long upon the painting. It was a never-ending source of solace, diversion, and relaxation, to exercise his imagination on the figures there pictured. In the foreground was the violinist, standing in the midst of a small crowd. The sun was setting, and on the faces of the listening people there was evidence of gentle calmness and satisfaction. The troubles of the long day were forgotten in the tunes played by the old maestro. To the little newsboy and the boot-black, sitting side by side on the curb, the melodies brought back visions of happier moments of the past. It was the same in the other faces. They were ordinary, every-day people whose problems were obliterated one short, sweet while in the enchantment and loveliness of the music.

How often that picture had helped him, the old judge reflected. Many were the times when the human problems of his friends had

seemed impossible to solve, but a study of the mixed pathos and ecstasy recorded forever on the faces of these common souls, by the dexterous brush of the artist, and life's problems really ceased to be complicated.

The office was dark now. The sun had long since vanished, and the painting was not visible to the judge's tired old eyes. But long ago the picture had been printed indelibly upon his mind, so darkness had no power to erase its memory.

Wearily the judge closed his eyes, and in the shadows high on the wall the violinist smiled the wise, sad smile of one who knows and understands the trials and the joys of life.

Madelyn Jacobs, XI,
Loretto, Academy, Woodlawn.

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN.

Once again the season for hunting deer was open. This awakened in the heart of every adventurous man the desire to go to the northern woodlands to hunt. Anderson, a stout, robust gentleman, was no exception. He had often listened to his friends relating the wonderful experiences they had while up in Northern Ontario. This year he was to accompany them. With what great anticipation he looked forward to two weeks of pleasure in the Northern Wilds. But would his anticipation be greater than his realization?

Many sections of the hunting ground were covered with forests. Throughout the territory were clumps of low bushes and undergrowth. Dry leaves formed a carpet and dead branches were scattered about.

The first forenoon that the men went out one of them shot a deer. Anderson thought that it did not appear to require much experience. It seemed as simple as catching a mouse with a baited trap. By evening he should have one to his credit also.

Late that afternoon Anderson thought that he heard a trampling behind a near-by thicket. Suspecting the presence of an animal, he turned off the path to investigate. Nothing could he perceive, and turning about to retrace his steps, he was unable to find his way back to the path.

For the first time he noticed that the trees were remarkably alike. The dark, dull sky concealed the position of the sun. Of course it would be his luck to have none of the dogs with him. For two or three hours he wandered around, but was unable to locate any trace

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of the men. No matter which direction he went he returned to his starting point.

What was he to do? Night was fast approaching. The atmosphere was becoming colder. Fatigued and giving up in despair, he sat down at the foot of a large tree. Fearing the attack of wild animals, he was afraid to sleep. As the danger of forest fires was great at that time of year he was unable to kindle a few branches.

As he sat there, becoming more drowsy each minute, the hours dragged on interminably. His gaze fixed on the heavens, he watched the clouds slowly disappear. One by one, above, the flickering lamps were lit. When he considered life and its few years were but a tiny drop in the sea of Time, he saw the precious hours that were slipping away, never to be regained, while he sat forsaken in this lonely land. Oh, if only he could find his way back to civilization he would never even desire to go on another such vacation. No matter how many deer he caught it could never make up for this night in the open.

Finally he dozed, for how long he could not say. Suddenly he awakened, startled to hear a rustling of the crisp leaves and the snapping of dried branches. What could it be? He sat as still as a mouse hunted by a cat and listened, straining every nerve and muscle. Nearer and nearer it approached. He was terrified but he saw no way of escape. Then in the dim light he perceived one of the hunter's dogs approaching. With a sigh of relief he threw his arms about the dog's neck. Safety was in sight.

Mary Feehely,
Loretto-Brunswick.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Born into an age which bred romantic poets, such as Byron, Shelley, and Keats, Coventry Patmore could find no appreciation for his works in the minds of the people. His literary career received a severe setback when one of his first books of poetry gained the favour of the poorer classes, for which it was not intended. Anxious to attract the attention of the intelligensia, he changed the style of his writings. From his earlier works, for example, "The Angel of the House," the themes of his poems became more abstract, as is illustrated by "Truth" and "Religio Poetae." The thoughts behind them became more and more abstruse; this, however, did not produce the desired reaction.

Due to financial difficulties, he was forced to accept a position as assistant librarian in the British Museum at the age of twenty-four. A year later he married. In eighteen hundred and sixty-four, after the death of his wife, he became a Catholic. He married again a year later. His second wife was wealthy, and Patmore purchased a country estate, thereafter leading a life of leisure. This wife died fifteen years later, and he married again. He died in the year eighteen-hundred and ninety-six, in his seventy-fourth year.

Thus ceased the output of a brilliant mind, the spirit of which lives on through the medium of his poetry. Critics of his time did not recognize him for the genius which Thackeray declared he was. Critics of the future may recognize this genius, for as Patmore himself said, "I have written little, but it is all my best; I have never spoken when I had nothing to say, nor spared time or labour to make my words true. I have respected posterity, and should there be a posterity which cares for letters, I dare to hope that it will respect me."

Mary Lou McGregor, XI-B,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

A WINTER'S EVENING.

In my judgment there is no better way to spend a winter's evening than beside an open hearth, wherein burns cheerily a roaring fire.

While I sit here in my large, comfortable easy chair and listen to the jug of cider simmering by the grate, to the apples placed in a row on the smouldering cinders, hissing and sputtering like some small creatures suddenly come to life, and see nearby the basket

of nuts picked in October's wood, I am content to let my thoughts wander freely.

Outside the snow is falling faster and faster and the north wind rages angrily around the corners of the house in chagrin at being thus kept out. He beats upon my windows and bends low the naked boughs of the lilac tree, while he scatters the snow, in fury, in drifts against the fence.

The full, pale moon can be seen as it rises majestically above the tree-tops; and the twinkling stars begin to appear one by one, to play hide and go-seek behind some straggling clouds. Soon the fury of the wind has abated and everything is quiet and still. On the frosty night air can be heard the cry of a bird calling to its mate. The dark outlines of the fir trees cast shadows upon the snow-blanketed ground, but in patches of clearings the moonlight shines down upon the sparkling snow, and turns each little flake into a diamond.

Here, in my quiet retreat, I am snug and warm, while the firelight dances upon the walls and rafters. As I turn and gaze into the fire and watch the flames soar ever upward into the great mouth of the chimney, and see the sparks dancing among the burning embers, I fancy that the flames take shape into grotesque and fanciful forms in a ceaseless stream, only to disappear up the chimney.

But soon the fire begins to die down and the cinders become cold. Outside a slight wind is stirring and disturbing the trees as they slumber. It blows the light snow across the ground in a fine spray; and ruffles the rivulets as the ice begins to form. In the far-off distance can faintly be heard the deep, rich tones of a church bell as it tolls the midnight hour. Soon everything is serene and peaceful again, while all around is a great, eternal silence.

Marie La Liberté,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

THE LEPER MAID.

The play, the "Leper Maid," took place in the hall of the Little Flower Parish on January 9th, 1944. It was sponsored by the Sodality girls of the Parish under the direction of Mother St. Henry.

The story takes place in Bethlehem during the reign of King Herod, at the time of the birth of Christ.

The first scene opens in the living-room of Madame Naomi, a humble Jewish woman.

Naomi and her daughter, Judith, while busily sewing are carrying on a conversation. Suddenly loud cries and jeers from the street reach their ears. Judith, returning from the window, tells her mother of the sad sight she has seen. They express their pity for the little leper-maid, when a knock is heard and two strange merchants appear in the doorway, who, being hungry and tired, ask for food and rest. Naomi, after granting the merchants lodging, shows them to their quarters, then goes out to console her young daughter, Sarah, who is in great grief over the misfortune of her friend Rachel, the leper. A long conversation follows between Naomi and her two daughters, Judith and Sarah, about the Redeemer to come, and then, the curtain falls with the singing of a psalm.

The second act begins with the stage dimly lighted as Rachel, the leper, slowly creeps in and tells her tale of sorrow and woe. Several strangers appear, all of whom are very cruel and ignore Rachel. St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin are the next to appear on the scene. As the "Magnificat" is sung the stage becomes brighter. Rachel begs for help, falling on her knees before them, and her prayers are answered as the Blessed Virgin smiles and calmly places her hand upon the orphan child. She faints, and when she regains consciousness, finds herself cured of the terrible disease and the holy pair gone, but to show her gratitude, she makes a firm resolution to find the Blessed Virgin who, she believes, is a saint of God. The curtain falls as Rachel goes out to seek her Uncle Reuben and ask for his advice and help.

The third act leads up to the main part of the play. The scene is on the plains of Juda, where Rachel's Uncle Reuben keeps watch over his flock. Rachel walks across the stage to her surprised Uncle and tells him the story of her cleansing. She is warmly welcomed by the shepherds, who gladly give her food and shelter. After the assurance that Rachel is quite comfortable in the tent, Reuben and a few other shepherds go off to keep watch over their flock. Suddenly the entire sky is lighted up, and a beautiful angel appears to tell them of the birth of Christ. The shepherds fall on their knees while choirs of angels sing "Gloria," and the curtain falls.

The fourth act opens with the most thrilling and beautiful scene of the play. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph kneel before the Babe while angels sweetly sing a lullaby. The shepherds appear and timidly stand at the en-

trance as the "Adeste Fideles" is sung. They fall on their knees and Rachel immediately recognizes the mother. She speaks words of thanks to her, as the Virgin Mary gently gives her the Holy Child. Rachel expresses her everlasting joy in holding the Infant Christ, and asks His Mother to be her mother also. Again angels appear as the Blessed Virgin takes her Child again, and the play ends with the entire cast singing "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

The play was most successful and touched the hearts of all present.

Katie Dusel and Mary Stepan, IX,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.

A SWEDISH SUMMER.

"Wake up, wake up, girls! This is the day!" Yes, this was the day for which the two Franklin sisters had for so long been waiting. They awoke with a breathless start, and jumped out of bed. They dressed alike in polka-dot frocks with wide organdie sashes, and natural straw hats to protect them from the hot, midsummer Swedish sun. Bessie, ten years old, with light brown hair, and grey eyes, was small, and looked young for her age. Jenny was in her twelfth year. She was short, and very chubby, with sky blue eyes, and curly blond hair. They were soon driving to the railroad station in Stockholm; there Father and Mother called fond goodbyes and warnings while the two girls waved back excitedly. This was their first trip unaccompanied by chaperones, and their destination was even more thrilling than the five-hour train ride alone. They were headed for the farm of their little friend, Birgitta Thyberg, in the very heart of the Swedish lake district.

The train chugged uneasily into the small country station, and there on the platform waited Birgitta, her brothers and her mother. Birgitta was eleven and tall for her age. She had darker coloring than Bessie, a rather broad face with high Swedish cheek bones, and a slender figure. Peering anxiously about, the excited little girls got off the train. It pulled away as if thankful for having delivered them safely at their destination. They were gaily greeted by the loved Birgitta and her family. Then all bustled off to the family car, and soon were whirling along the dusty country road for the seven mile ride to the farm.

What a joyful, carefree two weeks were

spent on that delightful farm. There were cows to be driven to and from milking, at dawn and dusk, in the care of Swedish peasant farmers. There was milk to be delivered to the creamery, hay to pitch and a hay-stack to build after riding the horses out to the fields where workers were waiting to harness them to the farm machinery, not that they performed these operations, but they assisted at them. Then there were the ever ready kittens to play with.

All these doings were a novelty to Birgitta and her brothers as well as to Jenny and Bessie, as Birgitta's father was also a Foreign Service Officer and the children lived in the hearts of various cities of the world except on vacations such as this. Unaware were those happy girls of the war clouds that were then gathering.

After a gay two weeks, good-byes were said, and the travelers again boarded the country train back to Stockholm. War had become a threatening reality, and the sisters had to leave Sweden with their parents, accompanied by Birgitta and her family, for the asylum of refugees—America.

The trip to Genoa, Italy, where the travelers were all to board the U.S.S. Washington for home, was a gruelling though exciting one. The Franklins took a German ferry across the Skageract Strait between Sweden and Germany. There they had numerous experiences. Once they mislaid their ration coupons and thought they would really have to starve, although the food at best was miserable. The bread was literally hard as rock, and the milk was a cloudy, watery liquid. Through the famous Brenner Pass their train crawled and they saw towering, snow-capped mountains rising from the winding train tracks. The mountain hamlets nestled precariously on slopes; there, shining, stood out vividly the bright green of the sheep-nibbled pastures.

The family reached Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, where the intense activity, winding streets, ancient stores, and horses with buggies were a striking contrast to the spacious boulevards of Berlin, lined with gay colored motors.

Birgitta and her brothers were to accompany the Franklins to America for an indefinite stay with their Grandmother, while Mr. and Mrs. Thyberg continued their journey to Turkey, where the former was acting minister for Sweden. Good-byes had to be said, sad ones this time, in sharp contrast to the laughing adieus at the little country station in

Sweden. This time it was the Thyberg children who were parting from their parents to go and live with a strange Grandmother in America, where an ocean and continent would separate them from their loved ones.

For the first day at sea it was all the Franklins could do to comfort the Thyberg children, and then their grief gave way to the novelty of life on shipboard, with swimming pool, deck tennis, and shuffle board.

Their Grandmother in an elegant limousine collected the little Thybergs in New York, and the Franklins went down to their home in Virginia. Three months later, they received the joyful news that Birgitta and her brothers were on their way back across the Atlantic to rejoin their parents in Turkey. Neither war nor oceans had kept this family divided for long, after all, and the Franklins like to reflect on the joy of that reunion.

Jenny Franklin, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Ont.

SOLDIER'S SYMPHONY

At six a.m. the bugle blows;
The famous call each soldier knows;
And the Corporal jumps right out of bed,
With a lusty yell for those who dread
To start another weary day,
And read the duty roster.

The K.P. Boys heave out a sigh—
For pots and pans are piled sky high!
Hear the Mess Sergeant with pompous voice,
Who shows off his stripes, and leaves no choice!
You must obey his sharp command:
Go rid the kitchen floor of sand!

Lillian Osterhout, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THANK OFFERING

Thank You for the hours from dawn to dawn,
Filled up with regal blessings, more and more;
From cup of graces, I've o'er heavily drawn;
Please fill it up again from heavenly store.

Through all past years, I've asked and have
received;

Thanked You but fleetingly, and then forgot,
Yet, all this time, Dear Lord, I have believed
You'd grant whatever favors might be sought.

I thank You, now, for sunshine and the rain;
I thank You for Your guidance of our boys.
I thank You for the victories we will gain;
And for our homes; for love; for tears, and
joys.

Lillian Osterhout, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

Patroness, MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.
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 I.B.V.M., and MOTHER 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.

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 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.
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 913 Chicago Blvd. W., De-
 troit, Michigan.
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 Circle MRS. FINK,
 1035 S. Egert Rd.,
 Eggertsville, N.Y.
 Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont.,
 Circle MISS EUNICE LEAHEY,
 727 Victoria Ave.,
 Niagara Falls, Ont.
 Loretto, Englewood Auxilliary. MRS. JOSEPH P. EAGAN,
 7636 May Ave., Chicago.
 Loretto, Woodlawn Auxilliary. MRS. ARTHUR O'CONNOR.
 Loretto, Winnipeg Circle MRS. LORNE C. WALKER.

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The First Quarterly Meeting of the Association, in October, and the Second Quarterly Meeting on Jan. 30, 1944, were both held at Loretto College. The meetings were well attended, and opened with Benediction in the College Chapel. At the October Meeting Miss Mary Irene Foy of the Red Cross Blood Donor Service gave a most interesting talk, telling us of the requirements of the Service and of the way in which the donations of blood were transported and used on the battle fronts. Plans were also made for a bridge to be held in November to raise money for the Scholarship Fund.

At the Second Quarterly Meeting, on Jan. 30th, a lecture was given by Dr. Ludwig Munzer of the

Economics Staff of the University of Toronto—subject "The European Situation"; he made a number of thought-provoking comments on pre-war and post-war Europe, particularly with regard to Russia. Victoria Douglas, accompanied at the piano by her sister, Eileen, entertained the group with several delightful songs. On both occasions tea was served in the library under the convener-ship of Mrs. W. A. Smyth, the tea hostesses at the first meeting being Mrs. J. P. Hynes and Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman, and at the second meeting, Mrs. T. N. Phelan and Mrs. C. D. Chisholm.

ACTIVITIES

The Scholarship Bridge, held in Columbus Hall, November 6th, was convened by Miss Betty Sanborn, with Miss Miriam Anglin and Mrs. A. Stephenson acting as co-conveners. The party was well attended, and a Victory Bond, contributed by ten past presidents of the Alumnae, was raffled. Many prizes, attractively wrapped in Loretto's blue and white, were carried home by the holders of winning tickets.

Each Sunday Tea, with some type of entertainment, is provided by the various women's organizations for the men and women of the Armed Forces, at Memorial House on Jarvis Street, and on Sunday, December 19th, this party was sponsored by the Loretto Alumnae. The arrangements were handled by Miss Gladys Enright, Convener of Activities. Mr. J. McLaughlin came to play the piano for us and Miss Alma Small led the group in a sing-song. Between sixty and seventy men and women came in for their evening meal and were well looked after by about twelve members of the Alumnae who assisted in serving the tea.

For some time now the Alumnae Association has been assisting in the War Stamp Drive. The Stamp booth in one of the large department stores is manned by the members of the Alumnae on the first Friday of every month. Mrs. D. A. Balfour, who is Placement Chairman of the Women's Voluntary War Stamp Committee, is in charge of activity and Mrs. G. M. Parke is the co-convener.

Miss Margaret Kelly has been looking after the collection of Catholic literature for the Alumnae. In response to a request from the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae over two hundred pieces of Catholic literature have been sent out to be divided among four priests in Western Canada. In addition, about one hundred books were donated to the Navy League of Canada.

Loretto has also been well represented among the workers at St. Michael's Hostel and Canteen, and in the various Red Cross workrooms throughout the city.

The Loretto College School Chapter held a very successful Valentine Bridge at Newman Club on February 15th. Mrs. R. Strong, the Convener, was ably assisted by Miss Gladys Enright, Mrs. William Deverell, Mrs. William Greer, Miss Kathleen McDonald, Miss Ruth Leonard, Miss Bessie

Gilham, Miss Marie Leonard and Miss Aileen Robinson. About fifty tables of bridge were played, while some of the guests preferred a game of ping-pong downstairs. A cheerful fire burned in the fireplace, and decorative touches of St. Valentine's red and white made the prizes and refreshments most attractive.

The Alumnae sent out a special letter last month to all those whose names appeared on the membership lists advising them of the decision of the Executive to classify our members henceforth as "paid-up active members", who are eligible to receive all correspondence and notifications, and "un-paid non-active members". We sincerely hope that in this way a larger number will be persuaded to participate in the activities of the Alumnae, and we shall, also, be able to curtail our operating expense somewhat. Mrs. Gerald O'Connor, the Membership Convener, and Mrs. G. M. Parke have been generous in their devotion of time and energy to this drive to secure a live and active membership for the Association. Plans are now being made for the Third Quarterly Meeting which will be held in April and hopes are entertained that all those to whom this letter was sent will make a very special effort to attend.

LORETTO NIAGARA ALUMNAE

The Niagara Chapter of Loretto Alumnae held a dinner meeting in the Blue Room of the General Brock Hotel. Following the short business meeting, Miss Mary Brampfield, President L.N.A., drew the ticket for the recent successful Alumnae project, the winner being Miss Virginia Romano. Rev. Hugh Austin, O. Carm., the guest speaker, was introduced by Mrs. Orville Jones, and gave an interesting and informative address on Palestine. Afterwards a social evening was held and arrangements were made to hold the next meeting also at the General Brock Hotel.

Niagara Ontario Chapter of Loretto Alumnae

The Niagara Chapter of Loretto Alumnae held the installation of officers' dinner meeting at the Wright House. The new president, Miss Eunice Leahy, was in the chair. Other officers for 1944 are: 1st Vice-President, Mrs. O. Jones (Mae Clement); 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. G. McNamara (Irene Le Blanc); 3rd Vice-President, Mrs. G. Smeaton (Ellen Leaney); Secretary, Miss Joyce Walker; Treasurer, Miss Betty Overs; Councillors, Mrs. N. Redlin (Eileen Heysel); Mrs. J. Ford; Mrs. M. O'Heaney (Isabel Drago); Miss Muriel Barton; Miss Mary Brennan; Miss Mary Bullock; Miss Dorothy Didemus; Miss Margaret Drago; Mrs. Dunham (Hazel Hurst); Miss Helen O'Leary; Miss Jean Pettipas; Mrs. Quinlan (Esther Farrell); Miss Mary Sanson; Miss Irene Shepherd; War Work, Co-Chairmen, Mrs. Thomas Squires (Mary Beaver) and Miss Doreen Glynn; Ways and Means, Co-Chairmen, Mrs. James Skidmore (Eileen McCarney) and Miss Mary Lococo; Publicity, Miss Marjorie McQuade.

A presentation was made to Past President Miss Rose Dawson, and activities for the winter season were discussed.

* * *

On February 8th the soldiers weekly dance at the Y.M.C.A. was sponsored by the Niagara Chapter of Loretto Alumnae, and was pronounced one of the finest of the season. Mrs. Mary Beaver Squires and Miss Doreen Glynn were the capable conveners of the affair.

* * *

Miss Dolores Henry, class '39, Loretto, Niagara, who trained as nurse in St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, received her R.N. in January, 1944, and is at present on the staff of Memorial Hospital, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Friends of Miss Isabella Starr, Loretto, Niagara Alumna, were interested in the following announcement in Toronto and Niagara papers:

"Lieut. (Nursing Sister) Isabella M. Starr and Mr. Alexander Malcolm Bizzell of the British Admiralty, Scotland, are to be married on March 25 in England. The bride-elect, daughter of Mrs. Kenneth LaRush, Niagara Falls, Ont., and the late Lieut. Rupert K. Starr, was at Chorley Park Military Hospital before leaving for overseas, and is attached to No. 12 Mobile Unit, R.C.A.M.C. Mr. Bizzell is the son of Mr. Montague A. Bizzell and the late Mrs. Bizzell, Englefield, Surrey, England. The attendants at the wedding will be Lieut. (Nursing Sister) Marjorie Finger, Port Arthur, and Mr. Herbert Morris, London, England."

LORETTO ALUMNAE, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO

In October, 1943, the Loretto Alumnae held a business meeting at which the following officers were elected:

President—Dorothy Kennedy, 7106 Lafayette Avenue.

Vice-President—Florentine Scully, 7749 Emerald Avenue.

Treasurer—Helen Fennell, 7622 Carpenter Street.

Recording Secretary—Helen Fathke, 319 W. Englewood Avenue.

Corresponding Secretary—Elaine Quinn, 658 W. 64th Street.

The newly elected officers conducted their first meeting on November 15th, at which plans were laid for the coming year. The thoughtfully arranged tea was enjoyed.

Many of the Alumnae are serving their country in the Women's Forces. Among these are Mary Notter and Evelyn Johnson, W.A.C.; Eleanor Conley, Betty Frantz, and Eileen Champlin, in the Waves and Spars; and Rosemary O'Donnell and Betty Rotroff, in the Marines.

The first event of the year was the annual holiday tea held in the school on December 26th. Father Thomas Hosty of the Diocesan Mission Band was the guest speaker. Afterwards tea was served in the clubroom.

The day of recollection was held in the school January 30th. Father Francis Fenton of St. Rita's was the retreat master. Isabel Schlender, of the Alumnae, acted as chairman of the day. Both breakfast and luncheon were served in the cafeteria. A large crowd of former Lorettoans attended and were greatly interested in the publication of the Alumnae Newspaper, "Reflections", which highlighted the afternoon program. The paper (which will be a regular event) contained items, current and past, which affected "Engle-

woodites"; it gave some their first ideas of what old friends were doing.

The Patriotic Party, held on February 20th, centred around a spaghetti and meat-ball dinner, and a Consequence Game, as entertainment. The school was appropriately decorated with red, white and blue, and the school cafeteria was dubbed the "Mount Vernon Tea Room" for the day.

Plans are now being made for the Alumnae-Auxiliary Card Party on April 26th in the St. Bernard Lyceum.

DETROIT, WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

The annual Bridge Party was held Saturday afternoon, January 15th, in Kern's Auditorium. The success of the party was due in large part to the efforts of the committees appointed by the Chairman, Mrs. John Babcock (Catherine Mahoney). Mrs. F. N. Wilson (Bernadette Macnab, Abbey) was in charge of refreshments; Mrs. T. N. Doherty (Catherine Maher, Woodlawn), table prizes; Mrs. J. W. Matteson (Helen Barrows, Guelph), door prizes; Mrs. V. J. Lordan (Violet Culliton, Stratford), reception; Miss Myrtle Lloyd (Stratford), publicity; Miss Mary Woods (Stratford), tickets; and Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault), tables.

Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anna Bickers, Guelph) was hostess to our January meeting held in her home on East Grand Boulevard. The feature of the evening was a thirty minute review on the book, "Paul Revere and His Time".

We convened at the Detroit Yacht Club for our February meeting, and it was observed that we gathered in the same room in which our February 1924 meeting was held—so long ago. Miss Ivy Bell of Sault Ste. Marie was our guest at luncheon.

March is the one month of the year that we go to Windsor for a meeting. This year we were the guests of Mrs. M. G. Brick (Mary Carmichael, Abbey) at a dessert luncheon in her home in Riverside.

In the spirit of Lent, and under the leadership of Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoe Case, Abbey) we have each pledged ourselves to sew one child's garment to be turned over to the Needlework Guild for charity.

I. D. P.

WINNIPEG CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

Mrs. David O'Meara entertained the members of the Loretto Alumnae at a delightful tea at her home, 277 River Avenue, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 18th. Pouring tea were: Mrs. David Smith, Mrs. G. D. Jordan, Mrs. Robert Macdonald, Mrs. W. H. Stevens, Mrs. C. C. Phelan, Mrs. Donovan Cheatley, Mrs. Andrew Currie, Mrs. Merle Pamp, Mrs. Cyril Sharman and Miss Jean McCrachen.

Conratulations to Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Stevens on the birth of a baby boy, born November tenth. Mrs. Stevens was formerly Miss Sheila Smart.

Miss Veronica O'Meara left for Ottawa November 20th to occupy the post of private secretary to Mr. Ross M. Brown, Director of Public Relations for the Progressive Conservative Party. Miss O'Meara was President of our Loretto Alumnae

Circle for the past year, and the members wish her every success. Mrs. Lorne C. Walker is the newly elected President for 1944.

An enthusiastic group of Loretto Alumnae members meet once a month at Red Cross Headquarters and accomplish a splendid amount of work. During November they made and filled a large number of "Civilian Property Bags" which were forwarded to England to help relieve the need for many necessities no longer procurable in Britain.

J. F. Murphy.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson (Maria Teresa Pesado, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Maria Teresa, on November 21st.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McIntyre (Martha Smet, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Virginia, on November 29th. Virginia is a niece of M. M. St. Magdalen, I.B.V.M.

To Sgt. and Mrs. Thomas Clancy (Helen Breslin, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, on December 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Guerin (Lois Nordberg, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Bonnie Louise, on December 16th.

To Sgt. and Mrs. Matthew Murphy (Mary Daly, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of a son, Thomas Patrick.

To Lt. and Mrs. Martin Greenman (Clare Gregory, Loretto-Englewood) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Lynn, on December 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hiler (Frances Malloy) on the birth of a son, on January 11th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Simutis (Zita Kaspar, Loretto-Englewood Alumna) on the birth of a son, Leonard Junior, on February 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Kastner (Eileen Sevigny, Loretto-Stratford Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Teresa Sharon, on December 31st.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sherrin (Helen Deck) on the birth of a daughter, Frances Margarita, on January 21st. Frances M. has three aunts in Loretto—Mothers M. Vivina and Rosa, and Sr. Mary Judith, I.B.V.M.

To Dr. and Mrs. Grenier, Montreal, on the birth of a son, Gerard, on December 19th. Gerard is a nephew of M. M. de Lourdes, I.B.V.M.

To, P.O. F. B. Duquette and Mrs. Duquette (Patricia O'Donnell, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Daniel Francis, on February 19th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Willard Broderick, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, on the birth of a daughter, Sally Jo, on February 26th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John L. Pollard (Madeline Smyth, Loretto College Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Nora Margaret Mary, on February 12th.

To Capt. John McCabe, R.C.A.M.C. (overseas), and Mrs. McCabe (Kitty Devlin, Loretto College Alumnae on the birth of a son, on March 27th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Joseph Baker (Mary Brimingham, Loretto-Stratford Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Donna Marie, on February 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Jack McMullen (Margaret Flanagan, Loretto-Stratford Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 2nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Quigg (Kathleen Brooks, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Marie Louise, on January 13th. Marie Louise is a niece of M. M. Cecilia, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Horgan (Aileen McDonough, Loretto Alumna) on the recent birth of a son, Michael.

To Dr. and Mrs. Kirvan (Loretto Alumna) of Guelph, on the birth of a daughter, Maureen Judy, on December 9th.

To Mr. Gaston Coupal (a former Loretto-Sedley pupil) and Mrs. Coupal (Mary Campbell) on the birth of a daughter, in January.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Baker (Pauline Bridge, former Loretto-Brunswick pupil) on the birth of a daughter, Lorraine, on January 23rd.

To Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Liston (Kathleen Burns, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a son, John Charles, on February 7th.

To Capt. and Mrs. H. Smylski (Doris Perkalski, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 5th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown (Jane Williamson, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 7th. School days for both parents began at Loretto, Proctor Boulevard.

To A.C.2 James O'Reilly and Mrs. O'Reilly (Audrey Willick, Loretto-Niagara and Loretto Secretarial Alumna) on the birth of a son, Dennis James, on February 3rd. Dennis is a nephew of Sr. M. Carlotta, I.B.V.M.

To L.A.C. Douglas Eatwell and Mrs. Eatwell (Dorothy Smillie, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Dian Marie, on February 24th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hanna (Sibyl Gaynon, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Sharon Patricia, on February 24th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wright (Jo Ann Braden, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Candace Braden, on December 21st.

MARRIAGES

Miss Betty Hunter, Loretto College, 4T0, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter of Niagara Falls, Ont., was married in December, 1943, to Mr. Allan Conway.

Miss Catherine Carroll, Loretto College Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Carroll, was married in February, 1944, to Capt. Edward A. Roberts.

Miss Nancy Chad, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chad (Loretto-Englewood Alumna) was married recently to Capt. James Robert Simpson.

Miss Mary Cecilia Sullivan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mrs. N. Sullivan and the late Mr. Sullivan, was married recently to Lieut. R. D. Alexander.

Miss Mary Jane Murray, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, was married on November 6th to Ensign Edward McGinnis.

Miss Mary Laverne Sullivan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Sullivan, was married on March 11th to Mr. John Hugh Smith.

Miss Rubymae Stanley, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dean Stanley, was married to Mr. William McCullough, in St. Bernard's Church, on November 6th.

Miss Isabel Jones, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Jones, was married to Sgt. Robert M. Schlender, on November 20th, in St. Bernard's Church.

Miss Mary Catherine Neville, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mrs. M. Neville, was married to Mr. John Malone, on February 19th.

Miss Geraldine Quinn, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, was married on November 23rd, to Sgt. Robert Rock in St. Sabina's Church.

Miss Magdalena Phillips, Loretto-Sedley Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Phillips, was married recently to Mr. Ernest Singbeil. The bride is a sister of M.M. Vera, I.B.V.M.

Miss Leonora Hinker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hinker, was married in January 6th to Mr. Raymond Murray. The bride is a sister of Sr. M. Sophia, I.B.V.M., Loretto Novitiate.

SYMPATHY

To Mrs. W. J. Ryan on the death of her husband, and to His Excellency the Most Reverend J. H. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton; Rev. Gordon Ryan, P.P., Freleton and Waterdown; Mr. P. J. Ryan, and Mr. F. Ryan, on the death of their father, Mr. William J. Ryan, on the Feast of the Epiphany.

To Rev. Brother Alfred of the Christian Brothers, Toronto; to Mr. Edward Dooner; and to Miss Minnie Dooner, on the death of their esteemed brother, Rt. Rev. Monsignor William H. Dooner, D.P., P.P., St. Francis Church, Renfrew, on the Feast of the Epiphany; also to Mr. Walter B. Dooner, of Mission Press, Toronto, Monsignor's cousin.

To Mr. McGoey on the recent death of his wife (Loretto Alumna) and to the bereaved family, Rev. Father McGoey; Mrs. David O'Connor (Mary); and Miss Joan McGoey (Loretto College Alumnae).

To Mr. McConvey on the recent death of his wife (Loretto Alumna) and to their bereaved daughters, Mrs. Gilchrist and Miss Dymna (Loretto Alumnae); also to Miss Anne Gilchrist, of Loretto College, a granddaughter of the deceased.

To M. M. Magella, I.B.V.M., on the death on February 30th of her sister, Mrs. Murchi; also to the other bereaved relatives of Mrs. Murchi.

To Mrs. Davis, of Toronto, on the death of her husband, Mr. Arthur Davis, on February 15th, and to their son, Very Reverend W. T. Davis, D.D.; also to Mr. Davis' sister, Miss Eva Davis, of Aberdeen, Scotland.

To Mrs. Fred Eward and Miss Eileen Connolly (Loretto-Niagara Alumnae) and to their brothers, Messrs. Frank J., Charles of the R.C.E., overseas, and James Connolly on the recent death of their mother, Mrs. Nora Connolly; also to Mr. James Connolly, brother of the deceased, and to Mrs. Connolly's nephew, Rev. Harold O'Leary, C.S.B., and to her niece, Miss Helen O'Leary (Loretto Alumna).

To Rev. Cecil Killingsworth, C.S.S.R., Superior of the Redemptorist Juvenate, Toronto; Rev. Norman Killingsworth, C.S.S.R., Calgary; and Messrs. William J., Edward and John Killingsworth, on the death of their father, Mr. William A. Killingsworth, on March 9th; also to the bereaved brothers of the deceased, Messrs. Ed-

ward, Richard and Clyde Killingsworth, and sister, Miss Edith Killingsworth.

To Rev. B. I. Webster, Welland, and to Miss Mary Webster and Mrs. Michael O'Brien, St. Catharines on the death of their sister, Miss Margaret Webster, on March 18th.

To Mother M. Ambrose of the Ursuline Community, London, Ont.; Mrs. F. J. Fitzpatrick, and Mrs. W. J. Finnigan, Toronto, on the death of their brother, Mr. D. A. O'Connor, on January 1st, in Texas.

To Rev. Vincent Baker, of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto; also to his brothers and his sister, Mrs. M. Fitzgibbon, of St. Catharines, on the death of their sister, Miss Kathleen Cecilia Baker, L.L.C.M., who for many years was music teacher, church organist, sacristan and efficient teacher in catechism classes.

To Rev. John A. Kelly, chaplain, De La Salle, Oaklands; Mrs. C. Wheildon, and Miss Clara Kelly, R.N., Toronto, on the death of their father, Mr. Robert W. Kelly, on December 30th; also to Mr. Kelly's brother, Mr. J. J. Kelly.

To Mrs. MacMahon, of Hamilton, on the death of her husband, Mr. James H. MacMahon, on January 12th; and to his bereaved daughters, Mrs. A. St. Michael and Miss Joan MacMahon; also to Misses Mary, Alice and Rose MacMahon, of Toronto, and Mrs. F. J. Perry, of Vancouver, who lost another esteemed brother, Rev. T. J. MacMahon, S.J., on October 7th, 1943.

To Mrs. Halloran, of Los Angeles, Calif., on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick M. Halloran, and to the bereaved family, Messrs. William Halloran, San Francisco; Paul, Louisville; James, Oakland, Calif.; Dr. Philip, Los Angeles; Mother Marie Paul, Missionaries of Mary, Quebec; Mrs. Clifton Williams; Mrs. Lownds Maury; Mrs. James Flick; Misses Jeannette and Mary, of Hamilton; and Miss Patricia, at home; also to Mr. Halloran's brothers, and his sisters, Mother M. Mechilde, I.B.V.M., and Miss Catherine Halloran, of Hamilton. The late Sister Bonaventure, St. Joseph's Community, Hamilton, was another sister.

To Rev. Achille Brunet, S.J., Montreal; Messrs. John, Moise, Wilfred, Henry and Allyre Brunet; Mrs. John Sibbald (Grace); Mrs. Thomas Donnelly (Adele); Mrs. John Kolbe (Marie); and Mrs. Clarence Bauman (Beatrice), on the death, March 12th, of their dear sister, Miss Genevieve Brunet, Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna, of class 1935.

To Mr. and Mrs. George West (Anne McCann, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the recent death of their little son.

To Mrs. Hickey, of Toronto, on the death of her husband, Mr. James Joseph Hickey, on January 9th, and to the bereaved sons and daughters, Rev. Louis J. Hickey; Thomas Hickey, R.C.E.; and the Misses Loretto and Crescentia Hickey; also to Mr. Hickey's sisters, M.M. Crescentia, I.B.V.M., and Mrs. Leo Cunningham; and to his brothers.

To Mrs. Hickey, of Detroit, on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick Joseph Hickey, on February 15th, and to his bereaved daughter, Mrs. John Adams (Mary); and sons, Mr. Fergus Hickey (and family); and Francis Hickey, U.S. Navy, of California; also to Mr. Hickey's brothers and

sisters, especially M.M. Crescentia, I.B.V.M., and to his bereaved nephews and nieces.

To M.M. Oswald, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Miss Rose Dietrich, and to the other members of the bereaved family.

To Sisters M. St. Paul and Augustine of Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough, on the death of their sister, Sister M. Imelda, C.S.J., on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 11th, at Mount St. Joseph, Peterborough, and to Mr. Frank Campbell and Mr. John Campbell, brothers of the deceased.

To M.M. St. Margaret, I.B.V.M., dean of Loretto College, on the sudden death on March 16th of her devoted aunt, Miss Marie Conlon, in California.

To Mrs. Bélanger, on the death of her husband, Mr. T. J. Bélanger, and to the bereaved family, Rev. Fathers Bernard and Alphonse Bélanger; Messrs. Laurence, Gerard, and Raymond Bélanger; and Misses Agnes and Monica Bélanger.

To Mr. J. A. Cassin and Mr. J. T. Cassin on the death of their sister, Miss Margaret Z. Cassin; also to Miss Cassin's nieces, especially M.M. St. Philomena, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. John Armstrong and Miss Mary Armstrong on the death of their father, Mr. John Armstrong, of Wildfield, on January 16th; also to his bereaved sisters, M.M. Marcella, I.B.V.M., and Miss Ellen Armstrong.

To Mrs. Dwyer on the death of her husband, Mr. Joseph F. Dwyer, on February 13th; and to the bereaved family, Rev. Gerard Dwyer, Mr. John F. Dwyer, Mrs. Anthony Tarrant, and Misses Mary and Kathleen Dwyer.

To Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne, Toronto, on the recent death of their son, L.A.C. Donald Joseph Byrne, R.C.A.F., and to his bereaved brothers, Messrs. Jerome, Robert and Norman Byrne; and sisters, Mrs. G. H. Conlin, Nora and Dorothy (Loretto-Abbey Alumnae).

To Miss Agnes Malloy, student, Loretto-Englewood, on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. William Malloy.

To Mrs. Fennell, on the death of her husband, Mr. John Fennell, on December 23rd, and the bereaved family, also to Miss Helen Fennell, Loretto-Englewood Alumna.

To Miss Patricia McWilliams, Loretto-Englewood student, on the death of her father, Mr. Thomas McWilliams, on February 15th.

To the Misses Dolores and Marion Webster, Loretto-Englewood Alumnae, and to Miss Jean, Loretto student, on the recent death of their father, Mr. J. H. Webster.

To Mrs. Margaret Bowden (Loretto Alumna) on the death, in December, of her son, Sgt. George W. Bowden, in assault on Tarawa, Gilbert Islands, and to the bereaved brothers and sisters of the deceased, James, Robert, Margaret and Ruth.

To Mrs. Harty on the death of her husband, Mr. John Harty, and to the bereaved family; also to Mr. Harty's brothers and sisters, especially, Rev. K. Harty and M.M. Paula, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Thomas Fitzpatrick on the death of his wife, on January 15th; also to M.M. Melita, I.B.V.M., and Miss Frances Lynett, sisters of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

To M.M. Angels, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Miss Elizabeth O'Connor, on March 8th, and to Miss O'Connor's nephews and nieces, especially

Sister M. St. John, C.S.J., North Bay; M.M. Ferdinand, I.B.V.M., Superior, Loretto-Sedley; M.M. Delphine, I.B.V.M., and Sister O'Connor, of the Sisters of Service, Toronto. Miss O'Connor was a sister of the late Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto, and of Mothers M. Magdalena and Evangelista, I.B.V.M.; also of two Sisters of St. Joseph's Community.

To Mother M. Ambrose, I.B.V.M., Superior, Loretto College, Toronto, on the sudden death of her sister, Miss Helen McGuire (Nell), in Eire, January, 1944.

To Sister M. St. Stephen, I.B.V.M.; Mrs. Klinghammer (Geraldine); and Sub-Lieutenant Jack Kelly, R.C.N.V.R., on the sudden death of their father, Mr. John Kelly, of Brantford, on January 30th; also to Mr. Kelly's brother, Mr. Thomas Kelly.

To Controller and Mrs. David Balfour (Loretto Alumna) on the death of their son, Pte. Ronald E. Balfour, of the 48th Highlanders, killed in action overseas; and to his bereaved sister and four brothers; also to his devoted grandmother, Mrs. Defoe, and his uncles and aunts, especially M.M. Philip Neri, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Forristal (Anna O'Meara, Loretto Alumna), on the death of her husband, Mr. Jack Forristal, London; and to the bereaved family, Miss Eleanor Anne (Loretto Abbey and Brescia Hall Alumna) and Pte. John Forristal; also to Rt. Rev.

L. M. Forristal, D.P., St. Peter's Seminary; Mr. Frank and Mr. William Forristal; Mother Philomena, Brescia Hall; Mrs. P. Quinlan, and Mrs. Muga, brothers and sisters of the deceased.

To Rev. Dr. James Gillis, Editor of The Catholic World, on the recent death of his sister, Miss Mary Gillis.

To Mrs. Kelly on the recent death of her husband, Mr. Edward Kelly, and to their bereaved daughter, Miss Marie Kelly, Loretto-Niagara Alumna; also to Mr. Kelly's sister, Mrs. S. Hanna.

To Miss Catherine Ellis on the death of her brother, Mr. Ellis, on February 16th. The late Mrs. Flaherty (Josie, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) was a sister of the deceased.

To Miss Mary Hurley, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. John Hurley.

To Miss Marion Vincent, Loretto-Englewood student, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Alma Vincent, on December 13th.

To Mr. N. J. O'Neil, of Toronto; Mr. J. D. O'Neil, and to Misses Kathleen and Margaret O'Neil, of Brantford, on the recent death of their sister, Miss Eleanor O'Neil.

To Mrs. Myers on the death of her husband, Mr. George Myers, on January 6th, and to their bereaved daughter, Laura, Mrs. J. Benham, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Jan. 4—Happy greetings resound through the Abbey as we assemble after a wonderful holiday for another term of good work.

Jan. 10—Our finest skating rink in years is now the centre of sport interest. There is considerable ambition in the School and great competition among the youthful would-be Sonja Henias. Spirals, spins, and intricate figures have a great fascination for both skaters and spectators.

Jan. 12—Congratulations to our Catholic Truth Committee on their clever radio broadcast.

Jan. 19—Reverend Father Sharkey, of St. Francis Xavier Seminary, entertained us with interesting stories of China and its people, and then, his "magic feats" held us in breathless wonder.

Jan. 21—At last we have had the privilege of a formal presentation, and of expressing greeting to our beloved Mother General. Much as we rejoice in our dear teacher's great honour, in being elected Reverend Mother General, we miss her classes more than we can say. However, we rejoice that we are at the Mother-house.

Jan. 23—Mother Mary Ward's Birthday! A programme and party in her honour—as Foundress of the I.B.V.M. Reverend Father Fraser, our Abbey Chaplain, was guest of honour.

Jan. 29—We mourn to-day for our dear Mother Angelina. Her famous Classes in Mathematics and Latin will never be forgotten by her grateful pupils. Her kindness and friendliness endeared her to us. We, who are still struggling

with the complications of x, y and z, should find inspiration, with a new Saint in Heaven to guide us.

Jan. 30—The students of the Abbey offer Sister M. St. Stephen their sympathy on the death of her father.

Feb. 2—Reverend Father MacNeil, S.J., held us enthralled as he related his experiences in England following Dunkirk and Dieppe. His story of Lourdes left us breathless. Father's visit made a wonderful afternoon!

Feb. 8—Turtle-neck sweaters and seamen's stockings are much in evidence. Even those who have never knitted before are knitting industriously under the expert direction of Sister Kyran.

Feb. 11—Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes! White-veiled, carrying lighted tapers, Abbey girls, down to the little tots, formed a picturesque procession in honour of Our Blessed Mother. Kneeling before her beautiful Shrine we renewed our Act of Consecration and pledged ourselves anew to the service of our Queen.

Feb. 16—An excellent display of new Catholic books, magazines and pamphlets adds great interest to our flourishing library.

Stimulating book reviews by our Shirley Newcombe and her Catholic Truth Committee have aroused keen interest.

Joan MacDonald reports many interesting new pamphlets. The pamphlet library is doing a flourishing business in the cause of Catholic Truth.

Feb. 22—Second Year entertain at a delightful Shrove Tuesday party for their war work effort. Congratulations, Second Year! It was delightful—a real success!

Feb. 23—Courageously we start the Holy season of Lent, determined to carry out faithfully our "Daily Six".

Feb. 25—A visit to the Art Gallery where we spent an interesting afternoon among pictures by the old masters, and some contemporary artists.

March 8—At Sodality to-day plans were made for Vocation Week. Our Red Cross drive was opened.

March 10—Our game with St. Joseph's was successful—for our opponents. Congratulations St. Joseph's!

March 12-19—Vocation Week! The highlights of this very important week were: Inspiring talks by Reverend Father Keating and Reverend Father Fullerton; tableaux picturing the various vocations for girls, presented by the Sodalists on Wednesday—very effective!

We are grateful to Miss Hickey for a most interesting talk on "Nursing", as a profession, and to Helen LaBine, Frances O'Grady, Joanne McWilliam, Norma McQueen, Catherine Givens, and Alice Buscher for talks on other noble careers.

March 13: Congratulations to Fourth Year on their delightful and quite pretentious Class Paper, "The Fourth Former".

March 15—An unusually interesting recital by members of the Loretto Orchestra and the violin pupils.

PROGRAMME

- To Spring Blachford
Barbara Knips
- Light Cavalry Lind
Joseph Kozak
- June Days Aubry
Anne Quigley
- Schmetterlinge Lege
Margaret La Bine
- The Little Chatterbox Saenger
Joseph McDonough
- Waltz in G McIntyre
Claire Fluet
- Minuets in G Bach
John Toorish
- Badinage Lee
Monica Wilson, Elizabeth Gilding
- Gavotte Handel
Mary Helen Guinane
- Marche Mignonne Poldini
Therese Charron
- Minuet Beethoven
Barbara Buck
- Air and Variatlons Dancla
Patricia McDonough
- Londonderry Air Thompson
(Arranged for the left hand)
Marion Kelly
- Concerto in G Seitz
Adagio—Allegretto Moderato
Anne Brennan
- Traumerei Schumann
- Gavotte Gossec
Rose Marie Bernard
- The Butterfly Lavallee
Barbara Murphy

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- St. Mary's Church, Tillsonburg.
- New Cathedral of Christ the King,
Hamilton.

HAMILTON, CANADA.
(Pigott Building).

- Berceuse Jarnefelt
- Mazourka Wieniauski
Yolanda Bernard
- Orientale Cesar Cui
Beatrice Margolis
- Concerto in A minor Accolay
Allegro Moderato
Maggiore
Janine Roy
- Thou Art Sweet Peace Schubert
Victoria Douglas

INTERMISSION

- O Sanctissima Sicilian Melody
- Rustic Dance Woodhouse
- Waltz A flat Brahms
- Three Irish Melodies Woodhouse
Loretto Orchestra
God Save the King

LORETTO ORCHESTRA

Victoria Douglas—Conductor
Noreen Priestly—Pianist

- Yolanda Bernard, Rose Marie Bernard, Joyce Cabral, Jane Dalziel, Claire Fluet, Marjorie Gilding, Mary Helen Guinane, Lorna Lloyd, Cecilia La Tour, Patricia McDonough, Eloise Mac-Innis, Grace Norman, Janine Roy, Joan Shinnick.

ACCOMPANISTS

Joan Malloy, Joanne McWilliam, Jane Timmins, Pauline McDonough, Alice Buscher, Jacqueline Ricard, Lois Kennedy, Kathleen Buck, Joyce Predhomme, Eileen Douglas, A.T.C.M.



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LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Jan. 21, 22, 23—Father McGuire, S.J. conducted our annual school retreat. His talks were full of inspiration for the new year.

Jan. 23—Mother Mary Ward's birthday; a banquet held in the auditorium; after-dinner speeches given by Reverend Fathers McGuire, H. J. Higgins and A. L. Ryan. Miss Mary Pat Hurley gave an interesting account of the life of Mother Mary Ward and Miss Muriel Goetz, a "Discourse on Verity."

Feb. 14—St. Valentine's Day marked by a visit from Father F. Diemert, recently returned from China. Father Diemert told us about many odd customs of the Chinese, and we were amused by the Chinese ideas of etiquette—as they might be by ours!

Feb. 27, 28—Presentation of our play, "The Saint of Chelsea", was a splendid success—due to Mother M. Eva's untiring effort; and kindly suggestions from the writer of it, Mother M. St. Clare.

Feb. 25—Miss Delmage, R.N., spoke to Home-Nursing Class about the many advantages of a nurse's training. Ninth and Tenth Grades had their health posters on display.

March 6—A second treat from the China missions! Father Maloney told of mission experiences, and was very obliging in writing Chinese characters on our school books.

March 7—Rev. Mother Victorine, new Mother General, paid us a visit to-day. Each of us had the honour of being presented to her. The visit coincided with Grade X oratoricals; Mother

General and Mother Superior acted as judges. Elaine Hinds and Patricia Hanion were the winners. Congratulations!

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

Jan. 5, 6, 7—The girls of Loretto-Niagara opened the New Year with the annual retreat. Under the guidance of Rev. J. Hennessey, S.J., three days were passed in enriching our souls and minds.

Jan. 10—Classes recommence! We were all very sorry to learn that our dear Mother St. Clare and Mother Augusta had been transferred to Toronto; however, Mother Veronica and Mother Eymard, who have replaced them, make us feel that "life is still worth living."

Jan. 19—A visit from Fr. Gerald Doyle one of the missionaries repatriated on the Gripsholm, from China. Fr. Doyle gave us a very enlightening talk on life in a concentration camp. He told us that unless immediate assistance is sent to these camps, especially Stanley Camp, Hong Kong, many of the prisoners will die.

Jan. 20—The faculty and students attended a Mass offered by Father Doyle for our brothers, relatives and friends in the armed forces. Father Doyle who is a brother of our Mother M. St. Michael, paid a visit to Loretto, Niagara, shortly before leaving for China several years ago.

Jan. 24—A half holiday! Those among us, who are athletically inclined spent the afternoon at the arena, while the rest of us mortals enjoyed a "movie" leaving happy memories of another Mary Ward birthday.

Jan. 25—Once again our House rivalry is resumed. This time—a brisk basketball game—score: Mary Ward House, 24; Teresa Dease House, 10.

Jan. 27—Although the Teresa Dease House obtained much needed reinforcements for its basketball team, Mary Ward again triumphed 16-12. Congratulations, Mary Ward House!

Jan. 31—Examinations are upon us! "Why didn't I study during the Christmas vacation?" useless query!

Feb. 2—The school visited St. Patrick's Hall "en masse" this afternoon. The occasion: A presentation of the play "Aunt Minnie from Minnesota"—with our own Betty Gregus in the leading rôle. Congratulations, Betty, and all the Catholic Social Cub for this most successful entertainment!

Feb. 3—Annual Loretto Sodality Reception. Father Wilfred Smith, O'Carroll, addressed the new members, outlining for them their duties as Children of Mary.

Feb. 10—Fourth Form's Modern History Class was the scene of a most interesting debate. The affirmative was ably presented by Dorothy Dawson and Adria Kuntz; the negative by Betty Gregus and Helen Brown. Congratulations to the victors! Somehow or other the affirmative won.

Feb. 12—Third Form's Valentine Party! This year the occasion was marked by the year's heaviest snowfall. Congratulations to Third Form for a delightful afternoon; and also to the girls from Thorold and St. Catharines who travelled—miles, to make the party a success! That is school spirit!

Feb. 22—Shrove Tuesday. Mary Ward House entertained the Teresa Dease House with a box social. \$34 realized—which is to help to send a girl to the Summer School of Catholic Action. Congratulations!

Feb. 23—Ash Wednesday arrives and an opportunity to prepare ourselves for a holy and happy Easter.

Feb. 25—Father Vincent P. McCorry, S.J., from Canisius College, Buffalo, brought his Bureau of Speakers to talk to us on the Negro question. The speakers were Miss Ann Weppner, Holy Angels Academy, Buffalo. Mr. William Jacobs and Mr. Keven Glynn, of Canisius College.

March 1—The parts for the senior play—which is to be "Disraeli" this year—were assigned. They are: Disraeli—Rosemary Haydock; Lady Clarissa—Betty Gregus; Charles—Lorraine Ganter; Lady Beaconsfield—Rosemary Deleo; Sir Michael Probert—Frances Borelli; Mrs. Travers—Dorothy Hatch; Duke of Glastonbury—Phyllis Hallworth; Duchess of Glastonbury—Helen Miller; Lady Cudworth—Judy Cross; Lord Cudworth—Jenny Franklin; Lady Brooke—Sandy Smeaton; Lord Brooke—Ruth Macklem; Hugh Myers—Margaret Beney; Foljambe—Helen Brown; Potter—Dorothy Dawson; Flocks—Mary Helen Brick; Mr. Tearle—Adria Kuntz; Butler—Betty Madia.

March 8—The younger set took the spotlight as First Form encountered Eighth Grade in a strenuous basketball game. Eighth Grade won with a score of 30-28.

March 9—Prefect, Dorothy Hatch, conducted our monthly Sodality meeting. Plans working out encouragingly.

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March 12—Father Kelly paid us a flying visit and said Mass for us in the Chapel.

March 17—On this St. Patrick's Day we were honoured in having Miss Joan Rowland, of Toronto, play for us a number of advanced piano numbers. Miss Rowland, though only thirteen, is to make her professional debut in April. On the musical programme we had, also, Irish vocal solos by Jean Brass, Helen Miller, Dorothy Hatch and Sandy Smeaton; a vocal duet by Dorothy Hatch and Marjorie White. Dawn White contributed to the enjoyment of the entertainment by doing in her graceful and charming style two tap dances. Later we enjoyed the party which Teresa Dease House gave for the Mary Ward House.

March 18—Many of the girls went to Kleinhans's Music Hall in Buffalo for the annual W.N.Y.S.S. Convention. This year the subject was "Interracial Justice."

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Jan. 10—School reopens for 1944! With New Year's resolutions still fresh in our minds, we are determined to make this the best year ever.

Jan. 14—A visit from Sister Mary Grace, C.S.J., accompanied by a representative from Nurses' Association who spoke to us about the value of nursing as a career. Doubtless it has its attractions. Ask Genevieve.

Jan. 28—Inevitable exams—but we shall survive—and have courage to laugh at our fears!

Feb. 1—Rush, rush! Everyone excited over the forthcoming dance. No in-between minutes lost!

Feb. 8—Basketball game at Dundas, with our seniors as losers, but our faithful juniors saving our reputation. The scores, 14-9; 20-11.

Feb. 10—The long-awaited day has arrived! Our first Loretto At Home! Last minute decorating in the afternoon, then rushing off to get "prettied" up for the evening. (Some of us even managed to "squeeze" in the concert by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.) Our teachers had a difficult time recognizing us—such dignity they have never seen before—in us, at least. The gym was decorated in a Valentine motif. Music supplied by Len Salci and his orchestra. At intermission, lunch was served by members of the Parent-Teacher Association. The patrons and patronesses were the mothers and fathers of the graduates and the presidents of the Parent-Teacher Association and Alumnae.

Feb. 17—Our first game with Westdale but, alas and alas, we lost, 16-15.

Feb. 26—The Alumnae held a giant Bingo game and Penny Sale in our gym. The boarders attended "en famille" and enjoyed staying up late, but not the disappointment that luck was not with them.

March 1—This time we were determined to win against Westdale, but ended by tying the score, 14-14.

March 2—Basketball games with Burlington. We stole the show this time—winning both games.

March 4—Our contribution to the War Savings Stamp Drive—we played Westdale at Westdale and, although we lost the game 20-17, Westdale sold over \$300.00 worth of stamps. Good game!

March 7—Father's night! To-night we entertained our fathers at the Parent-Teacher meeting with a number of songs. Mr. H. R. Beattie, head of Career Planning Committee in Hamilton, as guest speaker, gave us a new outlook on life. Life isn't bad at all—if you get into your right sphere.

March 10—Our new Mother General was welcomed and entertained with a musical programme.

March 9-March 16—Red Cross Week. This week was dedicated entirely to raising funds for the Red Cross. At the end of the week we were very proud to be able to have \$150.00 for the Red Cross, as our contribution to this noble organization. Each class sponsored one day's activity.

March 9—The campaign began with Grade IX's "Midway". A fish pond attracted the juniors, while the seniors patronized the Spook-House; and the photographers' and fortune teller's booths.

March 10—School Tag Day sponsored by Grades III and IV. Who could refuse the dainty little Red Cross maids who met us at every turn?

March 13—Penny March—Grade XII. We wonder how Louise and Blanche carried all their pennies.

March 14—Penny Sale—Grades VII and VIII. The thermometer on our poster went quite out of bounds.

March 15—"Command Performance"—Hollywood comes to Loretto—Grade X. Good fun and good success.

March 16—Farce by Grade XI (or was it wholly a farce?) "School! We love it!"

We are yet to enjoy Grade XIII's "Fashions of 1960"; Grades 1 and 2 and Grades 5 and 6 are also preparing days of entertainment for us. The proceeds of these last three performances will help swell the fund to be presented to the Red Cross at Graduation.

Ann Beatty, XIII.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

Jan. 13—Tryouts for senior play, "Letters To Lucerne". Prospects quite good.

Jan. 25-26—Seniors and juniors begin examinations as Under-classmen commence retreat.

Jan. 26-28—Father Edward Barron guides the Senior Sodality in three days of recollection. Freshmen and Sophomores absorbing knowledge for exams.

Jan. 30—Alumnae have a one-day retreat conducted by Father Fenton of St. Rita Church.

Feb. 3—Photographers start taking pictures for our bigger and better year book. Smiles and smiles!

Feb. 8—Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors have a tryout for the Lorelei Staff, and seventeen aspirants reach their goal.

Feb. 11—Loretto (Englewood) was represented in the Chicago Youth Conference held in the Council Chambers of the City Hall to combat Juvenile Delinquency. Margaret Egan was the delegate; Rita Boyle, alternate.

Feb. 13—Loretto's Glee Club participates in the Choral Clinic and receives commendation.

The "Forgotten Man," Father, was feted by the Seniors when they entertained their fathers in St. Bernard's Lyceum. Father James Toolan, Q.S.V., school chaplain, addressed the merrymakers.



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Feb. 24—Saint Thomas Aquinas symposium held in school. Speakers were Rita Mae Conlan, Margaret Egan, Marguerite Kuhn, Phyllis Corrigan, Louise Geissler, Barbara Battle, and Patricia Stedman. Marge Egan came out winner.

Seniors begin research work at the public library for their five-thousand-word themes, required in English class.

Feb. 27-28—Our annual physical education demonstration given for parents and friends was outstandingly good, due to the untiring efforts of Mrs. Kishler, director.

Saint Thomas Aquinas orators met at Feanick High School. Thirteen schools competed. Congratulations to our Margaret Egan who came out a winner!

March 1—Photographers here again. More pictures for the year book, more smiles.

March 8—Movie provided by the Telephone Company. Good picture, much enjoyment.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Jan. 2—Loretto students, in uniform, occupied the centre aisle in St. Mary's Church, and received Holy Communion in a body. Our first monthly Communion Sunday of the New Year.

Jan. 3—Christmas holidays really over, we settle down to classroom tasks, with many pleasant memories.

Jan. 18—Church Unity Octave observed with wholehearted student support. Daily prayers, special hymn, and an appropriate play marked the event.

Jan. 24—Again the birthday of our dear Mother Mary Ward, Foundress of the I.B.V.M., was honoured by a festive celebration. A dinner party, sponsored by the Sodality, was well attended.

Jan. 25—Yes, semester examinations are here again—but, we are hoping for the best!

Feb. 14—The door prize seemed the centre of attraction at the Valentine party given by the Sophomores. It was a pleasant affair altogether.

Feb. 15—"Little Women", well received. In the peals of laughter from the audience which filled Baraga Auditorium, the Seniors and directors were well repaid for their labours.

March 13—Father Lord's vivacious skit, "High Ways", presented by the Seniors, again stole the hearts of all present.

March 16—Freshmen entertained St. Mary's Eighth Grade at a St. Patrick's Day party. All happy, entertainers and entertained.

March 27, 28, 29—As a slight penance for Lent, we are accepting the examinations this time in a becomingly cheerful manner.

April 3, 4, 5—How could Holy Week be better observed by us than by making the annual school retreat these days? Under the spiritual direction of the Rev. Martin Carrabine, S.J., Director of Cisca, Chicago, we were geared to a new high in our outlook on things of time, and of eternity.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN.

Sept. 13—The scholastic year opened with the Mass of the Holy Ghost in the gymnasium at 8.30 o'clock. Loretto this year has a top record of 380 students, 133 of whom are Freshmen; a new Mother Superior in the person of Mother M. Denise, and a new principal, Mother M. Juana, both former teachers of Loretto.

Sept. 14—The Sodality's first meeting was conducted under the guidance of our moderator, Mother M. Alureda, and our new prefect, Jean Kehoe. "Ad Jesum per Mariam" is our Sodality aim.

Sept. 23—Senior Class elections. The officers of '43 were re-elected as the class officers of 1944. They were as follows: Virginia Dearka, president; Mary Doyle, secretary-treasurer; Constance Early, vice-president.

Sept. 28—Freshman initiation. Yes, the newcomers looked very conspicuous in their green bows and pigtails, but it was all taken admirably, and the Seniors and Freshmen were glad to have the opportunity to get acquainted.

Sept. 29—First big event held by the G.A.A. this year included different types of races, in which the whole school took part. Awards went to the winners.

Sept. 29—Seniors held a party for the Freshmen on the school grounds, which climaxed the gaiety and fun of initiation.

Oct. 8—The Dramatic Club presented a tableau in honor of the feast day of our Superior, Mother Denise. The theme of the performance was "Mother," and each class had a distinctive remembrance for Mother Superior.

Oct. 9—Feast of the Holy Rosary. The school paid tribute to Our Lady by an outdoor rosary and hymns.

Oct. 27—Hallowe'en Party by the Juniors. An original Hallowe'en skit; songs, games, and a special game and prizes for the nuns.

Oct. 29th—The Annual Loretto Mother's Auxiliary Dance held at the Crystal Ballroom of the Shoreland Hotel. Every one had a wonderful evening; the affair was a grand success.

Nov. 5-8—Semester Exams. Busy week-time, with facts and figures floating around in every student's brain.

Nov. 9-11—The Seniors had the privilege of making a closed retreat at the Cenacle; Rev. John C. Malone, S.J., was retreat-master. At the same time, Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors also had a three-day period of recollection, conducted by Rev. John Sullivan, S.J., here, in the school.

Nov. 27—Senior Sodality conducted a skating party, which was enjoyed immensely.

Dec. 14—Rev. Father Finn, conductor of the Paulist Choir, held a rehearsal of his newly-organized girls' choir here at Loretto. It was an honor and pleasure to welcome Father Finn.

Dec. 17—The halls of Loretto re-echoed the Christmas carols of the students as they marched in a candlelight procession—a tradition of our school. The Glee Club and orchestra participated. There followed a Christmas play entitled "The Legend of the Orb," given by the Dramatic Club. Its theme was, "True love, not hatred, for fellow-men." Peace and love to our hearts—the true spirit of Christmas.

Dec. 26—The Sodality sponsored a holiday dance in the gymnasium this afternoon. It was called the Snowball! Cheerful name, isn't it?

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Dec. 28—Party and gifts for the little Mexican mission here in Chicago. The students were eager to show them a good time, and we are sure that Christmas was a happier one for those little people, as a result.

Jan. 5—Preparation and practice begun for our annual Gym Demonstration to be held around Valentine's Day.

Jan. 23—Happy celebration of the birthday of Mother Mary Ward, 17th century Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary—members of which are our dear teachers.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVE.

Jan. 3—Back to school still full of enthusiasm over those New Year's resolutions. Perseverance will win out.

Jan. 12—A new mission project just adopted. We plan to start a fund for a new mission chapel via the Catholic Extension Society. A worthy undertaking. We ask God's blessing on it.

Jan. 13—Greetings to Mother Superior on her feast day!

Jan. 21—One of the big days in every Loretto school year—Mary Ward's birthday—falls on Sunday unfortunately. Brunswick celebrated on the twenty-first instead. We enjoyed the slides of pictures from the life of the beloved foundress. Father Burns, S.J., also gave a very inspiring talk on Mother Mary Ward.

Jan. 24—One of the highlights of our celebration for Mary Ward's Day was a competition in which the girls made mountings for tiny photo picture of Mary Ward. A really grand showing

of artistic ability. The winners were announced to-day as follows: Junior College, Helen Adams; Grade XII, Muriel Anderson; Grade XI-A, Marie LaLiberté; Grade XI-B, Doris Marcil; Grade X-A, Clare Cicone; Grade X-B, Ruth McDonald; Grade IX-A, Alice Anderson; Grade IX-B, Betty Grady; Grade I-C, Patricia Ryan; Secretarial, Margaret McMahon and Joan Conway.

Jan. 28—The largely discussed debate between Junior College and Grade XII. Resolved: "Modern Youth Is Material Minded." Contrary to prediction, the affirmative upheld by Junior College won.

Feb. 1-2—Junior retreat for Grades VII, VIII and IX. conducted by Father Gallery, C.S.S.R.

Feb. 11—The Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. Appropriately celebrated with a talk by Father MacNeill, S.J., R.C.A.F., chaplain at Manning Depot, on his own experiences at Lourdes. We presented Father with a collection of literature for the boys at Manning Depot. A wide field for Catholic Action.

Feb. 7-16—Kiwanis Musical Festival, Loretto Brunswick was represented by Mary-Lou McGregor, Monica Paul, Ethel M. Farkas and Barbara Buck; Monica, Mary-Lou and Ethel won honours in their respective classes. Congratulations!

Feb. 15-17—The Seniors' retreat for Grades XI, XII, and Junior College. Father Hennessey, S.J., who conducted it, was most helpful in giving the girls a fuller appreciation of their responsibilities as Catholic young ladies.

Feb. 21—Rev. Dr. Ronan paid us another of his delightfully informal visits, to put us through our paces in our selections for graduation. We hope for more of these calls with the approach of the Inter-Loretto Musical Festival.

Feb. 23—New-style note for Brunswick girls. A pretty, black, grosgrain ribbon to improve our uniforms.

March 1—Junior College marked Catholic Press Month, a day after, by presenting a most enjoyable symposium on modern Catholic writers and their field.

March 8-9—Grade X enjoying their annual retreat. They have as guests the girls of Loretto High School, who also seem deeply impressed by the conferences which are being given by Father Stone, C.S.P.

March 10—Not to be outdone, Grade IX-B, presented a highly intellectual symposium on the topic of "Catholic Literature". Such interest shown by freshmen is promising.

March 3—In order to take a step in the collection for the chapel we are beginning, Junior College gave a most enjoyable concert. The novelty of it lent as much appeal as the actual material!

March 13—This afternoon we were honoured by a visit and talk from Father Fullerton, R.C.A.F., on that vital topic, the choice of a vocation.

March 14—Father McDonagh is leaving a western chapel for us to build and to name, thus complying with our wishes.

March 20—The drive for the Catholic high schools was launched. We are contributing our Lenten sacrifice money for the remaining weeks to the great cause urged by our dear Archbishop.

Mary Hickey.

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OF LORETTO RAINBOW will
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 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.



July - 1944



To

Our Lady of Fatima

*to whose Immaculate Heart the world
has been consecrated*

by

Our Present Holy Father, Pius 12,

we lovingly dedicate this

Mid-summer Issue of Loretto Rainbow

1944

3

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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 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 — 1847-1944



❧

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.



Jacinta of Fatima



JACINTA

(Jacinta of Fatima)

O CHILD, the eyes of thee are black as night,
 Didst take thy colour from that night of strife?
 Ah, no! I gaze once more and see the life
 A-welling from thy soul, a shining light.
 Jacinta, lovely is thy soul, bedight
 With grace and formed by Sculptress Mary's knife,
 Ecstatic pain and human; thou her fife
 Wast made, and played a song of truth and right.

And have we heard — oh, have we heard the song
 And answered not? For newer night, more long,
 Hath fallen, thickly black, o'er this our world;
 But lo! Within that dark a flag's unfurled
 Of hope; O nations, let us kneel and pray!
 Our Lady's song goes singing on, this day!

Our Lady of Fátima*



For some time past in many American, and Canadian Catholic papers, enlightening articles have been appearing on the subject of Our Lady's apparitions in 1917 at Fátima, in the centre of Portugal, about sixty miles north of Lisbon. As we are privileged in having as frontispiece in this issue of Loretto Rainbow an ideal picture, by Mother M. Nealis, R.C.S.J., of Jacinta Marto, one of the three children who beheld the "beautiful Lady," and heard her words, we shall make here a brief mention of a few of the astounding facts.

On May 13, 1917, Lucia de Jesus dos Santos, ten years old; her cousin, Francisco Marto, aged nine, and his little sister, Jacinta, seven, while tending their sheep, and playing about, paused at noon to eat their lunch and, as daily, said the Rosary. As they returned to play, a lightning flash made them hasten to gather their sheep, to take them home before the storm—although the sky was clear. Suddenly, at a second flash they

all turned to the right, and saw, directly above a small oak tree a dazzling light in the centre of which was a most beautiful Lady, who told them to come nearer; she would not harm them. For some time they remained in speechless admiration of her loveliness, then Lucia ventured to ask her who she was and if she wished for something. The Lady answered that she had come from heaven, and she wished them to return to this spot—Cova da Iria—at the same hour on the 13th of each month until October. On the 13th of that month she would tell them who she was and what she wished.

To the Lady's inquiry as to their willingness to suffer whatever God would send them to bear, to make reparation for sin and to win sinners back to God, Lucia replied that they were all willing.

Finding themselves alone again, they decided not to tell anyone about the beautiful Lady—just yet. People would only say they were telling untruths, and they might be punished at home. But Jacinta could not keep the lovely secret from her mother who, naturally, finding it hard to believe, questioned Francisco. As he gave the same account of the Lady, inquiries were made next morning at their cousin's home. Lucia gave a full account of all she had seen and heard. The children were then brought to the parish priest, and when questioned repeated the marvellous story, not forgetting to mention that the beautiful Lady was coming again on the 13th of every month till October; and that on the 13th of that month she would tell who she was and what she wished.

Although, like Bernadette of Lourdes, these simple, honest peasant children were subjected to taunts and the scorn of those who would not believe them, they neither altered the account of their experience at Cova, nor wavered in their determination to keep the appointment with the Lady on June 13th.

When that day arrived, notwithstanding the incredulity and opposition that prevailed, some fifty persons, out of curiosity, were at the Cove in addition to the three children. Again the Lady appeared, and this time imparted a secret to the children, which they never divulged. She repeated her injunctions and promises. Those present who heard Lucia's words, and who saw the reverence and admiration of the children could not doubt as heretofore, although they had not shared the vision.

*Fátima (pronounced Fah'-ti-mah, with the accent on the first syllable).

By July 13th, news of the marvellous events had spread far and wide, and about five thousand were present when Our Lady again appeared to her three little chosen ones. Her presence was realized by the throng, from a light cloud that surrounded the tree, and from the children's demeanour and Lucia's words.

On the 13th of August 18,000 persons waited through the morning, at Cova, expecting to see the children any moment. When the three had not yet come at mid-day, the time at which the apparition had always occurred, they began inquiring, and learned with bitter indignation that they had been treacherously carried off by the anti-religious Civil Administrator of Ourem to his own home. His efforts to compel them to retract the story proving vain, he released them after five days' detention and harsh treatment.

On August 19th, Our Lady appeared to her three little messengers at Valinhos, near Fátima, where they were tending their sheep that day. They received additional commissions from her after she had spoken of the bad treatment they had received on her account.

For the fifth visit of the beautiful Lady, September 13th, 40,000 had gathered. Still urging the recital of the Rosary that the war might end she promised that she would in future heal the sick at this place, and that on her visit on October 13, she would have St. Joseph and the Child Jesus with her.

When noon of October 13th arrived there was a gathering of 70,000 at Cova da Iria from all parts of Portugal, and from Spain, to behold the promised miracle. When Lucia suddenly exclaimed, "She is coming! Kneel down!" all knelt. So wonderful were the supernatural happenings that day that we suggest the reading of them in "The Wonders of Fátima," by Rev. Louis Da Fonseca, S.J.; or in "The Portuguese Lourdes," by Dr. Ludwig Fischer. Meantime, if the May issue of "China" (Scarboro Bluffs, Ont.) is still available, "The Story of Fátima" as told therein by Monsignor McGrath will enlighten and entertain, as will, also, the booklet, "Our Lady of Fátima, Queen of the Holy Rosary," which is obtainable at Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Missouri.

Upon the Steeps

I rise above the common walks of man
And seek in solitude to gaze upon
The wonders of God's whole creative plan.

Ascending to the mountain's rugged steep,
I find my seat upon a barren rock.
Far down below a shepherd herds his sheep,
(Another Shepherd tends another flock—)
The sun is setting and its glorious rays
Shoot upward where my thoughts are wont to
rise.

O God, I love Thee! is my paeon of praise;
O God, I seek Thee in these harmonies!

As priests unto the altar-throne of God,
The trees mount upward, aspens, cedars, pines,
Rooted in hope, with flowers of virtue shod,
Each vested for the mystery it defines:
Red is for love, and red for martyr's blood;
Gold, for the triumph of a risen Lord;
Green, for a sanctity still in the bud;
And purple for the price sin must accord—
And He, the Master of this majesty,
The source of nature's prodigality,
Conceives a world, from chaos, and for me!

His finger-print upon each leaf and flower,
His hand sustaining, re-creating all—
O God, I worship Thine almighty power;
O God, my heart surrenders to Thy call!

The rivulet abounding with strange life,
This sky that wings of countless birds may
span,

The crannies of the forest all arife
With beasts, both friend and enemy to man—
These lift my mind to Him whose love for me
Utters itself in such activity.

And what am I in this immensity?
A mole, a clod, a fleeting point in time?
Oh, one whose short-spanned mortal destiny
Yields to an immortality sublime.

In final burst of brilliance sets the sun.
The blue-grey sky grows purple velvet. Night
Spreads her enfolding mantle. One by one
The myriad stars appear, to lend their light.
What lies beyond the reaches of these stars?
These hundred million blazing suns proclaim,
"One only astrolabe computes their pars:
The measure of a heart with love aflame."

This is the sun—in crude totality—
The breadth of Thy creative love for me.
And in return what can I offer Thee?
Take and receive, O Lord, my liberty!
What this betokens to Infinity?
So little, Lord, so little: I love Thee!

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

A Day-Dream Realized

Extraordinary, colorful, tragic, and of far-reaching importance was the life of Mother Mary Ward, who as a young and beautiful girl, high spirited and heroic, was chosen to accomplish God's Will in founding a religious order whose members, exempt from cloister, would dedicate their lives to the winning of souls for heaven. This idea of uncloistered religious seemed, at the time, so fantastic that even good churchmen could not understand or accept it. Mary Ward was regarded as a fanatic and was even imprisoned as a heretic. She was, for a time, denied the sacraments and the privilege of assisting at Mass. Her life was filled with crosses. Enemies there were in numbers who could not or would not believe that she was inspired by God, but she strove valiantly on with one high purpose, to accomplish His Will until the last moment of her life. How happily her persevering efforts, her cheerfulness through days of trial, have been crowned with success is evidenced in the history of her Institute which to-day still manifests her spirit on every continent. It has grown chiefly amid stones and thorns; like the desert caeti it takes deep root, and points ever upward to God.

Throughout the days of severe trial for the great foundress, there were consolations and rays of hope, foreshadowings of ultimate success. One such ray was the gracious reception given to her and her companions by the Margrave of Hesse when everything looked dark for her Institute. She was permitted to open a boarding-school for young ladies in a wing of the Royal Castle at Nymphenberg.

In my youthful days, as a boarder in one of America's convent schools, I regarded as the acme of romance school life in that distant Royal Castle Convent Wing; and a possible visit to it, as the pot of gold at the end of my dream rainbow.

One beautiful August day in the year 1906 when I actually arrived in Munich, it was not the Old Pinakothek, nor yet the New, which appealed first and most to me; nor was it even the Meister Singer van Nurenberg; I must first see the convent of my dreams, the school in the Castle Wing. When I asked the *conciierge*, source of all information in hotels for travellers, how we could get to Loretto Convent, he looked

blank, but, persistently I continued my questions and explanations until a light suddenly dawned on him, and he exclaimed "Ah—ya—die Englischen Fräulein!" In 1906 autos were still in their infancy, and transportation was mostly by horses and carriages. The *conciierge* explained that it would be a long drive by carriage to Nymphenberg, and that we would go by electric train instead—which we did. It was a delightful ride through the city of Munich and its suburbs. Presently we found ourselves at the gates of The Schloss—the castle of my dreams. A cross on top directed us to "The Wing." In response to our ring at the entrance door, we were greeted by a rosy cheeked Sister, and ushered into the reception room, where we were promptly welcomed by Rev. Mother and several of the Community. My travelling companion spoke German. Soon the good nuns noticed my silence and realized that I could not speak it. One of them went out and soon reappeared with Mother Carina Butler, a most charming lady, who spoke English with a cultured, Dublin accent. Now, indeed, the realization of my dream had come! We were graciously shown through the chapel and school-rooms, and then taken out in the Royal Gardens, where the pupils were at recreation. It was an unforgettable scene—one which no imagination could have conjured up.

The beauty of the exquisitely planned and well-kept acres of lawn, walks, and beds of flowers, was entralling and gave evidence of unnumbered years of scientific and artistic culture.

The pupils wore neat uniforms and, at first sight, looked much alike, but we learned that they represented almost every country in civilized Europe: Spain, Italy, France, Holland, England and, of course, Austria and Germany.

As we left Nymphenberg, enriched by many pleasant memories, there was for me no disillusionment; I was fully convinced that to be a pupil of the Institute of Mary, in the "Wing" of a Royal Residence, was a superb privilege.

In 1944, how fares it with our gracious hostesses of 1906?

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

Felicitations

MOST REV. J. A. O'SULLIVAN, D.D.,
Archbishop of Kingston.

Participating in the joy experienced throughout Ontario by those personally acquainted with His Grace, the Most Reverend Joseph A. O'Sullivan, D.D., or who know him only by the renown so justly his, Loretto offers to dear Archbishop O'Sullivan felicitations and good wishes on his enthronement as "tenth Bishop and fifth Archbishop of the oldest English-speaking see in Canada."

To the Catholic Press, as also to the secular, thanks are due for the graphic accounts given of the touching "Farewell of the Clergy and Laity of Charlottetown"—his devoted spiritual children for the past thirteen years—to their beloved Bishop; and for his magnificent reception in his new see; the ceremony of his enthronement in St. Mary's Cathedral, on April 26th; the address by the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti; the soulful and appropriate sermon by our dear Archbishop of Toronto; the addresses of the Clergy and Laity, and the eloquent reply to each by the newly-enthroned metropolitan.

Prior to the latter's appointment as President of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, six years previous to his consecration as Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I., he had been for a time chaplain of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, where a traditional gratitude still exists for his unflinching kindness, and sincere interest in everything connected with the welfare of the Community and students.

Prayers in numbers have been offered in Loretto chapels for abundant blessings on Most Reverend Joseph Anthony O'Sullivan, Archbishop of Kingston.

We offer congratulations to Most Reverend G. C. Murray, C.S.S.R., D.D., LL.D., former Bishop of Saskatoon, on his recent appointment as Coadjutor Archbishop of Winnipeg, and on his receiving from the University of Saskatchewan the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The Feast of Corpus Christi, June 8, 1944, was a memorable day of celebration at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, when His Excellency, Bishop Wagner, of Marquette; some fifty of

the clergy, including five monsignori; and the Catholic laity of the place, assembled for the Investiture of Rt. Reverend Monsignor John Holland, D.P., at the hands of Most Reverend Bishop Wagner.

The program opened at 10.30 a.m. with the procession of the clergy in St. Mary's Church; then followed the Investiture; Solemn High Mass, with Monsignor Holland, Pastor of St. Mary's, as celebrant; Luncheon for the Clergy at the Rectory; public reception and dinner for clergy and parishioners in Baraga Hall at 6 p.m., with an address and presentation of a princely check from St. Mary's and St. Joseph's parishioners to their good Monsignor, newly honoured by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. Music by St. Mary's Senior Choir, and Loretto and St. Mary's Glee Clubs.

The Loretto Graduation, in Baraga Hall, was the closing number on this historic day's program.

Our best wishes and congratulations are extended to Rt. Reverend Msgr. Holland, D.P., on this happy occasion.

Felicitations and best wishes are extended to Very Reverend Msgr. Basil Markle, D.D., Ph.D., on his appointment as English-speaking Secretary of the National Secretariate of the Canadian Episcopate, and also as Honorary Private Chamberlain to His Holiness Pope Pius XII, with the title Very Reverend Monsignor.

His new and important office of Secretary of the N.S.C.E. necessitates Monsignor's residence in Ottawa, quite to the regret of his many friends in Toronto, where he was recently assistant pastor in Holy Family Church, and frequently guest speaker for various Catholic organizations.

Monsignor is a brother of Rev. L. Markle, D.D., Ph.D., S.T.D., of the Faculty of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, to whom also, and to their estimable parents, we offer congratulations on the high honours bestowed by His Holiness on Monsignor.

On May 19, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, had the distinction of holding its 50th annual Graduation of Nurses. At the beautiful and impressive function, which took place in Con-

vocation Hall, University of Toronto, seventy-four young ladies, well-equipped for their heroic and self-sacrificing life work, received graduation honours, while to some, for outstanding attainments, went prizes and scholarships.

To St. Joseph's Community; to the Staff of St. Michael's Hospital—Medical and Nursing—and to the Class of 1944, we offer sincere congratulations on this memorable anniversary, and good wishes for continued success.

To Mother M. Marcia Smyth, I.B.V.M., Licentiate of Mediaeval Studies, Ph.D., and member of Loretto College Faculty, we offer heartfelt congratulations on receiving her degree of Doctor of Philosophy, St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, at Convocation, June, 1944.

Congratulations to Mr. Lynn Winterdale Franklin, American Consul at Niagara Falls, Ontario, on having been awarded, in March, 1944, the Order of Merit, Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, in recognition of eminent services rendered to Cuba. Felicitations also to Mrs.

Franklin and her daughters, Jennie and Bessie, students at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

Congratulations to Miss Patricia C. Leonard, B.A., Loretto College 4T4, on having won the gold medal for 1st standing in 1st Class Honours in Fine Art, St. Michael's College, University of Toronto. Miss Leonard is a third generation Loretto Alumna.

Miss Josephine Faragher.



Congratulations to Miss Josephine Faragher on winning the 8th Grade Scholarship from Holy Family School to Loretto College School, and also on being a winner of one of the recognition prizes in the 1944 Archdiocesan Holy Name Essay Contest. Josephine will receive a special welcome at 387 Brunswick Avenue, where three of her sisters, in turn, pursued their studies on graduating from 8th Grade in Holy Family School.

The Summer Time

The dreary winter days have passed away
And summer comes to stay a while, too brief
For us to realize its joys
Or fully make our own its glad relief.
Our eyes can feast on colour everywhere.
The restful, glorious green prevailing all;
Then saffron, violet and amethyst
And every shade from gardens large and small.

Our sense of taste delights in luscious fruits,
And manifold enjoyments come our way:
Bathing and boating, pleasures out of doors,
Fill us with happiness from day to day.
Our hearts dilate with gratitude to God
For all His gifts within the summer time.
Let us recall this always even when
We feel despondent in a trying clime.

M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

Post Missam

Twin flames
Which flickered in
The high-arched gloom, are quenched;
The Gift of Love within my heart
Burns on.

—Donald T. Brown.

Notes of Hope

Now we can catch, through sounds of clamour
eerie,

Notes of sweet melody that charm the ear.
Now we can hear, through tones of Miserere,

A struggling message of high hope and
cheer.

Now is a hint within a storm of darkness—

Rays striving inky clouds of woe to pierce.
Now we can sense, amid earth's grief and
starkness,

A strong, firm hand to curb the cruel and
fierce.

Now we can feel a courage sternly rising,

Holding all hearts in watchful silence still;
But ever firmer, with no weak surmising,

Bending all efforts with a common will.

Now thoughts and feelings keep our faith
aspiring,

Through terror-filled, war-racking, dreaded
hours;

Urged by one motive—a grim, stern desiring
That Victory with God's peace will soon be
ours.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

In Memoriam

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR DENIS DUNNE, D.P., D.D.

In the death of Right Reverend Monsignor Denis J. Dunne, pastor of Holy Cross Church, Chicago has lost one of its best-known and most highly esteemed citizens. As former Chancellor of the Archdiocese, Msgr. Dunne was widely known to, and admired by, the clergy, the religious orders, and innumerable laymen, who had occasion to apply to the Chancery Office. His devoted parishioners will long mourn their revered pastor, who laboured untiringly for their best interests, and especially by promoting education.

An eloquent speaker, Msgr. Dunne was ever a welcome guest at religious and social gatherings. As witness of his zeal for the education of Catholic youth, we are elsewhere in this issue reprinting from a Loretto Rainbow of twelve years ago, his address given at the Graduation exercises, Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

Monsignor was a brother of the late esteemed Msgr. Patrick Dunne, pastor of St. James' Church; and of Mother M. Aquinas, I.B.V.M., and Miss Agnes Dunne, who survive him, and to whom in their great loss we offer our heartfelt sympathy.

REV. F. WAFER DOYLE, S.J.

The passing of Reverend Father Francis Wafer Doyle, S.J., to his eternal reward, midway in Our Lady's month, recalled to those who had known him his exemplary priestly life, his devotion to Mary, Queen of Peace, and his generous zeal for souls.

Father Doyle became a convert to the Church in his early twenties and, after a two-years' testing of himself as a practical Catholic, was accepted at the Jesuit Novitiate, Montreal. After the required years of study he was ordained and, for further priestly training, went to Wales for his tertianship. On his return to Loyola College, Montreal, where he had taught before ordination, he held the important offices of minister of house and prefect of discipline. His appointment as pastor of the Church of Our Lady, in Guelph, Ontario, was to mean for him two decades of arduous pastoral duties. His kind thoughtfulness and his spiritual help in retreats and conferences

to the Loretto Community during this time are still gratefully remembered.

Father Doyle was transferred to Toronto on the opening of the Jesuit Seminary on Wellington Street, where he performed the onerous duties of rector, until ten years ago, when he was appointed spiritual director at Regiopolis College, Kingston.

Pontifical Requiem Mass for this distinguished member of the Society of Jesus was celebrated in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, on May 23, by His Excellency the Most Reverend J. A. O'Sullivan, D.D., Archbishop of Kingston. The College choir sang the Mass, and Rev. A. Bradley, S.J., paid tribute to the memory of his esteemed *confrère* in a sermon recalling some of his achievements. More than twenty of the clergy—Jesuit, Redemptorist, and Diocesan—were present on the occasion.

Father Doyle is still remembered in prayer in Loretto Communities, especially in Loretto Academy, Guelph.

MOTHER M. MARIANNA MEEHAN.

At Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Mother M. Marianna died on Thursday, March 23, after a long illness, borne with cheerful fortitude.

Mother Marianna was born in Ireland on March 17, 1862. She was the daughter of James Meehan and Mary McGowan. She was only a short time in Canada when she entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary on March 25, 1881. Two of her sisters, Sister M. Macrina and Sister M. of Calvary, also entered. Both predeceased her.

During the sixty-three years spent in the Lord's Vineyard, Mother M. Marianna lived in Toronto and Niagara Falls where she will always be remembered by the children who were under her care for her kindness and motherly gentleness. Her own experience of earlier years in nursing with skilful sympathy the sick of the Community was a preparation for the prayer and patience that marked the later years of her life.

The funeral was at 9.30 Monday, March 27, from the Abbey Chapel. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father D. Hourigan, S.J.

To her nieces, nephews, and other relatives in Ireland the sympathy of the Community is extended. May she rest in peace.

MOTHER THEODOSIA SWEENEY, I.B.V.M.**M. M. Theodosia**

No member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was ever more devoted to the children in its schools, or continued to follow them with more generous interest in after life than Mother Theodosia, who died at Loretto Abbey on Sunday, May 28th. In August of this year she would have completed sixty years of religious life. She taught in Stratford, in Guelph, in Chicago, and Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; and was superior at

Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, also at Sault Ste. Marie. At the inauguration of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae in Hamilton at Loretto Academy in 1933, she became a keenly interested Federation Sister. She attended the biennial conventions in Ottawa, and Halifax, and Toronto and was always a zealous promoter of the C.F.C.A.

Her cheerful optimism, quiet efficiency, wide charity, and the lifelong practice of deep faith are characteristics well known to many former pupils and alumnae of different convents as well as to the members of the Community, and to priests and missionaries in the Canadian West and elsewhere. Until a year ago she endeavoured to go on as usual in spite of failing health, ready to die, she said, but also ready to keep on. The suffering of her last illness she bore with calm courage and, fortified by Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum, she died peacefully on Pentecost Sunday.

The funeral Mass, on the last day of Our Lady's month, was sung by Rev. M. Doherty, S.J., at the Abbey. Amongst those present were her two surviving sisters, Mrs. C. J. Sheridan, of Buffalo, and Mrs. J. McManus, of Rochester, with their two daughters, Sr. Rose Teresa of the Grey Nuns, Buffalo, and Miss Josephine McManus, to whom as well as to other relatives and friends, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

M.

MRS. DYMPNA BYRNE KENNY

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Dympna Byrne Kenny, wife of Dr. James Kenny, Archivist with the Dominion Archives, brought sorrow to her large circle of friends, many of whom had not heard of her illness.

Mrs. Kenny had been in her usual good health until about three weeks previous to her demise, when a sudden heart seizure necessitated hospital care. Responding favourably, she was considered on the way to a good recovery when another seizure left but a few moments for the Church's last blessings, and her beautiful life closed on the first day of the month devoted to the Sacred Heart, leaving only precious memories of her lovable personality with those who had the privilege of knowing her.

Mrs. Kenny was an alumna of Loretto Abbey, a niece of the late Rev. Father O'Loane, S.J., and a grand-niece of the late Mother M. Dosithea, I.B.V.M. During her school days, and later, she specialized in Art. Through the years, her pictures in water-colours and oils, and her work in china painting have won high praise.

Although of delicate constitution in her earlier years, she had later acquired the normal good health which enabled her to become an enthusiastic curler and tennis player—a frequent winner of club tournaments. She was a former member of the Ottawa Horticultural Society, and her knowledge of flowers and her artistry were evident in the lovely home flower-garden at 133 Rideau Terrace.

She was a member of the Women's Canadian Historical Association of Ottawa; of the Catholic Women's League, and of St. Anne's Society.

Deeply interested in the work of her husband, Dr. Kenny, she attended all the conventions of the Canadian Catholic Historical Association, of which he is English Secretary.

The funeral was held in Toronto, from St. Anthony's Church to St. Michael's Cemetery. Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. J. McGrand, D.P., celebrated the Solemn Requiem Mass, with Rev. John O'Loane, C.S.B., a cousin of the deceased, as deacon, and Rev. Dr. G. B. Phelan, President of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies, as sub-deacon.

Our sympathy is extended to Dr. Kenny in his grievous loss; also to Mrs. Kenny's bereaved brothers, Mr. L. V. Byrne, and Mr. James Byrne; and to her sisters, Mrs. Ghent Wilson (Helen), and Miss Josephine Byrne, Loretto Alumnae. May she rest in peace!

We plead as we see the dismal sights,
In the bitter struggle against the foe,
O Mary, defend our homes and rights!
Be with thy children here below!

Margo Morley, Loretto Abbey.

MR. W. J. SEITZ

Mr. W. J. Seitz

short of a half century, it was a well-filled, well-rounded one. He was general manager of the Peerless Carbon and Ribbon Co. Ltd.; a director of several of the companies which his esteemed father, the late Mr. J. J. Seitz, had founded; a member of the Board of Trade; the Canadian Manufacturers' Association; the Granite Club; and Eastbourne Golf Club.

With his many secular interests, he reserved time for the faithful practice of his religion and for constant acts of kindness. On the morning of his last day of earthly life, he assisted at Mass and then took his wife and his sister home in his car. A few hours later he had just brought a birthday gift to his brother, Mr. Joseph Seitz, when the final call came. On every side, loving tributes are still being paid to him. His daily visit to the church; his happy disposition; his good-fellowship; his successful efforts to make others happy; his unpublished charity to the needy—such recollections must bring comfort to those who grieve over his early departure from their midst.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by one of his former professors at St. Michael's College, the Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B. In the sanctuary were representatives of St. Michael's College, of the Redemptorist Community, and of De La Salle, where Mr. Seitz took his high school course. The crowded church and the unending line of cars in the funeral cortège were

The sudden tragic death of Mr. William (Bill) Seitz, on Sunday afternoon, June 4th, brought poignant grief to all who knew him personally, as also to the innumerable friends of his brothers and sisters. Mr. Seitz had suffered last year from heart trouble and it is thought that a new seizure was responsible for the car accident which proved fatal.

Although Mr. Seitz's life as to years, was not long, being three years

evidence of the esteem in which the deceased was held.

To Mrs. Seitz in the loss of her husband and to their sons, Capt. W. J. Seitz, Jr., overseas, and Leading Seaman John P. Seitz, and to their daughter, Mrs. R. Grant, we offer our deep sympathy, as also to Mr. Seitz' bereaved brothers, Mr. Joseph Seitz and Mr. Ernest Seitz, and to his sisters, Miss Helen Seitz, Mrs. Lillian McConkey and Mrs. J. V. Driscoll (Mildred), Loretto Alumnae, with the assurance of a continued remembrance in prayer for their departed. May he rest in peace. K.M.B.

To One Absent

Once more have come the fervid July days
And in the garden, summer flames anew;
Again are scents and sounds beloved of you:
Sweet breath of roses; perfumed wind that
plays

Amid your flowers; the winding garden ways
Where hollyhocks, buff, crimson, rose and
white,

Stand marshalled, rank on rank, in shimm'ring
light.

They look across old walls where golden rays
Gild ancient dreaming trees in noontide heat.
Our well-loved garden is a place of peace
When twilight comes, the moonlit night to
greet;

Tho' loneliness be here, ne'er will hope cease
To see in every opalescent dawn

A promise of return for loved ones gone.

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
Loretto Alumna

Your Destined Work

What you believe is your work to do,
In truth is yours, else why
Should come to you the thought of it?

Take hold, nor let go by
The chance to fill your special place
Within the plan sublime—

Your work is meted you by grace
Of Him Who rules all time.

Take courage, then, and grasp each task
As privileged, welcome boon;
Its worth for God—not yours to ask,—
His chords are all in tune.

Hence seize your work with love and trust
As a blessing sent to you;
For He who planned it is all-just,
All-merciful, all true.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

Sketches

AT DUSK.

At dusk last night the moon slipped up
Through veils of lilac mist,
And all the valley's verdant cup
Was wreathed in amethyst.

Red-gold against the sky it swung,
A symbol of delight,
A shining lamp of challenge, hung
To mock the gloom of night.

At dusk last night I think there died
Some folly in my breast,
For it was then I put aside
Old dreams too long possessed.

The moon against the sky, red-gold,
Taught me to see aright,
Now life itself will always hold
A lamp that mocks at night.

—Aline Michaelis.

"AND NOW WHAT?"

"And now what?" He has been questioned thus, after every achievement. The last time the question was asked about 1940. England was at war. People were depressed. Morale was low. His answer: "Blithe Spirit."

Noel Coward, never stopping, has continually turned out work year after year, acting, producing, composing, writing and directing on two continents quite successfully. He is one of the most talked of men. Many have criticized, saying his plays will live only as long as he does. I wonder, though. His plays may be a bit thin in spots, but his characterization is almost perfect; and what is most important, he pleases his audience.

"Blithe Spirit" has been called a comedy of manners. It is exquisite foolery. The cast is quite small, having only seven characters, but as one is a lovely young ghost, what more could we ask for? She can be seen and heard only by her former husband, not by his second wife. One can just imagine the situations arising out of that predicament.

There have been London, New York, and Chicago casts. Mr. Coward himself has acted in it in the English provinces. He soon hopes to film it. "And now what?"

Helen Ruth Bornmann, IV,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

A Portrait

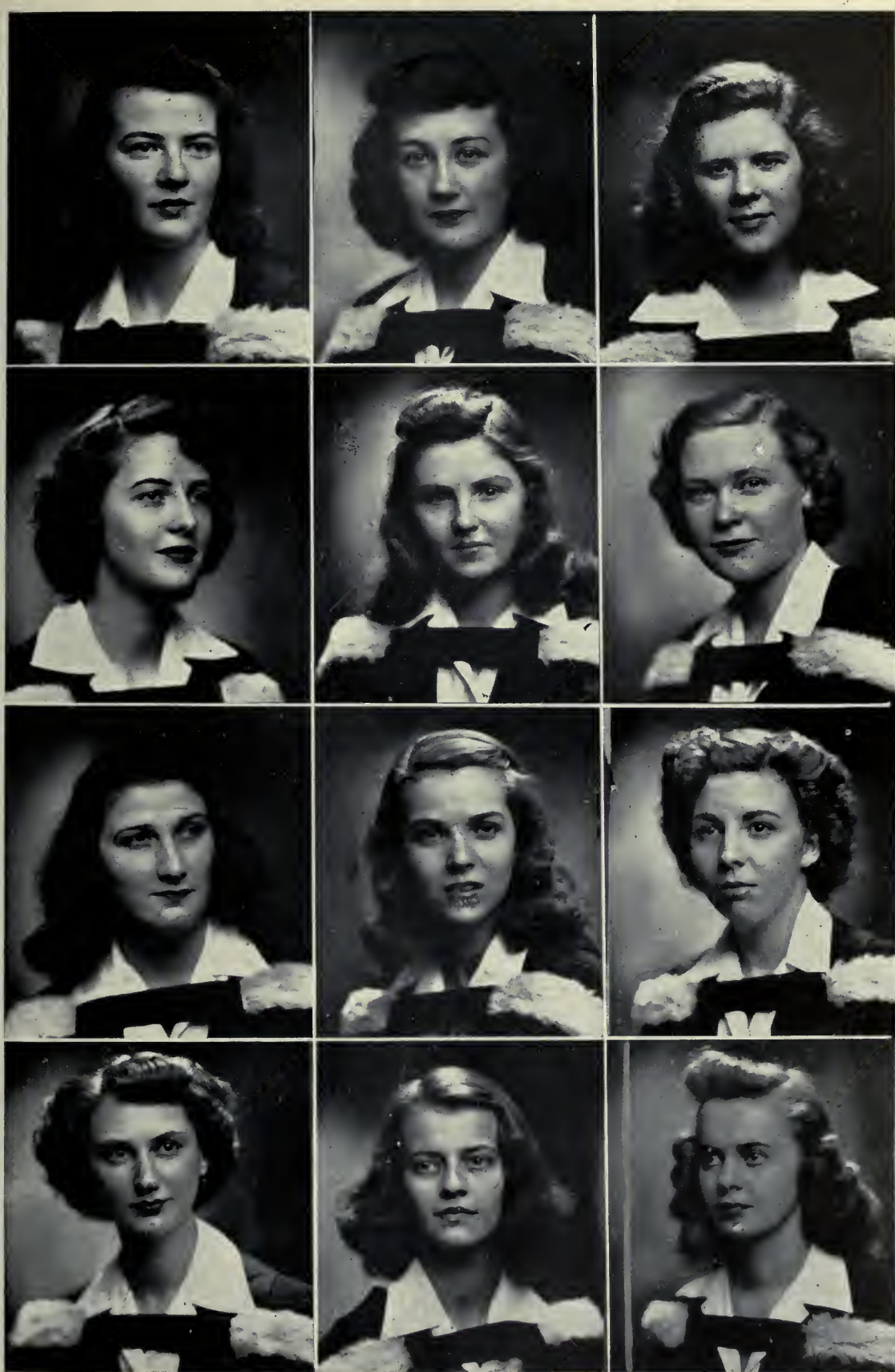
Beautiful woman
Fair and bright,
Fathomless eyes
Filled with light,
Delicate face, perfectly moulded;
Sensitive hands o'er a crucifix folded,
Our Mother Mary Ward.
Valiant woman,
Kind and chaste,
Courageous heart
Brimming with grace,
Merry in times of tribulation,
A spirit worthy of imitation,
Our Mother Mary Ward.

Joyce Predhomme, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

DARKNESS.

The vanquished daylight speeds in headlong flight
Behind the far horizon's fortress wall.
In ebon pools deep shadows spread till all
Is dark. Thus menaced by the surging night,
To every man there comes one impulse plain:
He seeks the haven of a lamp-lit room
Where puny man-made suns combat the gloom
That buffets at each fragile window-pane.
Why fear the darkness? Snuff the flame, and
see
The swift infolding of the inky flood:
Held in its calm embrace, the heart can find
An opiate for too-impassioned blood;
Borne on its timeless waves, the feeble mind
Can plumb the vastness of infinity.

—Donald T. Brown.



LORETTO COLLEGE GRADUATES. Photographs by Ashley & Crippen.

TOP ROW (left to right)—Patricia Leonard, Shirley Flynn, Doris Filgiano.

SECOND ROW—Anne Smith, Margaret Huntley, Doris Morgan.

THIRD ROW—Joan McKenzie, Hope McSloy, Andrienne Black.

FOURTH ROW—Betty Holmes, Eleanor Wheaton, Marilyn Egli.



THE COLLEGE CAMERA.

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day. The Glee Club furnished entertainment, singing Panis Angelicus, All Through the Night, hymns in honour of Eire's patron saint, etc. The Faculty entertained at tea. The attractively arranged table carried out the green colour scheme to the last item. Our Irish colleen from Newfoundland danced a jig or two in traditional costume. Red Cross diplomas were presented; and the debating shield was awarded to Second Year. Connie O'Connor was announced as winner of her Senior T.

Mar. 30—The annual Freshman dinner in honour of the Graduating Class was held at Chez Paree. The awareness of spring was emphasized by the pastel colours in evidence, and the tiny corsage favours.

April 5—A First Communion party was given by the Freshmen in honour of Elaine. Peggy O'Brien and Eileen McNally called in on their way home for a well-earned Easter vacation. We found them still smiling and still free from the "school-marm" look they had been warned about. Flo Cooper ran over from Hamilton for the week-end, from a promising lab position. Maureen Murphy breezed in, full of news of the Star Weekly, on which she is a news editor. For another highlight—Marion Sirdevan's success in the U. of T. Spanish Staff.

This almost developed into a 4T3 reunion, with kindly chatter about the absentees—Kitty, Marilyn, and Rita, as "office gals"; Kay O'Connor, busily painting; Louise still ambitious of a music specialist's certificate; Betty loud in praise of Social Science at Fordham.

April 15 — Loretto College Alumnae Luncheon. Welcome gifts of Sunday Missals and Alumnae membership cards for the year to the Graduates of 4T4.

April 16—Junior-Senior banquet—best to date; toasts excellent—Sally's, Gyneth's and Joan's, outstanding, as were the replies by

Very Rev. Fr. McLaughlin, C.S.B., Fr. Bondy, C.S.B., Fr. Rush, C.S.B., and Joan McKenzie.

April 28—Oh! Ah! Exams!! Yes, black coffee, please!

May 4—Faculty tea. Graduates welcomed into St. Michael's College Alumnae Women's Chapter.

May 27-28—Loretto College Alumnae retreat. Twenty-six members, from town and out-of-town, voted unanimously that it be made an annual event.

June 5—Graduation Highlights: 7 p.m.—and no results; 8.30—no sign of their being read on the campus; 10.20—last edition of the "Star"; 10.30—first edition of the "Globe and Mail" brings "Results"—All through!—with a gold medalist, two A standing, five B's, seven C's, and two W.G.'s, not to speak of a Ph.D. and two M.A.'s. Awfully pleased with ourselves—and thankful!

June 8—Connie and Betty figure in today's Convocation.

June 9—Baccalaureate Mass in St. Basil's church at 10. Rev. Fathers Dolan, Kelly and Denomy officiated. The Baccalaureate sermon on the Christian Social Responsibility of Graduates of 4T4, was delivered by Rev. Father O'Loane, C.S.B., who impressed on us the fact that the world is questioning — questioning, and we have the answers and grace to help remedy the evils of our day. This is our responsibility.

2 p.m., Convocation. The joyous carillon helped to make us less conscious of the damp campus we were crossing.

4.30, Garden Party—In the cloister and north-east quadrangle.

8 o'clock, Loretto College Graduation. Fourteen elated young graduates, framed in a bower of roses. Guest speaker, Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, Superior-General of the Basilian Fathers, had some very helpful words for us, and touched all hearts by reading from a letter from a former well-loved staff member, Rev. Father O'Toole, C.S.B., now chaplain in U.S.A. forces in England. Our Joan's valedictory expressed clearly and simply what we all felt.

Benediction in College Chapel—Very Rev. Father McLaughlin, Superior of St. Michael's College officiating.

10.30, Hart House Graduation Ball. A gay success despite unpropitious weather.

2.30, a typical, genial, informal gathering at Newman with coffee and a bite for weary waltzers.

June 10—At 2 p.m., St. Michael's Alumnae luncheon at Windsor Arms; at 4.30, Loretto Faculty tea, at which friends and graduates' parents meet the Faculty. At 6 o'clock Pat Leonard's supper party for the Graduates; 11 p.m., first jarring note—Adrienne's departure for Port Arthur.

June 11—Sunday, 10 a.m., Mass, Communion, and a brief talk by Rev. Father Sullivan, C.S.B., with a life-time's food for thought in it. One very simple request Father made, namely, that we be thoroughly Catholic, "which means," he said, "obedience to the Holy Father. . . Teach children to pray to Mary that she may intercede for this war-torn world; and show gratitude to God for the many graces He has given you, by using your talents as fully as you can in whatever field He places you." Class consecration to Our Lady followed; then, in the reception room, an informal chat in which Rev. Father discussed with us interesting new fields open to Catholic women graduates. 3 p.m., Benediction and Alumnae tea for Loretto 1944 graduates of three Toronto houses.

VALEDICTORY.

To-night can truly be said to be a highlight in each of our lives. In many of our pensive moods we have thought of this moment and now as we stand here our hearts swell with pride for we have realized our ambition. But we hesitate for a moment and the thought comes upon us that this is only a stepping-stone really a landmark in our career from which we derive the strength to carry on and to apply to our way of life the Catholic principles we have learned in our college education.

To-day the world is at war. All the principles we believe in seem to be wavering—giving way to the popular trends of philosophy which are sweeping the world and which will, if we do not arm ourselves against them, take root in our souls. We are extremely fortunate to have attended a Catholic college and to have delved into some of its teachings. It is impossible to grasp all but we hope some of its wisdom has become a part of us. Now we have no doubt in our minds as to the "why" of our existence. We know the value of material things as compared with the spiritual things of this life. We know that this life is only a means to another and the knowledge

that we have a purpose here and something to turn to in our difficulties—namely, our faith—should be a consolation. Everyone of us has a definite vocation; for even though in this chaotic world our future seems to be cloudy, we do know that we must play an important part in the social reconstruction of the world. If we do not, if we sit aside as mere on-lookers, we shall not have availed ourselves of all that has been instilled into our minds, and we are the losers. Therefore our aim as graduates of a Catholic college should be to play a major role in the extension of Catholicism and in so doing prove our loyalty to our country, to Mother Church, to our Alma Mater and to our loved parents.

Through the unselfishness and love of our parents we have been given the privilege of this Catholic education. They wished to see us so enlightened that we might be good citizens, but above all, good Catholics, and, too, they wished to be proud of us, so they placed us in the hands of the ever capable Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who have been the inspiration and guide of our college days. It is the teaching received both here at Loretto and at Saint Michael's College which will be our help in the future and a guiding light in the dark road ahead.

To our parents, then, we extend our deepest thanks and a promise whole-heartedly to avail ourselves of all that we have learned.

With our Alma Mater we make a covenant, to follow the ideals she has taught us, and through our knowledge of Catholic philosophy obtained under her guidance to be, each one of us, an exemplar to others.

To our professors we owe a debt of gratitude. We shall miss our Sister teachers and the priests of Saint Michael's College. They have not only been our instructors, but have also been our kindest and dearest friends. Their memory, believe me, will be cherished in years to come.

The friendships which have been formed by our college associations are greatly valued and shall always be a happy remembrance, perhaps even a consolation in the future which seems so undecided.

In conclusion, my fellow-graduates and I wish to thank sincerely all who have made this occasion possible and so felicitous. We ask God's blessing on all our activities so that our Alma Mater will ever and always have occasion to be proud of the Class of 1944.

Joan K. MacKenzie.

BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER*

Although the author of this book was born in China he was educated in America and the work deals primarily with the western world and what is wrong with it. The catchy title is taken from a Chinese proverb, and is indicative of that truth so clearly shown by Shakespeare, namely, that there is never a human tragedy that has not its comic elements. The human tragedy which Mr. Yutang analyzes is the moral decay of western civilization, resulting in World War II.

Why this particular analysis should create such a splash in the literary sea is difficult to say (unless it is because it has the sanction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, or even because it is written by a Chinese)—for the criticisms made are exactly those Chesterton stated in practically everything he wrote along this line; those that Maritain has reiterated time and time again; and that Monsignor Fulton Sheen, Rev. Dr. James Gillis, C.S.P., and a host of other Catholic writers and lecturers have cast unceasingly before the world.

But perhaps you will say: Yutang is writing to please popular taste. This is true, and is at once the strength and the weakness of the book. It is all very well for him to tell us that we have a wrong conception of the nature of man; that we have lost our grip on first principles; that we have become materialistic and deterministic; that we have divorced our moral life from politics and economies. Granted; and if he can get these ideas across to more people than Maritain, or Chesterton, more power to him. But I notice that he is very loath to state his own position.

Mr. Lin Yutang explains the Hindu doctrine of karma (a fundamental of Buddhism)—the theory that we are responsible for our moral thoughts and actions; that these thoughts and actions have a casual relationship with the past and the future; and that we cannot escape from the chain of causation—and shows how Churchill goes against it, with the “win-the-war-first, and think of spiritual values after” policy. But then he also quotes from the Bible. He is very careful *not* to say *exactly* where he stands himself.

He also points out that China and India have lived as neighbours for over four thousand years without a war, and proceeds to give the Confucian doctrine of government at great length, and with many quotations. Confucius,

the proverbial great soul of the Chinese, taught that “ritual and music are the basis of social order.” “The establishment of rituals gives a well-defined sense of order and discipline, while the general spread of music and song establishes the general atmosphere of peace among the people.” To him, an appreciation of music is in good taste. (What about the man without an ear for music?) “When good taste is distinguished from bad taste,” he says, “then we have the means of distinguishing the good from the bad people.” This notion is absolutely alien to the western mind, although it does give us an insight into Chinese culture. Now, whether his inference is that Confucius is to be preferred to Christ is not made clear. He talks of peace for seven chapters, and then defines it in the eighth. He writes bitingly against British Imperialism, and advocates freedom for India, without saying exactly what he means by freedom—although he stresses freedom of the will.

Does the average reader shun clear-cut definitions, or is it that Lin Yutang shuns them? Whatever the answer, such cloudy outlines can only indicate a cloudy mind, or a treacherous one. I prefer the latter solution, because undoubtedly the man is sincere in his attempt to be the “gadfly” (as he himself puts it) to galvanize the western world into decisive action to save itself.

Shirley Flynn, 4T4,
Loretto College, St. George Street.

FANTASY

Hast watched the crimson sword of dawn
unsheathe

And rend the velvet-studded drape of night,
The while was born another day of days
In innocence and varied beauty bright?

Hast seen flit by, in shimmering, shadowy
shape,

The burning dreams and hopes of earth-bound
mortals

Who cannot follow them afar—unto
The gleaming gateways and remoter portals?

Oh, I have crossed through boundless skies of
blue;

I've moved mid clouds of opalescent hue—
And, when I've run my race in noontide sun,
I'll soar to swirling heights, beyond oblivion.

Muriel M. Chisholm, 4T6,
Loretto College, St. George St.

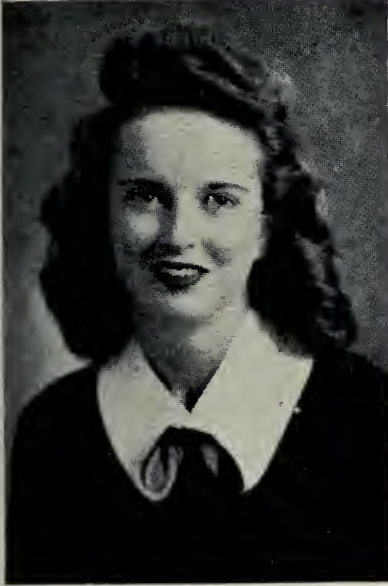
*Lin Yutang. *Between Tears and Laughter*.
John Day, New York, 1943. \$2.50.

Loretto Secretarial Department

387 BRUNSWICK AVENUE, TORONTO

1943-44 SCHOLARSHIP STUDENT Completes Course in Record Time.

Miss Joan Conway, who graduated from Loretto College School last summer with the highest standing in Upper School subjects, and continued to display the same interest and talent in the subjects of her Secretarial Course, has now secured her first position. She is a Stenographer in the office of the Canada Steamship Lines, Limited, Toronto.



Miss Joan Conway,
672 Gladstone Ave., Toronto.

"FIRST SCHOLARSHIP GIRL" Takes New Position

The following letter was received by the Principal of the Secretarial Department from Miss Marjorie Evans' present employer:

Dear Sister:

Miss Clemens, who has been in this office for a year and a half and has been most satisfactory in every way, is leaving us this summer. She spoke to you about getting another girl for us, and you were good enough to speak to Miss Evans, who is now with us. If these two girls are a fair sample of the girls you have at Loretto, and their abilities, of the education you give them, you are to be congratulated. Whenever we need help in the future, I hope that you will give me the privilege of calling on you.

Please accept my very sincere thanks for the assistance you have given us.

Yours respectfully,
(Signed) G. G. McNellie.



MISS MARJORIE EVANS,
57 Chudleigh Avenue, Toronto.



The following letter has been received from Squadron Leader the Reverend J. P. Mann (Ottawa), Canadian Chaplain, R.C.A.F., Overseas:

R.C.A.F., Overseas,
May 4, 1944.

To Mother St. Claude and Girls,
Loretto Secretarial College,
Toronto.

Very dear Friends:

Some time ago Father Grace sent me a box of Sacred Heart badges made by you, Mother St. Claude, and your girls at Loretto. Father said: "Dear Pat, write Mother St. Claude a nice letter of appreciation, so that she can read it to the girls." I have kept putting it off, partly because procrastination is one of my many failings, partly because only once in my life did I write anything worth reading to others. The teacher (a Sister) thought it was worth reading to the other classes. Perhaps it was a punishment.

At any rate, Sister's word was law. Poor Sister, she had forty or more "Dead End Kids" like myself, and should be canonized when God calls her to Himself for the wonderful psychology, patience and zeal that she exercised with that particular class. The composition or essay was about a "Peanut Man" who happened to be passing by the school on that particular afternoon. Perhaps the whistle of the corn-roaster inspired me, I cannot say. I went from class to class and in my own clumsy way read the story. That was a long, long time ago, not that I am an old man—I am neither young nor old—but I have not the imagination nor aptitude required for writing any more...and there are no peanut wagons in this part of the world. . .

I am encouraged to go on because I am not to do the reading. . .

In all sincerity I can say that we (myself and the lads) appreciate your kindness and thought-

fulness, your spiritual interest in the men who are really doing such heroic work—your zeal for the glory of God—playing your part in spreading devotion to His Most Sacred Heart, the devotion so dear to Him, so rich in blessings, so rich in promises—eternal life itself for its true devotees. I gave a badge to anyone who did not have one, said a passing word about the Devotion, and added that they were hand-made by a Sister and her charges from a Business College in a large Ontario City near Eaton's Store, where they have escalators like those leading down to the Lower London Tubes. Many of them guessed Hamilton. Then I said there is an R.C.A.F. Manning Depot there, and most of them said it must be Toronto.

New arrivals report to their Chaplain when they are posted to a Squadron or Station. Shortly after I received the Badges from you, a chap called on me—a lovely lad. I gave him a badge, said a few words about same, spent a long time telling him about myself and how fortunate he was to have a chaplain like myself, etc., etc., and off he went. Some six weeks ago, the day before I received marching orders to report to this part of the country, that same lad and I were chatting in the Mess. He said he had to go to the M.O. that afternoon. I jokingly said: "Why are you going to Sick Quarters? Don't tell me you are a 'lead swinger!'" He laughed and said, "No, Father, I have a burn that needs dressing." (I quote from a memory that is not very green—in substance the story is just as given). "I was on a Forty-eight Hour Pass and I went to 'Buzzy-Stoop' Saturday. I located the Catholic Church and inquired about the hour of Sunday Mass. Returning to the hotel I left word that I was to be called at 8.00 a.m. Somehow or other I left the heater on in the room. (Very few buildings have central heating in this part of the world—thus hotel rooms have electric heaters). The heater set fire to the bed clothing, and when the porter called me at 8.00 a.m. I was unconscious and partly burnt. Medical aid was called and I was rushed to the hospital.



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

BACK ROW (left to right)—Marie Lamey, Charlotte Callaghan, Victoria Douglas, Rosemond Collins, Shirley Newcomb, Patricia Dennis, Mary Boland, Shirley Moir, Joan Shinnick, Glenna Graham, Maureen McNevin, Claire Snetzinger, Eleanor Hughes, Mary Cameron.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Agnes Kinney, Janine Roy, Mary O'Halloran, Pauline Evans, Lorna Lloyd, Patricia Siegart, Jacqueline Ricard, Jacqueline Huggins, Helen Hannon, Eleanor Meyers, Pauline Marck, Mary Pacini.

I remained unconscious for two days. The doctor said, 'Lucky you are a Catholic and arranged to be called early Sunday morning. Otherwise, you would be a dead Canadian. It is a miracle that you are alive.'"

Shall I say more? The lad was wearing a Sacred Heart Badge, the work of a good Sister and her girls—Loretto Secretarial College, Toronto, Ont.

Here is a key to the above—what I started out to say was thank you—in my name and on behalf of the boys. Say a short prayer for guidance, and if you think it worth reading, go ahead! In any case, thank the girls.

May God bless you and your charges.

Sincerely,

(Signed) J. P. Mann.

GRADUATION EXERCISES AT LORETTO ABBEY.

The ninety-seventh graduation exercises of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, took place on Friday, May 26th. The twenty-six white-robed graduates entered the auditorium in procession, to the music of Pomp and Circumstance, played by the school orchestra. After the salutatory, in which Miss Joan Shinnick greeted those present, the choral class rendered two numbers; Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desires" and Brewar's "The Fairy Pipers." The graduates then advanced, one by one, to receive their golden crowns, that symbolized the honour conferred upon them by their Alma Mater. A piano-duo followed, the two talented young performers being Miss Jacqueline Ricard and Miss Agnes Kinney. A violin number, Mozart's "Minuet" was played by Miss Janine Roy; and Miss Victoria Douglas sang very beautifully Gounod's "Ave Maria."

In the valedictory immediately after, Miss Marie Lamey spoke of the heroic part that women have been called upon to play in the history of the world's affairs. But the more usual duty of women, she reminded her hearers, was to live nobly their everyday lives. To do this she and her companions had the most perfect aids: a Christian education and the example of Our Lady of Loretto.

In his address to the graduates, Monsignor Brennan, after graciously congratulating the young graduates, assured his audience that the successful graduate of Loretto is the one who is the real child of her Alma Mater—who fulfils the ideals she has been taught. Her spirituality should be deep, founded on the abiding presence of God; her faith should be manifested in works worthy of a child of Loretto; she should possess a generosity and kindness of heart which will fit her for the service of God, her country in its time of need, and her parish.

Those who received graduation honours were: Miss Jacqueline Ricard, Miss Patricia Siegert, Miss Lorna Lloyd, Miss Jacqueline Huggins, Miss Pauline Evans, Miss Helen Han-

non, Miss Mary O'Halloran, Miss Eleanor Meyers, Miss Janine Roy, Miss Pauline Marek, Miss Agnes Kinney, Miss Mary Pacini, Miss Mary Cameron, Miss Eleanor Hughes, Miss Claire Snetsinger, Miss Maureen McNevin, Miss Glenna Graham, Miss Joan Shinnick, Miss Shirley Moir, Miss Mary Boland, Miss Patricia Dennis, Miss Shirley Newcomb, Miss Rosemond Collins, Miss Victoria Douglas, Miss Marie Lamey, Miss Charlotte Callaghan.

The Papal medal for Religious Knowledge was awarded to Miss Patricia Dennis; the Governor-General's medal for English Literature, to Miss Marie Lamey, Miss Eleanor Hughes receiving Honourable Mention; the Gertrude Foy medal for English Essay, to Miss Joan Shinnick; the Eugene O'Keefe medal for Mathematics, to Miss Glenna Graham; and the medal for Apologetics in Fourth Year, to Miss Joan MacDonald.

LORETTO MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Abbey Wins Silver Cup.

The fourteenth annual Inter-Loretto musical festival was held at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Saturday, March 25th. Mr. Cyril Hampshire, principal of the Hamilton Conservatory of Music, was adjudicator for the event. His comments and helpful suggestions were well received by his youthful audience, as well as by the large number of interested parents and friends who attended the festival.

Keen competition was shown by the junior and senior choral groups from Loretto Abbey, Loretto College School and Guelph. The silver cup was awarded to the senior chorus from Loretto Abbey, which obtained the highest mark.

The following competitors took part in the various piano and violin classes:

Loretto Abbey—Barbara Knips, Anne Quigley, Rose Marie Bernard, Nancy LeCour, Jane



GROUP FROM LORETTO ABBEY SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Winners of the Silver Cup for Plain Chant and Two Part Singing at the 1944 Inter-Loretto Music Festival.

Timmins, Lorraine Menard, Shirley Rouleau, Patricia Heenan, Janet Murphy, Francis Labine, Joan Malloy, Monica Wilson, Elizabeth Gilding, Patricia McDonough, Patricia Wagstaff, Shirley Bates, Gloria Pegg, Betty Rosar, Douglas Dwyer, Alice Buscher, Josephite McSloy, Jean Brickley, Geraldine Davis, Patricia Byers, Barbara Heenan, Lois Anne Calladine, Mary Elizabeth Whelan, Joan Walsh, Barbara Hall, Carol Dakins, Mary Dorothy Payette, Sally Stephens, Jacqueline de Lesseps, Bobby Jarman, Patsy Poupore, Kathryn Knight, Glenna Ruff, Joanne McWilliam, Joan Hickey, Noreen Prestly, Marion Kelly, Victoria Douglas, Yolande Bernard, Beatrice Margolis, Bernice Dwyer, Doreen Williams.

Loetto College School — Anne McNevin, Marcella Buck, Anne Brennan, Barbara Buck, Irene Templeton, Leonard Walker, Mary Lou McGregor, Pamela White, Ethel Farkas, Mary Frances Barry, Mary Johnston, Monica Paul.

St. Cecilia's Convent — Delores Heuer,

Manreen Connolly, Mary Dixon, Marie Crothall, Lornita Herod, Mary Lou Dwyer.

Loretto Convent, Guelph—Anne Crimmens, Barbara Weiler, Laurine Kelso, Billy Kelso, Florence Vipond, Rita Crimmens, Mary Louise Grieve.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls—Marjorie White, Dorothy June Wicker, Lucille Barrette, Louise Barrette.

TO MARY WARD.

Model for all pupils,
Good servant of Our King,
True replica of Mary,
To you we homage sing.

Your courage, faith and justice,
Your life so full of prayer,
Are much like God's own Mother's
Whose name you proudly bear.

Our hearts are gladly singing, for
When praising Mary Ward,
We praise her gracious namesake,
The Mother of Our Lord.

Isobel O'Gorman, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETO ACADEMY, GUELPH
LEFT TO RIGHT—Miss Muriel Goetz, Mary Schuett, Mary Patricia Hurley, Cleo Heimler.

GRADUATION EXERCISES AT LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

The Graduation exercises of Loretto Academy were held on Sunday, June 4th, at four o'clock, in the Church of Our Lady. The students in school uniform led the procession from the school to the church. The graduates in ivory taffeta gowns, carried deep red roses and wore white floral wreaths. They were attended by charming little flower girls in pale blue floor-length organza, who carried the graduation pins and rose buds.

The procession entered the church to the music of Pomp and Circumstance. When all were assembled the school sang "In Thy Name, O Mary" and "Mary Mother." Graduation honours were conferred by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly upon Miss Mary Therese Schuett, Miss Muriel Elizabeth Goetz, Miss Mary Patricia Hurley and Miss Cleo Audrey Heimler. An inspiring address was preached by Very Rev. Michael Weiler, C.R., President of St. Jerome's College, Kitchener. The ceremony closed with Benediction.

After the recessional a tea, in honour of the graduates was held in Loretto Academy. The god-mothers of the graduates poured, assisted by members of Grade XII, in floor-length gowns of pastel shades.

MY QUEEN IN BLUE.

Bright as the sun and dazzling
Clothed in heavenly blue,
My Queen is standing, waiting
To render help to you.

The Mother of the nations
Of darkened ages past;
My Queen in blue still waits there,
Waits there for the last.

Fair as the morning rising
In tender Autumn breeze,
My Queen is waiting, smiling,
And Peter holds the keys.

Gertrude Valerioté,
Commercial Class, Loretto-Guelph.

CLASSMATES.

We've shared so many pleasant hours
In Friendship's happy way,
And now the time is drawing nigh
To our Commencement Day.
No wonder that my whole heart goes
Into this little rhyme,
With genuine affection
For each classmate of mine.

Gertrude McCarthy, XII.,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

A PARTI-COLOURED PARTY.

Standing on a cold, windy corner in an April snowstorm is not the pleasantest thing that can happen to a person. Yet there I was, freezing, but hopeful, leaning against the wind, which was trying its utmost to blow me over, on that wild wintry day. The buses were unusually slow, owing to the huge drifts of snow; mine was no exception, being over half an hour late. "Burr-r-r, my goodness," I demanded of myself, "why doesn't that bus come? A few more minutes of this and . . . Aha! I see a motor car. I wonder if—oh, joy! They are stopping! Perhaps they are . . . "Oh, thank you!" I exclaimed and hurried into the car.

Stepping on someone's toe, I dropped into the seat indicated and, chafing my hands, murmured—"Sorry to have stepped on your toe, sir. So kind of you to stop. It's the coldest day we've had in five years. Going right down town? How lucky! I am not always so fortunate. Your office is on Church St.? Well, isn't that a coincidence! 3359? Why, right next door? I wondered where I had seen you before." Then I subsided till my face was defrosted enough to permit conversing with pleasure. . . .

We then discussed the war—"I think the Germans will be done for before summer. But the Japs will not give in for at least a year and a half"; exchanging presents—"I never know what to get anyone and now especially, it is so hard to get anything in the stores; the coal situation—"I hope our coal lasts till the end of the cold weather. After that we can burn wood in our fire-place"; the housing situation—"Jane says that we have room for a boarder, but I asked her, what we should do if Bill brought home a friend or two from camp?" At last, as we reached the down-town section, and drew nearer our destination, the driver said, "We have had such a pleasant conversation. We must see each other again. I would like you to meet my wife. My name is Green."

"Well, how odd!" said I, rather amused, "Mine is Brown."

The other occupants of the car laughed so heartily that I could only sit and stare, till Mr. Green remarked: "You complete our colourful car-full—these are Mr. White, Miss Grey, and Mrs. Black!"

Helen Brown, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Niagara Falls, Ont.



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

BACK ROW (left to right)—Mary Bartolomie, Gwendolyn O'Sullivan, Ruth Macklem, Rita Coté, Helen Miller, Dorothy Dawson, Helen Anderson, Phyllis Hallworth, Eudie Cross, Mary Macoretta, Mary Helen Brick.

FRONT ROW—Luigna Cortese, Betty Baxter, Betty Madia, Margaret Beney, Betty Gregus, Rosemary Deleo, Dorothy Hatch, Sandy Smeaton, Anne Meagher, Jenny Franklin, Frances Borelli, Adria Kuntz, Lorraine Gunter.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

Following Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario, twenty-four young ladies proceeded to Mount Carmel auditorium where the eighty-third Graduation Exercises were held on June 16th, 1944. The graduates, wearing graceful, long taffeta gowns fashioned in classic lines and carrying bouquets of pink roses and bouvardia tied with orchid coloured ribbon, were preceded by tiny flower girls in dainty dresses of white organdie and wearing wreaths of orange blossoms in their hair. Standards of red and white peonies and baskets of beautiful flowers, made a lovely setting as the graduates took their places on the stage.

The Very Reverend Richard Haag, O.Carm., of the Carmelite College, conferred the honours on the graduates and presented the following medals: The Holy Father's Medal for Church History and the Governor General's Medal for General Proficiency to Miss Lorraine Ganter; the Brault Medal for excellence in Grade Eleven English and honours in General Proficiency to Miss Gladys Hicks; the Constance Renaud Medal for highest standing in Musical Appreciation to Miss Beverley Ann Booth and the Loretto Scholarship to First Year College for excellence in English and honours in General Proficiency to Miss Helen Miller.

Procession and Crowning of Graduates.

Pomp and Circumstance, Elgar; My Pledge to Canada (Fenwick), Choral Class; Salutatory, Miss Luigina Cortese; Hymn to St. Cecilia (Myerscough), Choral Class; Conferring of Honours on Graduates, Very Reverend Richard Haag, O.Carm.; Juba Dance (Duett), Miss Rosemary Deleo, Miss Marjorie White; To a Wild Rose MacDowell; Fairy Pipers, Brewer; Choral Class; Valedictory; Miss Dorothy Hatch; Address, Reverend Wilfred Smith, O.Carm.; Ave Maria Loretto, Welch-Rieger; The Star Spangled Banner; God Save the King.

Rev. Father Wilfred Smith, O.Carm., addressed the graduating class, congratulating them on the completion of their high school work. Referring to the Academy's many long years of service, he spoke of the numerous young women who come forth well-grounded in the fundamentals of religion and good citizenship.

Paying tribute to the Sisters who conduct the Academy, he complimented them on their success of the past and expressed the wish that their efforts of the future might be crowned with equal success.

Addressing himself directly to the graduates, he charged them that they keep ever before them the sound principles of Christian training that have been taught them in the course of their school career.

MOTHERS ARE ENTERTAINED.

On Sunday, May 28th, the Faculty and students of Loretto Academy were hostesses at a postponed Mothers' Day Tea, which was given also for the members of Loretto Alumnae. The guests were received by members of the Faculty and class presidents, Misses Anne Read, Mary Gardner, Rosemary Deleo, Marjorie White, Mary June Tesch, Dorothy June Wicker and Rosemary Aversa.

The reception rooms and library where tea was served made a pretty picture with beautiful centre-pieces of colourful spring flowers. The senior students who poured tea were Misses Judie Cross, Dorothy Dawson, Rosemary Deleo, Jenny Franklin, Dorothy Hatch, Adria Kuntz, Ruth Macklem and Anne Read, while other students of grades twelve and eleven served.

Before the tea a delightful and informal musical hour was given by a few of the Convent music pupils. The programme was as follows:

Waltz in A Flat (Brahms), Joan Walker; Ask If You Dare (Handel), Sandy Smeaton; Albumblatt (Beethoven), Beverley Ann Booth; The Dainty Damsel (Novello), Trees (Kilmer-Rassbaeh), Jean Brass; Hungarian (MacDowell), Helen Brown; Golden Slumbers, Vocal Trio: Jean Brass, Marjorie White, Helen Miller; Shepherd's Cradle Song (Somervell); The Lass With the Delicate Air (Arne), Helen Miller; Shadow Dance (MacDowell), Louise Barrette; The Leaves and the Wind (Leoni), The Little Brown Owl (Sanderson), Sandy Smeaton; Waltz in B minor (Chopin), Solfeggietto (C.P.E. Bach), Marjorie White; The Prophet Bird (Schumann), Lucille Barrette; Barcarolle from The Tales of Hoffman (Offenbach), Sandy Smeaton and Helen Miller; Pas des Cymbales, Piana Duo (Cecile Chaminade), Louise and Lucille Barrette. Accompanists, Lucille and Louise Barrette. Programme announcement and remarks were given by Dorothy Hatch.

KATHRYN ANN DOYLE



The students of Loretto, Niagara Falls, especially the Juniors, had a very enjoyable treat on Friday afternoon, June 2nd, at 2.30, when little Kathryn Ann Doyle, of Toronto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Doyle (Madalyn Herbert, Loretto Alumna), gave her first piano recital in the school

hall. Kathryn Ann was of great interest to the community not only as a talented little pianist, but also because she is, on both sides of her family, the child of a few generations of Loretto Alumnae. She is a niece of Mother M. St. Michael, I.B.V.M., Niagara Falls.

The style and grace of interpretation of all the numbers on her attractive and varied programme gave proof of a fine natural talent which is being carefully developed.

Her printed programme added a note of distinction. She was quaintly introduced and thanked, by two little Loretto students, each a year younger than herself. Congratulations and good wishes to Kathryn Ann.

Musical by Kathryn Ann Doyle.

(Ten-year-old Pianist)

GOD SAVE THE KING

Minuet Boccherini
Sonatina Dussek
Two Little Froggies Cramm
The Marionettes Go Marching Eckstein
Valse Mignonne Pachulski
Turkey in the Straw Rasbach Arr.
Concerto—"In Elfland" Holst

A Musical Fairy Tale.

I—Elfin Prince and Princess.

II—Elfin Barcarolle.

III—Elfin Festival.

(With Orchestral Accompaniment on 2nd Piano played by Miss Lucille Barrette, of Loretto Niagara).

THE LETTER.

Having finished the reading of his office, Father Williams stepped out for a little walk in the jungle to enjoy the moonlight and plan his morning's meditation.

Suddenly from behind some bushes came the sound of muffled sobs. He listened and then silently advanced. By pulling aside some branches he was able to see a man seated and bent grief-stricken over the letter in his hand. The priest, recognizing him as John Peters, for whom he had said many a prayer, thought it best to leave him alone for the present and turned to go. To his annoyance he stumbled over a root, and John, hearing the noise, sprang up, and parting the bushes, came through. As he helped Father Williams to his feet, the priest said in his friendly tones, "I didn't expect to find you out here, John—I hope I'm not intruding."

"I—I—That is—No, you're not intruding, Father. As a matter of fact I'm glad you happened along. I wanted to talk to you."

Without any prelude, John exclaimed, "Father, will you hear my confession?" The priest looked puzzled. This young soldier had

not even taken instructions. As if interpreting the puzzled thought, John held out the letter, saying, "Father, here, read this letter. It is from my mother. Then you will understand."

The Larches,
April 15, 1944.

My dear Boy:

I hope and pray that you are well and happy and that you will receive this letter. As I have not been well for some weeks past, I feel that I may be called away soon. If I could know that you had returned to the Church, my happiness would be complete. When you left it, I was heart-broken, and I have prayed each day that God might give you the grace to regain your Faith. I feel that my prayers have not been in vain.

I am tired, John, and I can not write more to-day. A letter from you, telling me that you have made it all right again, would give me joy and strength.

God bless you and keep you safe.

Write soon to

Your Loving Mother.

Father Williams, handing back the letter, said inquiringly, "So, John, you are going to do what she asks?"

"Yes, Father," came the answer, "but I

don't think I would, if I had not received a letter from my sister, telling me that Mother died two days after writing this letter."

That evening John went to confession for the first time in five years, and next morning received Holy Communion. After Mass Father Williams gave general absolution to the men going into battle, and who were truly sorry for their sins. For some it would be their last fight.

At twelve o'clock noon action began. Fighting, shrieks, and whizzing of bullets broke the peaceful silence of the jungle.

Many fell on both sides and amongst them, John Peters.

As Father Williams crawled along the ground he discovered him under a tree—dead—and with a smile on his boyish face, for he knew that now he could meet God and his mother with a white and happy soul.

Father Williams made the Sign of the Cross over him, and whispered, "Requiescat in Pace." Thank God, he could now write a word of comfort to John's sister—but only after helping those others, who were in need of him, here on the battle-field.

Helen Attard, Grade VII,
St. Matthew's School, Toronto.

AN OPEN LETTER TO AMERICA.

Listen, America, listen, please! I know you're busy—you've got a lot on your mind. Your sleeves are rolled up high, and your heart and head are filled with hopes, and dreams, and plans. I know you've had heart-aches, great sorrow, and pain—and I hope that what I have to say will help, maybe, just a little.

You probably don't remember seeing me because I'm just one of your many children, but, America, I'm here before you, with my soul full of love and gratitude, to tell you what I and all of your children feel.

First of all, we want to thank you, America, for just being you—for all you've been and for all you will be; because, you see, we feel that neither time nor suffering will ever change you and what you stand for. We have so much faith in you, America. Please have the same faith in us.

We're trying very hard now to save you from the heavy, branding chains of bondage that are waiting to be locked around your wrist. Our sons and fathers and brothers and

sweethearts have fought and bled and died for you, America, that we may keep and cherish you—always! They were your children, too, as much as they were ours, and I know that you have wept, worked and prayed just as we have, for all of them. We won't forget them, America, not ever.

And, America, for all the beautiful things you've given us, you haven't asked much in return—and I think we have not given you a lot in return, either. But now it's different. It's WAR! We, at home, cannot give you our blood, as our soldiers have done, America. You haven't asked us to. Instead, you have asked us to lend our money, and to work and to pray extra hard. Three times before, we gave of our money gladly for whatever use you saw best. Now, the fourth time has come, so here we are, your children, ready to give all we can so that we may always keep you. Please take it. Use it for yourself, and for us, and for those who are fighting so valiantly.

Look, America, at us, your children, and see the faith shining bright in the eyes and hopes of all. Look at Miss Liberty guarding your door. See! She too is smiling as she stands and watches over you. Her head is held high, her torch is burning brightly, and her faith is all wrapped up in you. And, America, Someone else is lovingly on guard—always—watching over you and me, because you see, America, God, too, has faith in you.

Betty Louise Taylor, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

ON WEARING NEW CLOTHES.

Isn't it strange how different members of a family wear their new clothes? Take Dad, for instance! Wearing his new business suit, a dark conservative one, the first morning, he looks at it in the mirror with something of a frown. Perhaps it is his nonchalant manner that fools the family, for it is generally some time before anyone realizes that Daddy's wearing something new. At his quick-step out the back door, our alert baby calls, "New suit, Daddy?" A faint "Mmm" is the only reply.

Mother is the problem member. When we finally persuade her to wear the bewitching blue hat that we made her buy for the Alumnae Tea, she runs off to the hair-dresser to have her hair done to suit the hat. Just before one of the girls drives up for her, mother



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

LEFT TO RIGHT—Stella Goodrow, Eida Olivieri, Mary Genevieve Wilson, Margaret O'Toole, Marie Last, Helen Brown, Helen Pritchard, Suzanne Lunz.

arranges the little blue feathers so that she looks ten years younger, then suddenly decides to wear that old thing "that stays on in a wind." One might easily suspect her of a feeling of guilt at such extravagance these days!

But Bud is incomparable. There is nothing so fascinating as watching the sole boy of the family in his new suit just arrived from the tailor's. Everything must be just so, trousers creased to cut, socks and tie to match, and, of course, a white shirt and scarf. Nothing but white for that stunning fingertip coat. When at last our hero is "all sharpened up," he struts by for the adoring ladies of the family to pass him in last minute inspection. Did anyone ever say that a man isn't fussy about his clothes? The average gentleman of the present generation, at least, gets just as much pleasure from something new as does the average lady.

As to the sophisticated lady of twenty-one, she wears her new dress, or hat, or suit, as if she had always worn them. Never is she caught in a self-admiring attitude. When "the one and only," by a stroke of luck, happens to notice her latest addition to "our" wardrobe, she merely tosses him a "just a little thing I picked up last week, darling; don't you remember it?"

Nearly everyone, I believe, wears new clothes to make an impression; but how often does it turn out a favourable one? If we only knew, we would probably be glad to wear last year's outfit—forever and a day!

Anne Read, Junior College,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Graduation exercises took place at Loretto Academy, Hamilton, on Wednesday evening, May 17th, on which occasion contributions to the Red Cross Society and the Catholic Information Centre were accepted respectively by Mr. C. V. Pickett and Rev. J. E. Noonan, representing these organizations.

The programme consisted of several beautifully rendered choral numbers, between the singing of which the distribution honours took place. The Salutatorian was Miss Mary Genevieve Wilson; the Valedictorian, Miss Stella M. Goodrow.

The most coveted prizes of the year—the gold cross for religious knowledge, donated

by His Excellency, Most Reverend J. F. Ryan, and the bronze medal donated by His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada for English Literature—were merited by Miss Marie Last and Miss Mary Genevieve Wilson, respectively.

After His Worship, the Mayor, and His Excellency, the Bishop, had congratulated the graduates, Rev. V. A. Priester, director of Catholic education, spoke eloquently. As guest speaker, he drew a charming parallel between the graduation he was witnessing and that of the Apostles on Mount Hermon when Christ, the Master, was sending them forth on their mission to teach all nations.

The principal examination questions at that time had been: First—Who do men say that I am? and second, Who do you say that I am? To these fundamental and searching questions we, too, must give our answer, he said. "Viewing things from the standpoint of eternity, what society thinks of Christ is the basic factor in life, in civilization, in social health, as it is the fundamental of Christian religion. Just as it was necessary for the graduates of the first Christian school to know Christ, so it is necessary for the graduates of to-day to know Christ. That is why, to-day, the Catholic Church fosters her own schools.

"It is clear that we must select educational means which are in conformity with human nature, and which are adequately suited to attain the main purpose in life, which is union with God. Knowledge gained is of no value unless it enables us to have a full and complete life, never losing sight of the goal for which we were made by God. The graduates of to-night, leaving the environment in which they have studied, must realize that their greatest duty is to make Christ known by the pattern of their respective lives, and thus lead others to the true happiness towards which they themselves are tending."

Father Priester concluded with this inspiring exhortation: "You who are graduates to-night must remember to thank God for the great gifts he has given you in the past, and remember, in thanking Him, to take the resolution to use the talents He has given you to live a Christian life—the surest pledge of your peace and happiness here and in the world to come."

The graduates are: Stella Goodrow, Mary Genevieve Wilson, Marie Last, Helen Pritchard, Elda Olivieri, Margaret O'Toole, Helen Brown, Suzanne Lunz.

GRADUATES ENTERTAINED.

The Loretto Parent-Teacher Group entertained on Sunday, May 21st, at Loretto Academy, the members of the graduating class and their mothers. Rev. Mother M. Ermingarde, the Superior; Rev. Mother M. Yvonne, principal of the academy, and Mrs. S. H. O'Brien, president of the group, received the guests in the library of the Academy. The graduates and their mothers then led the procession to the chapel, where Rev. J. E. Noonan, the chaplain, gave the Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament. Tea was served in the dining-room, where the tea table was adorned with the graduates' cake, decorated with the colours of blue and white, cornucopias, white sweet peas and baby's breath. The white tapers were entwined with forget-me-nots in white holders. Mrs. G. L. Goodrow and Mrs. E. T. Pritchard presided. Congratulations were expressed to the graduates by Mother M. Ermingarde and Mrs. O'Brien. Mrs. G. D. Morrison made a presentation of books from the group to the graduates to leave to the library as a memento of their days at Loretto. Miss Helen Brown, class president, spoke on behalf of the graduates, and Mrs. Goodrow for the mothers. Convening the delightful event was Mrs. J. J. Gray, assisted by Mesdames G. D. Morrison, C. V. Pickett, S. C. Arrell, P. M. Austin, Robert Brick, W. H. Bruce, W. J. Commings, E. Hemmingway, Donald Machan, R. I. Raycroft, J. H. Sephton, John Taylor, Norris Waldron and M. J. Wilson, with the students of grade XII.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS AND PATRIOTISM.

What is a Catholic patriotism? Is nationalism against Catholicism? Just as at the present time, during the thirteenth century, questions were rampant. It was in the main a period of disintegration and collapse. There were schools, but few original thinkers. It was then that Almighty God, ever our Protector and Guide, produced His Chosen Scholar, Thomas Aquinas.

From the days of Aristotle, no man has exercised such powerful influence on the thinking world as Thomas Aquinas. Under the skilled tutelage of Albert the Great, he acquired an education that could scarcely have been surpassed in his century. Thomas determinedly set out to meet the spiritual and intellectual needs of his time; and to cope with the problems confronting his world. He travelled the paths worn by pagan thinkers of

the previous centuries; yet he was supernaturally gifted to discern between the fallacies of their philosophy and immortal truths. The teaching of Thomas—the Dominican Friar—was the culmination of the pedagogic efforts of the Christian schools during the Middle Ages.

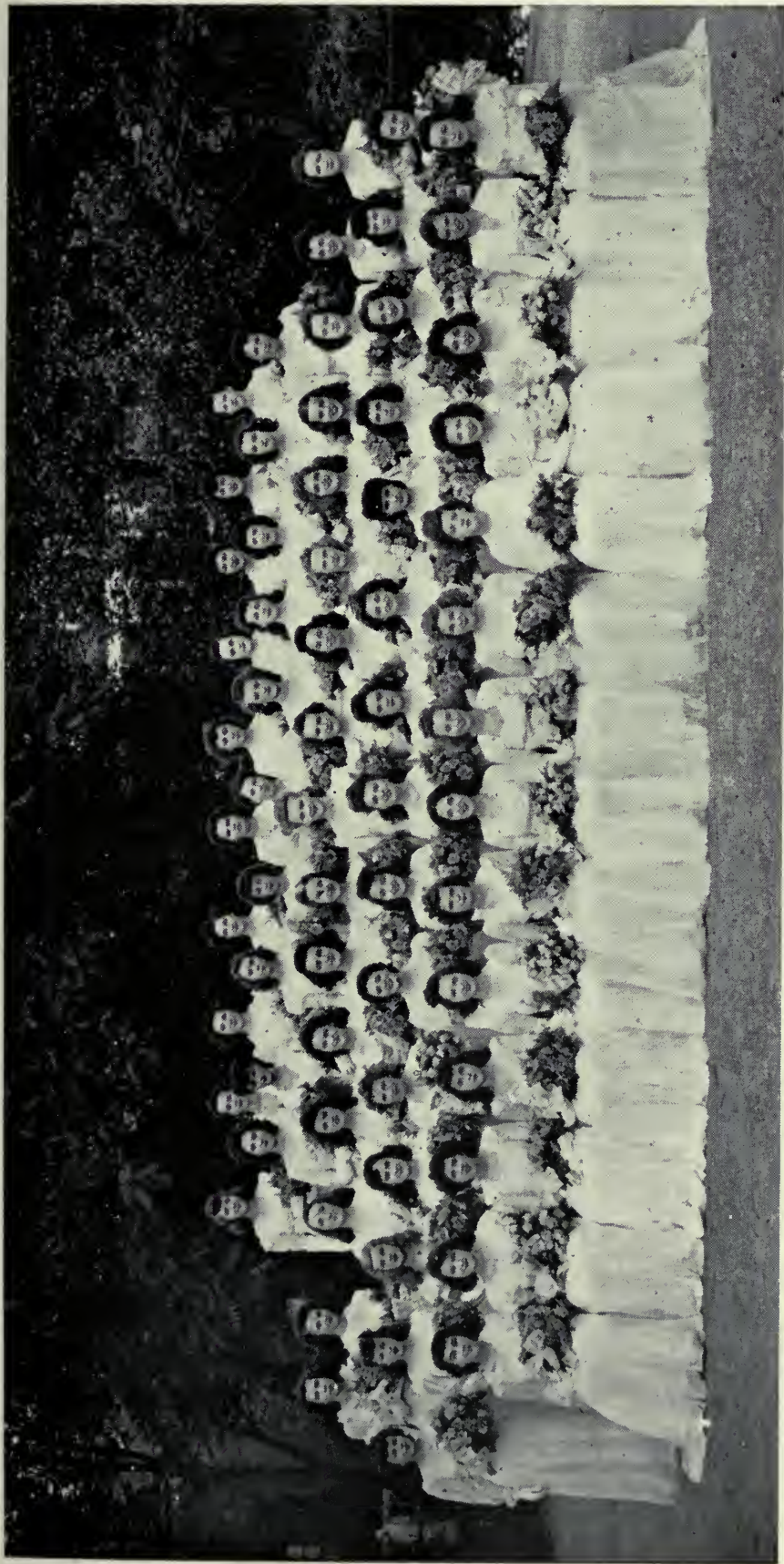
Now, seven hundred years later, the shadowy figure of Saint Thomas again arises to combat the growing tide of isms and to teach the principles of Catholic living. His philosophic ideals and intellectual fearlessness must not only awaken the universe, but must revolutionize the entire educational system of our modern world, which is swiftly degenerating into a state of paganism and widespread immorality. Many now teach Communism rather than Christianity; nationalism, rather than patriotism. To-day, we are constantly being appealed to on the grounds of patriotism. Do we thoroughly understand what patriotism means, and the obligation it entails?

Seven centuries ago this problem was foreseen and, under the inspired pen of Thomas Aquinas, the virtues and obligations of the citizen and patriot were clearly defined.

Patriotism has often been extolled as "the most ennobling virtue of civilized man," and has likewise been detested as "the passion of fools" and "the last refuge of the scoundrel"; but the word in itself means a combination of legal justice and piety. Patriotism is the fertile soil in which have been planted the seeds that have blossomed forth into an exaggerated national feeling. Drugged by nationalistic propaganda, patriotism breeds distrust, suspicion, and belligerent antipathy towards other nations. Normally, patriotism is a mild, even a beautiful, affection. It is the character and outlook of the citizen that determines the type of national emotion which shall prevail.

As citizen, too, we have certain defined obligations; obligations that arise from the Moral Law which commands that since man is inclined by nature to live in society, he should bring his actions into conformity with the demands of social living. Society has its beginnings in God, Who so constituted human nature that its perfection may be achieved only in society. Willing that we attain this state of perfection, He also willed the means, by implanting in human nature the capacity for mutual and friendly communication and the guidance of Society by this Moral Law.

It has been said that according to the writings of St. Thomas, and the doctrines of the Church, the virtues of a good citizen embrace the teachings of the Natural Law. These are



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO.

FIRST ROW (left to right)—Catherine Carrollo, Mary Therese Feehan, Catherine Reis, Eileen Hennessy, Mary Therese Carney, Helen Moore, Rosemary McKneight, Therese O'Donnell, Rose Marie Lenz, Rosemary Cunningham, Frances Sullivan, Mary Lou Prisitera, Ludmilla Hruska, Florence Fries.

SECOND ROW—Patricia Cunningham, Jean Schubert, Annamae Mutzbauer, Mary Quinn, Ruth Clow, Catherine Ruff, Therese Faupel, Charlene Durken, Gertrude McCarthy, Shirley Compton, Therese Spaniel, Dolores Harper, Dolores Tormey, Mary Agnes Hennehan, Mary Ellen O'Hagan.

THIRD ROW—Vivian Black, Loretto Ryan, Jane Kempton, Mary Margaret Hanlon, Rita Browne, Marie Walsh, Gertrude Sims, Ritamae Conlin, Grace Deutsch, Therese Golden, Betty Clifford, LaVerne Bayerle, Collette McMahon, Margaret Egan, Ruth Eitschied, Patricia Maloney.

FOURTH ROW—Mary Virginia Maher, Rose Sodaro, Marjorie Egner, Jean Doyle, Eileen Mandle, Dorothy Kersky, Rita Boyle, Virginia Doyle, Betty Shackmuth, Catherine Fianagan.

TOP ROW—Jacqueline Menke, Jean Williams, Helen Moone, Celine Neville, Virginia Berls, Helen Burgholzer, Mary Rowley, Mildred Barenz, Audrey Banard, Amata Walter.

In absentia—LaVerne Krause (in hospital).



LORETO HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION CEREMONY IN ST. BERNARD'S CHURCH—JUNE 2, 1944.

Very Reverend Monsignor D. F. Cunningham Officiating.



LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD—MAY QUEEN AND HER COURT

STANDING (left to right)—Rita Boyle, Ruth Etscheid, Marie Walsh, Gertrude Sims (May Queen), Betty Clifford, Margaret Egan, Patricia Maloney.
SEATED (left to right)—Therese Faupel, Betty Ann Schackmuth.

indelibly imprinted on the soul of the individual. It is for him to realize, practise, and develop these principles, that he may some day be a true patriot in his own government, and a worthy citizen of the Eternal Kingdom. Therefore, as citizens under the American government, we must ever be champions of liberty and, at the same time, firm defenders of that indispensable medium to the full development of human personality.

We attain this state of perfection by travelling the royal road of true knowledge. It is the appalling ignorance of mankind that has brought about the bigotry, suspicion, hatred and evil of to-day's world. Socialism and Communism find an easy victim in the dull, unenlightened mind. When the intellect starves for want of knowledge, it descends to the mental level of the brute animal.

As the younger generation travelling down the road of life, we must needs meet the fork that faces us to choose, between the path that eventually leads us to the barrier of self-complacency, where we become satisfied with the mere pittance of knowledge we already possess or we may resolve to pursue our quest in the development of the intellect and, like St. Thomas, make each hour of our lives give us a fuller, richer understanding of God, which will bring us closer to Him in Eternity.

We, as Catholics, are privileged to have before us a shining example—the student, the scholastic, the saint—Thomas Aquinas. With spiritual perfection as our goal we become the ideal patriots—because good Catholics make good citizens.

St. Thomas might have used the apt thought expressed by Lt. John McCrae:

“To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high,
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep.”

St. Thomas hands the torch to us, the torch of knowledge. With it we should light the way for those whose paths are darkened by passion and hate. We should strive to bring Christ's teachings back to his wandering flock. We must stamp out the evils that hold the world in so tight a grasp. This can be done only by seeking the light of truth which will shine through the darkest night.

We, the young people, who will soon be the ruling generation have the key to this truth. What are we going to do with it?

Phyllis Corrigan, XI,
Loretto High School,
Eaglewood, Chicago.

WE TIDY UP!

Here it is 8.30 on a Monday morning, and I am sitting at my home-room desk with nothing to do, having finished my homework on Friday night to get it off my mind. Well, now, with twenty good minutes before the first bell I think it would be a blessing to get the things in my purse to fit decently. It is too full; almost on the point of splitting the seams!

First, then, open the zipper. Ooops, stuck! There it is! I knew I put too much Kleenex in it, but I always have a fear of catching a cold when I have forgotten my handkerchief.

Now to look in my billfold; it contains everything but bills, but I shall leave it for the present. There isn't much change left either after the week-end, so I will skip that compartment. Here is a receipt for a money order to a seed company. I ordered the seeds in January, but they didn't get planted until April. I received the seeds a couple of months ago, but I'd better keep this anyway. I can't be without my street-car card; and my identification card is vitally important. Here is my Social Security card, and it still has our old address on it. I'll have to get that changed soon. What's this? A membership card to the “Junior Birdmen of America”; Dad got these cards for us kids about seven years ago. I'm number 85289, whatever that means. Oh, well, I'd better keep it, just in case somebody has a record of it. Then there are loads of snapshots I simply cannot do without. All this stuff is of importance!

Here's a booklet of the “Stations of the Cross,” and my rosary, and a pamphlet, which I have to use for a speech in Sodality next Wednesday. All of these are important. Here is that snap-shot of the French Class, with my head behind someone's. I'll never forget what I look like, myself, but I want to make sure I don't forget the other girls, so I'll keep it.

I'll need these cards with the sketches of the Retreat for the Year Book. Oh, look! my library cards for the last three years! Maybe I didn't get one in first year.

This yellow slip looks familiar. Yes, it's my application for a student train ticket, which I never got. I might still get one, though. And my make-up kit. It goes without saying I'll need all of that! And my comb, and this one bobby pin, and my pen and three pencils, and my locker key—well, I certainly need all these!

Oh, for heaven's sake, there goes the bell! If I'm late for English I might as well cease



LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO

TOP: Senior Prom. Committee—(Left to right)—Miss Jean Schubert, Shirley Compton, Mary Therese Feehan, Florence Fries, Charlene Durkin, Rosemary McKnight.

BOTTOM: Committee in charge of hotel arrangements for Senior Prom.—(Left to right)—Miss Marjorie Egner, LaVerne Bayerle, Betty Clifford.

to exist. I can't leave all this stuff here. It looks as if I'll have to put it all back again. There! The purse seems very heavy, but I really do need everything in it!

Jean Doyle, XII,
Loretto, Englewood.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Frequently we hear people talking about what they are doing for the war effort. For the most part, they are defense workers, men and women who consider their job vitally important for Victory. They say that they are sacrificing their pleasures in order to work overtime, so as to give our boys the weapons they need for warfare. Then we have the young women of to-day who are joining the service in order "to release a man for duty." They are taking over positions, formerly held

by men, but able to be handled by women, quite efficiently.

We have all these people joined together to speed up Victory by the work they do, the bonds they buy, and the organizations to which they contribute. Yes, they are doing their share, but what can we, young high school girls, do? We do not work in defence plants; we do not belong to the women's service. Just what can we do in order to shorten this war and bring our brothers, our relatives, our friends, home to a peaceful world?

The answer is very simple. We have the most important position of all. We, as Catholics, have the sublime privilege of being able to hear Mass, receive Holy Communion, and pray to Our Heavenly Father to bring peace to this chaotic world. What more would our boys ask for and what better things could we do?

Gertrude Sims, XII,
Loretto, Englewood.



Four L.H.S. Englewood Sodallists enjoying a letter of thanks from General Douglas MacArthur, to whom a spiritual bouquet had been sent by L.H.S. Sodallty.

The girls (left to right) are—Betty Ann Schackmuth, Delores Torney, Gertrude Sims, and Frances Sullivan.



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

SEATED (left to right)—Laurel Halley, Gloria Le Lievre, Theresa Dagenais, Virginia Belleau, Anne Boucher, Elizabeth Le Londe.
STANDING—Rose Mae Watchorn, Margaret Le Lievre, Adele Andarz, Dorothy Lapish, Margaret Simpkin, Helen Tardiff, Grace Dalimonte,
Lillian Osterhout.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

"Walk as you have been taught," the Most Reverend Francis Joseph Magner, Bishop of Marquette, exhorted fourteen graduates of Loretto Academy who received their diplomas from the hands of His Excellency at impressive Commencement ceremonies at St. Mary's Church, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

The service opened with a colorful processional, first the fourteen graduates, who were gowned in the traditional Loretto graduation costume of long white dresses and white gloves, each girl carrying sweetheart roses and wearing matching flowers in her hair; next the Loretto students in navy blue school uniforms and berets; then the altar boys in crimson and white, visiting and local priests, the newly-invested Rt. Rev. Monsignor John T. Holland, and Most Rev. Bishop Magner. Eighth grade students, the girls in red, blue, yellow or orchid middie costumes and white berets, were seated at the back of the church.

"You have gained poise and certainty and assurance under those to whose guidance your parents entrusted you," Bishop Magner told the graduates. "They have made you into outstanding examples of fine Christian womanhood for your community. There have been no mistakes in your training."

"You have been given love for all things worthwhile in life," Bishop Mager continued, "because you have lived in the same house with God and have passed your days under its inspiration."

His Excellency warned the graduates that "nothing in life which is worth while comes without great effort."

"Our thoughts and our prayers are with you," he said in conclusion, "May your to-morrows be as lovely as your yesterdays."

The Loretto choir provided the exceptionally fine Commencement music. The ceremony closed with Solemn Benediction by Bishop Magner. Assisting him were Father Joseph H. Seifert, deacon, and Father Robert J. Cordy, sub-deacon. Father Philip W. Coughlin was master of ceremonies.

Members of the graduating class were Elizabeth LaLonde, Teresa Dagenais, Lillian Osterhout, Laurel Hallasy, Margaret Simpkin, Dorothy Lapish, Gloria LeLievre, Adele Andary, Virginia Belleau, Grace Dalimonte, Helen Tardiff, Margaret LeLievre, Anne Boucher, Rose Mae Watchorn.

LORETTO GRADUATES ENTERTAINED BY ALUMNAE.

"Then and Now" was the theme of the banquet at which Loretto Alumnae, on the night of June 14, honored the members of the graduating class.

Appropriately, since it was Flag Day, the dining room and tables where the ninety-four guests were seated, were decorated in red, white and blue.

The program opened with a march for the graduates to a medley of patriotic airs played by Miss Sadie Kelly, pianist. The salute to the flag was followed by the singing of "God Bless America," accompanied by Miss Kelly.

Ensign Marjorie McAllister of the WAVES was present and talked briefly on WAVE recruiting. The address of welcome to the graduates was given by the Alumnae president, Genevieve Andary. Adele Andary, president of the senior class, responded in behalf of her classmates, and introduced the graduates.

The "Then and Now" portion of the program began with an introduction of homecoming members and continued with recollections of school day incidents by Margaret LeLievre and other members of the graduating class, and by Helen Sullivan.

A reading, "George Washington," given by Ann Gillotte, and two vocal solos, "Carmena" and "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There," by Noel Dagenais, accompanied by Helen Hahl, received hearty applause.

Mrs. John LeBlanc continued the reminiscences by relating musical anecdotes of Loretto Academy boarding school days. Mrs. E. H. Webster also talked of other days at Loretto, as did Mrs. Vera MacEachern of St. Ignace, the first Loretto alumna to have a daughter graduated from the Academy. Mrs. MacEachern's daughter, Jean, was also present.

Mary A. Ripley, wearing the pretty white blouse with lace inserts in which she was graduated from the Academy, was the speaker of the evening. She stressed the importance of valiant women in a war-torn world and said that tests of strength and character are more prevalent now than ever before.

Providing a musical background for "Then and Now" were Mrs. Kenneth Bailey and Mrs. Thomas Dempsey, who sang two duets, "I Love You Truly" and "Just A-wear'in for You." They were accompanied by Miss Sadie Kelly.

Other duets, "Whispering Hope" and "Nearest and Dearest," were sung by Mother

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Felicia and Mrs. Maud Payne, accompanied by Mother Lucia.

Mrs. Ripley and Teresa Dagenais were presented with corsages.

Miss Sadie Kelly had charge of the program, Helen Mahl served as accompanist for the community singing; and the bulletin board featuring the "Then and Now" theme was supervised by Ann Andary.

On Tuesday evening, May 16, in the Assembly Hall the following musical program was presented by the students of Loretto Academy and St. Mary's School. The hall was

well filled with parents and friends of the pupils, who proved a very appreciative audience:

HYMN TO ST. JOSEPH.

The Orchard Swing, Wright, Virginia Fortin; Starlight Waltz, Brainard, June King; Sweet and Low, vocal solo, Dolores Campbell; Tulip, Lichner, Ruth Giacoletto; Minuet (Duet), Mozart, Kathleen James and Dolores Willette; Hawaiian Folk Song—Ginger Snap Brigade—Eckstein, Jo Ann Booth; I Passed By Your Window (vocal duet), Connie Belleau and Mary Andary; Ballade, Burgmuller, Jean La Blanc; Gavotte in G Minor, Bach, Country Dance, Eckstein, Carl Zelmer; Cornish May Dance (Duo), Eckstein, Teresa Pezet and Jean La Blanc, Kathleen James and Dolores Willette; Gypsy Dance, Lichner, Teresa Pezet; Sonatina op. 36—Clementi, Kathleen James; On the Ice at Sweet Briar, Crawford, Adeline Jabour, Mary Andary; Hungarian Dance, Bohm, Dolores Willette; Largo, Dvorak, Seranada, Schubert, Audrey Middlebrook; Little Boy Blue (vocal solo), Mary Maltas; To An Evening Star, Wagner, Agatha Cole; In a Canoe, Wright, Adeline Jabour; Norwegian (duo), Grieg, Shirley Reville and Mary Andary; L'Avalanche, Heller, Betty McWhinnie; Prelude, Chopin; Valsette, Borowski, Donna Mae Barras; Cherry Ripe (vocal solo), Mary Andary; Improvisation, Brown, Shirley Reville; The Constant Lamp (vocal solo), Connie Belleau; Prelude, Peel, Mary Andary.

GUARD THEM, O LORD.

"Guard my sweetheart, God above,"
Is the maiden's call of love.

"Guard my husband, Father dear,"
Cries the wife, "Please keep him near."

"Guard my son," the mother prays,
As from home her dear one strays.

Guard them; save all those dear boys,
Who are fighting to bring joys

To a world of desolation,
Be their guide and consolation.

Keep their wives, sweethearts, and mothers,
Loving them while cheering others.

"Won't you guard them, O My Father?"
"You won't think it too much bother?"

Then, dear Lord, when we are free
We'll spend our lives just thanking Thee.

Lillian Osterhout, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

FRONT ROW (left to right)—Gloria Maloney, Patricia Fuerst, Elvira Toth, Felice Stelmazek, Helen Novak, Henrietta Mueller, Mary Margaret Russell, Jeanne Carroll, Joan von Albade Rosemary Grant, Joan Brady, Catherine Quinn, Rita Caho, Loretto Clark.

SECOND ROW—Jeanne Moran, Mary Therese Myers, Constance Early, Charlotte MacMullen, Dorothy Flynn, Lois Krick, Helen Roche, Marion MacEvoy, Jean Kehoe, Helen Paull, Mary Cele Murphy, Jeanne Clarke, Antoinette Kasko, Virginia Deaska, Nora Scannell.

THIRD ROW—Kathleen Burke, Jane Brodie, Frances Lukowska, Doris O'Mara, Mary Doyle, Mary Segrave, Patricia Haloney, Catherine Walsh, Helen Ruth Bornmann, Patricia Moroney, Susan Galgan, Mary Cardosi, Mary LaVague, Norma Jean Stebbins, Natalie O'Malley, Elinor Neesen.

FOURTH ROW—Shirley Wolff, Mary Clinton, Jeanne Gillette, Delores Ahearn, Mary Therese Kelly, Margaret Mary Russell, Mary Lou Doyle, Delores Godfrey, Marguerite O'Connor, Patricia Michael, Kathleen Smith, Margaret Robinson, Joan Renaud.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

Commencement Day opened with Holy Mass, celebrated for the intention of the graduates. The students in white dresses formed a guard of honor for the seniors who escorted their mothers to the chapel. All united in prayer for blessings on the graduates and offered to Christ all the joys of Graduation Day. A breakfast followed at which the guests were received by students and faculty.

In the evening, the sixty-one Loretto graduates proceeded with traditional dignity and grace down the aisles accompanied by their little flower girls in blue. The Exercises were enhanced by the splendid performance of the Glee Club and orchestra in an opening chorus, "Angels" by Massenet.

Miss Shirley Wolff welcomed all those assembled, speaking the last message of the Class of '44. The address ended fittingly in a prayer—that prayer so close to the heart of every Loretto graduate.

O, when we leave this place of rest,
Watch o'er us still, O Mother blest.

Reverend René Hayes, O.Carm., presented each graduate with her diploma, and awarded the special medals merited in scholarships, in music, in journalism, and in dramatics.

In his address to the graduates, the Right Reverend Monsignor Daniel F. Cunningham, LL.D., Superintendent of Schools, eloquently congratulated them, on having achieved success in a Catholic education, and for having chosen so well four years of Loretto culture. He also congratulated the parents and teachers. Monsignor urged each one not to seek the fame that this world applauds, but to strive with a deep, personal, holiness to bring Christ and His Mother to the world that needs them so, and thus to win the plaudits of heaven.

The graduates and the Glee Club sang "May Night," by Brahms. Miss Nora Scannell rendered a flute solo, "Concertina," by Chaminade. "Homing" sung by Elinor Neesen brought the evening to its conclusion. Both graduates and guests were affected and inspired by the familiar strains of "Ave Maria Loretto" and the Class of 1944 had said its last farewell. Imprinted upon each heart was a resolution to do as Monsignor Cunningham advised, that is, "to step out into the world and mark new spheres of influence—for Christ."

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES OF LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO*

By RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR DENIS
J. DUNNE, D.P.

Reverend Fathers, Parents, Friends of
Graduates, Graduates:

There is nothing that we, as Americans, speak so much of, and boast so much of—there is nothing upon which so much money is expended, and lavishly expended — as upon education. I have often wondered if there is as much real, true and genuine education as we imagine. I wonder if we are not fooling ourselves — mistaking the shadow for the substance? I wonder if most of our education is not a mere veneer, an outward polish, not penetrating within, and leaving untouched the very things that are the objects of education?

While there are many causes for ill-success in the teaching profession, there is one that stands out prominent among them all. Many young men and women, fired with enthusiasm, approach the task of the teacher without a definite idea of what the task of a real teacher is. They approach it without any fixed — without any settled—principles. And as a result their work is misdirected. It is not spiritually guided, and as a result it is generally a failure. Success in the teaching profession depends upon well-chosen ideals, which are thoroughly developed. So it is in the arts and in the sciences; and teaching is pre-eminently an art and a science. The successful painter first has a definite conception of every detail of the masterpiece, and then he works under its guidance and its inspiration. The architect believes that the purpose of the Church is to snatch the soul of man and to center it upon the majesty, the dignity, and the power of God; as a result there develop those majestic Gothic structures which are so symbolic of prayer and devotion.

The architect and the artist have a clear conception of what they wish to accomplish. They work under the inspiration of an ideal, and the outcome of any work that is not actuated by deep principles, by ideals, is bound to be a failure. Therefore, the teacher who approaches the work of teaching children without an ideal, without sound principles, is bound to be a failure. And failure in education is more fatal, both on the part of the teacher and the child, than in any other profession, because the teacher is dealing with the human

* Reprinted from Loretto Rainbow, 1932.

soul. The destiny of that soul is in his or her hands. It is for the teacher to fashion that soul. Therefore, the profession of a teacher far surpasses that of an artist or of an architect, as the immortal soul is enhanced in value over stone or marble. Therefore, it is imperative that every teacher should fix his life upon deep-seated principles. It is necessary that he or she should have a correct idea of the meaning and the purpose of education.

Education, my dear friends, is the leading of a human being from a state of imperfection to a state of perfection. It is the development of a man or a woman according to the highest possible ideals. It is the developing and the disciplining of him or her into the very best that we have; and therefore education conceives the whole man—body, mind and soul—and the meaning and purpose of this development is that in the pupil there will result the formation of character. That is the essential thing in education, the formation of character. And, if I mistake not, if education has failed at all, it has failed in forming real men and women—because what we need to-day in the world is not men and women of knowledge, if you will, but what the world sadly needs, and is sadly lacking in, is men and women of character.

What is character? It is very difficult, my dear friends, to give a definite and comprehensive definition of character. Its details are so numerous and so various as to escape a precise definition. Yet there is something in a real and high character that we can seize upon. First of all, it supposes lofty, high ideals. It supposes correct thinking and correct acting. But this is not enough. These ideals must have a motive power. They must not be isolated from action. Therefore, character is a fixed condition of the soul. It is a fixed state of the spirit that moves and wills and acts under the guidance of deep-seated principles. Therefore, character is not a fitful thing. It is not something that changes with the seasons. It is not something that will come at our call and our beck. No — character is a fixed condition of the soul, of the mind, which will outlast the human breath and will endure for all eternity.

Therefore, my dear friends, if you will but realize the meaning and the purpose of Catholic education; if you would realize why the Church has contended for it for over two thousand years in the face of opposition, in the face of persecution; if you would understand why

priests have laboured for it and why parents have borne sacrifices that are heavy upon them; you must not stop at the mere acquisition of knowledge, which might be acquired any place else as well as in a Catholic institution; but you must go beyond that, and try to find the purpose of it — and it is the formation of character. The men and women teachers in our Catholic schools are men and women who have the ideals of education. It was for the realization of those ideals in their own lives that they sacrificed everything. Having the ideals, knowing the meaning and the purpose of education, their only ambition is to impart it to the children under their care. This is the very purpose of Catholic education.

Therefore, young ladies, you have not been placed under the care of the Ladies of Loretto Academy simply that your mind might be developed. You have been placed there that your mind, your will, your heart, and your soul might be developed, so that they will result in the formation of Christian, Catholic women of character.

Now, to speak about going out into the world. The world needs you. If there is anything that is needed in the world to-day it is women of character, women who act from principle — not from self-interest, not from self-indulgence and gratification of their senses, but women who act from moral principles, regardless of the consequences. It is my conviction that all this higher education of young girls is time and money wasted, labour expended in vain, unless it results in the formation of character, unless it produces women who act from principle; women who can bravely resist the devastating, destructive influences of a pagan world; women, who know the ideal of true Christian, Catholic womanhood, who not only know it, but exemplify it in their own lives and fight openly for its preservation; women, who know what constitutes the Catholic home and family, and give an example of them to a world determined to destroy them; women, who know what is good, moral taste in literature, in art, in amusement, and scorn anything and everything that is low and suggestive. A Catholic woman, no matter what her education may be if she is not a woman of sound moral principles, not a woman of character, is a blot on Catholic womanhood.

Now, parents, that is the ideal that the Ladies of Loretto have been trying to realize in your daughters—and it is certainly something that deserves your gratitude. You can

never pay for it. You can place no price upon it. It is something that ought to arouse your gratitude not merely in words, but in deed, encouraging and helping the Sisters in the wonderful work that they are accomplishing. Anything that you may do for them is a wise investment for you, because the interest of it comes back to you, to your children, and to their children yet unborn.

You, graduates, have successfully completed your course, and we congratulate you. You are now about to leave these walls where you have spent many, many happy days—these walls that have sheltered you and protected you. You are going out into the world. Now, we have no fear for you at all if you are only faithful to those principles that have been inculcated day by day in the class-room with a patience that has no explanation outside a divine vocation; then we have no fear at all for your future success—if you only remain women who prefer virtue to popularity; if you realize that all things pass away after all, and that honors and titles and dignities are very, very weak; and that grace and beauty of form will pass; and that there is only one thing that will endure, and that is beauty of soul.

Now, I would ask you to remember with the deepest affection your Alma Mater—your second mother — and I trust the sentiment of gratitude in your hearts will grow stronger year by year, the sentiment of gratitude for your parents, for your teachers, to whom after God, you owe more than to anyone else for whatever success you may obtain in years to come.

GRADUATION AWARDS

Second place in the Bishop Sheil All-American Catholic Girl Contest: Jean Kehoe.

General Proficiency Awards: Mary Doyle, Susan Galgan, Mary Segrave, Helen Ruth Bornmann.

Catholic Press Association Awards: Susan Galgan, Helen Ruth Bornmann.

Dramatic Awards: Marian Kelly, Shirley Wolff.

Orchestra and Music Awards: Mary Doyle, Mary Segrave, Patricia Maloney, Nora Scannell.

Perfect Attendance Awards: Helen Ruth Bornmann, Patricia Fuerst, Frances Lukowski, Norma Jean Stebbins, Mary Segrave.

Scholarship Awards: Rosary College, Jean Kehoe; Mundelein College, Mary Doyle, Mary Lou Doyle; St. Xavier College, Helen Ruth Bornmann, Gloria Maloney; St. Teresa College, Winona, Marian Kelly, Joan von Albade, Mary Margaret Russell, Norma Jean Stebbins; Mount Mary College, Mary Segrave; Clarke College, Marguerite O'Connor; Barat College, Joan van Albade; De Paul Secretarial College, Kathleen Burke; Illinois College of Commerce, Shirley Wolff.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Tuesday night I was a guy, just a plain, ordinary guy earning a hard-worked-for salary and supporting my wife and kids. Wednesday morning I was a *hero*—a *national* hero. You know, the kind people carry around on their shoulders above a cheering crowd of admirers.

It was a mystery to me how the whole thing happened. I left my two-flat at 8.30 Wednesday morning and was standing on the corner waiting for the "Uptown Special" when who should come running up but Bill. "Joe, old boy!" he said, all excited and talking so fast I could hardly understand him, "Joe, old boy, we're proud of you!" I didn't know what he was talking about, but just then the "Uptown Special" pulled up.

Twenty minutes later I was running down Main Street—the "Uptown Special" was late—when who should pop out of a doorway but someone with a big hat and a camera. "Oh boy, what a picture!" "I know, mister, any other time," I told him, "I'm late for work." "What a story—what a story!" he shouted, and pulled out a pencil and pad. "Hero rushes to work. Fears Boss." "Take your time, hero, the boss won't be mad." I somehow pushed past him, but not before he had my address down on his pad.

I bounded into the elevator and up to the office. "Joe!" they all shouted. I just stood and looked dumb—wondering what the commotion was. Then the boss came up: "You old publicity shirker, you," he laughed his big, deep, hearty laugh, "why didn't you tell us?" "Tell what?" I asked, still looking dumb. "The truth comes out, Joe," he said, handing me the morning paper, and right up on the front page was a picture of me beating over the head some guy with a gun in his hand, and right there next to me was the Gerbrowning kid with his finger in his mouth. He's the kid that suddenly appeared home about a week ago after he'd been kidnapped for ten days. "That's me, Okay," I said, "either that or it's my twin and I happen to know I don't have a twin. But how inarnation did I get up there?"

"Come now, Joe, don't be so modest. We're all proud of you and I'm giving you a \$20 raise and promoting you to inspection work." I took another look at the picture and suddenly saw that it wasn't me. Now, I've always been left-handed, and right here on the front page is some guy even I'd think was me but the trick is, he's holding the big piece of wood or what-

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AULD LANG SYNE

It seems as if we rather all belong together, "the eight of us." We've always shared our secrets and sorrows, joys and hopes.

Who are the eight of us?

Well, we're the two halves that make the whole. It's not really as confusing as it sounds.

There's Dad with an every-ready quip. And Mother, of course, with a smile now and then. Then, there's the kid brother. To say that, is sufficient, unless you wish to notice that he wears bow ties. And last on that half, there I am! I happen to represent the younger feminine portion of both halves.

On the other half, we have Uncle John, who is never seen without his cabbage-rose-smelling cigar; Aunt Mary, who couldn't be anyone else, and the name suffices to describe her; and cousins Bob and Jack, older than I, but still very young in heart.

Now, that all sounds like a family rigmarole, without any meaning! But it isn't.

The best way to get to know us would be by sitting in on a coffee-party in the kitchen.

The kitchen doesn't boast of streamlined apparatus, or chromium legged chairs. Why, you even have to be careful when you sit down on some of them, or you'll be liable to find yourself decorating the floor. Variety in the way of chairs and dishes, both, only makes life more interesting.

But, before going any further, did I mention what a coffee party is? It's any evening about nine o'clock when we gather about the table to drink coffee and tea; eat whatever happens to be in the house, from chocolate cake to toast; and talk about anything that presents itself at the moment.

It's been said by members of our circle that they could savour our coffee from as great a distance as Texas.

On cold nights the rickety toaster is turned on to furnish heat before you're supplied with food.

Discussions about the table, range from babies to grandpas and back again. And we, younger people, sit quiet as the oldsters reminisce.

"Do you remember the days when it snowed so hard you couldn't get to school?"

"And the fireman's team of white horses?"

"And block of houses that burnt down?"

That's not all, but they talk so much it would take piles of paper to put everything down.

ever it is, in his right hand. It's as plain as day.

Right away I started to show it to the boss, but he wouldn't listen and called a party for the whole office, in my honor. Now, someone's going to be terribly disappointed, I thought, and it's going to be the boss. But what could I do—no one was listening to anything I had to say—just screaming and howling and pounding me on the back till I was black and blue.

I finally sneaked away and went home but they were even there. Laura was giving out details of my life to every Tom, Dick and Harry reporter that came along. She was just starting on my proposal to her when I broke it up. "Listen, you guys," I told them, "that's not me—see!" Immediately they started to object. "After all," I told them, "who should know better than me? See that guy?" I said, picking up one of the stacks of hundreds of newspapers, "he's right-handed, isn't he? Well, I'm left-handed." And I went into the house to eat my dinner, which, incidentally, wasn't there. Laura was too excited about my being a hero to even care. Inwardly cursing the guy who had all the nerve to look like me, I started to make a peanut butter sandwich.

Well, the paper came out the next day with the whole story and an open plea for the true hero to show himself. Three days passed—no hero. A week passed, still no hero, so then they thought that I was giving them the baloney and gave me a big write-up as a modest, home-loving hero who deserves even more credit than I was getting—which certainly was enough for me.

That was a month ago. What happened to the hero which wasn't me, I don't know. But right now, I'm raised even more, \$30 to be exact, and I have a nice soft, easy job. I only hope the hero doesn't show up and wreck everything, because then the boss'll be awfully disappointed. He might even get violent, and who could blame him? But after all, the firm is now making \$1,500,000 more than it used to, all because of a hero which wasn't me.

Helen Biety, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.



GRADUATES, 1944, LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE
TOP ROW (left to right)—Angelina Blotti, Betty Feeley, Audrey Coffey, Ruth Valleau, Margaret Miceli.
MIDDLE ROW—Wilhelmina Wallace, Ethel Farkas, Mary Cancilla, Anne Huntley.
FRONT ROW—Eileen Woodbyrne, Mildred Hazel, Helen Adams, Bernadette Ward, Rita Cullen.

Coffee-parties usually close with a glance at the clock and a surprised exclamation:

“Well! I’ve got to go to work to-morrow!”

Now that doesn’t seem like much. On the surface it really isn’t. But every night, half-way around the world, now, “we eight” join in “coffee-parties”, actually, or in spirit, across the miles, and hope for the day when all again will be smiles for Auld Lang Syne.

Susan Galgan, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

NEW GIRL

Nicki nervously pushed up the sleeves of her baggy red sweater and took her place in the middle of the stage. Then it happened. Every head in the warm, sunny gym turned and stared—frankly, without mercy. And even as she pretended to be clasping her watch a little tighter around her wrist, she could feel the wide, questioning looks as they passed through the crowd and returned to her again. Though she had told herself many, many times that this was going to happen, she couldn’t help wincing a bit. She had hoped—maybe—this once.

Standing there, she suddenly felt like crying. The whispering had begun—just as she knew it would. It was strange that she should mind so now, because it was really no different from being snubbed in the school cafeteria, or being left to walk home alone after school—no different at all. Not even at the corner drug store where they had the high red leather booths and round shiny black tables, did she feel the heavy unfriendliness so much.

Nicki glanced down at her feet and wished they didn’t look so large. Beginning to catch little waves of faint murmurs she sensed a feeling of fear and embarrassment, which always came at a crucial moment like this. The neatly typed manuscript crackled crisply as she nervously ran a long, lacquered fingernail along the edge. Reassuring herself, she tried to look down into the face of one of the girls and smile a little. But the look was returned, cold and blank.

Tears began to well up in Nicki’s wide, grey eyes, and soon the whole colorful crowd began to swim before her. No matter what—they must not see her like this. She was just at the point of walking off when the curious gaze of Miss Francis, the dramatic coach, stopped her. In a mist, she heard, “Nicki Arnold—well—let’s see what you can do.” It sounded unreal and far away, and for a second Nicki did nothing. The gym was strangely quiet now. Then as

Miss Francis nodded again curtly, and rattled her paper impatiently, Nicki began—too scared to know what she was doing, and conscious only of those stares.

Opening night came. The sounds of the orchestra tuning up, and the occasional shout of a prop man drifted backstage to the dressing room. The smell of grease paint was thick and heavy, and the air was filled with the sound of rustling taffetas and muffled feminine voices. At last the overture sounded, and as the heavy black curtains parted it was Nicki, flushed and happy, who stepped out—still too scared to know exactly what she was doing, and conscious only of the stares, which now, smiling in her direction, meant but one thing—that she was “in” at last at Clayton High.

Betty Louise Taylor, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Brunswick Avenue.

For the graduates of Loretto College School, Toronto, Pentecost Sunday was a day of sunshine and flowers, of congratulations and gifts; but it was also a day of special spiritual significance. The graduation ceremony which was held in St. Peter’s Church was one that stressed the truth that academic success is not the be-all, and the end-all of Catholic young ladies. From the opening processional up the long aisle to the closing recessional after Solemn Benediction, the beauty and order of the whole proceeding, as well as the devotional singing by the student body with an organ accompaniment by Mr. H. O’Grady, impressed everyone in the crowded church with the spiritual rather than the social aspect of this event.

Very Reverend Father McNab, C.S.P., Rector of St. Peter’s Church, in his address, reminded the graduates that there was still another examination which everyone must undergo some day. They must also consider what they could give to the world—not what they could get from it.

Graduation honours were conferred by Rt. Reverend Msgr. Harris on Miss Adams, Miss Angelina Blotti, Miss Mary Cancilla, Miss Audrey Coffey, Miss Rita Cullen, Miss Ethel Farkas, Miss Betty Feeley, Miss Mildred Hazel, Miss Anne Huntley, Miss Margaret Miceli, Miss Ruth Valleau, Miss Bernadette Ward, Miss Wilhelmina Wallace, Miss Eileen Woodbyrne.

The ushers for the occasion were members of St. Michael’s College Band.

Directly after the graduation exercises, the traditional ceremony which annually marks the close of May in all schools of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, took place in Loretto College School auditorium, where the stage beautifully adorned with flowers and tapers made a lovely setting for the statue of Our Lady, towards which the graduates and upper grade students advanced in procession, singing many hymns.

As leader of the winning side in the May competition, Miss Betty Feeley had the honour of placing the dainty wreath on the statue of Our Lady while the graduates and undergraduates recited aloud the Act of Consecration.

This function was followed by a pleasant informal meeting of friends of the staff and of the class of 1944.

VALEDICTORY.

To-day, as graduates of Loretto College School, we feel a new sense of appreciation of the care and education of which we have been thus far the recipients.

On this happy occasion, in the midst of so many friends we should like to express our thanks to those to whom we are most deeply indebted: To our devoted parents, who have so nobly sacrificed themselves in securing for us the best of blessings, a Catholic education, we offer our hearts' best thanks. As the days pass by, we shall be able, we hope, to repay them in some measure for all their goodness to us. To our pastors who have brought into our lives spiritual blessings without number, we are and shall be constantly grateful; and to our dear teachers for their invaluable aid both in school and out—their hours of teaching, their friendship, and most of all their daily prayers for us—go our thanks and sincere resolution to live according to their wise counsels.

As we look out upon the future we realize that some of us will go on to higher learning, with a view to entering one or other chosen profession; some will take their place in the business world, but as we have often been reminded, we shall all have trials to face. Before us is a war-torn world; one of economic and social chaos; a world with principles as unstable as the shifting sands; a world made desolate by man's ambition and greed.

The prospective journey through life is almost overpowering, and seemingly unending, but we shall not be unmindful of this, our heritage—our faith, our Christian principles, our ideals, and the helpful advice of pastors,

parents, and teachers. With such a heritage, victory shall be ours, and the truth of the poet's words will again be manifest:

“God's in His Heaven. All's right with the world.”

Under the banner of Christ we shall march to the end of the road, where breaks a new day, the dawn of another graduation. There, arrayed in the saintly whiteness of the heavenly hosts, we shall finally graduate from the school of life to the world of heaven, and there we shall see the very essence and meaning of life itself and the inspiration of our beloved alma mater, our Queen and Mother, our lovely Lady of Loretto.

Helen Adams.

Chorus: Ave Maria Loretto—Rieger.

Loretto College School students have worked happily for the past months, on their various Mission projects: Contribution to Archdiocesan H. S. Funds; Scarboro Foreign Missions; the ransom of Chinese infants; stamp collection for Jesuit Missions; collection of Catholic literature for army camps; filling of a dozen Christmas baskets for the needy; daily prayer for missionaries and the missions; and the building of a second Western mission, “Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto.” Since January, one-third of the required sum has been collected, through school programmes, individual self-denials and donations from friends, and hopes are high that the full amount will be at hand before the end of another school year.

A WORD ABOUT REVOLVING DOORS.

“Around and 'round she goes,
And where she stops, nobody knows!”

After emerging from a revolving door, I often feel like the wheel of fortune. To my mind a most perplexing question is, why were revolving doors ever invented?

One half-satisfactory theory is that the sudden whim came to the inventor to inject an original note into the method of entering and leaving buildings. We can all see how commonplace it is merely to turn the door-knob and push, or pull a simple door in order to effect an entry, or an exit, without being whirled in, and swished out before you realize what has happened. Perhaps the R.D. inventor decided to “put all his eggs in one basket,” as the saying is, and so, contrived a

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door which would enable the public to be coming in and going out continuously.

This new invention was probably adopted by an ambitious store manager who had hopes of attracting the public, as ordinarily, by a striking oddity. Quite likely flocks of customers were drawn to his store by the unusual device. It is doubtful that for the first few months they got further than the door, for, being ignorant of the fact that to escape from a revolving door at the half-way turn it is necessary to be a swift mover, they sailed blissfully around like children on a merry-go-round.

Soon other stores took up the novel idea and, the people eventually having discovered the secret of a successful escape from the revolving door, it evolved (or should I say, revolved?) into an institution.

I sometimes wonder if, before the R.D. became accepted as ordinary, the ambitious manager had begun to see doors revolving before his eyes incessantly and had found his way to a rest home, there to make the acquaintance of an unsung and forgotten inventor who had once been the victim of an idea which became popularized, unwisely.

Of course, this is all theoretical, however. I consider the revolving door a practical sample of men going around in a circle; and I hold that until the end of the world doors will continue revolving and men with them.

Doreen Cullen, XII,

Loretto College School,

Brunswick Ave.

CLASS OF '44.

There are kind friends and good friends

And old friends and new,

But Loretto's Class of '44

Is sincere, tried and true.

Gertrude McCarthy, XII,

Loretto High School, Englewood.

**ST. CECILIA'S CONVENT PRESENTS
MUSICAL PROGRAMME.**

On Thursday afternoon, June 8, the pupils of the junior music class of St. Cecilia's Convent entertained parents and friends at a music recital. It was gratifying to those most interested to note the long strides which these youthful students have made during their earliest years in the study of music. The programme opened with a hymn to the Blessed Virgin and to St. Cecilia, sung by the junior choral class of the convent accompanied by Miss Maureen Connolly. Then followed piano selections, played by Gerarda Sapiano, Edmund Hogan, Sharon Lutgate, Evelyn Lutgate, Leo Reinhard, Frances Greenwood, Jeanie McVeigh, Grant McVeigh, Coral Dwyer, Mary E. Sapiano, Joseph Le Moine, Joan De Batisse, James Long, Phyllis Brooks, Marie Crothall, Adelyn Connolly, Sheila Grant, and Mary Lou Dwyer.

Rosemary Kennedy entertained with a vocal selection and tap dancing numbers. A reading by James Long, a vocal number by Barbara Barras and a play, "Blue Boots," by the pupils of the convent school, completed the very pleasing programme.

The cast of Blue Boots included Rosemary Kennedy as "Betty," Therese McFarland as "Mary," Barbara McManus, Mary Ann Cullan, Shirley McGonigle, Donna Bell, Adeline Lavery as "Tear Fairies," and Barbara Barras as the "Sun." Adeline Lavery acted as narrator.

**LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA,
SASKATCHEWAN**

At Loretto High School graduation, Rev. F. J. Schachtel in his address, emphasized the great need there is of a thorough knowledge, and love, and practice of our Faith, and of a whole-hearted effort on the part of our youth to promote the cause of Christ in daily life. Each one by his earnest efforts to promote Catholic Action is sanctifying his own soul, and drawing others to follow the Master.

Miss Helen Morris thanked the Reverend guest speaker not only for his helpful address on this occasion, but also for the great interest he has always shown in the progress of the High School students, girls and boys.

Frank Dusel, an alumnus of the school, who has completed with Honour standing the First Year in Engineering at the University of Saskatchewan, entertained with reminis-

cences of the "pioneer" days of the school. He paid tribute to his former schoolmates now in the Services.

The pleasant reunion of many former L.H.S. students on this occasion was evidence of their loyalty and of their determination to continue to promote the best interests of their Alma Mater.

We all learned with regret that Louis Escavage, one of our former L.H.S. boys, who has been serving with the Canadian Forces in France, has been seriously wounded. We are praying for his recovery and safe return; also for the safe return of all our valiant Saskatchewan boys, especially those who formerly attended Loretto H. S., Regina.

MAY CROWNING AT PORT COLBORNE.

"'Tis the month of Our Mother"—the strains rang sweetly as the children of St. Teresa's Parish, Port Colborne, walked reverently in

procession to crown the Queen of May. The cross-bearer and acolytes were followed by the surpliced altar-boys; then came four diminutive tots in long, white dresses, attendants of Miss Yolanda Falsetti, of Our Lady's Club, who carried the Sodality banner. The boys and girls of 1944 Confirmation Class, followed by the members of Our Lady's Club, formed the body of the procession directly preceding the "crowning" party — Miss Aileen Johnston— with her two attendants, Miss Teresa Varga and Anne Adamec, and, in advance of them, tiny Cecile Apolcer, carrying the flower crown. These, after the procession into the church, where the Confirmation Class and Our Lady's Club formed a guard of honour, passed on to Our Lady's shrine, which was flower-decked and brilliant with lighted tapers. While the May coronation hymn was sung the wreath was placed on Our Lady's statue. The Rosary followed, and the ceremony closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA.

Fatima, once so little known,
Is now a household word;
For there, from Beauty clothed in white,
Great prophecies were heard.

"A war will come," the vision said,
"If men pursue the wrong;
But honor my Immaculate Heart,
And peace will come ere long."

"Devoutly say my Rosary
And practise sacrifice;
Then Russia will return to God
When earth has paid the price."
Isobel O'Gorman, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

VIRGIN MOST POWERFUL.

Dear Virgin most powerful, loving and true,
Thy holy strength on thy children bestow,
That sensing thy wishes in life's daily tasks,
Thy motherly heart our devotion may know.

When tempted and weary of ways that beguile
Wherever life takes us on land or on sea,
May thy loving guidance thy children direct
On the route that will lead us safe home to thee.

Enlighten our vision, warm our cold hearts,
That the woes of mankind may sympathy meet,
And may thy dear manners in our ways so shine
That others may seek thee, Dear Virgin, so sweet.

Julianne Shannon, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

SPRING

On a beautiful day in March
I went for a walk in the woods.
I suddenly stopped in surprise,
Pussy-willows were out of their hoods.

And as I watched very closely,
A fairy seemed to say:
"Why are you standing there gaping,
Don't you know Spring's here to-day?"

I gazed around me in wonder;
It seemed the fairy was right,
For as I looked about silently
My eyes met a happy sight.

I saw the buds on the trees,
So tiny and so green;
And some pretty flower shoots
Which barely could be seen.

I saw the robins flying
Into the sky so blue,
And suddenly I realized that
The fairy's hint was true.

For Spring was really here,
Beautiful, gentle Spring,
Spring whom we welcome gladly,
To her my praise I bring.

Ann Gaborotto, Grade VI,
St. Patrick's School, Niagara Falls.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION.

The Spring meeting of Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto College School on Sunday, April 23rd. Following Benediction in the Chapel the members gathered in the Auditorium, where the President, Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith, presided at the meeting. Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman spoke briefly on the Victory Loan, urging that all purchase bonds to the utmost of their ability. Mrs. D. A. Balfour, Placement Chairman of the Women's Voluntary War Services, told of the work done by our members in selling War Savings Stamps, and asked for more helpers at the Sales Booth. Mrs. Balfour is also the Loretto

Alumnae representative on the Local Council of Women and gave a review of the work being done by that organization. A reception was then held in honour of our new Mother General, Reverend Mother Victorine. A large number had come to renew acquaintance with Mother General. Mrs. H. T. Roesler and Miss Helene St. Charles were hostesses at the tea, which was served under the convenership of Mrs. W. A. Smyth. The tea assistants were Miss Mary Dawson, Miss Roberta Rankin, Miss Olive Macklin, Miss Patricia Barry, Mrs. Bernard McHenry, Miss Doris March, Miss Adele Wickett and Miss Marie Kirby.

* * *

On Sunday, June 11th, the Annual Meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith presided and the meeting was followed by a tea in honour of the University graduates of Loretto College, and the graduates of Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School. Mrs. D. A. Balfour and Mrs. D. Rae MacKenzie were the tea hostesses, and the assistants were Miss Dorothea McLaughlin, Miss Margaret McDonough, Miss Agnes Cain, Miss Gertrude Tackaberry, Mrs. Maurice J. Doyle, Miss Betty Sanborn, Mrs. Arnold Hendriks, Miss Shirley Pezzack, Miss Mary Ruscica, Miss Mary Ellen Hogan and Miss Margaret Logan. A short piano recital by Mr. Warren Mould, Piano Scholarship winner at the Kiwanis Music Festival, was enjoyed by the members.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE.

The charter members of our Circle were honored at a delightful Tea in April at the Whittier Hotel. Miss Loretto Dupuis, founder, gave a talk on how the Circle came to be organized under her direction in 1924. Among the charter members present were Miss Iris Sullivan, Mrs. Sarah Gallagher Graffius, Mrs. Mae Clark Gaspard, Mrs. Lola Bell Ripley, Mrs. Kathleen Marshall Bruce, Mrs. Coletta Galvin Timpy, and Mrs. Inamae Dupuis Priebe. Each one was called upon to give her reminiscences of early days in the Detroit Alumnae organization. In 1923, when the group expanded to include alumnae from other Loretto academies, Mrs. Bernadette Macnab Wilson was the first to join. Each Charter member was presented with a lovely card, hand-painted by Mother Lucia, I.B.V.M., commemorating the 20th anniversary. The tea-table was beautiful with blue and white decorations; and the large birthday cake frosted in blue and white with the words, "Congratulations 20th Anniversary Detroit-Windsor Circle of Loretto Alumnae," was the centerpiece. Ave Maria Loretto was sung by all present, and the cake was cut by Loretto Dupuis.

Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey) welcomed us to her home for our May and Annual meetings. Reports from all officers and chairmen were read. We were happy to have as our guests for the afternoon, Miss Mary McCordle, International Federation of Catholic Alumnae chairman of Mary's Day; Miss Florence Mullen, Niagara Falls alumna, visiting from Lima, Ohio, and Mrs. Lillian Thurston Dietrich visiting from Scottsville, Michigan.

Our annual Mass for living members of the

Circle was celebrated Sunday, May 21st, at downtown St. Mary's Church in Detroit.

The sum of \$75.00 was sent to our nuns at the Sault convent towards Summer School tuition, as our annual contribution to the cause of Catholic education. Miss Iris Sullivan invited the members of the Circle to her home Saturday afternoon, June 17th, to meet and welcome Mother Agatha and Mother Lorenzo stopping off in Detroit on their way to Chicago. The thirty girls assembled un-animously agreed that it was a special treat to see our Loretto Nuns once more.

The new officers elected for the coming year are: For President, Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey), succeeding Mrs. John Babcock; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anna Bickers, Guelph), succeeding Mrs. Thomas Shea; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. J. C. Keenan (Nora Teahen, Abbey), succeeding Mrs. Thomas Doherty; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. H. Priebe (Inamae Dupuis, Sault), re-elected; Financial Secretary, Mrs. F. N. Wilson (Bernadette Macnab, Abbey), re-elected; Treasurer, Miss Myrtle Lloyd, Stratford, succeeding Mrs. Celia Reinhard LaChance.

I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Farley (Bertille Breen, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Maria Bertille, on April 16th.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Muldoon (Kathleen Breen, Loretto Alumna) on the arrival of Martha Alice Ann, a wee sister for Susan and Mary, on April 23rd.

To Lt. James Carson and Mrs. Carson (Victoria Mueller, Ph.D., Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, Paul Hastings, on May 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Walsh (Joan McLaughlin, Loretto College Alumna) on the birth of a son, David Frederick, on April 20th.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. Breen O'Connor (Lillian Kennedy, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, Edward Breen, on January 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hunter (Rose Malouf, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, on June 17th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Henry (Anne Cassidy, formerly of St. Cecilia's Staff) on the birth of a son, Paul Francis, on May 6th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hubbs (formerly part-time teacher on St. Cecilia's Staff) on the birth of a son, Gerard, on June 15th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Arnold (Ann Armstrong, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, on March 24th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Brenchley (Mary Lococo, Loretto Alumna) on the recent birth of a son, James.

To Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Horem (Marguerite Glynn, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, on May 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Young (Catherine McGrath, Loretto Alumna) on the recent birth of a son, David.

To Mr. and Mrs. Howard Johnston (Dorothea Huebner, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, Gary Arthur, on June 9th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Oswald (Lillian Tallion, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, William, on May 14th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd (Rose Alba Turgeon, Loretto Alumna), on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Garrett (Agnes Paquette, Loretto Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. William O'Rourke (Betty Kompare, Loretto Alumna) on the recent birth of a daughter, Mary Rita.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stettner (Hilda Werner, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Lorraine Anne, on May 9th.

MARRIAGES.

Miss Frances Marie Dudgeon, R.N., New York, daughter of Mrs. Dudgeon and the late Mr. J. A. Dudgeon, and sister of Sister M. Victor, I.B.V.M., was married in May to Dr. D. D. Simmons.

Miss Clara Bast, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Bast, was married on April 10th to Mr. Charles Crasston.

Miss Marion Ellis, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ellis, was married October 25, 1943, to Mr. Harmon W. Boyes, son of Mrs. Boyes (Maud Lovering, Loretto Alumna) and the late Professor J. M. Boyes. The ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, with Very Reverend Dean Cassidy officiating.

Miss Constance Josephine McCabe, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leo George McCabe (Tessie Roesler, Loretto Alumna) was married in April 15th to Mr. George Robert Peabody.

Miss Marcella Sleeman, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Sleeman (Loretto Alumna) was married to Mr. Willard McDonald, on June 3rd.

Miss Mary Sinisac, B.A., Loretto College Alumna and member of Loretto College School Staff, was married in April to Mr. John Flanagan.

Miss Anna Isobel (Annabel) Macklin, B.A., a 3rd generation Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macklin, was married to Mr. Joseph Clarence Keast, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harold Keast, Copper Cliff, on June 10th, in St. Peter's Church, Toronto. The bride is a niece of M.M. St. Joseph, I.B.V.M.

Miss Dorothy Jean Cole, Loretto Alumna, was married, on January 17th, to Mr. Michael Di Tella. The bride is a niece of M.M. Priscilla, I.B.V.M., and M.M. Leona, I.B.V.M.

Miss Winnifred Purkis, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Purkis and the late Mr. Harold Purkis, was married, on April 22nd, to Mr. Alan Arthur Aylwin.

Miss Ruth Helene Leonard, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leo Dennis Leonard, was married to Lieut. James Thomas Hughson, R.C.E., son of Mrs. Hughson and the late Mr. William George Hughson, in St. James Church, Toronto, on May 15th, with Rev. W. P. Heydon officiating.

Miss Helen Marie Fitzgibbons, Loretto Abbey Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fitzgibbons, was married, on April 20th, in St. Ignatius' Church, New York, to Flying Officer John McCausland, R.C.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. James McCausland, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Diana Athanasia Skouras, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spyros Panayiotis Skouras, was married, on June 28th, in Holy Trinity Church, Mararoneck, N.Y., to Dr. George Anderson Fowler,

son of Mrs. Gladys Fowler (Loretto Abbey Alumna) and the late Mr. G. H. Fowler.

Miss Mary Catherine Love, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Love, was married recently to Mr. Thomas Richard Schuett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schuett, in St. Anthony's Church. Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrand officiated. The wedding party paid a pleasant little visit to Loretto College School, the bride's Alma Mater.

Miss Joan Ann O'Brien, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien, was recently married to Dr. John F. Crawley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Crawley, in the Church of Our Lady, Guelph. The Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly officiated.

Miss Anita McGrath, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McGrath, was married, on April 10th, to William Scobie, R.C.A.F.

Miss Helen Abraham, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Abraham, was married to Pte. Arthur Shelton, on April 24th.

Miss Jane Stoner, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Stoner, was married recently to L.A.C. James D. Tiller.

Miss Marguerite (Peggy) Rice, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rice, was married, June 12th, to Mr. David John Harkins.

SYMPATHY.

To Rt. Rev. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen and to his bereaved brothers, on the death of their father, Mr. Newton Sheen, on April 24th.

To Rev. Father Bartlett, S.J.; Miss Fabiola Bartlett; Mrs. Connolly (Eileen); Mrs. Coffin (Myrtle); and Mrs. O'Connor (Hildegard), on the recent death of their mother.

To Mr. L. W. Dinnie on the death of his wife (Agatha Lanphier) on June 11th, and to their daughter, Mrs. L. H. Smith; also to Mrs. Dinnie's father, Mr. P. A. Lanphier, and her bereaved sisters and brothers, especially Rev. Charles B. Lanphier.

To Mother M. St. Clement, I.B.V.M., and Mother M. St. Gertrude, I.B.V.M., on the death, May 6th, of their beloved aunt, Reverend Sister Mary Clementine, of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Chicago, and sister of the late Reverend Clement Brohmann. Our sympathy also to Sister Mary Clementine's Community in the loss of this esteemed and gifted member.

To Mr. David J. Donnelly and Mr. Thomas M. Donnelly, of Flushing, N.Y., and to the Misses Katherine, Elizabeth, and Pauline Donnelly, on the death of their devoted step-sister, Miss Minnie Cavanagh. Miss Cavanagh was an active member of the Sacred Heart League, and the Altar Society of St. Helen's Parish, and also of the Catholic Women's League, and the Catholic Church Extension Society.

To Mrs. E. Halloran, on the death of her husband, Mr. Edward J. Halloran, on May 21st, and to the bereaved sons, Messrs. James, Edward, Claude and Frederick Halloran; and daughter, Mrs. W. J. Arthur Fair; also to Mr. Halloran's brother, Mr. James Halloran, and his sisters, M.M. Mechtilde, I.B.V.M., and Miss Catherine Halloran.

To Mrs. J. Halloran, on the death of her husband, on May 26th, in Spokane; and to his bereaved brother, Mr. James Halloran, and sisters, M.M. Mechtilde, I.B.V.M., and Miss Catherine Halloran.

To the bereaved families of Don Lister, Arthur Kelly, and George Koeniss, St. Bride's boys killed in action.

To Rev. J. Reddin; Rev. Earl Reddin, S.J., Mr. F. Reddin; Mrs. Conlin, and Mrs. O. Cummins, on the death of their aunt, Miss Minnie Reddin, sister of the late M.M. Seraphia, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Louis Lahey, M.M. St. Aloysius, I.B.V.M., and Miss Margaret Lahey, Loretto Alumna, on the death of their brother, Mr. John Lahey, on May 28th.

To Mrs. Keenan, on the death of her husband, Mr. Joseph Edward Keenan, on March 27th; also to Mr. Keenan's mother and to his aunt, M.M. Adeline, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Harold Sullivan, Separate School Board, Niagara Falls, on the death of his father, Mr. Michael Sullivan, on March 15th.

To Messrs. Frank J. Connolly and Charles Connolly, of the R.C.E. overseas, and to Mrs. Fred. Edward and Miss Eileen Connolly (Loretto Alumnae), on the recent death of their brother, Mr. James Connolly.

To Miss Helen Sutherland, Loretto Alumna, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Agnes Sutherland, June 13th.

To Mrs. Perkins, on the death of her husband, Mr. Charles Perkins, on April 6th, and to their sons, Messrs. Gerald and Leonard Perkins, and daughters, M.M. Monica, I.B.V.M.; Lillian, Bernice and Irma; also to Mr. Perkins' brothers, Messrs. L and F. Perkins.

To Mr. and Mrs. Philip La Londe, on the death of their infant daughter, Frances Helen, a niece of Sister M. St. Norbert, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Stafford Higgins, Sr.; Mrs. James D. Warde; Mrs. James E. Day; Miss Nellie Higgin; and Mrs. John M. Sheehan, on the death of their sister, Mrs. McPherson, on March 23rd, at her home, Glendale, Calif.; also to Mrs. McPherson's niece, M.M. Alicia, I.B.V.M.

To Dr. E. P. Kelly, on the death of his wife (Annie Josephine Doherty, Loretto Alumna), on April 27th.

To O-Sea Stephen Monahan; Capt John Monahan (overseas); A.W.1 Barbara Webster; Mary; and Dorelle Monahan (Loretto Alumnae), on the death of their father, Mr. Thomas Louis Monahan, K.C., on May 14th.

To Capt. Leo Beaupre; Mrs. J. L. Mahony; Miss Marian Beaupre; Mrs. R. E. Delahunt; on the death of their mother, Mrs. Beaupre, wife of the late Capt. Charles Beaupre, on April 6th.

To Mr. John J. Adams on the death of his wife, on May 17th, and to their bereaved daughters, Mrs. W. R. Kearns (Mary); and Mrs. Gerrard Burke (Helen), Loretto Alumnae.

To Miss Day (Loretto Alumna) of Guelph, on the recent death of her brother, Mr. Frank Day, in Los Angeles.

To Mrs. Sullivan, on the death of her husband, Mr. Eugene Sullivan, on May 9th, and to the bereaved family, Messrs. Frank Sullivan, in the Canadian Army in France; Allan, P.O., overseas; Kenneth, in the Air Force; Lorne and Murray at home; and the Misses Audrey and Jean, Loretto College School Alumnae.

To Mrs. Nash, on the death of her husband, Major-General A. E. Nash, Inspector-General of the Canadian Army for Central Canada; and to their bereaved family, Miss Marie Nash, in active

service overseas; Mrs. J. Donnelly (Marguerite), and Mrs. George Meen (Betty), Loretto Alumnae.

To Messrs. Edward, Stafford, and Joseph Hickey; and to Mrs. Leo Cunningham and Mother M. Crescentia, I.B.V.M., on the death of their brother, Mr. John Hickey, on April 15th.

To Mr. Axel. Walsteadt, on the death of his wife, a Loretto Alumna; To Mrs. Walstead's father, Mr. Miller; brothers, Messrs Bernard, Carl and Jack Miller; and sister, Mildred (Mrs. Marco).

To Mrs. Ryan, on the death of her husband, Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, and to their daughter, Miss Patricia, student at Loretto College School.

To the immediate relatives of Mr. John Bast, Sr., especially to his six grandnieces in Loretto—M.M.'s Philippa, St. Mark, St. Jude, Syncleta, Beatrice, and St. Luke.

To Mrs. F. H. Brent, Mrs. M. J. Moad, Mrs. J. Oswin, and Mrs. F. C. MacLean, on the recent death of their mother, Mrs. James Oag, Loretto Abbey Alumna.

To Mr. Hawkes, on the recent death of his wife (Angela Mudd, Loretto, Niagara Alumna), and to the bereaved family; also to Mrs. Hawkes' brothers, the Messrs. Mudd, and her sisters, Anna Mary, and Louise.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS.

April 19—The magnificent Mission Exhibition sponsored by His Grace inspired an interesting and thought-provoking symposium on "Mission Work at Home and Abroad."

Marie Lamey introduced the subject effectively. Mission Work in China was Joan Shinnick's topic. Agnes Kinney spoke of the great work being done in the Western Missions. Mary Pacini told of the Northern Missions; and Patricia Dennis of the African Missions. Shirley Newcomb's account of the Mission Work of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was of particular interest to all.

April 21—Tea Dance held by the Senior Class a thoroughly delightful affair.

April 16—Reverend Father Maloney, recently released from a Japanese Internment Camp, was a welcome visitor.

May 1—Our Lady's month—glad hearts and firm resolutions that each day will bring us closer to Our Mother.

The beautiful little cards received this morning will help us to realize our ideal.

May 5—Baseball and Volley-ball inter-form games, important events these beautiful Spring days.

May 10—Reverend Father McGoey held us spellbound as he told of his adventurous escape from China.

May 12—The Senior Recital.

May 13—Mary's Day! Mass and Holy Communion at the Cathedral in Our Lady's honour. Hundreds of white-veiled girls meet in the grand old Cathedral to honour their Queen. The inspiring Sermon by Reverend Father Forrestel will long be remembered.

May 14—Mothers' Day! We entertain our mothers and our fathers at a Musical and Tea.

May 17—The Montreal Summer School of Catholic Action is an important topic these days. Interest is keen. A number hope to attend. Our delegates are: Isobel O'Gorman, Prefect; Joan MacDonald, Vice-Prefect; Julianne Shannon, Anne Marie Hogan, Marilyn Burt and Elizabeth Kennedy.

May 26—Graduation Day.

May 31—Traditional May procession and

Crowning of Our Lady, marking the close of her month. As we knelt at her shrine we consecrated ourselves anew to Our Blessed Mother, before proceeding to the Chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and a final May hymn.

June 2—First Friday. Mass for the School in honour of the Sacred Heart.

In the afternoon Holy Hour was conducted by Reverend Doctor Markle, during which the school was consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

June 4—Junior Musical Programme and Distribution of Inter-Loretto Festival Certificates.

June 5—Colonel Mulock, Postmaster General of Canada, visited us this afternoon. An interesting and enlightening talk by Colonel Mulock on the work of his department.

June 6—Our First Aid Class passed the St. John's Ambulance Examinations with flying colours. Congratulations!

June 7—Miss Margaret Cameron, a graduate of the Abbey, entertained us with a choice and artistic programme.

June 11—The Alumnae entertain the Graduates of the College, the Abbey and the College School, at tea.

June 16—Juniors Closing a delight for all present.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH.

April 27—The duties of a sodalist interestingly presented in an address by Rev. Father Lynch, S.J.

Posters urging the daily recitation of the Family Rosary now on display.

May 1—Our May bands, under the titles, Our Lady of Victory, and Queen of Peace, have begun a friendly contest in the accomplishment of daily good deeds in Our Lady's honour.

May 23—Two from each of the four upper grades are heard in the final oratorical contest. The prize, a gold cross and chain, was awarded to Katherine Hanlon.

May 30—Before the traditional crowning of Our Lady's statue at the close of May, our procession took place around the grounds and then to her beautiful shrine erected for the occasion, where the Sodality president, Cleo Heimler, crowned.

June 4—Graduation Day.

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LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

May 3—Seniors present "Disraeli" to the public; many congratulations received.

May 5—Pleasant excitement for prospective graduates as they chose the dress for the eventful night.

May 11—Grade XII tripped merrily off for the half-holiday granted for the selling of most tickets for the Seniors' play, "Disraeli." Better luck next year—for some others!

May 12—Rosemary Haydock leaves for her home in York, England, after four years in Canada. Rosemary is a graduate of Loretto, Niagara. Our prayers and best wishes go with her.

May 13—Mary's Day. Loretto choir sang the High Mass in honour of Our Lady, at St. Patrick's Church.

May 17—To the Junior School, orchids for the lovely programme given by their "Little King" choir.

May 18—Ascension Thursday—an appreciated holiday.

May 20—Off for an outing to the Three Sister Islands, N.Y. The picnic lunch was perfect. Home—sweet home—at 6 o'clock.

May 24—Unique. In honour of the "Queen's Birthday," we, Loretto-Niagara students, had a sleep till eleven o'clock!—and breakfast in bed! Movies, for some; riding for others, made the rest of the day memorable.

May 28—Faculty and students entertain our mothers and alumnae at a tea, followed by a musical programme.

May 31—Lovely May hymns resounded throughout the campus as the May closing procession in honour of Our Blessed Mother made its way to her statue. Rosemary Deleo, head of the Teresa Dease House, the winning side, crowned.

June 1—Mrs. L. W. Franklin, whose husband is the American Consul at Niagara Falls, Ontario, entertained us with a talk on her school days in South Africa. The proof of her ability to entertain was evident in the hearty applause she received.

Some of the Seniors had the privilege of hearing Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen speak in Niagara Falls, N.Y., on "The Problems of the Post-War World."

June 2—Election of class valedictorian and salutatorian. Dorothy Hatch was chosen as the former, and Luigina Cortese as the latter. Congratulations to both!

June 6—A Holy Hour in honour of the Sacred Heart, for the success of the Invasion. Grade IX diction class presented two enjoyable playlets to the rest of the student body. In one, "The Highway of Life," the various rôles of nurse, teacher, wife, mother and so on were well taken; in the other, "Life's Giftshop," Joan Sheppard impersonated Life, and Rosemary Aversa, a seeker after happiness. Congratulations to Grade IX.

June 8—The graduates were entertained at a theatre party and tea by Grade XI. The Prophecies, and the Last Will and Testament were, as usual, cause for mirth. Entertainment perfect. Congratulations to the Juniors!

June 9—Two most instructive talks on the Pope's Encyclical on Marriage, given us by Reverend Father Keating, S.J.

June 11—The graduates appreciate a memorable day of recollection and prayer, under the

direction of Father Keating. It closed with a richly inspiring Holy Hour, during which we prayed earnestly for peace.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON.

Mar. 26 - Apr. 5—Examination "Blues" again, but "Hope springs eternal in the student's breast!"

Apr. 9—Easter holidays arrive. There will be solemn days and gay ones before we return.

Apr. 17—Splendidly refreshed after that breathing space, and determined to make the best—the very best of our last term.

May 15—Tag day sponsored by Grade IX. Proceeds go to the Catholic Information Centre.

May 17—Graduation Day. An account is given elsewhere.

May 22—Grade XII "Draw," with proceeds also for Catholic Information Centre. Audrey Livingston is winner.

Graduates present books to Grades VIII, IX, X, XI and XII, as their parting gift.

May 30—Sixth Annual Sodality Convention. During the afternoon the Loretto Glee Club gave a short programme. We were very proud of our musical performers.

May 31—To the accompaniment of an electric storm, our traditional May crowning took place. Margaret O'Toole, leader of the winning side in our May bands, had the honour of placing the wreath. We were all greatly impressed by Father Anthony O'Brien's talk, and are resolved to follow his advice to invoke Our Mother Mary frequently, although her special month has slipped away.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD.

Jan. 1—Happy New Year! We ushered it in with a Holy Hour, 11 to 12. Our mothers spent the hour with us in the convent chapel.

Jan. 13—Some precious minutes this week given to making handkerchiefs in Air Force blue for the "Red Cross."

Jan. 23—Mother Mary Ward's birthday. We had the great pleasure of hearing Reverend Dr. John Boyle O'Reilly's address on the Life and Work of the Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, our Mother Mary Ward.

Jan. 24—The House of Elizabeth entertained the House of Margaret Rose at a toboggan party.

Feb. 7-9—Three inspiring days—our annual retreat—under the spiritual direction of Reverend Leo Burns, S.J.

Feb. 10—Valentine sale. Proceeds for ransom of pagan infants.

Feb. 11—All enjoyed the novel Victory Programme presented by Madeline Routhier and Bernice Gravelle. Admission, a War Saving Stamp.

Feb. 28—Trip to Loretto, Guelph, to see the Seniors' play, "The Saint of Chelsea." Congratulations to directors and cast, and our gratitude for the lovely welcome and generous hospitality we received.

Mar. 9—Our zeal for missionary enterprises received a real impetus in the enlightening talk given by Rev. Rev. Father Amyiot, Superior of Nazareth House, who spent twenty years in China. Thanks again, Father!

May 17—Our bowling season closed with a delightful picnic at Kelly's farm. Tournament

prizes were won by Valerie Shantz, Teresa Birmingham, and Wanda Frawley.

May 31—Farewell to May; procession, May hymns, and traditional crowning of Our Lady's

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statue, after which our mothers are entertained at a Tea.

June 8—Enjoyable supper given at the Island for members of St. Joseph's Choir, by the Pastor, Very Reverend Dean Eagan.

June 15—To the House of Margaret Rose goes the Dean Egan Trophy for school spirit, loyalty and courtesy.

The Dean Egan Medal for Senior Christian Doctrine was won by Madeleine Routhier; the medal, presented by Rev. E. R. Glavin, was awarded to Valerie Shantz. Congratulations!

Medal for highest standing in Middle School, presented by Rev. W. T. Corcoran, awarded to Bernice Gravelle. Prize for highest standing in Grade X, awarded to Angeleen Conway. Prize for highest standing in Grade IX, awarded to Teresa Stock.

LORETTO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN.

May 18—Juniors' annual banquet for Seniors most enjoyable.

May 22—Novel in its planning the Seniors chose Mackinac Island as the ideal place for their class picnic. The Juniors were their guests.

May 24—A delegation from Loretto attended the Diocesan Sodality meeting at Negaunee, Michigan.

May 29—Loretto student body sang at the Pontifical Mass which closed the Knights of Columbus State Convention.

Seniors in formals of pastel shades led the school May procession, and the living Rosary be-

fore the crowning of Our Lady's statue. Benediction followed.

June 9—The Freshmen-Sophomore picnic was held in Sherman Park—a perfect holiday!

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

April 10—The "Headline Dance," given by the Writers' Club, a big success.

April 13, 14—"Don't Take My Penny," capacity audience each evening. The cast of Seniors, under the direction of Miss Therese Curry, for the first time had boys for the male characters. Marion Kelly and Joan von Albade alternated in the leading rôle of "Penny."

May 1—Loretto-Woodlawn Auxiliary welcomed friends to their Annual Spring Luncheon. Mrs. Hugh Deaska was chairman, with Mrs. William Neesen and Mrs. Walter Robinson as co-chairmen.

May 21—The National Federation of Catholic Alumnae entertained by the nuns and students of Woodlawn. Mass was celebrated by Msgr. Cunningham, Superintendent of Schools. A fried chicken breakfast was served to the guests. "The Apparitions of Fátima," dramatized and directed by Mother M. Denise and Sister M. Edwardine, was presented, with able assistance from the Verse Choir and the Glee Club.

May 22—Visiting 8th Grade Misses enjoyed the evening as they made their way about the school with a view to registering as next year's Freshmen. "The Apparitions of Fátima" and a comedy, "Sardines," were presented.

May 31—Miss Jean Kehoe, President of the Sodality, crowned Our Blessed Mother's statue, in

the traditional ceremony at our Lourdes Grotto. The entire school, singing hymns to Mary, preceded the prefect and her attendants. Benediction and a special consecration to Our Lady followed.

June 1—Eve of graduation. Seniors' retreat day of prayer and recollection.

June 2—Our last "First Friday" Mass together. The Missa Recitata with greater fervour than ever, and for one another.

June 4—The Alumnae entertained the Seniors at a tea. New Alumnae members introduced by Class of '43, which was well represented. Miss Lorraine Heaton sang a solo. Miss Bridine Bardoši welcomed the guests.

June 6—The Writers' Club celebrated its last big event of the year, not counting the last edition of The Spire, which is waiting for graduation pictures. The members enjoyed the chicken salad and peppermint ice cream prepared by Mrs. Martin.

June 8—Junior-Senior Luncheon. Gym transformed into a spring garden. Sophomores served and later presented "We Took Your Penny," which caused much merriment as the graduates saw themselves mimicked as they appeared in their own senior play. Class will and class prophecy added to the fun.

June 13—Commencement Day. Account on another page, and a picture of our sixty-one graduates.

May 21—Doy of recollection. Junior College and Grade XII were privileged to spend a day of complete withdrawal, prompted by the inspiring words of Father MacNeil, S.J.

May 28—St. Peter's Church was the scene of one of Brunswick's loveliest graduations. Father McNab's thought-provoking speech was enjoyed by guests and graduates alike.

May 29—Graduation Dance held at Newman Club. The graduates and friends had a delightful time.

May 31 and June 5—The Public Speaking Festival; the topics were many and varied, and proved of interest to the whole assembly.

June 1—Rev. Dr. Ronan and his Cathedral Boy Choristers staged a highly artistic performance to entertain L.C.S. staff and friends.

June 2—Brunswick girls blossomed forth in their daintiest formals—for the closing Glee Club Festival.

June 4—The Alumnae entertained this year's Graduates at their Alma Mater.

June 7—All present were delighted by the Junior Glee Club Festival in our auditorium.

June 13—A picnic was held in Riverdale Park for the pupils of the Junior Grades. The zoo was chief attraction.

Mary Hickey.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

Mar. 25—The Inter-Loretto Music Festival was held at the Abbey. The Glee Clubs were in fine trim. Brunswick Intermediates carried off the laurels in their group; the Senior and Junior glee clubs came 2nd and 3rd respectively in their groups. Ethel Farkas, Mary Frances Barry, Mary Johnstone, Mary-Lou MacGregor, Monica Paul, and Barbara Buck participated in the instrumental selections. All were praiseworthy in their efforts.

Apr. 5—School out for another "pause that refreshes." Many of us are just a trifle ruffled by ominous shadows of the coming finals.

Apr. 10—Orchids to our teacher, Mary Sinlac, B.A., on her marriage to Mr. John Flanagan.

Apr. 27—Diocesan exam. in which we hope at least to win honourable mention—or something better.

May 1—Choosing of sides for May Bands—Our Lady of Lourdes and Our Lady of Good Counsel. The leader of the winning side is to crown Our Lady at the Closing Exercises. We're really going to make a success of this!

May 9—Something new has been added, in the form of two fluffy baby chicks which, though kept in the Primary room, are the star attraction of the whole school at noon hour.

May 13—Brunswick was well represented at the annual Mary's Day Celebration at St. Michael's Cathedral.

May 14—The Intermediate Choral Class and music pupils delighted us with a brilliant display of talent. Especially encouraging was the large audience consisting mostly of the mothers, in whose honour it was presented.

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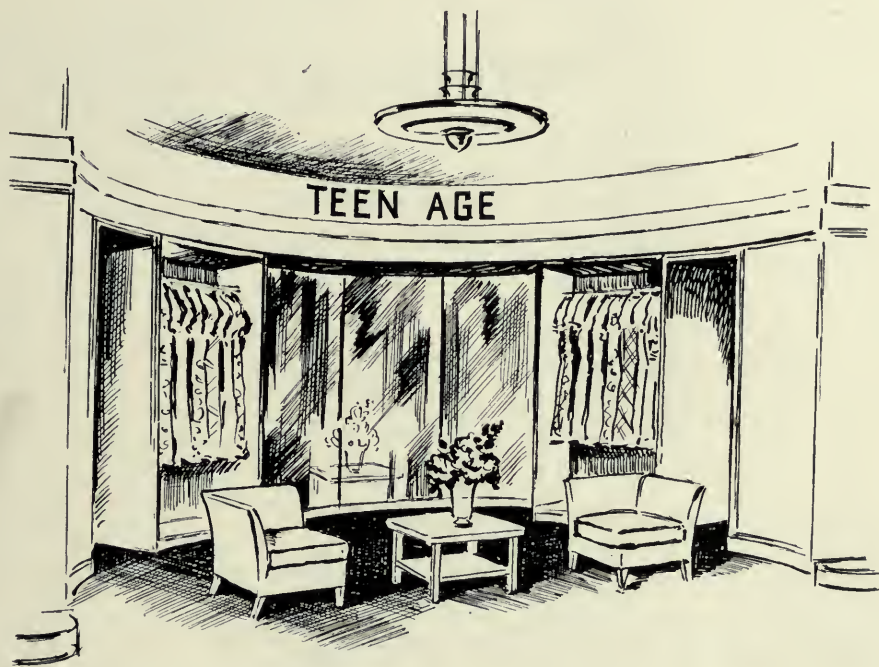
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 Moves my poor skill to despair.

The Poet:

'Tis a sign, a heavenly portent
 Hung by God across the sky,
 Meaning storms will soon be over
 And a perfect day is nigh.

—Donald T. Brown.

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.



1645 ~ 1945



As the 300th Anniversary
of the saintly death of

Mother Mary Ward

the heroic foundress of the
Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary

occurs January 23, 1945

we gratefully dedicate to her memory
this New Year issue
of
Loretto Rainbow

Jan 1945



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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—1847-1945



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.



I. Weidinger, I.B.V.M.

The world is still within My keeping!
So, be not troubled; cease from weeping!
Within My Hands I bear you ever,
And bless your every good endeavour.





You Who Have Prayed

You who have prayed until your life becomes
A shining chalice for the wine of prayer;
You who have prayed while Earth's insistent drums
Flung futile fury on the cringing air—

To you alone the fluent years reveal
Some measure of the peace which passeth bars;
On you alone are laid the Hands that heal;
You hear the Voice that speaks beyond the stars.

You are the Beggar with the Yellow Bowl;
You are the Penitent on bleeding feet,
The Saint who bargains for another soul,
The Sinner who has learned that tears are sweet.

I search you as I pass, and I divine
The secret in YOUR eyes, you read in MINE.

—ALINE MICHAELIS

A Valiant Woman

By T. L. DUNPHY, C.Ss.R.



MARY WARD (1585-1645).

FOUNDRESS OF THE INSTITUTE OF THE B.V.M.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—As the tercentenary of the death of the revered Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother Mary Ward, occurs this month, we believe that many of our readers will be pleased to see this excellent appreciation of her, by Rev. T. L. Dunphy, C.Ss.R., which we published a few years ago in *Loretto Rainbow*, through the courtesy of *The Ave Maria*.)

Valiant women!—they are everywhere! One meets them amid the rush of our great city; they are found in the great Outback of the New World. They do the humble work of Martha; they sit at Christ's feet like Mary; they take up the sword with Judith. Their name is truly Legion. They are of the modern

and of the ancient world; they are young and they are old. But everywhere and at all times they are valiant.

As I write, the life of one of this great legion is being examined in the city of the Popes. She is a daughter of England; one chosen of a multitude for the work of God, tried before God and man, and not found wanting. She is of an epoch which saw England at her best and at her worst: when the pride of Spain was smashed in the waters of the Channel, and when the blood of martyrs flowed right under the quarterer's knife at Tyburn. She is one of the heroic women extending in a glorious lineage through the Liturgy and History of the Church; she links up with the band of heroines who glorified the Roman Faith—the Lucies, Agneses and Cecilians. Her name is Mary Ward.

Mary Ward first saw the light of day when the persecution of the Faith in England had reached one of its bitterest stages. In 1585 this child of predilection came into the world to share an inheritance hateful to the powerful men who really ruled England at that time, but glorious in the eyes of God—the inheritance of the Catholic Faith. Of an ancient family—pre-Conquest, in fact,—she early fell under the influence of her grandmother, an ardent adherent of the ancient Faith, who had spent fourteen years of her life in York prison on account of her Catholicity. From this heroine, the child Mary must have imbibed many a lesson of piety, and much of the staunch faith which was to render her capable of later suffering so much under the banner of the Cross.

Mary grew up a beautiful woman. Her portrait as preserved in Augsburg shows her to us as the possessor of great charms. Her face is delicate, but full of character; lips sensitive; eyes large, bright and earnest; and features beautifully moulded. It is no wonder then, that we hear of her being sought early in marriage. But her heart, like that of the child Agnes, was given to another Lover, and the most earnest entreaties of relatives and friends availed nothing. She saw beyond earthly unions; she realized the fewness of the laborers in the vineyard; she saw the people

thirsting for the water that springs up, eternal and refreshing, to life everlasting; and she heard the marriage offer of the heavenly Bridegroom, though at the time she hardly realized that her life's sphere lay in helping to bring back her own land out of the shadow of death into the sunshine of the favor of God.

Many and severe were Mary's trials before she was able, in 1611, to decide that the ideal she longed to realize was a religious Order of women, based more or less on the Ignatian Rule, without enclosure and without obligation to religious dress. Only thus, she argued, could one cope with conditions in England.

Nowadays one can scarcely understand the degree of opposition called forth by Mary's activities on these two points. Such a form of religious rule for women was unheard of, and only the young Foundress' supreme trust in God brought her through the trial successfully. Despite all opposition, her work progressed; houses sprang up in Belgium, England, and even in Rome; the last-named, a kind of working model of her ideas, calculated to disprove the calumnies of opponents. Mary herself was everywhere — in London, Rome, Liège. She was the incarnation of the spirit of the new Order. Her zeal, happy disposition, amazing energy and genuine gaiety drew from one man—a Protestant friend—the naïve remark, "Except for the Mother of God, there was never such a woman!" A quaint but delightful portrait of his heroine later brought him into the true Church. In these early days we see Mary's influence on every class. One English priest owed his priesthood to her, we might say. He had fallen from his high estate, had even forgotten how to say Mass, had abandoned his Church to save his life. But the divine, working through Mary Ward, galvanized his torpid soul and gave him back the place he had forfeited. At last our heroine was captured in London and condemned. And here we glimpse her, rosary in hand, fearless of human authority, rebuking the blasphemies of her very judge! Freed from prison, she sets off for Rome saddened at losing a martyr's crown, but joyous in doing the will of her Lord.

Arrived in Rome, the Foundress yielded at no point to her opponents. She was convinced of the justice of her cause and appeared before the Commission examining her Institute; with intrepidity and fearlessness defending her ideals and refusing respectfully but firmly the compromises offered her. And here she felt the bitterness as of death, and suffered the tragic pang of seeing as her most relentless opponents

the men she longed to aid—the English clergy. As the regular and secular clergy of the English mission were divided on the question of the appointment of a bishop for England, Mary's Institute, based on the Rule of Ignatius, was marked by the secular clergy as being on the Regular side. Their advocate in Rome was earnest in his efforts for a complete refusal of recognition to the young community. Yet in these dark hours, when the cross weighed its heaviest, we find our valiant woman in the city of Naples, calmly opening a house there and undergoing untold hardships, while the fate of her work hung in the balance. From Naples, Mary's gaze turned to Germany. There a vast field opened out with the grain white for the harvest. She set out for Bavaria; and it is in the houses of her Institute there that some of the most interesting relics of her life are still to be found. Her friends in Munich, and later in Vienna, were princes. She was entirely successful; her work seemed founded on a rock. Then the lengthening shadow of the cross touched her soul again. She was wanted in Rome; and though her frail body seemed unable to stand the journey, her indomitable zeal never flagged. "For the rest she was certain that lived she, or died she, she served a good Master." In these sentiments she struggled back to the city of the Popes.

In Rome things were going badly. Everything seemed in order for the final defeat of Mary's projects; but in spite of ill-health this heroic Englishwoman astonished the Roman court with a three-quarters of an hour's defence of her Institute and its object. This somewhat damped the zeal of the opposition, and Mary profited by the ensuing respite to return to Germany. But the enemies' forces were mobilizing again, and the doom of the Institute was only put off a little. The Foundress must have felt the net closing in, but she gave no sign of weakening. On February 7th, 1631, the blow fell: she was on that day officially informed that her Institute was suppressed and she herself was to suffer imprisonment on a charge of heresy. Truly was her "Good Master" trying His spouse. Abandoned even by her powerful friends, she must have felt something of the agony of the dereliction that long years before had wrung from the dying Christ the strong cry: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Mary's Golgotha was reached at last.

The prison in which Mary was confined was a convent of the Poor Clares. All her biographers mention that the Sisters were very fervent, and even revered their prisoner as a saint.

None the less, this did not mitigate the fate of the condemned nun.

The view from her tiny cell windows was not inspiring, for they looked out on a graveyard! By lifting up her hand, Mary could touch the ceiling. . . . "Twas here that Mary and one faithful companion were to pass the long days and nights. From here she wrote (in lemon juice!) cheery letters to her old companions, heading them "From my palace, not prison, for so I call it." "Be merry," she says laughingly, "and doubt not our Master." Then she fell ill unto death and even received the Last Sacraments. It was on her recovery (after the administration of Extreme Unction) that she decided to petition the Holy Father for her release, with the idea of going once more to Rome to defend her Institute.

When Mary's petition for an opportunity to defend her own and her Institute's good name reached Rome, a rather strange state of things was realized. The Pope averred that he had indeed signed the Bull of Suppression, but of the personal condemnation of the Foundress and her subsequent imprisonment, he was entirely ignorant. This second order had been sent unbeknown to him! Mary's release was presently secured. She issued forth from her prison, a free woman at last, though her heart was wrung at the sight of her companions living together as private persons and in the greatest want. God alone can know the tragic sufferings of 1631-32.

In 1632 Mary left Munich for Rome. Characteristically she appeared before Urban VIII with the words of her impetuous faith: "Holy Father, I neither am, nor ever have been a heretic." And the Pope, always personally a friend of Mary's, must have been touched at this clear avowal of one whose Motherland was then stumbling amidst the heavy darkness of Protestant "enlightenment." After this interview, things became better. Although the Institute lacked formal recognition, Mary was permitted to found a house in Rome for educational purposes, under a modified Rule—*ad-probandam rem!* It was not till 1703 that Clement XI formally issued a Bull of Confirmation.* In 1877, Pius IX, Rome's beloved Pionero, and the hero of 1870, gave final approbation to the whole Institute.

In 1631 Mary returned through Belgium to England. In that passage she must have felt

the tragedy of the Suppression; the flourishing vine she had last seen seemed now withered and dead—a brand for the burning. Only that Omnipotence which long before had conquered in death could vivify this cast-off plant and cause it to flourish in fruitful luxuriance; but she assuredly realized that Golgotha's shame meant the glory of the Resurrection.

Mary came to London with letters of introduction to the Queen—Henrietta Maria—and found herself in favor with the Catholic Consort of Charles I. She was soon at work among all classes, and as one sentence neatly puts it, "though she was very poor, she kept a great family"—the poor relations of Jesus Christ. Her labors were indefatigable. She opened schools for girls—one of her specific ends in founding her Institute—and was a very mother to the poor and needy. Once again, however, politics ruined her cause. The rash weakness of Charles I and the growing restiveness of Parliament had split Englishmen into two parties, which as Cavaliers and Roundheads (words dear to the romance of boyhood's days!) came to grips in all the horrors of civil war. Thereupon Mary retired to Yorkshire and was at once at work among her Catholic neighbors. Her house was a refuge for priests and she was a comfort to the harassed Catholics of the country-side. Mary realized the sanctity of almsgiving and the service of the poor. Her Sisters, she made it clear, were to be *omnia omnibus*. They were not to keep people in suspense but "should be prompt and ready in giving each one satisfaction."

But the evening shadows were beginning to lengthen and their chill already touched the soul of Mary Ward. After the fall of York, the Roundheads prevented further Catholic activities, and priests came but rarely. Mary fell ill (it was late in 1644), and at Christmas a priest came. Her joy was very great and she made her general confession, begging also the Last Sacraments. But here again she felt the cross weigh on her shoulder. The priest refused to believe she was seriously ill and would not accede to her request; so, the handmaid of the Lord breathed her *Fiat* in peaceful renouncement of this precious comfort. Never again was she to see the minister of consolation at her bedside. Scarce had the New Year (1645) dawned than she began to sink rapidly. On January 19th she lay in her agony, her lips pressed to the wounded side of the figure of her crucified Lord. No priest was there to anoint her members with the healing oil of unction, and all alone she entered on her last journey. A few moments of radiant peace and

*Clement XI should surely enjoy no small meed of popularity with the nuns of to-day for his statement of the famous principle, "Let women govern women."

with the Master's name, thrice invoked, upon her lips, Mary Ward went home.

An admirable character is that of Mary Ward. Her place in history is quite a unique one. She marks a period of transition, naturally brought about by the collapse of the Faith in Northern Europe. New times, new methods. But her age was scarce prepared for this sudden change: it seemed too revolutionary and a little perilous. And that is important—we must judge both Mary and her opponents in accordance with what nowadays is often called their "psychological background." Europe had just suffered an upheaval, the like of which was unique; and so every new movement was regarded with a certain amount of suspicion by the Church authorities, always vigilant to guard their trust against betrayal. But Mary's work has had far-reaching effects, and to-day there is no more touching proof of this than the sight of thousands of heroic women laboring in schools and hospitals amid our great industrial centres, in torrid equatorial heat and the wilderness of the trackless bushland. The late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—His Eminence Cardinal Bourne—sums up this point neatly in a few words of his, dated September, 1921: "She (Mary Ward) waged the battle to the point of apparent defeat, of which they (Religious women) are now reaping the victory."

One cannot conclude without commenting on Mary's spiritual outlook. This is delightfully refreshing for us who live in an age when activity is often mistaken for zeal, and when success is judged by external results. There seems little doubt that Mary was a mystic and received special and extraordinary favors from God. But she was not "mystical" in the sense of being a dreamer, or of floating through life unaware of the realities thereof. Her way was only too often dark and dreary; her path was ever that of Calvary; and even in death she lacked the most precious consolation that can be granted a Catholic soul. For all that, I prefer to sum up her sanctity in the words, addressed by her to her nuns, and already quoted in this article—"Be merry and doubt not our Master." A neat compendium of her sanctity, though we might well think that her good Master led His servant a merry dance! No one would seem to have less reason for merriment than she; yet in all her life there is something *Campionlike* about her. She never lost her sense of humor and was never lacking in the just appreciation of a situation. When she was on a journey she lavishly gave her travelling money to the poor; when her

nuns were starving in Munich she simply turned to her good Master, and they found that there was plenty of food for all. When she was in the dock before one of her judges, she held her rosary in her hands and castigated her accusers with a Confession of Faith.

To be merry in the midst of tribulation, to smile when the world frowned, to be content when her friends became foes; that was Mary's experience of the spiritual life. She remembered that, long years before, Another had come unto His own, and His own had rejected Him, so that she was not surprised or embittered to find that men had not changed with the passage of years. To draw all things to Himself, Christ had to be lifted up from the earth, and His lover, wishing to imitate Him, was prepared to find her own crucifixion the cause and measure of her ultimate triumph.

And now in Rome, this valiant woman faces another tribunal. Here it is but question of added glory. Her Cause is making rapid progress, and lavish are the graces which follow the invocation of her name. Around her she gathers the fruit of her work, and her hands are full. Her children—in Italy, the "Dame Inglese," in Germany, the "Englische Fraulein," in the English-speaking world, the "Loretto Nuns"—rise up and call her blessed. All the women of the Church's array laboring in diverse vocations and most distant regions of the globe, may well salute her as their peculiar patroness. For Mary Ward is not of the Seventeenth Century alone; she stands apart from the passage of time. Her ideals and influence are perennial. That those ideals and that influence be even more exalted is our fervent wish, as we say the prayer for her beatification, "O God, deign soon to glorify Thy humble servant!"

The Bell

And if some day the bell may toll
Without the chapel door,
In solemn knell for some white soul,
Within the cloistered floor.

That day may be your own, my dear,
A wondrous transit won,
Albeit by Love's red gamble here
Of God's begotten Son,

Whose last kind act shall dry your tears,
And crown you by His love,
To hold for the eternal years,
In lease prepared above.

Lucile B.

Juvenal (65-140 A.D.)

AN APPRECIATION

One of the greatest satirists of all times—some say the greatest—is Decimus Junius Juvenal. His sixteen satires on general moral themes prove him the most fascinating writer of this peculiarly Roman type of literature. Genuine indignation, unsparing frankness, and frequent bitterness forced his utterances, which the world has not allowed to die.

His is a permanent contribution to literature. Few writers have added so much to the currency of quotation; many a telling phrase in his terse, emphatic form, many an epigram and maxim of his, will continue to be quoted for all time such as: "Uprightness gets praise, and leave to shiver;" "None in a twinkling grew completely vile;" "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;" "But who will act as guardians to the guards?" "A sound body in a sound mind"; " 'Tis to the child that most respect is due." His place in literary history is secure. He is a favorite with lovers of forcible writing, and students of mankind.

He was a shrewd student of human nature, a strong but morose character, an ardent admirer of the simple, hardy virtues of ancient Rome.

He portrays with boundless vehemence, which yet rings sincere, "quidquid agunt homines"—the crimes and vices of all who fall short of his ethical standard. We find a marvellous range in his characters—from the Privy Council at Domitian's court, to the shivering slave to whom a gambling patrician would hardly allow a tunic once a year, or the wretched beggar running beside coaches on the Appian Way.

The first, third, and tenth Satires are probably the best known; the sixth, his longest, "one of the most devastating in literature." The third, from an artistic point of view, is perhaps the finest; brilliant, unforgettable, full of dramatic touches; a picture of Rome, as a city too dangerous and too dishonest to live in; however, the tenth, the "Vanity of Human Wishes," is considered by many his masterpiece. It contains magnificent descriptions, but is profoundly depressing—he never sees a brighter side. The thirteenth Satire is termed the noblest. One, three, and ten stand the true test of the classical; they can be read again and again without losing their freshness.

Juvenal is master of the hexameter; his verse is carefully constructed and most effective with a rhetorical effectiveness. He evidences a complexity, novelty, and individuality of style without which modern satire would not have the same meaning. Some would deny him a feeling for beauty, but there is occasional beauty of idea and language, as well as great ease of movement, rapidity, and pleasing variety of line structure. He delights in diminutives and cleverly intertwined alliterations; makes excellent use of apostrophe, interrogation, hyperbole, caricature; dialogue and other dramatic elements, and diverting anticlimax.

His humor is grim, as when a hapless citizen entreats a bully at night for permission to go home with just a few teeth left. Instances are multiplied; and although it is claimed that "rhetorical exuberance leads him to irrelevancies," and that he indulges in untimely digression, there is always a connection, and he handles it in masterly fashion, with an amazing fund of knowledge of previous literature.

The great principles of human conduct which he lays down on truly noble lines are in accord with the best ideas of modern times. His satires achieve a classic permanence of appeal; his words are as true to life now as they ever were.

Juvenal's greatest literary quality is his power of painting characters, scenes, and incidents in a startlingly vivid manner. In this he has few equals and perhaps no superiors among ancient writers. The deeds he describes are mostly misdeeds, but he has left us a magnificent, if one-sided, panorama of Rome's everyday life. The doings of the day, and the customs are attacked with the continuous lash of resonant invective. His robust, caustic and fiery denunciation of contemporary vice and his pungent ferocity, comparable with the remorselessness of Swift, make him the most powerful delineator of Roman society at the beginning of the second century.

M. M. Vivian, I.B.V.M.

PASTEL

Red
Of His Heart,
Blue
Of Her Eyes,
Make mine a lavender
Paradise.

M. Mary Clare, I.B.V.M.

The Chateau de Ramezay in 1881; In the distance, the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, dating from 1657; destroyed by fire, 1754; rebuilt, 1772.



After an aquatint by William B. Lambe, in possession of M. Victor Morin.



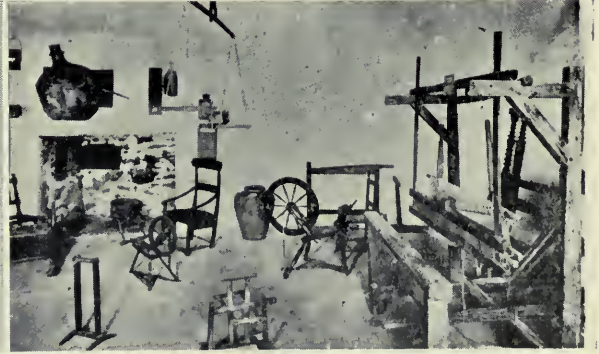
Church Room



Chateau de Ramezay



Montreal Room



Loom from early days



Indian Room

Château de Ramezay

It was a chilly, sunless day in late November when I revisited Château de Ramezay. The long, grey building stood sturdily in its own grounds, almost denying the placard in front announcing:

“*Cet Edifice date de 1705*”

The Louisbourg Gun lifted its heavy, threatening mouth on the front lawn,—this same cannon which was salvaged from the French warship *La Prudente*, sunk by the British in 1758. The eastern tower proudly bore an ancient wrought-iron cross taken from the old Recollet Church on Notre Dame Street, and made in 1692. Thus, even before we enter the Château, we are reminded of past glories and a bygone century.

Château de Ramezay was planned and built by Claude de Ramezay, one of the most trusted officers of the valiant Comte de Louis de Buade de Frontenac, and the eleventh Governor of Montreal. It is recorded that when Claude de Ramezay was married to the lovely Marie-Charlotte Denys de la Ronde, Frontenac attended the festivities and all knew he was pleased and gratified. His manner had mellowed and affability shone on his usually choleric face. It was a brilliant affair. All augured well for the future. The English fleet under Sir William Phipps had withdrawn and the citadel was free from attack. Frontenac now felt that Quebec was safe and its inhabitants could settle down to normal and happy living. This wedding, he predicted, was the beginning of a new era for his beloved countrymen; he could afford to smile as the nuptial celebrations lengthened, and music and laughter entered into the scene. History, however, tells us that the dauntless Frontenac was mistaken, and that in New France many storms would gather and break until, as by a perverse fate, the *son* of this very man whose wedding Frontenac then attended, would be forced to deliver Quebec into the hands of the English.

Before Claude de Ramezay became the Governor of Montreal, most of the colonists remained within the walls of the Fort of Montreal, in order to be safe from surprise attacks by the Indians, but gradually some intrepid settlers built homes outside, and Notre Dame Street East became the most fashionable section of the young city. Château de Ramezay was erected just opposite the imposing gardens of the Jesuits and was considered a marvel of architecture in those days. The dimensions were generous; the walls, three feet in thickness; and the building was practically fireproof.

To this then magnificent home came Claude de Ramezay, with his charming wife, to set up a round of lavish entertainment as the Governor of Montreal. The family stood in high regard. Many children were born of the union but history only accounts for about seven,—three sons who became great military leaders, two daughters who contracted brilliant marriages and two other daughters who entered the religious life,—Marie-Catherine who entered the Ursuline Monastery under the name of *Soeur Sainte-Radegonde*, and Marie-Charlotte who took the veil at l'Hôpital-Général de Québec under the name of *Soeur Saint-Claude de la Croix*, in honor of her father.

The marriage of one of the daughters, Louise-Geneviève, is vividly described by M. Victor Morin in his inimitable little book, entitled: *Les Ramezay et leur Château*. He tells of feverish preparations in the great underground kitchen and *boulangerie* of the Château, where fowls and deer meat cooked on the spits; where seasoned chefs expended all their culinary art in the production of puff pastry and fancy tarts. He speaks of the arrival of the guests, the ladies wrapped in furs, and the sleigh bells musically announcing the advent of the cavalcade; the exquisite service in the house, and the attentions heaped on incoming friends. He mentions in passing the richness of the ladies' elaborate gowns, but I was intrigued and charmed by his description of the appearance of the cavaliers. Here is a translation: “Their coats embroidered with flowers, their jabots of fine lace, their trousers of velvet and satin with garters encircling the calf, shoes with silver buckles, powdered wigs, and holding in their hands precious snuff boxes, proved that they knew in all details the splendors of the Court of the Regent of France.”

But all was not glamor in life at Château de Ramezay. Claude de Ramezay, while he had countless friends, made many enemies who resented his rigid attention to duty and his strict mode of life. Madame de Ramezay spent considerable time and much of their income on alleviating the distress of the settlers. In the dread epidemic of 1721, she and her daughters worked with untiring zeal to help those less fortunate than themselves.

Claude de Ramezay died in August, 1724,—an intrepid soldier and a wise Governor, whose home still stands as a landmark in our city, a monument to the nobility of his character which shines forth with the brilliancy of a flawless dia-

mond. He left no wealth to his family, but he bequeathed them a great name and a record of unsullied honor and loyalty to his beloved France.

In 1745, when the family could no longer maintain the upkeep of the Château it was sold to Compagnie des Indes. Later, when Quebec fell, it was disposed of to the English for two thousand guineas, and with little interruption was the official residence of the Governors of Montreal until 1849.

In 1775 the continental army, under Brigadier-General Richard Montgomery, made an expedition against Montreal and succeeded in capturing the city. It is recorded that Montgomery did not long enjoy his triumph as he was killed the same year leading an assault on Quebec. During the occupation of the American army Château de Ramezay became the army headquarters, and it was to this same old château that envoys were sent by Congress in 1776. These envoys included the great Benjamin Franklin and Benedict Arnold, and they were sent for the sole purpose of persuading the French to join the American colonies in revolt against the British. It seems to me strange and almost inconceivable that this same Benedict Arnold, who tried vainly to induce the French to revolt against the British, should be the man who willingly surrendered West Point, key position of American defenses, to the British a few years later. Truly, Arnold had a treacherous and unstable personality disloyal in allegiance to any country! To-day, in the Council Room or *La Salle de Conseil*, there is a tablet commemorating this historic meeting. It was during Benjamin Franklin's visit that the first printing press was set up in Montreal and one of the vaults of the Château was used for that purpose.

After 1850 the lovely old Château suffered many changes and for years served as a court house and later as the Normal School. Then, in 1895, it was fortunately purchased by the city for the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society for the purpose of founding an Art Gallery and Museum. To-day, the Elgin Gallery in the Château is well worth a visit as it contains over three hundred pictures,—oils, engravings, crayons, pastels and lithographs. There are many coats-of-arms, including that of Frontenac. The oils and lithographs are of many great colonists and we are able to study the faces of such renowned men as Montcalm, Laval, General Amherst and Sir Charles Bagot. There is a splendid group done in oils of the Canadian martyrs,—Jean de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, and Isaac Jogues, names that are household words in every Catholic home.

Adjoining the Picture Gallery is a very interesting room, known in the museum as the Vaudreuil Room, which also has many pictures such as *The Death of General Brock*, and prints of many old Canadian churches. There are cases containing saddle pistols, cartridge pouches, cap badges, military buttons, bullet moulds, powder horns and many other curious and out-moded objects connected with warfare. One could spend considerable time examining cases devoted to Indian archaeology, containing arrow heads; flints, pipes and other Indian relics. There is also a fine display of candle-sticks and snuffers made of brass, cast-iron and even silver, and strangely enough a few well-preserved dance shoes in crimson velvet and white satin, worn by ladies away back in 1750.

The Discoverers' Room, which you enter next, also has a display of pictures of such noble women as Marie M. Bourgeoys, who founded the religious order of the Congregation of Notre Dame; Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, first superior of the Ursuline Sisters of Quebec; Jeanne Mance, foundress of Hôtel Dieu, who came to Canada with Maisonneuve in 1642. Two notable oil paintings are those of Jacques Cartier and Samuel de Champlain. A unique museum piece is the stone archway taken from the house of Champlain at Brouage, France. This is very sturdily built and is almost modern in appearance.

The Council Room is beautifully proportioned and is remarkable not only for its associations but for the superb views and other collections relating to New France and the early settlers. There are cases containing scarlet tunics and uniforms, gold epaulettes, rosettes, regalia and cocked hats. Interesting displays of old dishes, pewter teapots, tea caddies, punchbowls, casseroles, copper kettles, sand boxes, and nests of old French brass weights rested in cases not far from famous swords and a dagger belonging to the Indian warrior, Tecumseh. I spent some time examining the fine original miniatures done on ivory, Elizabeth century tortoiseshell glasses and such curious trinkets as a bark jewel box, which was made by the Indians and presented to Mde. Le Gardeur de Montesson in 1764.

The document case in the Council Room is very arresting, to say the least, as some of the documents date back as early as 1710. There is a lithograph copy of a grant of land in Quebec made by the Company of One Hundred Associates in 1635 to Abraham Martin. This land is known even to-day as the Plains of Abraham. A hand-bill dated 1814 offers a reward of one guinea each for information leading to the apprehension of three escaped American prisoners of

war; it is a well set up and striking notice and in my opinion would not differ much from one you might see to-day except, of course, we would deal in dollars, not guineas. There is also one document signed by Governor Claude de Ramezay.

The Church Room is next in rotation and contains relics and wood carvings from many old churches in the Province of Quebec. Carved wood sanctuary lamps, incense burners, holy water sprinklers, holy water fonts and candlesticks date back many, many years. One case contains the *Missale Romanum* (Catholic Mass Book) printed in Paris in 1472 and which came from the parish church of Champlain, near Three Rivers, together with the *Psalterium Romanum* printed also in Paris in 1620.

Beyond the Church Room is the principal salon where receptions were held during both the French and English tenures. This is now known as the Montreal Room. It has a very splendid fire-place where huge logs were burnt in those far-off days. An imposing mahogany horsehair sofa belonging to Lord Sydenham is in a wonderful state of preservation and would easily put to shame some of our modern pieces bought but a decade ago. An antique clock dates back to 1793, and the six-branch crystal chandelier to 1860. An old piano belonging to the last official resident of the château is among the other lovely old furnishings.

From the salon you pass on to the Indian Room, which was formerly the *salle à manger* of the château and leads directly to the kitchens in the vault below. This room contains every conceivable object relating to the Indian, and Indian lore,—birch-bark canoes, snowshoes, tomahawks, strings of shell wampum, Indian feather head-dress from the Caughnawaga Reserve, as well as the buckskin coat of the renowned Indian warrior, Sitting Bull, and a buckskin dress, lavishly embroidered with blue beads, worn by his daughter.

The French Salon contains a magnificent collection of antique cabinets, chairs and sofa, tapestries and panel oil paintings.

Returning to the Indian Room, one descends the stairs to the vaults below, where is seen the first printing press set up in Montreal, in 1776. This press was then operated by a Frenchman, Fleury Mesplet, who accompanied Benjamin Franklin to Montreal. Mesplet remained in the

city after the envoys departed and subsequently set up a printing office on Place Royale, where he published the *Montreal Gazette* in 1778. The *Gazette* is still Montreal's morning paper.

The next vault is the main kitchen of the château. The immense fireplace had a crane on which hung the heavy pots, and the chimney contained an iron rod for smoking bacon and hams. There is an embrasure to one side where a wheel was used to turn the spit and this was formerly operated by the kitchen dog. The vault now houses many pieces of old Canadian furniture and utensils, such as habitant chairs, china cupboards, spinning wheels, wool winders, cast-iron cake moulds, wrought-iron grills for roasting meats in the fireplace, and long-handled pans for pancakes.

The bakery is next and here, inside the fireplace, is a huge oven in as perfect condition, I was told, as when it was used in the time of de Ramezay. There are four other vaults, one of which served as a wine cellar during the régime of the English Governors. Here we find the first fire-engine ever sent to Montreal, as well as the first automobile to be driven on the streets of Montreal, in 1898.

These vaults, or basement rooms as we would call them, have the original stone or brick floors, and one is struck by the deep chill pervading the place. In fact, the day I visited it recently, a generous grate fire in the main kitchen did little to overcome it.

My tour of inspection over, I stood in the main hall with the deepening twilight, as strange shadows and distorted silhouettes gathered in the foyer. An uncanny feeling crept over me, and as though impelled by some irresistible force, I walked back through the Council Room, and on to the main salon. I paused in the doorway and wondered . . . When the *conciierge* left the building at night, when the lights were out and darkness settled, would the scene once more be transformed? Would a ghostly fire smolder in the wide grate. . . . Would heavy velvet curtains be drawn, shutting out the spire of Notre Dame de Bonsecours and the rising mists from the St. Lawrence. . . . Would the ladies of that far-off past materialize again,—gracious ladies with their hour-glass waists, burnished curls, and bewitching black patches under their sparkling eyes. . . . Would they coquet once again with expert discretion behind their ivory fans while courtly French cavaliers



Coat of Arms

beguiled them with tales of their own adventures.

And in the Council Room, would the austere Claude de Ramezay again hold his meetings with the Intendant and his suite, with noblemen and their trains, with the cautious fur traders bartering their wealth of silken skins for the coin of the French realm . . . Would he stride once more through the long well-proportioned room, pausing to gaze across the way where the famous gardens of the Jesuits again sprang into view, blotting out to his ghostly eyes our splendid *hôtel de ville* . . . And in the vaults below, would the deer and the elk meat turn slowly on the spit manipulated by a shadowy dog whose mournful eyes cast greedy glances at the succulent viands. . . . Would the household servants hurry over chilly stone floors with amber and rosy wines carried on silver trays for guests who awaited impatiently above. . . . And later, would the scene shift, the de Ramezay vanish, and the chateau be peopled with soldiers of the continental army. . . . Would the great Benjamin Franklin punctuate his persuasive talks with

heavy pounding on the council table which no doubt occupied the centre of the room where now stand long cases devoted to objects of early French and Canadian life. . . . Would Benedict Arnold raise his insinuating voice in a vain endeavor to cause disruption. . . .

With a feeling of unreality, I left the great Chateau, closed the heavy door behind me and found myself on the busy Montreal street of Notre Dame. Across the way, lights were beginning to appear in the multiple windows of the City Hall; below the hill, busy Bonsecours Market was quietly settling for the night, as the French-Canadian farmers, after skillfully bartering their produce, prepared to return to their habitant homes. A few vagrant snowflakes flirted in the darkening skies, and I looked back before leaving the grounds, looked back and pondered on the brilliant yet tragic history bound up in *Chateau de Ramezay*.

K. Camille Adams,
Loretto Abbey Alumna.

MATER ADMIRABILIS*

Who shall tell of her glory?
A herald who brought from the Throne
Tidings tremendous, sweet,
Of One who would come to atone—
"Ave, gratia plena."

Who shall tell of her joy?
A maiden mild who heard,
Answering with passing fear,
The message of the Word—
"Ecce ancilla sua."

Who through ages can tell
The peace of her comforting power?
Who but the trembling soul
In death's appalling hour—
"In hora mortis nostrae".

Of her sorrow who shall speak?—
Her part in the great work done;
The sword from her heart withdrawn;
Our priceless legacy won:
"Ecce Mater tua."

Who shall tell of her love?
We who with trusting prayer
Place our home, our lives,
Our hearts in her tender care—
"Admirabilis Mater."

Alice Hiscott,
Loretto-Hamilton Alumna.

*Patroness of Loretto Convent, Hamilton.

NOEL

O drear was the cold wind,
And dark was the way,
For Mary and Joseph
That first Christmas Day.
Sing Noël! Sing Noël!
The moment draws nigh,
When Jesus, Our Saviour,
Descends from on high.

No door found He open,
No roof for His head.
A cave was His shelter,
And straw was His bed.
Sing Noël! Sing Noël!
Sing Glory on High!
For lo! In a manger
A poor Babe doth lie!

Poor shepherds the night watch
Are keeping,—and then!
On high, angel voices
Chant, "Peace be to Men!"
Sing Noël! Sing Noël!
Sing Glory on High!
God's Son is on earth,
And His star in the sky!

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
Loretto Alumna

Luncheon with the Prince of Siam

After a delightful trip from New York *via* the Mediterranean, with interesting stops at the Azores and Sicily, we arrived in Rome the early part of December, 1912. We were welcomed by the usual circle of charming friends, who were at the time most enthusiastic about a certain Mr. G—, a bachelor who had recently come to Rome, and had taken up his residence in a spacious apartment on the Piazza Termini. Mr. G— had held for some years an official position in Siam, and had travelled extensively in the Far East, where he had collected many curious and beautiful souvenirs—furniture, china, silks, etc. Two large rooms of the apartment were filled with these treasures, and formed a veritable museum. Some of the souvenirs, for example, large brass, or bronze busts of heathen gods laid no claim to beauty, but the silks and brocades were lovely. The china, some of which Mr. G— used for his own table service, was interesting because all the plates, of whatever size, were *coupe* shape. Many of the foods served were cooked in Oriental style, but Mr. G— did not require his guests to use chopsticks, as is the custom in the Orient—or, even, to partake of all the dishes.

Presently we were introduced by our friends to Mr. G—, in the hope that he might invite us to tea and so give us an opportunity of viewing his treasures. Shortly afterwards came an invitation to luncheon with Mr. G— in his apartment, to meet the Prince of Siam, a personal friend of the host's since his sojourn in Siam.

Accepting the invitation, we arrived promptly, and were presented to the Prince, a young man of about twenty-seven, with olive complexion and black hair. He was at least five feet five inches tall, slight, and faultlessly attired in a dark, English, tailormade suit. He had been educated at Oxford, and spoke English fluently.

He was now en route home from London, where he had acted as interpreter between his cousin, King Vagiavudh (Maha) and King Edward VII. With evident pride he drew from the breast pocket of his coat a handsome gold cigar case, heavily studded with jewels, to show us. It had been presented to him by King Edward after the interview.

Before luncheon was served, our host was, we imagine, in a dilemma. Amongst the guests was a Catholic bishop. In Rome, bishops of the Catholic church rank socially as princes—princes of the Church. To which to give precedence was the question. The Prince of Siam, quick

to prevent possible embarrassment, said quietly to Mr. G— "The Bishop is the older man. You must give him the place of honor."

During luncheon the Prince chatted affably on subjects of national and international interest, and was most courteous and agreeable to everyone.



Later, in the drawing room, Mr. G— asked the Prince if he would illustrate for the guests a Siamese mode of dress. It was a custom in Siam to wear a different color on each day of the week, for example, Sunday, white; Monday, red, etc. Mr. G— took from a drawer in an attractively carved chest several pieces of beautiful silks and brocades. The Prince selected a piece; found the straight edge of it, which he drew around his waist and fastened in front in a secure, tidy knot, and then brought the goods from the back between his knees, and with dexterity and real artistry fashioned an attractive pair of trousers, similar to those in the accompanying figure, but more graceful.

He explained that such garments were worn by the men, who made them, just as he had done, out of strips of material. The rich, of course, used costly goods; the poor, any kind available.

All present on this memorable occasion were impressed by the affability and charm of manner of the Eastern Prince, who was so unassuming, gracious, and entertaining.

Years passed and we again met Mr. G—in New York. We inquired about the Prince and were happy to hear that on his return to Siam he had

been instrumental in having many objectionable pagan customs abolished.

Quite recently we were once more reminded of the Prince of Siam as we read "Anna and the King of Siam" by Margaret Langdon, published by The John Day Co., New York. It is a combination of two earlier books by Anna (Leon-owens), "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," and "The Romance of the Harem," after she had spent five years teaching English to the wives and children of King Monkut. There is evidence of much additional research work in "Anna and the King of Siam."

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

Twilight, Shadow and Song

On the sombre winter's day
Falls the twilight's spectral grey,
Veiling dome and Gothic tower;
Dimming shrine and hostel bower.
Bell notes boom from shrouded steeple
Over forms of hurrying people,
Wraith-like, covered by the snow,
In the street lamps' lambent glow.

Like the darkness falling fast,
Sorrow's mantling pall is cast;
But the saddened home may know
Spell of friendship's warmth and glow:
Sympathy can still ignite,
In misfortune's blow and blight
Mid the surly blasts of Time,
Spark of gratitude sublime.

Youth and age together share
Duty's plain but wholesome fare,
And, with blended interests, breast
Foul and fair, with faith and zest;
For the torch of zeal burns bright,
Blazing over Freedom's fight,
And the bells of Hope sound strong,
Pealing o'er the marching throng.

Wild, though January's breath,
Scattering snow o'er town and heath,
We shall suffer no dismay—
In the heart find holiday—
If the little or the much
We possess be shared as such
With those that know comfort scant;
Blessed ourselves, befriending Want.

Frederick B. Fenton.

We Travel Alone

We travel life's trail
Alone, each, alone,
Though company stands all about;
Up hill and down vale—
The years but a loan,
The days filled with worry and doubt;

For nothing is sure
On earth from our birth—
The future is hid from our eyes—
Just ours to endure,
Appraising Time's worth,
While Hope points our way through the skies;

For pilgrims we are,
Distressed, self-confessed,
On journey towards sanctified goal;
But led by God's star
Upon holy quest,
Success is assured to each soul.

Kathleen A. Sullivan

Beaches of Normandy*

Gray skies made dark the beaches
And angry was the sea
The day our men assaulted
The coast of Normandy.

So furious the breakers,
So sullen was the sky
That nature seemed rebelling
To see our heroes die.

Unflinching, they ventured
Through wave and spray to meet
The hail of fire that waited;
They asked for no retreat.

America has given
Her young men in their pride;
The beaches have been darkened
By waves of crimson tide.

But they were glad in going,
Those lads who died to take
One step towards that far future
When men all wars forsake.

—Aline Michaelis

*Courtesy Houston Chronicle

Numerically Speaking

Numbers interest me. Not that I am a mathematician. Perish the thought! I am completely befogged and utterly lost when I wander by mistake, or am forced by circumstances into the purely mental and theoretically precise realm of mathematics. When I am told that between 3 and 4 there is a numerical value that cannot be expressed in whole numbers or decimals, that map-makers need never use more than four colors, that a vingtillion represents the number of grains of sand that Archimedes long ago calculated as sufficient to fill what he believed to be the universe, I just make polite noises and a feeble effort to look bright. But when someone begins to talk about the same gentleman's famous cattle problem my poor finite intelligence falters and reason begins to totter.

In school, thanks to sheer luck and the kindness of some understanding teachers, I just "got through" in arithmetic. Algebra was a little better; I had a few glimmering moments of understanding in that subject. As for geometry—I groped in a mental dim-out all through that particular class-hour, while the very thought of it, beforehand, was enough to spoil an otherwise happy day. The Pons Asinorum was only one of many hazards that brought about my downfall in those not-so-care-free times. Quod non erat demonstrandum.

Now that I am grown up, I still count change surreptitiously on my fingers, and when a clerk in a store says, "Give me a penny and I'll give you even change," I always have a feeling that the other fellow is getting the better of the deal.

From the foregoing I believe I have made it fairly clear that I am no Einstein. Then why do numbers interest me? Simply because—to me—the numbers themselves, the symbols, the ciphers, the digits, have each a distinct and separate personality. I even have mental pictures of these personalities. These images are most clear when I think of the numbers from 1 to 9. Combinations seem to blur and confuse the pictures until they become faint and indistinct.

Ever since I have made their acquaintance I have felt this way about them, and I took it for granted that everyone else felt the same. One day I mentioned casually to a school-mate that 9 was a crabby old fellow with a cold and fishy eye who favored 3 and was very mean to 4. I can still see her startled look and the way she edged away from me. Later I tried out my belief, theory, or whatever it is, on one of my

brothers when we were doing our homework. "8 is a nice, kind, older brother number, isn't it?" I said. "4 is a little girl, and the two like to be together. 8 doesn't like 9 because it is mean to 4." "For Pete's sake stop talking rubbish!" he answered, "How do you think I can do these fractions?"

The older people were, to whom I mentioned these personalities, the less they seemed to understand what I was talking about. Once I said to my mother, "Numbers are like people, aren't they, Mother?" But she only said, "Get on with your work, dear. Now, how many times two is twelve?" So I gave up mentioning these glimpses of the private lives of numbers, and kept their secrets to myself. It was somewhat like looking through glass and seeing a thing clearly, while at the same time I saw it mirrored in the window-pane because of some trick of light or shadow, or because I was looking at it from an unusual angle.

To get back to personalities—1 is a thin little girl with long, straight hair drawn tightly back from her face—an unfriendly, reserved, little girl. 2 is a chubby small boy, self-possessed and smiling. 3 is a haughty little girl who looks down on 1 and 2 and spends a lot of time with 9, who dotes on her. A slightly older girl is 4—really the nicest of the small numbers. 5 is a big girl—a shrewish personality, who dislikes 6 and is a great favorite of 10. 6, a boy, is slow-witted and stolid. He resents 5's dislike, but doesn't know what to do about it. He and 8 are good friends. 7 is another boy; inclined to patronise 6, but rather afraid of what 8 might do if he started something. 8 is the nicest of the lot; a big brother, easy-going, friendly; he is particularly fond of 4. 9, as I have already mentioned, is a choleric old boy who looks down on all the other numbers with varying degrees of distaste, except 3, his favorite, and 7, which he tolerates. I always think of 10 as a pleasant, fat old girl.

I wonder if there are others who think of numbers as I do? Is it that all of us possess a sixth sense, one that lies dormant or undeveloped for the most part: A subconscious awareness of sensations, rhythms, or eyeles that are totally unnoticed by the greater number of human beings, in the press and preoccupation of civilized living? Am I right about this, or am I just a bit queer? Here is a chance for the amateur psychiatrist to go into action.

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle, Loretto Alumna.

Felicitations



His Holiness Pope Pius XII received in private audience His Eminence Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec and Primate of Canada, after the latter's recent visit to R.A.F. units in Great Britain. Accompanying His Eminence on the occasion was Air Commodore A. Charest, Director of Roman Catholic Chaplain Services, R.C.A.F. (left.)

—Courtesy of Montreal Gazette.

—R.C.A.F. Photo.

On the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, Rev. Father Patrick J. Gallery, C.Ss.R., celebrated Solemn High Mass in St. Anne's Church, Montreal. His brother, Rev. Father Frank Gallery, C.Ss.R., was deacon, and a cousin, Rev. Father Wm. Slattery, of Chicago, was sub-deacon: An impressive and appropriate sermon was preached by the former.

During the past quarter of a century, Father P. J. Gallery has laboured in various Redemp-

torist houses—Brockville, Ont.; Calgary, Alta.; St. Patrick's, Quebec City; St. Patrick's, Toronto—and has conducted many missions and retreats throughout the country.

Grateful recollections of Father Gallery's spiritual help as retreat master, and as confessor, are entertained in the Loretto Community. Sincere congratulations with best wishes are here offered for abundant blessings on his work and interests throughout the coming years.

At right—Nuptial Mass for F/O and Mrs. Clifford Wilson in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto.



At left—F/O and Mrs. Clifford Wilson (Eileen Faragher) are seen cutting the wedding cake.

At right—F/O and Mrs. Clifford Wilson (centre); at left of bride, her parents and sister, Kathleen (bridesmaid); between groom and best man, the groom's mother; on porch, sisters of the bride.



A LORETTO ALUMNA'S WEDDING

To the Reverend Mother and members of St. Joseph's Community, London, Ontario, and to all in their numerous mission houses, we offer our sincere felicitations on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of their foundation in London by pioneers from the Toronto Mother house.

The account of some of the work accomplished during three-quarters of a century in the London diocese and beyond it by this admirable Community was published in The Catholic Record and also in a beautifully illustrated brochure dedicated to the Foundress, the late Rev. Mother Ignatia Campbell, who was the Superior General for thirty-three years, having been re-elected again and again, on the expiration of her term of office.

Our prayerful good wishes are for continued blessings on the Order as it carries on its great and varied works of charity, that it may happily reach a glorious centenary.

To Captain Fred Drolet, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Drolet (Loretto, Hamilton, Alumna) on his promotion to rank of Captain from that of Lieutenant. Capt. Drolet was formerly well-known as a Montreal newspaperman and public speaker. He enlisted in February, 1943, and was a local Army Public Relation officer. He is now serving in Paris, being attached to Supreme Headquarters, A.E.F., as P.R.O. His parents are spending the winter in Vancouver.

FLYING OFFICER CLIFFORD WILSON WEDS LORETTO ALUMNA

In a charming wedding ceremony performed in Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Toronto, on July 11, 1944, Miss Eileen Faragher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Faragher, was married to F/O Clifford Wilson, No. 1, N.A.G.S., son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilson. Right Rev. Monsignor Wm. C. McGrath officiated at the Nuptial Mass. Present also in the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. Msgr. Dollard, Pastor; Rev. A. J. MacDonald, Rev. D. Stringer and Rev. J. Leonard.

After breakfast at the home of the bride, the latter and the groom, accompanied by the bridesmaid and groomsman, called at Loretto College School, the bride's Alma Mater, where a pleasant half hour was spent with former teachers and friends.

We are happy to be able to present the pictures on the opposite page, not only for the pleasure afforded thereby to relatives and friends of the young couple, but as a portrayal

of an ideal Christian wedding. In the bottom picture are seen, in addition to the bride and groom, and the bridesmaid, Miss Kathleen Faragher, and groomsman, F/O Norman H. Beard, Auckland, New Zealand, the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Faragher, her sisters, all former or present Loretto pupils, the groom's mother, Mrs. E. Wilson, and other relatives.

The happy couple left accompanied by the good wishes and prayers of their friends, for their home in Yarmouth, N.S., where F/O Wilson is stationed.

The Loretto Rainbow Editor and Staff extend to them sincere felicitations.

Another colourful Church wedding was that of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Edward Nevins, which took place in early summer in Mary of The



Angels (R.C.) Church, Toronto, with Rev. I. Croscio, pastor, officiating.

The bride, formerly Mary Contini, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Contini, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Nevins. Both bride and groom are former Loretto pupils; the former at St. Clement's School, the latter at St. Anthony's.

Best wishes for many happy years of wedded life.

In Memoriam

We are honoured in paying tribute to the memory of the great Canadian who died October 1st, 1944, in the 101st year of his earthly life. The life of Sir William Mulock "spanned the nation's history." At Confederation he was a young man of twenty-four, already a University gold medalist. In Law, in Parliament, and in University, his name stands for integrity, wisdom and nobility. The persevering, self-sacrificing efforts of his boyhood and young manhood brought him education and posts of responsibility very early. He yet found time for his farm, his yacht, and the wide human intercourse due to his sympathetic understanding of life at all levels. Chief Justice of Ontario, Postmaster General of the Dominion, Chancellor of the University of Toronto, his record is as unique in Canadian life as is the length of his years.

Students who in the last twenty years received their parchments and pledged their loyalty to Canada's grand old man at University Convocation placed their hands in feudal fashion in the hands of one for whom "the anchor of faith held fast." At the funeral services his favourite hymns, "Lead Kindly Light" and "Abide With Me," were symbolic of the strength and the greatness of his aim and his achievements. M.

REV. FIDELIS PAULDING, O. CARM.

After suffering from ill-health for the past few years, Rev. Father Fidelis Paulding, O. Carm, passed away at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, Elizabeth, N.J., having been transferred from the Carmelite Monastery at Englewood for special hospital care a short time previously.

Father Paulding is gratefully remembered by his large circle of friends at Niagara Falls, Ontario, where he served as pastor of St. Patrick's Church for fifteen years. It was during his pastorate and under his capable direction that the commodious St. Patrick's Parish Hall was erected in 1928—the year in which Father Paulding's Silver Jubilee of ordination was celebrated.

In St. Cecilia's Church, Englewood, N.J., the Funeral Mass was celebrated, and simultaneously a Solemn Requiem Mass for the deceased was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls.

Father Paulding has been fervently remembered in the prayers of the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and especially of those of the St. Patrick's staff, Niagara Falls, and also of their pupils.

May he rest in peace!

REV. W. J. STOREY, C.S.B.

The announcement of the death of Father William Storey, C.S.B., from a heart attack,

brought sorrow to his many friends. He had finished his annual retreat two days before the fatal seizure, and was well prepared for the sudden summoning.

In Stratford, his native city, he received his primary education at St. Joseph's school (Loretto), and then attended Stratford Collegiate until his third year, when he went to Assumption College with a view to the course of studies which would best prepare him for his life work as a priest and religious teacher. He entered the Basilian Novitiate in 1916, and in 1920 received his B.A. degree from University of Toronto. The following year he was ordained a priest of the order, and after attending the Ontario College of Education, and taking post-graduate work at University of Chicago, he taught, in turn, at St. Michael's College, Toronto, Catholic Central High School, Detroit, St. Thomas High School, Houston, Texas, and Assumption College, Windsor, where he was an esteemed member of the Faculty for the past three years.

His Loretto teachers still recall him as a prepossessing and exemplary pupil. Through the years he has shared with all who have been taught by members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the daily prayers said for the welfare and for the grace of a happy death of all pupils, past and present in Loretto schools.

To his bereaved mother, Mrs. Mary Storey, and to his sister, Sister Marie Veronica, I.H.M.,

Monroe, Michigan, we offer heartfelt sympathy and assurance of continued remembrance in our prayers.

MOTHER M. EUSEBIA GILBERT, I.B.V.M.

On August 17, 1944, Mother M. Eusebia passed peacefully away at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, in her seventieth year. She had lived in several houses of the Institute, and was always keenly interested in the welfare of the children with whom her duties brought her in contact. Her diligent performance of active duties, as also of spiritual exercises, even after having become a victim of chronic arthritis was ever a source of admiration and inspiration to those about her. In later years when disabled for physical activities she retained her serenity and characteristic sociability. One could not realize as the heroic patient conversed happily on spiritual, or temporal topics of interest that she was enduring suffering for the salvation of souls and for the relief of the souls in Purgatory.

The Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. V. Morrison, S.J., in the Abbey Chapel. Mother Eusebia's sole surviving sister, Mrs. Larivière, and also her niece and two grandnieces, all from Detroit, attended the funeral. Her nephew, Rev. Father P. Larivière, who on account of pressing parochial duties was unable to be present, celebrated a special Mass of Requiem.

To Mrs. Larivière and the bereaved nephews and nieces we offer our sincere sympathy.

MOTHER M. AQUINAS DUNNE, I.B.V.M.

A beloved member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother Mary Aquinas Dunne, departed this life on September 5th, 1944, in St. Bernard's Hospital, Chicago, having completed in the religious life fifty-two years, of which forty-five were devoted to teaching in Loretto schools in the United States.

Highly gifted and trained in music, dramatics and physical culture, she directed school plays and entertainments for many years. Her delightful sense of humour, and her sympathetic interest in others, especially in the suffering and the poor, endeared her to all who knew her.

With the exception of one sister she was the last surviving member of a large family, well-known and highly esteemed in Chicago. Her brother, Monsignor Patrick Dunne, was pastor of St. James Church until his death several

years ago. Another brother, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Denis J. Dunne, pastor of Holy Cross Church, died during the past year. Rev. Wm. Dunne and Rev. George Dunne, S.J., are nephews.

The Solemn Requiem Mass for Mother Aquinas was celebrated in Holy Cross Church by her nephew, the Rev. William Dunne, assisted by Rev. T. Ronan, as deacon, and Rev. M. McNamara, one of her former pupils, as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Philip Hayes, also a former pupil. His text, "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace," was developed into a soulful meditation on the end of the earthly life of a Christian, and especially of a religious. Particular reference was made to the teaching life of one with whom the speaker, as a pupil, was well acquainted.

To Miss Dunne and to her bereaved nephews and nieces we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

M. M. ATHANASIA QUINLIVAN, I.B.V.M.

At Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, on Thursday, November 23rd, death came to Mother Athanasia Quinlivan, I.B.V.M., who was born in Arthur, Ontario, and after education at Loretto Academy, Lindsay, entered the community of Loretto sixty-three years ago. Her life of teacher and religious covers a period in which very noticeable changes took place in the aims and methods of education. Distinguished at her entrance by the possession of full departmental qualifications as a teacher, she continued steadily throughout the years to increase her learning and achieve degrees. At the same time she retained and transmitted to her pupils the dignified, cultured features of the earlier traditions. She taught in Loretto Academy, in Lindsay and in Hamilton and then for many years in Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago. She was at one time Superior at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, and taught on the high school staff. From 1914 she was for many years on the English staff of Loretto College, Toronto, a long record of faithful apostolic service. A fine intellect, a lofty and sensitive character, put a special stamp upon her teaching but also upon the course of the inner life that united the instrument with God. Recent years of failing health were the fitting completion of a consecrated life.

Of her immediate family there survive two sisters, Mrs. Marie Rogers and Mrs. Minnie McLaughlin, both of Des Moines, Iowa, several nephews and nieces, one Sr. M. Sebaste, B.V.M.,

in the same city. Messages of sympathy and of warm appreciation were received also from friends and former pupils.

Funeral Requiem Mass was sung by Rev. D. Hourigan, S.J., on Saturday, November 25th, at 9.30 a.m. In the sanctuary were Rev. Wm. Fraser and Rev. Hugh Callaghan, and at the cemetery Rev. J. Brennan and Rev. N. MacKinnon. R.I.P.

—M.

W.O. CARL JOSEPH McCONVEY



Grief came to many with the announcement that W.O. Carl Joseph (Pat) McConvey, twenty-four, had been killed in action in France, July 16. He was the son of Mr. Frank McConvey and the late Mrs. McConvey, Loretto Alumna.

He attended Loretto, as a small boy, and then St. Peter's School, Harbord Collegiate, and St. Michael's College. St. Peter's was his parish

Church. He enlisted in January, 1942, and went overseas in April, 1943. At the time of his heroic death he was "Pilot of a rocket bomber Typhoon and member of the City of Ottawa Beaver Squadron." He had narrowly escaped death on two previous occasions and was in hospital both times for treatment of his injuries, the second time for six weeks.

Requiem High Mass was sung for his soul at St. Peter's Church at the time of the Funeral Mass, overseas. Members of the Loretto Community and many Loretto students assisted at it.

To Mr. McConvey and to Pat's brothers, D'Arcy and Lient. Alan McConvey, and to his sisters, Ruth, Mary and Margaret, Loretto Alumnae, our deepest sympathy is extended. Many prayers have been offered in Loretto for the repose of their dear departed. May he rest in peace!

DAVID CARROLL SEITZ, R.C.A.

With heart-breaking grief came the official notification to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Seitz, of 12 Edgar Avenue, Toronto, that their beloved son, David, aged twenty-one, had been killed in action in Normandy on August 8th, 1944.

Gunner David Carroll Seitz was born in Toronto and attended University of Toronto School and St. Michael's College, U. of T., from which he received his B.A. degree. In May, 1943, he enlisted with the Tank Corps, but later was transferred to the Artillery, and in September went overseas. As a student officer he was assigned early in July to Field Training



at the front, with the 3rd Medium Regiment, R.C.A., and in order to complete his officer's training, was to have returned to England from the front in August.

He had entertained high hopes of furthering his education, in the field of Law, when to these nightmare days of war, so distasteful to his spiritual and artistic bent, would come the longed-for days of peace.

Not only to his parents, but to humanity, is the early death of this gifted, brilliant youth an irreparable loss. For all who knew and loved him his passing has created a great void. Consolations have not been wanting. Amongst these not the least is the remembrance of his upright life and faithful practice of his religion. To his parents have come letters with tributes from those who admired his loveliness and goodness. The Commanding Officer of his division wrote that Gunner David Seitz had been a model for his companions and the padre

who celebrated the Funeral Mass and blessed his last resting place, spoke of his special devotion to Ste. Thérèse, and of his preparedness for the final summons.

To the bereaved father, and mother, and brother our heartfelt sympathy is offered, as also to the many devoted relatives, especially David's aunts, Miss Helen Seitz, Mrs. G. McConkey, and Mrs. J. Driscoll, Loretto Alumnae.

REMEMBERED

(Lines to the late Mrs. Julia Hickey)

Lo, the cables are cut, and you fly
Through the unplumbed plains of space;
May you claim the welcome in His Eye,
That is writ on your heart by grace.

When you anchor beyond the night-plains,
And the sails are lowered for aye,
May the sheaves you bring yield golden grains,
In the August, eternal Day.

May you hear "*Euge! Euge!*" from One,
As you disembark on the piers,
To take possession of a Kingdom won,
After the long, labouring years.

Lucile B.

MY GIFT

My Jesus, what can I give Thee
That will leave me all Thine own?
It must be what will cost me
The most—and—something sown
In ground most promising, wherein I saw
A happy future; not mere *memory*
Understanding, liberty and will,
But something more essential to me—
For using these great gifts Thou didst bestow
So kindly on me; what could it be but *health?*
Jesus, this is my gift to Thee,
And it is my greatest earthly wealth.
Gone, it leaves me poor and humble,
Dependent on others each day;
But I gladly give it, dear Jesus,
And I know what Thou wilt say
In answer to my offering:
"My child, I will thankfully take
Your gift, but you must remember
'Tis Mine—the sacrifice you make."

M. Dorothea,
I.B.V.M.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY

Above the mild madonna-blue
Of bright October skies,
Our Lady of the Rosary,
In ways of mortals, wise,
Bends low to seek her homage due
Of mankind's loyalty!

Around her head encircling rays
Make crown for our Blessed Queen.
Effulgent sunbeams light her face,
In holiness serene.
We tell her beads through earthly days
Our love for her to trace.

'Tis she who gave her Rosary—
A garland pure, of prayer—
To aid each weary striving soul.
Her wish, her joy is to share
With us, that some day we may see,
With her God's Blessed Goal.

Kathleen A. Sullivan

FANTASY

Shadowy figures dancing,
Phantom shapes passing, merging, departing,
A moment of individual silhouette,
Then fading.
Is this life—this flitting after shadows?
Is this half-darkness, half-light,
The beginning of day, or the coming of night?
Darting before the candle of momentary
attraction,
We cast away solidity for shadowy abstraction.
Reality knows us not, we are too fleet—
As formless, cold and grey as sleet.
This is a fantasy of life we lead
Where distortion replaces deed.
We grasp with phantom hands at phantom
dreams,
And play, on phantom pipes, sad phantom
themes.

Patricia Leonard, 4T4
Loretto College

Mystery!
May we ever accept it.
Mystery!
Have faith and sweet hope in it.
'Tis the day when Christ was born.

M.G.M., Loretto

For Better Things

A NEW LORETTO FOUNDATION

Another Social Centre and home for Catechetical classes was opened by Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary on July 2nd, at Fort Erie, Ontario, in response to an appeal from the zealous Pastor of St. Michael's parish, Rev. J. P. Johnston.

The little convent beautifully situated at the corner of Niagara Boulevard and Wintemute



St. Michael's Convent, Fort Erie

Street overlooks the Niagara River. Harmonizing with this loveliness was the gracious welcome extended to the new community, whose members are: Mother M. St. Teresa, Superior; Mother M. Thomasina, Sister M. Lidwina, and Sister M. Jean Brebeuf.

At a meeting of the ladies of the parishes of St. Michael's and St. Joseph's Churches held early in the last week of June, plans were made for a kitchen shower for the convent. A committee was appointed to collect funds, and on Thursday evening a pantry shower was held. On Saturday, July 1st, the members of the committee were present to welcome the small Community of Loretto Nuns to their new convent, now furnished and provisioned.

In the first two weeks of July, mission work was well begun, a Summer School having been successfully conducted, at the close of which several children received their First Holy Communion.

The house became a real convent home when, on September 12th, Mass was celebrated at the attractive altar most generously constructed by Mr. Snerd. This date is outstanding in the annals of Loretto, as it marks the anniversary of the landing in America of the first

members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary ninety-seven years ago.

The continued interest in the welfare of the Sisters evidences the zeal of the Catholics of Fort Erie for the souls of their children. May abundant blessings descend upon this new enterprise so promising in achieving much which will redound to God's glory.

INTER-LORETTO SINGING FESTIVAL

Dr. Ronan Adjudicator

The fifteenth annual Inter-Loretto singing festival took place in the auditorium of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on Saturday, Dec. 2. Rev. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.S.C., as adjudicator, provided inspiration for teachers as well as for the competitors. In his opening remarks Dr. Ronan encouraged the young vocalists to use their voices, which are God's gift, in as beautiful a manner as possible.

The morning session was devoted to vocal solo numbers in six classes. From a total entry of sixty, the following were the highest in each class: Earline Emes, Loretto College School, and Mary Jean Robertson, Loretto Abbey; Betty Rosar, Loretto Abbey; Margaret Sweetman, Loretto College School; Marilyn Burt, Loretto Abbey; Loretto Enright, Loretto College School.

The choral groups competed in the afternoon session. The pre-High School Loretto choirs were as follows: Loretto Abbey, St. Anthony's School, St. Edward's School (Lansing), Loretto Convent (Hamilton), St. Stanislaus School (Guelph), St. Joseph's School (Stratford), St. Anselm's School (Leaside), Loretto College School, St. Cecilia's Convent. Each choir sang a Gregorian "Adoro Te Devote" and "Silent Night." The shield donated by St. Cecilia's in appreciation of Dr. Ronan and for Gregorian Chant was awarded to the choir of St. Stanislaus's School, Guelph.

High school choirs were entered as follows: three choirs from Loretto Academy, Hamilton, three choirs from Loretto College School, one choir from Loretto Academy, Stratford, from Loretto High School and from St. Cecilia's. The numbers were a Gregorian "Alma Redemptoris Mater" and "On The Birthday of the Lord." The trophy cup was won by the Loretto College School Glee Club, with the IX Grade L.C.S. choir ranking second.

LORETTO ALUMNAE FORMED

A meeting was held recently in Montreal, attended by about 60 former pupils of schools under the charge of the members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Ladies of Loretto) and the Loretto Alumnae of Montreal was formed.

The following officers were elected: Mrs. J. Coffey (Fanny Penfold, Abbey) president; Mrs. John Leslie (Cecile Barry, Hamilton) first vice-president; Miss Kathleen Kennedy (Stratford) second vice-president; Mrs. John Warriner (Esther Johnson, Guelph) secretary; Miss Joan Allison (Niagara Falls) treasurer; Mrs. L. Drolet (Mary Pelletier, Hamilton) chairman, magazine committee; and Mrs. Denis Shea (Mary Boland, Abbey) chairman, ways and means committee.

The next meeting and social evening will be held in January.

The committee would be grateful for the names and addresses of former pupils of Loretto schools of any country residing in the vicinity of Montreal.

Mrs. J. C. Wakely (Sheila Bates) was at the inaugural meeting. She had been a pupil at Loretto, The Mall, Lucknow, India.

The secretary's address is Mrs. J. Warriner, 5285 Decarie Boulevard, Montreal, 29, Que.

—Canadian Register

LORETTO STUDENTS PRESENT SACRED DRAMA, "CECILIA"

The students of Loretto Academy, Stratford, gave a talented performance in their presentation of the sacred drama, "Cecilia," before a large audience in the auditorium of the Academy, Wednesday night, December thirteenth. The players interpreted the theme of the play in a manner which would do justice to professional performers. The drama revealed the life and legends of St. Cecilia, the patron of music and the fine arts, and depicted how the heroine, by her simple faith and love for God, triumphed over the arrogance of a dominating mother, transformed the hearts of pagans and made them followers of the true God.

The setting for the opening scene of the play is the garden near Cecilia's home in the City of Rome and the action takes place in the third century A. D., during the reign of Alexander Severus. Cecilia, a member of a noble and wealthy family, is surrounded by all the lux-

uries of life, and a galaxy of beautiful maidens, who are her dear friends. Her mother, a woman of stern character, has promised the hand of her daughter to Valerian, a pagan soldier of noble family, but Cecilia, who has consecrated herself to her Eternal Bridegroom, spurns the offer of marriage. She is abetted in her defiance by a devoted and faithful family servant, Martha, and her youthful friends.

In her spirit of docility, however, Cecilia finally consents to don the bridal robe to meet the would-be bridegroom. Valerian, accompanied by his younger brother, Tiburtius, his constant companion, comes and at the request of Cecilia they are allowed to see each other alone. In their conversation, despite Valerian's ardent avowals of love, Cecilia impresses her lover and his brother with the happiness that comes from being a Christian and a follower of Christ. They part with a bond of friendship and the brothers to the consternation of their mother and their kinsman, Talmatius, Prefect of Rome, eventually become Christians.

Change of Heart

Cecilia's mother is bewildered when she learns that her daughter has rejected the love of Valerian, but is convinced by the gentle persuasion of Martha that her daughter is possessed of traits that make her angelic.

The whole household is much concerned over the trouble which will result when their pagan enemies learn of the influence wielded by this zealous maiden. Their fears become realities and Cecilia, Valerian and Tiburtius after a stormy scene with Talmatius are thrown into prison, but they are fearless and are led away with song in their hearts.

Triumphant Climax

In the closing scene of the stirring drama, which takes place in the house of Talmatius, the heroine and her lover are undaunted in their faith in God, by the arrogance of Talmatius and the pleading of Judith, mother of Valerian and Tiburtius, and a triumphant climax is reached in a tableau scene with the entire cast singing "White Rose of Rome."

Tiburtius, who is a delicate youth, lends a note of tragedy to the scene when he dies as a result of the privations he suffered while in prison. The zeal of Cecilia and her steadfast faith even in the face of a death sentence imposed by the Prefect of Rome, break down the latter's haughty power and she wins the admiration of pagans and Christians alike.

In the play fidelity, pathos and tragedy are intermingled with a deep artistry and the various characters were enacted in such a masterly manner that it would be difficult to assign a stellar role to any individual performer. The acting was superb and the audience was inspired with the beautiful story and its inimitable interpretation.

The stage setting and the costumes worn by the players lent a dignity to the presentation as did the music which was heard at intervals throughout the play. Before the rise of the curtain the singers were heard in the distance in Beethoven's "The Heavens Resound." As Cecilia donned the bridal robe words appropriate to the theme were sung to the tune of Mendelssohn's Wedding March and as Valerian arrived to claim his bride the ensemble was heard in "The Soldiers' Chorus," from Faust with especially arranged words. In the scenes in which Cecilia was professing her devotion to her Maker, Schubert's "Ave Maria" added a note of spirituality and, as Cecilia walked to the prison with the guards, she softly sang the "Ave Maria" by Gounod. When the lover and his brother embraced the Christian faith, "Holy God" was sung as a hymn of thanksgiving.

The admirable performance of the players and the exquisite music combined to make the presentation a memorable one.

The play was repeated on the following evening. On Monday afternoon a matinee performance was given with the pupils of St. Joseph's, and the Immaculate Conception schools and those of the Academy as the audience.

Personnel of the Cast

The characters in the play were: Agatha, Cecilia's mother, Mary Campbell; Irene, Rose Butler; Ana, Anne Reinhart; Martha, a servant in Cecilia's home, Wanda Frawley; Beth, Marie Reinhart; Cecilia, Angeleen Conway; Ruth, Veronica McLaughlin; Paulus, a messenger, Jean Schultz; Marcus, a guard, Valerie Shantz; Valerian, Cecilia's bridegroom, Elaine Culliton; Tiburtius, his brother, Frances McKeough; Judith, Valerian's mother, Marie Heinbuck; Miriam, her protégée, Mary Hishon; Beggar Woman, Alma Flanagan; and Child, Georgina Swift; Talmatius, Prefect of Rome, Shirley Gordon; Maximus, a guard, Dorothy Nadjivan; Lotus, servant in Talmatius' home, Marilyn Kells.

—Stratford Beacon-Herald.

LORETTO-ENGLEWOOD STUDENTS PURCHASE NAVY SCOUT PLANE

Showing one-hundred per cent Americanism, the Loretto students of 1943-44 purchased a \$25,000 Navy Scout Trainer Plane, the SN-43. Because of this splendid work, a plaque bearing the name of the school was placed in the cockpit of the plane. In the letter received from the Treasury Department commending the school for its outstanding work, it was stated by Mr. Morgenthau that he hoped the students would keep up their honorable standing.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?

Among the early peoples, when a child was born, his parents named him for the circumstances surrounding the event. Moses, drawn-out-of-the-water, was the name Pharaoh's daughter gave to the baby found among the bulrushes. John, the-gracious-gift-of-God, was the Heaven-sent name of the Baptist. Lucius was for the Roman's son, born-at-break-of-day. It is as a remnant of this ancient custom, that the Mexican mother of today calls her baby Sacrament because so recently come from God.

As Customs changed through the years, parents named their children for what they hoped them to be. Vincent was to become a conqueror. Albert was to bring glory by his deeds illustrious. Irene was the child of peace; Beatrice, the happy one. And Christopher should surpass them all, carrying the Christ.

When the Christians began to canonize themselves in the blood of their martyrdom, fond hands snatched up their names from the arena and poured them with the waters of Baptism upon the heads of their children. It was the beginning of patron saints, or father saints for the children to imitate. Gradually the name of the particular Saint took on the connotation of his virtues, regardless of the original meaning. And finally with the coming of vernacular, the Roman, Greek, and Hebrew names lost, in the adoption, their whole significance.

But one name will always stand, the unspeakable Name the angel whispered to Our Lady at the Annunciation. With beautiful simile the prophet had said, "Thy Name is as oil poured out." Oil for the healing of our sins; oil for the strength of our littleness; oil for the light in our darkness. It is the pledge of our salvation. It is a prayer. It is the password into Heaven.

M. Mary Clare, I.B.V.M.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO



Above—Seniors calling for reservations for Canadian trip: Mary Adele Telten, Mary Phyllis Grill, Dorothy Carmion (at phone), Kay Kinsella, Jane Hay, Mary Alice Logan.



Above — Our newly received Sodalists on steps of St. Bernard's Church.

Left—At station, Loretto, Englewood girls on way to Canada.



Juniors' Class Officers: Loretto McDonald, Sally Cleary (President), Gerry Sullivan.



Calling for reservations: Teresa O'Mara, Patricia Lux, Patricia Jordan, Mary Clare Madigan, Gerry McFadden; seated: Mary Reblin, Viola Richards.



LORETTO LORELEI, ENGLEWOOD, TELLS OF THE THANKSGIVING TRIP

After 16 families enjoyed turkey dinners, 16 precious daughters started out on a week-end tour of Loretto schools in Canada, accompanied by Mother Roberta and Mother Dymna. From 8 P.M. Thursday to 8 P.M. Monday these girls enjoyed a regal, rollicking *fiesta*.

The travellers arrived at Hamilton Friday morning for breakfast and a quick tour of the Loretto Academy. Within two hours they were back on the train and on their way to Niagara. All the events of that day at the Falls could not possibly be related so I will merely say: "The Falls were beautiful and a good time was had by all."

Saturday morning brought our 16 sleepy-eyed seniors into a dark railroad station at 6.30 A.M., and a few hours later they arrived at Toronto. The Abbey was their home for the next two days, although they were royally entertained by the girls at Loretto College and Loretto, Brunswick, on Sunday.

The holiday over, we find the 16 girls on their way home thinking of the Falls, swimming, bowling, parties, and boys from St. Michael's.

COURTESY

Courtesy is regarded today, by many moderns, as something in the category of hoop-skirts and stiff collars. We need not go any farther than the street cars for proof of this, and sometimes it is pathetic to see an old lady struggling to keep her balance, while a smug young high school student is contentedly sitting opposite her. It isn't smart to be discourteous, in fact it only shows a bad training. With (only) a little effort on our parts we can apply courtesy to our everyday lives.

When mother calls us on cold winter mornings we can always smile and say a cheery word; after all mother had to get up first. And supposing our favourite cereal isn't served for breakfast, it wouldn't do any harm to eat some other kind. On the street cars we can always offer our seat to an older person. However when we get to school, all of us have a better opportunity to practise this virtue. The teachers come first and I'm sure their day would be brighter if we smiled instead of looking so serious. At lunch hour it would be very sociable to invite some student, who hasn't many friends, to eat at your table. And perhaps in

the evening, we might even give up the easy chair to Dad who would gratefully accept.

An incident which impressed me very much was enacted on one of these wintry days in which the snow and ice make it difficult to walk. I saw an elderly lady stumbling along the street with a milk bottle. Evidently she was trying to reach a store to buy some provisions as the milk and bread wagons were not running. A young soldier saw her and immediately made his way over to her. He took the milk bottle and her arm, helping her along. That soldier had something he could really be proud of, not medals or stripes, but simply "old fashioned" courtesy.

Alma Samis, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue.

LORETTO STUDENTS, GUELPH, WIN HONOURS

By the unanimous decision of the judges Miss Margaret Eileen Crawley, seventeen-year-old student of Loretto Academy, Guelph, was declared winner of the grand prize for the best essay on window displays depicting Guelph's war effort.

On Friday afternoon a program was presented in Loretto Academy Hall during which Miss Crawley was presented with thirty dollars in war saving certificates by Mr. Gamble.

Rita Cremasco, fourteen, a grade nine pupil, was presented with a five dollar war saving certificate as winner of the junior section.

Several hundred essays were written, and were marked in the first place by teachers of English in secondary schools. The nine best essays selected by the teachers were then forwarded to a committee comprising Mrs. Henry Howitt, Dr. O. J. Stevenson and Dr. G. G. McNab who picked the grand prize winner.

THE MONEY COMES BACK

Buy a Bond! Buy one more than before!

This cry has been resounding over Canada for several weeks. The seventh Victory Loan campaign is open. Canvassers are ringing the doorbells of the nation. Radio announcers are reminding you daily, citizens are flocking to their banks, filling out forms, and willingly investing in Canada's future. Newspapers, broadcasts, parades, banners, commando exercises, everywhere—Buy a Bond!

John Q. Guelph, like every good Canadian, buys a Bond. He buys it gladly, but somehow he wishes he knew what his money is doing

for his son or his brother overseas. "Oh, it buys arms, of course, but what kind of arms?" Perhaps he voices his complaint to you. What do you answer?

Take a walk, Mr. Guelph, down your main Street! Take plenty of time! Start at the Memorial and walk slowly on. The Guelph merchants in striving to please, have provided your answer.

One of our larger stores is displaying the products of the Federal Wire and Cable Company. At first glance, it may not appear interesting. Take another longer look! You will find that the coils of what seems to be yellow string, are really telephone wire, that provides communication in the battlefield. Your son in the Signal Corps couldn't fight without that. Synthetic rubber, that keeps the trucks of the Transport Command rolling toward Berlin, is also shown.

Guelph's most modern department store, is displaying its annual 'Gallery of the Gallant.' You'll find everyone you know there, Mr. Guelph. The boy who delivered your morning paper, the shoeshine boy on the corner, the nice young kid who lived down the street, your family doctor, the grocer's boy and so on. Have *you* a lump in your throat too? Come along down the street and see the delicious looking jams and jellies packed by Matthews-Wells, ready for shipment overseas for Christmas.

Think of the equipment of your brother in the Tank Corps, Mr. Guelph. Callandar's build the gun mounts for his Sherman tank and supply him with hand grenades. They also build vital parts of the gallant fighting corvettes, the pride and joy of the navy.

In another department store is a display of Zephyr Looms products. They outfit a typical G.I. with everything from battledress to a money belt; provide the R.C.A.F. with parachute bags and canopy covers for the huge Lancasters of the Bomber Command. When a flier is forced down at sea, a yellow emergency kit bag is dropped to him. It was probably made by Zephyr.

Remember those secret bomb-sights you read so much about recently. Many of the most important parts are made by Gilson's. You thought they only made refrigerators, didn't you? The Signal Corps couldn't get along without the radio products of Hammond's and Canada Ingot Iron Company. Your family doctor joined the Medical Corps two years ago, and you've missed telling him about your various aches and pains, haven't you? Your

money is helping supply him with the rubber gloves shown by Keating's Drug Store, and made by Sterling Rubber. They also provide the rubber caps for the bottles of plasma he uses. The plasma that enables him to save hundreds of lives daily.

You're at the end of the street now. But you really know what your money buys, don't you?

Don't you feel proud to be able to help? Don't you owe Guelph merchants a vote of thanks? Couldn't you buy another Bond, Mr. Guelph?

Eileen Crawley, XII,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

OUR BLESSED LADY*

Today, more than ever before we need Our Blessed Lady's help. With the war still raging in all its fury thousands of people are suffering and dying in many parts of the world. War though it be terrible, helps mankind regain salvation. It is when man is desolate and dying that he thinks of God. Whom then could we better beseech than Our Blessed Mother? She is the mother of God, born without original sin, and the inspiration of every woman of today. It was she who first took Jesus to Jerusalem, who was with Him when He performed His first miracle, and finally stood beneath the cross where He died. If we all prayed to Our Blessed Mother to intercede with her Son, to grant us peace, we would in one day have a better and happier world.

Patricia Goodwin, XII,
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

*This little essay won a prize in a contest sponsored by Our Lady's Committee of the Sodality.

GUELPH'S SHARE IN CANADA'S SEVENTH VICTORY LOAN.

Here we are, the citizens of Guelph, deep into our seventh Victory Loan Campaign. Let's take an imaginary trip to-day, a trip to show where your money goes after it is invested in Canada's Victory Loan, money you earned and saved—that meant sacrifice. Maybe you had your eye on a new mink coat this year, perhaps you were saving for a smart post-war convertible, or planned on a Broadway trip, but you realize, if this campaign fails, if the objective is not reached there will be little chance of trips, luxury and comfortable homes in post war days.

The Purchaser of a Victory Loan is a loyal

citizen worthy to be called a Canadian, His money first goes to the government who determines where it will be spent in war industries. Naturally much of this will come back to Guelph, say, for instance, to the Zephyr Looms or the Federal Wire.

At Zephyr Looms men and women work unsparingly, willingly for a CANADA they hope and know will be a safer place to live in. The employees are paid by the Zephyr Looms, thus, the money is back in Guelphite's hands. Uniforms, belts, kits and webbing are produced here. As you walked down the street, did you ever consider that that familiar, well-dressed soldier, his hat cocked smartly to one side, was supported by you? Did you ever realize that you helped to outfit him in that uniform, by your VICTORY BONDS? Did you ever think that when the day comes for him to lay aside that uniform and don his favorite tweed, and Hawaiian designed tie, that you were helping to make that possible, also.

At the Federal Wire Co., cable is turned out incessantly. Soon that cable is turned out in Italy, Belgium and even Germany. A hot battle is raging; picture yourself in the thick of it, shells bursting on all sides of you. The officer in charge is sending reports, receiving

them over the field telephone, wires carry this message to save hundreds of lives, maybe your son, brother, husband or sweetheart. That very wire was turned out in Guelph.

Doesn't it make you proud all over! proud of Guelph? Sure it does!

Our boys are tired and sick of war, tired of grimy clothes and faces, tired of blood and dying men, tired of field rations and muddy battle fields, tired of sleeping on wet battle-scarred grounds. They want to come home to their family and loved ones. They want to sit at the family table and listen to Kitty and Junior fight over who got the most cake. They want to sleep till twelve o'clock, on a soft bed, between two clean white sheets, they want to walk down their main street, meet buddies they haven't seen in years, stop at the drug store and have a coke. Are they really asking too much for you to help them out? Can you not sacrifice—no, just lend your money, so Guelph can keep producing these essentials of war, so that he can return. Our BOYS are giving their lives in many cases, could they give any more? Dig a bit deeper, brother. Will you deprive our Canadian SOLDIERS of this?

Nancy Goetz, XII,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.



Courtesy of Daily Star.
Students of Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, enter Stadium to music of De La Salle, Oaklands Cadets' Band, for Diocesan Holy Hour for Peace.

Sketches

THE SOAPSTONE CARVER

From the Tsingtien mountains comes a stone
That one may find in those hills alone;
Of every color and blend and hue
Red and amber and green and blue,
Yellow and mauve and coral too.
Stone that is carved with consummate skill
Into whatever the carver wills.
Wondrous things without slightest flaws,
A gorgeous panel—a graceful vase,
An incense urn or a pagan joss.
Carved with patience and carved with pain,
Dreams that may not be carved again.
From this brown stone with its vein so white
A hill—a tree, all in blossoms bright.
A thing of beauty and life and light.
With toil-worn hands and the crudest tools,
No set of plans and no book of rules,
The soap-stone carver plies his trade
And out of this piece as green as jade,
A dream is carved and a poem is made.
O brother poet full well I know
It will break your heart to let it go,
When somebody comes to buy your poem—
For you have but one and but one alone.
But, pagan artist, the Poet of all
Looks down on you and His shadow falls
Over the bench where you carve this joss
And He measures a greater, deeper loss—
For you are a song that He made one day
From the breath of life and the lowly clay;
A dream of God that will last away.
And the Artist sighs for His dream, His poem,
For there is but one and but one alone;
Sighs for the song that was born of pain
For the blood that He fears He has shed in vain,
For the dream that He may not dream again.
O, give Him your heart, though it be of stone,
He will carve it into a wondrous poem.
For there is no artist as great as He
Who out of the nothing of you and me,
Can fashion dreams for eternity.

H. F. Sharkey, S.F.M.S.

A RIVETER'S THOUGHTS AT DAWN

I wish you could have seen the Airport this morning. The ships were parked neatly in rows, about—but I shouldn't mention how many! It isn't measured in tens, anyway! The sun was just coming up, and the clear aluminum reflected a red glow. Those ships looked as if they

were on fire—I remembered then that some of them will come to an end like that. God help our boys!

To us who build them, the ships aren't just a mass of alelad, cable, wire, rivets, and fabrics. They are alive; nine hours of sweat, noise, pounding vibration that shakes you till you wonder if you're all in one piece! And under it all, is the constant plea for the safety of our boys. Part of you is in each ship. No wonder you thrill to see them!

You drive rivets as fast as you can stick them in the holes; the air from your rivet gun sprays cold in your face, but the perspiration still burns when it hits your eyes, and tickles as it runs down your spine; the drillings fall in a shower of dust and it chokes you; your right arm aches, and the fingers cramp. Every morning when you wake up, your arm is asleep and your fingers stiff: but while you work, you pray—pray faster than you rivet, pray that your rivets will hold in battle, and that the boys will get back to the base.

M.A.S.,

Loretto Alumna.

WITHIN

By ALINE MICHAELIS

The steady ticking of a clock
Immeasurably sure,
The curtains drawn, the bolted lock,
The ruddy firelight's lure;
A kitten curled before the blaze,
All purrs and frolic blent,
Bestowing with coy kitten-ways
The charm of its content.
White roses in a slender glass
To mock cold winds' refrain,
As in review spring memories pass,
And linnets nest again.
One waiting by the hearthfire's glow
Within the quiet room;
Without, an old world garbed in snow,
But here, spring's light and bloom.

THE WITCHERY OF THE MOON

Through the pines the moon shot its beams. They tinted the needles and fell on the path leaving little patterns of silvery-green. The

summer sky was jeweled with countless stars, so bright that even when I looked away their dappled image remained fixed before my eyes. The night air was warm and caressing, and held no sound. Even the crickets were asleep. Every now and then an unheard breeze would part the branches and a single shaft of moonlight would pour through like a spotlight into the small glade where I was standing.

It gave me a delicious feeling, a feeling of unalloyed glee to be here at such an hour with no one around—nothing but the pines and the night air. In sheer ecstasy I ran down the path through the moonlit forest, feeling the air rush past me, slide over my face, and ruffle my hair. Still faster and faster I ran. Nothing could hinder me, not even the air pushing against my body, for I was as a wood nymph at play in some fashionable, old forest of yore.

I took high, leaping steps, pointing my toe and raising my arms in graceful gestures. Now I was "Katina," most graceful and beautiful artiste of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. I dropped low on the path and lifted my face to the moon. Folding my arms I slowly rose and swept off the stage, hearing imaginary applause.

I was soon tired, and my breath came in little, short gasps. I leaned against a tree. The fragrance of a thousand woodland flowers flavored the air. Yes, this part of the forest was the most beautiful of all—it was exquisite! Gigantic rhododendrons grew everywhere. They choked the life from the lesser bushes and formed a wall, their flame red taking an odd purple hue under the moonlight, their blossoms large and dew sprinkled. Opposite, stood a large, gnarled oak, its branches heavy with ivy that trailed to the ground; its roots adorned with moss and columbine, outstretched over the forest floor, suggestive of a proud and greedy forest prince. The undergrowth rustled a bit, as a little snake wriggled out, silver-plated under the moon, with diamond eyes. He slowly began his way across the opening, stopped for a moment midway and then, with a little fillip disappeared.

I wandered on from place to place, drinking in all the beauty of this woodland transformation, until at last I found myself at the top of a large cliff. Here the forest ended; and as I looked down on the early morning world, I saw the lights come on in the farmhouse. The moon was pale; now the stars were dimming out. It was growing light in the east, and the far off barking of a dog announced another day's approach.

Then, as if with gay banners floating, the

sun and his court of clouds began their procession across the sky. I thrilled to the beauty of the rising sun, and of the pale, silvery moon which still drew my admiring glances, as I returned to meet a new day's complications, after a unique night spent in a moonlit woodland.

Helen Biety, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

TAXCO

It was my good fortune to visit Taxco when I was in Mexico this summer. When I entered Taxco, it was like coming into another world. After a heavy rain, waterfalls appeared seemingly from nowhere. The air was fresh with the smell of many flowers and the whole countryside seemed alive. I was told that it was like this the year around. The people do not know seasons as we know them. To them there are only two seasons "dry" and "rainy."

The peace found in Taxco can be found nowhere else in the world. It is an old saying there that 'whoever is in Taxco once, will return before he dies.' It is truly an artist's paradise. One cannot turn a corner without stumbling upon something that could be used as an interesting subject—donkeys, children, dogs—The town would not be complete without them.

Taxco was 'discovered' by Jean de la Borea, a Frenchman who owned and who had made a fortune out of his many silver mines in Mexico. One day, over a hundred years ago, while he was travelling to the town of Acapulca, he chanced upon a little town built upon the steep slope of a mountain. Travel in those days, especially in the mountains was both difficult and tiresome. The only transportation was on the back of burros and exploratory journeys were not often taken. Hence when la Borea came upon Taxco, he found it as it had been for centuries, unchanged by any contact with the outside world. La Borea was impressed by the picturesque red tiled buildings nestling in an almost unbelievably beautiful setting. He was a man of influence as well as a man of wealth, and he determined to see that Taxco would be preserved in the same lovely condition in which he found it.

It has such charm, such simple beauty, that one finds it hard to describe it. It was with this thought to its simplicity and to its being untouched and unspoiled by the rest of the world, that the Mexican government, influenced no doubt by the wishes of the wealthy and influential la Borea, passed laws forbidd-



Loretto-Niagara Sodality Reception—December 8th, 1944

ing any of its buildings to be taken down, or any building to be erected without a special government permit. Everything therefore is almost the same as when la Borca stumbled upon this beautiful town over a century ago. One cannot but feel grateful for the preservation of the natural beauty, the original buildings, the traditions and the folklore which make Taxco one of the most beautiful and interesting spots south of the border.

Mary Gleason, IX-A
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

ON MACKINAC

The boat whistle blew loud and shrill as excited people hurried about the decks going to and from cabins in last minute preparations for leaving. A few people stood along the rail to watch, as the boat entered the harbor. The far side where I was standing was almost deserted, but if the others could have seen the beauty and wonder that I saw on that tiny island they would have been as thrilled and excited as I was. The fresh green of the foliage was outlined against the clear blue sky. The sun shone brightly on the little

white dots of houses showing along the shore.

The whistle blew again; the engines stopped, and there were the voices of happy people as they stepped on the dock for their first glimpse of Mackinac Island. Some would think it just a little island, too backward to have automobiles and large buildings, and the many conveniences of large cities, but to me it was a delight—to see the horses and bright colored buggies lined up along the main street, and the quaint souvenir shops on either side. The next thing that caught my eye was what I had heard about and been looking for—the large frame building directly above the dock, with the words; “Doud’s Store” printed in black against the white wood. As I hurried up to it I saw a white-headed figure come out of the side door. He had a smile and “hello” for many of the people, because as I had always heard, Uncle Jim knew everyone. In a moment he saw me and hurried to meet me, and as we made our way into the store I had to tell him about the trip, and how thrilled I was with Mackinac.

The next few days were spent seeing the island. Old Fort Mackinac, which Father Marquette had visited, was on top of a hill at the end of the main street. More than once

Uncle Jim took me for a horse and buggy ride, which was a new thrill for a girl who lived in the city. We would drive in the woods among the evergreen and spruce, with just little patches of sun showing through.

There was always something new to see but it wasn't all out of doors. I had never known anyone who owned a store, and I found it more fun than drudgery to help here in the store. The days passed quickly and all left pleasant memories. Before I realized it the end of the summer had come and also the time to leave Mackinac.

The boat whistle blew as it drew up to the dock, but, now there were no happy voices of excited people—just the sad murmur of “good-bye” was to be heard. And as the boat pulled away, I knew I would always remember this lovely island, with the green foliage outlined against the clear blue sky and the sun shining on the little white dots of houses showing along the shore.

Marian Burke, XII-A
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE GRAND CANYON

One of the most impressive sights which I have yet had the pleasure of viewing is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River in Arizona. This panorama of nature is the sort of thing which inspires poets to write lovely verses of nature, musicians to compose exciting tone poems, and artists to depict beauty.

I saw it first at dawn one July morning. The sun rose over the mountains in the distance and reflected the color spectrum of the canyon and the painted desert beyond. One can't imagine the thrill of seeing anything so gigantic, so “out-of-this world,” for the very first time.

As you look down from the rim of the canyon, the Colorado River can be seen, a little over a mile below, no larger than a curled ribbon, wending its way along the plains, miles beyond.

There is no comparison between this view of the river and that which is seen when crossing on a small suspension bridge stretched a few feet above it. The waters below are swirling and black, and the swift current means death against the treacherous rocks and crags for anyone who would defy the mighty Colorado.

At the top of the Canyon, the view of the bottom is sometimes impaired by the formation of clouds which make a fleecy roof over this vast expanse of rocks, trees and mountains.

When one is down inside the gorge itself,

it seems an entirely different world. It is as cool as early spring, and thick expanses of trees completely cover the mountains' sides, making it hard to believe that one is actually “in the earth.”

Helen Callopy, XII-A,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

WHEN I WALK FORTH

When I walk forth beneath the blue night skies
I feel the stars are looking down on me;
The gentle breezes are as soft-drawn sighs
That whisper through the leaves of yonder tree.
The moon's reflection on the close-cut grass,
The fragrance of the stately northern pine,
The solitude descending as I pass,
Leave sorrow and despair as naught of mine.

Each time I wander down beside the lake,
The waters are as silent as a church;
The trees reflected in the calm stretch make
The perfect shapes of fir and silver birch.
To one who sees the beauty of the night,
There comes the thought of Everlasting Light.

Ruth Mader, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER AT CHRISTMAS

Dear God, let me once more go home
To see my loved ones, friends, my own;
To see again my mother dear;
To banish all my haunting fear.

Dear God, let peace and justice come;
May Thy Heavenly Will be done;
Bring joy and comfort to all the earth
That man may praise Thy lowly birth.

Wars are fought for the rights of others,
We march away, sons and brothers,
If I have earned the right to say,
“Dear God, I've done my best today,”

Then I shall live in peace out here,
Forgetting all my pain and fear,
I shall be answered—my humble prayer—
Please, God, just once may I be there!

Joan McKenna, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Compliments of
Higgins & Burke, Limited
WHOLESALE
GROCERS

Toronto - Canada



To Mother M. Nealis, R.C.S.J., we are indebted for this ideal picture of Lucia (of Fátima) to whom in company with her two little cousins, Francisco and Jacinta, Our Lady of the Rosary appeared on six occasions, in 1917.

Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will

JESUS

JESUS, NAME all names above,
JESUS, best and dearest,
JESUS, Fount of perfect love,
Holiest, tenderest, nearest:

JESUS, Source of grace completest,
JESUS, purest, JESUS, sweetest,
JESUS, Well of Power Divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!

—English prayer of the 9th Century.



CHRISTMAS

Christmas!
The church bells are ringing it.
Christmas!
The angels are singing it.
Children trip lightly along.

Memory!
My mind is recalling it.
Memory!
My heart-strings are thrilling it.
My soul is glowing with song.

Beauty!
Soft snow flakes enshrine it.
Beauty!
Sweet carols give voice to it.
The whole world rejoices this morn.

M. G. M., Loretto.

CHRISTMAS EVE

'Tis Christmas Eve,
The little children watch and dream;
They watch the ever endless stream
Of happy faces.

Through frosted pane,
Comes vaguely on the busy night
A softly radiant beam of light
From waxen taper.

Now silence rare
Is queen o'er all the sleeping land.
She gently stretches forth her hand
In loving peace.

The gorgeous moon
Stands guard in silver livery.
All men in Christian charity
Give salutations.

One glorious star,
Serene and calm, points us the way
Unto our heav'nly King, today
Born for all men.

M.G.M., Loretto.

A MYSTIC WORD

At night-time, when the lights are out
and it is very dark,
And through my window, 'neath the moon,
the trees stand stiff and stark,
If suddenly there is a sound—
the screeching of an owl,
Or someone's puppy, frightened, thinks
it's time to bark and howl—
While curtains hang like ghosts against
the darkness of the room,
And queer-shaped shadows creep about
the corners of the room,
I feel no terror of them, for
I know a mystic word—
My mother taught it first to me,
but since then I have heard
That anyone who treasures it keeps safe,
both night and day—
Say JESUS, in the darkness, and all fears
will fleet away.

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

A CHRISTMAS STORY

I curled up in my favourite chair, alone;
The logs burned low, within the fireplace;
Upon the walls the flickering firelight shone,
And shadow people danced with whimsy grace.

I looked out at the wintry dusk, and saw
The fairy snowflakes gently floating down;
And in the hazy distance I could see,
Like blossoms in the snow, the lights of town.

I must have been more weary than I knew,
For everything about me, misty seemed;
I drifted softly, gently into sleep,
And sitting in the quiet dusk, I dreamed:

How strange it seems dressed in this flowing robe
While all about me throngs the noisy crowd!
Slow moving camels block the narrow streets,
And beggars cry for "Backsheesh," long and loud.

Great merchants with their mighty caravans,
Rich men and poor, from many a distant place,
Are gathered here, to write upon the book
Their names, each one according to his race.

I see these people stand before the inns;
Each knows how hopeless is his quest for space—
Then, suddenly, like the rising of a star,
I see the lovely vision of *her* face.

She sits upon the donkey like a queen;
Her mantle blue, the colour of her eyes;
Her hair, like sun-kissed wheat in ringlets falls,
And in her gentle smile is paradise.

Beside her walks a humble, reverent man;
His step is slow from weariness and pain;
With patient eyes he scans the milling throngs—
No hope tonight a resting place to gain.

There is a stable underneath the hill,
A place he knows outside the city gate—
There Joseph now must take his Virgin-wife,
The birth of Christ, the Son of God, to await.

I see new comers now upon the hill,
The light of rapture shining from their eyes;
They are the shepherds who with dawning hope,
Have heard the angel choirs sing in the skies.

I kneel with all the others at the door
Of this poor dwelling, star crowned, in the night,
And there adore the Saviour of the World,
A Babe, so humble, wrapped in glory bright.

His lovely mother smiles beside His crib,
And Joseph worships, as the Good Book saith;
The ox and ass stand by in dumb surprise,
And warm His tiny body with their breath.

The glorious voices of an angel band
Swell out in triumph, at a signal given—
I woke up startled from my fireside dreaming,
And felt as if I'd had a glimpse of heaven.

The fire had burned down lower in the grate;
And as I sat up at that sudden start,
I felt the tears of joy upon my cheek,
And knew the peace of Christmas in my heart.

Monica Calarco, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

They'd walked so far, and she was so weary;
The wind blew colder, and the night was dreary;
St. Joseph had tried to find them a place
But every door had been shut in his face.

And now they came to a hillside cave;
With thankful hearts to God they prayed;
There Jesus was born on this holy night,
And the heavens were filled with beautiful light.

Laid in a manger with clothes wrapped around,
The Infant Divine heard a heavenly sound;
The angels sang, "Gloria;" the shepherds adored;
And the Father *had* glory in the birth of Our Lord.

Though He came as a Child many long years ago,
He lives in good hearts, as I'm sure you all know;
Let us love Him, Our Saviour, who came as a Babe,
And was born in a manger in Bethlehem's cave.

Mary Romita, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

RETREAT

With Mary blest—
Our thoughts on Christ—
We holy vigil keep;
We long for Him;
We wait for Him,
In silence deep.

Our hearts unlatched
Invite our God
To dwell here evermore;
Ah, breathe no word—
Non digna sum—
He's at the door.

He enters in,
Accepts our gifts
Of sacrifice and love,
And showers grace
And benefits
From Heaven above.

In silence wrapt,
In touch with God,
Severed from earthly things,
Adoring Him, entreat we Him,
Our King of Kings.

Isobel O'Gorman, Junior College,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

CHRISTMAS

An angel came on this wondrous night,
When snow was falling soft and white,
And said to shepherds upon a hill,
"Peace on earth to men of good will."

The angel leads them to a shed
In which they find a manger bed,
In it they see the little King
To whom the angel choirs sing.

Betty Rosar, Grade 8,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

Loretto



College

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1944 - 1945

President of Sodality—Helen Read,
 Head of S.A.C. — Jean Vale.
 Head of House Committee—Jacqueline Doiron.
 Senior Representative—Helen Read
 Junior Representative—Mary Farrell
 Sophomore Representative—Helen McLaughlin
 Freshman Representative — Margaret Mary
 Dandeneau.
 Dramatics Representative—Millwood O'Shaughnessy.
 Debating Representative—Jacqueline Samson,
 Torontonensis—Jacqueline Doiron.
 Loretto Rainbow Representative—Sally Chiovetti.
 Social Representative—Betty Solmes.

COLLEGE CAMERA

Sept. 25, 26—Registration Days—Loretto, Simeoe Hall - St. Michael's - Loretto - Simeoe Hall - St. Michael's. Take heart, freshies! Those paths across the campus will soon be less bewildering.

Sept. 27—Opening night at Newman Club. "We came. We saw. We conquered. Went single—came home double, and have our eyes on several." But, Freshies! your studies? ! !

Sept. 29—Michaelmas term begins with Mass in honour of the Holy Ghost, at St. Basil's Church, for Faculty and students of St. Michael's College — St. Michael's, Loretto and St. Joseph's. An inspiring sermon given by Very Rev. T. P. McLaughlin, C.S.B., B.A., J.C.D., Superior of St. Michael's College.

October 2, 3—Unforgettable Initiation days included a serenade of Loretto Freshies by St. Mike's Frosh—refreshments at Mac's (sponsored by St. Mike's Sophs)—and a dance at Newman.

October 9—Re-organization meetings of Debating Society and St. Michael's Art, Music and Drama Club.

October 15—Sodality Sunday, Mass and sermon by Father Sullivan, C.S.B. Father stressed the need of prayer and mortification for all, especially for children of Mary.

At 3 o'clock, Quarterly Loretto Alumnae meeting, held at the College. Address given by Miss Irene Allen, Loretto graduate in Social

Science, and now leader of Catholic Welfare Department in Toronto.

October 16—First Junior--Senior debate of the year. Affirmative—Gyneth Stencil and Sally Chiovetti—"Resolved that women should be debarred from mercantile and commercial industry after the war so long as men are seeking employment." Negative—Jean Vale and Mary Farrell, winners. Congratulations!

October 18—Freshmen formally invested in cap and gown before proceeding to the dining hall for the banquet in their honour. A joyous welcome was given Dr. (Victoria Mueller) Carson, former L.C. professor, who was guest of honor.

October 22—Our Mission tea was a joy and a real success. St. M's. and St. J's. made a good showing.

October 27 - 28 - 29—Newman Convention. We enjoyed being hostesses to delegates from Queen's, McGill, Western, and Dalhousie.

November 3—The freshmen party in L.C. Common Room was a get-together for all St. Michael's first year students. Food, fun and frolic perfectly describe the evening.

November 11—As hostesses to fifteen of Loretto-Englewood graduates, we entertained at luncheon in the College dining-room; then, after a specially arranged and conducted tour to points of interest around the University, St. Michael's and Hart House, our guests and a group of St. Michael's students who had been invited to meet them, enjoyed with them the musical programme given by Jacquie Doiron, Meg Dandeneau, and the Glee Club. Afternoon tea followed, and then farewells—Loretto-Brunswick was waiting for the Chicagcans.

November 14—First Freshmen Debate. Kay McGibbon and Ginnie Robertson, affirmative, win from Ethel Farkas and Patricia Harrigan.

November 16, 17, 18—Newman Club Retreat.

November 19—We entertain St. Joe's girls at tea. Jacqueline Doiron and Marilyn Barry—Loretto's prospective contributions to the "Met."—sang, and Meg Dandeneau, Miriam Dever, and Shirley Pezzack, accomplished pianists, gave some lovely musical selections. Jane Hinds, in a pleasing, well-modulated voice, rendered "The White Cliffs" effectively.

November 26—Loretto joined in the gaiety of St. Joseph's Fall Festival and enjoyed it all.

November 27—In Freshies' second debate, the duo, K. McGibbon and G. Robertson, again scored a triumph—defeating B. Ward and A. Huntley of the negative side: "Resolved that Initiation as practised at Loretto College should be abolished." Initiation remains intact.

December 5, 6—St. Michael's Art, Music and Drama Society presented "Murder in a Nunnery" at Hart House Theatre. Winnifred Fletcher, Loretto College Alumna, again won high praise, in her role of Mother General; and several Loretto undergraduates proved their ability as actresses—Helen McLaughlin, as Mother Peagle; Doris McKenna, as Mother Trevor; Millwood O'Shaughnessy, as Mother Peek; Thérèse Gallivan, as Venetia; Gertie Bradley as Verity; and Jacqui Monaghan, as an irresponsible student in Mother Peek's Haddington School.

December 6—An event long anticipated and several times postponed, was finally realized to-day in our formal reception, as Loretto College students, by Reverend Mother General Victorine, at the College. Her charming friendliness won all hearts, and rejoiced those who had been her Science students at the Abbey. After an address of welcome by the S.A.C. President, Jean Vale, and the presentation of a spiritual bouquet, and a floral one, the Glee Club and several talented undergraduates entertained Mother General and her companion, Mother M. Margarita, former Dean of the College, whose visit had, likewise, been long awaited.

December 8—High Mass in the College Chapel, sung by Students' Choir. In the evening, recitation of the office of the Immaculate Conception, and hymns to complete our Novena. Further celebration of the Feast postponed to Sunday, because of the University lectures.

December 10—Feast of Our Lady of Loretto. Sodality Rally—beginning with Mass at 8 o'clock in the College chapel and a memorable sermon by Reverend Father Joseph Keating, S.J. There followed a series of challenging, and intensely interesting and helpful Forum sessions in the Common Room—a new impetus to Sodality endeavours.

FRESHMEN PARADE 4T7

HELEN BARRY—Loretto-Hamilton graduate—II Pass Arts. Just a Soph in Freshie guise. Protector of poor Freshies, from Sophomore brawn. Coffee at midnight—awake until dawn! Coffee at breakfast—How long can it go on?

Prenez garde, Hélène!

MARILYN BARRY—Hamilton—Pass Arts. She has the figure of the Freshman class—brains, a musician, too—Hamilton's fair gift to the Conservatory. Not only that, dear Freshman Class, she's her "Jaekie" too! Yes, letters every day; phone calls every week. She rarely

has her French done, but still we think she's sweet.

RITA BAUER—Waterloo is her birthplace; Household Economics, her course; The "90" D.K. is her favourite haunt, where her coffee making is "tops"—our Rita!

RITA CULLEN—St. James School; Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue; and now Pass Arts. Her preoccupation is swimming. Once a week she is seen gazing into the depths of the Lillian Massey pool, and any day now one may find that she has at last risked all and plunged boldly into those watery depths! If we are to lose Rita eventually to Normal School, we trust that our loss is the gain of tomorrow's Juniors—for whom she will probably use her winsome singing voice. She may even do their homework for them. Hers is *very* reliable.

MARGARET MARY DANDENEAU—Loretto Abbey graduate. All the way from Port Arthur. A fourth-generation Loretto girl. Our composer, our pianist, our house representative, and our gift to Carnegie Hall.

She's the friend of all the Freshies;
She's the dread of many Sophs—
For, don't you see—she's on the House
Commit-tee?

MARGUERITE DEVER—Kemptville—Junior College.

Sure she's a little bit of heaven, with that
twinkle in her eye;
She carries nine subjects—but she doesn't
have to try!
For plaids she has a liking—two or three are
fine;
She's our read-headed Irish Angel, with a
real, good, Irish line.

ELAINE DEVER—Kemptville—II Pass Arts.

Our *Parlez-vous* maid from Kemptville town—
When it's lecture time she's never down!
But she really means well—as she can tell;
At Newman Club, she's the new *belle*—
Well, well!

ETHEL FARKAS—Loretto College School graduate. Pianist and organist, and brimful of ambition—wishes she were triplets, so that she could, at one and the same time, revel in Classics, Moderns and English Language and Literature, with Music, Dramatics, and Sports thrown in, on the side. More power to you, Ethel! Don't let them dampen your spirits.

HELEN FURLONG—lives at 90, and though she's small, she's really mighty; cooks and plays and sings quite nicely; From Ingersoll to the Conservatory—a very human prima donna.

THERESE GALLIVAN—From Hastings, Peterborough, and all points east—Philosophy, English or History. Dynamic little number who has just left the hallowed halls of St. Joe's for the hallowed ones of Loretto College. Welcome, Thérèse!

PATRICIA HARRINGTON—Also new to Loretto—from Lindsay, St. Joseph's Academy, where she won a Government Scholarship. Devotion to duty and sheer love of "the higher learning" keeps her diminutive nose (slightly pug) religiously buried in her dear lil' English, n' French, n' Latin, n' Phil-oss-o-pee books—well, almost always, except when we've seen her.

CATHERINE HEALY'S at O.C.E.—a freshman here for Faculty; Loyal to Brescia, and now to Loretto, she's as fine to see as she is to know.

JANE HINDS—Barrie—Pass Arts. Our Irish colleen, who is either doubled up with laughter—or pain, from too many doughnuts, The "P.J." girl's main ambition—to learn several modern languages!

ANNE HUNTLEY—From L.C.S., Brunswick Avenue—is "last of a long and honoured line" of Loretto Huntley graduates and has come to replace Margaret of class 4T4. Smiling—when not pre-occupied, or debating the barbarity of Initiation.

MARGARET JAMES—From North Toronto Collegiate, near her home, Margaret has returned to her "first love," Loretto—having received her early education at Loretto Abbey where for some years she was a violinist in the Junior Orchestra; also having two sisters, Loretto Alumnae. Gentle, shy and attractive—an earnest student, aspiring to that No-Woman's Land, of Commerce and Finance—but a real woman for all that.

CAMPION KLASSEN is in II Dents—She hails from U. of Sask. Can make a plate, and mend your teeth—but heart-breaking's her task.

HELEN LEGRIS—Sudbury, Junior College. Activity personified; she loves to tell the "causes;" She's striving to be dignified, but scarce takes time for pauses.

RENA LONGO—Almost from infancy, she has evidenced that keen interest in music which

—through fourteen years of musical background—has brought us today's accomplished pianist. In everyday life Rena might give the impression that her serious moments were few and far between; when she seats herself at the piano she immediately assumes the air of the famed virtuoso she hopes one day to be. From Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, she comes to Pass Arts, at Loretto, St. George Street.

JACQUI MASON is from Kenora; takes Physiotherapy. When she isn't answering telephones she's searching for 90's key.

KATHRYN MCGIBBON—Guelph — Pass Arts.

"Wee Kitty Katy" in her gay gown,
Upstairs and downstairs with never a frown,
She types, and she writes Spanish on the slate
And those French classes, she doesn't just hate!

MARY MURPHY has bright Irish eyes,
A dimple and a smile,
And everywhere that Mary goes,
Her face and ways beguile.

From Stratford to the Abbey, and
Then to Optometry,
She comes to measure eyes for "spees"—
And captivates meantime!

DORIS O'NEIL—North Bay—Pass Arts.
"She came; she saw—and now she stays to conquer." C'est bien, Doris! and Initiation is over!

VIRGINIA ROBERTSON—Perth — Household Economics. The thriving metropolis of Perth has lost its "Clare Booth Luce;" her debate on Initiation left Sophomores gasping—and, possibly, some others.

GERRIE SCHUETT hails from Guelph,
Third of a famous clan
To cheer the hearts of old L.C.
Though not a radio "fan"—
She limbers fractured arms, and such,
In Physiotherapy.

MARY SCHUETT—Loretto—Guelph—English, Language and Literature.

The "little bear" from Goldilocks;
The Freshies' Florence Nightingale;
"Sunkist's" advertisement she could be—
But, then, might in Philosophy fail!

JANE STRUTHERS—Port McNichol — Household Science.

The perfect student; the perfect girl!
Nothing out of place, not even a curl.
With smile unique, and disposition sunny,
She's a dear, and sweet as honey.

BERNADETTE WARD—tall, suave and smiling, comes to us from L.C.S., Brunswick Avenue, to win fame and fortune via English Language and Literature. She has already shown considerable talent as a debater, and, in dramatics, as one of those famous Macbeth witches.

FLAVELLE WESTCOTT—Haddon Heights, New Jersey, Junior College. "New Joisey was nevah like this!" Favourite query: "Muhlin is the couffee burlin?" (Note—"Marilyn is the coffee boiling?") We're teases, Flavelle—but you don't mind?

Blue and white; blue and white;
Loretto Freshmen are a goodly sight.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF LUCIA MARCELLINUS

A Young Roman Girl, 399-408

June 28, 399

Dear Diary,

To-day is my fifteenth birthday! I have the most glorious feeling of being grown-up—at last! Everything is different—everything from a new hair arrangement to a wonderful new suite. The magnificent rooms just off the second court, open upon a terrace refreshed by a fountain and covered by a profusion of the rarest plants. The furnishing shows my mother's exquisite taste—even to several full-length mirrors and a costly and delicate boudoir set. I could tell you so much more about my lovely new wardrobe—gowns—gorgeous gowns designed by mother's Greek artist. To-night—oh, I cannot wait. To-night I am to go to my first banquet at court. I shall tell you of it.

Lucia

* * *

June 29, 399

My Dear Diary,

The banquet was the most exciting adventure of my entire life. It was so thrilling to walk into that vast hall—to mingle and smile with the noted Roman beauties whom I had long regarded with awe. The luxuriance of the palace caught me breathless. Perhaps if my parents had allowed me to come to our place in Rome instead of always living at the Villa this occasion would not have meant so much to me. Although I marvelled at the splendour about me I tried desperately to look extremely poised, and old and wise. It was not until the men had too much wine and talked very loud and told me how beautiful

I was that I cast a rather significant and naïve look of questioning at my mother.

There were many interesting young men who gave me much of their attention—even Honorius. But let me tell you, dear diary—I am in love. No, he didn't really pay much attention to me, since he was so interested in talking to father and his friends. Yet when I was leaving he gave me a beautiful smile—his eyes are very blue. Oh, diary—I must meet him again I know I will.

Lucia

* * *

February, 400

Dear Diary,

Oh, day of days!—Oh Joy! Marcus Verbi, my soldier of my first banquet, came to dine with us this evening. He met father at the baths. He has been fighting as an officer in Stilicho's army—against the Goths. Father and Marcus are worrying about the rate at which the barbarians are crossing the Danube. Marcus says it is well for Rome that Stilicho, the ablest man in both Court and camp, is regent for the young and delicate Honorius. Though Theodosius ruled his empires well he left two sons entirely incapable. The western empire was left to Honorius and the eastern, to Arcadius. Arcadius is unable to defend his empire and through his jealousy impedes Stilicho in his endeavours to push back the enemy. I had no idea conditions in the Empire were really so critical. I must begin to think.—I've taken my place in Roman society—Marcus told me it was right for Roman women to be informed in political and economic affairs—and even military. Marcus seems to enjoy my company. I shall see that Afra arranges my hair and make-up more artistically to-morrow.

Lucia

* * *

March, 400

Dear Diary,

Marcus must go back to his army. I am sorry well, lonesome. We got along wonderfully. He says they need soldiers—everyone needs to fight. Alaric and his Visigoths are fast pressing forward. Marcus remembers when Alaric was a great soldier in the Roman Army—He still thinks Alaric is no wild barbarian.

Lucia.

* * *

July, 402

Dearest Diary,

Marcus is home again for a few days. Today we drove to Rome. I was so happy beside

my tall, bronzed warrior in the golden chariot behind father's prized thoroughbreds. Our long silken robes floated in the wind. I looked joyously at Marcus only to find his dark handsome face scowling. He was watching the white horses, the chariot, the coloured silks and my happy, contented face and his eyes were darting fire and disgust.

"Oh, this is the fall of the Empire—the weakness. The Race of Romulus has degenerated into a pretentious but decadent aristocracy, who desire no title to glory save that found in pedigree. There is not left in us sufficient manliness to set up, much less to maintain, an emperor, of our own race. The rulers! Who are they? men of barbarian extraction! Our soldiers who defend our Empire, who are they? The men of Rome are too highly civilized—lazier by intellects. These," he gestured to a crowd of wretches in the street we had just swung into. "They are sat upon. They have nothing—and the aristocracy care to think they are nothing. They are pampered with food distribution and amusement. There is but one thing on which they hold which proves to themselves the distinction between these paupers and the dogs—Christianity—It is the liberator of these people."

I can never forget this day—I learned so much—about Rome—about Christianity. It is so difficult for the youthful church to survive in a world not only basely pagan—but wicked—vile.

Lucia

* * *

November 4, 407

Dear Diary,

I received a letter from Marcus. He will be home in six months and we will be married then. Everything is arranged—my trousseau is being completed and the whole social circle is waiting to burst forth with festivity. Still I'm worried. Marcus is accustomed to discuss military affairs with me. This letter is suspiciously reticent. I feel that although Stilicho's drives have been successful there are some conditions that are baffling and unavoidable. Maybe these fears are unfounded.

Lucia

* * *

December 25, 407

Dear Diary

Christmas day and the date for my wedding has come and gone but I am still awaiting my bridegroom. He is anxious to return but military engagements have been so fast

moving that everything must be put off. Yesterday Rome received word that the western frontiers were falling fast, left unprotected when the legions were called in to defend Italy. The Vandals are sweeping across Gaul to the Pyrenees and some have entered Spain.

Oh, Child of Bethlehem, give me strength—hope. I feel so helpless in my fears for Marcus. Still I take courage when I recall his last words to me. "Be brave not only because it is a soldier who loves you, but as a true Roman and Christian woman."

Lucia

* * *

April 30, 408

Dear Diary,

To-day for the first time this year I received a letter from Marcus. Bluntly he tells me just how things are. We agreed to be straight with one another. He is in charge in Britain. His chances for escaping death are few. Even chances that the letter will get through are few. The remaining legions are revolting not only in Gaul, but in Britain as well.

Desperately I tell myself he will return, I am not hysterical, despondent—I am hoping—Oh, God's will be done.

Lucia

* * *

February, 408

My Dear Diary,

Marcus is home. It is the one bright glow in a city enshrouded in gloom—darkness. Honorius, stupid Emperor! has just put Stilicho to death. His death swings open the iron gate of Rome and invites Alaric and Visigoths to enter . . . Rome is doomed . . . civilization is in a stupor. . . .

Lucia

Thérèse Gallivan, 4T7.

PRELUDE

Mary waited patiently;

Joseph hurried home;

Jesus had to hasten, too,

Although he liked to roam.

Dinner was all ready;

Mary had placed the bread,

And was about to serve the food

When little Jesus said:

"We made so many things today;

We're never at a loss;

And this is what I made for me—

A little baby cross!"

Sally Chivoetti, 4T6,
Loretto College.

Loretto Secretarial Department



Miss Elizabeth Heney

"MOTHER EVANGELISTA SCHOLARSHIP"

Miss Elizabeth Heney, of Fort William, Ontario, is the winner of the "Mother Evangelista O'Sullivan Scholarship," donated by the Secretarial Graduates of Loretto College School. Miss Heney was awarded the Scholarship for her high standing in Grade XIII subjects. Her Scholarship entitles her to ten months' free tuition in the Secretarial Department of Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, where she is now a resident student.

SODALITY ACTIVITIES

The Annual Sodality Dance was held at Newman Hall, 89 St. George St., on November 20. After several novelty dances the young couples paid tribute to Our Lady. During the Sodality feature the prefect, Miss Rose Winterberry, on behalf of the Knights and Handmaids, made a floral presentation to their Queen.

* * *

On December 9 and 10 a group of twenty-four Secretarial students made their first closed Retreat at Marian Hall, 181 Dawlish Avenue. The Retreat was conducted by Reverend James O'G. Fleming, S.J., Sodality Director. The Sodalists of a second group are looking forward to their Retreat early in the New Year.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle	MRS. FINK, 1035 S. Egert Rd., Egertsville, N.Y.
Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont., Circle	MISS EUNICE LEAHEY, 727 Victoria Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Loretto, Englewood Auxillary.	MRS. JOSEPH P. EAGAN, 7636 May Ave., Chicago.
Loretto, Woodlawn Auxillary.	MRS. ARTHUR O'CONNOR.
Loretto, Winnipeg Circle	MRS. LORNE C. WALKER.

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The first quarterly meeting of the Loretto Alumnae Association was held on October 15th, at Loretto College, St. George St. Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith presided, and tea was served under the convenership of Mrs. W. A. Smyth. Miss Irene Allen, acting director of the Catholic Children's Aid Society of Toronto, addressed the gathering and told of the urgent need for trained Catholic social workers.

The tea hostesses, Mrs. F. A. Walpole and Mrs. T. M. Moran, were assisted by members of the recent graduating classes. Mrs. William Carroll

asked for the support of the members for the Seventh Victory Loan. A delightful musical programme was provided by Miss Margaret Mary Dandenean, Miss Rena Longo, and the Loretto College Glee Club.

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The Loretto Alumnae "Victory Dance" which was held in Eaton Auditorium on November 3rd was most successful as an enjoyable party and financially. Mrs. Ray Strong, convener, was assisted by an enthusiastic and hard working committee and Miss Gladys Enright was the capable ticket convener.

About 500 guests danced to the music of Leo Romanelli's orchestra.

The patrons and patronesses included Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Mr. and Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith, Controller and Mrs. D. A. Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. James Mallon, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. O'Gorman, Miss Helene St. Charles, Miss Alma Small, Miss Gerarda Rooney, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Chisholm.

The well-known Canadian poet, Dr. E. J. Pratt, of Victoria College Faculty, gave a lecture-recital in Convocation Hall on November 28th, under the auspices of the Toronto groups of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae. Dr. Pratt's readings from his poems, "The Titanic" and "Brebeuf and His Brethren," were enthusiastically received by the audience. A musical programme was supplied by a choir composed of high school students from Loretto, St. Joseph's and Notre Dame. Miss Victoria Douglas sang several solos and Mrs. James Mallon played the organ.

Mrs. H. T. Roesler, who was chairman of the meeting, had offered a ten-dollar donation of books to the library of the group selling the greatest number of lecture tickets. This award was won by Loretto.

D.S.

DETROIT-WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

Our September meeting was held at the home of Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoe Case, Abbey) Saturday afternoon, September 9th. with the incoming president, Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey) presiding. The prayer for Peace was recited. Twenty-three members were present.

The following chairmen of committees were appointed: Reception, Mrs. T. N. Doherty (Catherine Maher, Woodlawn); Membership, Miss Mary Woods (Stratford) assisted by Mrs. Louis Evans and Miss Sophie Amyot; Publicity, Mrs. A. H. Priebe (Inamae Dupuis, Sault) assisted by Miss Iris Sullivan; Program, Miss Loretta Dupuis (Sault) assisted by Mrs. Edwin Hurd and Miss Margaret Moriarity; Revision, Mrs. V. J. Lordan (Violet Culliton, Stratford) assisted by Mrs. Tess Moffat and Mrs. Lucy McTague; Ways and Means, Miss Iris Sullivan (Sault) assisted by the charter members of the Circle; Charities, Mrs. D. J. McCormick; Courtesy, Mrs. J. W. Matteson (Helen Barrows, Guelph); I.F.C.A., Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault) and C.F.C.A., Miss Agnes Pineau, of Windsor.

It was announced that the Michigan State Chapter of International Federation of Catholic Alumnae will hold its biennial convention at Nazareth Convent, Kalamazoo, Michigan, the week-end

of October 13, 14 and 15th. All Detroit members are invited to stay at Nazareth for the convention.

Our hostess invited us to have tea, and graciously thanked us for our contributions of sewing and donations of money for the Needlework Guild.

By an oversight we omitted in the July Rainbow the name of our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. B. J. Ripley (Loyola Bell, Sault) who was re-elected for the term 1944-1945.

Autumn flowers from Zoe McCormick's garden graced the tea table at our October meeting held at the Woman's City Club. Hamilton Butler of the Editorial Staff of the Detroit Free Press gave us a timely and interesting talk on China and the Orient. On Saturday afternoon, October 21, Loretto girls enjoyed a tea at the home of Mrs. Ray Danaher (Lula Bonn, Sault) 699 Lake Shore Drive, Grosse Pointe Shores, and the Foundation Fund was off to a start with subscriptions amounting to a \$100 War Bond.

November 25th the Foundation Fund was again augmented by the addition of \$175.00 in War Bonds subscribed at a Tea held at the home of Mrs. Charles L. Bruce (Kathleen Marshall, Sault) 1750 Iroquois Ave., in honor of Reverend Mother Victorine and Mother Agatha who were in Detroit at the time attending the National Catholic Art Convention. Seventy former Loretto pupils were delighted and happy to meet the nuns and to hear Reverend Mother express her pleasure at our enthusiasm in raising funds to help finance a Loretto Foundation in Detroit in the near future.

I.D.P.

WINNIPEG LORETTO ALUMNAE

Our enthusiastic Red Cross Convener, Mrs. D. M. Smith, continues to have an excellent report of the splendid work done by her group of Alumnae workers. The members give generously of their time to the various War activities.

Through the kind hospitality of Mrs. John Pickering, the Loretto group spent a delightful afternoon with Mother General and Mother Winnifred during their short visit to Winnipeg.

Mother Ferdinand, of Sedley, Sask., has been appointed our Federation Sister by Mother General. We are very happy to welcome her to the Federation.

Mrs. Harold H. Arundel has been appointed vice-president of our Alumnae to replace Miss Kennedy who has moved to Toronto. We are sorry to lose such an enthusiastic member as Miss Kennedy and grateful to her for her good work in the organization.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. O'Dea are leaving Winnipeg to make their home in Toronto. Mrs. O'Dea, along with Miss Veronica O'Meara, was instrumental in forming the Loretto Alumnae in Winnipeg—Mrs. O'Dea being our first President, and a very enthusiastic one. The members of the Winnipeg Loretto Alumnae are extremely sorry to lose such a valuable member. Mrs. O'Dea has always taken the greatest interest in the Alumnae work, giving most generously of her time and energy. We shall miss her, but what is our loss is Toronto's gain. We sincerely wish her and Mr. O'Dea every happiness in their new home.

We are pleased to welcome back to Winnipeg Miss Veronica O'Meara who has spent the past year in Ottawa.

Our deepest sympathy and prayers are extended to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cope in the loss of their son, Lieut. A. R. Cope. Lieut. Cope was killed in action in Belgium; To Mrs. J. M. Monck in the loss of her grandson, Capt. J. M. Monck, who was killed in operational flying near Brandon, Manitoba. To Mrs. J. D. Callaghan in the loss of her sister, Miss Catharine Conlin, of Toronto who died very suddenly.

Irene F. Murphy.

LORETTO SECRETARIAL SCHOLARSHIP BRIDGE

to finance

"Mother Evangelista Scholarship"

will be held at

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL,
387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto,

SATURDAY, APRIL 14th, 1945
at 2:45 p.m.

Convener of Bridge: Miss Evelyn Henry

Committee Conveners: Publicity, Miss Kathleen Kelly; Prizes, Miss Peggy Heavener; Refreshments, Miss Mollie Lancey; Entertainment, Miss Catherine Mallon.

ST. CECILIA'S, TORONTO

Too late for mention in our last issue of The Rainbow was the party held at St. Cecilia's for former teachers of St. Cecilia's S.S. staff who had married from August, 1938 to October, 1942, and for their little people. The guests were: Mrs. Frank Henry (Anne Cassidy) with Barbara Ann and Paul; Mrs. Leonard Smith (Rita Matthews) with Ann Marie; Mrs. Fred Currans (Mary Smyth) with Mary Agnes, Donald and Douglas; Mrs. Neil Keogh (Jean O'Leary) with Michael Gerard; Mrs. Lorne Tracey (Madeleine Woods) with Shirley Ann; Mrs. Nicholas Roche (Kathleen Tobin) with Nicholas Basil; Mrs. John Quigg (Kathleen Brooks) with Mary Louise.

The girls of Grade Eight were hostesses. Luncheon was served on the grounds.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Major Frank Brennan and Mrs. Brennan (Agnes Purtle, Loretto College Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Mary.

To Dr. and Mrs. Enright (Marie Sullivan, Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Elaine, July 18, 1944.

To Capt. and Mrs. Bruce Lundy (Kathleen Findlater, Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) on the birth of a son, September 16, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Kerwin (Gertrude Doyle, Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) on the birth of a son, on Nov. 5, 1944.

To Lieut. and Mrs. Richard Brown (Mary Hughes Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) on the recent birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Paul Deck (Edileen Smith) on the birth of a son, David Peter. David is a

nephew of M. M. Vivina, M. M. Rosa and Sr. Mary Judith.

To Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Flynn (Nellie Vanderstar) on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Kay, October 13, 1944. Patricia is a niece of M. M. Theela, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Tubman (Yvette Burdunne, Loretto, Sault, Alumna) on the birth of a son, Robert Doine, October 13, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Piedmont, (Agatha McNaughton, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of twin-daughters, November 20, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Kledzik (Marion Bliss, Loretto, Sault, Alumna) on the birth of a son, David Joseph, December 11, 1944. David is a nephew of M. M. Vivian, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Singbeil (Madalene Phillips) on the birth of a son, Gerald David, September 2, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. John B. O'Flaherty (Catherine Delory, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of their son, John Benedict on June 26, 1944. John B., Jr., is a nephew of Sr. M. Wilfreda, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Simon, (Lillian Bliss, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, Paul Albert, Jr., on August 3, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. John W. Babcock (Catherine Mahoney, Loretto, Sault, Alumna) on the birth of a son, Allen, on August 10, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sirdevan (Jean McLaughlin, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, James, October 4, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morency (Lenore West, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Anne Jocelyn, September 25, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Allan Conway, (Betty Hunter, Loretto College Alumna) on the birth of a son, December 5, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Swich, (Betty Hallesy, Loretto, Sault, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Ann, July 27, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Di Tella (Dorothy Jean Cole, Loretto, Sault, Alumna) on the birth of a son, John, September 22, 1944. John is a nephew of M. M. Priscilla and M. M. Leona, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward La Londe (Lillian Smith) on the birth of a daughter, Ann Louise, October 18, 1944. Ann L. is a niece of Sr. M. St. Norbert, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kennelly (Madeline Hanrahan, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) on the birth of a son, Daniel, Jr., June 21, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Greene (Alice Green, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, May 31st, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Manthey, (Virginia Quigley, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) on the birth of a son,

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Dillon, (Marilyn Each, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) on the birth of a son, John Wayne, August 25, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Boyd MacGillvray (Louise Du Charme (Loretto, Stratford, Alumna) on the birth of a son, Angus Paul.

To Mr. and Mrs. James C. Powers, (Helen Denneby, Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) on the birth of a son, James A., May 19, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Mackey (Eileen Lowe, Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Delia, September 11, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sweeney on the birth of a daughter, Charon Anne—a niece of M. M. Leocrita, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Cole, on the birth of a daughter, Diana Teresa, October 22, 1944. Diana T. is the niece of M. M. Priscilla and M. M. Leona, I.B.V.M.

To Lt. and Mrs. Wm. Patterson (Ellen Sherrington, Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Nancy, July 23, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Perry (Margaret Daly, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, Thomas, May 8, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Wilton, (Corinne Schwalm, Loretto, Brunswick, Alumna) on the birth of a son, Clement Francis, July 22, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Burke (Helen Adams, Loretto, Brunswick, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Catherine Anne, on November 9, 1944.

To Lt. Henry and Mrs. Crigner, (Louise O'Hare, Loretto, Guelph, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Barbara Anne, October 25, 1944.

To Lt. and Mrs. Charles McKeen (Billie Wiebel, Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Judith, September 15, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barnacle (Mae Gadwin, Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) on the birth of a son, Jack.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Guerin (Lois Mordberg, Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Bonnie Louise.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward McGennis (Mary Jayne Murray) on the birth of a son, Brian Rex.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alex. N. Stephenson (Veronica Stockwell, Loretto, Brunswick, Alumna) on the birth of a son, December 29, 1944.

To Pte. and Mrs. L. W. Boyle (Fairley Sinclair, Loretto, Brunswick, Alumna) on the birth of a son, James Robert, November 9, 1944.

MARRIAGES

Miss Rosemary O'Keefe (Loretto, Englewood, Alumna), was married September 25, 1944, to Ensign Edward Charvat.

Miss Eleanor Ryan (Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) was married to Prvt. William Curtain, October 4, 1944.

Miss Margaret Buckley (Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) was married to Sgt. Thomas Howe, June 20, 1944.

Miss Mary Virginia O'Connell (Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) was married to Ensign William Burke.

Miss Rosemary Sullivan (Loretto, Englewood, Alumna) was married August 15, 1944, to Seaman 1/c John Moss.

Miss Mary Merle Loss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Loss (Mary Merle, Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) of Oak Park, Ill., was married July 13, in Savannah, Georgia, to Lt. Thomas N. Hanson, son of Dr. and Mrs. Harold O. Hanson.

Miss Betty Barbara Townsend (Loretto, Hamilton, Alumna) daughter of Mrs. Townsend and the late Mr. J. T. Townsend, was married August 19, to Mr. Patrick Lawlor. The bride is a sister of M. M. Dorothy, I.B.V.M.

Miss Barbara Leland (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) was married to Mr. Leo Ladermann,

Miss Edna Deisch was married, October 31, to Mr. W. Hill. The bride is a niece of M. M. St. Andrew, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Ruscica (Loretto Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ruscica, Toronto, was married November 15, to Mr. Donald McCarron.

Miss Doris Parker (Loretto Abbey Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Parker, Oakville, was married December 9, to Mr. Henry Angus Westlake.

Miss Elizabeth (Betty) Read (Loretto, Niagara, and L. College Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Read, was married October, 1944, to Mr. Francis Elacy.

Miss Mary Barbous, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Barbous, (Loretto, Sault, Alumna) was married to Mr. Merle King, September 8, 1944.

Miss Esther Ann Lardie (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Lardie, was married to Mr. Philip Kelley.

Miss Dixie Andrew (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) was married to Dr. W. H. Asselstine.

Miss Mary Eldora Shantz (Loretto, Stratford, Alumna) was married July 1, to Robert Komph.

Miss Heln Coonan (Loretto, Stratford, Alumna) was married August 2, to Mr. Thomas Kelly. The bride is a cousin of M. M. Digna, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Elizabeth (Betty) Quinlan (Loretto, Stratford, Alumna) daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. F. Quinlan, was married in St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, to Mr. William A. McTeer, London, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McTeer, Ottawa. Rt. Rev. Msgr. L. M. Forristal, uncle of the bride, officiated.

Miss Dorothy Hogan (Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) was married May 27, 1944, to Eugene Otte, U.S.N.

Miss Mary Jane Bryan (Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Bryan, was married to William M. O'Brien, U.S.N.

Miss Betty Ann Lynch (Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lynch, was married in March, to Lt. Matthew McInerny, U.S.A.

Miss Rose Helene Spratt (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Spratt, (Loretto Abbey Alumna) Lindsay, was married June 16, 1944, to Corporal Andrew L. Bostwick, R.C.A.F., Ottawa. The bride is a sister of Sister M. Benedict Labré, Loretto Abbey Novitiate, and a niece of M. M. St. Thomas, I.B.V.M., Chicago

Miss Elda Mary La Faver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Faver, was married September 30, 1944, to Corporal John W. Mackey.

Miss Lillian Convier (Loretto, Sault, Alumna) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Convier, was married on November 16, 1944 to Mr. Francis Aldrough.

Miss Margaret Francis Corkery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Corkery, Peterboro, was married to Lt. James F. Dunn, son of Dr. and Mrs. John F. Dunn, Almonte, at the same Nuptial Mass, September 30, in St. Peter's Church, Peterboro, at which her sister, Miss Mary Nora Corkery was married to Captain John F. Brown, son of Mr. Kenneth Brown and late Mrs. Brown, of Peterboro. The brides' uncles, the Rev. Kevin Corkery, and the Rev. Vincent Corkery, who are also their respective godfathers, officiated. The brides are cousins of M. M. St. Edna, I.B.V.M., M.M. St. Fergus, I.B.V.M. and Sister M. Emerentia, C.S.J.

Miss Mary Catherine Corkery, daughter of Mr.

and Mrs. J. R. Corkery, Peterboro, was married at a Nuptial Mass in St. Peter's Church, Peterboro, to Mr. James Anthony Maloney, on November 11th.

SYMPATHY

To the Reverend Carmelite Fathers on the death September 16, 1944, of Rev. Urban Lager, O. Carm., their Assistant Provincial, and pastor of St. Clara's Church, Chicago.

To the Reverend Jesuit Fathers on the death of Rev. T. G. Dinneen, S.J., Pastor of St. Ignatius Church, Chicago, on September 13, 1944.

To Mrs. O'Connor on the death of her husband, Mr. Frank O'Connor, Detroit, September 5, 1944, and to their bereaved family; also to Mr. O'Connor's sisters, M. M. Margarita, I.B.V.M., M. M. Marcelline, I.B.V.M., M. M. Adrian, I.B.V.M., Sister M. St. Stanislaus, C.S.J., St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg, Mrs. Prud'homme, Macdiarmid, Ont., and Miss Edith and Leona O'Connor, of Ottawa.

To Rev. J. M. O'Connor, Pastor of St. Helen's Church, and Rev. D. J. O'Connor, of St. John's Church, Toronto, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, Mrs. D. Macdonnell, Mrs. B. Carter, and Dr. G. A. O'Connor (Jackson, Mich.) on the death of their mother, Mrs. George O'Connor (Ann Conlon, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on October 21, 1944.

To Mother M. Amelia, I.B.V.M., Loretto College School, Toronto, on the death in October, of her brother Mr. Edward Brisson, of Evanston, Ill.—brother of the late Rev. Maxine Brisson, St. Peter's Seminary, London; M. M. Celima, I.B.V.M., and Mr. Ted Brisson.

To Mrs. Killoran, Stratford, on the death of Mr. Elmo Quinlan, her brother, and brother of the late Rev. Father Quinlan, S.J.

To Rev. Marcus Doherty, S.J., of the Faculty of the Jesuit Seminary, Toronto; Mother Margaret Doherty, R.C.S.J., Vancouver; Mrs. Gantier and Madame Morin, Montreal; and Mrs. Wingate, Ottawa, on the death, January 3, 1945, of their mother, Mrs. Doherty, whose husband, the late Hon. C. J. Doherty, Minister of Justice, of Canada, predeceased her.

To Mother M. Berchmans, I.B.V.M., Rev. John Doyle, Kansas, Mission; Mr. Leo Doyle; Mrs. E. Walsh, Patricia, Loretto Alumna; Miss Eileen Doyle, Mrs. H. Kaut (Genevieve), and Mrs. M. A. Murphy, on the death of their mother, Mrs. James Doyle, October 4, 1944.

To Mother M. Oswald, I.B.V.M., on the death of her niece, Sister St. Augustine, of the Precious Blood Community, Toronto, on July 26, 1944.

To Rev. V. Hickey, Mr. Leo Hickey, Mr. Edward Hickey, and Miss Mary Hickey, on the death of their mother Mrs. David Hickey (Julia Twohey, Loretto Alumna) on August 27, 1944.

To Mr. James F. Cronin, Mr. Frank Cronin, Mr. Charles A. Cronin, Mrs. James Donohue, and Mrs. Frank Sheehy (Loretto Alumnae) on the death of their father, Mr. Bart J. Cronin, a former Police Inspector, Toronto; also to Mr. Cronin's nieces, Mrs. Read, and the Misses McCall, Niagara Falls Alumnae.

To Dr. and Mrs. Leo Dennis Leonard and family, on the death of their beloved son, and brother, "Bud," killed in active service overseas. The deceased was a nephew of the late M. M. St. Jane, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. B. Hinzman, New Canaan, Conn., Mrs. Harris, and Mr. Paul Kerr, Ponghkeepsie, and Mr. Victor Kerr, Forest Hills, L.I., on the death of their mother, Mrs. Paul von Szellska (Lillian Kerr) on August 28, 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hawkins and family, on the death of their son and brother, Capt. Ward Hawkins, killed in action in Italy, June 22, 1944, and to Capt. Hawkins' cousin, M. Mary Magdalen, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. R. S. Weir, Mrs. F. W. Canning, Mrs. W. D. Brown, Loretto Alumnae, Mr. Hugh Harkins, Mr. John Harkins and Dr. Edward Harkins, on the death of their father, Mr. John A. Harkins, December 9, 1944, and to Mr. Harkins' bereaved sister, Miss Jane Harkins.

To Mother M. Leonardo, I.B.V.M., on the death of her mother, December 4, 1944.

To Mother M. Agatha and her bereaved brothers and sister on the death of their mother, Mrs. A. C. Greene, of Oakland, California, on December 14th.

To Mother Mary Teresa, of the Precious Blood Community, London, to Miss Maude Lanphier and Mrs. L. V. Cote, on the death of their sister, Miss Margaret Lanphier, December 19, 1944.

To Dr. M. J. Haffey on the death of his mother, Mrs. T. K. Haffey (Ellen Mulqueen, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on October 19; also to Mrs. Haffey's bereaved brother, Mr. P. J. Mulqueen.

To Mrs. Arthur E. Murdoch (Eleanor E. Cosgrave, Loretto Alumna) on the death of her son, Capt. John Lawrence Murdoch, R.C.A., killed in action, October 10; and to his bereaved brothers, F. O. William M. Murdoch, and Patrick J. F. Murdoch, and sisters, Mrs. Edwin M. Walker and Mrs. Neil S. Gordon.

To Rev. Charles Wigglesworth, Mrs. V. Egan, Mrs. Catherine Byrne, Misses Lilly and Frances Wigglesworth, Mr. John Wigglesworth, and Leo Wigglesworth, P.O., R.C.N.V.R., on the death of their mother, Mrs. James Wigglesworth (Catherine Jordan) on October 26, 1944.

To Mrs. Rulien (Ruth Ingoldsby, Loretto, Joliet, Alumna) on the death of her husband, Mr. Elmer Rulien, on July 15, 1944; also to their daughter, Miss Mary Kay Rulien, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna.

To Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault Alumna) on the death of her brother, Gerald Galvin, and to the other bereaved sisters, Lillian and Myrtle, and their brother, Joseph.

To Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Brien, Westmount, P.Q., on the recent death of their son, Sgt. John J. O'Brien, R.C.A.F., who was flown back invalided from overseas three weeks previously; also to his bereaved sisters, Mrs. F. D. Bourcier and the Misses Mary, Frances and Patricia O'Brien, to his devoted grandmother, Mrs. Michael O'Brien, Stratford, and his aunts, M. M. Gerarda, I.B.V.M. and M. M. St. Justin, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Claus, Chicago, on the death of their son, Lt. John Claus, killed in action, July, 1944; and to his bereaved sisters, Helen and Rosemary (Loretto, Englewood).

To Mr. and Mrs. Harold Latchford (Cecilia Harris, Loretto Alumna) on the death, September 15th,

of their little daughter, Mary Jo, aged 15 months, also to Mary Jo's devoted grandmother and aunts (Loretto Alumnae).

To the bereaved sons and daughters of Mrs. Ellen Sullivan, who died on October 11, 1944; especially to Sister M. Corona, C.S.J., of Sacred Heart Convent, Sudbury.

To Mrs. Marie (Duggan) Thiebert on the recent death of her son, Lt. Maurice Thiebert, killed in action; and to his bereaved aunt, M. M. Anselm, I.B.V.M.

To F/O. John Thos. Breen, R.C.A.F., Glace Bay, N.S., and to Mrs. Wm. Muldoon and Mrs. Norbert Farley, on the death of their father, Mr. Simon John Breen, Toronto, on August 6th; also to Mr. Breen's bereaved sisters, Misses Bryde and Angela Breen, and brother, Mr. Basil Breen.

To Matthew Dennis, R.C.A.F., and the Misses Doris and Rose Teresa Dennis on the death of their mother, Mrs. James A. Dennis, July 21, 1944; and to Mrs. Dennis' sisters, Mrs. C. H. Regan and Mrs. E. Gearon.

To Mrs. T. A. Lannan and family, Port Colborne, on the death of their son, and brother, Thomas (Tim) Lannan, who died in Italy on September 12, as a result of wounds received in action earlier in the month.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Leonard (Hilda Clarke, Loretto Alumna) on the death of their son, Laurence, a former Loretto pupil, killed November 9th, on active service with U.S. army in Holland; and to Miss Patricia Leonard (Loretto College Alumna) his only sister.

To Mr. Ervine on the death of his wife, December 7th, and to the bereaved family—Sheila and Elsie (Loretto College Alumna); and Messrs Bert, Art and Frank Ervine.

To Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, on the death of their son, William (Bill), killed in active service in October; and to Miss Mary Farrell (Loretto College) sister of the deceased.

To Mr. Leo La Londe, Jr., Mr. Richard La Londe, Mrs. C. Gregg, Mrs. E. Clegg, Mrs. O. Mitchell, Mrs. E. Coullard and Misses Marie, Elizabeth (Loretto, Sault, Alumna) and Miss Teresa of Class '45, Loretto, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, on the death of their father Mr. Leo La Londe.

To Mrs. Lococo, and Miss Mary Lococo (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) on the death of their husband, and father, Mr. James Lococo.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Brenchley (Loretto Alumna) on the death of their infant son.

To Mr. Charles Reeves and Mrs. Alfred E. Mudge on the death of their mother, Mrs. Marie Louise MacMahon Reeves (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) on November 2, 1944; also to Miss Harriet MacMahon (Loretto, Niagara, Alumna) a niece of Mrs. Reeves.

To Mrs. Reddy on the death of her husband, Mr. John Joseph Reddy, November 2, 1944, and to the bereaved family—Charles, Mary (Mrs. A. Gilbraith), John, William, Joseph, Sr. Mary Vincent, I.B.V.M., Margaret, Vincent, Frank, Teresa, and James, and to Mr. Reddy's sister, Miss Alice Reddy.

To Mrs. J. Chesney (Mary Jane Barrett, Loretto, Woodlawn, Alumna) on the death of her brother, John, killed in action overseas.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Sept. 11—Registration Day—an interesting equation: Making new friends, renewing old friendships—the graduates—eager discussions of the summer holidays, in which everyone took part—the first day of a happy and promising school year.

Sept. 19—Over three hundred students, united in mind and heart, participated in the Mass of the Holy Ghost and prayed for His blessing on the coming year.

Sept. 26—An indoor weiner roast for Junior College and honorary members of the Loretto Sorority "Lambda Iota Gamma." Elections were held then and there for the officers of Class 1945, and so we have Denyse Snow as our president, and Anna Hogan our secretary-treasurer.

Sept. 27—Six more Sodality executives elected at to-day's meeting. The officers elected in June (in case you did not see July edition): Prefect, Isobel O'Gorman; Vice-Prefect, Joan MacDonald, and Julianne Shannon; Secretary, Anna Hogan; Treasurer, Denyse Snow; And now the Committee Chairmen: Eucharistic Committee—Shirley Ingram; Catholic Truth—Barbara Bradt; Publicity—Yolanda Bernard; Social Committee—Joyce Cabral; Apostolic—Katherine Hoey.

Sept. 29—

All the old girls tried and true,
'Midst decorations, white and blue,
And dancing, fun and prizes too,
Welcomed "Freshies" best way they knew.

Rather a silly "Pome," but yes, indeed, that's just what we did at the "Hello Hop" given by Grade XIII. The new girls met the old and the old girls met the new.

Oct. 1—Rosary Sunday Holy Hour. The Maple Leaf Stadium transformed into a great outdoor Cathedral—where we with over twenty-five thousand others gathered to pray for peace and the safe return of our armed forces.

Oct. 3—Oh! what an ideal day, field day! Beautiful weather, just chilly enough to give one some vim and vigor. Junior College girls were the victors; stiff from rheumatism, age and house-maid's knee, it is really a wonder they came out ahead of the spry and nimble youths of Grades IX, X, XI and XII. A great bonfire and weiner roast brought the day to a close.

Oct. 6—Mass in honour of the Sacred Heart. Great excitement—our Thanksgiving week-end graciously extended until Tuesday noon!

Oct. 11—More elections, more congratulations! to Nora Kay Quinn, chairman of the War Savings Committee; to Margaret Kulik, Games Captain; and to the Rainbow Executive: Editor—Joyce Predhomme; Business Manager—Anna Hogan; Associate Editors—Muriel Smith and Winnifred O'Gorman.

Oct. 12—Reverend Father Beal, of the St. Francis Xavier Foreign Mission Society, told us of his work in China. A new impetus given to our prayers for the missions.

Oct. 16—The Apostolic Committee sponsored the Sodality Meeting to-day in preparation for Mission Sunday. A clever skit added much to the well-planned programme.

Oct. 18—Christmas boxes for the Army, Navy and Air Force (one of our favourite Sodality Projects) are wrapped and packed and sent on their way, with a thousand good wishes.

Oct. 29—Reverend Doctor Markle conducted our Holy Hour in honour of Christ, the King.

Oct. 30—Costumes, dancing, refreshments, and fun for all at the Annual Hallowe'en Party given by Grade XI. Prize winners: Julianne Shannon for the prettiest costume, and Marilyn Burt and Sheila Waters for the funniest. The Senior girls from Loretto College School were our guests.

Nov. 4—The long awaited Loretto Alumnae dance, with music supplied by Leo Romanelli and his orchestra. As we look back on it we think it was just about perfect.

Nov. 8—Representatives from the Bell Telephone Company gave us an interesting lecture and demonstration on the subject, "Your Voice as Others Hear It." After the lecture several of the students' voices were recorded and played back immediately. Our thanks to Bell Telephone Co.

Nov. 10—With twenty Abbey models, and clothes, scenery, and music, supplied by T. Eaton Company, a very lovely fashion show was presented to visitors and students. The proceeds were sent to Reverend Father MacNeil to help with his new recreation centre at Manning Depot. The Symphony Concert season opens with a record attendance.

Nov. 12—Catechetical Sunday. We gather at St. Michael's Cathedral for an impressive ceremony, at which Monsignor Brennan, representing His Grace, presented merited diplomas in Religious Knowledge to members of the graduating classes of the Catholic High Schools of the City.

Nov. 13—Reverend Father Hannin and Reverend Father O'Brien visited us and told us of their missionary work in Fields afar.

Nov. 15, 16, 17—A three day convention of greatest importance. Guests of Honour: Our Lord and His Mother, Mary. Chairman of Convention: Reverend Father Daly, S.J. Guests: Students of Loretto Abbey. Results of Convention: Decision to keep the Guests of Honour always with us.

Nov. 25, 26—A week-end of unusual interest.—We welcome Mother Roberta, Mother Dympna and sixteen Senior girls from Loretto, Englewood, Chicago. We enjoyed their visit more than we can say, and hope that they will come again.

Nov. 30—A beautiful Advent Holy Hour, conducted by the Eucharistic Committee.

Dec. 1—Our First Friday Mass—ideal opening for the Christmas month.

Dec. 5—Our Lady's Committee presented five beautiful tableaux portraying the Joyful mysteries, in honour of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Dec. 8—Feast of the Immaculate Conception of



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Our Blessed Mother—twenty-nine candidates were received into the Sodality, by Rev. Father Fraser, in an impressive chapel ceremony. After the reception the new sodalists were guests at the traditional Sodality dinner in their honour.

The new members are: Louise Bienvenu; Jean Brickley, June Coussement, Ruth Day, Joan Dapfer, Rose Marie Guardia, Virya Jimenez, Eileen Kelly, Joan Lanthier, Phyllis Lanthier, Julia McCool, Helen McGough, Joan Malloy, Margarita Martin, Mary Ellen Meade, Janet Murphy, Agnes Murray, Clare O'Gorman, Winnifred O'Gorman, Helen Rose O'Connor, Agnes O'Sullivan, Rosemary Roesler, Shirley Rosar, Alice Ruscica, Mary Sheppard, Helen Sheridan, Joan Snetsinger, Yvonne Wight, Daphne Wylie.

Dec. 8, 9, 10—The Forty Hours—Beautiful days with our Eucharistic King. Our Triduum of Masses and Holy Communions—Our Christmas gift of the Sodality for Our Holy Father.

Dec. 11-17—An interesting Book Week, under the direction of the Catholic Truth Committee. The fine display of recent publications aroused keen interest. Lively reviews at the meeting on Wednesday did much to further the cause of literature permeated by the Catholic spirit.

Dec. 15—Christmas baskets almost ready. Happy days these, planning joys for needy folk.

Dec. 17—Christmas carols and candlelight procession; lovely tableau; gifts left at the crib.

Joyce Predhomme.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Sept. 12—School picnic to welcome First Form took place at Riverside Park. Faculty and students spent an enjoyable afternoon.

Sept. 13—The annual Mass of the Holy Ghost to ask God's blessing on our school year. An inspiring sermon was delivered by Father J. A. O'Reilly.

Sept. 22—Sodality elections. Those taking on new duties for the following year: Kathleen Corbett, President; Nancy Goetz, Vice-President; Betty Klein, Treasurer; Katharine Hanlon, Secretary.

Oct. 11—An essay contest held throughout the school—Resolved that the voting age be changed from twenty-one to eighteen. The winners were Valma Kay and Doreen Fischer.

Oct. 23—We were honoured in having Rev. Brother Alfred, of the Christian Brothers, speak to us on the Catholic history of Canada. Text books have not given much on this. We hope to hear Brother Alfred again.

Oct. 25—Sodality meeting. A spirited debate was engaged in by members of the Apostolic Committee—"Resolved that the foreign missions are being developed at the expense of the Home Missions." The affirmative was victorious. Excellent work on both sides.

Oct. 26—Grades XI and XIII delivered their oratoricals. Valerie Wells, Elaine Lefnesky, and Katharine Hanlon were proclaimed the winners.

Nov. 6—Father Moore of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society paid us a flying visit on his way to his new mission post in Santo Domingo. He impressed us greatly with his plea to pray for the missionaries, and the missions.

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Nov. 14—Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, although extremely busy, found time to present our reports, giving an added impressiveness to the occasion.

Nov. 17—A welcome to Mother General. After a short talk, each girl was presented to our welcome guest.

Nov. 21—Father Cox of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society, who was compelled to return to Canada because of his health, enthralled the students with tales of his mission work in Santo Domingo.

Nov. 22—Catholic Book Week. The Catholic Literature Committee prepared an excellent exhibit of Catholic books, magazines, and pamphlets. They also gave a symposium on Catholic authors at the Sodality meeting. Congratulations to the committee!

Nov. 29—We are looking forward to a lively basket ball game with St. Mary's College, Kitchener, on Tuesday, December 5th.

Nov. 30—Grade X Oratoricals. While all were congratulated on their speeches, not all could win. Mary Braganola, Peggy Cartledge and Lucille Seitz were judged the best speakers on the occasion.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO.

Sept. 18—School re-opens nine days late, and oh, we are glad to be back! Greetings for both old and new were waiting at Loretto.

Sept. 23—Boarders' picnic at Queenston Park—a beautiful day, an ideal spot, a wonderful time. What more could one ask?

Oct. 5—Our first Holy Hour. Father Wilfred, O. Carm, officiated.

Oct. 6—Elections for Sodality officers and Student Council: Prefect, Lorraine Ganter; Vice-Prefect, Dina Peressoti; Secretary, Joan Eade; Treasurer, Rosemary Aversa.

Oct. 1-8—Boarders went home to celebrate Canadian Thanksgiving, and returned to school on Monday night.

Oct. 13—A Sodality Business meeting, during which the outline of the Semester Programme was explained.

Oct. 20—Committee chairmen were chosen for the Sodality and a Glee Club was organized for the Non-Catholic students. President of the Glee Club, Gladys Hicks; Music-Directress, Lee Edward; Dancing Directress, Dawn Elaine White; Secretary, Georgina Evans.

Oct. 27—A living Rosary was held in preparation for the Feast of Christ the King. It was as usual, beautiful and impressive.

Oct. 28—The Hallowe'en Party given by the members of Grade XII, was very enjoyable, and lucrative! Congratulations!

Nov. 2—A beautiful Holy Hour in the chapel, in preparation for First Friday.

Nov. 7—A special treat! The whole school went to see the most popular film of the year, "Going My Way"; staff and students alike enjoyed it.

Nov. 10—During Sodality meeting a symposium of Catholic Authors was given by the Catholic Literature Committee. We learned much about our favourite authors, and about many new ones. Congratulations to all responsible for a most enjoyable half-hour.

Nov. 24—The boarders left for another week-end to spend American Thanksgiving at home. A few stayed, however, and met a group of very charming Loretto girls from Englewood, Chicago. Those who went home, really do not know what they missed! Do come again girls from Chicago; you will be most welcome!

Nov. 30—We received a visit from dear Mother General. We were each introduced to her, to our great joy.

Dec. 8—Seventeen new members were received into our Lady's Sodality. The sermon given by Father Wilfred, O. Carm, was inspiring. Later a banquet was given for the boarders and new sodalists; special guests of the evening were, Father Wilfred, O. Carm, and Father Jude, O. Carm.

Dec. 12-15—Snowed in! For four days boarders alone occupied the class rooms, except for two day pupils, who bravely ventured forth! Hopes for an earlier closing are rising in our hearts.

A Happy New Year to Loretto Rainbow readers!
June Pereira.

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Sept. 6—Loretto greets us for another school year. "House System" is a prime topic to-day.

Sept. 15—Elections for House System. Results: House Prefects, Margaret Outridge and Diana Arrell; Room Prefects, Mary Sheridan, Audrey Walker, Therese Renaud, Mona Pritchard, Kay Hunter and Judy Brooker.

Sept. 26—Happy Feast Day greetings to our Mistress of Schools on the Feast of her Patron, St. Noel Chabonel, S.J. The boarders enjoyed the weiner roast thoughtfully planned for today. It was held at the Hunt Club.

Sept. 29—Another election! This time for the Sodality. We congratulate Audrey Hart-Smith as prefect; Anne Boyle, as vice-prefect, and Louise Grightmire, as secretary-treasurer. Irene Cummings, Geraldine Duffy and Helen Pritchard head the three committees.

Oct. 3—Doctor J. E. Tilden, F.R.C.S., arrives with a complete skeleton, a chart, and bandages, to enlighten us on the mysteries of First Aid.

Oct. 5—Grade IX seeks relief from a hard month at school in a weiner roast held at Webster Falls. Something new added to the School Year!

Oct. 13—First General Sodality meeting on feast of Our Lady of Fátima. The period included a talk by Reverend Father Horrigan, Principal of Cathedral Boys High School, and a play by Sarah Berchardts and Katherine Cornels of the Literary Committees. Recitation of the Family Rosary was advocated.

Oct. 16-20—Stamp Crusade Week. House of Mary Ward realized victory. Congratulations.

Oct. 30—Junior College sponsored our Hallowe'en Party. Refreshments and the contributed music added to the "good time had by all."

Nov. 5—Sister Madeleva of Notre Dame, Indiana, during her visit as a lecturer of the Christian Culture Association in Hamilton, was a guest of our school.

Nov. 13-14-15—At last the exams! Once over, we are filled with resolutions for next time, e.g.; "Never to let things pile up like this again."

Nov. 16-17-18—A retreat by Reverend Father McNeil, S.J., of Lourdes' fame. Refreshing and

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CANADA

inspiring was every sentence of the conference. Our thanks to Father McNeil. At the end of the retreat we were greeted by strains from our newly acquired radio-phonograph.

Nov. 21—We thought exams were over for a while but our First Aid Test presents itself. The result was a "Pass with Flying Colours" for all.

Nov. 22—At the first meeting of the St. Cecelia Music Club, officers were elected. Anne Boyle received the most votes for president; for vice-president, Audrey Hart-Smith; Mary Sheridan, for secretary-treasurer. The music pupils remained for the afternoon tea and dance.

Nov. 24—The staff and student body were assembled in the auditorium for ribbon presentation. Miss Hacket of Lever Bros. demonstrated the washing of a sweater and gave many helpful texts. Armed with this knowledge we marched down to the theatre to hear the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra.

Nov. 30—We don't speak about this, but just for the record, we met Normal for a basketball game and were beaten. Juniors 8-5 and Seniors 33-10.

Dec. 2—Inter-Loretto Music Festival at the Abbey. Congratulations to the winners among whom we were not this time!

Dec. 3—Miss Maureen Daly was entertained at a School Tea during her visit to lecture at the Christian Culture Association in Hamilton.

Dec. 8—We concluded a novena in honour of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for Poland, and begin a triduum for the intentions of Our Holy Father. The Sodality Reception is held. The new Sodalists are welcomed as guests of honour at a play by Grade X, and later at a supper in the boarders' dining room.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Sept. 5—School re-opens with a new high reached in registration.

Sept. 12—The Patronal Feast of the Institute of Blessed Virgin Mary, that of the Holy Name of Mary, brought us a welcome half-holiday.

Sept. 15—This school year was placed under the patronage of Our Lady, at the Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Glavin on this Feast of Our Mother of Sorrows. In a brief sermon, Father spoke of the conduct that should characterize Catholic girls, and stressed loyalty to our school and to our religion.

Sept. 18—A Round Table Conference was held by the resident students. It resulted in the appointment of members for various duties—charge of dormitories, refectory, club-rooms—as voluntary helpers during labour shortage.

Sept. 19—We all appreciated the half-holiday to attend the Stratford Fair.

Sept. 27—We had the unique privilege of acting as choir at the Solemn High Mass celebrated by Bishop Kidd in opening the Eucharistic Congress for the Diocese of London, at St. Joseph's Church, Stratford. Father La Traverse, professor of plain chant at St. Peter's Seminary, London, acted as our director. In the afternoon we attended the splendid sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Folkes specially for the students of the Academy and Separate Schools. Our choir sang again during the evening Holy Hour of the Congress.

Oct. 20-21-22—In a beautiful Triduum con-

ducted by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, C.Ss.R., the shrine and devotions to Our Mother of Perpetual Help were inaugurated in St. Joseph's Church. An outstanding feature of these devotions is congregational singing. Loretto girls lent their assistance from the choir. Devotions will, for the present, be held in honour of Our Mother of Perpetual Help on Sunday evenings in the Church.

Oct. 29—Feast of Christ the King. Loretto girls again had the privilege of singing High Mass in St. Joseph's Church. In the evening we entered the church in procession following our leader, Joan of Arc, impersonated by Jean Schultz. Sodality officers wore blue sashes and capes. Earlier in the afternoon we spent a half hour in adoration.

Nov. 17—Grades IX and X presented "The Truth-telling Machine," with its pointed moral which we all enjoyed. The sum realized from the play, they donated to the chapel.

Nov. 27—Courtesy Campaign based on nine points of daily discipline is chosen for us by our Student Council as a fitting preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8.

Dec. 2—A glorious trip to Loretto Abbey for those of us taking part in the Inter-Loretto Music Festival. We were happy to be adjudged third place in an eight group competition, receiving 89 points for our choral singing, and a special mention of our conductor. Congratulations, Frances!

Dec. 10—Welcome to the new members just received into Our Lady's Sodality.

Dec. 13—We grieve with the members of Mr. Stone's family in their great loss, and with St. Joseph's parish in losing so gifted and faithful an organist. Dean Egan in paying tribute to his memory said that in his sixteen years of service he was never even late. We paid our own tribute by singing the Solemn High Requiem Mass for his soul, and by having another Mass said for him.

Dec. 13-14—Our school play, "Cecilia," of which an account appears elsewhere in this issue of The Rainbow, was a grand success. We are all very happy about it. Teresa McCaffery came first in ticket sales. Congratulations!

Dec. 18—Grades IX and X gave a Christmas party, at which they presented \$5.00 to Father Glavin, guest of honour, to be sent to Father Flannery for his "School of Christ."

Dec. 20—A Christmas play entitled, "The Spirit of Christmas," was presented at which the pupils of St. Joseph's school formed part of a very attentive audience.

Gaily decorated Christmas baskets were donated to the pastors of St. Joseph's and Immaculate Conception parishes. Very Rev. Dean Egan was requested to send Father Flannery the three dollars presented by Mary Campbell on behalf of Grade XI for the "School of Christ" radio programme.

Dec. 25—Midnight Mass at St. Joseph's Church was played by our Angeleen Conway and sung by the Academy girls and other members of Our Lady's Sodality. The absence of Mr. Stone added a note of sadness on this happy Feast day, but we hope he is now enjoying in heaven the angelic strains of "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

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Oct. 29—Hallowe'en was merrily celebrated—little gremlins and spooks were seen wandering around school.

Nov. 1—The L.A.A. (Loretto Athletic Association) went on a six-mile hike. We now know the meaning of exhaustion!!!

Nov. 15—The freshmen were received into the Sodality of Our Lady. Their picture appears in this issue.

Nov. 20—The student body heard an inspirational talk on vocations, by Father Howard, C.P.

Nov. 23—Sixteen seniors, chaperoned by Mother Roberta and Mother Dymna, started on their trip to Canada.

Nov. 27—The travellers returned from Canada. They had a super-wonderful time, for that is all they talk about.

Nov. 29—At last—the anxiously awaited "Pumpkin Promenade." Everybody looked ravishing, and we are still talking about it.

Dec. 8—"Holiday Hayride," sponsored by the L.A.A., a memorable event.

Dec. 15—Annual Candlelight Procession and—beginning of the Christmas vacation.

**LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL,
SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN**

Sept. 6—Opening day of new school year. All assist at Mass of the Holy Ghost. This year Grade IX is Co-ed. Will there be keener competition?

Sept. 8—Feast of Our Lady's Nativity has special celebration, and our many tributes and requests to our heavenly Mother.

Sept. 13-14—Freshmen show excellent spirit during these two days of initiation.

Sept. 15—Seniors having received assurance of the fortitude and good-fellowship of the newcomers give them an enjoyable party to show their appreciation.

Sept. 26—Miss Norman of New York division, leader of the National Horizon Club, addressed Grade Niners, to interest them in organizing a Chapter of the National Chief in the School.

Sept. 26—Home Making Class entertains boys of Grade IX.

Sept. 27—Parent Teachers Institute of Sault Ste. Marie, High School, sponsored by the University of Michigan. The following girls were ushers at the Institute Conference: Jeanne Le Blanc, Teresa Pezet, Carol Zelmer, Marjean Donnelly, Patricia Donnelly, and Janice Melton.

Sept. 30—Junior Red Cross Tag Day. The Loretto Freshmen netted \$112.53. Congratulations!

Oct. 2—Sodality Skit was given to arouse the Students devotion to the Rosary. Agatha Cole and Audrey Middlebrook gave the skit.

Testimonials were received from the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood.

Oct. 18—Sodality Convention was held at Laurium, and six girls attended the Convention from our School: Dorothy La Faver and Mary Maltas of the Seniors; Dorothy Futchik and Mary Giacometto of the Juniors; Mary Andary and Mary Toland of the Sophomores.

Oct. 23—Penny March for the Missions—a good cause and good results!

Oct. 25—An Auction sale was given by the Freshmen—another success.

Oct. 30—Bishop Wagner visits the school to the great joy of teachers and students.

Oct. 31—Hallowe'en Party was a merry affair, leaving many pleasant memories.

Nov. 1, 2, 3—Triduum for Peace. Our hopes are still in the efficacy of united prayer.

Nov. 5-10—American Education Week. Great activity which should have good results.

Nov. 9—Open House for the parents to come and visit the School.

Symposium was given on "God in Education." The following girls took part: Marjorie Belanger, Floreda Savoie, Audrey Middlebrook of the Seniors; and Lorraine Colisante, Constance Belleau, and Mary Giacoletto, of the Juniors.

Nov. 14—Candy sale, sponsored by the Sophomores for the missions. Seniors received their class rings in an impressive ceremony.

Nov. 17—Junior Red Cross Subscription—an ever deserving appeal.

Nov. 23—Thanksgiving Holidays.

Nov. 27—Home Economics Department gave a candy sale, which seemed to appeal.

Nov. 28—Junior Red Cross Representation.

Dec. 7—School social.

Dec. 17—Seniors Christmas Supper and Carols.

Dec. 21—School dismissed for the Christmas Holidays.

**LORETTO ACADEMY,
WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.**

Sept. 11—School re-opened with Mass held in the Gymn and attended by the student body. Over four hundred girls united their prayers for blessing on the year's work and for world peace.

Sept. 20—Sodality officers were elected at the first Sodality meeting of the year. Results were as follows: Prefect, Peggy Gibbons; Vice Prefect, Betty Taylor; Corresponding Secretary, Helen Clancy; Recording Secretary, Jean Beringer; and Treasurer, Helen Callopy.

Sept. 24—The annual Freshmen Mother's Tea given by the Seniors' Mothers was held today and was a great success.

Sept. 27-29—Freshmen initiation. For these three unforgettable days, green bows, pigtails and black stockings were seen on the Freshmen, while black ribbons distinguished the Seniors. The Freshmen were such good sports that they were given a party on the last day by the Seniors.

The month of September also witnessed the elections of class presidents and officers of the Junior Sodality. Special new features of the G. A. A. have been organized, such as bowling teams and horse-back riding at the Midway. Our school paper, "The Loretto Spire," was presented with the "all Catholic award." Seven of our girls were chosen as cheer leaders to cheer Mt. Carmel boys on to victory for the remainder of the football season. Plans were made for the Glee Club Concert and the Operetta which will take place in the near future.

Oct. 9—An entertainment was given in honor of Mother Superior's feast day. The Dramatic Club presented a play entitled, "The Bamboozledyke Chair," and the Verse Choir portrayed, "The Least of These Three."

Oct. 20—Our annual October Dance and Card Party held at the Shoreland Hotel was a great

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success. The vice-president of the Senior class, Dorothea Brodbeck, led the grand march, and the singing of "Mother Beloved."

Oct. 30—Dressed in appropriate costumes, we attended a Hallowe'en party given by the Juniors in the gaily decorated gym. The girls presented an enjoyable show, a good time for all present.

Nov. 2—Hot dogs, buns and potato chips helped make the Sophomore Weenie Roast a huge success. It was held on the beautiful grounds of the Promontory on Lake Michigan.

Nov. 5—For the entertainment of the girls at the Good Shepherd Home, some of our students presented a play, "The Bamboozledyke Chair," and "The Joy Ride," an entertaining pantomime.

Nov. 6—A programme was presented by the students for the Mother's Club meeting to welcome freshmen's mothers and renew old acquaintances. It included selections by the Orchestra and Glee Club, and a play given by the Dramatic Club.

Nov. 17—National Catholic Book Week was brought to a close with a radio quiz contest of Living Catholic Authors, a project of the Queen's Work. One girl from each homeroom was chosen to answer the questions and the winner, Rosemary Purpura, received the popular Catholic Book, "White Fire" by Father Edwards.

Dec. 4—Report cards were given out at assembly by Mother Superior with words of congratulations for the diligent students and of encouragement for the others.

Dec. 14—In the spirit of Christmas, we presented our traditional Candlelight Procession. Each girl in uniform with a red bow in her hair and red glowing candles joined in singing the familiar Christmas carols. The Dramatic Club then presented, "The Legend of the Juggler," portraying in pantomime the story of Christmas at the monastery of Cluny, 600 years ago. The evening was

brought to a climax with the formation of the "Living Cross" in which only the brilliantly lighted candles could be seen in the dark, silent gym. As the cross was formed each girl in turn placed her offering before the tableau of the nativity.

Dec. 16—The Christmas play was presented for the student body and we departed for Christmas vacation filled with the true holiday spirit.

Dec. 21—A party was given for the children of the Mexican settlement, Cordi Marian. Each of the girls brought a gift for the children and ice cream and cookies were served.

Dec. 27—The Sodality sponsored the annual Christmas dance, "The Reindeer Romp." It was held in the gym, appropriately decorated by the girls. All who attended had a most enjoyable time.

Virginia Bloomster.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Sept. 5—Registration Day. Brunswick is alive with excitement as Seniors and Juniors relate adventures of the summer, on the farm, at the cottage, or here in town. Welcome back "old" girls! and a hearty welcome to the freshmen!

Sept. 6—Class rooms are literally bulging—particularly Grade Twelve—a steady stream of girls parading into the book-press for supplies, as we settle down for a year of hard work.

Sept. 12—Brunswick girls assisted at the annual Mass of the Holy Ghost at St. Peter's Church on this Feast of the Holy Name of Mary.

Sept. 13—Glee Clubs in full swing. We expect great things from the Juniors and keep up your marvellous record, Seniors!

Sept. 28—Weiner Roast in High Park. Hot dogs and cokes—yummy! Dancing and games for all, plus initiation for the Freshman. . . .

Oct. 1—Rosary Sunday Holy Hour at Maple Leaf Stadium. Inspiring sermon by Bishop McDonald of Peterboro.

Oct. 2—Loretto Girls don the school uniform, now that cool days have come again.

Oct. 25—Father Beal speaks in the auditorium to our Missionary-minded girls. After Father's interesting talk, we had a chance to meet him. Perhaps, we shall have a few Missionary Sisters from Brunswick in the future—?

Oct. 27—Feast of Christ the King Services in St. Peter's Church. Father McNab spoke to us; the topic of his sermon was "To Live Our Religion."

Oct. 30—Loretto Abbey Girls cordially invited Brunswick Seniors to a Hallowe'en party at the Abbey. Dancing, antics, and masquerades were on the programme, and supper concluded an afternoon of fun and frolic. Thanks, Abbey Hostesses! We enjoyed it all.

Nov. 3—Loretto Alumnae Victory Dance—many of our Seniors attending. Enjoyment from beginning to end according to report.

Nov. 9—"Resolved that the League of Nations was a failure" was the topic of a debate given by Grade Twelve. Affirmative upheld by Mary Romita, Mary Teresa O'Mara and Ruth Maden; Negative, Mary Frances Barry, Juanita Martyn and Mary Lou McGregor. Negative victorious!

Nov. 10—"Spring parade" with Deanne Durbin

was shown in our auditorium. Everyone went away humming. Oh, for that voice!

Nov. 12—Graduation exercises in Christian Doctrine at St. Michael's Cathedral. Senior school in attendance. Diplomas were presented to pupils of Grade Thirteen.

Nov. 15—Distribution of reports. Try again! Next time 99½!

Nov. 24—Another debate—Home Maker vs. Career Woman. Affirmative won.

Junior Music Recital in honour of St. Cecilia. Grade Nine Glee Club making their first appearance. Great work, girls! The playing by the little ones was certainly a credit to them. We congratulate these budding "Beethovens"—and their teachers.

Nov. 27—A Thanksgiving Programme presented by the Verse-Speaking Choirs of Grades Twelve, Eleven, Ten and Eight. Splendid results!

Nov. 28—Lecture by Dr. Pratt in Convocation Hall. Many Brunswick girls attend and are privileged to hear Dr. Pratt read his own poetry. We thrilled to selected passages from his poems—"Brebeuf and His Brethren," and the "Titanic."

Dec. 2—Inter-Loretto Singing Festival. Seniors returned to "387" with the cherished cup. It took a lot of work, didn't it, Seniors? Other singing pupils took many awards.

Dec. 7-8—Grade nine put away their books, and made their annual retreat. Father Stone was Director. All were enthusiastic.

Dec. 8—Senior Piano Recital: Advanced piano and singing selections; carolling, by the Glee Club; distribution of diplomas received at the Loretto Singing Festival.

Dec. 15—The carol procession with the girls wearing red bows, and carrying red candles, is an annual event at Loretto-Brunswick. After proceeding to the school auditorium, on the stage of which was the Christmas Crib, surrounded by an Angel band, the girls were addressed, and thanked by Father McNab, Pastor of St. Peter's, for their donation presented to him to be distributed amongst the poor—an excellent ending for the term, Father said.

Merry Christmas to everyone!

Mary Frances Barry.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA, SASK.

Sept. 7—Loretto High School re-opened in new quarters—in St. Joseph's School. Seniors extended a hearty welcome to the Juniors, forty-five in number.

Sept. 8—The Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated for blessings on our new school year.

Sept. 19—We enjoyed Rev. Father Leibel's interesting talk and are looking forward to his promised visit every Tuesday and Friday. The Juniors were similarly favoured by Rev. Father Riffel.

Sept. 26—Greetings and a presentation to Mother M. Justina on her patron saint's day.

Oct. 6—First Friday specially observed. "A good beginning makes a good end."

Oct. 13—Good wishes extended to Mother M. St. Luke on this the feast day of her patron saint.

Oct. 31—At our Hallowe'en party many enjoyable games were played and prizes were awarded. Refreshments were served and all felt that the evening was "perfect."

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I. Weidinger

This picture of Our Lady with her eager little attendants, and also the Frontispiece, The Divine Child, are by Mother M. Immaculata, Weidinger, I.B.V.M., many of whose beautiful representations of the Child Jesus and of the Madonna have appeared in previous issues of *The Loretto Rainbow*. Admirers of this artist's work will be pleased to know that at *Ars Sacra*, Herbert Dubler, Inc., New York, lithographed reproductions of many of her paintings are available—some prayer-book size.

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.

April
1945

To
The All-Beautiful Risen One
and to
Mary, Queen of Our Hearts
and
Queen of the Universe
we dedicate
Our Easter Number
of
The Loretto Rainbow
1945

5

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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 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—1847-1945



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-



Mary Immaculate



Mary Immaculate

By ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

“PURE as the snow,” we say. Ah, never flake
Fell through the air
One-tenth as fair
As Mary’s soul was made for Christ’s dear sake.
Virgin Immaculate,
The whiteness of the Alpine snows,
Beside thy stainless spirit, dusky grows.

“PURE as the stars.” Ah, never lovely night
Wore in its diadem
So pure a gem
As that which fills the ages with its light.
Virgin Immaculate,
The splendors of thy soul by far
Outshine the glow of heaven’s serenest star.

The Opportunity of To-day^{*}

BY MOTHER M. AGATHA ALLISON, I.B.V.M.

The present age of reconstruction, of reforms and new ideas, is affecting the life of woman in its every phase. New needs are opening new fields for her labors and, being of a nature "variable as the light," she finds opportunity to exercise her powers on every side.

There is, however, a danger that this awakened sense of capability and the call for service may lure her away from woman's sphere or true influence into the glamor and glare of notoriety and platforms where alas! womanly ideals are in danger of oblivion in the rush for fame.

How, then, is the woman of to-day to wield a power for good in this very needy world? How can she avoid the blaze and noise of public life and still discharge the duties that modern times and modern laws impose? The answer to this, as the answer to every perplexing problem of life, is found in the teaching of the holy Catholic Church through which God ever speaks to his children.

From the earliest times in the Christian era, Catholic women have been conspicuous for nobility, heroism and marvellous influence. Sts. Mary Magdalen, Agnes, Cecilia, Agatha, Helena, Catherine, Clothilde, Monica, Blanche—all down the pages of history we see them stand forth and to this day feel the reforming influences radiating from their holy lives.

Now as in their respective ages, Holy Church continues to hold up for our admiration, love and instruction, the model of all womanly loveliness, the treasury of all womanly power, Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

Some years ago, the late Cardinal Gibbons wrote: "It seems to me that some writers are disposed to lay undue stress on the admirable and tender qualities of Mary and of holy Christian women without dwelling sufficiently on the strong and robust points of their character. The Holy Scripture in one place pronounces a lengthened eulogy on woman. What does the Holy Ghost especially admire in her? Not her sweet and amiable temper nor her gentle disposition, though of course she possessed these qualities, for no woman is perfect without them. No; He admires her valor, courage, fortitude and the

sturdy virtue of self-reliance. He does not say 'Who shall find a gentle woman?' but rather, 'Who shall find a valiant woman?' 'As things brought from afar and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her.' It is only heroic virtues practised in a heroic degree that the Church canonizes.'

After our Lord Jesus Christ no one has ever exercised so salutary an influence as the Blessed Virgin on society, the family, and on the individual.

The Mother of Jesus exercises throughout the Christian commonwealth that hallowing influence which a good Mother wields over the Christian family.

What temple or chapel, how rude so ever it may be, is not adorned with a painting or a statue of the Madonna?

What house is not embellished with an image of Mary? What Catholic child is a stranger to her familiar face?

The priest and the layman, the scholar and the illiterate, the prince and the peasant, the mother and the maid, acknowledge her benign sway.

And if Christianity is so fruitful in comparison with paganism in conjugal fidelity, in female purity, and in the respect paid to womanhood, these blessings are in no small measure due to the force of Mary's all-pervading example and influence. Ever since the Son of God chose a woman to be His Mother, man looks up to woman with a homage akin to veneration.

St. Ambrose gives the following beautiful picture of Mary's life before her espousals: "Let the life, he says, of the Blessed Mary be ever present to you, in which, as in a mirror, the beauty of chastity and the form of virtue shine forth. She was a virgin not only in body, but in mind, who never sullied the pure affection of her heart by unworthy feelings. She was humble of heart, serious in her conversation, fonder of reading than of speaking. She placed her confidence rather in the prayer of the poor than in the riches of this world. She was ever intent on her occupations and accustomed to make God rather than man, the witness of her thoughts. She injured no one, wished well to all, revered age, yielded not to envy, avoided all boasting,

^{*}From "An Old Song in New Meters"

followed the dictates of reason, and loved virtue. When did she sadden her parents even by a look? There was nothing forward in her looks, bold in her words, or unbecoming in her actions. Her carriage was not abrupt, her gait not indolent, her voice not petulant, so that her very appearance was the picture of her mind and the figure of piety."

And Cardinal Newman tells us, "Mary, as the pattern both of Maidenhood and Motherhood, has exalted woman's state and nature, and made the Christian Maiden and the Christian Mother

understand the sacredness of their duties in the sight of God."

This, then, is the opportunity of the woman of to-day; by her speech, her deportment, by her true Christian womanliness to reveal to every heart the power of Mary Immaculate, to interpret unto others her sinlessness, to enshrine her sweet image in the heart of each of her countrymen, that it may remain with him to the end of his days, reminding him that holiness is the ideal and inspiring him with the deepest and most fundamental reverence for God and His service.

To Our Lady

The buds were sweet in the path you trod,
O Mary, purest gift of God;
Bright angels bent above your head,
And kissed your brow when prayers you said;
Hail, full of Grace! God's Son, your Child,
Chose you for mother, holy, mild.

You set His feet upon life's way;
Served all His needs from day to day;
You smiled while "hidden things" you kept
Within your heart. When soft He slept,
You, pensive, turned to brooding sky,
And prayed for courage from on high.

You laughed with Him whene'er He played;
Plucked blossoms in the palm tree's shade;
Within good Joseph's shop you stood
And watched small hands learn skill with wood;
You sighed to think that wood might be
Of texture of predestined tree.

You wore your homespun dress as queen
Wears royal robe, all calm serene;
Your mantle, too, with regal joy—
Creation's King was your own Boy.
Your thoughts with God, your feet on earth—
What other mother held such worth?

O Lady, given us by grace,
To raise our souls from sin most base,
By all your happiness, your woe,
O guide our steps, God's way to go.
Watch over us, as o'er your Son,
Until our place with Him is won!

Kathleen A. Sullivan

To Loretto-Hamilton Kindergarten

This is the story of Sally Marie,
(Eyes like the pansy at dawning o'May)
Who, being of age, to Loretto came she;
(Blonde braids a-dancing in ribbons so gay).

Hold on tight to Mamma's hand,
Kindergarten's something new;
Now she's going!
Hug her close!
"Please—May I go home now too?"

Soon the first morning slips into a week;
(Smiles like the glinting of sun on the brook).
Our heroine's learning to read, write and
speak!
(Wee ones say wise things not found in a
book!)

Teeter-totter, thrilling slide;
Rows of tiny chairs in blue;
Plaster bunnies
"Made by Me."
Angels smile the swift morn through.

Sad is the ending of babyhood's tale
(Sally stands First, for her work is well
done.)
But hark! From our graduate comes a long
wail:
"I'd rather stay here, please, than pass to
Grade One!"

Sr. M. St. John Bosco, I.B.V.M.

The Little Flower of Jesus



Throughout the world, lovers of the little Carmelite Saint of Lisieux, Patroness of the Missions, rejoiced on hearing of the new honours which have been accorded her.

In response to an appeal made by the Hierarchy of France, Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in an Apostolic Letter which has been published in *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, proclaimed Saint Thérèse of Lisieux Secondary National Patroness of France. She thus ranks with Saint Joan of Arc, previously chosen Secondary Patroness, next to Our Blessed Lady, who is the Primary Principal Patroness of France, under the title of Our Lady of the Assumption.

Unique was the series of ceremonies in connection with the latest distinction conferred on St. Thérèse. Because of the devastation and difficulties resulting from the war, the ceremonies could not have been fittingly carried out in Lisieux; accordingly, the Prioress of Carmel, Mother Agnes (The Little Flower's sister, Pauline) granted permission for the removal from

Lisieux to Paris of the casket containing the remains of the Saint.

In this triumphal procession, the precious treasure was brought into a church in each of the more important cities, to afford an opportunity to the faithful to pay their tribute, and invoke the intercession of their new national patroness. From accounts published, we learned that in Paris, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, three Cardinals, seventeen Archbishops, eight Bishops and many Priests received the casket, after which Solemn High Mass was sung in the great edifice, which was completely filled, while a multitude waited in the square, unable to get in. In the afternoon when the casket was brought out to the square, thousands who had waited patiently for hours, greeted their new national patroness with prayers and hymns in her honour. In many of the churches, even those to which the casket was not brought, services were held day and night in honour of the beloved saint, and thousands were constantly in attendance.

By the temporary visit of The Little Flower's remains to the Capital City of France and to numerous towns *en route*, a new impetus has been given to a world-wide devotion to her, and to the saint-making practices dear to her, prayer and sacrifice for the missions; for souls.



Thérèse (centre); her four sisters, Pauline (top, left), Léonie, Marie, Céline, and her cousin, Marie Guérin (lower right).

Again her fascinating autobiography, "Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, The Little Flower of Jesus," is being widely read, as are also the many other volumes telling of her "Little Way." To those

who wish to get something new in "Little Flower" biography, Mary Fabyan Windeatt's recently published "Little Queen" will specially appeal.
K.M.B.

Spring Comes To Ireland

Once more this young-old land is waiting
For the quickening call of Spring,
For Winter drowzes, and the earth
Is full of quiet restlessness—of secret stirrings
In the darkness of the soil.

The russet-brown of many a woodland floor
Is studded now with dark green spears
That guard and shelter close furled buds—
Heart-lifting in their promise
Of the pageantry of bloom to come.
The shining whiteness of the snowdrop's pen-
sive head,

The azure light of bluebells brimming into pools
'Round boles of ancient trees,
Pools that reflect the cloudless arc of heaven,
The very hue of Mary's flowing mantle—
They wait, expectant,
For the glinting lances of the sun
To rend the silv'ry mists
And break the spell of Winter,
That long has kept them fast
In darkened bondage.

Then, soon will be bright vistas
Of the crocus-fretted greensward,
And clustered host of daffodils,
Their golden trumpets blowing
Across lakes of cool green blades
That swirl and ripple in the chastening wind.
Then, starry primroses—Ah! sharply sweet!
In shelt'ring cloaks of crinkled velvet green
On every sunny bank;
And lowly cowslips in rain-jewelled meadows,
Bowing slenderly before each ruffling breeze.

They tell a tale of floral gold,
And hold aloft the yellow torch of Spring,
'Til snatched from them and carried on
By loosestrife, broom, and buttercup.
Deep in the greening byways of the wood
Will sound the ringdove's murmuring,
His fervent love-note blending
With the blackbird's mellow fluting
And the chirling minstrelsy
Of thrush and linnet.
And from hedge and old walled garden

There will come the cuckoo's liquid call—
Strange, persistent;
Beating like a pulse
In every listening heart.

But now—
The blackthorns that'enhedge the fields
Shine darkly through a mist of pearly bloom;
Old hedgerows, where the white-thorns
Soon will wear a veil of shimmering green
Before they flaunt a cloak of snowy blossom;
And in the waiting fields
The ploughman bends,
While horses stamp and strain
To rive brown clods
That lend their savor
To the sprightly morning air.

The solemn rooks plod silently
Behind the laboring ploughman,
Their questing heads a gleam.
A whimpering seagull glides on snowy wings
To claim a new-turned furrow,
And chattering starlings dart and turn
O'er the ridged brown acres,
Rising suddenly in mass alarm
As man and horses turn with jingling gear
To cleave another furrow.

But clear, across the ancient fields,
There falls upon the listening air
The silver chime of bells.
Tonguing in triple cadences,
Now far, now near—insistent!
Again the call, and yet again.
The rein falls loose; the horses droop.
The bending ploughman straightens,
Bares his head.
And heavenward lifts his soul.
While high above the prayerful land
A skylark soars
In ecstasy!
His purling notes, like silver rain
A-ripple down the shining moontide air.

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle,
Loretto Alumna

The Garden

By P. J. COLEMAN, M.A.

Spring to the well-loved garden comes again,
And in its magic bowers
With soft enchantment of low wind and rain
Calls up her old-time flowers.

Sweet are the leafy places, dear and sweet
The faces of the flowers
Smiling from nooks that knew youth's truant
feet
In far-off happy hours.

Its golden bells along the dusty lane
The pale nasturtium lifts,
And o'er the pathways in a petalled rain
The apples blossom drifts.

Above the wall, to woo the wandering bee,
Tower crimson hollyhocks,
And in the beds are gorgeous peony
And mignonette and phlox.

And where with rain the mossy banks are wet
And lush green grass is deep,
From crinkled leaves peeps forth the violet
And myrtle blossoms creep.

Ah, sacred haunts with fragrant memories filled
That stab with pain the heart
And from the founts of feeling, stirred and
thrilled,
Bid the sharp tears to start!

Something is missing from your hallowed
nooks—

The sweet enchanting spell
Of golden laughter, old beloved looks
And love's old miracle!

The rosy girls with faces like the flowers
And eyes of innocence,
The noisy lads that romped away the hours—
Where have they wandered hence?

To what rude pathways have the children
strayed

Here with the flowers who grew,
The little pattering feet of old that played
The long green grasses through?

They like the lilies, waxing straight and tall,
In beauty grew and grace,
Then heard life's siren voices lure and call
And left the well-loved place.

Still gracious with its witchery of shade,
The garden blossoms on;
And green as then the grass wherein they played,
But they, alas! are gone.

Yet still their voices echo where their feet
Oft trod the threshold's sill;
And they, when summer makes the garden
sweet,
Are well remembered still.

To Sister García

(A Mexican Martyr)

I ponder when I see a tender child
With eager eyes for magic wonderment,
And gentle heart for Nature's children mild,
For bird and flower and fragrant blossom
sent,
A-flutter by the arrows of the air—
If you were thus in simple childhood ways?
And was the golden glory of your hair,
A halo—prophecy for latter days

When death heroic racked your every limb;
When flayed alive by brutal Calles' men?
Or were the hours of your sweet tryst with Him
So rich in merit rare, to rise akin,
To a red martyrdom's exaltation?
O great white soul of His flagellation!

Lucile B.

O'ermatched

Hate is a stone, an angry hand
May seaward fling across the sand
In bitter and revengeful mood
When furies on the heart intrude.
The ripples spreading on the tide
Ring ever wider, and more wide;
The circles where the stone was cast
Grow still the vaster, and most vast;
But in the end they fade, they die
Upon the sea's immensity.

No faintest trace of them is seen;
They are as though they had not been;
Unvexed, the mighty waters move;
The stone is hate, the sea is love.

—Aline Michaelis

In the Library

THE LIBRARY

By ALINE MICHAELIS

Sometimes a lonely wanderer comes in
To browse among the narrow, crowded
shelves,

And there, secure from all the city's din,
Into the world of fantasy he delves.

Ah, far within the lovely world of dreams,
He treads green meadows under turquoise
skies;

Sails seas that now with emerald splendor
gleams,

Or views strange lands where fabled cities
rise.

Sometimes a lonely wanderer findeth here
A harbour from life's ever-restless seas;
Re-reads old tales from childhood's hours so
dear,

And gains sweet peace from happy memories.

Caught in the thrall of fancy's bliss and pain,
The page aglow with deathless loves and
hates,

The wanderer findeth rest and home again
With all the joys that die without its gates.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

"A Tale of Two Cities"—a stirring tale of the French Revolution. Charles Dickens tells, in its preface, of his inspiration to write this story, and of his "particular care and interest" in the state of mind it would produce in the reader. While planning and executing the work, he found it had complete possession of him. "I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself." It is, then, scarcely to be wondered at if the reader too feels himself more than a spectator—suffering, fearing, waiting, hurrying, with those about whom he reads.

With his own peculiar skill the author relates the story, against an authentic background, depicted marvellously well, of the horrors of the French Revolution.

It explains why Charles Evremonde, having sympathy for the poor and none for their op-

pressors, has relinquished his claim to a title and rich lands in France, and lives simply under the name of Darnay, earning a living as a tutor in England. This his uncle, the Marquis resents, as being against the honor of the family, and a reproach to himself. Probably, if he were in better favor at court, he would secure a *lettre de cachet* to have his nephew placed in some French prison. With mockery, with a smiling air of secrecy, "with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic," he acknowledges cognizance of his nephew's interest in the charming Lucie Manette; for the young man does not know, as the Marquis does, that he and his twin brother, Charles' own father, had been responsible for the ruin and secret imprisonment of Dr. Manette because of his attempt to make known their infamy, after it had caused death, and worse, to four peasants, tenants on their land.

After eighteen years in a Bastille dungeon, Manette is released, and, now broken physically, and at times mentally, lives in London, tenderly cared for by Lucie, who had grown up thinking her father dead. And it is she whom Charles loves, ignorant as he is of the story and the curse upon him. The doctor knows, but hopes it need never come between his daughter and her happiness. She, in her turn, would allow nothing to come between herself and the father she has so recently found. So, she and Charles are quietly married; and while great forces rush about them, they live quietly and very happily with the doctor, and later with another fair little Lucie. She was six when the Revolution broke out in France. They would have been safe in London. But the administrator of Charles' affairs in France appeals in a letter to his master to save him from the horrible fate of those connected with the despised system which brought about the cataclysm. Because of a favor done an "emigrant," he must perish, without Charles' testimony that he has acted for, not against, the people. Charles (Darney) is too generous to do anything but respond immediately, and goes without apprehension for his own safety to Paris, being thus drawn irrevocably to the fate which demands expiation for his father's crimes. All this is more than "just a story" to the reader, who anxiously accompanies the actors through false hopes so quickly frustrated, through months and years of torture, through the horror

of the two trials, imprisonment, and condemnation to the guillotine.

Then, the great triumph of fiction: Carton—the lawyer whose brains have brought success to others, but could not to himself; whose vain love for Lucie seems the best part of his wasted, dissolute life; who says of himself, "I am like one who died. All my life might have been"—plays the game with exquisite skill. His winning cards are his great resemblance to Darnay, and his hold over a spy who has access to the prison. Somehow twisting your very heart in his hands, Sydney Carton gladly goes to the tumbrel, and the scaffold in Darnay's place, because he meant it, when he said to Lucie, "There is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."

That is the story. In beauty and in power Dickens has woven the varied patterns of these lives into the intricate design of the whole piece, which contains, besides what is here briefly touched upon, many scenes, lives, events, like sparkling jewels in ornate, detailed, setting.

"His sentences are so long," is an oft-repeated complaint; but they are long with so much to say; heavy with many, and beautifully employed words; sonorous, deep-toned, musical sentences. Others are sharp, clipped—all the more forceful for the contrast. None are superfluous; each has a special message; many are curiously delightful. Where we would say young Jerry was so named at his Baptism, or simply that he was called Jerry, Dickens tells us that he received the appellation on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness in the easterly parish Church of Houndsditch. Well, in our swift day many doubtless prefer economy of words; I suppose it would be much more efficient to express the thought in four or five, but we should be missing something if Dickens had done so.

There is something so powerful, so telling, in his use of words. There is human nature aptly portrayed on every page; and at times, a pleasant humor. I always remembered someone who continually referred to signing his "Alfred David," and here we have Cruncher speaking of the year of Our Lord as "Anna Dominoe." He always objected vehemently to his wife's kneeling to pray. She was praying against him, he was sure, and against his success in his "honest trade" (grave robbing!) "The devoutest person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer, than he did in this distrust of his wife.

It was as if a professed unbeliever in ghosts should be frightened by a ghost story."

Another occasion for chuckles is the picture of young Cruncher's flight when, having determined to discover what nocturnal business made his father's fingers "rusty," and caked his shoes with mud, he followed the "fisherman" to a cemetery. He found more than he had bargained for, and fled wildly. The description of his flight as he fancies that the coffin is pursuing him is as humorous as it is realistic. The lawyer Stryver, lion to whom Carton played jackal, is another source of amusement, and of contrasts with other characters. It was his "grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place." Poor Mr. Lorry, mere man of business, as he styles himself, deprecating his fatherly kindness and other winning qualities, cannot find words to explain his dubious "Oh, dear me!" upon hearing that his beloved Lucie is about to have the honor of a marriage proposal. "But—really, you know, Mr. Stryver—you know there is really so much too much of you!"

Few writers display the brilliance Dickens shows in his use of words, which continually sparkle under his magic touch. Here is one striking sentence, telling of the mirror which was used to throw light upon a prisoner, as is the modern dazzling spotlight: "Haunted in a most ghastly manner that abominable place would have been, if the glass could ever have rendered back its reflections, as the ocean is one day to give up its dead." As perfectly balanced as the finest spring in a tiny watch. Change one of the words, or their order, and it would be spoiled. But why should I quote one, when others quite as fine are countless?

Our author has a passion for detail. He never misses the slight, obvious thing, which attracts one's attention in a moment of stress, but is usually overlooked in the telling. Whenever I recall the trial, I hear the blue flies buzzing, and see them swarm about. The hands of the accused were placed so composedly on the slab of wood that they did not displace one leaf of the herbs with which it was strewn, as a caution against "jail air and jail fever." But when the bar of strong light flashed on him, and he realized the purpose of the mirror, his face flushed, and his right hand pushed the herbs away. And when Lucie, forced to testify against him, looked pityingly upon him, "his hurried right hand parcelled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden. . . ." and again the buzz of the great flies was loud.

We marvel that anyone with so stirring a story to tell should stop to listen to "a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire." On hearing of the amazing old age of the House (sometimes the capitals are a bit like George Ade's in his "Fables in Slang," or Joan Wyndam in her "Six O'Clock Saints," though hardly as delightful as the latter, nor as frequent as either) of Tellson & Company, the waiter "rounded his mouth and both his eyes, as he stepped backward from the table . . . shifted his napkin from his right arm to his left, dropped into a comfortable attitude, and stood surveying his guest while he ate and drank, as from an observatory or watch-tower. According to the immemorial usage of waiters in all ages."

Which brings out attention to Dickens' art in describing. But what may we not expect of one who can paint a whole picture in say, one or two deft strokes of the brush? "In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile." A few words, and there she stands—and if you met her years later, you'd recognize her at once. Or you meet a real person and are tantalized by a resemblance to a faintly remembered someone, who turns out to be one of Dickens' characters, scarcely less real.

There is Jacques who displayed "a strikingly greedy air as if he hungered for something that was neither food nor drink." Here as elsewhere, more than a person is revealed; one is conscious of the hunger for food and for revenge in all the wretched members of the Jacques class. And that other who retold so often, always with the aid of the blue eap, the incident of the crazed peasant father whose child had been killed by the Marquis' horses. Monsieur's outward appearance is finely sketched, but his character is revealed, as usually happens in life and in Dickens' works, through what he does and says. The Marquis merely drives on, not deigning to reply after hearing the passionate plea of the poor woman for "a morsel of stone or wood" bearing her husband's name, to be placed on his grave. That night "rustling about the room, his softly slipped feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined tiger—looked like some enchanted Marquis of the impenitently wicked sort, in story, whose periodical change into tiger form was either just going off, or just coming on."

We meet also Jerry Cruncher, a grisly urchin "whose head was garnished with tenderer

spikes and whose young eyes stood close to one another as his father's did." And what a tribute to the cook in: "From these decayed sons and daughters of Gaul she had acquired such wonderful arts that the woman and girl who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as quite a Sorceress, or Cinderella's Godmother; who would send out for a fowl, a rabbit, or a vegetable or two from the garden, and changed them into something she pleased."

Most of the characters make a definite and lasting impression, but the villainous much more so than others. Darnay is colorless, and good. Perhaps he had his struggles and temptation, but we are never aware of them. Virtue alone seems possible to him. The Doctor is strong in his suffering, and Dickens does some expert handling of those mental seizures. Lucie is dainty, charming, and all melting tenderness—not much else. Vigorously stroked in are Cruncher, senior and junior; Stryver; Darnay's uncle; Miss Pross; the De Farges, especially the ever-knitting, vengeful Madame; several minor characters; and, above all, Carton.

Poor Carton! Wretched in life, magnificent in death—a masterpiece, indeed. It is surprising that one could descend so low, yet conquer himself so completely; could so deliberately prostitute his fine talents and abilities, yet somehow inspire both interest and affection. Perhaps it is pity rather than love that we feel; he pities himself, and dislikes Darnay at first, because that peerless character reminds him of what he might have been. Charles has no faults, and Carton little else. Each character, indeed, is so much of what he is, that I often think of Mr. Larry's "There is so much too much of you." Not that there is really *too* much, but probably few besides Dickens could so nearly overdraw the characters, yet make them convincing.

Striking and interesting too, are the many contrasts in character, mood, and setting. Frequently we step from one locale to a far distant scene. Dickens seems to enjoy giving a surprise. An instance is when Carton discovered the resemblance between himself and Darnay, and was first attracted to Lucie, at a dramatic moment in the trial for treason. Monsieur the Marquis' little plan for disposing of his nephew Charles (Darnay) seemed about to succeed when Carton went into action, and nonchalantly displayed such ingenuity as resulted in a verdict of Not Guilty.

There is power in the judicious choice of words. It is scarcely fair to Dickens' continued exercise of such power, to single out any

particular passages, but many invite special attention. In a few words he paints a whole picture, a character, or a complex action, its motives subtly revealed. "Turning his surprised spectacles upon him." . . . "He had a healthy color in his cheeks; and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety." . . . "He offered his hand, but his eyes did not go with it." . . . "She tied a knot with flashing eyes as if it throttled a foe."

Dickens is as present in his work as Jane Austen is aloof from hers. We hear his own voice, know his reactions, as it were. In the trial scene he shows himself contemptuous of the pompous court verbiage, calling it "jingle and jangle." He lets us find him searching for words to tell how Darnay had supposedly helped the enemy King by revealing secret information "wickedly, falsely, traitorously, and otherwise evil-adverbiously." And at times the author is so close that you take it for granted he is among the group of actors.

I believe that one of the most thrilling incidents of the entire novel is the flight, after Carton's sacrifice of his life has restored Darnay (unconscious, for he would never have gone willingly) to his family. There are many other portrayals of fear, mob violence, hate, tenderness; rather a collection of superlatives in the emotions represented.

But to my mind nothing quite equals the emotional stress evoked by the flight on the

eve of the guillotining. As often as I read it, I experienced the same suspense and terror, as though I were one of the pursued. Of course, they're not pursued, but—well, there I am, desirous of hiding, yet forced to appear calm in order to avoid suspicion; apprehensive to breathlessness; nearly dead of mingled hope and horror.

I wonder if part of his success in this is due to Dickens' own participation in the event. Something makes it terribly real. This is a device to which he frequently resorts, a particularly Dickensian touch.

"There is terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is heavy breathing of the insensible traveller. In our wild alarm and hurry we are for getting out and running—hiding—doing anything but stopping. Have those men deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice over? Thank Heavens, no! A village. Look back, look back and see if we are pursued. Hush! The posting house—our overfraught hearts are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horse ever foaled—Oh, pity us, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued! The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying over us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but so far we are pursued by nothing else!"

M. M. Vivian, I.B.V.M.

Book Reviews

SECRETS OF THE SAINTS

By Henri Gheon, 416pp. \$3.00. Sheed & Ward, New York.

The Author—Henri Gheon—born of Catholic mother and non-practising father, lost his Faith at fifteen—found it again in a barracks in France in World War I. He was in turn—artist, doctor, writer, and after his conversion devoted his artistic powers to showing the Faith as a living thing, taking for his subjects the saints—men and women who had lived the life of Faith fully. Read of:

Jean-Marie Vianney—Virtuous, loving work, play and prayer; ordained to the priesthood, though lacking in education, principally because of the shortage of priests—the faculty of confessor his pre-eminently until eventually it was seen that he literally read souls. He worked twenty hours daily, suffered hardships, temptations in multitude—the greatest, clothed

in virtuous form, his desire to enter a Monastery to devote his time to prayer causing him to risk flight three times. Finally he recognized God's Will that he remain among his pilgrims who flocked to him for guidance. Our Lady appeared to him several times. He died in 1859—was canonized in 1924—**St. John Baptist Vianney, the Curé of Ars, Patron Saint of Parish Priests:**

Of Mary Frances Teresa Martin's desire from earliest childhood to become a saint; lovingly showing humility, exactness to duty, suffering, for the love of the Infant Jesus; declaring her willingness to spend eternity in hell to gain God's grace for men. Entering Carmelite Convent at fifteen, she sought difficult, unpleasant tasks, voluntarily renouncing material possessions from which she might derive consolation. Through obedience she wrote her auto-

biography, "The Story of a Soul." She died in 1897—was canonized in 1925—**St. Teresa of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face:**

Of Margaret Mary Alacoque's showing great sanctity from earliest age; favored with manifestations of the Sacred Heart—the medium God used to draw men closer to His Sacred Heart, directing her to daily reception of Holy Communion, monthly reception of the Sacraments, on the first Friday, prayer on the eve of the first Friday—commemorating our Lord's Agony, which we now follow in the Holy Hour. At the fourth manifestation our Lord directed that the Feast of His Sacred Heart be observed the first Friday following the Octave of Corpus Christi, and on June 21, 1686, the first Feast was celebrated in the Convent of Paray-le-Monial—the Visitation Order—of which Margaret Mary was a member. She died in October, 1690—was canonized in 1920—**St. Margaret Mary:**

Of John Bosco, who from earliest childhood loved prayer, and teaching others; was ordained to the priesthood; worked among boys and young men. His patron was St. Francis de Sales. One evening, his Mother who kept house for him, took in at his request a poor boy to lodge. This was the first lodger of the great Oratory. She gave him a brief instruction in the Faith that night, and thus began the evening talk which is an obligation in the Salesian Order, founded by Don Bosco at Turin. Our Lady appeared to him frequently as "Mother of Consolation" and "Mary Help of Christians." Later he founded the Congregation of Daughters of Mary Help of Christians.

He died in 1888 and was canonized in 1933—the newest St. John—**St. John Bosco.**

What is the Secret of a Saint? Henri Gheon states, "It is the working out in his life of the word spoken to his heart by God."

Teresa Houlihan,
Loretto Alumna.

"HOME IS THE HUNTER"—Gontran de Poncins, 271 pp. \$2.50. Reynal & Hitchcock.

The author's unusual interest in native life, human beings, and human psychology is revealed throughout this fascinating and absorbing book. It is the story of old Jean Menandieu who after ten years' absence from the d'Ombres Château returns to fill in for a few days during a domestic crisis. His recollections of past days while in the employ of this French aristocratic family for thirty years are reviewed in a beautiful and sensitive manner. His attachments for family members and things are tenderly and delicately painted. To serve was the old servant's interest in life. As a result, his character in all its simplicity is unfolded in his devotion and loyalty to the d'Ombres family, in his faithfulness to his various duties, and in his love for the animate and inanimate things about the estate. Disappointed and disillusioned with the transformation that has taken place, he returns to his small cottage and acre of land, philosophizing in his reminiscing.

Though "Home is the Hunter" is slow in action, with very little dialogue, it is a book that will linger for sometime in the memory of this reader who recommends it highly.

L.A.D.

Spring

After the long frosty winter,
After the piles of snow,
Who is there that rejoices not
To see the cold season go?

The young are gay with skipping-ropes,
The old breathe fresh air,
The middle-aged haunt all the shops
Seeking styles beyond compare.

Even the old rejoice and say
In a way of youthful cheer:
Away with frost and cold and snow,
Away! For spring is here!

M. Dorothea,
I.B.V.M.

Tantalus

"Ashes and dust," the greybeards murmur low
Into the heedless ear of youth. "Mistrust
This tempting, luring love. You'll find it so—
Ashes and dust."

But who will pause, save in a fierce disgust
For such senility? How could they know
Whose steel is blunted, dulled by sterile rust?

Join in the mad pursuit and overthrow
All barriers! The thirst of pleasure-lust
Will now in this caress be quenched, but no—
Ashes and dust!

—Donald T. Brown

Macaulay and Carlyle*

By M. M. ATHANASIA, I.B.V.M.

The Victorian Age, the period within which was achieved the work of these two writers, Macaulay and Carlyle, was one of the most important and significant epochs in the history of England. A multitude of social and political forces, culminating in the great Industrial upheaval and the triumph of democracy, make it one of the most dramatic of eras.

It was marked by four outstanding features. First, and most dominant, the establishment of democracy as the order of the day, and the rise of the middle classes. Secondly, the spread of popular education, of religious doubt and inquiry, of a rationalistic spirit, and of profound social unrest consequent on economic conditions, especially in mines and factories. Thirdly, the growth of trade and of foreign friendly relations, and comparative peace. Fourthly, the rapid progress of all the arts and sciences, as well as mechanical inventions, resulting in vast industrial achievements. All this material progress, as well as the perfecting of educational systems, affected literature, and it is a striking fact, that most of the great literary productions of the Victorian Age are those of men who took an active part in public affairs. This is especially true of the writers who form the subject of this paper.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was more closely associated with the social and political struggles of his age than any of his literary contemporaries, and is one of the most typical figures of the nineteenth century. His association, however, was not that of a sympathizer, but of a reactionary.

He is famous in literature for his "Essays," *Martial Ballads*, and his "History of England." In his "Essay on History," Macaulay gives his readers his own attitude towards history and historians. He defines his idea of how history should be written and what special equipment the historian should bring to his task. He says, "To be a really great historian is perhaps the rarest of intellectual distinctions," and the reason he assigns is the fact that the province of history is a debatable land, lying between that of reason, on the one hand, and imagination on the other. He calls history

"philosophy teaching by examples," and accounts for the failure of historians, in either the narrative or the speculative part of history, by the almost insuperable difficulties to be overcome by the ideal historian. "Such a one," he goes on to say, "must have an imagination powerful enough to create interest; and self-control sufficient to prevent him from drawing upon it to supply deficiencies in the narrative; and secondly, a profound and ingenious reason, with such self-command as will cause him to refrain from casting his facts in the mould of his hypothesis."

The perfect historian, Macaulay admits, must be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers scarcely compatible with each other, must be tempered into an exquisite harmony; reason and imagination must go hand in hand in his pages, if the picture is to be true to life. — "a presentation of the character and spirit of the age in miniature." Men will not be merely described, but intimately known to us. A truly great historian, Macaulay thinks, would set himself to reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated; the history of the government and of the people would be exhibited in inseparable conjunction and interdependent. He continues, "we should not have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and their phraseology in 'Old Mortality,' for one half of King James in Hume and the other half in 'The Fortunes of Nigel.' The early part would be rich with coloring from romance, ballad, and chronicle — all details would give life and truth to the representation."

While Macaulay's ideal of the historian is about as unattainable as Newman's ideal of a gentleman, his own work in history is proof that he strove earnestly to reach it as nearly as possible. We have but to turn to the pages of his "History of England," for an illustration. This monumental work, planned for years, was begun in 1843, the first of two volumes appearing in 1848, followed by a third and fourth in 1855. No popular novel of the time held the interest of its readers as did this incomplete work, which illustrates so perfectly, even though a fragment, the happy combination of reason and imagination in Macau-

*Reprinted from Loretto Rainbow

lay's theory of how history should be written, and his own marvellous grasp of universal history.

More light is thrown on Macaulay's ideal by a perusal of his critical essay on Von Ranke's "History of the Popes." Not only is this essay a revelation of the writer's attitude towards history, but also a fair illustration of the graces of his style, especially its clearness and simplicity. In this review he also reveals his strong bias in favor of great institutions, of great enduring conventions upon which he saw the whole structure of civilization depending. Most marked is his reverence for the English Constitution. One of his most famous passages which voices this passion for great institutions, occurs in the third paragraph of this essay, in reference to the Catholic Church.

In his "Essay on History," Macaulay arraigns the ancient historians as lacking in accuracy and reliability for the most part. He concluded that there was more truth, philosophy of history, and power of generalization amongst modern historians than amongst the ancients. But the moderns, too, are tainted with the same distorting of facts to suit general principles. The ancients were seduced from truth by their imagination; the moderns, by their reason. Macaulay himself is blamed for his want of accuracy, in allowing his imagination, or his political bias, to "supplement deficiencies in the narrative," and he is not universally considered a reliable historian. No one disputes the charm of his manner of presenting the picture of human progress in the period of which he writes. His greatness lay in the power of bringing into one mental focus the accumulations of a prodigious memory; the range of vision; the grasp of detail and the insight into men, measures and events, that enabled him to reduce to order the chaos of humanity. Chesterton in "Victorian Age," says: "Macaulay's noble enduring quality in our literature is this, that he had truly an abstract passion for history; a warm, poetic and sincere enthusiasm for great things as such; an ardor and appetite for great battles, great cities, great men . . . It is this romance of history that was the only thing that made him moderately just. It was his imagination that was well-balanced and broad. His reason was one-sided and fanatical." The great error of Macaulay was in assuming the role of an aristocratic reactionary English gentleman. In spite of asserted Liberalism, this view-point is emphasized repeatedly, especially when writing history.

Between Macaulay and Carlyle as historians, there are many points of contrast. To Carlyle the whole earth is but the embodiment of an idea; but Macaulay lays stress on the contrivance itself, rather than the idea behind it. Carlyle looked upon history as "a collection of biographies of great men," and his own histories present men as living, acting, failing or triumphant. Macaulay had not Carlyle's power of comprehending character, as may be seen in comparing their respective essays on "Chantism" and "Frederick the Great," for example. His philosophy of life, as compared with Carlyle's, is superficial, a fact evidenced by his essay on "History" when placed side by side with Carlyle's on "Biography."

Elton, in his History of Literature, says that "History is usually invoked to instruct the present in the wisdom of the past; but Carlyle likes to invert this process and read the past in the light of the present." In "Heroes and Hero Worship" he goes as far back as Odin, but is constantly mindful of his own time. In "Past and Present," a mediaeval Abbot is taken as a type of the constructive worker, and by means of the story of his career, of reforms, of conflicts with Jews, monks, bishops and kings, his establishment of order in the social and religious activities of his day, Carlyle draws a contrast between the past and the present. That Past was an age when the individual felt and acted upon his responsibility to society. Life was a unit, and religion an "all-embracing, heavenly canopy," like an atmosphere. He emphasizes—(what he reiterates in other writings)—that order, and religion must be preserved if society is to establish itself. He then goes on to analyze modern conditions and institutions; for example aristocracy, the "high class without duties to perform, shirking responsibility." The clergy and laity alike "have forgotten God." The only man of power is the Captain of Industry. He then remarks on the achievements of inventors and manufacturers, but, alas! Mammon rules over all. Carlyle here points out that the workman's lot is simply unbearable, and appeals to the Captains of Industry to become, instead of worshippers of Mammon, noble master workers among noble workers.

It is Carlyle's real glory that he was the first to see clearly that the wealth of the state is not the prosperity of the people. He was the first prophet of the Socialists. In "Past and Present" he maintains that democracy, as then understood, does not solve the economic problem. He was in sympathy with the peo-

ple, but he did not trust them to govern themselves. He believed in the leader, "heaven-sent." He is leading up gradually to the idea that the state should have more and more power. Unless democracy can evolve some scheme whereby employment, education of the masses, labor and wage problems, working conditions, etc., etc., may be organized, then it must give way to some other form of government, where the best, wisest, and strongest men must rule. Carlyle idealized the hero, "the man of strength," to such an extent that he is credited with preaching the gospel of "Might makes right." "Heroes and Hero Worship" illustrates this attitude, as does "Cromwell" and "Frederick the Great." Frederick was to Carlyle the incarnation of fact and efficiency on the great scale.

Carlyle held the theory that good could not be definitely defeated in this world; and that everything "in the long run" finds its right level; that all human affairs and politics were a clouded but unbroken revelation of the divine. Chesterton points out how that doctrine could be abused. Carlyle said that "The French Revolution was a thing settled in the divine councils to be, and attacking it was fighting against God."

Macaulay could project himself into the past aspects of history—into the abstract—but he had no belief in Sociology in its modern sense. He believed in the natural progress of society in social and economic matters. He showed himself as opposed to economic progress, whereas Carlyle took an enormous interest in the cause. Macaulay enjoyed all the social privileges of his time, but he kept aloof from all the people's actual experiences,—a fact that does not redound to his credit. Unlike Carlyle, he antagonized the Chartist Movement, and thus missed the great opportunity of his life to gain experience and knowledge of actual conditions.

Macaulay, like Carlyle, opposed materialism, and defended the cause of the spiritual in life. Like Carlyle also his interest in science was very limited, though his attitude was more that of aloofness, whereas Carlyle's was one of scorn. The success of both, as historians especially, had been much greater, had they profited by the lessons science and scientific method had to teach. Both insisted on the duty of responsibility to society, on the part of the enlightened individual. Macaulay brings this out in the essay on "Warren Hastings" and Carlyle in "Past and Present." "The role of the doer" is emphasized by both. Macau-

lay's view of contemporary progress, however, was reactionary, complacent and self-satisfied; a view which his essay on "Southey's Colloquies on Society" reveals.

Carlyle's motto of "work, silence, sacrifice," speaks of the "worker"—though by no means a silent one—who threw himself heart and soul into the welter of men's lives, with the purpose of doing what lay in him to "redeem the time." He is the one writer whose work includes all the features of his age. In the literary field he is the representative of the remarkable transition from the writing of History to that of Biography, illustrated in such a striking manner in "Sartor Resartus," in his "Life of John Sterling," and "Cromwell." He devoted his whole interest to social and economic uplift, and the multiplied events of the Victorian Age furnished abundant material for his zeal. The upheavals in government and politics, in science, in religion—the industrial, economic, political and social changes consequent on these upheavals,—nearly all took place in the life-time of Carlyle, and in all he took a vital interest. Like almost every writer of this period, Carlyle's outlook was determined by the demands, needs, and events of humanitarian democracy, e.g., "Past and Present," "Christian," "Signs of the Times," "Characteristics," and other pamphlets, were prompted by the trend of public events. Utilitarianism, so prevalent in the early part of the century, found in Carlyle one of its strongest opponents, while Macaulay denounced the theory openly, still, many of his views are Utilitarian in principle, especially in his historical writings.

Both men are, in different ways, typical of the century, and somewhere between the two extremes,—the practical, helpful activity of Macaulay, and the spiritual agony and conflict of Carlyle—we shall find the measure of an age which has left the deepest impression on our own.

John Morley estimates the value of Carlyle's writings as follows: "One of his chief and just glories is that for more than forty years he has clearly seen and kept constantly and conspicuously in his own sight, and that of his readers, the profoundly important crisis in the midst of which we are living. The moral and social dissolution in progress about us, the enormous peril of sailing blindfold and haphazard without rudder, or compass, or chart, have always been fully visible to him, and it is no fault of his if they have not become fully plain to his contemporaries. The policy of

drifting has had no countenance from him. That a society should be likely to last with hollow and scanty faith, with no government, with a number of institutions, hardly one of them real, is unthinkable. What seems to many of us the extreme inefficiency, or worse, of his solution still allows us to feel grateful for the vigor and perspicacity with which he has pressed on the world the urgency of the problem."

But although Carlyle failed to offer any practical solution of the social and political

problems of his age, he awakened his countrymen to a sense of the real situation, and the subsequent history of the economic career of the English people, the reforms and advances that have been effected in the hands of men who turned many of his suggestions in a more practical direction, bear witness to the great influence wielded by "the prophet who first summoned literature to look with imagination on the spectacle of the new day, and to attack its problems with passionate earnestness," Thomas Carlyle, the "Censor of his Age."

"THE HOLY GRAIL"

By MSGR. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

Lo, I have seen the Holy Grail,
The sight that made strong faces pale.

Not on the height of Montsalvat.
Or on the Hill where Christ has sat.

Nor on the wind-swept wold afar,
Where march-lights glimmer like a star!

Nor on the mountain-cliffs that soar,
Where chasms yawn and torrents roar!

Nor yet along the misty seas,
Nor where the forest's myriad trees

Quiver and groan beneath the gale,
While the cold planets flash and pale.

The Holy Grail—the Blood of God
I saw not where the heathen trod;

But at the altar daily nigh,
When the blest cup is raised on high,

In the priest's hands, 'neath mystic veil,
Flushes and throbs the Holy Grail!

IN THE FATHER'S CARE

A little sparrow waited in a tree beside the door—
Crusts of bread and cake were what he waited for.
Strange, he always got them every other winter's day,
But not one tiny little crumb came his hungry way.
What could be the matter? He fluttered and he fussed,
Still waiting at the doorway with eager hope and trust.

Then finally he flew away, they had no crumbs to spare—

But he had no cause to worry, God had him in His care.

Therese Conyers, X,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

YESTERDAYS*

You mocking, winsome little Fays,
You tantalizing Yesterdays!
You fly on airy, gauzy wings
To torture us poor underlings;
With sparkling goblet in your hand,
You give imperious command:
Your lips say, "Quaff, oh, quaff!"
And then you dart away and laugh.
Sometimes an effervescing sip
Will faintly touch a quivering lip—
Sometimes 'tis honey-sweet
And our defeat
In striving for an endless draught
Leaves us heart-sore. And had we quaffed—
Who knows what gall had been the lees?
Sometimes the sip, like sting of bees,
So acrid is, your snatching hand
We fain would bless: a magic wand
We think you wave o'er Destiny,
From bitterness to set us free!
Who knows how sweet had been the lees
Stirred by kind Fate in rhapsodies
O'er her magnetic power
To change a passing hour,
O'er her potential ways,
Frustrating Yesterdays!

Ah, roguish, thieving Yesterdays,
That some will blame and some will praise,
Havoc you'll make of life until
We use you only to fulfil
Our destiny: the balance stands
E'en in your evanescent hands,
To weigh the judgment that attends,
A judgment some day naught forbends:
You still may mock—we pass away
Where yestreens die and lives immortal day!

M. Dorothea, I.B.V.M.

*Reprinted from Loretto Rainbow

Felicitations

Congratulations to Rev. Joseph Barnes, brother of Mother M. Simeon, I.B.V.M., Loretto Convent, Sedley, Sask., on his ordination to the priesthood in the chapel of St. Peter's Seminary, London, on January 27th. Father Barnes has been ordained for the Diocese of Nelson, B.C., and is now labouring for souls in this Western mission field.

To Dr. Cody on having been elected Chancellor of the University of Toronto, of which he has been for many years the gracious and efficient President, we offer felicitations and all good wishes.

A GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

On February 17th, 1945, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Broderick, of St. Helen's Parish, Toronto, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, which took place on February 17th, 1895, in St. Paul's Church, with Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hand officiating.

On the Golden Anniversary High Mass was celebrated in St. Helen's Church, by the Pastor, Rev. John O'Connor. In the sanctuary were also Rev. Fathers L. Hickey, J. Keeler, and F. Bennett. The children's choir sang the Offertory hymn "Ave Maria," and "On this day, O Beautiful Mother." After Mass, Father O'Connor gave a brief discourse in which he offered greetings and good wishes, and then, in addition to his own priestly blessing, read the cable from His Holiness Pope Pius XII conveying greetings to the Jubilarians and the Apostolic blessing upon them and their family.

In the evening, a dinner was given in their honour at the Windsor Arms Hotel, at which were present some fifty guests, amongst them Rev. Fathers O'Connor and Basil Ellard, of St. Augustine's Seminary. Father Ellard was toast-master.

To Mr. and Mrs. Broderick we extend felicitations, and best wishes for many more years abounding in blessings. Our congratulations are also offered to the members of the family—Mr. Maurice Broderick, of Detroit; Mr. Frank Broderick, of Mimico; and Miss Kathleen, formerly of Loretto Abbey teaching staff.

* * *

On Tuesday, March 20th, the Community and students of Loretto-Niagara had as guest Miss

Palma D'Orazio, a former pupil of Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave., Toronto. Miss D'Orazio is an accomplished pianist and was most generous of her time and talent. A programme including numbers from Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, Albeniz and de Falla, was given in the afternoon and received with appreciative applause.

In the evening the Boarders had a very special treat when Miss D'Orazio came to the study hall, and a joyous evening followed when each request number was played with gracious charm. One of the special moments was the singing of "Ave Maria Loretto," dear to all Loretto's children.

With congratulations on her splendid achievements in the past, we wish all success to Palma in her Recital at the Heliconian Club, and in her future.

* * *

To Miss Marydell Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Williams, and a Loretto Abbey pupil, we offer sincere congratulations on the awards won at the recent Kiwanis Music Festival. Miss Williams (20) won the Jack Haynes Scholarship, valued at \$200, for her singing of "He Shall Feed His Flock"—a competition for mezzo sopranos under 21. The open mezzo soprano opera contest was also won by Miss Williams.

As a result of winning the scholarship this gifted singer is looking forward to studying at the Toronto Conservatory of Music under Albert Whitehead.

* * *

Congratulations to Miss Marilyn Donnelly, a pupil of St. John Bosco's School (Loretto), Humberstone, Ontario, on winning the St. Catharine's Deanery C.Y.O. Oratorical Contest in which representatives from St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Thorold, Welland, Port Dalhousie, and Port Colborne were also competitors. Marilyn will represent the Deanery at the Archdiocesan Contest to be held at Loretto College School, Toronto, on April 18th.

* * *

Our congratulations to Miss Mary Sue McGee, 8th grade pupil of St. Anselm's School (Loretto) Leaside, on having won first place in the O.E.A. Oratorical contest for suburban schools, held in Convocation Hall during Easter week.

The subject assigned was, "What I wish to be, and Why." Mary Sue's choice was to be an actress.

* * *

Congratulations to Master Stephen Somerville, son of Mr. H. Somerville (Co-Editor of

The Canadian Register) and Mrs. Somerville, and pupil of Rev. Dr. Ronan, in St. Michael's Choir School, Toronto, on being awarded, at the Kiwanis Musical Festival, a scholarship of \$50, having received highest marks of four groups of boy soprano soloists.

ANNUAL INTER-LORETTO MUSICAL FESTIVAL

The Piano and Violin Section of the fifteenth annual Inter-Loretto musical festival held its presentation at Loretto Abbey, Toronto, on Saturday, March 24th. Pupils from various Loretto schools in Toronto, Hamilton, Niagare Falls, and Guelph took part in the competitions. Mr. Cyril Hampshire was adjudicator again this year. Mr. Hampshire's comments on the different musical selections and performances, with sometimes a piano illustration gave impetus and encouragement to pupils and teachers alike. The musical festival is an event of prime importance in the Loretto school year.

The highest awards in each class were as follows:

I—Piano, 8 years and under, Aria, Mozart, Erin O'Reilly, Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

II—Piano, 10 years and under, March in D, Bach, Adele Knowlton, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

III—Piano, 12 years and under, Ballade, Burgmuller, Dorothy Barnett, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls.

IV—Piano, 14 years and under, Irish Boy, Dunhill, Irene Templeton, Loretto College School, Toronto.

V—Piano, 15 years and under, These Yellow Sands, Victoria Genonese, Loretto College School, Toronto.

VI—Piano, 16 years and under, Duetto, Mendelssohn, Mary Louise McGregor, Loretto College School, Toronto.

VII—Piano, 18 years and under, Intemezzo in C Major, Brahms, Patricia Smith, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

VIII—Piano open, Prelude and Fugue, Bach, Frances O'Brien, Loretto Academy, Hamilton.

IX—Piano Duet, 13 years and under, Hornpipe, Thompson, Margaret Labine and Patricia Heenan, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

X—Piano Duet, 17 years and under, Minuet a L'Antico, Seebaeck, Joan Hickey and Nora Kay Quinn, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

XI—Piano, 15 years and under, Scales, Major and Harmonic Minor, Monica Wilson, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

XII—Violin, 11 years and under, Minnet in G. Major, Bach, Anne Quigley, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

XIII—Violin, 15 years and under, Country Dance, Heins, Patsy McDonough, Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

AVE MARIA!

Hail Mary! Most lovely Star of the Sea;
Mary! I pray thee, watch over me.
Hail Mary! Ever to thee I cry;
Mary! In trouble to thee I fly.

Hail Mary! Dear Mother, thou, the most pure;
Help me the trials of life to endure.
Hail Mary! Now I call upon thee;
Hear, I pray, and intercede for me.

Hail Mary! Beautiful Morning Star!
Mary! Hear me from heaven afar.
Hail Mary! Thy Son is my Saviour-King,
Mary! To thee in my heart I sing.

Milberge Gibbons, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

In the March, 1945, issue of *Catholic World*, Middle East Newspaper of Catholics in the Allied Forces, the following interesting item appeared in the "Roman Diary" column: "Not so very far away, the little community of English nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary have been celebrating the tercentenary of their foundress—Mary Ward. The Holy Father received the two Rome communities last week in special audience.

"Before his election he was Cardinal-Protector of the Order, and it is known that he has a warm place for it in his heart. Whilst Nuncio in Germany he visited the Munich house daily to make his meditation before the Blessed Sacrament."

In Memoriam

With profound grief and with heartfelt sympathy for his bereaved family and for a mourning nation, we record in our pages the death, on April twelfth, of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who, in his 63 years of life, despite all handicaps, had the unique distinction of being twice elected Governor of New York State, and four times, in succession, President of the United States.

The daily prayers of thousands for his guidance and protection, for his welfare, spiritual and temporal, have not been offered in vain. In the eternity upon which he has entered, their efficacy is revealed to the valiant, self-sacrificing, God-fearing soul of President Roosevelt. May he rest in peace.

REV. FATHER E. J. BARTLETT, S.J.

He had seen and enjoyed another Christmas, and another New Year, and then suddenly the final call came on January 10th for the esteemed and valiant Father Bartlett of the Society of Jesus, causing sorrow to the thousands whose spiritual life had been enriched by his utterances and example.

Father Eric was the only and idolized son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Bartlett of Ottawa, and the ever ideal brother of five sisters, one of whom predeceased him.

With interest one reads of the educational advantages that were his, and of the magnificent use made of each opportunity offered. One year after graduating with his Bachelor of Arts degree from Valleyfield College, Quebec, he left all, and entered the Montreal Jesuit Novitiate.

For his courses in Philosophy and Classics, he was sent to Stonyhurst College and Oxford respectively. On his return to Canada, he proved himself an efficient professor of philosophy, at Loyola College, Montreal, where he was also prefect of studies and discipline 1917-1919. After a three year's course in theology at Immaculate Conception College, he was ordained to the Priesthood, and again appointed dean of studies Loyola. From 1925 to 1930 he was rector of the College, and, under his direction the Administration Building, and the College tower were completed.

Father Bartlett held degrees from Laval University, Quebec; Oxford University, and the University of London, England; also the degree D.C.L., "Honoris Causa" from Boston

College, Boston, bestowed in 1929, "because of his exceptional work in education in Canada." His ability to converse in various languages meant much in his kindly intercourse with foreigners.

Although Father Bartlett had been a sufferer from heart attacks for the past few years, he managed on each recovery to resume his arduous work for souls. As assistant pastor at St. Ignatius, Winnipeg; Dean of studies at St. Paul's College, Winnipeg; Assistant pastor at Martyrs' Shrine, Midland; Dean of studies at Regiopolis College, Kingston; Director of the National Sacred Heart Radio Programme, the various inevitable activities, claimed his best efforts to win souls to Christ.

To his devoted sisters, Miss Fabiola Bartlett, Montreal; Mrs. W. G. Connolly, Saskatoon; and Mrs. W. J. O'Connor and Mrs. L. Coffin, of Ottawa, we offer our sympathy in their bereavement; also to Rev. G. Connolly, S.J., and Mother M. Connolly, Religious of the Sacred Heart, and to the other bereaved nephews and nieces.

The Funeral Requiem High Mass was sung in the Jesuit Seminary Chapel, Toronto. Interment took place in Guelph. Requiescat in pace!

To the Religious of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal, we offer our sympathy in the tragic death of one of their venerable members, Mother Ignatius Doyle, in the devastating fire which destroyed their Marianopolis College on January 30th.

With the Dean, Mother St. George, sister of our beloved Archbishop McGuigan, and with

the Faculty, we most sincerely sympathize, as we visualize the inevitable difficulties encountered in their emergency College quarters. Our hopes and prayers are that very soon a new and well-equipped building will be in readiness, in which to carry on their great work of education for God's glory and that of Our Lady.

MOTHER M. JOHANNA, I.B.V.M.

On the eve of one of Our Lady's most beautiful Feast days, and on the eve of her own 87th birthday, Mother M. Johanna Hartnet, passed happily to her eternal reward, at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago. She had lived during her long religious life in Loretto-Toronto, Hamilton, Stratford, Niagara Falls, Chicago. Her efficiency and love of perfection, evidenced not least in her charge of parlour or children's refectory, were proverbial. A Loretto College Alumna recalls the esteem and affection they all had for "Little Sister Jo" when she was in charge of the College dining room. "Almost better to miss handing in an essay, than grieve Sister by putting a spot on that tablecloth!"

At the time of her death, Mother Johanna was the second oldest member of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America, and, through the years, could relate many interesting things in connection with the earlier days of the Community.

The Funeral High Mass was celebrated in St. Cyril's Church, Chicago, by Rev. Father Norbert, O. Carm, who also preached an impressive sermon on the religious life and its rewards.

May she rest in peace.

MOTHER M. VICTORIA, I.B.V.M.

On Sunday evening, January 14th, Mother M. Victoria Brohman passed peacefully away at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, having completed forty-seven years in the Community.

Still pleasurably recalled is the vigour of this rosy cheeked, brown-eyed religious as she applied herself whole-heartedly to any assignment. Equally perfect was her accomplishment of the work in hand, whether in the laundry, or waxing and polishing, or in the sewing-room, and her excellent memory enabled her readily to repeat verses read, or conferences heard. Her generosity was constantly in evidence, and not only in helpful acts for those in need of a service but also in readiness to pray for any who asked for this favour.

Two days before the end came, she received

Extreme Unction and, during her remaining time on earth was assisted by the continuous prayers of the Community and, undoubtedly, by St. Joseph, Patron of a happy death, whose intercession she had so frequently invoked during life.

Requiem High Mass and the Libera were sung by Rev. Fr. Goodrow, Air Force and Army Chaplain, on Wednesday, January 17th. Interment took place in Mount Hope Cemetery.

May she rest in peace.



Eugene Joseph Gorman

To Mrs. Druscilla (Crow) Gorman, Loretto Alumna, and to the members of her family, Mr. Frank Gorman, Mr. William Gorman, Paratrooper George Gorman of U.S. Army, we offer our deep sympathy in the loss of their beloved son and brother, Eugene Joseph Gorman to whom tribute is paid in the following letter.

War Shipping Administration,
Washington

July 31, 1944.

Mrs. Drucilla Gorman,
4500 McMenamy Street,
Philadelphia, 36, Pennsylvania

Dear Mrs. Gorman:

By authority of the Congress of the United States, it is my honor to present to you, the mother of Eugene Joseph Gorman, the Marine's medal in commemoration of the greatest service anyone can render cause or country.

Mr. Gorman was lost when his ship, the M.S. Sunoil, was attacked and sunk by the enemy April 5, 1943. He was one of those men who today are so gallantly upholding the traditions of those hearty mariners

who defied anyone to stop the American flag from sailing the seas in the early days of this republic. He was one of those men upon whom the Nation now depends to keep our ships afloat upon the perilous seas—to transport our troops across those seas; and to carry to them the vitally needed material to keep them fighting until victory is certain and liberty secure.

Nothing I can do or say will, in any sense, requite the loss of your loved one. He has gone, but he has gone in honor and in the goodly company of patriots. Let me, in this expression of the country's deep sympathy also express to you its gratitude for his devotion and sacrifice.

Sincerely yours,

E. S. LAND,
Administrator.

To all our dear Loretto Alumnae whose hearts and whose homes have been saddened by the loss of loved ones in the war, we offer, with our deep sympathy, the assurance of our prayers for their departed; and for meritorious resignation for all the bereaved.

MISS GRACE CLAIRMONT

Leaving treasured memories of her exemplary life, Miss Grace Clairmont of Gravenhurst, an Alumna of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, departed this life on January 4th, after an illness of several months.

Miss Clairmont was organist and choir leader in St. Paul's Church, Gravenhurst, for many years, and was always active in promoting the success of parish undertakings.

Her funeral High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McGuire, Pastor; and Mrs. George Mosbaugh of Huntsville, played the organ, and sang.

To Miss Clairmont's sisters, Mrs. Hugh Ryan (Claire); Mrs. Frank Mosbaugh (Laura); and Miss Christine Clairmont; and to her brothers, Mr. Walter Clairmont, K.C., and Mr. Fred Clairmont, we extend our sympathy, with assurance of prayers for their departed one, our dear Alumna, Grace.

May she rest in peace.

MRS. BERNARD HINZMANN

The announcement of the death of a devoted Loretto Alumna, Mrs. Bernard Hinzmann, of Ponus Ridge Road, New Canaan, Pa., came as a sad shock in the last week of February.

Hilda von Sileski, before her marriage, had been a student at Loretto Abbey and later at

Loretto College, Toronto. She is remembered as one gifted with frankness and fortitude, and a constant desire to please God and bring others to a knowledge of His boundless love. One admiring friend remarked of her, "She is so brave because she has noble Polish blood in her veins," voicing the sentiments of many who knew her to be a descendant of the Polish nobility.

To her husband, Mr. Bernard Hinzmann; to their sons, P.F.C. Edwin B. Hinzmann, Radio Technician in the U.S. Army; John, St. John's Seminary, Hartford; Peter, a student at St. Francis Xavier Missionary House, Island Creek, Mass., and to their daughters, Sister Bernarda, of the Sisters of Christian Charity, Scranton, Pa.; and Miss Elizabeth Hinzmann, we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement; also, to Mrs. Hinzmann's sister, Mrs. Oscar Harrison (Angela, who also attended Loretto Abbey.)

We have united with them in their prayers for Hilda, who was a member of the 3rd Order of St. Francis, and was laid out in the 3rd Order "habit."

May she rest in peace.

BY HER GRAVE IN BONNIE BRAE

Baltimore, Maryland

For A. O'S.

When the dark is down on the trees, O Breeze,
Look up from where is the bloom of the rose,
And fragrant grass, and the violet,
A censer of blossoms and sweet aloes,
For the angels fair will be swinging it
In Bonnie Brae, by her grave, O Breeze!

When the light is over the days, O Rays,
Come swiftly from fountains empyrean;
Oh, come where the blades embalmed by the
print
Of angels' feet are stirring. They have been
In holy vigil, by the great God sent
To stand guard here in Bonnie Brae, O Rays!

And when night is past, and the day dawns
That shall reign eternal—we shall behold.
When the trumpet sounds o'er this hallowed
ground,
The quickening dust of our dear, refold
To don immortal life, impassive found,
Emparadised forever. O Blest Dawn!

—Lucile B.



1. A Loretto College group of Frosh "snowed in." 2. Frosh between drifts. 3. A group of Sophs posing. 4. Junior-Soph-Froshs Rep's. 5. We of '45. 6. Sophs enjoy 74° temp. in March. 7. We two from the Capital. 8. Practice in fencing.



**STUDENT'S ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL
1944 - 1945**

President of Sodality—Helen Read.
 Head of S.A.C. — Jean Vale.
 Head of House Committee—Jacqueline Doiron.
 Senior Representative—Helen Read
 Junior Representative—Mary Farrell
 Sophomore Representative—Helen McLaughlin
 Freshman Representative — Margaret Mary Dandeneau.
 Dramatics Representative—Millwood O'Shaughnessy.
 Debating Representative—Jacqueline Samson.
 Torontonensis—Jacqueline Doiron.
 Loretto Rainbow Representative—Sally Chiovetti
 Social Representative—Betty Solmes.

COLLEGE CAMERA

Jan. 3—Back, and settling down normally! Those term exams. tend to moderate our enthusiasm for the most active social season of the year.

Jan. 19—Initial meeting of St. Michael's College Undergrad. Philosophy Club set a precedent in the record turnout, and the spirited discussion following Rev. Dr. Phelan's Sunday afternoon lecture.

Jan. 26—Excitement at Loretto, what with "Are you nearly ready?" "Who has a pair of flat slippers?" "Does anyone know where . . . etc., etc.?" Bustle and noise excused for this time seeing it's St. Michael's Ball is the cause of it all! Everyone soothed to the perfect mood by the friendly coffee party in advance. From the first "Good evening!" to the last "Good night!" the affair was a real success.

Jan. 27—Saturday morning's silence worth noting; it meant no lectures—the morning after the night before!

Feb. 2-3-4—Forty Hour's Devotion in our College Chapel this week-end means precious moments brimmed with blessings. Thanks to our efficient organist, Meg. Dandeneau, and all those soulful voices, the choir was an inspiration.

Feb. 8—Newman Ball held at Casa Loma. A delightful evening with final note a coffee party at Newman—and, for those so inclined, another dance or two.

Feb. 15-18—Annual College retreat, with Rev. Father Daly as our welcome director. The open forum proved popular.

Feb. 22—Sister Jane Marie, O.P., addressed Loretto student body on the Liturgy. We thank Sister for the many inspiring thoughts we were able to take away with us; one was to read, after Holy Communion, the beautiful Post Communion prayers in the Missal.

March 4—Close competition for title, "Queen of the Cuisine." We have heard some boasting—but now, who wins in Newman election?

March 8—At the dinner for Dr. Cody, a really splendid affair, Jean Vale and Helen Read were our Loretto representatives. The honour of writing the students' address was given to a St. Michael's IV-year student, John Madden.

March 15—Anticipating St. Patrick's Day, we celebrated with a most attractive and satisfying repast in the library, our sweet songstress, Jacquin Doiron, favouring us with her rendition of *Mother Machree*, and *A Little Bit of Heaven*. Later in the shamrock-bedecked Common Room, we enjoyed dancing to the Wurlitzer—all the favourite records.

March 17—Good-byes to Sue Kelley, Nursing Sister Kelley—our graduate physio-therapist, who left for her new "post" at the recuperation hospital, Niagara Falls. Best of good luck for Sue!

March 18—Out to perform an annual act of charity, namely to sell Catholic Year Books for Newman Chapel.

March 23—At the Moss Scholarship Tea, the graduates of '45, of St. Michael's College—St. Michael's, Loretto and St. Joseph's—elected Jean Vale (IV English Language and Literature) as St. M's representative and candidate for the famous All University Moss Scholarship given each year to the best all round student.

March 27—Final debate—"Resolved: That the voting age be lowered to eighteen." The shield for this year goes to Senior Class; won by Jean Vale, 4T5 and Mary Farrell, 4T6.

A few of our brave freshies, heedless of certain signs that testing days are near, turn their ingenious talents to the making of spring chapeaux. At present the front corridor is making a brave attempt to steal the hat designing reputation from Old New York—and doing a good job, too!

April 8—Gay in our spring formals for the annual Junior, Senior banquet. Class will and prophecy sprightly as ever.

April 10—Freshmen entertain the Seniors royally at dinner at the Chez Patee.

Secretarial Department

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

387 BRUNSWICK AVE., TORONTO



MISS MARY BOLAND

Miss Mary Boland, a graduate of Loretto Abbey, and at present resident student in the Secretarial Department of Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, establishes record speed in Typewriting. At the end of five months Miss Boland is able to type at a speed of 62 net words a minute on a 10-minute Test.

LORETTO SECRETARIAL SCHOLARSHIP BRIDGE

April 14, 1945

The work of Mother Evangelista goes on. To finance, for another year, the Scholarship which bears her name, her graduates have planned a Scholarship Bridge to be held in the Auditorium of Loretto College School, 387 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, April 14th. The Convener for the Bridge is Miss Evelyn Henry. Assisting her are the following Committee Conveners: Publicity, Miss Kathleen Kelly; Prize, Miss Margaret Heavener; Entertainment, Miss Catherine Mallon; Refreshments, Miss Mollie Lancey.

Sketches

O VOYAGEUR!

Your eyes upon the sky, the cirrus cloud,
The movement of the breeze, the fragrant moss,
Upon the fallen trees, the trail of deep
Forest, the distant roe, the startled elk,
The pathless prairie!
Are they not well met?
O Grand Voyageur!

Your ear upon the song of cool cascade,
Whispering poplars, and breezy arching elms,
Airy, fairy staging for the choirs
Of warbling songsters from the galleries,
And 'matopoeia of your World Cathedral!
Is it not well toned?
O grand Voyageur!

Your bark upon the buoyant waterways,
O'er emerald sands and shimm'ring shadows,
Where the beckoning trees line up to hail
Your passage by the reedy shores in spring,
Bringing out their tribute in honied breath.
Of blossoming beds:
Are you not well fêted?
O Spoiled Voyageur!

Lucile B.

DAWN ON THE ST. JOHN

By REV. HUGH F. X. SHARKEY

Low hung the night, and hid all things from
view—
The river, and the hills, and city, too—
Till came the Dawn, a golden-liv'ried page,
And rang the curtain up, upon the stage,
Flooding its crimson glory on the scene,
Green-wooded hills, and silvery stream between;
A boat, a river and the verdant wood—
What Ruskin called, "the perfect
pulchritude."

A fairy water in a land of dreams,
Silent and calm and beautiful it seems,
Till with a mighty rush, and mightier roar,
Through narrow gorge, it meets the
Fundy's bore;
Churned into whirlpools 'tween those rocky
walls,
Reversing waters make the famous Falls
There is no prettier picture than when
dawn
Breaks on the shimmering waters of
St. John.

MAID OF NAZARETH

The gleaming of the morning star
Gave sparkle to her eyes;
The lovely blue that filled their depths,
Out-hued the Springtime skies.

The sunlit flowers unto her turned,
And drew her ready smile.
The zephyrs fanned her lily brow,
And whispered dreams the while.

The gentle raindrops pressed her cheeks
With kisses dewy-sweet—
Without a touch of sadness could
No beauty be complete.

And so she was a child of joy,
Of happiness, and grief—
How else could she bide near to us?
Bring humankind relief?

Kathleen A. Sullivan

THE DYING FOUNTAIN

With uplifted and intent features the crowd
watched, with eyes riveted upon the spectacle
before them. It sprang, stood for a moment,
leaped up higher, and then fell in its dying
throes. All was silent except for the patter
of the declining blue, yellow, and red waters of
the fountain.

Every night they came in hundreds, thou-
sands, to see its gorgeous splendor and then,

when the hour struck, to see it die. For many
it would shine only once, but for others the
great surges were a constant source of en-
thrallment.

None could leave without the impression
of their having stepped up to witness a majestic
sight fit for the eyes of kings.

That man could have conceived its beauty
seems fantastic, yet the proof is before us here.

The dipping of the many center streams looks like priests lifting up their hands in supplication to the central one, which stands out on the skyline. Amid the encircling darkness it lifts its head to even greater heights. Then as all things must, it falls back whence it came, and as it departs so do the others, until there is nothing left but the midnight darkness.

There is a stir from the hushed bystanders. For a second they continue to look at the spot where a minute before was such beauty. Then gradually in twos and threes they depart quietly, speaking in whispered tones as one leaves the bedside of a dead friend. There is joy instead of sadness in this, their sorrow, for they know that this death is not forever, but only for a while.

Each night the fountain's exquisite beauty will return for the weary, the care-worn, the joyful, to bring to them a thrill in the majestic colors of those leaping waters.

Virginia Drury, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

IN THE CANDLELIGHT

Great white drops of wax dropped noiselessly into their respective dishes as the heavy silver and black embroidered candelabrum, high above the dancing figures graciously permitted the reddish-orange beams of its pink candles to spread to and light up every corner of the massive ballroom. They flickered and laughed softly into the shining faces of the dancers, and their pale yellow rays reflected the soft pastel shades of the ladies' gowns. They blinked as shimmering white satin, dusty rose, and creamy lavender net sped by and melted into such a blend of color as to resemble the loveliest of all flower gardens. Dazzled by this show of color they, curious to see further, poked their little red noses into the furthest grey corner of the room and etched in vivid outlines the sombre black and brilliant gold-leaf work stretching, in a graceful wide band along the fringes of the heavy scarlet curtains which hung from the giant stage that housed the orchestra. Satisfied they swept their silver and grey shadows over the room again and chuckled gleefully at the huge, distorted figures that swiftly appeared and covered the great white arch of ceiling. But now, suddenly, they seemed to grow tired as they listened to the haunting strains of a waltz. In the midst of a startled yawn, a pink candle flickered and went out leaving only a grayish, smoky haze to

mark its place. And suddenly, as if realizing that their time, too, was almost gone, the remaining golden flames danced madly about trying to discover anything they might have missed, before the last one of them should go out. But, alas, everything below was dark and still, and grew yet darker and yet stiller as each golden flame flickered and died. With a shuddering sigh the last little candle smiled weakly toward the shadowy corner where the now colorless, dull gold leaves nestled sleepily between the dark folds of the no longer brightly scarlet curtains, and then it, too, went out and the room was suddenly bathed in the sweet, refreshing, silvery rays of the moon.

Madelyn Jacobs IX,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

MAKE BELIEVE PRINCESS

Stopping suddenly in my tracks, I stared at the young lady a moment and then I began preparing my camera to take one of my very last snapshots.

No doubt the subject of my attention thought herself well dressed and certainly she was wasting no time in letting people know it. Crowning the glory of her golden ringlets was a purple velvet, heavily veiled hat which surely must have come over on the Mayflower. Upon her dainty feet she wore a pair of silver slippers, woefully downrun at the heels and at least six sizes too large. Draped majestically about her shoulders was a motheaten red plush piano cover. She seemed particularly proud of her face, which had a bright red splash on each cheek and a jagged streak of vivid lipstick running from one ear to the other. She practically stumbled under the weight of a gold-headed cane which she pretended to swing jauntily from her slender wrist. I snapped the picture at that moment. I treasure it still, for she, my little make-believe princess, was and is the most charming three-year old I ever met.

Agatha Cole, XII, Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

THE OSTRICH

The ostrich is our largest bird,
One of our queerest, so I've heard,
Three hundred pounds, and eight-foot tall,
Its egg the size of an A-football.
Yet down goes its head deep into sand.
Such patent cowardice, can you understand?

Mary Ann Leonard, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn

MY FAVORITE SPOT—AND THE WAR

New York at last! The long anticipated journey to this vast metropolis had been the chief delicacy of my mental food for months before the trip. Now that it had begun, I strove to find out as much as possible about the city and its changes since I had last visited it—before the War. Little did I dream of the vast difference which would present itself to me.

The sight that had always fascinated me was the great New York harbor. It was still pictured in my mind's eye as it had formerly been—an array of bright ships, sails, liners in their docks, and a profusion of different colored lights. The changes the harbor had undergone during the War, fascinated me even more than the peace time picture. My recent illusions were completely shattered.

All along the Brooklyn side of the harbor, there is a beautiful drive, formerly illuminated by piercing orange fog lights which are now blacked out. As you look out over the water, all you can see, is a mass of grey, somber looking vessels enveloped in an overhanging mist. Many of these ships are from distant lands. If you look closely you can see the sailors in their foreign uniforms tramping up and down the decks. There are English, Russian, Chinese, Greek and French ships.

Let us now walk up through the park, along the water's edge to the Narrows. The Narrows is the mouth of the harbor through which all ships coming from, or going to the ocean must

pass. On our way to this spot we pass Fort Hamilton which overlooks the whole side of the harbor. As we casually glance up its grassy slopes, we find that cement pillboxes have been strongly implanted and cleverly concealed within the sides of the hill upon which the Fort is situated.

The afternoon has given away to evening, and as we watch the red sun lower itself over the waters, the whole misty harbor is silhouetted against the flaming background. We see the many Tankers, Destroyers, Freighters and Troop Ships assembled for the convoy which will leave on some near date. But there in the midst of all these grey ships, two brightly colored vessels stand out as shining stars in an overcast sky. One is a Red Cross ship filled with the wounded of some far-off battle-torn land, and the other a Swedish exchange ship, the Gripsholm, which has just returned from a journey to enemy territory with a cargo of War weary American prisoners.

At the far end of the harbor, overlooking all this, is the Statue of Liberty. As we turn to leave this impressive scene, we cast one last look upon the present grim harbor of New York. With a prayer in our hearts, we hope that the next time we view Lady Liberty she will be holding her protecting arm over a harbor where peace, happiness and bright gaiety will once more reign.

Dorothea Brodbeck, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

TO OUR MOTHER OF PERPETUAL HELP

The church bells peal out strong and clear,
And through the frosty, starlit night,
Up the steep hill to the towering church,
Come Mary's children in their plight.

Enthroned upon the altar stands,
The picture known to young and old;
"The Mother of Perpetual Help"
Whose arms the Infant Jesus hold.

The priest reads out the fervent pleas,
Of all the faithful gathered here;
"Protect our boys!" "Give peace of mind!"
Hear their petitions, Mother dear.

They call on you to give them aid—
To you so holy, pure and sweet;
O help them, Mary, fail them not
Who kneel so humbly at your feet.

Katharine Hanlon, XIII,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

COURTESY

A friendly little smile,
A thoughtful, kindly deed,
These small things are courtesy,
Of which too few take heed.

If you see a blindman
Waiting for a guide,
Do you go with him across the street,
Safe to the other side.

Or, if you know a family
Who have lost one very dear,
Do you go forthwith to visit them,
And bring a little cheer?

Well, if such things you practise,
You possess the golden key
To the pearly door of brotherly love,
Which we call courtesy.

Lois La France, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

For Better Things



The Discussion Club of the Senior Sodality, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, in a Symposium on The Papal Peace Plan. Left to right, standing: Julianne Shannon, Isobel O'Gorman, Anne M. Hogan, Marilyn Burt, Joyce Prudhomme; seated: Patricia Smith, Joan MacDonald (chairman) and Catherine Hoey.

INTRODUCTORY SPEECH

The Introduction was spoken by Miss Isobel O'Gorman who said in part:

"To-day the word peace is on every lip, and plans for a peace program are as numerous and as various as the leaves of autumn, but few have stopped to ask what is the nature of peace and why men's views on it changed with the varying fortunes of the war, or what was deemed wrong yesterday is called right to-day.

Peace, the Holy Father tells us, is not the mere absence of armed conflict, it is the fruit of justice, the tranquillity of order that comes from giving God His due and man his due. . . . A military victory over Germany will not bring peace. The state of liberated countries in Europe to-day is evidence of this fact. The

removal of the Nazi yoke has released forces of violence, in those liberated countries equally destructive to peace. Peace must be organized, planned for, worked for, and above all prayed for, if Christian civilization is to survive."

Preparation of Wrongs

Miss Marilyn Burt spoke on the first peace point, that every nation great or small, powerful or weak, must be given the right of 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.

Just as families that comprise a nation are interdependent, said Miss Burt, 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 neighbors. If an individual injures his neighbor 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.

Disarmament Needed

Miss Anna Mary Hogan spoke on the second peace point, that nations must be delivered from the slavery imposed upon them by the Race of Armaments.

Miss Hogan said that 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.

League of Nations

Miss Julianne Shannon spoke on the third peace point dealing 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 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.

On 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. It 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.

Economic Needs

Miss Patricia Smith spoke of the fourth peace point which deals with the economic needs of nations and the rights of minorities. As there is mal-distribution of wealth among individuals, so among nations there are the haves and the have-nots—that is, there are nations which have a super-abundance of land and natural resources 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. 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 first world war, immigration has been severely restricted in all countries which could be an asylum for immigrants.

States Are Persons

Miss Catherine Hoey spoke on the fifth peace point where 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. 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.

Atlantic Charter

Miss Joyce Prudhomme next spoke and made a comparison of peace programs. The Papal

Peace Program just outlined not only furnishes a basis for drawing up any peace platform, but serves as a norm by which we may value the worth of the various patterns submitted to the world. A comparison of the Atlantic Charter with the Papal Program shows many points in common. Under the heads of human rights, rights of nations and minorities in nations, economic justice and a world organization to replace the rule of force, the charter restates four of the Pope's peace points.

This Charter was hailed everywhere as a second Magna Charta which would ensure a just and lasting peace. But as time passed and victory became more assured there was a dying down of this enthusiasm and each succeeding conference saw a whittling away of some principle until the idealism of the Charter was replaced by the realism of the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals. Some two thousand years ago, an historic conference of three men, known as the second Triumvirate, was held in Rome to divide the known world into spheres of influence. The preliminary bargain struck has rendered the names of all three infamous; for the ruthless Antony demanded as his price the head of Cicero, and Octavius gave him up, although he was his faithful and loyal ally and the first to espouse his cause, while Lepidus sat supinely by. Some months ago another triumvirate held a meeting at Teheran to discuss spheres of influence, and the 20th century Antony demanded as his price the surrender of a loyal and faithfully ally—a nation this time. As history has a way of repeating itself, it is instructive to note the fate of the Roman triumvirate. Lepidus was soon squeezed out, and then a war to the death ensued between the remaining two. The world had room for only one dictator.

IDEAL FAMILY LIFE

A family is not ideal unless it is united. It is not united simply because Mom, Dad, Susie and Johnny happen to share the same roof. They should have unity in such things as religion, ideals, friends, etcetera. "Etcetera" covers a large field, as do the rest.

It is not necessary that all, from Grandpa to Susie, should have the same friends, or ideas. Each should appreciate and respect the other's choice, if it be right, and thus avoid constant bickerings about trifles.

Each member of the family must respect the

other's property. If Johnny is not around, Susie should not appropriate his cap, because it is the latest style in head-gear—and she "really must" have it! Nor should Johnny, on his side, "borrow" Susie's latest lip-stick, without leave, to experiment on it with his new chemistry set.

Obedience and good example go hand-in-hand. Both are essential in the home. If "Pop" stays out late night after night, Johnny cannot see why he may not do the same; after all, he is nearly eighteen! And Susie feels justified in grumbling because Dad won't let her go to too many parties.

Home should be a place where you can bring the "crowd," after a show—to have a "coke," without Dad's complaining grumpily about "those kids again," and Mom's marching out of the living-room at the first sight of the car.

Home should not be a place where the parents entertain all the time, leaving the children to snatch something out of the ice-box, and go to bed! It should be one where Dad might sometimes spill a few ashes, or where Johnny might occasionally dash in with mud on his boots, without causing an explosion from the "lady of the house." Oh yes! Home should be well kept, as well-kept as a place in which a happy rollicking group of children can grow up, and still not wreck the place. In it everyone is enthusiastic if Johnny gets high marks in school, or if Susie "lands" a longed-for date! Of course, there is teasing, too. Susie should be cheerful even if Johnny does not appreciate her current "interest of the moment!"

Home is where "Pop" comes in suddenly to take you on a picnic, or swimming; where everyone helps to trim the crib and the Christmas tree; where there are little joyous surprises. It is a place to have fun, to talk things over; a place where misunderstandings don't go on, but are quickly cleared up. Here, Mom's baking on a certain day may be a failure, without the shadow of "divorce" lurking because of it; and Dad may go on his annual fishing-trip without being charged with "desertion."

Many principles, many arguments come to mind. They may be discussed another day. For the present I shall only add—I know the kind of home I want, when I settle in a new one, a home like the one I've always had. I think it is my ideal.

Jean Barcant, XII,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

FINALS IN TORONTO S.S. PUBLIC SPEAKING

The C.Y.O.-Toronto and Suburban Separate School oratorical championship final was held Monday evening, April 9th, at St. Joseph's College School Auditorium.

Miss Joan Haffey of St. Brigid's School was returned the winner of the girls' contest. Her subject was "Cheerfulness." In second place was Miss Josephine Brummell of Our Lady of Sorrows School. Miss Brummell spoke on "Courtesy."

Michael Dwyer was the winner in the boys' section and is a student at St. Cecilia's School. Michael's oration was "Pope Pius XII." James Jerome, of Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, was runnerup. His subject was "School Spirit."

Other speakers, winners of district semifinals, were Lorraine Fecteau, Corpus Christi School, "Music in General," Nancy Baird, St. Thomas Aquinas School, "Winston Churchill," John Bichard, St. Thomas Aquinas School, "John Cornwell," Philip McKeating, St. John's School, "Catholic Press," Frank McKeown, St. Anthony's School, "A Plea for Vocations."

Mr. Michael L. Doyle was chairman. The judges were Rev. H. J. Fleming, C.S.S.R., Rev. Brother Alphonsus, Controller D. A. Balfour, Mr. Arthur Holmes, K.C., and Dr. Hubert Pooock, Jr. Rev. Brother Alexander was referee.

Mr. Richard Browning sang several pleasing numbers and was accompanied by Miss Joan Browning.

FINALS IN ARCHDIOCESAN S.S. PUBLIC SPEAKING

Under the auspices of the Catholic Youth Organization (C.Y.O.) of the Archdiocese of Toronto, the final contest in oratory for 7th and 8th grade pupils was held, Wednesday, April 18th, at 8.30 p.m., in Loretto College School Auditorium, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

The chairman was Rev. J. N. Fullerton, C.Y.O. Director; the judges were, Rev. Father Charles B. Lanphier, Radio Director of St. Michael's Cathedral; Mr. Henry Somerville, Co-Editor of The Canadian Register; Rev. Brother Gabriel; Mr. Ward Markle; and The Hon. Mr. Justice Roach. Rev. Brother Alexander was referee.

The several deaneries were well represented by clergy and laity.

In the girls' contest were the following, each a winner in, and representing, one of the deaneries:

Miss Josephine Brummell, Our Lady of Sorrows School, Toronto, with subject "Courtesy;" Miss Joan Haffey, St. Brigid's School, Toronto, subject, "Cheerfulness;" Miss Eleanor Conlin, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, subject, "The Red Cross;" Miss Marilyn Donnelly, St. John Bosco, Humberstone (Deanery of St. Catharines), subject "Louise de Marillac;" Rose Marie Sexton, Barrie, subject, "The Activities of our Catholic School Girl in the 20th Century."

In the boys' contest were the following, each, also, a winner in, and representing one of the Archdiocesan deaneries:

Donald Thususka, S.S. St. Catharines, subject, "The Song of Bernadette;" John Boyle, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa, subject, "John Bosco;" John McDonald, Penetanguishene, subject, "Pope Pius XII;" James Jerome, Our Lady of Perpetual Help School (Loretto), Toronto, subject "School Spirit;" Michael Dwyer St. Cecilia's School (Loretto), Toronto, subject, "Pius XII."

Each of the prepared speeches, as also each of the 2-minute impromptu speeches was such as to hold the audience in admiration.

All of these youthful orators, as recognized winners in several tests will at a later date receive awards. The first two girls selected by the judges in the finals, were:—1st, Joan Haffey; 2nd, Eleanor Conlin. The first two boys as to final judgment were: 1st, James Jerome; 2nd, Michael Dwyer.

Congratulations to all these excellent C.Y.O. orators on their splendid achievement.

HIS MOTHER

Queen of the heavens, Mother of mine,
Immaculate Virgin, purity's shrine—
His Mother.

Angels acclaim her—loveliest sight,
Mother of man, bright beacon light—
His Mother.

Free from the stain of original sin,
A heart of love for us within—
His Mother.

We honor and love her, for she is ours,
And the grace of God on us she showers—
His Mother.

Frederick F. Haley, IX,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

CHERYL'S CHRISTMAS VISITORS

Won First Prize in Contest sponsored by the Catholic Women's League, St. Joseph's Sub-division, Stratford.

Cheryl's round plump fingers were busy and nimble as she threaded the white bumpy popcorn into long strands of gay, pretend snow for the Christmas tree. The tree was in the corner next to the fireplace and the burning wood tang mixed with the outdoor sweetness of the tree's pine needles hung in gay fragrance over the room. The tree was already partly decorated and looked very colorful.

This was one of the 'most excitingest' times of the year for Cheryl, Christmas Eve, when all the dancing stars and big blobs of glass were unpacked very carefully, and then with a great amount of study and consideration were placed in their proper positions on the Christmas tree.

But things weren't quite as happy and full of laughter this Christmas Eve. In fact, there was no noise in the broad, low, living room at all, except the snap, crackle of the fire and Cheryl's little wispy quick in-and-out breathing. Cheryl sat very straight in the nobby old horse-hair chair and counted very deliberately the pieces of popcorn as she placed them on the thread.

She said, "This one is for Dan who is with the Seaforth's in England, and this one is for Gordon who is an air pilot, and this one is for Kif who is on the bounding main." She wished she hadn't thought up the rhyme because it made her feel all the more sad because her brothers were away.

It wasn't like Christmas Eve at all; no noise, nobody laughing, even if the things weren't funny. Even Mummy and Daddy had slipped away somewhere. Mummy had said, "Darling, I know it's a very dreadful thing for us to do, but we have to drive into town tonight. Don't feel too bad, Cheryl, that we won't be home for the start of Christmas Eve, because Daddy and I will hurry as fast as our old tires will allow, and be back before Christmas Eve is all over."

Cheryl had managed a weak little smile because they were always joking now about how thin the tires were getting, since the government made the order about saving rubber for the war, and she had said maybe they would meet Santa Claus who would lend them his reindeer if anything happened to the tires.

She guessed it must be some very important errand to take her parents all the fifteen miles to town and back to the farm on Christmas Eve. She couldn't remember a Christmas Eve

that they hadn't all been together, before tonight.

Cheryl's eyes began to prickle and she started quickly to count the popcorn again because she just wasn't going to let herself cry. Mummy and Daddy must have gone to see somebody sick, or something important like that.

"That's the spirit I like! Lick those tears before they start. Give them the brush off!"

A funny little fellow with a pointed nose was leaning in the window and grinning from one pink ear to the other. Cheryl just stared. The man pushed his shoulders in through the window, after his head, and nodding vigorously and with his pointed cap dancing in time with the song, he sang.

An annoyed look came into Cheryl's eyes and she was just going to say that she didn't feel like being so cheerful, when the little man raised a finger and said, "Ah, ah, don't spoil the first good impression I got!" He wagged his head and grinned again, such a friendly grin, that Cheryl did smile.

"That's good, that's good!" cried the fellow. He shoved more of his body in through the window and put a leg over the sill. "May I come in?" "Thank you, I will. I have some friends outside. May they come in too? It's a bit nippy. Frost in the air. Think we'll have a white Christmas. Thank you, they will."

By the time he had finished all those sentences he had come completely through the window, and had scurried around to the door and opened it. In trooped a very strange assortment of creatures, indeed.

First came a little black cat that walked upright; then followed a little bird who tick-tacked along on his tiny claws; then a funny little man who looked as if he must be at least a hundred years older than the first one, but who walked with a sprightly step; and at the end of the procession, was a tiny, bright, sparkling fairy.

The popcorn string fell from Cheryl's hand unnoticed. Her eyes opened wider and wider, and her mouth opened a bit, too.

"These are my friends," announced the little man with the peaked hat, in an important voice. "We don't often visit people personally. You are specially honoured."

Cheryl found her voice, for it had disappeared away inside her somewhere. "How do you do!" she gasped.

"Silly!" The little old man wagged a finger at their spokesman. "Silly, that's no way to introduce us. The child can't understand what it's all about, and I don't blame her.

You're a very blundering master of ceremonies. My dear," he bowed, "I'm sure when we tell you our names you will recognize us, for we have been written about many times. Our friend with the pointed hat," he extended his hand in a courteous gesture, "is Happy Noël. The black cat is the famous 'maestro' of the fiddle. You know, the Hey-Diddle Cat. Our tiny bird friend is Snow Bunting. Our sparkling lady is called Hope, and I am—" he coughed importantly, "I am The Man-in-The Moon, although not tonight," he explained hurriedly. "No moon tonight, you know."

"You haven't told her why we came to visit," prodded Hope.

"I'm getting to that; don't hurry me!" retorted The Man-in-the-Moon.

"Let me tell her! Let me tell her!" the snow bunting squeaked, and hopped up and down.

Then before The Man-in-the-Moon could answer, Snow Bunting went on quickly in his piping voice, "We came to give you a concert so that you'd stay cheerful; and to show you how important it is to keep on being cheerful though your loved ones are away. You see, it helps them to keep happy if you're happy."

"Oh, I see," Cheryl's voice was very low.

These little creatures gave a delightful programme which Cheryl enjoyed very much. When the programme was over Cheryl said, "This is the nicest Christmas Eve I've ever had."

"I know what you mean, too" she added, "Dan and Gordon and Kif, away overseas are doing their work, and mine is right here, helping Mummy and Daddy not to be so lonely. Dan and Gordon and Kif can do their work. So can I."

For some reason Cheryl suddenly remembered her popcorn string on the floor and bent down to pick it up. When she straightened in her chair again, her mother and father were standing in front of her laughing, and Happy, and Snowy, and Hope, and the others had disappeared.

"Cheryl, what have you been doing?" her father chuckled. "You've got popcorn strewn over the floor."

"Never mind that now," her mother called, for she had gone out of the room again. "We have some visitors for Christmas, Cheryl!" She came back with two tall young men dressed in airforce uniforms. "These are Australian boys," Cheryl's mother said, "and they are going to keep us from getting lonely, just as Dan and Gordon and Kif will be helping some family far away to celebrate. We met them at the train tonight."

Cheryl looked very solemnly at the taller airman. He had a funny pointed nose and he was grinning. "You wouldn't be called Happy, would you?" she asked.

"Could be!" laughed the airman, "could be!"

Teresa McCaffery, X,
Loretto Academy, Stratford

MY LIFE

The first thing I can remember is waking up in a huge mint, with millions of other shiny new coppers just like myself. Naturally I wanted to know what I was, where I came from, what I was used for, and many other things. I found out I was one penny and not worth much, but being of little value did not bother me,—even the little things of life count.

Life went on the same for me, until one day there was much excitement about the factory. We received word we were being shipped away. I was grabbed up by a big hand and packed in a box along with twenty-four other friends. I wondered what my destination would be. I had a long train ride and was wide awake most of the way, being very sleepless from excitement and strange surroundings. I was jostled about and moved from train to train. Finally I stopped riding on trains and changed to trucks and then at last to a big building called a bank.

The first thing at my new home, was when a distinguished old gentleman, who appeared to be wealthy, came into the bank, requiring a large sum of money, including a roll of pennies and, of course, I was among them. I was excited! This would be my first venture out into the wide world that I had heard so much about from my penny friends.

When the old man arrived at his big home in the heart of the city, he paid all his hired help their wages. A very kind lady received me, and on her way home, she dropped me into the grimy hands of a little beggar boy. He gratefully clutched poor me and ran joyfully towards home, but in his haste, I slipped out of his fingers and landed on the grass. He did not miss me, as he kept on running. Oh! how I wished then, to be able to speak, so I could have called to him to come back for me. He needed me so badly! Luck wasn't with me, because I lay there mournfully for days and nights, wet and cold at times, while at other times I would be hot and dry. Everything was so changeable.

Finally on a very damp day, a passerby,

walking on the grass to avoid a puddle, accidentally kicked me and I rolled across the sidewalk and away out into the middle of the road. I landed face down, right in the centre of a mud puddle. A car came past just then and drove over me. I was thankful I was already flat as that car was heavy. I stuck to something sticky on the back tire and rode for quite a distance in that terribly uncomfortable position. At last I fell off and a tiny girl picked me up, from where I had rolled into the gutter. Not knowing the value of money, she threw me into the river after wrapping me up in a piece of paper. All the time dropping through space I wondered what was in store for me next. I soon found out; it happened all too

quickly! I was gulped up by a fish that was swimming around in the water.

Not long after my captor was caught in a net, and taken to a kitchen where he was cleaned out. I was discovered. Then I heard the cook burst out with a cry of joy.

"This is just the penny I've been looking for to put in my coin collection!"

And that is where I am now, living a very quiet life, where I carefully relate the incidents of my life to each newcomer to the collection.

Rita Butler, Grade X,
2nd Prize Essay Contest
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A GRECIAN MYTH

Pygmalion saw so much to blame
In women, in his life—
He scorned them, and resolved forthwith
To live without a wife.

He was a sculptor, and had carved
A maid whose beauty dazed,
So real it was, so true to life,
Beholders were amazed.

His admiration for his work
Soon ripened into love;
The ivory statue was to him
A goddess from above.

The festival of Venus came,
A celebration rare;
The altars smoked while victims burned,
And incense filled the air.

Pygmalion solemnized the rites,
And to love's goddess prayed,
"Oh, Venus great, give me for wife
One like my ivory maid."

And Venus gracious to his wish,
Silenced his wistful sigh;
Lo, as her token of assent,
Thrice, altar flames shot high.

Pygmalion hastened to his home.
His hopes, with doubts, now strive—
He touched the object of his love.
Behold! She was alive!

Virginia Barry, XI,
Loretto-Woodlawn.

SPRING

Velvet pansies from sheltered nook,
And violets purple I also took;
Pansies for "Thought"; violets, "Be true;"
I hopefully kiss them and give to YOU.

Vivienne Carlson, XI,
Loretto, Woodlawn.

MY HOME

I'd like to see the wide world far,
The desert and the plain;
Be guided by the evening star
And feel the cooling rain.

I'd like to see the ocean blue,
The turbulent sea's high tide;
Go galloping through meadows too.
A fiery steed I'd ride.

I'd like to climb a mountain peak
With jagged, ragged rocks.
I'd like to go and treasure seek;
And chop a granite block.

And then while looking for my gold,
I'd search for buffalo;
Like an Indian hunter bold.
I'd like to go — but oh!

Away from home as I would be
I'd soon, soon come to see
How very much it means to me—
My Home!

Joanne Budill, IX,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago

ACCEPTED

I've waited oh, so long, my dear,
These sweet and simple words to hear.
I'll love the valleys, groves and fields,
And all the beauty nature yields.

I'll love to watch the sheep each day;
The way they jump, and race, and play,
And with that gown that's made for me
There will a happy wedding be.

So, soon I'll come to be thy love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, high hill, or field
The woods or steepy mountains yield.

Mary Romita, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

AN OLD EXERCISE BOOK

While mother and I were spring cleaning the attic last week I happened to find an old exercise book that I had used years ago. I started to glance over it hurriedly, not thinking much of it then, but in a few minutes I became intensely interested in it.

As I continued to look through my book, I suddenly realized that it was not really the work in the book that I enjoyed as much as the beautiful memories it brought back to me. There pictured in my mind were all my school mates—freckled face Susie; blonde, curly-haired Bobby; aggravating Tom; pig-tailed Cathie, and many other very interesting persons.

Now my mind wandered back to one day before school began. The crowd was having a pleasant conversation about parties, and events that happened the night before, when Bob suddenly changed the subject, telling us that when he was older he wanted to be a doctor. Poor Bob would have made a fine doctor, I'm sure, if his country hadn't needed him before he could go to University. Bob was killed in action overseas.

As for Susie, she wanted to be married and have a little family, two boys and two girls. Susie now, lives in Toronto with her little family, and her husband is in the Navy in the South Pacific.

Aggravating Tom was the life of our class. He never did say very much, but his actions made up for his lack of words. I wonder what happened to him? He went out of town two years ago and I've never heard of him since. I suppose he, too, must be in the Armed Forces.

Now, last but not least is Cathie. She never said much either, but she always had many serious thoughts in her mind. She loved travelling and seeing things, but yet she always wanted to be a nurse. Just recently I heard from her, and she is a Red Cross nurse doing very important work helping to cheer and aid the sick and wounded, on the front lines, and in the hospitals, overseas.

As I turned over another page of my book I saw some names written down. These took me back to another but more humorous incident.

We were just silly-minded teen-agers, but we had a lot of fun out of it.

Well, there was going to be a formal dance held at the closing of the school year, and our crowd decided we wanted to go too. It was to be our first formal party and I was to go with Bob, Cathie with Tom, and Susie with another

boy she knew. We found out about the party a week before it was to be held. The night we found out about it I rushed home to ask Mom if I could go? What colour dress I should wear? What colour shoes? Hair ribbon? When Mom calmed me down a bit, she asked me when and where this great party was to be. When I explained to her and kept telling her that the other girls could go, although it took a lot of coaxing, she finally gave in. The next night we went looking for dresses, but none seemed to suit, so we bought some light blue taffeta material and a very pretty pattern, and Mom said she was going to make one for me, to save a lot of fuss and worry.

The day before the party Mom had finished my party dress and on the night of the party when I put it on, it just looked beautiful. I was the happiest girl in the world. When I was putting on the last finishing touches the door bell rang, and mother brought me a beautiful corsage of roses. Bob had sent it.

A few minutes later the door bell rang again, and it was Bob. I was so nervous and excited I didn't know what to do. When I came down stairs Bob was standing at the bottom. We stared at each other then Bob said "hello," but I was too excited to answer him. Then the conversation began.

A few minutes later we left for the party. When we reached there we met all our friends, talked for awhile, and then began to dance. We danced for about three hours, stopping now and then for something to eat.

Afterwards we decided it was the most exciting and thrilling party we had ever attended.

As I close the cover of my book I set it back where I found it, thinking that if I ever get lonely I can always come and turn some more of its pages. What beautiful memories can be found in an old exercise book!

Mary Reinhert, X,
3rd Prize. Loretto Academy, Stratford.

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LUGGAGE

Luggage is a necessity, yet the greatest nuisance when travelling. It is always too heavy, bulging with unnecessary belongings. Then you must get it before you or behind you when going through narrow doors. Once on the train, it doesn't fit under the seat and it is too heavy to put up on the rack, so it is simply set where the feet should be, and the feet do the best they can for comfort. Thoroughly exasperated you are determined next time to have your baggage checked.

On your next trip you are luggage free. It has been checked. You'll now travel at ease, but that baggage ticket must not be lost. You put it away in your little book of addresses. That's a safe place, and you are sure to remember it's there. The little black book is tucked away in the bulging purse. Then leaning back with a sigh of relief you fall asleep.

A sudden noise and the rush of people awaken you. The train has stopped. Goodness, this is where you get off! Once off the train, like other folk you elbow your way through the crowd to the baggage room. Oh, yes, your ticket. Now, where did you put it? Was it in

the billfold? No. It isn't there. You remember you put it away carefully, but where? Maybe in your compact. Not there either. And you can't get your luggage without your ticket!

You become frantic. You search through your purse excitedly, again and again, moving the precious address aside several times to look in other envelopes.

As a last resort you go to St. Anthony, promising him thirteen "Glory Be's" in thanksgiving upon finding the ticket. You take hold of yourself for a minute and concentrate. The address book! Why, yes, that's where you put it! Radiating smiles, you become the happy possessor of your bulging brown burden.

A taxi is waiting. Thank goodness! It is a man driver, so that he may relieve you of this weight.

Upon arriving at your destination, you agree with yourself that travelling would be much simpler and more pleasant without luggage. But then, isn't St. Anthony getting thirteen "Glory Be's" for which he can say thanks to luggage this time?

Floreda Savoie, XII,
Loretto High, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

FOR VICTORY

Dear Lord, it's I down here again—
I have begun another year.
I failed in the last so miserably,
Yet here I kneel without a fear.

To be afraid of You would hurt;
It is not fear I feel, but shame.
Let me amend my faults this term;;
Let me gain victory, in Your Name!

Give me the strength I need, O Lord,
As once again the school-bells ring,
To keep this pledge: "I'll do my best
In every class, for Christ, the King."

Agatha Cole, XII, Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

OUR LADY OF LORETTO

Our dearest Lady, dressed in white,
With a girdle of blue around,
A beautiful rose upon that foot,
Which crushes Satan to the ground.

Thine eyes which are of celestial hue,
Like pools of trembling waters,
Filled with mercy and piety, too,
Gaze fondly upon thy daughters.

Grant to us, thy virtues rare,
O Queen in heavenly attire;
Protect us with thy loving care,
Which never shall expire.

Sadie Hopkins, IX,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

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FISHING THROUGH THE ICE

Upon looking across St. Mary's River at Six Mile Point on a winter night one would be amazed at the number of lights he would see. These would not be from a window, but rather as if covered by fog on the ice itself. It is true the light is on the ice but the covering he would see is merely more ice. These long slabs of ice are placed around a lantern for protection from the wind.

Whence comes this ice? Well, it had been cut from a spot a few feet in front of where it now stands but this spot is now covered with a fish-shack.

Fish-shacks are from four by six, to nine by twelve feet, built of light material, usually slats and tarpaper with some boards for reinforcements. The floor is always made of good strong wood. A small shack is very simple and usually contains only the necessaries, that is, a small stove, a couple of boxes for seats, and at one end a hole through the floor over the spot where the ice had been removed. A large shack is ordinarily very modern and contains the comforts of life. Like the other it has a stove, but a little larger, a covered hole or one with a rail around it, and contains a bunk, table and chairs. You might say, "Why furnish the shack, you go there to fish, don't you?"

Yes! you go there to fish, but a wise fisherman knows the fish only run at certain times, and there are periods, from about seven to eight in the evening and from about three to four in the morning, that the fish seem to be sleeping, at least they are not swimming. So, why not enjoy yourself? A lunch at this time is very desirable; cards are enjoyable, so is a radio, so too, is a cot. After such a period of recreation the lantern is again placed behind the shack and the fishing hole opened; the fishermen come to a sudden hush and wait patiently, each with the cord from the spear around his wrist.

The spear that is used for small fish, such as herring or white fish, is about nine inches long with ten prongs, the two centre ones facing each other; it is made of lead and fastened to a handle. From the end of the handle a cord is extended which is tied to the fisher's wrist. The spear for large fish such as a muskellange is made on the same principle, but instead of ten prongs it has three or six which are larger and further apart.

A good fisherman takes certain precautions, such as preventing ice from forming on the

ends of the prongs; seeing that the safety cord is strong enough, and that it is free from tangles when ready to be used; clearing away any snow from near the lantern so that the light will penetrate through the ice and attract the fish. He must keep cool so as not to throw the spear before the fish has cleared the ice edge as he might dull the prongs and at the same time lose the fish.

Having for its objective, food, fishing through the ice is great fun. To me, the sight of the village on water means joy, anxiety, and disappointments, but at any rate plenty of excitement.

Mary Guillard,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

SECURITY

To have, to hold,
To venerate,
To give our lives,
To keep them still unstained,
To mind not even pain,—
Or even death.

Such is the pledge
We hold, to keep,
A sacred trust.
Still onward must we go;
Still must we crush the foe—
Our direful sins.

We'll keep the Faith;
We'll trust in God;
We'll love all men;
God watches over all.
With Him, we'll never fall—
But bravely win.

Agatha Cole, XII,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

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THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

The bright lights and bustling activity of Union Station, Chicago, was a startling contrast to the dusky, rainy atmosphere through which the Twentieth Century Limited — New York, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago—had been rolling since early morning. The big train glided to a stop, and the tired passengers eagerly alighted, the prospect of warm food bright before them.

"Yes, sir, two hours before the Super Chief leaves;" the porter answered the young man in the raincoat and dark hat, who, murmuring his thanks, jumped from the steps of the train and headed for the exit.

Out in the rain-swept street he hailed a passing taxi, gave an address to the driver, and settled back on the cushions. He watched the downpour through the rain-spattered window, but only with his eyes. His mind was occupied with a problem. He wondered why he should feel so sick and scared, and told himself that after all, it was only his brother he was going to see. Big Bill Ryan! One of the most powerful men in the Middle West. At present, he was owner and president of the Ryan Shoe Company.

"Here ya are, bud!" the cabby halted the taxi before a large gray building on which was an iron plaque reading:

WILLIAM RYAN SHOE CO.
FOUNDED 1938

His passenger, after noting this carefully, gave the driver a dollar bill and left the cab. Pushing past the revolving doors of the building, he gazed appreciatively at the scene before him.

Big business was in the air. Men and women accustomed to its power and force milled about busily, while giving to the casual observer only the evidence of their knowledge and dexterity.

Walking to the large Information Desk in the centre of the room, the young man inquired in a deferential manner:

"Could you, please, tell me where Mr. Bill Ryan's office is?"

The woman, a product of the business world, answered mechanically: "Third floor, fourth door to your left. The elevator is on your right."

Thanking her, he went to the elevator and instructed the operator to take him to the third floor. A debate was going on in his mind as the cage arose. "I should tell him about the eight years that have passed since he left Elmville. Mother and Father asked me to." Then his shoulders sagged and his brown eyes were

tired. "But if he doesn't understand, and tries to—oh, if I could only come to a decision."

He settled his hat more firmly on his head, buttoned up his raincoat, and stepped from the elevator as the door opened. His hands were clammy, but his shoulders were set and his eyes calm as he turned the knob of the door marked simply, "William Ryan, President."

The secretary near the inside door said hastily: "I'm afraid you can't go in, sir, unless you have an appointment." She waited expectantly. "What is your name?"

The young man paused, and stated apologetically: "I haven't an appointment, but my name is Francis Ryan and I—"

He stopped abruptly as the inside door opened, and a large man in a gray suit stepped out, and addressed the secretary:

"Miss Parker, Johnson called and I want you to—." He noticed the man in the raincoat. "Frank! old Frank! What are you doing here?" he cried, and grasped the other's hand with a genuine smile of welcome.

"Hello, Bill! I'm here between trains and thought I'd drop in. I have something important to tell you—."

"Come in, come in!" Big Bill drew his brother into the small, comfortable room that was his study. There was a striking difference between the two, Francis tall and young, and carrying himself with the assurance and eagerness of youth, Bill partially bald, with the breezy, loud manner of the typical executive.

"I can't stay very long, Bill. Just long enough to renew acquaintance." Francis seated himself in a big chair, after gently refusing to remove his raincoat and motioning away a cigarette.

Big Bill lit one, and eyed his brother paternally.

"It's been eight years, Frank. A lot of water gone under the bridge since. How're the folks? How's the old town?"

He listened patiently to a detailed description of the town and the friends he had known. Francis finally decided to tell his brother the news that had caused him such a mental struggle. He cleared his throat and started to speak, but was interrupted by Big Bill, who asked in an unusually quiet manner:

"And how is Susan Miller, Frank? Do you and she still go to church together? You two were always so fond of doing that." After a pause, he added: "You married her, I imagine."

Francis lowered his gaze swiftly.

"No, sir, I didn't. Mother and Father, and

the whole town expected you to marry her. But then you went away, and promised never to return until you became rich. Susan's never married, and I don't think she will."

He was startled to see his brother rise hurriedly to his feet.

"You know well why I didn't want to marry her—or any Catholic! I wouldn't want her to embarrass me in front of my friends. I wouldn't last here very long if I had, anyway." His tone had been angry, but then it softened. "You see, boy, they're fussy that way."

While he was speaking, Francis's hand had unconsciously strayed to his throat, and he seemed to come to some decision. Then he drew his hand down abruptly and said slowly: "I had forgotten it is a drawback in business—or, is it?"

Big Bill dismissed the matter with a wave of his hand and said: "The folks never wrote very much about *you*. What have you been doing with yourself? Have you a good job? If you haven't I could fix it—."

Francis laid a hand on the other's arm, while praying inwardly for his return to the Faith:

"No, thank you, Bill. I have a job. One I've wanted all my life." His eyes were bright.

"Good! good! Just so you're settled. But if you and the folks ever need me, I'll be here."

Francis knew Bill would keep a promise. He had done so ever since he had run away from Elmville and gone to the big city to make good. Francis was glad of the assurance that he could leave his parents in such capable hands. His brother had not changed. He was still eager to help others, even in the press of business. All would yet be well with his soul.

The sound of the grandfather's clock on the mantel, striking six, aroused the two from a kind of lethargy into which they had fallen.

"I'll have just a half hour to make my train!" Francis exclaimed, jumping up and taking his hat. The big executive clapped his brother on the back.

"I'll not forget this little visit for a long time, Frank," he murmured. "You've brought a little of the old town into my crowded day." He sighed. "It's like turning the clock back. For an hour I've almost been a boy again."

As they walked to the door, he turned to Francis: "Frank, I've been talking so much that you didn't have a chance to tell me that important something you had on your mind. What is it, lad?"

Francis gave his brother a long, steady look.

"I've changed my mind about that, Bill. It was something you said. Besides, I'm sure it will keep," He added to himself, "—for a long, long time, I hope."

They clasped hands warmly and Francis, with a parting: "The folks will be glad to hear about this," left the room.

Walking down the corridor toward the elevator, his step was light and his heart free from care. Smiling, he unfastened his raincoat collar, and touched the small, round, white one at his throat. He was content; a whole new, wonderful life was before him. As he entered the elevator, Father Francis Ryan thanked God for that brief interview with Bill.

Marilyn Jacobs, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

IN HIS OWN TIME

Regarding not whate'er may be
Betwixt a man and his soul,
Death, the Reaper, comes in his time,
And he needs must take his toll.

And no man's life is a constant thing
Whatever the paths he has trod,
For every step that a man may take
Leads him to, or away from, his God.

And every thought that a man may think
Brings him closer to heaven, or hell;
Thus he lives step by step, or he dies step by step,
And no one but he can tell

Whether his soul soars homeward paths
Or drifts to a desolate goal—
But Death, the Reaper, comes in his time,
And needs must take his toil.

Eileen Bishop, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

THE SEASONS

When robins chirp we know it's spring,
The world takes on a lively ring,
The trees dress up in leaves so gay,
To welcome flowers on their way.

When winds blow hats across the bay,
We know that summer's on its way,
All nature is again in bloom,
Alas! it's over all too soon.

When corn stalks stand upon the field,
And farmers bring in goodly yield,
We feel the wind with Autumn chill
Come blowing past us on the hill,

When Jack Frost bites us on the nose,
And cuddly bears in sleep repose,
We know that winter's here to stay,
But we look forward to next May.

Patricia Durkin, X,
Loretto High School, Englewood.

STILL ON THE RECORD

It was a drizzling day in early March. The welcome rain had given me a chance to wear my new raincape for the first time. It was a sweet little cape and I was proud of it. The thin green rubber was cleverly designed to make the youthful wearer look like a character out of a story-book. Only one thing about it bothered me; I had an almost unconquerable desire to punch a hole in it. However, I knew it would be wrong, and for a time the temptation was conquered.

School was out for the day, and it was still raining. I stayed on, remembering that my mother had told me she would drive over for me if it were still raining. To break the monotony of silence while waiting, I began talking to Frances Nolan, a little girl in my room in school:

"Is your mother coming with the car to get you?"

"No, we haven't a car!"

"Oh, you're going to take the bus, are you?"

"No, I forgot the money Mommy gave me."

Remembering what my mother had taught me about kindness, I offered the most polite invitation I could think of on such short notice.

"You want a ride with me?"

Frances' eyes lit up. She liked me. She

said she just loved my long, dark hair; hers was so light and short. She was ever so glad of my invitation.

While driving home, I decided to do a little smart act—and so, I punched a hole in my raincape. My mother soon noticed it, and exclaimed: "Why, Angela, dear, what has happened to your raincape?"

Oh, how selfish, how cowardly, how criminal I was!

"Frances did it," I answered. "She punched a hole in the rubber."

Poor Frances! She looked at me with such sadness and disappointment. She had been wrongly blamed, yet she did not say a word.

A month passed. I purposely avoided her. I was really afraid to meet her; however, after a time I was not obliged to make the effort, for she had gone. They had moved away.

After a year, I could bear it no longer. I told my mother the whole story, and was forgiven by her, but still I was powerless to tell Frances, not knowing where she now lived.

All this happened nine years ago, and I have not seen her again. Probably I shall never see her—till after I die. Until then I shall have remorse. Another has suffered innocently for my guilt.

Angela Battaglia, IX,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

TO THE "STAR OF THE SEA"*

O Mary, our Mother, the Mother of all,
Help us and guide us, lest we fall.
Your name, O sweet Mary, is a help to me,
I plead for your care, on bended knee.

This is my prayer in the morning's dawn.

I have tried, O Mary, under thy care
This day, all my burdens to bear,
And now, O sweet Mary, I give to thee
My thanks for thy help in guiding me.

This is my prayer when day is gone.

A garland of roses, O Mother dear,
With lilies among them, and here
A tear, that dropped, from the eye of one
Who feels so ashamed, of all wrong done.

These I offer to thee, and in my heart is a song.

"I love thee, dear Mary,
Star of the Sea."

Elaine Lefnesky, XI,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

O MARY, QUEEN OF PEACE

O Mary, Queen of Peace, listen to my prayer
Bring this world to peace, under thy guiding care.
Bring home our boys—home from those wars abroad;
Let them live and prosper 'neath the rule of God.

Let our gallant airmen forget now their burning
planes;

Soothe their battered memories and excruciating
pains;

Hover near them, Mary, guard their weary souls;
Protect, watch over all of them, from Mexicans
to Poles!

The sailors of our nation know the vastness of the
seas;

Let them, Mary, also know the vastness of your
pleas;

Blood and salty water are the things they daily meet,
So, hover near them, Mary, with a mother's care,
so sweet.

Our soldier boys are fighting, the Union Jack
unfurled;

They know that by their sacrifice, they'll build a
better world.

Then intercede for them we pray; and end this awful
strife;

Bring thou the world, dear Mother, to the Christian
way of life.

Nancy Goetz, XII,
Loretto Academy, Guelph

*This poem won first prize in a poetry contest held in the school, sponsored by the Literary Committee of the Sodality as a preparation for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

GREEN TO WHITE

"Green and gold are the fields of peace,
Red are the fields of war,
Black are the fields when the cannons cease,
And white forever more."

See this field over here! No, not that one, this one to the left; the field with the army of green corn marching through it; the tassels of gold opened to the breeze; the field of golden sunlight, with the little green weeds pushing up between the rows. You can almost smell the greenness of that field, and the sun tastes fresh in your mouth, like a new stick of peppermint. Isn't it peaceful here? The chug of a distant tractor and the hustle—bustle of the wind in the corn are the only sounds. I know what your thoughts are as we stand here. As you watch this field, you are thinking, "Nothing will ever change this wonderful place. I could return tomorrow, or next year, and everything would be the same, even to the purr of that tractor over yonder".— But you are wrong. Everything in this world changes, and this field must also.

(Two years later)

Look at your beautiful field now. Look, and then cringe at the red blood upon it, the sudden

flashes of red as bullets leave guns, the red crosses on the medical kits, the blood-shot eyes of thousands of boys, weakening from the loss of their own red blood, red, red, red! Oh, dread sight shall I ever stop seeing red? My eyes turn heavenward, for relief in the black night, but even the sky is ablaze with the red of distant towns burning. I fling my arms across my eyes, but still that dreadful color remains. I fall sobbing to the ground.

No relief! You thought this field would never change—but they changed it, didn't they? And your tractor, where is it now and the green and gold corn rustling in the wind—I do not see or hear it. All that I hear is the scream of shells, the scream of boys when the bullet hits, the scream of their buddies as they bend over them.

(Afterwards)

And now the battle is over. Look at the charred bodies. The war has upturned the earth of this field and sown it with the dead, even as the farmer had planted his corn—but differently. In this field nothing will ever grow again. Those blackened bodies will remain there until, in place of stalks of corn, neat white crosses shall be erected in memory of heroes.

Helen Biety, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

INVOCATION

Mother dear, watch over him,
Now while he's "over there;"
Keep him safe from harm untold;
Watch over him with care.

He's just a boy, but he steers his plane
With a sure and steady hand,
Through many a troubled alien sky,
O'er many an alien land.

If he be called to pay the price
Which often must be paid
By many a brave and eager youth
In many a daring raid,

Be with him then, O Mother dear,
Receive his final breath,
And fold thy mantle over him,
When he lies cold in death.

Then bring him home to Heaven
Where angel choirs sing,
And be his guide, and refuge
In the presence of the King.

This I ask, dear Mother,
For one who still must dare;
Patroness of fliers,
Watch over him with care.

Katherine Hoey,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

MARY, OUR LADY, OUR MOTHER

Mary, Mistress, Star of the Sea,
List to the prayers we pour forth to thee:
For our Faith, our country, and those we love,
Deliver our prayers to the Lord above.

In the midst of sorrow, suffering and woe,
Petition Dear Jesus, Whom we all love so;
These prayers we offer on suppliant knee,
To the Almighty, Who made men to be free.

Mary, Mother, our dear hope through life,
Help us to bear all sorrow and strife,
That one day, united we all may be,
With Him Who created the earth, sky, and sea.

Elaine Hinds,
Commercial Class, Loretto, Guelph

COURTESY

In actions, in speech, in manners, and dress,
Courtesy is somewhat like a caress;
It makes no difference to whom it belongs;
It has often served to right serious wrongs.

A queen shows her courtesy in every act—
Do we not know this is a recognized fact?
Then, why couldn't we more than once in awhile
Adopt as our own this right Royal style?

Mary Lou McGregor, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

CROSS WORDS

Quite unconsciously people give a reprimand or a few sharp words, whether or not they mean them is not important for the chances are they are only of the moment.

What is under discussion, really, is the possible effects that those sharp words have on our fellow men. The easiest way to explain is by way of a practical example.

To decide which person is responsible means only a circle, on and on, endlessly.

Mr. Powers got up in the morning feeling at peace with the world in general, but Mrs. Powers scolded him merely for getting up late. (Why she was "at outs" is still another story.) Our "poor" man went to the office very glum and no sooner was he inside when he roared at the office boy for leaving some papers on his desk. The fellow got angry and when he went down to lunch to meet his pal, his bad humor began to tell. He told his friend that he was a "fool" to take Marion out. In reality, the friend liked the girl and had nothing against her.

He now left in a huff, and that evening, his last in civilian life, he called for Marion. Before the two were together ten minutes he said, "Why did you have to wear that hat? You know I hate it."

Marian was quite hurt because it had been one of his favorites, but for the sake of being congenial and patriotic on his last night, she didn't say anything. The impolite words had left an impression nevertheless. The result was that she had an argument with her mother when she got home. And in the morning her dad received a "calling down" from his wife. So he went to the office with a day similar to Mr. Powers'.

It seems highly improbable that this little narration is true, but actually it is an example of how those thoughtless, rude words you said today will travel,—travel like a disease.

What? You have taken a resolution? That's good!

Lois Rogers,
Loretto High School, Englewood

Bought the dress, the hat, the bid;
Got my shoes and gloves of kid;
Telephoned and got my date;
He replied, "It's rather late!"
But he's going! I'm in a trance—
For tomorrow night's the L.A. Dance!

Jacquelyn Marquardt, XI,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

CREAMPUFF

Apprehension fairly bursting from him, the young inexperienced salesman shrank into the porch corner as, with a surly growl the Boston Bull advanced upon him. In vain did the poor fellow try to shout for aid, in vain did he try to pacify the ugly monster. Frantically he searched his pockets, hoping against hope to find something with which to satisfy the dog which, evidently, was determined that nothing would do to save the tender flesh of his terrified victim. Already he had circled his quarry twice and now was advancing for the kill. The salesman got one glimpse of sharp teeth and shut his eyes as he made a rapid act of contrition. A minute passed—no bite. Finally he dared to pry open his eyes. Coming up the walk was the lady of the house with the Bull dog prancing around her feet. "I hope you weren't afraid of dear little Creampuff," she gushed, "he's as harmless as a fly." But the reprieved salesman, already a half block away, could only mutter "Creampuff? Deliver me from creampuffs!"

Agatha Cole, XII,
Loretto High School,
Sault Saint Marie, Michigan

A REJECTION TO MARLOWE'S
PASSIONATE SHEPHERD

Your Love, good sir, I cannot be;
Your talk does not appeal to me,
Those valleys, groves, and fields, and hills
For me don't hold the least of thrills.

So you may sit all by yourself,
Or choose someone disdainful self,
By shallow rivers, I would tire.
Melodious birds lure not, good sire.

I do not wish a bed of roses,
I much prefer my nylon hoses,
A cap of flowers and pretty kirtle
Are more for girls like May and Myrtle.

A gown I wish of silk or satin—
Not wool that looks like cotton batten,
And those lined slippers for the cold
Much warmth I fear they would not hold.

The man I choose will not be poor;
All o'er the world we two will tour,
You see now why I turn from you
Even though on bended knee you sue.

The songs and dance would come too soon
F'or I wake not till afternoon,
Again you see, dear shepherd, why
To you myself I can not tie.

Teresa Thompson, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

AMENDMENT

Editor's Note—The L.C.S. Latin teacher received, an original, prettily decorated Easter booklet bearing on front cover a coy "bunny" with pink and blue neek-bow, and the following appeasive lines. Although anonymous, evidence, circumstantial and other, proves Ruth Maden to be the artist and poet.

In Fairy Tales, 'tis often said,
Loretto girls are not well read,
For often they neglect to buy
A Latin book—and when asked why

They say :

"O Sister dear,
I sadly fear
No Latin book have I,
For rather than pay the fifty cents
I borrowed the girl's across the fence—
I thought I'd just slide by."

Those words I'd used ;
She said, "You'd better get a book,"
And she gave me then an oft-seen look.
Trembling, and blushing, I ventured to say,
"O Sister, I'll get one right away!"

She said, "The holidays are near ;
You can ask the Easter Bunny, dear ;
For the Easter Bunny is usually kind
To those like you—she meant 'weak in mind'—
He'll bring one if you ask him, dear,
And then you'll pass the exams this year."

Home I went, and made a request—
To give the Bunny a final test—
And when I awoke on Easter morn
I felt no longer quite forlorn,

For there beside my bed I found
On the floor—where it belongs—
A little, dark green Latin book ;
And I intend to have a look
To see what Ovid and Livy can do
To win baek now a friend—like you.

COURTESY

Courtesy, a gift from God.
You will find it not so odd
To give a little friendly nod
When passing on the street.

Do give a pleasant smile or two,
A twinkle in your eyes of blue ;
So much politeness can do for you
To win a lasting friend.

Ruth Maden, XII
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

ONE MORE DEAD

Prone on the battlefield,
'Midst the dead,
The droning of fighter planes
Over his head,
The soldier lay dying,
Weak and blind,
Alone in his darkened world,
Trying to find
Some bright spark of hope,
Some least ray of light,
Some feeling of joy, to
Pierce his black night.

But the King of Kings knows
He is weary and worn,
He knows the dire perils
Of one so forlorn ;
So in His great mercy His
Angel He sends,
And o'er the wan brow
Heaven's messenger bends.

He raises him up from the
Horror and mud,
And the frightening pool of
His own red blood ;
And he leads him out of this
World of strife,
To the glorious peace of Eternal life.

So there on the battlefield,
One more dead ;
But higher than fighter planes
Over man's head
His spirit looks down
From heaven above,
Enriched with the glory of
God's great love.

Joyce Prudhomme,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights

COURAGE

Courage is a virtue which we all admire, and it is found not only in the Victoria Cross winners of war-days who perform deeds of valour, or in the man who dashes into the flames to save a child. It exists in every person, in some small way or other. You may ask how it is revealed in the average individual. Well, every man and woman alive has a supply of it when occasion offers. It may be the courage a woman shows upon entering into marriage. It takes a brave heart, I think, to face the future with one person for life-mate. It may be the courage a girl reveals when she leaves her family and friends to enter the cloister. And, to apply it to ourselves, it takes courage to remain in every night and study when we should rather be doing almost anything else. Yes, I think that everyone possesses courage, whether aware of it or not, and so is deserving of admiration from some quarter.

Jane Thornton, XI,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue

HOW I CATCH MY DINNER

As Told by a Spider

During the day when I find that I am hungry, I usually go to my storehouse and take out a fresh juicy fly. As it was yesterday I finished the very last one, the pangs of hunger have increased until now I find myself in desperation. Shall I have to end the day in starvation? No, not that, for just outside my lair I see a young, tender fly. Oh! what a morsel! Here he comes just a little closer. Now he's gone. Perhaps I can coax; I'll tell him of the sugar I have in my cupboard and the fruit just ready to eat. I hear him buzzing at the door. I've told him, and he seems to be weakening, but he won't enter. He needs just a little more temptation, I'll show him the sugar, then he'll come in. He sees it. Come my little pet, just a little closer, one more inch, and you will have the sugar and I, I shall have you. Now I have you, you silly fly, and I shall not have to starve to-day.

Jennie Simone, X,
Loretto High School, Toronto

MY CAPTURE AND HOW I ESCAPED

As Told by a Fish

Early one morning the sun was dancing and sparkling on the rippling blue waters while water spiders darted and played among the waving brown bulrushes.

As for myself I was taking a pleasure swim while on the lookout for my breakfast.

Suddenly, involuntarily, I was jerked from the water. The figure was perpetually dragging me while winding the string. I knew if only I could get my mouth loose from the treacherous hook I would be free. But it was impossible.

The rod was attached to a stanchion on the starboard of a red and white launch; the sun was dazzling on her deck.

My stamina practically gone I jerked with a mighty pull, but without success. I was pulled from the water. My last chance of escape was gone.

Lying on the deck, with only a few minutes to live, I clearly visualized a small boy, perhaps the cabin boy, coming toward me. He turned and opened a porthole. Seizing my last chance I charged at the opening. I don't to this day know quite how it happened, but, I was free, free again.

Patricia Cameron, X,
Loretto High School, Toronto

THE HOUR I LIKE BEST

As Told by a Church Bell

The first rays of the early morning sun heated my metal body and dazzled my eyes. Hazy, I watched the huge glowing globe climb high, while the sky became tinted with a deeper hue of blue, and the light, fluffy clouds began anew their endless promenade across the sky. From my vantage point atop the church steeple I could see the daffodils nodding their sunny heads in the rustling breeze. The world was slowly awakening, and soon I would begin my business for the day.

An hour later, still dreamily contemplating the landscape, I was awakened from my reverie by the footsteps of my keeper. Looking toward the door, I watched the old man drag himself up the few, remaining, steep steps, and pause to catch his breath inside the rickety door. Laboriously, he pulled on the rope and the heavy hammer struck upon my shiny surface. He listened while my mellow notes resounded throughout the valley, then turned, and carefully descended the old, worn stairs.

Again, as I swayed toward the belfry window, I saw that the valley was all activity. People, old and young, infirm and healthy, were hurrying to the church—to their Father's home—and I rejoiced that I had the honor of calling them there.

Barbara Lyon, X,
Loretto High School, Toronto.

THE CYCLE

Frosty nights and sparkling snow
Give barren trees a silver glow.
'Tis Winter till its beauty's gone—
Then Spring is nigh.

The March winds blow; comes April fine,
With rain betimes, and then sunshine.
'Tis Spring, sweet Spring—until we note
That Summer's nigh.

Now shrubs, and trees, and flowers in bloom,
Send forth their varied sweet perfume.
'Tis Summertime—till August's close
Brings Autumn in.

We welcome harvest-time once more;
Too soon leaves fall outside our door—
A sign that Autumn's almost past,
And Winter's near.

Ruth Maden, XII,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

TOMMY AS HERO

In a semi-private hospital ward two little invalids, Tommy and Dicky, lay in beds, side by side. Tommy could get around on crutches, but his companion was unable to take even a step.

Across the hall was a public ward with five invalid children in it, probably all asleep, as it was nearly midnight. As Tommy and Dicky could not sleep they chatted:

"Dicky, when you are able to walk, and I can throw away my crutches, we'll go into partnership. We'll be partners, won't we, Dicky?" "Yes, if I ever get well," said Dicky, in a hopeless tone.

The shuffling of feet was suddenly heard in the corridor. Nurses and doctors were rushing back and forth. The night nurse came in and glanced around and at the two boys.

"What's the matter, Nurse?" asked Tommy.

"Just stay quiet, and all will be right," and she hurried out again.

Suddenly they heard people shouting, "Fire! Fire!" through the hospital. Nurses and doctors carried the patients out of the public ward, but no one came into theirs.

"Take your crutches and go on, Tommy!

Never mind me!" said Dicky.

Tommy got out of bed, and on his crutches hobbled over to his friend. He managed to get him on his back, and then said, "Hold on to me, Dicky! I'll save you."

The brave lad got out of the ward and through the dense smoke, reached an exit.

Meantime, outside, someone was shouting: "There are still two little boys in the building. Oh, get them out! Get them out!"

Just then two small figures moved slowly out of an exit. A policeman and a doctor ran forward and caught the exhausted boys as they collapsed.

Some time later when the two had been taken to safety, Tommy became conscious. Around his bed were standing doctors and nurses.

"Where's Dicky?" he whispered slowly. "He is in the bed next to you," said one of the nurses, "and, thanks to you, he is feeling all right."

"Oh, I'm glad," he sighed; "now Dicky and I can still be partners."

Relieved to hear that nothing had happened to Dicky, he closed his eyes again and slept.

Jenny Giesinger, X.

Loretto High School, Regina.

COURTESY

To-day we often hear it said,
"The age of chivalry is dead,
When people were polite and kind,
And everybody was refined."

But one may ask, "What's chivalry?"
'Tis naught but common courtesy,
As saying "please" for this or that,
And smiling when you tip your hat;

And getting up upon your feet
That someone else may have a seat.
It will not greatly hurt your pride
To be polite, and step aside.

Speak softly; it is rude to shout;
Be quick to smile; but not to pout;
And bend the knee a little more
To pick up objects from the floor.

The kindnesses of every day
Are strewn like flowers upon our way;
And life can be a bouquet rare
Whose gentle perfume scents the air

We may be poor; we may have much;
We may be French, or Greek, or Dutch;
We may have little that others see—
But, oh! how rich with Courtesy!

Monica Calarco, XII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

LEST WE FORGET

When you are asked to buy a bond,
Think of the boy of whom you are fond.
Think of the sacrifice he has to make,
Couldn't you do it just for his sake?
Don't be ashamed when he comes home,
Proudly show him how many you own,
Don't let him find that you've been a slacker,
Just buy a bond and be his staunch backer.
Anna Marie Walsh, X, Loretto, Englewood.

MOTHER BELOVED

Mother beloved, we're calling to thee,
Protect them, thy children, where'er they may be!
Mother beloved, watch over them all—
Guard them, O Mother, lest they may fall!
The flier shot down,
The boy in the tank,
The sailor on watch,
Every man, every tank.
Mother beloved, hear our cry and our prayer,
Protect Canada's boys who fight over there!
Mother beloved, we're calling to thee,
Protect them, thy children, where'er they may be!
Mother beloved, watch over them all—
Guard them, O Mother, lest they may fall!
The Wren in her "blues,"
The C.W.A.C. on K.P.,
The nurse on the field,
The blue-clad W.D.
Mother beloved, hear our cry and our prayer,
Protect Canada's girls who fight over there!
Eileen Crawley, Loretto Academy, Guelph.

FUTURE PLANS

Future! This word means much to some people and the least of worries to others. It is hard to foretell the future but everybody is always planning for one thing or another.

I happen to be one of these planners. When I was in Grade Eight and fourteen years old, I had my heart set on being a doctor. The thought of going in training, healing the sick, seemed to be the only thing I wanted to do in my life. I used to sit and imagine myself as a doctor. First I'd graduate and get my degree. These visions soon faded and I'd find myself sitting in the living room at home.

Then when I reached Grade Nine I'd change my mind from one thing to another, and before I knew it I didn't know what I was going to be, or I should say, what I wanted to be.

Before the Grade Nine year was over, I thought I would like to complete my High School and then go to Normal School. My parents said I'd never have enough patience with the children. But I was convinced I could and I still think so.

But again I'd changed my mind and I am now quite satisfied to be a truck driver.

Arthur Liski, IX,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Abner Morgan, an eccentric but kind old gentleman, who lived alone in a cottage on the outskirts of the town, was enjoying his daily walk through the park. It was a typical May morning, and, as it was rather early, there were few amusement seekers to mar for him the perfection of the day. After walking along at a brisk pace, Mr. Morgan felt tired; he selected a roomy bench under a large tree and settled himself for a short nap.

Abner did not know how long he slept, but when he finally awoke, the sun was high in the heavens and the park was alive with throngs of happy picnic groups.

He did not intentionally eavesdrop, but he could not help hearing various parts of a whispered conference, held behind a clump of bushes, by a group of mischievous boys. They were planning to pay a visit to the large apricot tree in his front yard. Each year they had tried to raid that worthy "plant," but each year, Mr. Morgan, alias "The Old Man," had foiled their attempts. This year the boys were positive that they would return from their

"expedition" laden with delicious apricots. At this point Abner chuckled inwardly as he hastily vacated his bench and hurried home.

Arriving at his cottage before the boys, Abner removed his outdoor wraps, settled his bulky frame into a comfortable armchair near the window and leisurely lit his pipe. From this point of vantage he could see clearly the large fruit tree, but he could not be seen from without.

He had not long to wait, for soon he could discern four boyish figures, slowly crawling over the brow of the small hill, then creeping to the trunk of the tree. Cautiously, one of the quartette mounted into the limbs of the tree, only to find the apricots small, hard and green.

Now the time was ripe! Assuming a terrible frown, Abner stamped out of the house. One boy cried out "The Old Man!" and four pairs of legs, carried four mischievous boys from the scene of the crime on a run.

When the boys were out of earshot, "The Old Man," laughed heartily. "Who has ever heard of apricots being ripe in May?" he chuckled. "Ah, well!" he shook his head as though he was reminiscing, "Boys will be boys!"

Marie Stein, IX,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.

YOUR BROTHER

(Casualty)

Dead! No, not dead; he lives
Where fragrant zephyr gives
To plains of blue and gold,
Rhythms by the angels tolled
When a knight comes home;

Where sing suave rivulets,
Breaking o'er golden frets,
On precious floors of pearly
Tread, for him who comes early
On life's journey home.

Not dead—he lives again
In higher worlds, akin
To ours slight, and yet, in time
Braed *His* raised Feet Divine,
Ere *He* triumphed Home.

Your brother now abides
With Him, and all besides
That dwell in fair Paradise,
The blest mansions of the Christ,
Who gathered him Home.

Lucile B.

ALUMNAE NOTES

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LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

The second quarterly meeting of Loretto Alumnae Association was held on Sunday, January 28th, at Loretto College. The speaker for the occasion was Mrs. Norman Stephens, president of the Local Council of Women. Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith, president, was in the chair. Mrs. Albert Heck and Miss Irene Finn were the hostesses, assisted by Miss Helen O'Loane, Ellen Mallon, Gerry Moss, Eleanor Shinnick, Margaret Kelly, Joan Conway, Bernice Hagan, Mrs. William Kennedy, Mrs. William Deverell and Mrs. G. B. Patterson.

On Sunday, April 8th, over eighty members of the Alumnae assisted at Mass and received Holy Com-

munion in Loretto College School Chapel, Brunswick Avenue. An instructive and inspiring sermon was given by the celebrant, Rev. Father Fleming, S.J., who spoke of man's amazing privilege in sharing in God's plan for the salvation of souls. He emphasized the duty devolving upon us as Catholic Alumnae to perform our part in the Lay Apostolate, by example, prayer, and Catholic action.

By our Alumnae endeavours, Father pointed out, we are helping the Sisters in their great work of Christian education, and, consequently share in their Apostolate and merits.

After Mass the members enjoyed a delicious breakfast, graciously served by the Sisters. Mrs. D. Rae MacKenzie expressed the appreciation of the Alumnae to the Religious for their kindness, as we all realized the work entailed in serving the large number present.

An interesting business meeting followed, at which Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith presided. Mrs. Desmond Wagner stated that the amount of War Saving Stamps sold by members of the Loretto Alumnae in the downtown store booths had now reached \$895; and Mrs. D. A. Balfour, who is chairman of the Canadian Women's Voluntary War Services, said the total amount sold by all groups had now extended to \$102,600. Mrs. Balfour urged us to take an active interest in the plans now being formulated for community recreation centres, and the welfare projects.

At a former Loretto Alumnae meeting, a committee had been formed to consider the matter of scholarships in greater detail. As a result of this, a motion was placed before those present at the April meeting, and unanimously approved, providing for an annual disbursement of \$500 for the following scholarships: A University scholarship (Loretto College)—\$150; three scholarships (Loretto College School)—\$50.00 each; a college scholarship for a member of Loretto Community, through the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae—\$100; and the donation to Loretto Abbey—which had been discontinued for a time—\$100.

Plans are now being made for a Loretto Bridge to be held at Newman Club in May.

Our President, Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith, was the hostess for the Convent Alumnae Study Club March meeting, and duly gave an account of our doings when the several Alumnae Presidents were called upon for reports of recent activities.

D.S.

DETROIT, WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

Miss Loretta Dupuis and Mrs. A. H. Priebe (Inamiae Dupuis, Sault) were hostesses at the January meeting held at the League of Catholic Women, Detroit. Interesting reports from those who attended the I.F.C.A. convention in Kalamazoo in October, were read and enjoyed. Our annual Bridge Tea was again a success, and we were happy to hear the Chairman, Mrs. R. D. Gage (Marguerite Gilpin, Woodlawn) report net proceeds of \$150.00 to be added to our Alumnae Treasury.

Saturday afternoon, February 10th, at the home of Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault) 17554 Warrington Drive, Detroit, the old-time jingle could be quoted about Loretto girls:

"She sits on a cushion
Sewing a fine seam,
And feeds upon Strawberries,
Sugar and cream."

24 linen towels were hemmed, and parcels of linen were handed out to members to be made into Amices, Mass and Benediction Corporals and Finger Towels. Mrs. F. N. Wilson (Bernadette MacNab, Abbey) heads the Committee on Sewing for the Nuns' Green Trunk for the future Detroit Foundation. Donations of Turkish towels, linens, and other articles are coming in regularly.

The afternoon meeting closed with a program of Irish Ballads and Gounod's Ave Maria sung by Mrs. Eileen O'Neil O'Neil. It sounded a bit like old times in Baraga Hall at the Sault.

Congratulations and hearty welcomes are extended to our Mrs. Zoe McCormick (Zoe Case, Abbey) and to Mrs. V. J. Lordan (Violet Culliton, Stratford) upon their recovery from serious operations undergone this past winter.

Mesdames J. W. Matteson (Helen Barrows, Guelph), T. N. Doherty (Catherine Maher, Woodlawn) and Edward O'Connell (Cynthia O'Donnell, Sault) entertained the Loretto Circle at the Woman's City Club, March 10th. Our nominating committee was selected to draw up a slate for the May elections, and our two newest members, Mrs. C. A. Glenn (Gladys O'Rourke, Abbey), and Miss Theresa Houlihan (Abbey) did the honors at the Tea Table.

In the Book Review section of this number of the Rainbow will be found contributions from two of our Detroit members, Miss Loretta Dupuis and Miss Theresa Houlihan.

I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Donald McGowan (Helen Lloyd, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a daughter. Baby Anne is the niece of M. M. St. Basil, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Kelly (Eileen Murphy, Loretto Alumna) on the birth, February 5th, of Kevin Joseph and Maura Eileen, nephew and niece of M. M. Urban, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bernard O'Brien (Grace Podger, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son Paul Joseph, on January 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Scobie (Anita McGrath, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Edward Collee (Gertrude Brunning, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, David.

To Sergt. Leo P. Sweeney, R.C.A.F., and Mrs. Sweeney (Evelyn Gross, Loretto-Stratford Alumna), on the birth on March 20th, of twin sons Larry and Leo—nephews of M. M. Leocrita, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph A. Noice (Anne Conyers) on the birth of a son, in February.

To Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hayes (Virginia Nash) on the birth of a daughter, on March 19th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dubois (Miriam Shea, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Paul Bast (Tillie Geis) on the birth in January, of a daughter, Marguerite—a niece of four Loretto nuns, M. M. St. Mark, M. M. St. Jude, M. M. Philippa, and M. M. Syncleta.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Conroy (Rita Schuett, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth on January 18th, of a son, Terence John—a nephew of M. M. Marina and Sr. M. St. René, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. William J. Wilson (Mary McCabe) on the birth on February 25th, of a son, James Clarence—nephew of M. M. Pauline, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Damon (Jeanette Flynn, Loretto-Stratford Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Suzanne, on January 25th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James J. Crusoe (Margaret Ryan) on the birth on March 10th of a daughter, Carol Anne—a niece of M. M. St. Claude, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Tally (Margaret Cahoon, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth on February 26th of a son, Edward James—a nephew of M. M. De Pazzi, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Cartier (Winnifred Rankin, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Anne, in February.

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lang (Roberta Rankin, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Anne, in March.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alain Frecker (Helena McGrath, Loretto College Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Maire Margaret, on March 2nd.

To Dr. and Mrs. John Quinlan (Mary Roche) on the birth of a daughter, Anne Elizabeth.

To Mr. and Mrs. Holley Thomas (Isobel Hannan, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a son, William Michael.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Robert (Aileen McLaughlin, Loretto Abbey Alumna) on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. William Rutledge (Edith Moore, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna), on the birth of a son, Michael Joseph, on November 29th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bell (Barbara Greatorex, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a son, John Patrick, on March 17th.

To Flt. Lt. and Mrs. Bernard Connolly (Helen Yeo) on the birth of a daughter, Joanne, on March 13th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Collins (Aileen McDonough) on the birth of a son, on January 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Schuett (Mary Love, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Mary, on March 30th.

MARRIAGES

Miss Dolores Henry, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Henry, was married to P.O. Richard Meisner.

Miss Jeanne Meagher, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Meagher, was married, February 8th, to Mr. Larry Jess.

Miss Ruth Madeleine McConkey, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Caroline McConkey, was married to Mr. Francis Joseph Young.

Miss Dixie Jean Andrews, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Andrews, was married to Stanley Asselstine, R.C.A.M.C.

Miss Irene Daly, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Daly, was married to Mr. Peter McAllister.

Miss Helen Louise Herbold, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. Albert Harry Herbold, was married February 3, in St. Philip Neri's Church, Chicago, to Mr. Ralph Waldo Barrymore, of Peoria, Illinois.

Miss Marilyn Lunz, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lunz (Loretto Alumna) was married to Mr. Weadick.

Miss Shirley Joanne Sullivan, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Virginia Sullivan, was married, March 4th, to Mr. John George Filizzolo.

Miss Beth Spiker, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, was married to Mr. John Rainville.

Miss Leona Teresa Connelly, Loretto Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Connelly, was married April 2, in Sacred Heart Church, Port McNicoll, to Mr. John Cavanagh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cavanagh, of Napanee. The bride is a sister of M. St. Paul, I.B.V.M.

SYMPATHY

To the Franciscan Fathers on the death of their esteemed member, Reverend Ethelbert Sambrook, renowned Franciscan Missionary, in Montreal, on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6th.

To Mother M. St. Joseph, I.B.V.M.; Misses Margaret and Teresa Macklin; Mrs. Haggerty; and Mr. Frank Macklin, on the death of their sister, Mother Frances de Sales, of the Ursuline Community, Chatham, a Loretto-Stratford Alumna.

To Mother M. Emerentia, I.B.V.M., on the death of her sister, Miss Margaret McKeown, formerly of Niagara Falls, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, on March 9th. Requiem High Mass was celebrated in St. Cecilia's Church. Interment in Mount Hope Cemetery.

To Mrs. F. Kelly, Evanston, Illinois, on the death of her mother, Mrs. O'Hare, on March 24th; also to Mrs. O'Hare's bereaved brother and sisters, and to her sister-in-law, Mother M. Dolores, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Hanlon on the death of her husband, Mr. James Hanlon, on March 7th, and to the bereaved family, Lt. John P. Hanlon, U.S.A.; Sr. M. Perpetua, I.B.V.M.; and Miss Mae Hanlon; also to Mr. Hanlon's niece, Sr. M. Cyril, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. John McDonough and Mrs. Robertson Collins (Aileen) on the death, March 20th, of their mother, Mrs. Eileen McDonough (Loretto Alumna) wife of the late Dr. Vincent McDonough; also to Mrs. McDonough's bereaved sister, Miss Mona Clark, Loretto Alumna.

To Mr. Joseph Madden on the death of his father, Mr. Joseph Madden, on March 7th, and to Mrs. Leroux, Mrs. Stair, and Mother M. Paschal, I.B.V.M., sisters of the deceased.

To Mother M. Pancratius and her bereaved brothers and sisters on the death of their father, Mr. U. J. Porter, on January 11th, and on the death more recently of their dear brother.

To Mrs. Fishburn and Miss Elizabeth Cassidy (Loretto-Englewood Alumna) and to Mr. Patrick, and Mr. Frederick Cassidy, on the death of their brother, Mr. James Cassidy, on January 6th.

To Mr. Raymond O'Neil, Mrs. J. Wood, and Mrs. Holland, on the death of their mother, Mrs. D. R. O'Neil.

To Mrs. Waylor on the recent death of her husband, and to the bereaved family, especially Lenore, Loretto Alumna.

To Mrs. Eisworth on the death of her husband, and to the bereaved family, especially Lorraine, Loretto-Regina student.

To Mr. Carl and Mr. Eugene McIlhargey, and to Miss Mary McIlhargey, on the death of their mother, Mrs. McIlhargey, Stratford.

To Mrs. Golden on the death of her mother, Mrs. Burnie, Stratford.

To Mother M. Mary on the death of her sister, Mrs. Robert Lawford, on February 28th.

To Mrs. J. L. Fehrenback, Kitchener, (Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the death of her mother, Mrs. Louise Zinger, sister-in-law of Rev. Albert Zinger, C.R.

To Mrs. Keating; St. Catharines, on the death of her husband, Mr. Thomas Keating, on March 9th; and to the bereaved sons, Mr. Vincent, Mr. Charles and Mr. Gregory Keating, and only daughter, Mrs. Wilfred Hubbard.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Pew on the death of their son, Trooper George Pew, and to his sister, Eleanor, Loretto-Niagara student.

To Mrs. Kenneth A. Donnelly, on the death of her sister, Miss Agnes Madden, March 24th; and to the bereaved nephews and nieces, especially Mrs. H. Hickey and Miss Afra Connelly; also, to her sister-in-law, Mrs. D. Madden, and brother-in-law Mr. C. Gannon.

To Mr. Arthur Kinzinger, on the death of his wife, on December 27th, and to her bereaved sisters, and sister-in-law, Miss Christine Kinzinger, Loretto Alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hall, in the loss of their son, Flight-Lieut. Frank W. Hall (R.A.F.) acting as Commanding Officer in Corsica, killed in action on duty, February 18; and to his cousins, Mother M. Francis Clare, I.B.V.M., and Sister M. St. John, C.S.J.

To Mrs. Gallivan, Loretto Alumna, on the death of her husband, Dr. Gallivan, on Easter Sunday, and to the bereaved family, especially Miss Thérèse Gallivan, student at Loretto College.

To Mrs. Darte on the death of her husband, Mr. George Darte, and to their bereaved daughter, Yvonne (Loretto-Niagara Alumna.)

To Mr. and Mrs. Gerald McNamara on the death of their son, Paul, and to his sister, Leonore, Loretto-Niagara student.

To Dr. Stoll on the death of his mother, Mrs. Anna Foster Stoll (Loretto Alumna) and to Mrs. Stoll's sister, Mrs. Wall (Josephine, Loretto Alumna) and family.

To Mr. and Mrs. L. Clinton on the death of their son, Edgar, and to his sister, Evelyn, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

To Mrs. Nora Sullivan, on the death of her son, Sgt. Ernest Sullivan, and to his bereaved sister, Mrs. Alexander (Cecilia, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.)

To Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Whitty, on the death of their son, Pte. Jack Whitty, and to his sister, Mrs. Florence, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. George Willick, on the death of their son, L.C. J. J. Willick, and to his bereaved sister, Ellen, Loretto-Niagara student.

To Mrs. Allen, on the death of her mother, Mrs. Mary Bampfield O'Brien (Loretto-Niagara Alumna); and to Mrs. O'Brien's grand-daughter, Mary Allan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

To Mrs. Sullivan on the death of her husband, Mr. Patrick Sullivan, and to their bereaved daughter, Mrs. Enright (Marie, Loretto Alumna.)

To Mrs. O'Brien on the death of her husband, Pte. John O'Brien, on March 20th, and to the bereaved children, pupils at St. Helen's Loretto).

To Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Adams, on the death of their only son, Mr. Francis Gerard Adams.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Jan. 8—"O joy! O rapture unforeseen!"

We leave behind the Christmas' paeon;
We're back again for three months' class
Till Easter holidays come to pass.

Jan. 17—Our first important school event of 1945—an excellent symposium on "The Catholic Spirit in Literature" given by Grade XII. Congratulations to the speakers: Muriel Smith, Helen Smyth, Joan McKenna, Jean Barcant, Norine Priestly, and Norma McQueen.

Jan. 23—Half-holiday and traditional dinner in honour of Mother Mary Ward—It was not difficult to follow her maxim to be merry. Reverend Father Fraser and Reverend Father Ryan were our guests of honour.

Jan. 24—Today our "Social Committee" portrayed for us something very new and very different. It took the form of an international hook-up, flashing scenes from convents in all parts of the world where the feast of Mary Ward was being celebrated by the students. The orchestra added much to a delightful programme.

Jan. 31—Junior College Discussion Club present the Papal Peace Programme. The speakers were: Isobel O'Gorman, Marilyn Burt, Anna Marie Hogan, Julianne Shannon, Patricia Smith, Kathrine Hoey, and Joyce Predhomme.

Feb. 7—The Summer School of Catholic Action as presented by those who had been there aroused great enthusiasm at Our Meeting today. We are looking forward with keen expectation to the S.S.C.A. of 1945.

Feb. 12—A Valentine party of unusual interest sponsored by Grade XII.

Feb. 14—The first day of Lent and we think of the days ahead minus those noon-hour chocolate bars, and that good show coming next week; but at our Sodality meeting this afternoon, "Keeping Spiritually Fit" increased our appreciation of the real meaning of Lent.

Feb. 16—The Symphony Concerts continue to be important events on our calendar.

Feb. 28—This was a day for all music lovers. A pupil of Ernest Seitz, Mr. Earle Moss, gave us a wonderful piano recital. Two of the favorites he played were "Claire de Lune" and "Rhapsody in Blue."

March 1—Our retreat master, Father Daly, returned to the Abbey this afternoon for our Holy Hour, and as a result we renewed our retreat resolutions.

Mar. 2—Our First Friday Mass in honour of the Sacred Heart.

Mar. 8—Our Lady's Committee presented "Our Lady in Art," a delightful programme.

Mar. 11-17—Vocation Week—a week of prayer and lectures in addition to our regular studies, intended to help us choose our vocation. Our first speaker was Father McGuigan who gave us a wonderful talk on Religious vocations. Tuesday, Mother Margarita gave us an inspiring lecture on Mother Mary Ward. Our knowledge of Social Service Work was considerably increased on Wed-

nesday afternoon when Miss Catherine McLean talked to us on the work she is doing. Miss Angela Hannan was our guest speaker on Thursday. On Friday members of the student body gave talks on various occupations in which they were interested. The excellent poster display on this important subject should do much to help us in our decision.

Mar. 23—Readings from Macbeth, Hamlet, and The Merchant of Venice by Mr. Stanton, the well known Shakespearean artist, were an inspiration.

Mar. 24—Inter-Loretto Musical Festival. A delightful day. The young musicians won high commendation from the adjudicator.

Joyce Predhomme

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Dec. 5—Exciting basketball game with St. Mary's High School, at Kitchener. We don't talk much about this, but just for the records—a tie was the best we could do. Seniors tie up on short side, 12-11; Juniors, 12-12.

Dec. 8—Sodality girls formed an impressive Living Rosary in the Church of Our Lady to end the solemn Novena for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Dec. 12—Forty new members received into the Sodality. Interesting skits later in the Assembly Hall.

Dec. 18—A short, humorous, inspiring talk by Father Hennessy, who is definitely not a Sinatra fan.

Dec. 19—Pre-Christmas parade; we all marched through the halls in Yuletide spirit, singing favourite carols.

Dec. 20—Merry Christmas to all!

Jan. 3—Happy New Year to all!

Jan. 16—Many happy faces—others less happy—as reports were given out by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, who stressed the importance of earnest work in attaining success.

Jan. 17—Return games with St. Mary's from Kitchener. We are in gay spirits today as both Junior and Senior teams handed St. Mary's definite reverses. Refreshments were served and a merry send-off was given our guests.

Jan. 23—A banquet; speeches and toasts; games and songs—all contributed to the really good time enjoyed by all in celebration of Mother Mary Ward's birthday, and the Tercentenary of her passing to her reward.

Feb. 1-2—"Too much of a Good Thing" and "Archibald" were the two delightful, amusing plays given by Loretto Juniors in the Church Hall for the public. A matinee performance was given for the school children.

Feb. 4-5—Plays repeated by request; result—\$200 raised for the Boys' High School Fund.

Feb. 6—A surprise holiday announced by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, after our successful efforts in a good cause. Sacred Heart rink was the setting for the gay time that followed.

Feb. 13—A Shrove Tuesday party in the school gym. With Lent at our door-step, all eagerly participated.

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Feb. 14—With the ashes on our foreheads, we realize that little sacrifices are now in order. Collegiate visits us for an exciting basketball game. Seniors win, 32-18; our Juniors outplayed by more experienced Intermediates—score, 32-20.

Feb. 15—Grade XII Oratoricals—Betty Klein, Yvonne Dickson, and Marion Prior came 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, respectively.

Feb. 22—Inter-form basketball begins. Every Thursday has a game booked, under the supervision of Nancy Goetz. Grade nine teams, captained by Rita Cremasco and Eileen Hanson, play the first of the series. Congratulations to Eileen's team on a hard-earned victory!

Feb. 23—All are interested in a letter from Santo Domingo, from Rev. Father Patrick Moore, of Foreign Mission Seminary, thanking for our Christmas box.

Feb. 28—Basketball at the Collegiate: Seniors succumb, 20-8; but our Juniors make good, 32-10, with the Intermediates.

Mar. 1—Inter-form basketball game leaves Grade X smugly on top, but not without a struggle.

Mar. 5, 6, 7—A long-looked-for event, retreat with, for our director, Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J. The good lessons of these days will long remain with us.

Mar. 9—Loretto-Hamilton Junior and Boarders' basketball teams are our welcome guests today. Our Seniors lose the most tense game of the year, 24-22; but our Juniors are victors, 29-11. In the concert hall, transformed into a tea-room, we have an opportunity of getting acquainted with representatives of Loretto in the Ambitious City.

Mar. 22—Grade IX Oratoricals; judges after prolonged debating awarded first place to Joan Lafontaine, with Rita Cremasco and Maxine Duffy, coming second and third, respectively.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

Jan. 5—Cordial New Year greetings were exchanged among boarders and the thirty day-students who came in to make a "closed retreat."

Jan. 6-8—Retreat opened with the Holy Mass of "Little Christmas." Afterwards all was silent—no sound of talking to be heard! Reverend Louis A. Markle, D.D., of St. Augustine's Seminary, has our grateful prayers for his encouragement, inspiration and guidance.

Jan. 8—Retreat closed, temporary boarders returned to their own homes and our non-Catholic girls returned. Between the exchange of happy greetings and discussions of thoughts evoked by our Retreat there was a great conversational feast.

Jan. 9—Classes resumed.

Jan. 19—Sodality Activity Meeting—The Apostolic Committee, under the guidance of Mother M. Bonaventure, presented "The Angel's Touch," at the conclusion of the business meeting. Congratulations to director and cast!

Jan. 23—Mother Mary Ward's birthday dawned clear and windy. The Boarders were all resplendent in their brand new navy blue blazers. The box social held early in the afternoon was much fun and realized thirty-two dollars towards the fund to send representatives to the S.S.C.A. in Montreal in the summer. The skating party was a great success in spite of many tumbles. Betty Jane Ricker thrilled us with her beautiful figure skating.

This, the three hundredth anniversary of Mother Mary Ward's death, was commemorated by lovely tableaux of episodes in the Foundress' thrilling life. Jean Bennett, Trinidad, impersonated Mother Mary Ward; June Pereira, Br. Guiana, was Mary Poyntz; Cristina Guardian, of Costa Rica, was His Holiness, Urban VIII; Concha Azurdia, of Guatemala, was a member of the early Institute; Margot Azurdia, one of Mary Ward's younger sisters. This cosmopolitan cast was significant of the far-reaching effects of the life and sufferings of Mother Mary Ward.

A contest, likewise, was sponsored in honour of the day, by the Catholic Literature Committee under the direction of Mother Marie Thérèse. The winners were Helen M. Brown, Eleanor Hysel, Rona Holden, Concha Azurdia, and Marilyn Peckham.

Feb. 1—The Sodality Holy Hour closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, by Rev. Wilfrid Smith, O. Carm.

Feb. 2—"Candlemas Day"—Made memorable for us by a High Mass, with the Boarders' choir at its very best. It is on record that the chanters arose at five-thirty "of their own will and accord" and practised before Mass. We are proud to remember things like that done for the Glory of God.

Feb. 6—The Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee presented exquisite Tableaux on the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary, under the direction of Sister M. Valerie. This was one of the loveliest programmes we have had, and was an inspiration, indeed.

Feb. 9-11—The Boarders free week-end; everyone departed homeward in joyful spirits. All returned on Sunday night after a delightful holiday.

Feb. 13—Congratulations to third form on their splendid Valentine Party; the best ever!

Feb. 14—Lent begins and everyone makes resolutions, with very good results—we hope.

Feb. 28—A delightful intellectual treat under the auspices of the Catholic Literature Committee. Sister Mary Joseph of the "Gallery of Living Catholic Authors," Webster Groves, Mo., gave us a slide—illustrated lecture on many of the authors in whom we are interested. We were indeed fortunate in having this lecture, which had been given the week previous in Windsor at the Christian Culture Club.

Mar. 4—Wonderful day! About fifty students and Mother M. St. Michael, Mother Marie Thérèse, Mother M. Eymard and Sister M. St. Stephen, went to Buffalo to the 18th Annual Convention of the Western New York Sodality Conference. This was so thrilling an experience that it was discussed for days afterwards.

There was a splendid symposium on "Christ in My Life," followed by a lively discussion under the inspiring leadership of Father Daniel Lord, S.J.

Mar. 11-16—Vocation Week. We hear that fifty-eight posters were made by members of the Educational Guidance Classes. Those exhibited during the week were artistic and original, as well as thought-provoking.

At the Sodality Meeting on Friday the Catholic Truth and Social Action Committee, under the direction of Sister M. St. Stephen, presented an "animated" symposium, built around the familiar, "Ite Missa Est." Mother was beautifully portrayed by Patricia Goodwin, while June Pereira, as a teacher; Ella Mae Brown, a nurse, and Wanda Vallil-

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lee, a secretary, ably represented the possibilities of the unmarried state in the world; Dina Peresotti, as the Bride of Christ, gave an exquisite portrayal of the Pearl of great price found in a Religious Vocation.

Vocation week with its "propaganda" and inspiration was an outstanding success from the point of view of student co-operation.

Mar. 14—"Penny Pastimes" sponsored by the non-Catholic Glee Club provided seven dollars for the Red Cross. Congratulations!

We think it is a feat to raise that amount in fifteen minutes on each of two days from penny contributions. Miss Mary Lunan, our Physical Training Instructress, assisted in this lively project. Again congratulations!

Mar. 17—St. Patrick's Day—The afternoon was left free for the boarders. Some went to the movies, and some home for supper. A very, very delightful day with wearin' of the Green!

Mar. 22—The Quiz Contest on "Holy Week," sponsored by the Sodality, resulted in wonderful co-operation. Most students knew so much they could not get it all down on paper in the time limit. The fortunate winners who were each awarded a beautiful crucifix were: Helen M. Brown, Anne Irene Schil, Joan Marie Eade, Rosemary Aversa, and Carol Campney.

Mar. 23—The Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee held a fish-pond which netted seven dollars and twenty cents, for flowers for the altar for Easter. There were rare bargains, particularly in costume jewellery!

The Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee gave

a very lovely tableau on Our Lady of Sorrows, during which we all sang the "Stabat Mater."

Our second term has come to a close and leaves many happy memories and inspirations.

June Pereira

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

Jan. 4-6—Our privilege to join in the parochial retreat conducted by Rev. Father McDonnell, C.Ss.R., in St. Joseph's Church. Collegiate students were also in attendance. We all received many helpful inspirations for the New Year.

Jan. 24—A skating party at the Classic City Arena; lunch, games, dancing and story-telling later at Loretto made part of our postponed celebration of Mother Mary Ward's birthday (Jan. 23).

Jan. 25—As Mother Mary Ward's life closed 300 years ago on January 23, her birthday, our Sodality meeting was dedicated to her memory. A program of song, and sketches of her life and work, as also of her Institute, past and present, was capably presented. All felt a new impetus to live up to her high courage, her cheerfulness in trials and her genuine work for souls for God's glory.

Feb. 1—An earnest campaign has begun, to obtain educational as well as entertaining information in regard to Catholic books, magazines, and good reading in general. Publicity Committee and Literature Committee are keeping all eyes anxiously scanning the bulletin boards.

Feb. 14—Valentines for Mission mite-boxes brought in \$2.00. Good! Let's try again!

Feb. 15—Press Month meeting (thanks to those who have been working long and hard) was a grand

success. Our guest of honour was Rev. Father Graham. The Literature Committee gave an enjoyable skit based on the pamphlet, "Books Control the Future." Father Graham in a final, brief talk, suggested that we begin at once to read the books we ourselves recommended.

Feb. 22—Press Month Quiz entered into enthusiastically and questions were formulated and posed by members of the Literature Committee. Congratulations to the winner—Jean Schultz.

Mar. 8—Last of Vocation posters in! Quite a record, too—one from every girl in the school. By decision of the three judges, the prize for best poster drawn by hand was awarded to Dorothy Kadjiwon, and for best, with mounted pictures, to Frances Whaling. The posters are on display, and will be used for Vocational Guidance material.

Mar. 9—Congratulations to Grade XI on latest missionary achievement—the ransom of a converted pagan (in the Far East) who is now Katherine Maureen.

Mar. 13—At the monthly meeting of St. Joseph's sub-division of the Catholic Women's League—which had sponsored the Literary and Poster contests—the awards were announced, and bestowed. In the Literary Contest, Teresa McCaffery won 1st prize; Rita Butler, 2nd; and Mary Reinhart, 3rd. All are Loretto, Grade X—the contest having been open to Grades IX and X only.

In the Poster Contest, prizes were awarded to Russel Shantz, Lou Jean Keeso, Irene LaLonde, Betty Brown. This contest was open only to Grades VII and VIII.

Mar. 28—Eucharistic—Our Lady Committee presented "The Seven Last Words"—a Holy Week parting message for all, as Easter vacation begins.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

Jan. 8—School reopens. All enthusiastic after an extra long Christmas vacation.

Jan. 15—Bertha Doyle and Therese Golden pay a farewell visit to their Alma Mater before leaving for the Dominican convent.

Jan. 20—Seniors work busily in the library on their 5,000 word themes.

Jan. 23—Happy celebration of Mother Mary Ward's Tercentenary.

Feb. 2—Juniors surprise Seniors with a delightful party. Seniors proudly display their class-rings, newly acquired.

Feb. 8—Enjoyable "movies." Seniors looking prim and proper—the photographer has arrived.

For Home Management class, initial lesson in first aid.

Feb. 11—Night of nights! The Father-Daughter Dance. Everybody happy.

Feb. 14—Cupjd's special. Result a host of smiling faces. Guesses still going on.

Feb. 18-19—Annual Gym Demonstration under the direction of Mrs. Kishler, physical education instructor. Gay costumes, variety of dances, and smiling faces left pleasant memories with all who attended.

Mar. 12-14—Retreat. Conferences by Father Kenneth Hoffman, of the Diocesan Mission Board. This has been looked forward to with real pleasure, as many of us had heard Father Koffman in the recent mission at St. Bernard's.

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**LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL,
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Dec. 28—Farewell party for Mary Guillard, one of our Seniors who has "chosen the better part" and is leaving soon for Loretto Branch Novitiate, Chicago.

Jan. 4—Classes resumed after a merry round of holiday activities.

Jan. 8—A vote of thanks to the boys for their "shovel-plows," made in Manual Arts! By concerted action of H.S. student body, Loretto's rink was again available for skating—after the 12-inch snowfall.

Jan. 23—Tercentenary of Mother Mary Ward's death—and her birthday celebrated.

Jan. 26—Freshmen boys attend "Holy Name" Dinner.

Feb. 26—Papal Peace Plan program ably presented.

Feb. 28—Program and presentation to Rt. Reverend Msgr. Holland who, to our regret, is transferred to the Cathedral at Marquette.

Feb. 28—In the evening, Loretto Alumnae Supper—the usual happy reunion.

Mar. 1—Seniors entertain grandly with "Meet Maritza."

Mar. 4—The Knights of Columbus' Father-Son banquet brought our Freshmen boys into the limelight. John Harns gave a toast to the "Dads," and all the boys joined heartily in the song selections.

Mar. 5—We welcome our new Pastor, Reverend Joseph E. Guerin, from Escanaba, Michigan.

Mar. 7—Our Freshmen boys defeat "Soo" High freshmen at basketball. Score 29-17.

Mar. 11—The Seniors presented a well-planned Vocation program at Sodality meeting to-day—and now for our choice!

Mar. 12-15—The photographer is busy. Seniors pose before the camera. "It won't be long now" till wreath day!

Mar. 19—Our freshmen entertain St. Mary's Eighth grade at a gala party. After the merriment all paid a visit to the church for Benediction.

Mar. 26-28—Days of earnest spiritual effort under the direction of our kind retreat master, Rev. Kenneth Hofmann.

Mar. 29—Easter vacation begins.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN

Jan. 3—Classes happily resumed after three weeks' Christmas vacation.

Jan. 5—Our school re-dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Ceremony closed with Benediction.

Jan. 15—An Aunt Jemima Luncheon, sponsored by the Mothers' Club, was held in the school cafeteria during lunch period. Aunt Jemima herself was present to cook the pancakes. At her request we sang, "God Bless America," and negro spirituals, while she prepared the delicious refecton.

Jan. 23—The 300th anniversary of the death of our foundress, Mother Mary Ward, was commemorated by a play portraying her life, presented by the Freshmen. Today is memorable as being also Mother Mary Ward's birthday.

Jan. 24—All the Seniors looking at their best for the graduation pictures taken today for the year book, and for Loretto Rainbow.

Feb. 2—Twenty-seven received into the Sodality of Our Lady, in an impressive ceremony conducted by Rev. Father Norbert. A party was afterwards given by the officers of the Sodality for the new members.

Feb. 2-4—Seventy-three Seniors spent the week-end at the Cenacle in a closed retreat. Rev. John Malone, S.J., of Cincinnati, was retreat master. We all came to a deeper realization of such things as the Mystical Body, a Catholic's part in the world today, and our own future life.

Feb. 9—Most enjoyable was our second social of the year—this time sponsored by the Juniors.

Feb. 27—A symposium in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas. Muriel Mauer chosen to be our representative at the semi-finals at Aquinas High School. Subject of her speech, "St. Thomas Aquinas on the Race Question."

Mar. 9—Mission party sponsored by the Junior Sodality has brought in \$100 for the fund. Features—Style show, an auction, and a raffle. Congratulations!

Mar. 10—Several Seniors take the scholarship exams for Mundelein College.

Mar. 16—We were honored with a visit by a most welcome guest, Reverend Mother General Victorine.

Mar. 17—At the inspiring Reception Ceremony today, four postulants—three of them members of Class '44—received the I.B.V.M. habit and now join their Sister novices at Loretto Abbey, Toronto.

Nine of our seniors write the scholarship exams for Webster College, St. Louis.

April 2—The annual Writers' Club Dance, *Avril à Paris*, was held in the gym from 8.00 to 11.30.

April 6, 7, 8, 9—The operetta, "Royal Holiday," presented before a capacity audience each evening, won plaudits.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL Brunswick Avenue

Jan. 3—Back to school and 'hard labour' after a season of fun and frolic.

Jan. 5—The heart-gripping movie, "Scrooge," in our auditorium. We never cease to get a thrill from the ghost's clanking chains.

Jan. 23—Birthday of Mother Foundress, Mary Ward. Senior students entertain their parents at an interesting debate and tea. The topic of the debate, won by the negative, was—"Resolved: That Catholic students do not appreciate their Catholic education while in school." Father J. Fullerton, of C.Y.O. fame, the judge and guest speaker, congratulated the girls on their excellent debating. Members of the debating teams were: Affirmative—Juanita Martyn, Mary Hickey, and Mary Romita; Negative—Doreen Cullen, Evelyn Coyne, and Mary Ellen Cameron.

Feb. 1, 2—Grades 10-A and 10-B make a retreat, together with the senior girls of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Father P. J. Gallery, C.Ss.R. was their welcomed retreat master.

Feb. 12—Pre-Lenten movie in our auditorium. All enjoyed Deanna Durbin, the girl of our ambitious dreams, and Robert Cummings in, "It Started with Eve." Echoes of Deanna's beautiful voice are still resounding.

Feb. 23—Grade XII girls open wide to us the portals of Catholic Literature through the medium of a splendid book display.

Mar. 7—"Resolved: That Russia will have a more Christian outlook after the war" was the topic of a debate between Grades XII and XI. Affirmative, upheld by Mary Frances Barry, Monica Paul, Betty Regan; Negative, by Doreen Williams, Dorothy Kennedy, and Mary Reilly. Orchids to the latter, who argue like professionals.

Mar. 9—Father K. Johnson, C.Ss.R., gave a very interesting and enjoyable talk on Catholic Literature—a grand and pleasing climax to Grade XII's book display.

Mar. 12—The feast of St. Gregory, the Great, Patron of our dear Directress. Celebration of the day began with Mass in the Chapel, attended by the Seniors. In the afternoon, a "secretly prepared" musical program and an appreciation of the life of St. Gregory were presented at 2.30.

Mar. 16—A special St. Patrick's Day in advance—another movie, "Doughboys in Ireland," and a selected 'short' of Irish Tunes were enjoyed in the auditorium as closing feature of the school day.

Mary Frances Barry.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, REGINA

Jan. 19—A merry and memorable L.H.S. sleighing party.

Jan. 29—Grades X, XI and XII assisted at the Funeral High Mass in Little Flower Church, for the repose of the soul of Mr. Walyor, father of Thelma, one of our schoolmates, to whom we offer our sympathy.

Mar. 13—Grades IX and X assisted at the Funeral High Mass in St. Mary's Church for Mr. Eisworth, father of Lorraine, of Grade IX. Our sympathy to her and her family in their sorrow.

We have been enjoying "The Good Bad Boy," by Father Brennan, so very much that we wish to recommend the book to all boys and girls.

Mar. 18 - 20—Forty-Hours' Devotion in St. Anthony's Church was attended by a number of our L.H.S. students.

A St. Patrick's Tea was given by the Sodality girls of Little Flower Parish—many of whom are Loretto High School students. A very pretty effect was produced by the various tints and shades of green in the pretty frocks worn by the girls serving at the tables.

PALM SUNDAY

Down the long and winding street
Glad Hosannas rang.
The Prince of Peace was passing by
And little children sang.

Yet, dark'ning o'er this King of Kings,
Shadows, like dark wine, spill
Down from a shameful cross-shaped tree
Waiting on Calvary's hill.

Virginia Hajek, XI, Loretto-Woodlawn.

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Patriotism is a noble virtue, a most beautiful, universal, and intense form of natural love and devotion which is but purified and strengthened by the teachings of religion.

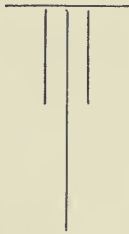
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The order of love demands that our first and highest love and adoration be given to God, and then follow our subsidiary duties to parents, superiors, home and country.

—J. P. Treacy, D.D.

July 1945

Reverently
and
with love and gratitude
we dedicate
the July issue of the Loretto Rainbow
to
The Beautiful Lady, Vision of Holiness,
who
in her apparition at Lourdes
in 1858,
to Bernadette, now sainted,
imparted many heavenly lessons
for a world's uplifting,
and who in a
foretold and most memorable visit
made the glorious pronouncement
"I am the
Immaculate Conception."



6

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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 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 — 1847-1945



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.



I am the Immaculate Conception

Need we after all find "I am the Immaculate Conception," to be so strange an expression? Must we think that it would have been impossible for Our Lord to say: "I am the Incarnation?" After all, He did say: "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

—C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.





BERNADETTE

Bernadette, child of light, what strange beauty
Is passing by your way, little poor girl
So rapt that note of lark, nor raucous merle
May tempt you down from prayerful duty
Now calling you, O favoured Bernadette?
What are the strange and mystic words you hear
Our Lady say, while now you smile, O dear
Little poor girl, so gloriously met?

God's little troubadour! Hold long the chord,
That *we* may find the note transforming *you*
On our planet, uncharted in the blue
Empyrean, as we whirl to the Lord
From out this bourne and setting of a dream
As among immortals our life may seem.

LUCILE B.

Lourdes

By MARGARET M. CRONIN

[With their interest newly awakened in the wonders of Lourdes, by the "Song of Bernadette," so artistically written by Franz Werfel, and so splendidly presented on the screen, our readers will appreciate this excellent article written by Miss Cronin, M.A., for The Loretto Rainbow, after a visit to Lourdes, thirteen years ago. It was published in the April issue, 1932.— Editor's Note.]

I came to Lourdes from Brittany, and in one day saw the whole west coast of France. At six o'clock in the morning I quitted the grey rocks, the purple heather, the misty hills, that look exactly like Ireland. Before eight o'clock the gorse and heather were making way for gnarled and crooked apple trees, source of the famous Breton cider. In the neighbourhood of Nantes there are vineyards as well as orchards. Vines and fruit trees stretch southward to the sandy beaches near La Rochelle. Then comes the famous wine country of Bordeaux, Médoc and Sauternes, and the rest; and finally, the city of Bordeaux, with its Quinconces, its southern drawl, its Romanesque churches, and its hot Gascon blood.

Leaving Bordeaux, one enters almost at once upon the pine country,

"Le val, la lande, la forêt."

Mile after mile, hour after hour, rise the straight red trunks, with little tin cups tapping the resin. The air is filled with coolness, and the aromatic odor of pine-sap. Imperceptibly, the train climbs the grade; and suddenly, out of the southern horizon, appear the Pyrenees. They lift their crests above the forest, blue, snow-tipped, granite-bound, and musical with the sound of running water. A thousand streams are formed from the melting snow, or from snow-fed springs deep in the hills. They race down the mountain sides, tumbling in cascades, disappearing into caverns, boiling in rapids, and leaping against rocks and trees. These mountain streams of the Pyrenees are called "gaves;" and presently their myriad voices are gathered into one, the voice of the river, rushing for miles beside the railway track.

The Gave that runs through the town of Lourdes is the stream where the child Bernadette waded barefooted, and of which the hymn speaks,

"Sur les bords du Gave
Tu rends la santé,
O Vierge suave,
Mère de bonté!"

It was nearly midnight when the train rounded a mountainside and entered the valley of Lourdes, and the shining cross flamed out from the opposite summit. The great peaks stood black against the starry sky; the glistening snows of the Pic du Jer reflected the pale light. Across the river the Basilica and the Grotto shone white amid the dark hills. The church was brightly illuminated, and strains of music floated over the river and valley.

Next morning, the voices of women came up to the hotel windows, penetrating the closed shutters with the bars of sunlight. I stepped to the balcony and looked down. A branch of the Gave flows behind the town of Lourdes; and here, on the flat stones and on the wooden planks, the townswomen were washing their clothes, beating them with flat paddles, rinsing them in the clear, ice-cold water, and spreading them to dry on the sunny green banks. The swift river encompasses the whole town. It races under the bridges as though it would carry them away. As I walked towards the Basilica a thunder-storm was gathering. It finally burst over the valley; and the splendor of these Pyrenean peaks, flashing lightnings and echoing and re-echoing thunders from the black clouds will long remain in my mind. Long before the storm was dispersed in the west the eastern peaks were glistening again in their sun-bright snows.

Lourdes has been greatly extended since Bernadette's day. The old town, ancient, crooked, cramped, is huddled around a huge beetling cliff that stands like a watch-tower in the middle of the valley, and is crowned by a vast fortress dating from the days of the Saracens.

Lourdes was historic even in Charlemagne's day. Not far from these mountain fastnesses

the horn of Roland summoned the knights together. A dozen times Saracen or Crusader took the fortress of Lourdes. During the Hundred Years' War it fell for some time into the hands of the English. One of the battlements overlooks a jagged rock called the Eagle's Point. The story goes that the defenders of Lourdes in some historic siege, fighting until their food supplies were exhausted, had recourse to prayer; and before they were compelled to surrender, a mighty Pyrenean eagle, flying overhead, dropped on this point of rock a sheep that it had seized in a nearby valley. During the Revolution the fortress of Lourdes became a military prison, and several Irish and Scottish names are found in the long list of prisoners who died there during the Peninsular War.

At the present time the fortress is a state museum, neatly labelled and docketed at the expense of the Touring Club de France, and rich in Pyrenean lore, architectural, artistic, scientific, and historic. Wandering through these stone galleries and tower chambers, one can study the fauna and flora of the Pyrenees, together with endless specimens of native quartz or granite. Other rooms are furnished in the Basque style, with huge oaken cupboards and cavernous fire-places filling the shadowy corners; and the enormous carved beds, something like the *lits clos* of Brittany, filling up the walls. Wax figures dressed in Basque costumes take up lifelike positions beside a skilet or a gun; hand-wrought fifes, powder-horns, cowbells and bellows adorn the walls, and the embroidered chamois vests, the goatskin water-vessels, the berets, the head-dresses, are ranged in profusion. In other rooms there are models of Basque mountain farm-houses, set on high piles like stilts, to escape the mountain torrents in spring flood. There are also models of the famous fortified churches of the pre-Gothic period. From the battlements of the castle there is an incomparable view of the Gave valley and of the snow-capped Pyrenees sloping down through fir and pine to the rushing river and the white Basilica standing beside it.

Behind the castle is old Lourdes of the narrow, twisted streets and the dark courts where Bernadette spent her childhood. She was born in a dilapidated building that had once been the gaol, in a miserable room overlooking a stableyard. Her parents were not only poor, but wretched. "Two beds, a box, two chairs, and some red crockery, were their entire furniture." On the February day of 1858 when our

Lady first appeared in the grotto of Massabielle, the child Bernadette had gone into the big meadow with her sister and a neighbour child to pick up wood and bones to sell. It was a bitter day, and Bernadette, who suffered from asthma and feared the cold, was left behind when the other children took off their sabots and waded through the icy stream. One can see the child, hesitating at the cold water, looking for stepping-stones, finally stooping to pull off her sabots and stockings, and raising her startled eyes to the vision in the Grotto.

Just outside the old town the Gave takes a turn and flows westward beside what is now the great square of the Basilica and the three-tiered church above the Grotto. But in 1858 all this new Lourdes was merely meadow-land, and the poor little town was huddled under the shelter of its mediaeval fortress. Long, stately, tree-bordered avenues have been planted here, hotels have sprung up by the score, convents with carefully-tended grounds have appeared on both sides of the river. On the hillside behind the Basilica an enormous Way of the Cross, very realistic, with bronze soldiers and stone apostles, strings its Stations for the better part of a mile around the mountain. But past the convents and the retreat-houses, the road becomes once more part of the Pyrenean country-side; the wild flowers blossom almost out of the stones, the slow, cream-white oxen draw the plow through the steep, climbing hill-fields, country-men wish you good-day as they pass, girls carry their eggs and vegetables in to the market, and the pungent mountain odor of fir and pine fills the air with almost palpable fragrance.

Lourdes was by no means the first holy spring in these hillsides. Notre Dame de Betharram, Betharram of the wonderful grotto, of the stalactites, and the deep pools hidden away under the mountain, has been a shrine from time immemorial. So also has Pau. So have a dozen others. The natural instinct of the poor and devout people of this Basque country was to dedicate every lovely spot, every clear and taintless spring, to the Virgin Mother. A thousand local shrines in the Pyrenees bear witness to this. But there was no spring in the Grotto at Lourdes until Bernadette was bidden to drink of its waters. There was no local tradition to draw people to this spot. There was nothing but the word of a child and the miraculous cures that accompanied the touch of the cold mountain water.

The Basilica erected at the voice of Bernadette has been gradually extended until now

three churches tower one above the other. High as their topmost spire is, it is dwarfed by the surrounding mountain peaks. In front of the middle church, the Basilica of the Holy Rosary, is a wide terrace that curves out and down and around until it encircles the vast oval place in front of the church.

Every afternoon at four the sick are brought here on their stretchers, their crutches, their wheeled chairs; they are drawn up all around the oval, and Benediction is given. But instead of giving a general blessing to the throng, the priest carries the Blessed Sacrament to each invalid personally, and gives him an individual Benediction. In the middle, the priests and directors of the pilgrimage kneel and lead the prayers. Nurses and brancardiers, all voluntary workers, kneel beside their patients. Those who are well stand close-packed on the terrace, while above, in the bright sunshine, the swallows of the Pyrenees dart and wheel and flash their white breasts and blue-and-black wings. This ceremony is for the sick, and the well are merely on-lookers.

At night, when the dusk is thickening, the pilgrims who are in health gather below the terrace and light their tall candles, and wind in procession up the stone causeway, down the other side, along the long, tree-bordered avenue, and back into the oval which they fill almost to overflowing, while they sing the Lourdes hymn and the Credo of the Mass. All through the night there are prayers in the Church. There is usually a Mass at midnight, and the regular Masses are from five until

noon. When no services are taking place the sick gather in front of the Grotto to say the Rosary.

Every language of earth can be heard from these thronging pilgrims. Every stone in the three Basilicas is carved with an inscription of gratitude, often a simple "Merci," signed by initials. Tokens of thanks-offering are hung in thousands; the silver and gold votive hearts of the well-to-do, the war medals and crosses of grateful soldiers, wedding rings, First Communion wreaths, rosaries, jewels, anything that the owner prized and wished to sacrifice.

And what of Bernadette herself? When the world's pilgrims flocked into Lourdes, we know that she quietly slipped away and entered a poor convent in the town of Nevers. But since she had brought this tide of blessings and favors to the town of her birth, one may well wonder what favors she asked for herself. Every stone of Lourdes tells the story of some sickness cured, some family assisted, some life saved, some grief comforted. But there is no mention of such favors being granted to the Soubirous family. They were always poor. Bernadette herself never recovered from the effects of her sickly and under-nourished childhood.

"But what did the Blessed Virgin say she would do for you?" persisted the curious neighbors.

"She said," Bernadette always replied, "I do not promise to make you happy in this world, but in the next."

Of Small Things

By ALINE MICHAELIS

A little hill can hide the boundless ocean;
A scrap of cloud can shut away the stars;
A creeping doubt can dim long year's devotion;
An hour of vice, a whole life's virtue mars.

Who doubts the oak is in the acorn hidden?
Or that to-day holds keys to days to be?
That far events which wait for us, unbidden
Arise from choice, which binds, or sets us free?

Since fleeting cause can wreak such dire
disaster,
He who is wise holds naught too slight to heed;
Of small things, as of great, he will be master,
Expressing truth in his most trivial deed.

To-Morrow

By ALINE MICHAELIS

To-morrow is no day of mystery
By kindly gods or cruel devils sent;
To-morrow is the sum of you, and me,
Where all the past days of our lives are blent.
It is the good you did a year ago;
It is the evil that you thought last week,
And every noble impulse that you know,
With all the lofty loveliness you seek.

It is not fate that holds the days in store,
To color them according to its whim;
The morrow's dawn you tinted long before
Its light crept up beyond the earth's far rim.
To-morrow—men have praised it overmuch,
Because it is the bird no hand can touch.

His Holiness Replies

Catholic and courteous Spain has many Christian customs which have been guarded by her children and carried with them into distant lands. In Mexico City, which is the home of many old Spanish families, one of these customs, is the care which the well-to-do families give to their old servants and retainers. When they have outlived their usefulness and are no longer able to work they are supported by their employers, and are frequently laid to rest in the family plot in the cemetery.

In the family of General John B. Frisbie who married the daughter of General Vallejo, the first Governor General of California and lived in Mexico City where they reared a family of twelve children, was a faithful nurse by the name of Pomposa Ramos.

When the children out-grew the need of her care, Pomposa refused to eat the bread of charity, and sought employment in other families, until eventually her whereabouts became unknown to the Frisbie family. Madam Carral who is a grand-daughter of General Frisbie thought often of Pomposa and made many efforts to locate her, but without success. Years rolled on and one day recently the Archbishop of Mexico City asked Madam Carral's assistance in finding Pomposa, saying that he had a letter addressed to her from the Vatican, and that the only information he could obtain about her was that she lived for many years in the family of General Frisbie. With the assistance of an old coach-man, Pomposa was finally discovered living on the Dole which in Mexico City amounts to about \$9.00 a month.

When Pomposa, now eighty years of age, heard of the war in Italy, and the shortage of food in Rome, she became much concerned for the Holy Father. Out of her meager resources she managed to save \$3.00, 14.43 pesos, which she humbly took to the Sexton of the Cathedral with a request to send it to the Holy Father as she thought it would purchase food for him for two days. His Excellency the Archbishop of Mexico duly sent the \$3.00 to the Pope in Pomposa's name. Some time afterward the following letter, which fills one with emotion, was received.

Del Vaticano, 17th of February, 1944.

"The Secretary of State of His Holiness, respectfully greets Senyora Pomposa Ramos, and has the honor of informing her that His Holiness has received most graciously the gift of 14.43 pesos which she sent for Peter's Pence.



Miss Pomposa Ramos, aged 80,
who received a letter from
His Holiness Pope Pius XII.

His Holiness is deeply thankful for this filial homage which is a proof of the devotional sentiment which you have for the Vicar of Christ—a devotion which has caused you to save this money to give it in charity to The Holy See. The Pontiff asks God to keep you and comfort you with special favors and graces and He sends you from His heart a special Apostolic Blessing."

One can more easily imagine than describe the joy of Pomposa when this letter was read to her, and can conclude also, that her reward will be assured in this world—as well as the next—through the kindness and charity of Madam Carral.

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

For Better Things

FROM OVERSEAS

Some passages from a letter written by Lt. J. M. D.—a chaplain in the United States Naval Reserve, and when a small boy, a Loretto pupil—to his sister, a Loretto Alumna, will appeal to all who have dear relatives or friends in the Services; as will also two letters (in part) which follow—both from former St. Bride's pupils, one boy's to his sister, a member of the I.B.V.M., the other boy's to his father.

I

Dear I—M—,

Thanks for the letters and Easter greetings. It is always good hearing from you, and I enjoy the sidelights on your young sons

I had the Stations of the Cross and the Rosary from 2 to 3 on Good Friday. We crossed the international date line about that time, so we had an extra day coming. The executive decided to have an extra Sunday I gave myself an extra Monday instead

I met a reporter for the Chicago Tribune out on IWO. We got chatting about this and that. He asked me if I had had any experiences, and I told him shortly, "No." Well, as a matter of fact, I hadn't had any. What was happening to me was happening to everyone else—having close calls, and having the senses scared out of you most of the time; never knowing when or where the next shell or mortar is going to hit. You get tired of that sort of living after a while. So, when I boarded ship, I left that "fairy isle" with nary a regret. Well, I did leave it with one impression deeply fixed in my mind; prayer can do a tremendous lot when you have faith in it. How our evacuation station was never hit is more than I can figure out, from the natural standpoint. It was right out in the open, a perfect target for artillery fire, but not once did a shell land in our station. The Lord was looking after us.

And now we are back in our old rear base. I tell you it's good to be back, to see green fields again, chickens, birds and trees. Iwo was practically barren. There was some sugar cane, but not much. I really saw very little of that island, except the southern end. I wasn't sticking my nose up there in the northern part at all—too many live Japs. You never knew when one would take a shot at you, and those boys were pretty good with the rifle. So this little boy stayed put. And there were enough wounded going through the evacuation station to keep me occupied.

P—B—sent me some very good "shots" of the beach on Iwo. The best are of the beach we actually landed on. I know it well enough not to forget it. I am keeping those pictures. They are going into my file.

Last Monday I sang a High Requiem Mass in the Parish Church of a nearby town, for the boys of the Pioneer Battalion who were killed on Iwo, and I did the same on Wednesday for the dead of the Engineers Battalion. The children of the school sang the Gregorian, and they can sing. It was beautiful. On Mother's Day I am going to sing another Mass for the same purpose. I am trying to figure out a card or a letter to send to each Catholic mother. They will not receive one this year from their boys. I shall have those lads who were well acquainted with the Marine killed, sign them. It is an idea. I have no thoughts for a sermon as yet, but it will be along these lines.

Yesterday evening the Sisters of St. Joseph gave the priest chaplains a welcome home banquet. It was grand; the menu, perfect; the table beautiful The motif was the purple orchid. Towards each end of the table was a candlestick with a green candle on which was bound an orchid. Leading from each candlestick to the middle of the table was a purple strip of paper resting on a wider, silvery strip. The centrepiece was of purple orchids among lady-finger ferns. At each guest's place was a small basket of nuts, and resting against each basket was a purple orchid. I am taking home the menu as a souvenir. I can't send it through the mail because it would reveal our base.

I still have my rosaries to say, and I am rising at five-thirty these mornings. Mass is at 6.15. I don't want to make the nights too short.

I shall see you one of these months; it is pretty certain. However I shall be staying my full eighteen months out here. I want it that way.

Affectionately

Your brother,

J—M—.

II.

Dear—

Just a few lines to let you know that I have reached my destination safely, thanks to Almighty God and your prayers. At the moments

of greatest peril, I knew that you were praying for me, and the thought gave me courage and strength.

We live close to God out here; there is a Catholic Chaplain with us. Before Mass he gives us Absolution, as it is impossible to hear all of our Confessions. As we are in a battle zone, there is no fasting. I have heard Mass and received Communion on the decks of battleships, on barren atolls, and even in a boxing ring on a wind-swept coral island.

Life here is rugged to say the least; live in fox holes, work twelve hours a day, subsist on 'K' rations, but the worst is over. Soon we will have our camp built, we have more than enough of everything. I am in perfect health, the climate here is moderate, plenty of rain, but not too hot. I am thankful to God for being alive. It is easy to die out here, hard to live, but with your prayers and God's help I will be back to—and—, and all of you. Despite the physical hardship, the hardest cross to bear is being separated from—and—. But I guess we all have crosses in life.

On board ship I met a soldier from St.—'s; his name is—; he knew all the nuns. I can't tell you where we are. I was surprised to find a Catholic Church here even though it was in ruins, and Catholic natives. What happened to the Missionaries is revolting to think of, but they may have left here in time. Even in this far-flung island, a tiny dot on the surface of the mighty Pacific, the Propagation of the Faith has been active.

Well,—, that is all the news from Island X; don't worry about me because I am in perfect health, and plan on staying that way. Thanks again for your prayers, and the Medal. I went to Mass and Communion this morning. Hope you are in good health, and write to me. Love from your brother,——

P.S. Please excuse the writing. A fox hole is not conducive to Palmer Method.

III

Somewhere in England

Happy Birthday, Dad:

My birthday greetings to you this year have to come from England. It isn't the way I'd like to have it, because this year was to be more of a special birthday for you. I wanted it to be the best you ever had, Dad, for you are now able to look back on twenty-one years of our lives and see the many, many hours we've spent growing up together, as it were.

I know that at times I've presented myself to you as quite a problem; sometimes it must

have seemed strange to you that I should do things you were against, especially after you had counselled me as to what was right.

There were times when I hope I made you happy, when you could sit back and say "That's my son, and I'm proud of him."

Now that I'm twenty-one you might wonder what I'll do when I get home again. Put those worries out of your mind. For years you and Mom have moulded my character, and done your best to instruct me in what was right. Thanks to you and Mom, I have a will and a purpose to live for the future. Those ideals, in these present days of uncertainty, give me a courage to face the future, unafraid of what it holds in store.

You've guided my decisions and though I tended to be more liberal in my actions at times, it was you and Mom that taught me the basic fundamentals of subjects of discussion.

It is you who are a liberal Dad, for, after all, you made it possible for me to get a Catholic education, though you were not a Catholic yourself. I really believe that you at times think there must be something to a religion that has existed in spite of all the attempts made by persecution, laws, and wars to destroy it. You've always been a perfect example of a good Christian and source of inspiration to me by the exemplary life you've led. You and Mom have shown me how happy home life is together, and I'll always see that life before me in the future years, I'm proud to be able to say, "That's my Mom," "That's my Dad," the finest in the universe.

No, Dad, I've not forgotten the things I've been taught in the past. In a small sense, I've more or less been on my own these past two years, but nevertheless I've often stopped to ask myself what you would do in some situation which arose. You may not know it, but many times it was your liberalism in providing my Catholic education that kept me going the right way in time of temptation.

You and Mom were always after me to accomplish something each day, and not day-dream of the future. It is only during the past few months I've been able to really grasp what you were after. You have high hopes for my future, and rightly so. I plan, as you did, to build my life day by day, just as a contractor builds a house. The groundwork is laid; the foundation of education and thought is not quite finished, but you may feel sure it will be. When I start my lifework, I want to have a comprehensive background.

As you know,—means very much to me. All

my future plans centre around her. I want to remember everything you told me when I was growing up, so that I may pass these teachings on to our future family.

All in all, Dad, I want you to be able to look back on these years, and forward to future ones, and be able to say: "I accepted my responsibility and accomplished well my duties as a father."

I want you, Dad and Mom, the finest in the whole, wide, world, to be proud of me, your son, and I'll give forth my best efforts to be successful in attaining the life you would want me to lead.

Again Dad, Happy Birthday! and here's hoping I'll be with you next year and many future years, to help you celebrate your happy life. I'll be offering up my Mass and Communion today as my birthday present to you and Mom.

God bless you,

Your son,

PRO ALIIS CLUB

On Sunday morning, June 3rd, the Pro Aliis Club held their annual Communion Breakfast at Loretto College, Brunswick Avenue. Father Stone said the Mass and delivered a very interesting and instructive sermon. After a delicious breakfast, a meeting was held and the members of the new executive were chosen for the coming year. The following officers were elected: Miss Helen MacMillan, President; Miss Agnes O'Connor, first Vice-President; Mrs. A. MacDonald, second Vice-President; Miss Ann McQuillan, Treasurer; Miss Kay Smyth, Corresponding Secretary, and Miss Helen Carmichael, Recording Secretary.

The Pro Aliis Club was formed some seven years ago, with its object to build mission chapels in Western Canada, and aid in charitable work.

During this time the members have built five chapels and sent various boxes of clothing to the West, as well as making donations to other charities.

Meetings are held monthly, in the members' homes. Since the chaplain, Father Foy, has been absent on account of illness, the girls have been fortunate in securing guest speakers for the meetings.

Each year a Communion Breakfast is held in May; this is always the last meeting of the year, and at this time a new executive is chosen for the coming year.

During the past years the members have sponsored Parties, Raffles, Bridges, Teas, Rummage Sales etc., to raise money to carry on their charitable work. For the past two years a very successful Marathon Bridge has been enjoyed by members and some non-members too. A fair amount of money is realized and all take pleasure in the "get togethers" that bring such a spirit of friendliness to the club.

The Pro Aliis Club is looking forward to a more successful year than ever, when the club meets again in September.

GOOD COUNSEL CLUB TO AID STUDENTS

Out of the darkness of every era, come those who are chosen to hold the cross of Christ on high. It is a glorious commission given to so few, and endowed with all the boundless love of God's Almighty Heart.

In our time, when the world has placed a completely materialistic value on life, the lure of earthly rewards has tempted many.

To foster knowledge of religious communities, Loretto-Englewood High School students have formed both junior and senior Vocation Clubs under the patronage of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Mother St. Aiden and Mother Felician have been chosen moderators of the clubs.

The Heart Divine

By KATHLEEN A. SULLIVAN

Through all the vast universe shines a bright flame,

Of Triune Divinity, love's gentle part,
Outpouring its grace, in Our Saviour's Blessed name,

And drawing men near to His dear Sacred Heart.

O radiant jewel of the Godhead! O fire
Of sanctified zeal for each earth-burdened soul,

Magnetic in power, intense in desire
To lead men redeemed to their heavenly goal.

Rich crimson—the color of June's royal flower,
When ruby-begleamed by the morning's bright sun,

O love ever yearning—the grace of each hour—
Inflame, draw us nearer till Heaven is won!

Sketches

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHESTER BAY AND VICINITY

If you will look on your map of Nova Scotia, at about forty miles, as the crow flies, southwest of Halifax you will find Chester Bay tucked well inland, but connected with the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. On the bay is situated the picturesque, little town of Chester with about 11,000 inhabitants, whose occupations are mostly connected with the fishing industry. The homes are comfortable, two-storey, frame houses set well back from the streets in green lawns. Twenty or thirty years ago there were few sidewalks in the residential district, simply hard, well-beaten paths through the greensward which extended from the roads to the dwellings.

The gardens had old fashioned flower-beds filled with lovely, sturdy plants which grew and blossomed luxuriantly. Canterbury Bells were especially attractive, the blossoms large, with stems so strong that the flowers when picked would keep well in water several days. Fine, old, spreading trees shaded the walks and roads.

During the summer months Chester is a favorite resort for visitors, hence there is an unusual number of hotels for the size of the town. The largest, as I recall was a two-story, frame building of 40 or 50 rooms, called "The Hackmetac," the name of a pine tree which grows in abundance in that part of the country. There are many varieties of pine trees, which are known by Indian names. They do not grow tall or bulky but are numerous, forming little forests. The auto road from Halifax to Chester, some thirty years ago, was for the most part through one of these pine forests. It was only a clearing through the trees, just wide enough for one vehicle to pass; if the traveller met another it was a feat to find a space among the trees where he could turn out. The road-bed was formed by the roots of the trees, covered with pine needles, which sounds as if it were soft and springy—soft it was in spots only, and springy, indeed. The Ford cars of those days were not equipped with the comfortable springs of today, so one held on to one's hat and realized vividly that the trees were not all of the same age, nor the roots of the same size; nevertheless we enjoyed

the ride; the odor of the pines, the soft air and the unusual country-side.

During the years Bishop Shahan and Monsignor Pace were engaged in writing and compiling the Catholic Encyclopedia they were naturally overworked, since they carried on their duties in the Catholic University, at the same time. One vacation, being quite exhausted, they longed to get away to some quiet spot where they could have complete rest. Without any plan as to special destination in mind, they took a steamer to Halifax from Boston. They were both personages quite too important to slip into any city "unnoticed and unknown." So naturally the Archbishop and clergy of Halifax called upon them immediately. After one of their visits Monsignor Pace looked at the Bishop and said: "If we stay here over Sunday, do you know what is going to happen? You will be invited to sing High Mass in the Cathedral and I to preach, or *vice versa*." The Bishop made no reply but took his hat and went for a walk. In a short time he returned and with boyish enthusiasm said: "Pace, I have found the loveliest spot on earth, where everything nice that ever happened took place."

With that he drew from his pocket a small volume, remarking: "I dropped into a book store and found this, telling of Chester Bay"—That night they were aboard a little tub of a steamer which ran from Halifax to Chester; due to the uneven shore-line, and the slow-moving boat, it was an all night trip, and none too comfortable. When they landed in the morning and saw the sun shining on the sparkling waters, of lovely Chester Bay, and felt the entrancing peace and tranquility of the place, they were repaid for the discomfort of the night, and rejoiced at their hasty decision. They were presently settled in a simple, quiet, little hotel where they hoped to rest, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." Vain dream! They were noted personages in the Literary world. Visitors soon began to invade their sanctuary, and again the Bishop sought a more secluded retreat. He heard about a piece of property across the bay, which was for sale. It was owned by an Englishman who had selected it for the beauty of the location and, planning to make his home there,

had built a fine pier and boat-house, also bachelor quarters which consisted of a two-story building; on the ground floor was a large living room with an open fireplace, in addition to a small den for his work; a kitchen, pantries, etc.; on the upper floor two large bedrooms.

Later he planned to build a home for his prospective bride farther up the hill. For some unexplained reason the lady did not choose to marry him, and he decided to sell the place and return to England.

Bishop Shahan and Monsignor Pace purchased it. The porch was glassed in to make a cheerful dining-room with a splendid view over the bay. Eight little guest "cells" were built, opening out on the wharf, each about 8 x 10 feet, furnished with a comfortable bed, washstand and two chairs. In one corner was a rack on which to hang one's wardrobe and a shelf above for hats. In the opposite corner was space for a trunk with a shelf above for satchels. The ocean served for a bathroom. Two Nova Scotian girls served as cooks. A gentle, southern lady who conducted a select school for small children in Halifax during the winter months, acted as hostess and house-keeper; her nephew, a delicate boy of fourteen, served the morning Masses, and went in the rowboat over to the town for marketing, etc. Ezra, the man of all work was a tall, gaunt figure with scant hair, and face bronzed by wind and weather. One large, lone tooth stuck straight out in the front of his mouth; from its size and appearance of strength one wondered how the others could have been so weak as to have left it alone. When Ezra stood erect in the bow of the electric boat steering it for pleasure rides around the bay, with his short stemmed pipe at one side of the lone tooth and his scant hair blowing in the breeze he would have made an irresistible model for Il Greco.

It was our good fortune to visit this ideal spot and during our summer there our days were spent thus: After morning Mass, we went to the dining room for a delicious breakfast of steaming, well cooked oatmeal and golden cream, fresh eggs, home-made bread and coffee. After breakfast, those who were free, climbed the hill behind the house and picked blueberries, sufficient for deep dish pies for dinner. Soon Ezra was ready with the electric boat and we were all off for a pleasure ride and luncheon in one of the villages bordering on the bay. In a cheery dining room with windows draped with white, ruffled curtains, and the floor covered with gay colored linoleum and

polished until it shone, we were served excellent food; the housewives of Nova Scotia are noted for plain, but good cooking. Home in the late afternoon, we had a plunge in the ocean, a rest and a good book. At seven dinner was served, after which came the charmed hour of the day. Out on a platform which was the roof of the boat-house, were comfortable chairs, and there under the light of the moon and stars we took our coffee. Across the bay could be seen the lights of Chester. The air, in the month of July, was soft and balmy, the conversation which pleased us all most was Bishop Shahan's recounting Indian legends of Nova Scotia, some even more interesting than the one Longfellow wove into verse and entitled "Evangeline."

Do you wonder that to this "feast of reason and flow of soul" distinguished guests loved to come? The house-party during my stay, besides those already mentioned, consisted of two Archbishops, Bishop Shahan, and another Bishop, Miss C.—the President of the Sacred Heart Children of Mary in Halifax, and a charming little girl of eleven who because of domestic troubles in her home was spending the vacation in the Sacred Heart Convent in Halifax. Bishop Shahan's sympathy was so aroused for her that he brought her to Edgemere Farm where she not only received but gave pleasure. Some day I may tell you one of Bishop Shahan's Indian legends

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

MY DAD

I am glad Father's Day comes around once in a while. Of course they say every day should be his, and all that; but so often he is the forgotten man—the one on whom we can always count, the one we take for granted, the one we never make a fuss over. So once a year at least, let's make the most of the celebration; make it a day that he won't soon forget. God bless all our Dads!

Any tribute I could pay mine is bound to fall far short. I wish I could let him know all that he means to me. And I wish you could know him. He is the most patient man in the world. His kind eyes and gentle smile have endeared him to countless friends; but you would be afraid if you ever saw him angry. You need not fear, though, for he has mag-

nificent self-control, and would be angry only if someone sick or weak should be mistreated. I saw that happen once.

He has faced the trials of life with his quiet smile, and a persevering effort that you cannot but admire. While still quite a young man, he lost his right arm in an accident at work. The artificial one never did seem right, so he did not use it much, but the patient way in which he learned to write and to do so many other things with his left hand is typical of his entire life. I have seen him spend hours in attempting a task easy for two hands, impossible, you'd say, for one. And he usually succeeded. That's the kind of man he is. I have never heard him complain.

My Father worked for the same Company from the time he was thirteen until he retired—a record of faithful service; and he had great faith in the Company, holding stock in it, watching the stock market fluctuations in a Chicago paper—those were the days before radio.

One day he married the girl of his choice. She was twenty-one then, and had the loveliest smile any girl ever wore. He must have made her very happy, for she was always smiling.

They were very fond of each other, and he would never eat "store bread," because he liked hers too well. So did I. She baked everything the best you ever tasted—but I must tell you about her another time.

My Father was never boisterous, but he loved his children, and was a good companion to them. I remember one day when he roller skated to the bridge and back, on my skates. We thought he was wonderful. He never fell once. Which was not remarkable, for he had once had quite a reputation as a fancy skater!

He liked to read our report cards; he had a special way of doing it, and we never tired of hearing him. He always gave us everything we needed, though sometimes he accused us of having the "gimmes." If one of us cried, there was always a peppermint candy in his pocket ("a cry pill".)

His hair and skin are fair; his dear, kind eyes, large and blue. Everyone who knows him loves and admires him. I am sure he is very dear to God, for he has always been so good and true. He is a wonderful man, a wonderful father. I could tell you much more about him, and maybe some day I shall.

G.M.B.

In the Library

JOHN DRYDEN

A Comparative Study

In that delightful little book, "John Dryden: The Poet, the Dramatist, the Critic," T. S. Eliot makes this statement: "The main point which I wish to drive home about Dryden is this: that it was Dryden who for the first time, and so far as we are concerned, for all time, established a normal English speech, a speech valid for both verse and prose, and imposing its laws which greater poetry than Dryden's might violate, but which no poetry since has overthrown." The point which Eliot here stresses is that Dryden, more than any other individual, formed a language "possible for mediocrity, and yet possible for later great writers to do great things with." That of Shakespeare and Milton, by contrast, required a genius, and would only have deteriorated until such time as that later genius appeared.

"A hundred years is a long time for the stamp of one man to remain upon a literature

. . . that makes Dryden a central, a typical figure in English letters." No one, Eliot claims, in the whole history of English Literature has dominated that literature so long, or so completely. Even to our own times hardly a word or phrase of his has become quaint or obsolete. Spenser, on the contrary prefers obsolete forms of expression.

Dryden, because of his sincerity, restored to English verse a conversational quality—that of the spoken language. His conscious effort was to devise a natural, conversational style of speech in verse in place of an artificial and decadent one, as he tells us in his Dedication of *The Aeneid*. He avoided metaphysical deceptions, adopted new words deliberately, in order to resolve the contradictions of the previous period, and select from it the styles which were capable of development.

Writers of established reputation who unite tact and discretion with genius can do this. They act in the spirit of the precepts of Alexander Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, Part ii:

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;

Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

But Dryden proved himself well able to initiate important styles without being fantastic or eccentric, and this he did, consciously. "I trade," he says, "both with the living and the dead, for the enrichment of our native language. We have enough in England to supply our necessity; but, if we will have things of magnificence and splendor, we must get them by commerce. Poetry requires ornament; and that is not to be had from our Teuton monosyllables: therefore, if I find any elegant word in a classic author, I propose it to be naturalized, by using it myself; and, *if the public approves of it, the bill passes*. But every man cannot distinguish between pedantry and poetry: every man, therefore, is not fit to innovate."

Now Spenser declared his intention not to break with the past, rather to sink his roots deep into it, saturating himself with Chaucer's language, choosing with a very precise, artistic intention, to be archaic.

As for Shakespeare, he had a personal taste for a twisted, slightly enigmatic mode of expression, for variants on the current uses of speech, which frequently render his meaning less clear. Despite this, however, there is found in his work perfection of style and versification: its form, unique and incomparable. Even his early work is full of vivid, picturesque language of melodious rhythm. Notable in his lyrics is their spontaneous ease of expression; they "lilt into music."

Spenser's artistry is astonishing; matter is less important to him than form; the majesty of his metre, the "hypnotic effect" he has attained mark him as a master musician. He re-created English prosody, giving back to our verse the fluidity and the grace that it had lost since the days of Chaucer.

Milton's rhymes of no fixed order, variously and flexibly interlaced, occasional unrhymed lines, heroic, then short lines—a marvel of liquid, blended harmony, proved the strong force of lyricism that was in him. The melody and variety found in his complete purity of versification, the crystalline music of his syllables, result in an exquisite harmony. His *Lycidas* is considered an example of supreme perfection of style, imagery, and versification.

Dryden, with scrupulous attention to form, shows his complete mastery of versification in

his satirical and didactic poems, and exhibits at times a purely lyrical rhythm; often an oratorical swing and vigor; always a note of sincerity; a manner forceful and compact, at once easy and striking. In satiric verse he is unsurpassed by any English writer.

The shortening of the sentence has been a notable feature in the development of modern English writing. Spenser averaged about 50 words to a sentence in his prose; Milton 95, and he has some, 300 words in length. Dryden shortened this to an average of 25 words to a sentence, and also contributed greatly to the freeing of English writing from the inversions, involutions, circumlocutions, and parenthetical intricacies of his predecessors.

Spenser's most striking characteristic is sublimity, but there is a certain ease and flexibility of expression. He showed a fondness for obsolete words, and did not hesitate to coin new odd ones, as "mercify," "fortunize." He created English poetic diction. Language was his willing servant, voicing for him the subtlest shades of mood or fancy.

Greater still, of course, is Shakespeare, the acknowledged master. In his inexhaustible flow of words, he uses some 15,000, while the writer nearest to him in this respect employs 7,000, and Thackeray, 5,000. And his varied turns of expression multiply their number. We may well speak of his "rich genius of words."

Milton keeps to his high, cold aloofness with absolute perfection in the choice of words and sonorities. He employs energetic abbreviations, and composite epithets imported from the French, and reaches the limits of stylistic effect.

Dryden's command over the language is remarkable; he uses words as he chooses. His satires, powerful, sophisticated, effective beyond measure, show in style and Latinized vocabulary the classical trend of the typical neo-classicist.

Like Chaucer, Spenser possessed an inexhaustible imagination, which swept along with comet-like brilliancy. He created images of a higher type of beauty than this life can offer: our lives are cast in a nobler mould because of them.

No one has ever equalled the rarity and variety of Shakespeare's images, strange, beautiful, without order, redundant, flowery, and at times fantastic. Emerson says: "As long as it is a question of imaginative or mental power, the world of men has not his equal to show." And Dryden himself: "All the images of nature were present to him [Shakespeare], and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily."

"The strong fusion of logic and creative im-

agination which characterizes *Paradise Lost*, also constitutes at times, and probably in a lesser degree, the unique value of Dryden's work." (Legouis and Cazamian, in their admirable *History of English Literature*.) "His best achievements, in his plays, bring them fairly close to the imaginative, sober, nervous art of certain aspects of Shakespeare." To Dryden, indeed, is attributed a deft, brilliant handling of images; this favorable comparison with Shakespeare is high praise, justly merited.

His alliterative passages are smooth, pleasing, unstrained, and frequent. Lowell, in his Essay on Dryden, speaks of the "pleasantly alliterative verse in which he makes the spider . . . 'from the silent ambush of his den.

'Feel far off the trembling of his thread'."
Annus Mirabilis

Other examples, selected at random, are typical, I think, of his artistry in this respect:

"Drawn to the dregs of a democracy"
"For several ends to serve the same design"
"He takes his life who takes away his trade"
"The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace"
Absalom and Architophel

"Let Father Flecknoe fire thy mind with
praise"
Mac Flecknoe

"The mighty master smiled . . ."
"If the world be worth thy winning"
"Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures"
Alexander's Feast

Milton's use of alliteration strikes me as less pleasing, and is assuredly less frequent. He has

"Of pioneers, with spade and pick-ax armed."

which seems rough; and

"He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptered
king,
Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest
spirit,"

but of course in *Paradise Lost* he is not striving for a pleasant effect.

Spenser, definitely not in our idiom, writes:

"He in the first flower of my freshest age
Betrothed me unto the only haire"

as well as:

"Wretched man, wretched tree, whose nature
weake
A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,"

Shakespeare's music is lovely, but examples of alliteration are not so frequent. There is the familiar

"Full fathom five thy father lies"

and

"Who is Sylvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?"

Yet Dryden's chief glory, for all this high praise of his poetry, is his prose, natural and sincere, lucid, informal; the every day style of the present, but such as English had not known for two centuries and more before him. He represents much of the best in the neo-classical tradition; he set the fashion for literature in the next fifty years. And we may say that what was written by him then, reads today as if just written, while the books of the preceding generation are already "clouded over by a mist of archaism." Dryden, winning in personality, quiet and modest in an age of frequently loud self-assertion, is none the less the "literary dictator of the Restoration." Lowell has called his style "the *grand* style, at once noble and natural." And his influence is undeniably diffused over the whole of English thought and expression. Among the creators of modern prose, as of classical verse, Dryden must be placed in the front rank.

M. M. Vivian, I.B.V.M.

THE SAILOR'S PROTECTRESS

On sea, O Mary, so far from home
Each sailor lad in blue
Needs a Mother's watchful care;
This task we give to you.

We can't be with them, Mary
When the guns are flashing bright;
You must take care of them, Mary!
Oh, be their guiding light!

If in battle they are wounded
Hold them close to your heart;
Let not their courage falter
When their souls in death depart.

And then in Heaven let them be
A joy to Jesus and to thee;
Let them be the Father's Navy
Watching over Heaven's sea.

Virginia Drury, XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn

Book Reviews

BRAVE MEN. By Ernie Pyle

To read BRAVE MEN is to live in a very personal way the experiences of our men in the Armed Service. We read of the Sicily invasion—Italy and the grim fighting on the Anzio beachhead—pre-invasion weeks in Britain—the savage climaxes of the Normandy beaches, and on through the hedgerow fighting to Paris. Throughout the book we meet personally boys of the ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE—special mention of some being the Author's way of telling us the experiences of all, and his great human understanding and devotion to his beloved G. I. JOE—our brothers, sons, husbands—for instance the day on the boat to Sicily when the sailor tied a weight around the German Shepherd puppy's neck, letting her gently over the side because she was ill, and there was no help for her on the boat—how afterward he broke regulations by drinking and was disciplined, of course, and the sincere grief of the Commanding Officer when he learned hours later the reason for the sailor's need for forgetfulness.—the evening snacks the boys sometimes had before lights out, and the revealing thoughts expressed by lonesome hearts.

—The miracles performed by the Engineers to keep army traffic moving—by the Bomber crews in the air—by the medics in saving lives—the great respect of all including the Author, for the boys in the INFANTRY.

—Life with the Artillery, willing to fire all day and move all night every day and every night—and the wish of all to keep going forward swiftly—toward home.

—The brief stay in England during pre-invasion weeks when the Author was chosen one of twenty-eight from four hundred and fifty correspondents to go D-Day to the beaches of Normandy—and the great depression for him, a man who hated war and always had that awful little knot of fear in the pit of his stomach.

—And then—the final pages of the book written in France in August, 1944, when he said, "The German is beaten and he knows it" and it will seem odd when at some given hour the shooting stops and everything suddenly changes again. The end of the war will be a gigantic relief but it cannot be a matter of hilarity for most of us—it would seem sacrilegious to sing and dance when the great day comes, when there are so many who can never sing and dance again.

Leadership, audaciousness, OUR ALLIES, the fine gift of nature's materials—BRAVE MEN—have won the war. I hope we can rejoice in victory—humbly, and try, out of the memory of our anguish, to be tolerant with each other—try once more for a just and lasting peace."

On April 30, 1945, we read in the Free Press the last article written by the Author—a fitting tribute to his friend, Fred Painton, another war correspondent, who died on Guam. The Author, himself, was killed by a sniper's bullet on Okinawa, April 18, 1945. It seems almost as if we have lost a member of our own family—one who had talked with us so intimately and told us the great human stories of American boys in this war. It is hard indeed to realize that the Doughboy's Correspondent will write no more—that ERNIE PYLE, the little man with the BIG HEART, is dead.

Teresa Houlihan,
Loretto Alumna.

ECCLESIA A. Latin Reader. Noble and Noble. U.S.A.; and Clarke, Irwin and Company, Toronto. \$2.25.

Comparatively few of the many who once were earnest Latin students have retained their ability to read Latin literature. We are happy to call the attention of such to a simple Latin book, *Ecclesia*, Latin Reader, Book One, by Sisters of Saint Joseph, Brentwood, N.Y. It is interesting, informing, and well illustrated. A summary in English at the end of each chapter, and Explanatory Notes and Vocabulary at the end of the book, make it easy for any intelligent reader to derive from the Latin text some insight into "the vast field of literature contributed by the Church to world culture."

While intended, primarily, as a supplementary reader for upper grades in Catholic Schools, we believe that the clergy; secular orators and writers, non-Catholic as well as Catholic; and members of religious orders, will find this a helpful volume to provide a 10-minute reading each day, with good results.

Parts One and Two are devoted to selections from the Old Testament, and Parts Three and Four, to passages from the New Testament, all tending to unity of thought. The *Ecologiae Bernardinae*, and *Supplémentum* are excellent for review.

Ecclesia, Book Two, is more comprehensive.
K.M.B.

Felicitations

To Most Reverend John Roderick MacDonald, D.D., on his new Episcopal appointment as Titular Bishop of Ancusa, and Coadjutor with the right of succession to the Most Reverend James Morrison, D.D., Bishop of Antigonish, we offer, with our congratulations, every best wish for his good health and happiness and trust that His Excellency will occasionally return to visit Ontario, where he has made so many friends during his regrettable short sojourn as Bishop of Peterborough.

We offer to His Excellency, Most Reverend Gerald J. Berry, D.D., a welcome to Ontario, as he assumes his onerous duties as Bishop of Peterborough, in succession to Most Reverend Bishop MacDonald, D.D.; and we express the hope that he will soon visit Toronto, and afford us the opportunity of presenting our good wishes *vivá voce*.

RT. REV. MSGR. CLINE, D.P.



The 50th Anniversary of his ordination has been the occasion for the innumerable friends of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cline to express their greetings and their gratitude. It is our happy privilege to offer, through the pages of Loretto Rainbow, heartfelt congratula-

tions to the esteemed Jubilarian; and the assurance of many prayers on his behalf.

In addition to his arduous labours as Pastor of a large and far-famed parish, Monsignor Cline has generously used his splendid gift of oratory in spreading Christ's teachings, not only in his own Church of the Holy Name, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, and other churches of the city, but also at religious ceremonies in convent chapels. All who have been amongst his favoured listeners can but wish that his years may be happily prolonged, and his gift of impressing heavenly truths on his audience may remain an unimpaired possession.

May the passing days bring renewed blessings to the revered Jubilarian.

RT. REV. MSGR. FRASER RETURNS TO SCARBORO

The recent safe return of Rt. Rev. Msgr. J. M. Fraser, founder of the Scarboro Foreign Missions Society, and brother of Rev. Father Fraser, Chaplain, Loretto Abbey, has occasioned great happiness amongst his many friends in Toronto.

A reception was held in his honour in Columbus Hall on Sunday, May 27th, under the patronage of His Grace Archbishop McGuigan, D.D. His Grace spoke in high praise of the work accomplished by the Scarboro Mission Foundation, and of the valiant young priests who have gone from it to Foreign Mission fields, following the lead of the self-sacrificing Msgr. Fraser, a prisoner for the past four years in Manila.

Monsignor has addressed several groups since his return, and his repeated appeal for more prayers, and more missionaries for Manila, will bring results.

We trust that in his native environment Msgr. Fraser will soon regain completely his physical well-being impaired by his Manila experience. Meanwhile we offer congratulations on his recovered freedom.

To Reverend M. J. McGrath, Director of Archdiocesan Social Works, and Director of the Legion of Decency, we offer our sincere congratulations on his Silver Jubilee in the priesthood, May 27th, and we pray that the magnificent work which he is steadily accomplishing may continue to be richly blessed.

Our congratulations and prayerful good wishes for blessings on their priestly careers are offered to the following Reverend Jesuit Fathers, ordained by His Grace Archbishop McGuigan in the chapel of the Jesuit Seminary, Toronto, on Sunday, July 1st: Rev. Stanley Drummond, S.J., brother of Mother Mary Stanislaus, I.B.V.M.; Rev. Wilfred Harris, S.J.; Rev. John Hanley, S.J.; Rev. William McWalter, S.J.; Rev. Maurice Monaghan, S.J.; Rev. Clifford Rushman, S.J., and Rev. Henry Wardell, S.J. and Rev. Thomas Wardell, S.J., whose mother and sister are Loretto Alumnae.

Our felicitations are offered to Reverend Dominic Lickteig, O. Carm., Pastor of St.

Patrick's, Niagara Falls, and to the parishioners, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Felicitations and best wishes for the coming years to the Grey Nuns of the Cross, of Ottawa, on having happily attained the centenary of their foundation; and congratulations to Reverend Mother Andrew Corsini, their Superior General, on having received, as a tribute on this occasion, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Ottawa, conferred by Archbishop Vaehon, Chancellor of the University; also a medal, given by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate on behalf of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII.



Lieut. Rita Rourke, United States Army Nurse, was the first American woman to be awarded the Silver Star for meritorious service.

The citation read "for courage under fire on the Anzio beach-head." Lieut. Rourke is a graduate of Loretto-Woodlawn, Class of 1932. When in school Rita was an outstanding basketball player and always considered a threat at the Volley Ball net. We are proud of the achievement of this Loretto girl and pray that God may bless her valiant heart.

Should she be sent to the Pacific may she have a safe and speedy return.

MUSICIAN WEDS FLYING OFFICER

An interesting wedding took place in St. Ann's Church, Hamilton, on May 14th, when Miss Mary Stuart Townsend, A.T.C.M., Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, and daughter of Mrs. Townsend and the late Mr. John Townsend, was married to Flying Officer Joseph Smithbower. Rt. Reverend Msgr. Englert, D.P., officiated. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Alex. Wilson, and had for bridesmaid, her sister, Miss Madeleine Townsend. The best man was P.O. J. Drake.

Very attractive was the bride in white brocade crepe gown, finger-tip veil with floral coronet, and carrying a bouquet of sweet peas.

The bridesmaid was gowned in white taffeta and had a headdress of pink sweet peas. She carried a matching bouquet of sweet peas. Miss Marion Townsend, A.T.C.M., sister of the bride, was organist.

The bride, before joining the Havergal staff, Toronto, was organist at St. Ann's Church, Hamilton. She is a member of Mona Bates' ten-piano ensemble, and has, on several occasions given delightful recitals at the different Loretto Schools. She is a sister of Mother M. Dorothy, I.B.V.M., A.T.C.M., of Loretto Academy, Guelph. May happy years lie ahead for F/O. and Mrs. Smithbower.



SURG.-LIEUT. PAUL O'SULLIVAN WEDS LORETTO A.T.C.M. ALUMNA

On Tuesday, June 5, in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Toronto, a lovely wedding ceremony took place when at a Nuptial Mass, celebrated by the bride's cousin, Rev. J. V. Driscoll, C.M., of New York, Miss Eileen Naida Douglas, A.T.C.M., graduate of Loretto Academy, Hamilton, and post-graduate of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, was married to Surgeon-Lieutenant Paul MacLaren O'Sullivan, R.C.N.V.R., with Rev. F. R. McGinn, C.M., officiating.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Douglas, and the groom is the son of Mrs. O'Sullivan and the late Dr. Paul M. O'Sullivan. The music on the occasion was superb. Mrs. Gordon Burjar, of Hamilton, played the

wedding selections and accompanied the C.B.C. Singers, who were under the direction of Mr. Allen Whitehead.

The church was decorated with white and Madonna blue snapdragons, stocks, and palms. The bride was given away by her father. She was radiantly beautiful in a white satin gown fashioned on Elizabethan lines, and heirloom veil of Limerick lace attached to an Elizabethan halo, and carrying a white prayer-book marked with streamers of stephanotis, swansonia, and lilies-of-the-valley. Her sister, Miss Victoria Douglas, Loretto Abbey Alumna, was maid of honour, and the bridesmaids were, Misses Joan O'Sullivan, Loretto Alumna, sister of the groom; Patricia Morrison, and Miss Rosemary LaPrairie, all four attired alike in Madonna blue crepe with headdresses of white shirred mohair, and white roses. Their bouquets were Killarney roses, white sweet peas, and baby's breath. F/O. John Darte (M.D.) was best man, and the ushers were, L.A.C. Stafford Higgins, R.C.A.F., cousin of the groom; Dr. Gordon Chambers; Dr. James Arthurs, and Lieut. Paul McLaughlin, R.C.N.V.R.

A reception followed at the home of the bride's parents. Amongst the guests were the following clergy, Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B.; Rev. J. V. Driscoll, C.M.; Rev. J. E. McHenry, M.A., Rector of Newman Hall; Very Rev. F. R. McNab, C.S.P., Rector, St. Peter's Church; Rev. E. Keiffer, C.M.; Rev. F. McGinn, C.M.; Rev. B. Lawler, C.M., and Rev. J. McDonnell, C.M., cousin of the bride. The ushers were Mr. Gerald Day and Mr. James Day, cousins of the groom.

Before leaving for a wedding trip to Montreal the happy young couple called at Loretto Abbey, where they met many old friends and teachers. The groom's first two years at school were at Loretto-Brunswick Avenue, and the bride, whose education was received at Loretto-Hamilton, and Loretto Abbey, Toronto, had the unique distinction of receiving while at the former her A.T.C.M. (piano) Solo Performer, with Mother M. Ursula for teacher; and at the Abbey, her A.T.C.M. in singing, with Mother M. St. Gertrude for teacher, and, at the same time her A.T.C.M. Teacher's Degree while studying with Mr. Ernest Seitz.

Loretto's best wishes go with these two former pupils as they take up residence in Shelbourne, N.S.

Congratulations to Master Allan Forhan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Forhan, and pupil of St. Anthony's School, on winning a partial scholarship to De La Salle, Oaklands.

L.C.S. ALUMNA WEDS EASTERNER

On Monday, June 18th, a strikingly pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Helen's Church, Toronto, when Miss Mary Elizabeth Bishop, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James N. Bishop, became the bride of Mr. Joseph Sylvio Pothier, son of the late Mr and Mrs. Raoul Pothier of Three Rivers, Que. Rev. Gerald Kirby, M.A., Ph.D., celebrated the Nuptial Mass, and in the sanctuary were, also Rev. Leo Murray, Rev. Thomas Fulton, and Rev. John Brennan.



The bride was given in marriage by her father, and looked charming in a white brocade satin gown, fashioned on Princess lines, with sweetheart neckline—her finger-tip veil falling from a coronet of seed pearls. She wore a string of pearls and carried a bouquet of pink carnations, baby's breath and fern. Her sisters, Miss Helen Bishop, bridesmaid, and Miss Eileen Bishop, maid of honour, were similarly gowned in pink-and-mauve sheer, with net coronets to match. Their colonial bouquets were of roses and sweet-peas.

The groom was assisted by Mr. Norbert Farley; and Mr. Leo Bishop, uncle of the bride, was usher. Miss Kathleen Dwyer presided at the organ, and Miss Mona McHale was soloist.

A reception was held at Haddon Hall, after the church ceremony, the bride's mother receiving in navy sheer, with pink corsage, and Miss Annette Pothier, sister of the groom, assisting, in Queen's blue, with pink corsage.

The bride and groom, the bride's attendants, the best man, and the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O'Brien, spent a pleasant hour, on returning from the reception, at Loretto College School, where the bride's aunt, Mother M. St. George, is a member of the Community, and where, also, the bride's former teachers and friends had many joyous

congratulations for the happy young couple.

After a wedding trip to the United States, to Quebec City, and Saint Anne de Beaupré, Mr. and Mrs. Pothier will reside in Three Rivers.

Congratulations to St. Michael's College Hockey Teams, "Majors" and "Buzzers," on winning the Memorial Cup, as champion Hockey players of Canada, for the year 1944-45; and to the St. Michael's "Midgets," who also won distinction.

In Memoriam

MOTHER M. THEOPHANE COLEMAN, I.B.V.M.

On the morning of May 26, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, Mother M. Theophane Coleman, Superior of St. Cecilia's Convent, died after a comparatively short illness.

Mother Theophane was the only child of Owen Coleman of Sligo, Eire, and Mary Carling, both of whom predeceased her. She was born in London, Ont., January 15, 1888. Most of her life, however, was spent in Toronto, in the parish of St. Cecilia.

In 1915 Mother Theophane entered the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, where after the period of religious formation, she engaged in the teaching of music, Commercial, and grade school classes, in Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and later in several convents of the Institute in Ontario.

In 1942 Mother Theophane was named Superior of St. Cecilia's Parish Convent, and so returned to spend the last years of her life in her home parish.

The keynote of Mother Theophane's life was the gentle fidelity with which she devoted herself to all her duties.

Seriously ill in January last, she spent some weeks in St. Joseph's Hospital, and then went to the Mother House at Armour Heights, where she remained until one week before her death, when she returned to St. Joseph's Hospital.

During her last hours, Monsignor J. P. Treacy came to attend with the fidelity of a father, one, who from her childhood had shown special reverence and regard for the Pastor of St. Cecilia's.

On the Sunday following her death, Mother

Theophane's relatives, a large number of friends, and members of the Institute of the other Toronto houses came to express their sympathy to the community of St. Cecilia's Convent, and to pray beside the remains of the late Superior.

The funeral took place Monday, May 28, from the Parish Church, where Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. G. J. Cochran, with Rev. P. A. Hendriks as deacon, and Rev. James Corrigan, S.J., as sub-deacon. Rt. Rev. J. P. Treacy and Rev. J. A. McCool were in the sanctuary. The girls' choir of St. Cecilia's School assisted.

Members of the Society of Christian Mothers formed a guard of honour for the funeral procession. Besides immediate relatives and Religious of the Institute, the congregation included members of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and of the Missionary Sisters of St. Dominic, Maryknoll, N.Y. A large number of pupils from the Parochial Schools also attended.

Mother M. Theophane is survived by an aunt, Mrs. J. N. Crusoe, of Detroit, and cousins, Mrs. Estelle O'Neill of Brantford, Miss Maude Crusoe of Detroit, Mr. R. J. Carlin and Mrs. Hyland of Toronto, Mrs. Tegler and Misses Agnes and Gertrude Carling of Hamilton.

May she rest in peace.

In expressing our sympathy in April issue of the Loretto Rainbow to Mrs. Drucilla Gorman (16 Florence Avenue, Collingdale, Pa.) and to the bereaved family, on the death of their son and brother, Eugene Joseph Gorman, of the U.S.A. Marines, we inadvertently omitted the name of Eugene's only sister, Mrs. Muriel (Gorman) Pringle (3030 Oakdale Rd.,

Hopeville, Georgia) to whom, and to her little son, Gordon, we herewith offer, with deep regret for the omission, our sincere sympathy.

**PILOT OFFICER
JOHN FARAGHER, R.C.A.F.**

Amongst the valued lives sacrificed in the cause of World Freedom was that of Pilot Officer John Faragher, R.C.A.F., reported missing several months ago, and now officially listed as killed over Kiel Canal, Germany, on the night of August 16, 1944. He was a former pupil of Holy Family School (Loretto), and later a student at Oaklands De La Salle. At the time of enlisting he was learning photo-engraving in Royal Engravers, of which firm his father is manager.

Previous to his departure for overseas, John, looking handsome in his Air Force uniform, paid a brief visit to Loretto College School and met old friends amongst the teachers. On leaving he heard many an earnest "God bless you!" He has since been remembered in the prayers of the Community, and especially since the announcement of his death has been received. His rank on leaving Canada was that of Sergeant; his commission—P.O.—was received after achievements as gunner overseas.

To his bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Faragher, to his brother and sisters, all former or present pupils of Loretto, and to his devoted grandmother Mrs. J. Faragher, Sr., we offer our heartfelt sympathy.

Lance-Sergeant William (Bill) O'Neill, a former pupil of Holy Family, and St. Vincent de Paul Schools (Loretto), enlisted in June, 1941, went overseas in August, 1942, and was serving with the 102nd Light Aircraft Regiment in Germany when called to make the supreme sacrifice, on April 29th, 1945.

His father, the late William O'Neill, served in World War I.

Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to his bereaved mother, Mrs. Frances O'Neill; to his brother, Forrest O'Neill, who returned recently, invalided, after serving in Italy; and to his sister, Mrs. Josephine O'Hanley; also, to his aunt, Mother M. St. Lawrence, I.B.V.M.

"Earthly sorrows are the roots of heavenly joys; a cross on earth is a crown begun in Heaven."

Three times during the present war, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Leboldus, of Vi-

bank, Sask., have come the heart-breaking confirmations of the deaths in action of three beloved and heroic sons:

Flying Officer Peter Leboldus, R.C.A.F., reported missing over occupied enemy territory, was later officially presumed dead. Through the Red Cross, information was received that his marked grave is in Northern France.

Sgt. Martin Leboldus, R.C.A.F., reported missing over Leipsic, Germany, is now officially presumed dead;

and

Sgt. John Leboldus, R.C.A.F., missing in air operations over Italy, has recently been officially reported dead.

To those left to mourn these young heroes, for the repose of whose souls, many prayers have been said, in Loretto, we offer deepest sympathy—to the valiant and truly Christian parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leboldus; and the surviving members of the family, Capt. Michael Leboldus, C.A.M.C., overseas; Sister Teresita, O.S.U.; Sister M. Anysia, I.B.V.M., Toronto; Mrs. M. Patterson, Mrs. E. Marklinger, Miss Jean Leboldus, Mr. Frank Leboldus, in Provincial Civil Service; and Mr. Bernard Leboldus, at College.

"Missing in air operations over Weisbaden, on February 2," was the heart crushing message that came to prepare Mr. and Mrs. M. L. McLean and family for the sad confirmation, received April 14, of the death of their son, P.O. William Eugene (Bill) McLean, aged 25.

P.O. McLean was one of St. Michael's outstanding football and hockey players previous to his joining the R.C.A.F. in 1941. He won his wings in 1942 at Summerside, P.E.I., and for a year and a half trained air gunners at Mont Joli. In September, 1943, he received his commission and was sent overseas, where he was given further training as a bomber-pilot. He was engaged in his first tour of operational flights when he took part in the raid in which he lost his life. His brother, L.A.C. Paul McLean, was killed in training, in November, 1943, at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

To Mr. and Mrs. McLean, and family—Lt. Thomas W. McLean, with the R.C.A.S.C. in Germany; Leo F. McLean, discharged from the R.C.A.F.; "Teddy" McLean, St. Michael's College; Mrs. Paul Maynard (Peggy); Miss Joanne, and Miss Catherine, B.A., Loretto College Alumna, we offer heartfelt sympathy.

Their heroic dear departed have been remembered in prayer at Loretto.

One of the well remembered boys of St. Anthony's School (Loretto-Toronto), is Prvt. Edward John Durand, 26, now numbered amongst those who have "paid the price for freedom."

Early in 1942, leaving his occupation in Art Metal Works Co., he enlisted, and during his Army Service overseas was twice severely wounded. Early this year he was fatally injured in Germany, surviving only a few hours.

To his bereaved wife and little son, John Edward; to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Durand; his brother, Mr. Basil Durand; and his sister, Mrs. Holmes, we offer our deep sympathy, and assurance of continued remembrance in prayers for their departed hero.

Prvt. Clarence Drummond, 26, a former pupil of St. Stanislaus School (Loretto) Guelph, was killed in action overseas. To his wife (Nefa Borghes, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) and their two children, we offer our sincere sympathy; also, to his bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Drummond, and to his brothers, Rev. S. Drummond, S.J., and Sgt. William Drummond, and his sisters, Mother Mary Stanislaus, I.B.V.M., and Miss Dorothy Drummond, Loretto Alumna.

On June 2nd in St. Michael's Cathedral a solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of Squadron Leader William Thomas (Bill) Klersy, D.F.C. and Bar, the first Toronto airman reported missing after the "cessation of hostilities in Europe." His body had been found, and was interred on May 30th at Udem, Northwest Germany.

Sqdn.-Ldr. Klersy had attended St. James' School (Loretto), and St. Michael's College School before joining the Air Force, June, 1941, at the age of eighteen. In June, 1942, he received his wings and commission.

Since 1943 he had been in action overseas. He was promoted in January, 1945, to command the famous 401st Canadian fighter squadron, and had been on operations since D-Day. According to an R.C.A.F. report, "During April he was top scorer among Canadian squadrons on the continent."

While grieving over the death of this 22-year-old hero, his good Christian family and his former teachers and other friends are consoled by the remembrance of his fine character, and his fidelity to duties, spiritual as well as temporal, which, they trust have won for him eternal peace after the trials and turmoil of the past few years.

To his bereaved parents, and to his sisters, Margaret, Norma Claire, and Marion, former Loretto pupils, we offer with our heartfelt sympathy in their loss, congratulations on his exceptional achievements.

May he rest in peace.

Requiem

By P. J. COLEMAN, M.A.

The sad winds sing the requiem of the year,
The woodlands bow their heads discrowned
and sere,
And drop their leaves of russet, gold and red
In rustling grief upon her queenly bed.

No radiant rose attends her obsequies,
No violet bends o'er with dew-wet eyes;
But earth and sky are veiled in sombre gloom
For her, once queen of beauty's youth and
bloom.

Belated asters lift a lingering fire
Of flickering tapers round their hearts' desire
Who wears the first white flakes that earthward
fall,

The first snow's ermine for a funeral pall.

The dripping rain, the dark and sullen cloud
Their soft asperges sprinkle on her shroud,
As down dim aisles of forest, grey and gaunt,
The wailing winds their miserere chant.

But hark! from Heaven breaks in a note of joy:
"There is no grief without sweet hope's alloy;
There is no death, and she shall rise again
And with her beauty gladden hill and plain.

"Yea, she in youth resplendent shall arise
When from the land the frown of winter flies;
And angel April at her empty tomb
Shall wreath her brows with hyacinthine bloom."

Graduates 1945, Loretto College in the University of Toronto



Miss B. Solmes



Miss P. Fisher



Miss H. Weinhardt



Miss G. Olivieri



Miss J. Vale



Miss H. Read



Miss M. Dever



Miss J. McGoey



Miss A. Schmalz



Miss J. Doiron



Miss C. DeMarco



**STUDENT'S ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL
1944 - 1945**

President of Sodality—Helen Read.
 Head of S.A.C. — Jean Vale.
 Head of House Committee—Jacqueline Doiron.
 Senior Representative—Helen Read
 Junior Representative—Mary Farrell
 Sophomore Representative—Helen McLaughlin
 Freshman Representative — Margaret Mary Dandeneau.
 Dramatics Representative—Millwood O'Shaughnessy.
 Debating Representative—Jacqueline Samson.
 Torontonensis—Jacqueline Doiron.
 Loretto Rainbow Representative—Sally Chiovetti
 Social Representative—Betty Solmes.

BETTY WEDS

Newman Chapel was a lovely setting on May the eighteenth for the wedding of Betty Solmes, Loretto 4T5, and "Peck" W. Weber, St. Michael's 4T5. Rev. J. McHenry, chaplain of Newman Club, officiated. Margaret Mary Dandeneau, Loretto 4T8, played wedding music, and Jacqueline Doiron, Loretto 4T5, sang Gounod's Ave Maria, On This Day, O Beautiful Mother, and other appropriate hymns.

The bride, given away by her father, was lovely in brocaded satin and net, with portrait neckline and double-net ballerina skirt. Her finger-tip veil was held by a period headdress of net and pearls, and she carried calla lilies. The matron of honour was Mrs. J. Solmes, sister-in-law of the bride, and the bridesmaids were twin sisters, Misses Eileen and Kathleen Kervin, of Oshawa. Bill O'Brien, St. Michael's 4T5, of Hamilton, was best man. The ushers were Capt. J. Solmes and Bob Thompson, St. Michael's 4T5, of Belleville.

A reception was held afterwards in Newman Club, and the bride's bouquet was caught by none other than Betty's room-mate, Joan Galligan, (4T6). Who knows, perhaps there will be another wedding soon (?). Betty and Peck left for a wedding trip to Hamilton and Buffalo, Betty wearing a red wool suit and black hat.

Betty has always managed, during her three years of College life, to combine successfully studies with social activities. In her second year she was assistant social representative at the College. Last year she did a fine job as social representative, as well as Loretto representative on the Newman Club executive. It was indeed fitting that such a lovely Catholic wedding should take place at Newman, so dear to both the bride and the groom.

Mary Farrell,
Loretto College 4T6.

FROM HIGH SCHOOL THROUGH COLLEGE

Next year I shall be graduating—not from High-School, but from College; yet the prospect of it reminds me of my Convent graduation. Then I wore a white dress and a wreath upon my head. When I graduate from college, the white dress will be partially hidden by a black-college gown; the laurel for my head will be a mortar-board.

From high school graduation I came forth eager to convert a world with the cherished ideals that a convent training had given me. Now, a little wiser, and still retaining my desire to win souls for Christ, I know that I cannot do so alone.

When I came to college, expecting my ideals to be shared in common, I was not a little disappointed to find that college was different from my beloved convent—high school. The atmosphere was different. Professors were different. Whereas I had found in high school teachers personal friends and benefactors, I saw in lay professors merely exponents of some book or some theory—But, of course, I was only a Freshman! In my second year I was truly a Sophomore (from the Greek "sophos" meaning *wise!*) As I witnessed the same disappointment envelop the newcomers there came to me the realization that the zeal for conversion with which I and they had left high school was finding scope for development. For at college, I reasoned, you do not meet very many convent-trained young people. The majority seem unaware of any difference in spiritual outlook, so that a great work for souls begins just here—the work of converting minds, of encouraging straight-thinking, of fostering a love of virtue, and of showing our fellow-youth that we are different by reason of our convent-training.

In the development of character, in the moulding of a personality high school is only

the beginning; college is its complement. The high school graduate, facing an estranged universe immersed in the degraded morals of paganism, might well have her ideals shattered before she has recognized their power, while the college-graduate, on the other hand, has so developed those ideals in the course of speculative and practical training that they have become a part of her personality. You may shatter ideals, but you can never shatter a personality without the destruction of the person. Catholic High School ideals lead us to God; Catholic College ideals keep us with Him.

Next year, I shall be graduating. I am grateful to the Loretto high school I attended; and I am also grateful that there was a Loretto College to welcome me. My ideals are not shattered, thank God!

They are dearer to me than any worldly possession. And what has made them so is the fact that I have seen hundreds of my fellow-youth who neither possess nor cherish these spiritual treasures of life. I have met a hundred young people who have no idea that

such treasures exist. God has been good to me. Because I have received gifts which others have not, there rests upon my conscience a solemn obligation; if I cannot convert a whole world, the least I *can* do is exert an exemplary influence upon a part of it.

Sally Anne Chiovetti,
Loretto College, 4T6

AD MAJORAM DEI GLORIAM

The flowers bloom and skies are clear and bright,

The voice of spring resounds in colours gay;
And nature with her grand God-given right
Dissolves the vestiges of winter's grey.

Within this change I find analogy:
A soul deprived of light like winter's sod
Emerges from its dark depravity
With nourishment divine—the grace of God.

Sally Anne Chiovetti,
Loretto College, 4T6.

THE GRADUATES

By MRS. O. HISCOTT.

What shall we take to the smiling world
That beckons and waits with welcoming
arms?

(Youth, ambition, and eager hope,
Fearless and fresh with morning's charms.)

How shall we meet the changing world
That scoffs and frowns and strikes full swift?
(In armour of kindness, faith, and truth,
Loretto-forged — an enduring gift).

How shall we find in the busy world
That whirls and forgets—God's holy will?
(Under the light of Our Lady's grace
Loretto-kindled, and guiding still).

How shall we hear in the noisy world
His Sacred Name in love and praise?
(The echo of the chapel-bell
Rings on, though past, the classroom days).

MORTAL.

By ANNE SUTHERLAND

I am so poor a thing at best,
A nameless poor identity,
That none would stay his skyward quest
To feed a flagging zest by me.

And yet—and yet—I am a shell
Of exquisite fragility,
And all the passion of His love
Hath been and left its song in me.

And yet I am a crystal jar
Spun out of dew and clarity,
The attar of His tenderness.
Hath been and left its scent in me.

And yet I am a star, a star,
Hung high and trembling in the free,
A holy Lamplighter hath been,
Hath been and left His flame in me.



Secretarial Department

387 Brunswick Avenue

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Toronto 4, Canada



A group of typists in Loretto Secretarial Department pause a moment to look at the camera.

Commercial Work in the Secretarial Department of Loretto College School

Students who wish to begin their Commercial training in Grade IX may continue to take additional Commercial subjects in Grades X, XI, and XII. At the end of Grade XII a Commercial Certificate will be granted to those who attain the required standard. This Certificate will qualify them to take a Stenographic position.

SPECIAL COURSE

A special ONE-YEAR Course of Secretarial training has been arranged, to which students may be admitted at the end of three years of High School. Experience has justified the recommendation, however, that, wherever possible, a student complete her Upper School training before entering the Special Class.

CONTENT OF COURSE

Religious Knowledge,
Personality Development,
Business English,
Shorthand, Bookkeeping,

Touch Typewriting,
Spelling, Filing,
Secretarial Practice,
Business Correspondence,

Business Law,
Economics,
Commercial French
and Spanish.

ACCOMMODATION FOR RESIDENT STUDENTS IN SPECIAL COURSE

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS Graduation Exercises

On Friday afternoon, May 25th, the auditorium of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, was the scene of the ninety-eighth graduation exercises. With dignity the procession of thirty white-robed graduates advanced through the audience to the stage, where, massed in the background, a large part of the student-body awaited them. The pleading tones of "Dona Nobis Pacem," set to an exquisite 16th century melody, filled the hall with its earnest prayer. Then Miss Isobel O'Gorman, on behalf of the graduates, welcomed the parents and friends who so graciously came to honour them by their presence. Several numbers spiritedly rendered by the choral class followed: "Early One Morning" by Whitehead, MacDowell's "To A Wild Rose," and "A Celtic Lullaby" by Robertson. Tchaikowsky's "Danse Russe" was ably played by four graduates, the Misses Patricia Smith, Therese Charron, Barbara Murphy, and Mary Ellen Meade. In the valedictory, Miss Joan MacDonald drew attention to the strangeness of the world on the threshold of which the graduates found themselves—a world in which a war of arms prevails, and with it, a bitter conflict of ideologies. These evils, she said, constituted a challenge which must be taken up by youth. Their weapons must be those forged in the process of a Christian education: the sword of the spirit, the helmet and breast-plate of Faith, Hope and Charity, prayer and sacrifice. So only, might be truly restored the peace of Christ.

In an eloquent address to the graduates Reverend L. A. Markle, Ph.D., S.T.D., reminded the graduates that they should model their lives on Our Lord. He had "graduated" from the house of Nazareth, now, because of its situation, called the Holy House of Loretto. He had advanced in wisdom and grace; they having graduated from this house of Loretto had done likewise. They had learned the true values of life: for them, God was the centre of the universe; and they his children. Dr. Markle told the graduates to thank God for having so singularly favoured them in allowing them to receive so many advantages. They should thank their parents and all those who had contributed to their success; the best form of thanks lay in the lives that they would henceforth lead.

The graduates were the recipients of medals: The Papal Medal for Religious Knowledge, presented by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, was

awarded to Miss Julianne Shannon; the Governor General's Medal for English Literature, presented by His Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, to Miss Joan MacDonald; the Gertrude Foy Medal for English Essay, to Miss Isobel O'Gorman; the Eugene O'Keefe Medal for Mathematics, to Miss Joan MacDonald; and the Archbishop McGuigan Medal for Apologetics in Grade XII, to Miss Jean Barcant.

Graduation honours were conferred upon: the Misses Yolanda Bernard, Joyce Cabral, Therese Charron, Bernadette Delaney, Kathleen Higgins, Katherine Hoey, Anna Marie Hogan, Ruth Hughes, Shirley Ingram, Margaret Kulik, Joan MacDonald, Jacqueline McCarthy, Helen McNevin, Mary Ellen Meade, Annette Menard, Barbara Murphy, Grace Norman, Joan Norman, Isobel O'Gorman, Maureen O'Sullivan, Marie Paus, Helen Power, Joyce Predhomme, Grace Serrao, Julianne Shannon, Patricia Smith, Denyse Snow, Frances Walsh, Mary Ward, Sheila Waters.

The graduates were especially honoured by the presence of Right Reverend John M. Fraser, recently returned from Manila after undergoing many dangers. Others in attendance were: Rev. W. Fraser, Chaplain of the Abbey, Rev. L. J. Austin, Rev. H. J. Callaghan, Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan, Rev. F. M. Caulfield, Rev. W. A. Egan, Rev. F. J. Flanagan, Rev. J. O. Fleming, S.J., Rev. J. O'Neill, Rev. J. F. Lynch, S.J., Rev. F. Lyons, Rev. H. Murray, Rev. N. McKinnon, Rev. D. O'Connor, Rev. E. T. Keane, Rev. M. J. Oliver, Rev. H. Lt. Col. D. F. O'Sullivan, Rev. C. Schwalm, Rev. R. M. Ward.

LORETTO ABBEY, MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Results of the Toronto Conservatory Examinations at Loretto Abbey, Mid-Winter and June, 1945:

PIANO—Grade IX: Marion Kelly, Honours. Grade VIII: Monica Wilson, Shirley Heit, Jane Timmins, Audrey Owens, Honours; Shirley Roulea, Pass. Grade VII: Audrey Shortt, Pass. Grade VI: Betty Rosar, First Class Honours; Jean Brickley, Mary Knowlton, Mollie Fitzpatrick, Jocelyn Wigglesworth, Honours. Grade V: Bobby Jarman, First Class Honours; Jacqueline deLesseps, Joan Lanthier Sheila Wight, Honours. Grade IV: Anne Gonsalves, First Class Honours; Adele Knowlton, Anne Hamilton, Margaret Wight, Honours. Grade III: Anne Gonsalves, First Class Honours; Lois Anne Calladine, First Class Honours;



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Back Row—Mary Ellen Meade, Joyce Cabral, Frances Walsh, Shirley Ingram, Thérèse Charron, Margaret Kulik, Joan Norman, Maureen O'Sullivan, Helen Powers, Jacqueline McCarthy, Mary Ward.
 Second Row—Bernadette Delaney, Annette Menard, Kathleen Higgins, Grace Serrao, Joyce Predhomme, Denyse Snow, Isabel O'Gorman, Julianne Shannon, Marie Paus, Katherine Hocy, Patricia Smith.
 Front Row: Left to Right—Sheila Waters, Grace Norman, Ruth Hughes, Barbara Murphy, Joan Macdonald, Yolande Bernard, Helen McNeVins, Anna Marie Hogan.

Jacqueline Leliver, Mary Mahon, Justine O'Brien, Mary Elizabeth Whelan, Patricia Byers, Patricia Ryan, Honours; Barbara Cox, Pass. Grade II: Johannah Pryal, First Class Honours; Joan Walsh, First Class Honours; Jacqueline Wight, First Class Honours; Patricia Donegan, Anne Kirkpatrick, Martha Ann Holmes, Virginia Doyle, Honours. Grade I: Joan Roy, First Class Honours; Dorothy Agius, Honours.

VIOLIN—Grade VIII: Rose Marie Bernard, Pass; Grade VII: Patricia McDonough, Honours.

SINGING—Grade VIII: Marion Kelly, Pass; Grade VI: Louise Bienvenu, Pass; Grade IV: Mary Kaufman, Barbara Mitchell, Honours; Grade II: Mary McKenna, Honours; Grade I: Shirley Heit, First Class Honours; Jean Leliver, Honours.

HARMONY—Grade IV: Teresa Laberti, Victoria Douglas, Pass.

HISTORY—Grade III: Marion Kelly, Pass.

THEORY—Grade II: Jane Timmins, First Class Honours, Jean Wakely, First Class Honours, Shirley Heit, First Class Honours, Shirley Rouleau, First Class Honours; Lethen Rodden, Joan Lanthier, Mary Culliton, Honours; Louise Vienveu, Pass.

RECITAL

**Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights
June 4, 1945.**

- Suter In the Garden
- Berul Russian Dance
Master Joseph McDonough*
- Handel Gavotte
Miss Anne Quigley
- Bach Two Minuets
Master Joseph Kozak*
- Masters Valse Arabesque
Miss Lorraine Menard
- Dolb Capricietto
Miss Constance Taylor*
- Rogers Cloud Shadows
Miss Barbara Mitchell
- Handel Almira Suite
Master Allan Tipping* Grave, Allegro
- Blachford Minuet
Miss Eloise MacInnes
- Seebeck Minuet à l'Antico
Miss Joan Hickey, Miss Nora Kay Quinn
- Seitz Concerto G Major
Master John Toorish* Allegro

- Seitz Adagio, Alegretto
Miss Mary Helen Guinane*
 - Ronald Sunbeams
Miss Mary Kaufman
 - Danela Air and Variations
Miss Cecilia La Tour*
 - Seitz Butterfly Waltz
Miss Noreen Prestly
 - Godard Berceuse from Jocelyn
Miss Joyee Cabral*
 - Elgar Salut D'Amour
Miss Barbara Buck*
 - Franck Panis Angelicus
Miss Marilyn Burt
 - Severn Polish Dance
Miss Patricia McDonough*
 - Massanet Meditation from Thais
Miss Rose Marie Bernard*
 - Liszt Valse Oubliée
Miss Patricia Smith
 - Beethoven Rondino
Miss Yolanda Bernard*
- Presenting of INTER-LORETTO FESTIVAL CERTIFICATES
- Mendelssohn War. March from Athalie
 - Beethoven Theme from Sonata Op. 26
 - Elgar Pomp and Circumstance
The Loretto Orchestra

*Pupils of Miss Dorothea McLaughlan

QUALITY STREET



Loretto Abbey

On Tuesday evening, May 8th, Loretto Abbey Auditorium was the scene of a presentation of Barrie's "Quality Street." The members of the cast, with the exception of one scene, where they were assisted by their junior fellow-pupils of grades two and four, were all pupils of grade twelve. Miss Jacqueline



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Jacqueline Rivard, Catherine Carere, Phyllis Clegg, Kathleen Corbett, Catherine Ryan, Katherine Hamlon,
Flower Girls:—Mary Ann Curtis, Sylvia Tessaro, Mary Therese Chapitas, Ann Kloepfer, Joanne Booth, Mary O'Brien.

Waddell, was a charming and vivacious Miss Phoebe; the part of Valentine Brown was played in gallant fashion by Miss Muriel Smith; and Miss Joan Coffey, as Miss Susan, most capably acquitted herself. The Misses Elizabeth Cormack and Helen Smyth delighted the audience with their humorous representation of the love-lorn Ensign and Lieutenant, as did also Miss Julia McCool, as the saucy and breath-taking Patty. The Misses Margaret McDonagh, Marilyn Walsh and Mary Macfarlane were an excellent trio as the three quaint ladies who were always "popping in." The cast included, likewise, the Misses Noreen Prestley, as Charlotte; Una Magner, as Isabella; Colette Mulholland, the Sergeant; Master Warren Anglin, as Master Arthur Wellesley; Milberge Gibbons, Jane White, Christine Valenti, Marion Kelly, Barbara Meyers, Marjorie Oates, Nell Ruscica, Dana Sheppard, and Marian Wupperman, who figured in the ball-room scene; June Marie Andrews, Barbara Basserman, Barbara Heenan, Jacqueline de Lesseps, Nancy Ruscica, Masters Burton Clapperton and Tommy Ruscica, school children. Altogether it was a most commendable performance for so young a cast.

QUALITY STREET

By Sir James M. Barrie

Presented by Grade Twelve, assisted by Members of Grade Two and Grade Four

Time: during the Napoleonic Wars, from 1805 to 1815

Act I—The blue and white room in the house of the Misses Susan and Phoebe Throssel in Quality Street, in a little country town.

Act II—Ten years later. The school of the Misses Throssel, in the blue room, sadly changed.

Act III—The ball (the third of a series!): the canvas pavilion, used as a retiring room and for card playing.

Act IV—The blue and white room—after the ball.

Music between acts provided by the Abbey Orchestra.

CAST

Valentine Brown Muriel Smith
 Ensign Blades Elizabeth Cormack
 Lieutenant Spicer Helen Smyth
 A Recruiting Sergeant Colette Mulholland
 Master Arthur Wellesley Thomson ... Master Warren
 Anglin

Isabella Una Magner
 Miss Susan Trossel Joan Coffey
 Miss Phoebe Throssel Jacqueline Waddell
 Miss Willoughby Margaret McDonagh
 Miss Fanny Willoughby Marilyn Walsh
 Miss Henrietta Turnbull Noreen Prestley
 Patey Julia McCool
 Other school children: Nancy Ruscica, June Marie Andrews, Barbara Basserman, Barbara Heenan, Jacqueline de Lesseps, Masters Burton Clapperton, Tommy Ruscica.

At the Ball: Christine Valenti, Marion Kelly, Barbara Meyers, Marjorie Oates, Dana Sheppard, Marian Wupperman.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Graduation Exercises

On the evening of May 26, Loretto Academy, Guelph, held its 89th annual Graduation in the Church of Our Lady.

The graduates, Miss Jacqueline Rivard, Miss Katherine Hanlon, Miss Catherine Carere, Miss Catherine Ryan, Miss Phyllis Clegg and Miss Kathleen Corbett, in long white gowns, were preceded up the aisle by their tiny flower girls, Mary Ann Curtis, Mary O'Brien, Sylvia Tessaro, Joanne Booth, Mary Theresa Chapitas and Frances Ann Kloepper, wearing long frocks of pale blue.

Graduation honors were conferred by Rev. Dr. J. A. O'Reilly, who also announced the names of the winners of the following awards: Gold medal for highest standing in Senior Religion, donated by Rev. Dr. O'Reilly and awarded to Miss Katherine Hanlon; gold crosses for highest standing in Junior Religion class, donated by the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin of the Church of Our Lady and awarded to Miss Mary Bragnola and Miss Mary Lou Grieve; gold medal for highest standing in Junior Matriculation English, donated by Rev. Dr. P. L. O'Brien and awarded to Miss Eileen Crawley; the Knights of Columbus scholarship for 1944-1945, awarded to Miss Patricia Craven; the James Sutherland Memorial Scholarship for 1944-1945, won by Miss Rita Cremasco; the Confraternity of the Holy Family Scholarship, awarded for highest standing in Grade 8 at St. Stanislaus School, won by Miss Helen Craven.

The guest speaker was Rev. Dr. Martin Foley, C.Ss.R., Toronto. His impressive advice was, "Be honest in all you say; charitable in all you think; humble in all you do, and pure in all your actions." He congratulated the members of the graduation class on having accomplished something really worthwhile. He said that their graduation was a source of pride and joy to their assembled parents and friends, and added that the Priests, and Sisters too, were proud because their graduation was a "proof and shining spectacle of what we have been fighting for so long in this Province a truly Christian education."

"The whole future lies before you now and the important question in the minds of all of you is, 'What am I going to do with my life?' or 'How am I going to live?' You have a tremendous advantage having received your schooling under the fine educational system provided by this province. As a Catholic,



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

you have something more than a diploma on the subjects contained in the high school curriculum; you have received training in the formation of character as well," he concluded.

During the programme the following hymns were sung by the students of the Academy, under the direction of Mother Dorothy—"Veni Creator Spiritus;" "Ave Maria Loretto," the traditional hymn of all Loretto schools; "Praise Ye the Father;" "Panis Angelicus;" "Tantum Ergo;" "Adoremus and Laudate," in all three parts; and "God Save the King."

MARY'S LOVE

May Mary's gracious love still shine
Upon you through the hours
Of life—as sunshine falls upon
The summer's opening flowers!

But should it be that crosses come,
To bring you naught but pain,
Remember Mother Mary knows
When flowers are in need of rain.

Janette Fraser, XII,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

Graduation Day

The 84th Annual Graduation day, June 8, began with Mass for the graduates, celebrated by Rev. Wilfrid Smith, O. Carm., who gave an impressive talk to those who had now completed their studies at Loretto.

After Mass a festive breakfast was enjoyed at which each graduate found her graduation medal beside her place card.

In the evening after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Chapel, the students in procession left for Mount Carmel College to take part in Loretto's graduation programme.

The exercises were attended by a large number of friends and relatives.

The programme opened with the procession of the graduates gowned in white, carrying bouquets of red roses and accompanied by their flower girls.

The salutatory was given by Miss Helen M. Brown, of Toronto, Ont., followed by vocal numbers rendered by the choral class. The honors were conferred by the Very Rev. Richard Haag, O. Carm., Prior of Mount Carmel College.

Prayer of thanksgiving for victory in Europe was offered by the Rev. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.S.S.C. Members of the graduating class gave the valedictory in poetic form. The Rev.

Thomas Gavin, S.J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, moderator of the Western New York Students' Sodality Conference, was the guest speaker. His subject was "Why Catholic Education?" The singing of the Star Spangled Banner and God Save the King concluded the programme.

The winners of the special prizes open to the student body including graduates were as follows:

The Pope's Medal for Christian Doctrine, awarded to Miss Anne Irene Schihl, Stevensville, Ont.

Scholarship awarded for general proficiency among resident students, Seniors, Anne Irene Schihi, Stevensville, Ont.

Medal for English Literature in Grade XII, presented by His Excellency, the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of Canada, awarded to Miss Mary Frances Kerr, Welland, Ont.

Scholarship in Grade XII, for general proficiency, and excellence in English among the resident students, merited by Miss Mary Frances Kerr, Welland, Ont.

Medal for General Proficiency and excellence in English in Grade XI, presented by Mr. Nars Brault, awarded to Miss Ethel Podhorn, Niagara Falls, Ont.

Medal presented to the winner of the Constance Renaud Trophy for special achievement in music, awarded to Miss Patricia Robins, Stamford, Ont.

Scholarship for highest standing in Entrance Class, St. Patrick's School for 1944, awarded to Miss Carolyn Geisenhoff, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

1944 Scholarship presented by the local Loretto Alumnae Association, awarded to Miss Marilyn Peckham, Niagara Falls, Ont., from Falls View School.

The graduates and their flower girls were respectively: Miss Gladys Hicks, this city, attended by Brenda Reagan; Miss Barbara Catherine James, this city, Sharen Skidmore; Miss Christine Giampolo, this city, Estelle Critelli; Miss Betty Jane Ricker, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Patricia Matheson; Miss Patricia Ann Goodwin, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Carol Armstrong; Miss Vera Kuzak, St. Catharines, Eileen Peuss; Miss Margaret Mary Van Hee, St. Catharines, Beverly Ann Perron; Miss Anne Irene Schihl, Stevensville, Carol Schmech; Miss Marjorie Ann White, Rochester, N.Y. Judy Peake; Miss Elizabeth Lee Campbell, Buffalo, N.Y., Maureen Giles; Miss Helen Margaret Brown, Toronto, Ruth Borden; Miss Dina Peressotti, Port Colborne, Janice Reise; Miss Ter-

esa Louise Kingston, Fort Erie, Virginia Borden.

Assisting at the graduation were four of last year's graduates who are members of the Junior College, this year: Misses Lorraine Ganter, school prefect; Rosemary Deleo, Miss Betty Madia and Miss Mary Macoretta.

PROGRAMME

PROCESSION OF GRADUATES

Pomp and Circumstance Elgar
Canada, Dear Land Marshall
Choral Class

SALUTATORY

Miss Helen M. Brown

On the Lagoon Brahms
(arranged from "Waltz in A Flat")

The Quest Marshall

Evening Prayer Humperdinck
Choral Class

CONFERRING OF HONOURS

Very Reverend Richard Haag, O. Carm.

Accompanist Miss Helen Grisdale
Student Conductor Miss Marjorie A. White

VALEDICTORY

The Graduates

Malaguena Lecuona
Miss Helen M. Brown and Miss Marjorie A. White

Te Deum Rev. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.S.S.C.
(In Thanksgiving for Victory in Europe)

Music based on the traditional Ambrosian Hymn

ADDRESS

Reverend Thomas Gavin, S.J.

Moderator of W.N.Y. Students' Sodality Conference
Ave Maria Loretto Welch-Rieger

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

GOD SAVE THE KING

The Graduates' Banquet, "according to tradition," was given by Grade Eleven, and was a great success as proclaimed by all and sundry.

The tables, charmingly decorated with blue and white silk streamers and pink flowers, were specially admired.

Dolores O'Malley performed the duties of toast-mistress, and toasts were given to the King, the President of the United States, the Teachers, the Graduates, and to each year in turn; last, but by no means least, was the toast in honour of the Sodality, and its lovely reply.

The party then proceeded to the newly decorated Senior Club room, where there was much merriment over the prophecies and songs written by the members of Grade Eleven. The

Last Will and Testament of the Graduates was read amid peals of laughter.

Next in the study hall each Graduate was presented with a beautifully bound volume of the New Testament, translated by Msgr. Ronald Knox—a gift to be treasured for many a year to come.

Later there was dancing, and the party came to a close on the happy strains of "Ave Maria Loretto."

Jean Bennett.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC EXAMINATION

Honour Results, February, 1945.
Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls

PIANO

Grade VIII—Honours: Beverly Ann Booth.
Grade V—Honours: Patricia Robins, Rosemary Aversa, Barbara Bain (equal); Adele Dodge, Marianne Fennis. Grade III—First Class Honours: Rita Mae D'Arcangelo. Grade II—Honours: June Drury. Grade I—First Class Honours: June Pereira, Gail Hodgins, Joan McDonough.

THEORY

Grade II: First Class Honours: Mary June Tesch.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

Honour List at Niagara Falls
Music Festival, May, 1945

Twenty-five dollars Scholarship, open to all, awarded for piano (20 years and under) to the boy or girl who, in the opinion of the adjudicators shows most promise, awarded to Beverly Ann Booth.

Piano Solo (15 years and under)—First Prize, Silver Medal, Beverly Ann Booth.

Piano Duet (14 years and under)—First prize, Marilyn Peckham and Virginia Constanza. Second Prize, Catherine Farrell and Joan Kelly.

Piano Solo (12 years and under)—First Prize Silver Medal, Teresa Willick. Second Prize, Bronze Medal, Dorothy Barnett.

Honourable mention: Ida Mae Degrant; Beth Dobson, Anne Mahoney, Barbara England.

Piano Duet (12 years and under)—Second Prize: Anne Mahoney and Barbara England. Honourable mention: Ida Mae DeGrant and Caryll Ann Fisher.



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

Left to Right—Anne Boyle, Joanne O'Sullivan, Margaret Outridge, Irene Cummings, Margaret Mary Brick, Marjorie Ann Harris, Estelle Cape, Diana Arrell, Lois Joyce, Louise Grightmire, Patricia Grogan, Audrey Hart-Smith, Frances Quinn, Catherine Kelly, Geraldine Duffy, Lina Chappel.

Piano Solo (11 years and under)—Second Prize: Bronze Medal, Shirley Hunter. First Class Honours: Eleanor Strang, Mary Ann Egan, Margaret Heaver, Anne Willick, Rita Mae D'Arcangelo.

Girls' Solo (11 years and under)—Second Prize, Bronze Medal, Gail Hodgins. First Class Honours, Rita Mae D'Arcangelo.

Piano Solo (10 years and under)—Second Prize, Bronze Medal, Jocelyn Wrong.

Piano Solo (8 years and under)—First Prize, Silver Medal, Joan Lowe. Honourable mention, Eleanor Finegan.

Piano Duet (8 years and under)—First Prize, Eleanor Finegan and Joan Lowe. Second Prize, Shirley McGill and Donna Buxton.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD, ONT.

Closing Exercises, June, 1945

In Thy Name, O Mary....Rev. Jos. Mohr, S.J.
Choral Class

Salutatory Greetings of Welcome,

Marie Reinhart

Fairy Pipers Herbert Brewer

Dance of the June Leaves.....Ira B. Wilson

* * *

SCHOOL RESULTS AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

AddressVery Reverend Dean Egan

AddressReverend Father Corcoran

Ave Maria Loretto Rieger

God Save the King

Frances McKeough directed and Angeleen Conway accompanied.

The following are the awards for the past year:

Medal for Senior Christian Doctrine, presented by the Very Reverend Dean Egan.—Merited by Angeleen Conway. Honourable mention, Mary Hishon and Mary Campbell.

Medal for the Highest Standing in Middle School, presented by the Reverend W. T. Corcoran—Merited by Marion Hishon. Honourable mention Alma Flanagan and Jean Schultz.

Medal for Junior Christian Doctrine presented by the Reverend E. R. Glavin—Merited by Rita Butler. Honourable mention, Jean Bannon and Rita Schultz.

Prize for the highest Standing in Grade X—Merited by Jean Bannon.

Prize for the second Highest Standing in

Grade X—Merited by Mary Reinhart. Honourable Mention, Anne Campbell.

Prize for the Highest Standing in Grade IX—Merited by Evelyn Givlin. Honourable Mention, Helen Teahen and Lois Vere.

Prize for General Proficiency in Commercial Course—Merited by Dorothy Jordan. Honourable Mention, Bernice Gravelle.

Prize for the best work completed in Art—Merited by Evelyn Givlin. Honourable Mention, Florence Quesnel.

Prize for the best work completed in Home Economics—Merited by Evelyn Givlin.

The Dean Egan Trophy for School Spirit, Loyalty and Courtesy, presented by the Very Reverend Dean Egan—Merited by The House of Our Lady of Victory, for the year 1944-45.

Awards for Perfect Attendance—Merited by Anne Reinhart, Rita Schultz, Bernice Gravelle.

PROM NIGHT

Tonight is the prom,
Oh, what shall I wear?
The curlers are lost
And I can't fix my hair.

Harry's just called,
"Can't make it tonight—"
Couldn't ask Dick now;
That wouldn't be right.

I see a light
In the eye of my mother—
Why don't you take Tom,
Your dear, little brother?

Oh, he is too short
And Dad is too tall—
I know what I'll do,
I won't go at all!

Patricia Jordan, XII,
Loretto High School, Englewood

NATURE'S VANITY

The leaves are always shifting colors,
I think they must be very vain,
For in the spring they're light and green,
Then, darker after summer rain.

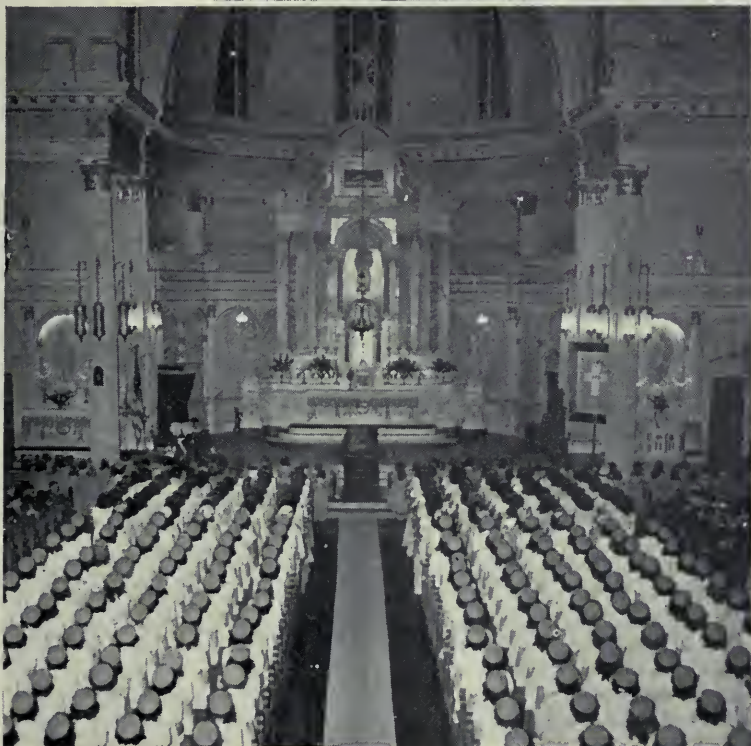
When fall arrives, they've changed again—
Each different red or yellow gown,
In chill of winter we look once more,
And see their garb is withered brown.

Every season these leaves change dresses,
Like little girls who are young and vain,
I love to watch them shift their colors—
Which come and go, then come again.

Frances Thurston, IX-A.
Loretto High School, Englewood

**LORETTO
HIGH SCHOOL
ENGLEWOOD**

—
**Presentation
of Diplomas
and
Graduation
Ceremony**
—



Top — His Excellency Archbishop Stritch, D.D., assisted by Clergy, presents Graduates' diplomas.

Left — Loretto - Englewood, Graduates and fellow-students, in St. Bernard's Church, Chicago, for Graduation ceremony.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO

In the Junior-Senior Luncheon, held on May 29 in the Lyceum which was turned into a bower of beauty, the Juniors exceeded all our ideas of a charming farewell party. Each table graced with a sweet girl graduate in all her frills and furbelows was the centre of a merry party. Regrets, of course, were felt because it was the last party of our school days at Loretto. The sterling medal and chain given each Senior by the Juniors will be a lasting memento of our days with a group that has no peer.

Now that it has arrived we wish we could postpone the great event—GRADUATION! At nine o'clock this first day of June, the students formed a body guard from the school

to the church, between which the Seniors and their Mothers walked over to St. Bernard's Church to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, and to receive Holy Communion. After Mass we went to the Lyceum where we were served breakfast by the efficient Foods Class, under the direction of Miss Kennedy.

At seven o'clock the photographer took our picture, and at eight the procession started to the church. His Excellency Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, D.D., Archbishop of Chicago, lent a dignity and charm to the graduation that only he could give. Our days at Loretto are over. May God bless our dear teachers, the Ladies of Loretto; and the student friends we are leaving behind us.

D.L.



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD

- Back Row:—Dorothy Cannon, Dolores Poppe, Barbara Battle, Geraldine McFayden, Nora Ferguson, Louise Geisler, Virginia Masters, Betty Adams, Rita Rose Ryan, Marie Johnson, Margaret Wikkel, Gertrude Kelliher, Patricia Murphy, Jean Echenstein, Marguerite Bonner, Patricia Jordan, Marion Grady, Patricia Lux.
- Third Row:—Dolores Connolly, Eleonore Miller, Annamæ Kelleher, Arlene Shea, Rosemary Morrissey, Phyllis Corrigan, Mary Gleason, Barbara Guay, Helen Benthly, Patricia Stedman, Mary Virginia Tracy, Mary McGuire, Catherine Kinsella, Donna Verkler, Dolores Linden, Patricia Kiley, Mary Clare Madigan, Jean Joyce, Dorothy Nachel, Jean Flood, Mary Frances Power.
- Second Row:—Jeanne O'Donnell, Marguerite Kuhn, Mary Alice Logan, Helen Egan, Mary Dumklau, Bridget Gleason, Joan Fennessy, Jean Fennessy, Patricia Shaughnessy, Florence McGuire, Ada Remo, Isabelle Hirschman, Rosalie St. Arnold, Jane Hay, Patricia Sequens, Marie Burtu, Rita McGrail, Eleanor Doyle, Therese Lamigan, Viola Richards.
- Front Row—(L. to Rt.):—Shirley Collins, Jane Kennifig, Patricia Molhan, Joan Hambrick, Margaret Reblin, Lols Rogers, Regina Maloney, Therese O'Mara, Gloria Johnson, Mary Burdick, Mary Adele Felten, Vera Schutz, Eloise Weaver, Edith Brynda, Jean Ryan, Virginia Hullinger, Ann Lorraine Roth, Dorothy Miller, Jo-Al Jones, Ann Quinn.

GRADUATION AWARDS

Medals for four years' perfect attendance merited by, Barbara Battle, Ann Lorraine Roth, Vera Schutz, Eloise Weaver. Honour Student Medal merited by Phyllis Corrigan. Proficiency medal merited by Barbara Battle. Medal for Catholic Action, Rita McGrail. Music Medal for Piano, won by Margaret Wik-el. Music Medal for Voice, won by Patricia Sequens. Dramatic Art Medal, won by Patricia Stedman.

Scholarships

Mundelein College—Phyllis Corrigan; St. Frances College, Joliet—Barbara Battle; Rosary College—Marguerite Kuhn; St. Xavier College—Patricia Jordan; St. Xavier College—Rita McGrail; St. Teresa College, Winona—Dolores Linden; St. Teresa College, Winona—Barbara Guay; De Paul Univ. Secretarial College—Florence McGuire; De Paul Univ. Secretarial College—Louise Geissler; Marycrest College—Dolores Poppe.

Florence McGuire came highest in the City of Chicago in the competitive examination given at De Paul University. Louise Geissler was just one half mark behind her.

LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO

Traditional and ever lovely:

the organ tones of Pomp and Circumstance,
the pristine splendor of white gowns,
Our Lady's color blue on little flower girls,
a soft pink contrast and a fragrance from the
rose bouquets,
a look of expectancy framed in lovely faces,
eyes shining out a message of dedication and . . .
Farewell.

The seventy-four Seniors of Loretto, Woodlawn, were assembled in the halls of their Alma Mater for the last time on the evening of June 12, 1945. Mothers and daughters had pledged one another in the chalice of the Mass on the morning of this graduation day. The student body had also united there, in prayer for the Graduates. A charming gathering for breakfast was presided over by Father Norman, O. Carm., who said the Mass for the Seniors.

And now, in the evening, the long line of white and blue and pink loveliness proceeded to the stage for Commencement Exercises at Loretto Academy, Woodlawn. After the choral number, "Tota Pulchra Es," Miss Lena Brevard, president, expressed the sentiments of the class of '45 as they opened their "book of life to turn over a new page." In looking back over

that book's pages they found that the four years of high school under Loretto's care have been and are especially dear to them. There was gratitude expressed, and the hope of future guidance from parents, teachers, and most of all from Mary Immaculate.

Father Richard St. John, after conferring diplomas, special awards, and scholarships, in a brief address, outlined the great vistas opening up daily to Catholic womanhood in the furthering of Christ's cause. "It is to the Catholic graduate that the world really looks today in its longing for justice and peace." This was the potent thought he left with the Graduates—all of whom were eager to satisfy the hopes and trusts placed in them.

Miss Loretta Tomasik and Miss Dorothea Brodbeck supplied the musical entertainment with solos, "Music I Heard with You" and "Polonaise" from "Mignon." To all those present, it seemed that the Graduates' rendition of "Ave Maria Loretto" was a special petition to Mary to give them the great courage and strength to answer the demands of the future for evidence of their Catholic training.

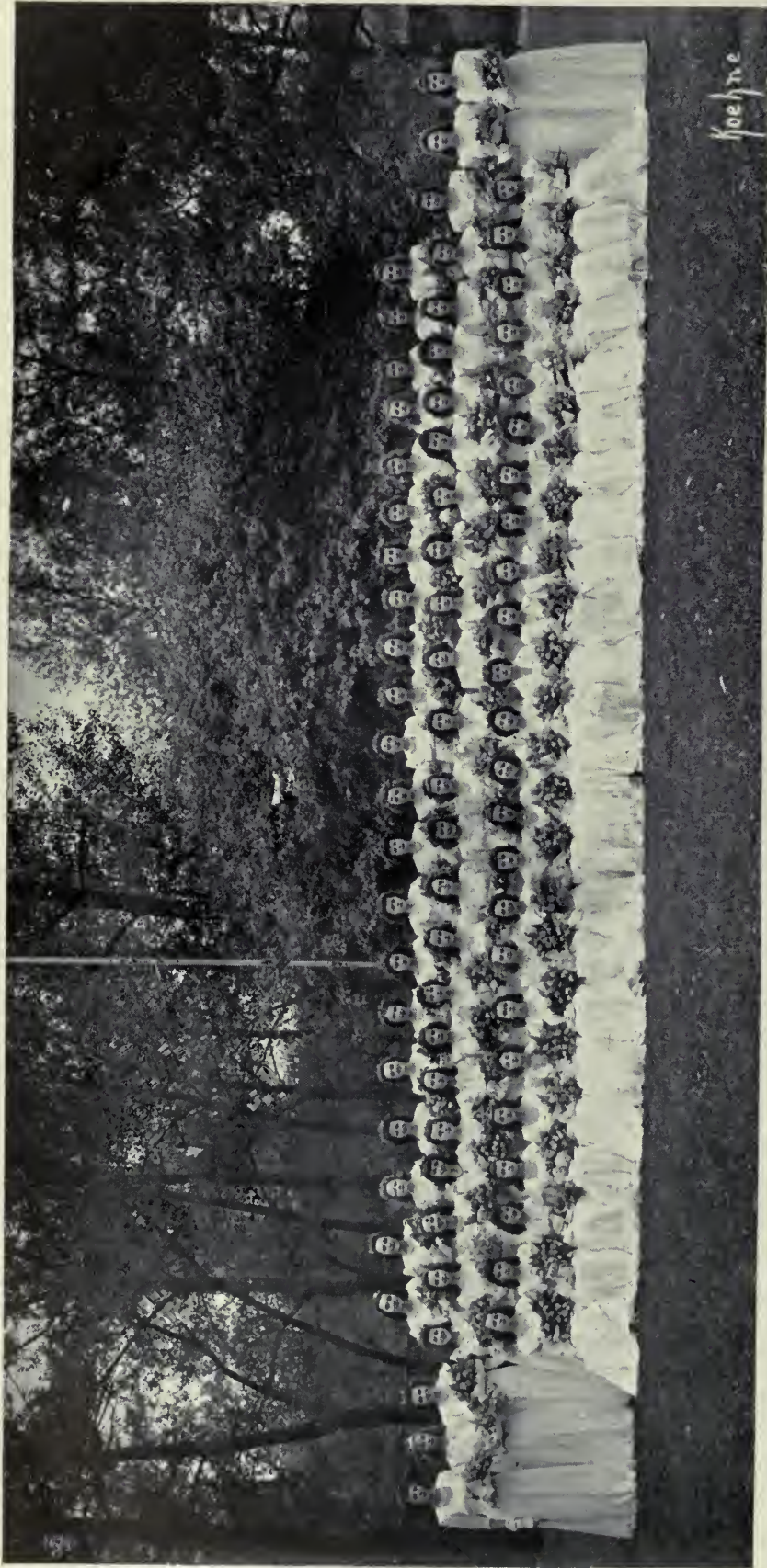
Scholarships and Awards to Loretto, Woodlawn, Graduates

Graduation distinctions were as follows:

Scholarship to Rosary College merited by Lena Brevard. Scholarship to Webster College merited by Betty Louise Taylor. Scholarship to College of St. Francis merited by Vivian Whitehead. Scholarship to St. Xavier's College merited by Virginia Bloomster. Scholarship to St. Xavier's College merited by Therese Pausback. Scholarship to College of St. Teresa merited by Bernice Bunnell. Scholarship to Mundelein College merited by Patricia Hewitt. Scholarship to Mundelein College merited by Betty Boyd. Scholarship to DePaul Secretarial College merited by Virginia Drury. Scholarship to Barat College merited by Helen Callopy. Scholarship to Mundelein College, department of voice, merited by Dorothea Brodbeck. Scholarship to Mundelein College, department of drama, merited by Mary Charleine Beesley. Awards: Archdiocesan award in music won by Rita Roche; Awards: Fours years' perfect attendance merited by Catherine Oliva; Awards: Two years' perfect attendance—Virginia Drury, Maureen Neary, Josephine Purpura, Betty Louise Taylor and Vivian Whitehead. Honor medals: Lena Brevard, Betty Boyd, and Bernice Bunnell.

OUR LADY OF LORETTO, PRAY FOR US CLASS OF 1945.

A white dress and the scent of graduation roses told me I was an alumna. My diploma lay on the table with its once crisp blue and white ribbons slightly crushed from being pas-



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN

Third Row, (L. to R.)—Marian Bloom, Vivian Whitehead, Lorraine Elwood, Patricia Koyne, Rita Norris, Rosalya Fisher, Virginia Drury, Nancy Bamberger, Evelyn Toole, Ruth Kennelly, Marion Goodman, Lois Gregg, Maureen Boyle, Jean Gallagher, Rose Matushek, Mary Ann Zoeller, Marie Cullen, Therese Pausback, Rita Roche, Helen Jean Clancy and Louise Gallimore.

Second Row, (L. to R.)—Antoinette Kwiatkowski, Annabelle Hoxie, Rita McCarthy, Patricia Berger, Corinne Gregson, Patricia Marwick, Dorothea Brodbeck, Bernice Bunnell, Jean Beringer, Betty Boyd, Shirley McCann, Aileen Zimmerman, Marguerite Fuerst, Audrey Read, Marian Burke, Maureen Neary, Audrey Baller, Elaine O'Brien, Lorraine Bloomster, Nancy Bohlmann, Mary Curran, Patricia Hewitt, Mary Charlene Beesley, Jean Johnson, Loretta Anderson, Virginia Doberstein, Helen Callopy and Lena Brevard.

Front Row (seated L. to R.)—Geraldine Dobbins, Frances Falbo, Anne Cronin, Joan Kelly, Joan Haran, Rita Hogan, Marilyn Jacobs, Peggy Gibbons, Catherine Oliva, Catherine Kelly, Mary Noonan, Madelyn Jacobs, Josephine Pellegrini, Marjorie Reynolds, Loretta Tomasiak, Therese King, Collette Kompore, Betty Louise Taylor, Josephine Purpura, Helen Biety, Priscilla Biozak, Patricia Coyne, Beverly Anderson, and Patricia Maloney.



CAREER ANGEL—SENIOR PLAY, LORETTO—WOODLAWN

1. Left to Right—Sr. Seraphim, Foundress; Sr. Simplicius; Mrs. J. Mosley Barr; Sr. Gregoria, Superior, look at original draft of Declaration of Independence, found on the Angel's suggestion.
2. Angel Guardian and Sr. Seraphim discover Tillie Garvey eavesdropping.
3. Sr. Seraphim rebukes the Angel for sitting on edge of Superior's desk.
4. Angel Guardian warns Sr. Gregoria of what to expect for her lack of faith in a heaven-sent messenger.
5. Sr. Seraphim, in the austere presence of Sr. Fidelis, informs Elsa Rheingold that her father has been killed in a Nazi concentration camp.
6. Sr. Fidelis trips. Sr. Gregoria and Sr. Seraphim witness her surrender to faith in the Angel.



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETTO ACADEMY SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN

Back Row—Floreda Savoie, Dorothy La Faver, Geraldine Le Lievre, Agatha Cole, Hazel Amyotte, Maybelle France,

Front Row: Left to Right—Theresa La Londe, Mary Maltas, Audrey Middlebrook, Doris Stevenson, Theresa Peterson, Janet Boucher, Marjorie Belanger.

sed from hand to hand. I picked it up and opened it, for in the excitement I hadn't even read it. . . .

The cover went down again slowly. I found it to be no definite line at all over which I had passed. Somehow I couldn't turn around and wave good-bye, now that I had reached the other side.

All at once I philosophized a little, and despite the old saying, "You can't take it with you." I found I could. I knew then that if I always thought of Loretto before I acted, I would be a credit to her and to myself all my days.

Jean Beringer. XII,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

CAREER ANGEL

The Senior Class of Loretto Academy, Woodlawn, had the distinction of being the first group in Illinois to produce the "female version" of the play, "Career Angel," written by Gerard Majella Murray, a Brother in a Maryland monastery. The author's dedication gives a hint as to the exciting incidents in the play:

"Humbly, reverently, affectionately, and gratefully dedicated to the Author's Guardian Angel—who had a hectic career."

"Career Angel" was first produced non-professionally by the Catholic Theatre group, the Black Friars Guild of New York in their own theatre. A professional company then purchased it and produced the play at the National Theatre in New York in May, 1944. It has

become one of the most popular plays published by Dramatist Play Service.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

In order of appearance on Loretto stage, May 18, 20 and 21, 1945:

Sister Gregoria (Superior)Loretto Tomasik
 Connie McAdams Madelyn Jacobs
 Tillie Garvey (Fri.) Peggy Gibbons
 (Sat.-Mon.) Catherine Oliva
 Sister Fidelis Lena Brevard
 Elsa Rheingold Betty Louise Taylor
 Sister Seraphim (Foundress) .. Virginia Whitehead
 Angel Guardian (F.-S.) Helen Jean Clancy
 (Mon.) Dorothea Brodbeck
 Joan Hurdles Catherine Kelly
 Norma Glinsky Josephine Pellegrini
 Anna Chevovski Geraldine Dobbin
 Francie Thompson Maureen Neary
 Jean Rinn Priscilla Blozak
 Mrs. J. Mosely Barr (F.-M.) Audrey Read
 (S.) Patricia Berger
 Sister Simplicius (F.) Bernice Bunnell
 (S.) Lorraine Doberstein
 (M.) Rosalyn Fisher

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The entire action takes place in the Superior's office of a girls' home, formerly an old man's house owned by a wealthy lady, who donated it for the good work of the Sisters. The home is situated near the ocean, somewhere along the Eastern seaboard.

Act I

Late afternoon of a late spring day, just before America entered World War II.

Act II.

Scene 1—Morning, three weeks later.

Scene 2—Midnight

Scene 3—Next morning.

Under the direction of Miss Therese Marie Cuny

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Graduation Exercises

Graduation celebrations at Loretto College School began on Mother's Day with a Mother-Daughter Mass and Communion in the chapel of the school, Brunswick Avenue. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Fleming, S.J., who addressed the mothers and their graduate daughters in his usual understanding manner. Communion breakfast followed at the conclusion of which several toasts were proposed and responded to by the graduates, and the guest speaker, Father Fleming.

On Pentecost Sunday, in a beautifully impressive ceremony in St. Peter's Church, the graduates, twelve in number, received their diplomas from Monsignor Brennan, V.G.

The white-gowned graduates, wearing pink

floral crowns and carrying rose bouquets to match with long pale blue streamers, made a beautiful picture as they walked up the aisle of the newly decorated church.

The pastor of St. Peter's, Father McNab, C.S.P., who assisted Monsignor Brennan in the sanctuary, congratulated the graduates and the student body on the excellent training which was manifested in their deportment.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Leonard Cullen, C.S.B., brother of one of the graduates. He said: "The superior woman is one who calls forth worth and goodness in beings round about her . . . who creates a high moral tradition . . . who, in a word, dominates not by force but by wisdom, by goodness and by sane vision."

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed



GRADUATES, 1945, LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE.

Back Row (L. to Rt.)—Doreen Cullen, Barbara Manley, Evelyn Coyne, Norine Dunn, Muriel Anderson,
Front Row—Betty Johnson, Eileen Markey, Marilyn Manley, Eileen Bishop, Betty O'Keefe, Ruth Moore, Mary Ellen Cameron.

Sacrament followed, with Monsignor Brennan officiating, assisted by Father McNab and Father Cullen. Several priests, including the pastors of the graduates, were present in the sanctuary. The student body of Loretto College School formed the choir, accompanied by Mr. H. O'Grady, organist of St. Peter's.



Loretto College School Seniors advance to their reserved seats in St. Peter's Church for Graduation ceremony.

The members of the graduating class were Muriel Anderson, Eileen Bishop, Mary Ellen Cameron, Evelyn Coyne, Doreen Cullen, Norine Dunn, Betty Johnston, Barbara Manley, Marilyn Manley, Eileen Markey, Ruth Moore and Betty O'Keefe.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Results of the Toronto Conservatory Examinations for 1945.

PIANO—Grade VIII: Leonard Walker, Honours; Victoria Genovese, Honours; Maureen Comolly, Pass. Grade VII: Irene Templeton,

Honours; Sonia Such, Honours; Joanne Mahon Pass; Pamela White, Pass. Grade VI: Josephine Williams, Honours; Anne Durling, Honours. Grade V: Frances McDonald, Honours. Grade IV: Dolores Chaput, First Class Honours; Beth Healy, Honours. Grade III: Rosemary Kennedy, Honours; Dolores Chaput, Honours. Grade II: Rosemary Kennedy, Honours. Grade I: Maureen Burt, First Class Honours.

VIOLIN—Grade VII: Barbara Buck, Pass. FORM—Grade V: Ethel Farkas, Honours.

HISTORY—Grade V: Mary Lou McGregor, Mary Frances Barry, Pass.

THEORY—Grade II: Victoria Genovese, Honours; Sonia Such, Honours.

Programme

By Senior Music Pupils of Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue—May 25, 1945—8.30 p.m.

Song of Thanksgiving Dutch
Morn Rise Czibulka
The Galway Piper Irish Air
Senior Glee Club

Romance Schumann
Danse Negre Cyril Scott
Mary Frances Barry

Minuet a l'Antico Seeboeck
Mary Lou McGregor & Victoria Genovese

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring Bach-Hess
2ème Arabesque Debussy
Lois Walker

Waxen Lights are Gleaming Brightly .. Moffat
The Big Brown Bear Mana-Zueca
Senior Glee Club

Duetto, Op. 38, No. 6 Mendelssohn
The Harmonica Player Guion
Romance Sibelius
Mary Lou McGregor

Little River Dungan
Loretto Enright

Impromptu, Op. 36 Chopin
Rondo (Sonata No. 12) Beethoven
Jardins sous la Pluie Debussy
Ethel Farkas

Artist' Life Strauss
Nightfall (arr. from Liebestraum) Liszt
Senior Glee Club

God Save the King



Above — Marilyn Donnelly, winner in the Deanery of St. Catharines, in Archdiocesan Oratorical Contest.



ST. JOHN BOSCO SCHOOL, HUMBERSTONE, ONT.

Above (left group)—Double Trio, No. II—Helen Boda, Marilyn Fitzgerald, Millie Alberico, Anthony Buccioni, Mary Cecelli, Marilyn Cecelli.

Above (right group)—Double Trio, No. I—Marilyn Donnelly, Anne Koabel, Grace Gilmore, Genevieve Greggio, Angelina Cecelli, Jean Palmerino.



St. John Bosco School, Humberstone, Ont. Teachers, Loretto Nuns.



St. John Bosco School Choir—Giro Cup Winners



ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

- Patroness, **MOTHER GENERAL M. VICTORINE, I.B.V.M.**
 Honorary Presidents **MOTHER M. EUPHRASIA, I.B.V.M., and MOTHER M. ETHNE, I.B.V.M.**
 Past President **MRS. T. CASEY O'GORMAN**
 33 Elgin Ave., Toronto.
 President **MRS. NEIL McCABE SMITH**
 71 Southwood Ave., Toronto.
 First Vice-President **MISS MIRIAM ANGLIN,**
 Second Vice-President **MISS AILEEN ROBINSON**
 Treasurer **MISS JOSEPHINE RONAN**
 Recording Secretary **MISS MARGARET McCORMICK**
 120 Dowling Avenue.
 Corresponding Secretary **MRS. G. M. PARKE,**
 247 St. Clair E., Toronto.
 Convener of House **MISS KATHLEEN McDONALD**
 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 College, Toronto..... **MRS. BROWN**
 Loretto Alumnae Graduates' Chapter **MISS LORETTO PARNELL,**
 70 Garfield Avenue
 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,**
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 Englewood, Chicago **MISS DOROTHY KENNEDY,**
 7106 Lafayette Ave., Chicago.
 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. THOMAS SHEA,**
 8822 Huntington Rd., Detroit, Michigan.
 Loretto, Buffalo-Rochester Circle..... **MRS. FINK,**
 1035 S. Egert Rd., Eggertsville, N.Y.
 Loretto, Niagara Falls, Ont., Circle **MISS EUNICE LEAHEY,**
 727 Victoria Ave., Niagara Falls, Ont.
 Loretto, Englewood Auxilliary. **MRS. JOSEPH P. EAGAN,**
 7636 May Ave., Chicago.
 Loretto, Woodlawn Auxilliary. **MRS. ARTHUR O'CONNOR.**
 Loretto, Winnipeg Circle **MRS. LORNE C. WALKER.**

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

In the afternoon of Sunday, June 10th, a large number of the Loretto Alumnae gathered at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, for the final meeting of the year and the Reception in honour of the graduates. This year's graduates, fifty-four in number, comprising the University graduates of Loretto College and the High School graduates of Loretto Abbey and Loretto College School, presented a very pleasing picture in their graduation attire. The perennial charm of the graduating group always does much to make this June gathering the outstanding meeting of the year.

A delightful tea was served under the able convenership of Mrs. W. A. Smyth; Mrs. A. M.

Roesler, Mrs. T. A. Kilgour, Mrs. J. E. Rosar and Mrs. Ray Strong presided at the attractively decorated tea tables. The assistants were Misses Elizabeth Boland, Helen Rock, Glenna Graham, Bernice Hagen, Mollie Lancey, Maureen McNevin, Patricia Barry, Shirley Newcomb, Margaret Wilson, Rosalind Collins, Catherine Macklin, Margaret Kelly, Mary O'Halloran, Helen O'Loane, Margaret Lorsch, Vera Halliday, Mrs. M. J. Doyle, Mrs. W. Beebe and Mrs. G. B. Patterson.

Neil Smith, Junior, entertained the guests with several piano selections. This musical offering by Neil, Junior, son of our esteemed President, was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Neil McCabe Smith presided at the meeting which preceded the reception. It was reported that the bridge held at Newman Club on May 5th under the convenership of Miss Helene St. Charles, past-president; Miss Gerarda Rooney and Mrs. C. D. Chisholm had been very successful. About fifty tables were occupied for bridge and all agreed that it was a most enjoyable party.

Mrs. H. T. Roesler, President of the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, was presented with a life membership in the Alumnae in appreciation of her outstanding services in Alumnae affairs.

Mrs. Desmond Magner stated that the amount of War Saving Stamps sold by members of the Alumnae at the booth in Eaton's store had now reached approximately \$1000.00. A donation by the Alumnae of \$25.00 to the Canadian Red Cross Society was also reported.

One of the highlights of Alumnae activity during 1945 was the establishment of the Mother Theresa Dease Scholarship, in memory of the Foundress of the Loretto Community in America. This scholarship, \$100.00 in value, is reserved for a member of the Community.

Activities for the coming year are now under consideration with the Loretto Dance next Fall receiving immediate attention. Plans are also being made for the Loretto Centenary celebration in 1947.

D.S.

LORETTO ALUMNAE DAY— NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

June 9th, 1945

The spacious refectory at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ontario, was a beautiful setting for the annual Loretto Day Luncheon of the Loretto-Niagara Alumnae Association, held this year on June 9th.

Covers were laid for eighty guests at long tables centred with artistic arrangements of summer blossoms, and the thirteen members of the Graduation Class, graceful in their long white gowns and wearing dainty corsages, occupied places of honour at a specially decorated table in the centre of the room.

Among those at the head table were Miss Mary Bampfield, International President of the Association; Miss Mary Maxwell, Buffalo, immediate Past President; Miss Florence Mullen, Lima, Ohio, a Past President, and other members of the International Executive.

A delicious luncheon was served by the Sisters and members of the Junior Class.

Miss Bampfield opened the business meeting

by welcoming the Class of '45 into the Association, and Miss Marjory Ann White, Rochester, N.Y., President of the Class, responded ably on behalf of her classmates. Miss Florence Mullen was called upon to address the meeting, and her eloquent and moving words will be long remembered by all present. Miss Bampfield then called upon the Chairmen of the respective Chapters in Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York, and Niagara Falls, Ont., for reports on recent activities, and Miss Helen McCall, treasurer of the Loretto Niagara Restoration Fund, read the annual statement and financial report. Mrs. Beney, Chairman of the Niagara Falls New York Chapter, reported that the final payment, completing their pledge of fifteen hundred dollars towards the Restoration Fund had now been taken care of. Miss Eunice Leahey, Chairman of the Niagara Falls Ontario Chapter, announced the completion of a highly successful raffle of a Victory Bond by the members of her group, and the lucky ticket was then drawn by Miss Mullen.

A vote of thanks was tendered our dear Loretto Nuns for the delightful arrangements for this lovely gathering, and the meeting adjourned with the singing of the beautiful "Ave Maria Loretto" by the graduating class.

Rose Dawson, Secretary,
International Loretto, Niagra
Alumnae Association.

DETROIT - WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

Miss Sophie Amyot was hostess to the Loretto Circle in her home at 20 Fairview Blvd., Riverside, Ontario, April 14th, at which meeting we had the pleasure of a surprise visit from Mother M. St. Clare and Mother M. Constance. The meeting opened with prayer by our president, Mrs. Shea, and a special memento for our late President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Zoe McCormick made a motion that members make the Novena to the Holy Ghost for the success of the prospective Loretto Nuns' foundation in Detroit, the Novena to end on Pentecost Sunday, the day of our annual May Mass for living members of the Loretto Circle. Mrs. V. J. Lordan (Violet Culliton, Stratford), chairman of Revision Committee, presented proposals in regard to Article III Membership to read "Any former pupil who fulfils the eligibility requirements in the Loretto Abbey Alumnae Association shall be eligible for membership in the Detroit-Windsor Circle of Loretto Alumnae." The meeting adjourned to a lovely Tea and a talk by Mrs. Richert of Royal Oak, Michigan, on the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals and the coming San Francisco Conference.

Our Loretto Circle president, Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey) was hostess at the annual meeting held May 11th at her home at 8822 Huntington Road, Huntington Woods, Michigan. Reports were called for from all officers and chairmen of committees. Bernadette Wilson made a motion to send \$75.00 to the Loretto Nuns for the purpose of Catholic Education.

Elections were held with the following results: President, Mrs. Thomas Shea (Estelle Manley, Abbey) re-elected; First Vice-President, Mrs. Edwin Hurd (Anne Bickers, Guelph) re-elected. Sec-

ond Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. Timpy (Coletta Galvin, Sault) replacing Mrs. J. C. Keenan; Recording Secretary, Miss Teresa Houlihan (Abbey) elected, replacing Mrs. A. H. Priebe; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. A. Glen (Gladys O'Rourke, Abbey) replacing Mrs. B. J. Ripley; Financial Secretary, Miss Donna Stanley, (Falls) elected, replacing Mrs. F. N. Wilson. Treasurer, Miss Myrtle Lloyd (Stratford), re-elected.

A beautiful centrepiece of blue and white Snapdragons graced the Tea-table at which Miss Loretta Dupuis and Mrs. Zoe McCormick did the honors. The president's daughter, Miss Constance Shea entertained us with a recital of the story of Cinderella, in verse.

I.D.P.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Dr. and Mrs. Calarco (Beryl Black, Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, Sept., 1944.

To Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Davorn (Peggy Cushing, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of Dennis Thomas III, on April 18th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John McNamara (Mae Healy, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Mary, on March 25th.

To Mr. and Mrs. E. Truax (Marion Peggs, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Betsy Ann.

To Mr. and Mrs. Willard Broderick (Helen Frombgen, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Michael.

To Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Hicks (Ann Hudson, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Franklin John, on April 3rd.

To Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Johnson (Ann Landry, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Ronald Richard, on April 27th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Skidmore (Eileen McCarney, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stuart K. Brigham (Louise Bucke, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, April 2nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McElgunn (Emma Stettner, Loretto-Sedley Alumna) on the birth of a son, Dennis Michael, on May 31st.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter Seiferling (Edith Raibl, Loretto-Sedley Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Ann, on May 22nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Milton Shantz (Ellen Cahill, Stratford) on the recent birth of a daughter, Linda.

To Mr. and Mrs. Flanagan (Mary Sinisac, formerly of L.C.S. staff) on the birth of a son, John Patrick, on June 2nd.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cranston (Clara Bast, Loretto-Sedley Alumna, and R.N.) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Louise, on June 26th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Campbell (Evelyn Bourbeau, former pupil of St. Bride's [Loretto], Chicago) on the birth of a daughter, Patrice Marie. Patrice is baby sister to Bob, Nanette, and Kathleen, pupils of St. Bride's School, and to Rosalind, aged four.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Finley (Ruth Colgan, Loretto Abbey and Brunswick) on the birth of a son, John Thomas, on May 6th. John T., Jr., is a grandnephew of M. M. Isabel, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Murray (Eileen Mahoney, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, on April 20th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Curran (Mary Smyth, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a son, Robert Frederick, on April 30th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Spratt (Carmel Podger, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of a son, Paul Albert, on June 19th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McConkey on the birth of a daughter, Diane Margaret, on June 12th. Diane's father, Mr. Hugh McConkey, B.A., began his primary education at Loretto College School, and is the son of Mrs. Lillian Seitz McConkey, Loretto Alumna.

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Lawlor (Betty Townsend, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna) on the birth of a son, Michael Joseph, on May 31st.

MARRIAGES

Miss Patricia Gaynon, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was recently married to Mr. Russell Condie.

Miss Marcella Armstrong, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, was married recently to Mr. Thomas B. Cochren.

Miss Ann Rozaror was married recently to Mr. Frank Romana. The groom is a brother of M. M. Benedetta, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Romana, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, and sister of M. M. Benedetta, I.B.V.M., was married recently to Mr. Albert Smylski.

Miss Anne Haydock, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Haydock was recently married to Dr. Richard Bains.

Miss Sidonia Sidlosky, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sidlosky, was recently married to Mr. James Sherry.

Miss Teresa Ebenal was married to Mr. Rochus Bast, on April 16th. The groom is a brother of M. M. Beatrice and M. M. St. Luke, I.B.V.M.

Miss Mary Whaling, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whaling, was married, April 26th, to Mr. Joseph Whaling. The bride is a niece of M. M. Inez, I.B.V.M.

Miss Dolores Ducharme, Loretto-Stratford Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Ducharme, was married, April 26th, to Mr. Jeremiah Nicholson. The bride is a sister of M. M. Adèle and M. M. St. Leon, I.B.V.M.

Miss Elizabeth Mary Meech, Loretto Abbey, Toronto, Alumna, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Meech, was married, June 21st, in St. Colman's Church, Cosham Hants, England, to Flight Lieut. Stanley Palmer, R.A.F.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Palmer, St. Margarets, Portsdown Hill, Cosham Hants, England.

Miss Freda Ruth Ouellette, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Origene N. Ouellette, was married June 16th to L.A.C. Wilfrid Joseph Dooner, R.C.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Dooner, in St. Brigid's Church, Toronto, Rev. Father Marshman officiating.

Miss Margaret Mary Smyth, a former Loretto pupil in Saskatoon, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Smyth, was married, May 19th, to Lieut. James Michael Kelly. The groom is a brother of Rev. Father Kelly, S.J. and of M. M. Urban I.B.V.M.

Miss Eileen Nora Toomey, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Toomey, was married, June 9th, to Lawrence Palmer, of U.S.A. Navy.

Miss Florence Kratchnik, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kratchnik, was married to Floyd Peterson, on June 12.

Miss Mary Virginia Zimmerman, Loretto-Englewood Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Zimmerman, Jr., was married in St. Barnabas Church, Chicago, June 30th, to Capt. William George Scavone, U.S. Army Air Corps.

Miss Ann Brennan and Mr. James McGettrick were married, June 30th, in St. Carthage's Church, Chicago. The groom, a former pupil of St. Bride's School, and his twin brother, Lawrence, now in the South Pacific, are brothers of M. M. Maura, I.B.V.M.

Miss Constance McKinney, former pupil of St. Bride's School, Alumna of Loretto-Woodlawn, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McKinney, was married in the fall of 1944, in St. Bride's Church, to Priv. David De Carlo, a graduate of St. Bride's School, and a member of the Armed Forces since Sept. '44. Rev. John Kelly officiated at the ceremony.

SYMPATHY

To Mrs. Smyth on the death of her husband, Mr. John P. Smyth, on June 12th, and to the bereaved daughters, Mrs. James Kelly (Margaret M.) and Miss Eileen Smyth.

To Mrs. Reid, Stratford, on the recent death of her husband, Mr. John Reid.

To Mrs. McGinnis, Stratford, on the death of her niece, Miss Lila Graham.

To the bereaved family of Mr. Thomas Tobin, who died June 15th; especially to his daughters, Miss Mary Tobin and Mrs. Hoey, former Loretto-Stratford pupils.

To the bereaved family of Mrs. Scanlon, of Stratford, who died recently; and also to M. M. Gerard and M. M. St. Justin, I.B.V.M., her devoted nieces.

To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brick and bereaved family, especially Misses Margaret and Mary Helen, Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, on the death of their dear son and brother, Mr. Robert Brick.

To Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Corrigan, on the death of their daughter, Miss Leona Corrigan, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

To Mrs. Cronmiller on the death of her husband, Mr. Harold Cronmiller, and to the bereaved daughters, Miss Corinne, Loretto-Niagara student, and Dolores, a pupil at St. Patrick's School (Loretto).

To Mrs. Griffiths on the death of her husband, Mr. Jack Griffiths; and to the bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Griffiths, and sisters, Mrs. Duff (Isabel) and Bobbie, Loretto-Niagara Alumnae.

To Mrs. Harold Barnett on the death of her mother, Mrs. Myers, and to Miss Dorothy Barnett, Loretto-Niagara Student.

To Mr. and Mrs. M. Noah, Cornerbrook, Nfd., on the death of their dear son, Priv. Alphonsus Francis Noah, 3 Coy', No. 1, CBRD (C.A.) killed in action in Italy; and to Priv. Noah's bereaved

brother, and sisters, especially, Miss Mary Noah, and Miss Madeline Noah, B.A., Loretto College Alumna.

To Mrs. James McIntyre on the death of her son, Rev. John C. McIntyre, C.S.B., on April 23rd, and to Father McIntyre's bereaved brothers, and sisters, especially, Rev. V. I. McIntyre, C.S.B., Principal of St. Michael's College School, Toronto, and Sister St. James of St. Joseph's Community, London.

To Flt./Lt. Rev. John R. Moore, S.J., and to all in the bereaved family, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Edward Moore, on May 19th.

To Mr. John J. O'Reilly, Mr. William J. O'Reilly, Mrs. Ellen Ashford and Mrs. Mary Hinds, on the death, June 10th, of their sister, Miss Margaret Jane O'Reilly, a former pupil of Loretto Convent, Bond Street.

To Mrs. Hazel, Loretto-Guelph Alumna, on the death of her husband, Mr. Andrew Hazel, and to their bereaved son, Mr. Jack Hazel, and daughter, Miss Mildred Hazel, Loretto College School Alumna, Class '44.

To Mr. Daniel G. O'Connell, of the Editorial Staff of the Toronto Star; and to his sisters, Mrs. T. M. Moran (Kathleen); Mrs. E. Eaton (Genevieve); Miss Dorothy and Miss Madeline O'Connell, Loretto Alumnae, on the death of their beloved and distinguished father, Judge Daniel O'Connell, who was called to his reward on his way home from St. Peter's Church, on Saturday evening, May 26th.

To Rev. Sister M. Bernard, of St. Joseph's Community; Miss Mary Tuffy, R.N.; Mrs. D. S. Lyons; Mrs. Maurice Hunter; Mrs. C. B. Eastbrook, and Miss Irene Tuffy, on the death, May 3rd, of their sister, Miss Agatha Tuffy, an esteemed teacher in St. David's School and previously in other Separate Schools of Toronto; also an enthusiastic member of the Catholic Women's League, and an indefatigable promoter of good works.

To Mrs. Donnelly, and little Richard, Margaret and Rosemary on the death of their husband and father, Mr. Richard Donnelly, and to the bereaved parents, Dr. and Mrs. I. J. Donnelly, and family, Scranton, Pa.

To Mr. Ray E. Durling, Mr. David Durling and Miss Ann Durling (Loretto College School) on the death of their dear wife and mother, on May 11th.

To Mrs. Homer Trembly (Phyllis Leatherdale, Loretto Alumna) on the recent death of her mother, Mrs. Thomas J. Leatherdale.

To Mrs. Doherty (Mary Margaret Wheaton, Loretto Alumna) on the death of her husband, Mr. Thomas A. Doherty, and to their bereaved sons, Mr. Thomas A. Doherty, and Mr. Franklin J. Doherty; also to Mr. Doherty's sisters, Mrs. A. S. Knowlton and Mrs. F. Foy, and brothers, Rev. Father George Doherty, Mr. Leo Doherty and Mr. Fred Doherty.

To Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. Ross O'Brien and Misses Helen and Rita O'Brien, on the death of their husband and father, Mr. Charles M. O'Brien, on June 13th; and to Mr. O'Brien's sister, Sister M. St. James, C.S.J., and brother, Mr. George R. O'Brien; also, to his nephews, especially Rev. William O'Brien, and Rev. Frank O'Brien, S.J.

To Mr. Martin Conlin, Mr. Robert Conlin, and Miss Catherine Conlin, on the recent death of their father, Mr. J. J. Conlin, of Montreal; and to a bereaved brother, Mr. John Conlin, Joliet, Ill.; and sisters, Mrs. Coughlin, and Mother M. Palladia, I.B.V.M., Toronto; also to Mr. Conlin's nieces, especially the Misses Coughlin, Loretto Alumnae.

To Sister Mary Cecilia, of the Maryknoll Sisters; Miss Alberta Cruickshank; and Mr. Raymond Cruickshank, on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Cruickshank, on May 25th; also, to Mr. Thomas Burke, Mrs. Cruickshank's brother.

To Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, of Humberstone, on the death of their second son, Norman, killed in Holland, April 15th.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

April 20—There was keen competition between the girls of Loretto, Brunswick, and ourselves on our first Inter-Loretto debate. The subject was one of current interest—"Resolved that the decisions of Yalta were justified by the times." The debaters were, Doreen Cullen, Evelyn Coyne, and Eileen Bishop, from Brunswick, against Joan MacDonald, Isobel O'Gorman, Joyce Predhomme. Our congratulations to Brunswick (affirmative) on scoring a victory.

May 8—Official V.E. Day and ending of hostilities in Europe; the day for which we have so long been praying. We thank God heartily and pray on for a world peace.

An excellent production of "Quality Street" by Grade Twelve. Account appears on another page.

May 20—A day of recollection that will be gratefully remembered by the Graduates. Father Keating conducted the conferences. After Benediction the Grade Twelve girls entertained the Senior Class at a delightful tea-party.

May 25—At last the long-awaited Graduation Day has come! Even the weather man seems to smile on us, as the day is perfect for the traditional ceremony. We were specially honoured in having Monsignor Fraser, who has just returned from the Philippines, say the Mass on our Graduation Day.

May 30—Athletic awards were presented at Assembly.

May 31—To-day our Blessed Mother's praises resounded as the entire student body walked in procession singing hymns in her honour!

Miss Julianne Shannon, leader of the winning house for May bands, had the privilege of crowning the statue of "Our Queen of the May."

June 3—Traditional Corpus Christi procession. The impressive ceremony included three Benedictions.

June 4—In a lovely setting of flowers and soft lights the music pupils presented an artistic programme to an appreciative audience this evening.

June 6—This afternoon Mother St. Bernard, of

the Sisters of Christ the King, spoke to the Assembly on Missionary Work.

Sodality elections! Intense excitement! Sincere congratulations to our new officers who are: Prefect, Muriel Smith; Vice-prefects, Mary Macfarlane and Jean Barcant; Secretary, Joan Coffey and Treasurer, Betty Cormack.

June 7—Delegates to the Summer School of Catholic Action in Montreal include Thérèse Charon, Muriel Smith, Mary Macfarlane, Jean Barcant, Joan Coffey, Betty Cormack, Christine Valenti, Marilyn Walsh, Helen McGough, Jane White, Jacqueline Waddell, Helen Smyth, Josephine McSloy.

June 8—Holy Hour conducted by Father Lynch. Consecration of the school to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

June 10—Fourth Quarterly Meeting of the Loretto Alumnae. The Graduates of Loretto College, Loretto College School and Loretto Abbey were their guests of honour at a delightful tea at the Abbey.

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

April 9—Back to Loretto after our wonderful Easter holidays, and now we are on the last lap of our school year!

April 11—Miss Noonan, dietician at Homewood Sanatorium, gave us an excellent talk on Dietics.

April 16—A gay afternoon party in gymnasium. Games were followed by refreshments, served by Grade X. Geraldine Schmuck was at the piano—for the dancers.

April 19—Final Oratoricals. Father Higgins and Father Ryan were the judges. It was a close tie between Katherine Hanlon and Rita Cremasco, but a clap from the audience decided in Rita's favour. Good work was shown by the other speakers, and all received applause.

April 20—Sister Assumpta, from St. Joseph's Hospital, talked to the Seniors on the nursing profession and the great need for trained, conscientious nurses at present.

April 23—Our Vocation Week was one with a well-planned programme: Monday, Rev. Father Cloran, S.J., spoke to us in chapel on Religious Vocation; Tuesday, Mother Margarita, of Loretto Abbey, talked to us most interestingly of our I.B.V.M. foundress, Mother Mary Ward. A hearty vote of thanks to the speaker, whom we hope to hear again; Wednesday, Rev. Dr. O'Brien gave us a talk on the important subject of marriage, for which we are grateful; Thursday, a symposium was held by Grade X on Careers Open to Girls; many good suggestions were given.

April 27—A surprise holiday to see The Song of Bernadette, which we are now unanimous in pronouncing a wonderful picture.

May 9—This bright May morning joyous city bells rang out telling us that Victory in Europe had come at last. This V.E.-Day we shall long remember. We thank God for all His favours, and pray for final, complete victory, and peace very soon. From school we went to the Church of Our Lady for Benediction.

May 15—Mary's Day began for us with Mass in our Convent Chapel. Rev. Father Hennessey, S.J., gave our Seniors pre-graduation retreat conferences—a day of special guidance.

**PIGOTT
CONSTRUCTION**

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**General
Contractors**

Recent Contracts:

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May 17—Grade XII held the traditional breakfast for the Graduates. Class prophecies, and the last Will and Testament were read by Betty Klein, and Kitty Carere, during the delightful hour.

May 18—Musical recital for parents and friends

May 22—Commercial Class held a theatre party and luncheon for the Seniors.

May 24—Victoria Day, and as usual a most welcome holiday.

May 29—Happy feast day greetings to dear Mother M. 'De Pazzi, Superior, who kindly granted us early dismissal. Merci, Mère!

May 20—Loretto Garden Party enjoyable and successful.

Nancy Goetz.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS

April 9—We return to school once more after a happy Easter vacation.

April 16—Examinations again! Heads are bent earnestly over books.

April 25—Archdiocesan examination in religion.

April 27-29—Our Lord's presence a vivid reality in our home and school, during the Forty Hours Devotion. The resident students' choir contributed their best for the Masses of these blessed days.

May 2—Physical Education Demonstration. One of the outstanding successes of the year.

May 8—V.E. Day! Heartfelt thanksgiving to God for this great step on the road to peace.

May 12—Mary's Day. The resident students have the thrill of singing in the choir for the High Mass in St. Patrick's Church.

May 22—The Eucharistic and Our Lady's Committee held their sale of home cooking at the lunch hour. Funds raised are for the purpose of sending delegates to the Montreal Summer School.

May 23—Social Action and Catholic Truth Committee hold their draw for a box of nineteen chocolate bars. The mere thought of it makes us envy the winner—Esther Podhorn, XI. Congratulations Esther . . . mm . . . !

May 24—An "ancient tradition" revived in the Graduates' Banquet. We have a perfect time in our formals. The last will of the Graduates is really something this year.

May 29—The Apostolic Committee add their contribution to the summer school fund by means of a lunch sale.

May 30—The Senior Musical programme. Our artists look beautiful in their formals. The large audience of parents and friends give us much encouragement. Congratulations to all who contributed to the enjoyment.

May 31—The long tradition of an out-of-doors procession in honour of our Blessed Mother is broken on account of the very cool weather. However we like the idea of crowning the statue of Our Lady in the study hall, dear to us because of the daily hymn which we sing before it each evening after study.

June 1—The Catholic Literature Committee adds its contribution to the Summer School fund, which now has risen to \$100.10.

June 3—The Seniors' day of recollection. Rev. Louis Markle, D.D., of St. Augustine's Seminary, is again our director, and we are grateful for his interest and guidance.

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June 6—Rev. J. E. Ronan, M.C.G., L.S.S.C., visited us and encouraged us in our preparations for the choral singing for Graduation. The time passed all too quickly and we hope to have the favour of a visit from Dr. Ronan again before too long.

June 8—Graduation—and all's well! After days of dark and sunless skies and chilly air, this one dawn bright and warm—the loveliest of the year thus far.

June 12—Final examinations for those who have not the coveted 70 per cent on the year's work. How we envy those whose hard work is behind them!

June 14—School holiday. The resident students enjoy a delightful picnic to Dufferin Island; it is a gay group that returns with daisies in their hair and hands full of flowers.

June 20—Ten of our number have their heads full of the trip to Montreal. We hope they will all wake up for the 6.30 a.m. train on Saturday. Bon Voyage! We wish we could all go.

June 21—The promotion lists at last! The general comment—"I did better than I expected." Such modesty! We know all expected and hoped for the best.

"Happy days to all!
God bless us, every one!"

LORETTO ACADEMY, HAMILTON

May 10—The Junior Choral Class held a Father's Night. Grade IX lived up to our expectations and won the prize for the class with the largest number of fathers in attendance.

May 11—Rev. Father McGinnis in a most interesting conference enlarged on our one common vocation—to please God by the saving of our own soul, and the souls of our fellowmen.

May 13—Mother's Day. A day of recollection at the school for the Graduates of the past three years. Rev. Fr. McNeill, S.J., gave the soulful conferences. The mothers of the Graduates of '45 were present for Benediction.

May 16—Graduation.

May 29—The honour of crowning the Blessed Virgin's statue in the traditional May ceremony went to the prefect of Teresa Dease House, Margaret Outridge.

May 31—The Senior Music pupils gave a recital, a delightful showing of their acquired musical knowledge.

June 7—The Catholic Schools of Hamilton diocese met at the Basilica, for the Sodality Convention day. Loretto provided the singing at Mass and our Sodality prefect, Audrey Hart-Smith, crowned.

June 12—Plans have been formed to send representatives to the Montreal Summer School of Catholic Action.

LORETTO ACADEMY, STRATFORD

April 12, 13, 16—After the merest breathing space, came good, stiff, steady exams.—which we have survived.

May 7—Congratulations to Commercials on having made \$4.90 on their playlet, "A Day in the Office," and a small candy sale. Proceeds donated to Montreal Delegates' Fund.

May 9—Three lucky delegates—Mary Campbell, Angeleen Conway, and Rose Butler—chosen to represent Loretto-Stratford at S.S.C.A., Montreal, in June. A super-model Sodality may be counted on here, next September.

May 10 - 12—Solemn Triduum of Masses and Communions in preparation for Mother's Day—for our mothers and for world peace.

May 11—A penny "draw" on choice chocolates brought in \$8.46 to swell the delegate fund. Good girls! Good work!

May 16—Symposium on the Mystical Body presented by Our Lady Eucharistic Committee for the Nuns.

May 17—Symposium repeated for the School, with Rev. Father Glavin as guest of honour.

May 20—Pentecost Sunday. Student - Parent tea. Guest speaker was Miss Jane Fuller, graduate of St. Joseph's Hospital, London, and B.Sc., Brescia. A short musical and oratorical programme was given by the students. Refreshments were then served to the guests—the parents, and the 8th grade girls of both schools.

May 31—May closing; procession out-of-doors, crowning by Bernice Gravelle, head of House of Our Lady of Victory, in chapel; beads; an inspirational talk by Rev. Father Glavin, on Mary and the Ideal Catholic Girl; Benediction.

June 4—Father Glavin visited the school and congratulated those who had given on the Religion paper the best answers to his question: "What is your idea of the ideal Catholic teen-age girl?" Prizes were awarded; Rose Butler was first winner.

June 6—Excitement and rejoicing as list of those recommended was read. A few suppressed

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moans and groans from those who must take examinations beginning to-morrow and continuing till June 12th.

June 14—Closing Exercises.

**LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL,
ENGLEWOOD, CHICAGO**

May 2—Our Good Counsel Club as well as the entire Senior Class had an impressive talk by Rev. Father Edward Barton, who we all agree, makes one stop—look—and—listen!

May 9—Ring ceremony—Seniors' Class rings blessed by Father Toolan, before Benediction.

May 15—Press club luncheon. Letters were awarded to the girls who had completed satisfactorily the required hours of work on the staff. The Club was honored by the presence of Elaine Quinn, '41, Jean Manix, '43, and Margaret Egan, '44, all interested in the newspaper world.

May 17—French Club party—a truly gala affair. Tout est charmant!

May 20—All are happy in paying tribute to our Queen and Mother. May crowning perfect from beginning to end.

May 21—Freshmen entertained Seniors. Each Freshman gave the Senior who initiated her last September a lovely parting gift.

May 22—In the Musical programme in which the entire school took part, the Glee Club and Loretto Orchestra figured prominently.

May 14—Sophomores entertained the Seniors in the Lyceum with an informal picnic, and impromptu numbers which revealed unsuspected gifts in the entertainers.

May 25—Spanish Club members gave a most enjoyable party. Congratulations on novelties!

May 26—Music Examinations in voice, for all the Catholic High Schools of Chicago, were held here at Loretto. A treat it was for hostesses and visitors alike.

Delores Linden

**LORETTO ACADEMY,
SAULT STE. MARIE, MICHIGAN**

May 1—Seventh War Loan opens, Loretto High School alert to do its part.

May 6—Lorraine Colasanti and Florida Savoie participate in the civic "Stay at Home" week. Loretto High wins attendance prize of twenty dollars.

May 10—Junior - Senior banquet, a pleasant affair, as usual.

May 31—Our May procession and crowning ceremony took place in St. Mary's Church.

June 1—Seventh War Loan closes for children's books. We reached a total of \$6,175. Our quota for the county was \$1,000.

June 4, 5, 6.—Finals! Little time for any other interests than these.

June 7 - 11—Graduation functions—all leaving many happy memories.

June 14—Enthusiastic Flag Day parade.

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LORETTO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO

April 2—The annual Writer's Club Dance, "Avril à Paris," in our gymnasium decorated in artistic French style. Music provided by "The Thornteneus;" a good time for all.

April 6—"The Royal Holiday", an operetta which revealed remarkable talent in our underclassmen. Congratulations!

April 13—Cisca Variety Show. We are proud of our representatives, Barbara Zalewski and Phyllis Sens.

April 23 - 27—It was the Senior Sodality's turn to do something for the Missions. Bow week was decided on—with, for the Chinese Missions, yellow bows; for the Indian Missions, red; for the African, black, and for all other lands, striped. Good reports on Mission work.

April 27—We were honored with a band con-

cert given by the Mount Carmel High School Band. Thanks, Mount Carmel!

May 7—The Mothers' Auxiliary sponsored their annual enjoyable Spring Luncheon. The Academy Seniors served.

May 18—Seniors' annual play, of which there is an account in this Graduate issue of The Loretto Rainbow.

May 23—Ten deserving journalists received pins at the Writer's Club Luncheon in our school cafeteria. Rev. Father Carrabine addressed the gathering.

May 29—The May procession preceded the crowning, one of the most beautiful and inspiring of the year's events and which was held at the Grotto on the grounds. Peggy Gibbons crowned the Blessed Virgin's statue as the students sang the familiar May hymns.

May 31—Prospective freshmen were entertained by our Dramatic Club, Orchestra and Glee Club.

June 1—First Friday Mass, the last for this school year, was one of special thanksgiving. In the evening the Father-Daughter Dance was greatly enjoyed.

June 2—Senior Prom held in the Tropical Room of the Continental Hotel came up to joyous expectations.

June 5—Junior - Senior Luncheon held in our gym, decorated for the occasion.

June 7—To renew good resolutions of retreat, Seniors had a precious day of recollection at the Cenacle.

June 10—Senior's formal reception into Loretto Alumnae.

Virginia Bloomster, '45

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**LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL,
BRUNSWICK AVENUE**

April 5—Three of Brunswick's more curious "Grads" invade the sacred precincts of the College, and sit in on a day of Honour Arts' lectures. Apparently impressions were satisfactory, as these three intend to return—for a prolonged stay.

April 9—Fortified by two weeks of rest and play, we hope to learn what is still necessary for a successful encounter with those formidable "finals," already looming.

April 18—Grade XII girls lead in the sale of tickets for the "Draw" held in connection with the Home Cooking Sale. Cakes, cookies and jam looked most delicious—but no chance to sample them; they were bought as soon as displayed!

April 25—In a close contest our Brunswick debaters won from those of Loretto Abbey. Congratulations!

April 26—The Inspector pays his yearly visit. His statements that the students of Grade XII are "exceptionally intelligent," and that those of Grade XI "will be the scientists of tomorrow," have impressed the members of both grades with the idea of his good judgment!

May 7—The long prayer for V.E.-Day arrives and we unite with all other Christians in thanksgiving for this victory.

May 13—Mother's Day. Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Fleming, S.J., for the Graduates of 1945, and their mothers. Communion breakfast followed. In the afternoon, the Junior music pupils gave an enjoyable programme for their parents and friends.

May 20—Graduation ceremony for our Seniors at St. Peter's Church, with weather ideal.

May 21—In our gay, spring party frocks, we enjoy the merry hours at the graduation dance held at Newman Club.

May 23—Mr. Stanton, a Shakesperian actor of long experience, entertained us this afternoon with excerpts from "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," and "The Merchant of Venice." Antonio, Cassius, Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Shylock and Portia were all vividly portrayed. We hope to hear Mr. Stanton again.

General rejoicing followed the announcement that an extra holiday, suggested by Very Rev. Father McNab, Pastor of St. Peter's Church, would be added to the Thursday to Sunday week-end, in consideration of the perfection of Loretto-Brunswick's showing on Graduation Day, which told of previous hard work. The week-end afforded an opportunity for some diligent study for the impending examinations.

May 25—The members of the Glee Club don party floor length dresses of pastel tints and provide the vocal numbers in a charming recital by four of the advanced piano artists—Mary Frances Barry, Ethel Farkas, Mary Lou MacGregor and Lois Walker.

May 31—As Our Lady's maids of honour, we came in formal procession—and singing the lovely May hymns—to crown the statue of Our Queen and Mother.

June 6—L.S.C. Grade IX students were hostesses to Grade VIII girls from the Separate schools in which Loretto Nuns teach. Dancing, games, and



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treasure hunts made for a delightful afternoon, climaxed by refreshments in the cafeteria and a tour of the building, including a visit to the chapel.

June 7—Opening day of our intelligence testing! Would exams were not!

June 8—The annual Intermediate Recital in the evening is a delight for parents and friends.

June 10—A most pleasant graduation tea given at the Abbey by the Loretto Alumnae for the 1945 Graduates of Loretto Abbey, Loretto College, and Loretto College School.

June 15—Farewells on every side, as we leave 387 for a summer of fun and frolic—and a little work, which, for nine Seniors, at least, will include a visit to Montreal to attend Montreal Summer school of Catholic action.

Preceding the final departure for vacation, Grades XII and XI with some members of the faculty enjoyed a picnic at High Park. Other grades held festive parties in their own specially decorated rooms.

Mary Frances Barry

ST. BRIDE'S SCHOOL (LORETTO) CHICAGO

April 27—Annual Recital in School Hall received unstinted applause.

May 4—"Amateur Hour" given by some of the school children at a joint meeting of the Altar and Rosary, and the Holy Name Societies, proved an enjoyable entertainment. Prizes were awarded: First—Edward Connelly; Second—James Casey; Third—Jay Frazier.

PROGRAM

"Ave Maria"—James S. Casey, (age 10), Grade 5
Vocal Duet—"Kentucky Babe" — Mary Angela and Janice Mezanin (age 10), Grade 5.
Trumpet Solo—Richard McVicker (age 13), Grade 7.

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Piano Solo—"Polish Dance" — Richard Nolan (age 12), Grade 7.

Comb Novelty—Ronald Fraser, (age 11), Grade 4.
Piano Solo—Edward Connelly (age 12), Grade 7.
Vocal Duet—"Hans and Hilda"—Chas. Wisniewski (age 8) and Joan Stocks (age 7), Grade 2.

Tap Dance—Geraldine Wilson (age 8), Grade 3.
"Mother"—Betty Saunder (age 9), Grade 4.

May 27—A very successful field day on the school grounds was sponsored by the Sodality. Games and races provided much good fun; quantities of pop and doughnuts were consumed.

The Sodality, active in many fields, has done excellent work. For Mother's Day, a skit, "Mother, You Understand," was broadcast to the entire school, over the public address system. Model meetings and announcements were also shared with all the children in this manner, during the year as were programmes prepared at intervals by the various committees.

May 29—In a devotional ceremony Our Lady's statue was crowned, in the Convent grounds. The entire student body took part, forming an Animated Rosary, and joining in the much-loved Mary hymns.

May 30—Thanks to the combined efforts of all, St. Bride's School succeeded in attaining sixth place in a nation-wide contest. Cancelled stamps were collected for the Missions, honorable mention going to Paul Shields, Room 7, who secured over 52,000 stamps. The Mission Stamp Club, Shelby, Ohio, showed its appreciation by sending a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart, 20 inches high, as well as a Certificate of Merit, stating that because of the zealous work done, one hundred dollars would be given to the Missions in the name of St. Bride's School.

For the benefit of the Red Cross, numberless favors, paper serviettes, and tray covers were fashioned by nimble fingers in the Art Classes. A warm and serviceable afghan of brightly colored knitted squares was completed for some wheelchair patients, along with numerous other worthwhile articles, by the Eighth Grade.

June 8—Two Chinese infants (Loretto and Joseph) were ransomed; besides the splendid work of every class for the Propagation of the Faith, a successful Tag Day was held on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. This activity was sponsored by Room 5. Proceeds were used to purchase Sacred Heart Badges for soldiers in hospitals.

June 11—Excitement ran riot when a real jeep, purchased by their stamps and bonds, was seen by the children, driving about in the school yard! 7th War Loan purchasers were rewarded with a ride in the jeep. "That's the one we're sending to the war!" one awed youngster was heard to exclaim. (We sent more than one.) Another asked, "Sister, is it going to Okinawa?" St. Bride's has really done its share in the Schools-at-War Effort, selling over \$7,721.00 in bonds and stamps.

June 13—Graduation honors were conferred upon our happy Eighth Graders by the Right Reverend Msgr. T. F. Friel, at a special Mass, and thus another school year came to a close.



Fran. Squin

COLLEGIATE CLUB 1945-46

Simpson's

Heartfelt thanks are extended
to all literary contributors to

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All are daily remembered in prayer.

G. J. 1945

To
Rt. Rev. Msgr. William McCann, D.D., P.P.
we dedicate this number of
Loretto Rainbow
as expressive of our esteem, and of
our good wishes on his
Golden Jubilee Celebration
1895 - 1945



7



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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 — 1847-1945



❧

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.



Right Reverend Msgr. Wm. McCann, D.D.
Pastor of St. Francis' Parish, Toronto



Golden Jubilee Greeting

to

Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. McCann, D.P., P.P.

MONSIGNOR! God's predestined way was free
 To choose or to reject; your word went up
 To Him — "Lord, let me take the Chalice-Cup,
 As Chrysostom, and live and die for Thee!"
 And fifty golden milestones mark the way,
 Along that path of soul awakening —
 So long ago — nor sound, nor song to sing
 The least complaint who runs may read today.

The golden years! — extolling to the skies,
 For all eternity, a mortal's grand
 Endeavour here — upon this grain of sand!
 O Lord of Beauty! May we realize
 In your marvel world of tangled stars
 The debt we owe to all such exemplars.

LUCILE B.

An Episode

(Related by Bishop Shahan, and retold from memory by one in the audience.)

As a setting, we recall the prolonged struggle between the French and English for possession of North America. It offers us one of the most interesting studies of national character, and destiny. That the Indians fought more frequently and zealously on the side of the French was due to the tact and skill of the latter, especially of the missionaries, in dealing with them. The French saw the advantage of gaining and holding the friendship of the Indians. They worked to instil into their minds and hearts the principles of the Faith; they drew them, when they could, into missionary villages near their own settlements and sought to bind them to themselves, through religious training. Many evidences there were of their success, one of the most familiar being the life of Kateri Tekakwitha, whose memory is venerated in Canada and the United States and whose Cause is being examined by the Congregation of Sacred Rites, in Rome.

After one of the battles in this wretched war, a young Christian Indian girl was walking home to her father's wigwam, and hurrying to get away from the sight of the dead men left on the field. She suddenly saw a slight movement, and realized that one poor soldier was still alive among them. She hastened to her father, the only one of the family besides herself who had not been killed in the wars. Together they carried the wounded man to their wigwam and, day after day, they cared for him. He regained consciousness, but was seriously ill and weak from the loss of blood. Weeks passed and still the recovery was slow. The girl and her father, fearing that they could not much longer conceal the presence of their patient to whom they had both become attached, and knowing that if he were discovered he would be taken prisoner, decided to move, with him, up the St. Lawrence to a more secluded spot. As the daughter had been promised as wife to a pagan Indian youth, she feared him especially.

One night she and her father, taking the sick man and most of their simple possessions, paddled in two canoes up the river until day-break; they landed near the woods and, well within the shelter of the trees, they set up their wigwam. Here they continued the care of their patient, who was a young French officer,

of good family. With characteristic Indian caution they were constantly on the watch; the girl felt that her dreaded lover would pursue her.

At length, one evening just as the sun had disappeared on the horizon, the father seated on the river-bank, spied a canoe barely moving upstream, and in it what looked like a small haycock. On the alert and taking precaution, he ran to the wigwam and secured the silver-mounted revolver which their patient had had in his belt when they found him on the field. Returning to the bank, but keeping in ambush, he watched the canoe and its strange load as it slowly advanced, and finally stopped where their two canoes were fastened.

Out from the haycock stepped the Indian lover. With unerring aim, the father's borrowed pistol found its mark, and the young brave fell backwards into the water, where the current bore his dead body swiftly away.

The father knew they were no longer safe in their hiding. Once more the canoes were paddled for hours, this time to the nearest port, where all three took passage for France. There, the family of the slowly recovering officer received the Indian and his daughter with gracious hospitality and with gratitude. Everything was provided for their comfort. The girl was placed in a convent school to perfect her French and learn the gentle arts of life. In due time the officer married her. They reared a large and splendid family, and one of the most treasured possessions for them all was the silver-mounted pistol.

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

Summer's End

Tortured wraiths of sultry heat are swaying,
Undisturbed by any passing breeze,
To the sing-song melodies of locusts,
Sawing endlessly in drooping trees.

Fallow fields are sapped by pangs of labor
Which has borne the splendid harvest-heap.
Now they rest, and dream of joys before them:
Autumn's mad carouse—and Winter's sleep.

Donald T. Brown.

Dante's Appeal to Human Hearts*

By MOTHER M. BORGIA, I.B.V.M.

"He had for guerdon what the base world's spite
Oft gives to souls that noblest grace display.
Full ill was Dante's life-work understood
His high purpose, by that ungrateful state
That welcomed all with kindness but the good.
Would I were such; to bear like evil fate
To taste his exile, to have his lofty call,
For this I'd gladly give all earth calls great."
—Michelangelo.

This is the heart-cry of one great soul to another, and Dante was nothing if not great. In his lifetime he was misunderstood, but now, after six hundred years, we find his message still ringing through the ages, for all who may pause to heed. If we cannot understand we may at least lose ourselves in the beauty of the song.

Florence learned too late the value of what she had lost; thus the resting-place for the most home-sick man is close by the waving forest of the famous Pinetum, near the cloistered walls of St. Francis. A great man was laid to rest with no pomp and very little ceremony. The heritage of Dante was bequeathed in the lyrical treasury of the simple language of the people. Nations and ages proclaim him the supreme interpreter of the significance of man's history, for he conveys, through the mighty music of his utterance, precision of thought that sets us wondering, although a homely naturalness clothes his words; but then, —greatness is always simple.

Giotto's portrait of Dante shows him of noble features, strong but pensive, and Boccaccio tells us that Dante's manners "were composed and gentle and whether at home or in public, he was, in all ways, more courteous and civil than any one else."

Yet, years later, on seeing a bust of Dante in Naples, Parsons exclaims:

"How stern of lineament, how grim the father
was of Tuscan song."

Yes, the ingratitude of men, especially that of his own countrymen had caused the lines of sorrow in that noble face and dug deep wells of sadness in the kindly eyes. Greatness always has its price, and Dante's heart's blood paid the toll while his weary feet trod the path of strangers and his tired hands reached for the bread of charity. Great minds trace the

pathway of their lofty thoughts across the human face and leave the lines to guide kindred souls in the search for higher things. If the aim be high and mighty, why grieve if sometimes the shaft may fail the mark. Where is there another, be he poet or scholar, artist or sage, who has received such tribute, such veneration from the great ones of the world, and which of these could mould such words in answer to the wistful yearnings of the young, of the poor. Dante is the poet of kings and popes; of peasants and priests.

Dante's gentleness never forsook him and his intensive personality may have been an offshoot of this tenderness, along with a deep sense of humour which springs up here and there throughout his work, especially in the *Inferno*, where the grotesqueness of the punishment displays a kind of playfulness; and in "*Vita Nuova*," where he exclaims:

"Guido, I would that you and Lapo and me
Some powerful enchantment soon would seize
And place upon a boat, that at each breeze
To suit your whim and mine, would skim the sea."

How can we harmonize his deep seriousness with such simplicity? The only solution is to understand the man. Dante's mind was so keen and his soul so big that he could estimate the proper value of things. It was this that made him so companionable and human, so helpful and engaging. Artists and poets may draw for us the features of Dante, but to know the fibre of his manhood will help in appreciation of his genius. Our knowledge of him will depend upon an intimacy with the spirit of his age and the history of his time, and both these are revealed by the poet, in his work. The thirteenth century was an age of thought, and Dante was gifted with a great capacity for deep thinking. When history would not join with truth he knew history was false. Poetry of the ancient bards, and feats of the chivalrous knights, lent a thrill to the age. Dante was not its only genius, for that was the age of scholars; and yet he over-topped them all. He was a great man sent by God to tell us the way of truth in the language of a bard.

He indirectly records in his work his own life, his struggles, his successes and his failures, his thoughts and his judgments, his loves and hates. "What is man," says St. Augustine,

* Reprinted from Loretto Rainbow.

"but his thoughts and his loves?" So through his work we find the true Dante.

Simplicity is a conspicuous element in most great characters, and our poet displays nearly childlike simplicity in Canto II., of the Inferno:

"Bard! thou who are my guide, consider well if virtue be in me sufficient, ere to this high enterprise thou trust me."

His trust in Virgil's judgment of his virtue is almost pathetic. Usually one's virtue is the last thing left to the decision of others, or cast into the scale of balance for another to weigh, but Dante's trust is so sincere and so appealing. In Canto VIII. we read:

"Desert me not, I cried, in this extreme
And if our onward going be denied
Together trace we back our steps with speed."

Honest fear chilled the poet's heart at the thought of his guide leaving him even for the nonce. Candor at his plight is in his next few words:

"Hesitating I remain. At war
'Twixt will and will not; in my thought."

That same frankness is shown when he speaks in "Vita Nuova" of the effect on him of Beatrice's salutation:

"That there was no man mine enemy; and such a warmth of charity came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury."

This revelation of himself needs no labored phrase of mine to set it off, any more than does the delicacy of his sorrow when a greeting was denied and he took himself to his chamber where he could lament unheard. "And having prayed to the Lady of Mercies and having said also, 'O Love, aid Thou thy servant,' I went suddenly asleep, like a beaten, sobbing child."

This is the great Dante who reveals his fineness of soul and brings to tired and disappointed hearts a message of sympathy, of faith and truth. Throughout his love-lit, stormy, indignant life he kept a great qualification for the kingdom of heaven: he was always splendidly sincere. In Purgatorio when Beatrice probes his "sad memories," he is shame-faced and tearful.

From the knowledge of his own defects and out of the bitterness of failure, out of his love and pain, his sensitiveness and heart-ache, sprang the inspiration for that supreme work of art, The Divine Comedy, an outpouring of the poetic splendor of his genius; a ladder of the whole life of man by which the soul, though still in the body, mounts from the knowledge

of sensible things up to the contemplation of the supernatural. And by exquisite imagery the poet brings us to an understanding of himself, his reasonings as a philosopher, his speculations as a theologian, his dreams as a poet, the places that he saw, the people that he knew—all these furnish material for his symbolism. The fire of a great love blended them all into a sacred poem. His life-story is one of the saddest ever told, but it is well that it has been told. Outwardly his life was complete disaster, but without his miseries the Dante we know and love would never have been possible, and the music of the loveliest and the loftiest literary expressions that fell from the lips of man, would never have gladdened our ears.

"Ah! he who follows, fearlessly,
The beckonings of a poet-heart
Shall wander, and without the world's decree
A banished man, in field and mart."

—J. Frances Lowell.

Dante presents the experience of a fully rounded life. We misunderstand him when we try to fix him with a picturesque epithet, in a single attitude. "The Sombre Alighieri." What does it mean? Only those will be satisfied with the description who have confined themselves to reading the Inferno. Hell is sombre, certainly, and so is Dante in his journey through that world of misguided passion. But only superficially has one looked, who has seen nothing of the grace, the elegance of the master-poet and ardent lover. Dante has in him always the culture of his time.

"In every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh justice, is acceptable to Him."—Acts X.

A great balancing force in Dante's later life was his sense of justice. It was a reconstructive force which kept him tending toward righteousness, even when, for him, human justice proved a failure.

In the Paradiso, Canto XX., the poet places an unassuming old Trojan warrior, Rhipeus, one he rescued from the Aeneid and on whom he bestowed redemption as a reward for justice. Rhipeus had no deeds of valor to recommend him, but "all his love on earth he set upon righteousness."

In the Inferno, Dante relegates great men, geniuses and princes whom he knew and admired in life, to their proper circle, as evidence of his justice and his regard for the moral law. Those who failed through weakness, or through inordinate love of things good in themselves, are not regarded as those who were

false and treacherous. How grieved he is at meeting his old master: "Sir? Brunetto! and thou art here?" Some may rage against the poet for placing political enemies in the *Inferno*. It was inevitable that he, with his burning sense of righteousness, flaying friend and foe alike with unsparing hand, should be, sometimes, hurried toward rashness, but never towards injustice. Dante never let his political prejudice over-master his passion for fairness. He penetrated the heart of each character and made of it a living, throbbing being with passions and griefs. He weighed the motives for their enmity and fixed them in their proper setting. Dante's power for picturing character is not surpassed by Shakespeare himself, and so sure is his touch on the unchanging sources of human passion that his men and women stand out as actual beings. From the first one in the era of "Vita Nuova" down to the last mighty soldier or groveling politician in the Vision, not one can again become, for the reader, a mere name. The poet has invested each with the glow of personality; he has brought them all near, as though they had lived yesterday. We learn to love in them what he loved and to condemn what he despised. The secret of his appeal to our allegiance is the sincerity of the man behind the verse.

The common inspiration of life in the thirteenth century is found by Christian students to be the Catholic Faith. Indeed it is the age of Faith. All men seemed to breathe a common religious atmosphere whose influence permeated the whole social fabric, inspiring men's work and directing their wills. They believed in a world beyond the grave; Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven were realities to them. Dante is not the exception to this belief, but the embodiment. He is the voice of the age; he begins with faith and continues until he leads us to the vision of God. In his Cantos we read the history of ages in the light of divine revelation. Mystical heights are reached by the soul through the inspiring songs of the troubadours. The chivalrous spirit of the Crusades is woven into the poetical texture of fancy by the imagery of St. Francis as an ardent wooer of Lady Poverty. A religious revival had occurred to dispel the gloom of the dark ages, and Dante's voice was raised to herald it abroad. Not only could the goal of vision be seen now, "but the way that leadeth." Dante took the drooping spirit of faith and set it to the music of his lyre, sending sweet strains breathing through the world down to our time. His songs are heard to the

utmost bounds of the earth, matchless and unapproachable, in spiritual interpretation; in imagery, unsurpassed.

"Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes
In their own language, hear the wondrous word."

To Catholics, Dante has a special appeal as the singer of their faith; he is a theologian among poets and a poet among theologians. His son, Pietro, says that if the true faith were extinguished he knew his father would rebuild it, so intense was his love of truth. In ballad and poem he unites dogma and devotion with such ardent appeal that one cannot escape feeling the overflow of divine mercy and tenderness. Never has human language so nearly attained an adequate utterance as in the closing Canto of the *Paradiso*,

"That with the song my spirit
Reeled, so passing sweet the strain."

In Raphael's famous picture, "The Disputa," Heaven and Earth are represented as united by the bond of the sacrament of love, and below "in that midst of popes and bishops and doctors stands a man who wears no halo, no crown, no mitre, or scholar's gown,—a man whose face was the saddest ever painted from reality." There is no mistaking those features of austere grandeur with the laurel-wreathed brow—it is Dante Alighieri. Why has the greatest of painters placed Dante in that picture among the glorious company? Because the warp and woof of the Divine Comedy is taken from the threads of Christianity, and its story brings their beauty within our grasp by showing forth that "love called all things into being."

"Into new loves Eternal Love unfolds."

Dante seemed to understand somewhat the working of Divine Providence in his regard and must have felt that some great things were expected of him. A bigness of soul raised him above the thoughts of ordinary men and opened for him a broader vision—a higher plane on which to move. The words of his beloved teacher, Brunetto, reveal somewhat of Dante's destiny:

"Follow thy star and thou canst not miss the
glorious port."—*Inf. xvc.*

And Dante seems to feel, through his belief in the justice of God, that posterity will confer immortality upon his work; so he does not hesitate to join the group of bards and walk

with them when they greet him on his journey in the Inferno. Perhaps Dante's glow of Christianity has overshadowed for us the merits of his great company of that day, and dimmed the lustre of their memory; for certain it is that they have retreated farther than he into the dimness of the past. Time has outdone herself in amends for past ingratitude, and praise for the poet is hushed when these words, "The Summa in Verse," are fixed to his masterpiece: "that fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight." Dante is naturally, so sincere a man that he is eager to be just to every one. Can he, then, underestimate his own worth? This quality is just another evidence in him of his sense of values, and if pride did darken his ken momentarily, the mist was soon dispelled by the clear light of truth. He despised the world with its goods—"the threshing floor which makes men so fierce"—and yet he used "the earth as a temple, an interpreter's room where things invisible are understood by means of things created." He was a man big with splendid sincerity, and blessed with deep passion, yet, withal, gracious, and of a grateful spirit. His virtues and genius inspire us, and his traits attract us.

We love the work of Dante as we love beautiful landscape and grand music; we study it for the culture it brings. While reading one seems to walk with a friend, with one who takes our hand to guide us, with one who instructs us in the way of endurance, in consistency of purpose and unwavering rectitude, in bearing and not breaking under the strain of adversity—all these noble aspirations fill the soul, and seem to murmur that love and a gentle heart are both the same.

Love was his principle of action, one that never failed him from the time when he, a boy of nine years, fell in love with the sweet little girl, Beatrice. From that time he tells us that love lorded it over his soul.

"Beatrice, down many a century
This radiant dream of you has sped,
Earth held no fairer rose than she
The little maiden clothed in red!"

Among the poet's descriptions of his "most gracious lady" we find allusions sufficient to tell

us that Beatrice had a quick spiritual perception and a deep appreciation of virtue.

"Crowned and clothed with humility she went her way, showing no pride in what she saw or heard".

This indifference to worldly things would undoubtedly appeal to the poet's heart, for Beatrice was very beautiful, and attracted deep admiration from all who beheld her. The gentleness and candour of her countenance, the dignity of her bearing, are just outward signs of rarer qualities within. In the Purgatorio she is gravely smiling, and finally in the Paradise, the stern and stately Beatrice is radiant with heavenly mirth. Dante knew that Beatrice expressed virtue and beauty resplendent from her grace of soul; beauty but an image of the Eternal Beauty; and grace, reflected from the Godhead. To a symbolic value of Beatrice in the Divine Comedy, nothing could be added by altering a word of description given to the gracious lady of Florence—beauty, candor, strength, and grace are all attributes of Christian truth, whether reflected in a creature or taught by the Church.

The Church gives a meaning to pain and is ever a triumph in defeat, and Beatrice in the mind of Dante brought solace in his long exile; she was his strength in weakness and his beatitude in sorrow. The way of love is to explain everything but itself; so will it ever remain a mystery, here below. In a great soul, everything is great, and the passions strong. Can we, then, marvel at the depth of devotion and the power of love in the story which Dante celebrated in such matchless verse? He "would write of his loved one such words as had never been written of woman before." It is Dante, the lover "par excellence" that holds the heart of the ages and as long as the world lasts and hearts love, his story will be told,—poet, soldier, artist, philosopher, theologian, Tuscan wanderer, the weariest man in all the weary world, who at last crossed the brink of day to enter the glorious haven open to welcome him, having passed from martyrdom unto peace.

"Hush, hush, O heart! The other side of sky
There is believe it, love, a wondrous Hand
Forever wiping eyes forever dry;
There are no willows growing in that land,
And never shall the lips of love be mute,
God making of our hearts a faultless lute."

One Hallowe'en

Yes sir! Hallowe'en sure is lots of fun for the kids, what with punkin's an' parties an' pranks. They sure go to town havin' a good time. It's long since I played any pranks myself, but I get a big kick out of watchin' the kids. Yes sir! But with all the fun, that day never passes without me thinkin' of a certain Hallowe'en—eight, maybe ten years back an' a strange thing that happened then. It always stays fresh in my mind. I never did believe in ghosts—used to say there ain't no such animal. But now—I dunno.

Tell you about it? You'll be scairt to death tonight when it gets on to dark an' you begin to think about it. No? All right, then, you asked for it.

As I was sayin', it happened one Hallowe'en night some years back. I'd been to a lodge meetin' an' stayed longer than I meant, chinin' with the boys. I just had a couple of beers, so what I heard that night wasn't just imagination—no siree!

It was about 2 a.m. when I dropped off the street car at the corner of Southland Avenue on a warm, close night for that time of the year; no moon or stars in sight, an' kind of lowerin' like a thunderstorm was brewin'. I was the only passenger that got off the car. By 2 a.m. all the pranksters had gone home to bed. I'm used to comin' home late nights—often work the night shift, an' don't know what nerves is. But this time was different. It wasn't that I was scared exactly, but the night had a queer feel about it, an' I couldn't help wishin' that someone else was comin' my way.

We lived then in an old house just made over into a pair of apartments. To get to it you went west one block then north for another block. There was a street light at the corner of our block but except for that it was real dark—a darkness that kind of pressed around you. No wind was stirrin' that I could feel, but every now an' then a little rush of dead leaves would pass me, swirlin' around my feet, spinnin' along the street an' leapin' into the air at times, for all the world like they was playin' some kind of game. A couple of times I looked over my shoulder thinkin' I heard light feet comin' quick behind me, but it was nothin', only the leaves hurryin' by.

Not a soul was in sight on our block nor a light in any of the houses. Without meanin' to do it I quickened my pace, passed the mouth

of the alley that ran alongside of our buildin' an' went around the other side of the house to get to the back door. I went up the steps thinkin' "Well, I'm home, thank goodness! Soon I'll be inside, tiptoein' around so I won't waken Mary an' the kid. Boy! Is it good to have someone of your own to come home to!" I thinks, rememberin' the years I'd spent as an orphan passed around from one relative to another. I start to slip the key into the lock, an' just as it turns I hear the voice.

Now there's nothin' strange about hearin' a voice at night, but not this kind, not at 2 a.m. It was a boy's—a voice that might of belonged to a kid of say about seven or eight; a high, pipin' treble. An' what it said wasn't the kind of words you'd expect to hear near a city flat in the middle of the night. It seemed to come from across the alley where there was a big old barn that had stayed a barn even when the city closed in on it. The voice says as clear as could be:

"Mister, did you see a horse?"

Without thinkin' I straightens up an' answers, "No, sonny, I didn't see no horse around." Then it struck me, that's queer. A kid out at this hour an' lookin' for a horse. Why there ain't no horses anywhere near here! I was stumped an' didn't know what to think.

Our buildin' run right along the alley an' the back porch was the whole width of the house. I went to the side near the alley an' stared into the darkness. I could see nothin'. I called real soft:

"Sonny! Hey sonny! What're you doin' out so late?" But there was no answer. I listened till my ear-drums crackled. Not a sound.

A kind of chill come over me an' I quick got into the house. Inside with the door locked the night light that Mary always leaves for me made long shadows on the walls an' ceilin'. I sat down to think things over a bit. Who was the kid an' how come he was out lookin' for a horse where there wasn't no horses. I started to take off my shoes an' I was sittin' there ponderin', with one shoe on an' the other in my hand when Mary comes out of the bedroom.

"Hello, Big Boy!" she says givin' me a kiss, "what's the matter? You look kind of pale."

"Nothin'", I says, "Just tired."

"Tired nothin'. Somethin's wrong. I can

see it by your face. C'mon come clean!" An' before another five minutes she had it all out of me.

"A kid?" she says, "out at this hour of the night!" An' I could see she was thinkin' of our own little tyke tucked up snug in his crib, "c'mon we'll have to go out an' see where he is!"

Well, when Mary makes up her mind to do a thing she does it pronto. In another minute we was out on the back porch, starin' into the darkness of the alley.

"Oh sonny!" calls Mary softly. "Oh sonny c'mere, we want to talk to you." But there was no answer.

"You call him, Bill," she says. So I calls, "Sonny! Hey, kid! Oh, sonny!" soft at first then louder as both of us called. But no answer came.

"Oh, Bill, I hate to think of a little fellow wanderin' all by hisself in the dark. What kind of folks does he have. Let's call a bit louder."

We did, an' up goes the window of the flat upstairs an' the guy that lives there yelps,

"Hey, what's goin' on down there?"

"Nothin' much," I answers, "there's a little boy lookin' for a horse an' we was callin' him."

"A boy! A horse! This hour!" He snorts, "maybe it's a pink elephant he's looking for. Can't you get drunk quiet an' let decent folks sleep?"

That made me mad: "I'll get drunk any old way I want. This is a free country," says I.

"Says you!" says he, an' slams down the window.

"C'mon in, Bill," says Mary, "don't lose your temper. We have to live with these people."

So she takes my arm an' gets me back into the kitchen. She thinks I should call the police an' have a squad car cruise around lookin' for the kid, but after hearin' the guy upstairs I had a pretty good idea of what the boys in the squad car would think of my story. I was still mad as well as tired, an' a bit sick of the boy an' his horse.

"Lissen, honey," I says, "quit worryin'. It ain't cold or wet. Nobody's gonna hurt the kid, an' I guess he's used to lookin' for his horse."

It was a pretty poor argument, I admit, an' we very near fell out over it. But Junior woke up an' Mary had to look after him. I acted like I didn't hear when she talked to Junior at me, but I had to take four aspirins before I could get to sleep.

Next mornin' I had to be at work early.

Mary'd scarcely speak to me an' give me a very cool check to kiss goodbye. That day I did all I could to find out about people ownin' horses in our near neighborhood an' drew a blank every time. This was long before gas rationin' and' gee-gees was so scarce most of the kids didn't know what a horse looked like except from Big Little Books an' from west-erns. That night I come home still wonderin'. Mary wasn't mad no more, but she seemed kind of quiet.

"Bill," she says at supper, "I wheeled Junior all over in his go-cart today an' asked so many questions folks begun to look at me funny. There ain't no horse for miles around."

"You're tellin' me, Babe. You're not the only one that's been askin' questions. I don't know what to make of it."

That was that, an' we never expected to hear no more about it, but the explanation, leastways what we believe to be the explanation, was close at hand all the time.

Remember the old barn I mentioned? Well, it stood in back of an old house with a good-sized lot that was right across the alley from us. The house is much the same as it was years an' years ago only kept up well, painted, repaired an' all that. It had an old-fashioned picket fence all around it with one gate openin' on to the alley. Between the house an' the barn is a little yard with a cobble-stone walk an' a bit of lawn as smooth an' green as a pool table. A big tree partly shaded the patch of grass, an' near the barn was an old pump. It was just like a bit of a farm set down in the middle of a city block.

We weren't livin' there long when Mary struck up a friendship with the folks that lived in the house. Reminded her of her gran'-maw, she said the old lady did, an' I guess the old lady liked havin' someone as young an' sweet as my Mary come to visit with her. Some folks minds an' hearts never grow old an' they sure appreciate a little attention from the young ones. I like old folks myself. Got somethin' to talk about too, after livin' so long. Irish, these was, the old gentleman an' his wife an' a daughter, a widow that kept house for them. There was a son a lawyer, an' another son a preacher, but they have nothin' to do with the story. The old folks was past eighty, both of them, an' were right from Ireland, from a place they called May-OH. They were younger for their years than lots I know at sixty. Just plain workin' folks like ourselves, but they had a kind of niceness, a natural refinement, I suppose you'd call it, that made

me always think of them as the Old Lady an' the Old Gentleman. When they talked about each other they done it in a way I never did hear before. Like this—he'd say, "Herself will be glad indeed to see you." She'd say, "Himself was hopin' that you'd come." An' the way they said it made it sound like a title, somehow.

He worked among his vegetables every day, and she tended the flowers. There was one little patch she called her "Arrab Garden", but I never could see no Arabs. The first time she showed it to us I starts to say, "Where's the arab," but Mary pokes me and I shuts up. All I could see was parsley an' sage an' things like that.

The old lady was still pretty with a kind of brightness an' sweetness that you often see in Irish faces. She used to sit out often under the big tree in a rockin' chair knittin' socks for the old gentleman, but mostly when she was alone she did what she called "sayin' her beads." Big brown wooden ones they was, all slick an' polished from slippin' through her fingers. Mary often went over to sit with her while Junior played on the lawn or tagged the old gentleman around, an' sometimes in the evenin' I'd go there an' visit with them myself.

We was over there one Sunday afternoon a few days after I'd heard the boy's voice. It was lovely warm weather—like Indian Summer, with a deep blue sky an' a kind of golden haze over everything an' a stillness that you could feel even in a city block. Spider webs was floatin' in the still air an' every now an' then a leaf like a golden coin come tumblin' down on to the grass. Junior was playin' on the lawn with some of his Hallowe'en toys an' the talk turned to the different way folks celebrated the day.

"I guess you had Hallowe'en in Ire'land too," says Mary, bein' polite.

"Ah, yes, asthoreen," smiled the old lady noddin' her head, "we had indeed. But t'was another name we called it."

I wish I could tell rightly the softness of her voice, her quiet way of talkin' an' the lovely way she used words. It was like music an' poetry rolled into one. Her daughter said it was on account she thought in Gaelic and spoke in English. The two old folks often talked in Gaelic when they were alone together. It seems they always used it in the part of Ireland where they come from, an' never spoke much else until they got to the good old U.S.A. That isn't the way with the Irish now. One

of them works beside me at the plant an' he talks as good American as you or me. An there's Rafferty, the crossin' cop. Boy! you should hear him tell them off. But I'm gettin' away from the story.

"T'was Samain Eve, we called it," went on the old lady, kind of slow like she was rememberin', "the night when the paths are open between the green Fairy Rath's an' the land of mortals. On that Eve mortal folks can visit the raths, but they must leave before the cock crows, or there they'll have to stay until next Samain. The Little People do be out in the world that night playin' all sorts of tricks, or dancin' in the moonlight. Sure 'tis myself has seen next mornin' the rings they made in the grass where they were dancin' all night long. An' for a many a day after you'll be hearin' the tap-tap-tap of the Leprechaun ('tis himself is the fairy shoemaker) mendin' the weeshie shoes that Themselfs wore down with dancin'. But sure 'tis a foolish old woman I am to be tellin' you all this. There's no place for Themselfs where everyone is in too big a hurry to think about Them, an' the little wee childer want to hear about airypalanes instead of fairies."

Mary begged her to go on an' I backed her up. It was kind of cute to hear the old lady talk about fairies like you an' me'd talk about the neighbours.

"T'was a gay an' lively time," she began again, "with all the boys an' gerls out enjoyin' themselves, or gathered round the fires burnin' nuts in pairs to see who'd be faithful, an' bobbin' for apples. God be with them happy days! Sad days they were too for sometimes them that dies before their time comes back on Samain. Many's the strange tale I could tell you."

"Now, now woman dear," says the old gentleman. "T'is a pity to be frightenin' people. Sure young folks don't want to be all moithered listenin' to stories about the dead."

"Sure we want to hear your story," puts in Mary, an' with a little encouragement the old lady goes on. I didn't pay very much attention at first. It was about one Hallowe'en when she was a young bride an' she an' her husband had just come to live in the neighborhood. It was way out in the country then, with only a few houses here an' there. You could look for miles across the prairie to the city. In those days folks goin' west from Chicago broke their journey at the little village that was growin' up at the place where the young Irish couple lived. Their horses was

kept in the big barn across the alley an' a teamster that lived in the old house then supplied teams to bring folks as far as Joliet.

That year the weather changed early an' turned cold a while before Hallowe'en. A raw wind began to blow an' kept up all day. Many a traveller lost his life that night. God rest their souls! That was the night that the little fellow was lost.

A family had stopped that mornin' on their way west. A dark, surly man with a wife an' three children, dark like himself. There was a fourth child, a fairhaired boy of about eight that they said was an orphan,—his folks all lost in the great fire at Chicago. Be that as it may, he was a lighthearted child an' did all his chores without ever a complaint. Towards evenin' the dark man missed one of his horses an' sent the boy out to look for it.

I don't know what made me glance at Mary then, but I did an' got a look that said as plain as words, "Pay attention, you dope!" After that I was all ears.

The poor kid was still out searchin' an' askin' about the horse when it turned dark all of a sudden an' the blizzard swept across the prairie.

"There are no more blizzards like that any

more," says the old lady. "Trees an' plantin' an' houses break them up. But in those days there was nothin' at all to stop them. The men went out as far as they dared, lookin' for the little fellow, but never again did we see him alive. When mornin' came the snow had stopped. All that was left of the blizzard was a wind as sharp as a knife blowin' over the prairie."

"What about the little boy?" asks Mary, leanin' forward with her elbows on her knees an' her chin in her hands. "Did they find him?"

"Aye indeed, alanna. They found him. The horse was standin' over against the old barn, only his head above a great drift, an' in the snowdrift, dead, was the little fellow, the end of the halter frozen to his hand. Poor lad! Poor lad! Sometimes when Hallowe'en comes round I seem to hear him again, callin' as he goes through the alley an' out over the prairie. The old sleep lightly an' I think I hear him in the night, always askin' the same question.

"What does he ask?" I says. But I knowed the answer before the old lady spoke.

"Mister, did you see a horse?"

Elizabeth Maguire Doyle.

Loretto Alumna

Autumn's Charm

Stars sparkle in the darkening sky,
So wise in age-old constancy;
The guarding moon leans from on high,
And smiles in sphinxlike mystery.

Beneath, bright Autumn's on her way—
Her soul aflame with joy fulfilled;
Upon her tresses moonbeams play;
Her heart sings psalms, enchantment-
thrilled.

For, hers the beauty blent of all
The varied hues of seasons gone;
And hers the grand recessional—
The lingering tones of notes withdrawn.

Stars, trembling, shine through skies, grey-
dark,
As in past eons they have shone;
And rides the moon—an ancient ark—
While Autumn queens her rainbow throne.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

A House of Dreams

Each mortal has his house of dreams
Which fancy built on yearning's floor;
The sun there sheds its brightest beams,
And joy stands ever by the door.
Within the rooms, are placed with care
The most alluring works of art—
A bit of fame, a goodly share
Of wealth, a trinket of the heart;
A ship for travel, wondrous books,
That give imagination wings;
While here and there, in sheltered nooks,
Are earth's sublimer offerings.

Within this cherished house of dreams
The soul can daily rest a while
And soar beyond a world that seems
To have forgotten how to smile.
A house of dreams is God's own gift
To man, in life's o'er burdened day,
His thoughts, toil-bound, on wings to lift
Upon his spirit's goalward way.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.

For Better Things

TERCENTARY OF THE DEATH OF MARY WARD*

Concert at Loretto Convent

To commemorate the tercentenary of the death of Mary Ward, Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a most enjoyable entertainment, consisting of musical selections and scenes from the life of this great, English Catholic woman, was given before a highly appreciative audience in the concert hall of the Loret(t)o Convent High School, Cavendish Road, on last Tuesday evening.

An introduction, admirably read by one of the senior-pupils, gave a résumé of the life of the saintly foundress, from her childhood in England, right through her life as a nun in Flanders, Rome and other centres, back to St. Martin's Lane and the Court of Charles I in London, and then to her saintly death a few years later. This introduction was later translated into the living scenes reproduced on the stage by a company of well trained and appropriately costumed pupils, each one of whom acted her part with great credit.

The entertainment concluded with a striking tableau in which a senior pupil took the part of Our Lady as Queen of Loret(t)o and the children grouped around her sang with faultless intonation and deep devotion the hymn of the same title.

In thanking the children for an entertainment which took them back 300 years and vividly depicted for them the 60 years' life of one of the greatest English Catholic women and the vicissitudes of her foundation and its spiritual children, the Archbishop remarked that the members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin founded in Dublin its first House in the year 1821, eight years before Catholic Emancipation. Rathfarnham was named Loret(t)o and the English-speaking portion of the Order everywhere had since retained the name. He had had the pleasure of visiting Rathfarnham as well as the great convent of the Institute that looked over Niagara Falls on the Canadian side.

The Loret(t)o Sisters had stood for religion and Christian education in many countries of the world, and their culture was well known

*Press notice from "The Leader"—Brisbane, Australia

wherever the English tongue was spoken. The Institute had spread to every State in Australia, and was doing excellent work..

The remarks of His Grace were supported by Monsignor English and Sir William Webb.

FROM AFAR

We are pleased to publish the following communication from Very Rev. Father J. Kachapilly, Rector of Mission House, Christnagar, Benares, Cantt., India, and hope that as a result of his appeal many of our mission-minded Loretto Rainbow readers will, by prayer and financially, promote this great enterprise.

MISSION HOUSE, CHRISTNAGAR, BENARES,
CANTT., INDIA.

Dated 1/6/4b.

The Editor,
The Loretto Rainbow,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Editor,

May I enclose herewith an appeal in aid of the newly established "Indian Missionary Society" and request you to be kind enough to have the same published in your esteemed Journal. We will be very much obliged if you will kindly send us a copy of the issue in which you are pleased to insert the appeal.

We are making an all-out drive for funds to develop the Society according to the instructions of the Holy See, and we have no doubt that you will kindly cooperate with our humble efforts.

Thanking you in anticipation and praying God to reward you abundantly,

I remain,
Your grateful servant in Xt.,
J. Kachapilly,
(Rev. Fr. J. Kachapilly, Rector).

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
BENARES, INDIA.

The aim of the Indian Missionary Society is to recruit and train a body of priests and brothers who will devote themselves exclusively to pioneer missionary work among the Hindus and Muslims of India and her neighbouring countries.

Nineteen centuries have rolled by since two of the twelve Apostles of the Saviour brought the message of salvation to India, and yet even to-day she remains a pagan country with 400 million souls. Of these enormous masses about four million only are Catholics. Vast is the field and wide is the scope for missionary work, but the labourers are few. If according to common estimate countries Catholic by tradition require on an average one priest for every thousand Christians, many

more would India require for the conversion of the pagan masses: at least one priest for every thousand pagans. But in India there are hardly 5,000 priests and of these more than 3,000 are in localities that are Catholic, like Bombay, Goa, Mangalore, Malabar and the Fishery Coast of South India. While the majority of the rest are catering for the needs of tiny units of Catholic Military and Railway population scattered throughout the country, not a few are segregated in schools and colleges. Then how many are left for the Propagation of Faith among the teeming millions of Hindus and Mohammedans of this vast sub-continent? Is it any wonder then that India has not been converted! Instead of that absurd—if not blasphemous—utterance that God's time has not come for India, should we not reflect upon the words of St. Paul: "How then, shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe him, of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a Preacher?"

"The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few", Yes, the labourers are few! This is the greatest and the most urgent of the missionary problems of India. It is to find an adequate and permanent solution for this baffling problem that on 3rd November, 1941, Rev. Fr. Gaspar A. Pinto, who is well known in India as a learned and zealous missionary, with the provisional approval of the veteran and saintly missionary Bishop of Allahabad, the Most Rev. Angelo J. Poli, O.F.M. Cap., D.D., under whose jurisdiction Benares comes, launched the scheme of the Indian Missionary Society with Headquarters in Benares—The Hindu Metropolis. Referring to Benares, the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith has observed (Letter dated 22nd November, 1944, No. 71/45, prot. No. 1308/44:) "The choice of Benares as the headquarters of the Society shows the courage which animates the Founders. Planting themselves in the stronghold of Hinduism is in itself a programme. But it is at the same time a moral responsibility on the part of its members before the Catholics of India and of the Catholics of India before the pagan world."

The scheme was heartily endorsed by the Hierarchy and enthusiastically welcomed by the clergy and the laity. Priests and young men from various parts of India flocked to the new Society. A site was purchased in 1943 and christened Christnagar, and the first building to accommodate the Study House was put up at a great cost, in spite of the hardships caused by the present world situation. Seeing the speedy development of the Institution, in consultation with the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, Bishop Poli was pleased to erect the Society canonically under the title of SS. Peter and Paul.

That for many years Catholics at home and abroad have been longing and planning for the foundation of an Indian Missionary Society is clear from the letter of the Sacred Congregation to Mgr. Poli: "Your Excellency is aware that for many years there has been much talking in India about such a Society, and proposals and schemes have been made and sent to us from various quarters. . . . In 1932 this Sacred Congregation issued special instructions on the subject to the Delegate Apostolic and, on 28th July, 1937, wrote to him again: "If the Ordinaries of India think it necessary and opportune to establish also in India a

Missionary Society of the type of the one of Milan or Paris, there is nothing to prevent them, or one of them, from beginning the work. To-day when the war has taken away a good number of foreign missionaries and sent them to internment camps and stopped the flow of hundreds who went annually to India, the proposed foundation is more than ever opportune." At last this universal desire has been fulfilled and today the Indian Missionary Society is an accomplished fact!

Now, dear Readers, may I commend the Infant Society to your generous charity. The progress and expansion of the Society depends on you. **Lands have to be purchased; buildings have to be constructed and furnished; philosophical and theological books have to be provided; the increasing numbers of the Aspirants have to be maintained and educated.** Funds we have none, but Faith we have in God, who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the lilies of the valley; faith in the zeal and generosity of fellow Catholics throughout the world. The best and the greatest act of charity one can do is to help to educate a Missionary Priest. Listen to the Pope of the Missions: "If he who offers a cup of cold water to one of the least disciples of Christ shall not lose his reward, what reward shall he receive who puts into the pure hands of a young Priest the Sacred Chalice of Redemption, who helps him to lift up to heaven a pledge of blessing and peace to mankind." Dear Readers, your help for the education of Indigenous Missionary Priests is urgently needed. Your reward will be great in heaven! Contributions, in cash or kind, will be gratefully acknowledged by:—Rev. Fr. J. Kachapilly, Mission House, Christnagar, Benares Cantt., India.

* * *

Endorsement:

"I gladly recommend the many needs of the newly established Missionary Society in Benares to the generosity of all those who have at heart the conversion of this great country, and I pray God to reward them richly and abundantly here and hereafter."

(Sd.) ÷ Angelo J. Poli O.F.M. Cap.,
Bishop of Allahabad.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES AT LORETTO ABBEY

On Friday, August 24, at the religious ceremonies of clothing and profession which took place at Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, Holy Mass was celebrated by Rev. F. McHugh of Cayuga, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Louis Markle of St. Augustine's Seminary. The music of the novices' choir consisted of the parts of the Mass of the Shepherds and liturgical numbers including the Magnificat and the Te Deum and a special Alleluia and Benedictus composed by Rev. Wm. Finn, C.S.

Dr. Markle's text was the comprehensive command of Our Lord: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole mind and all thy strength." This is the end

and purpose of life. Referring to Our Lord's discourse at the Last Supper and to the constant teaching of the beloved St. John who had been so far initiated into Divine mysteries that no theologian has ever been able to follow him to the end, and then to the insistent teaching of St. Paul, Dr. Markle showed how the theme was the love of man, almost without mention of the first and greatest commandment, because the love of God is evidenced and exercised by the love of man. The Mother of God is the human embodiment of this love of God which is also love of man. In the ideal natural beauty of Lourdes, the supernatural atmosphere of Our Lord's love works miracles on all who come, in the natural order frequently, in the supernatural order always. In religious life, in the vows, young women offer themselves to God and consecrate their lives to His love and therefore to the love of their neighbor. In the Mass daily, as the offertory prayers show, those who assist offer themselves to God in union with Christ, at the consecration their sacrifice is consummated with His. The daily religious life begins with the Mass, is spent in this love of the neighbor, in kindness, compassion, service for God's sake, and at the end of life the Father, Son and Holy Spirit will receive the soul of her who has persevered.

The religious ceremonies were conducted by Monsignor McCann. Among the other clergy present were: Msgr. Fraser, Rev. Wm. Fraser, Rev. B. F. Malone, Sqd. Ldr. Rev. W. T. MacNeil, S.J., Rev. N. A. Dentinger, C.R., Rev. W. L. Ryan, Rev. C. Schwalm, Rev. J. A. Marvyn.

Reception of the habit: Miss Mary Elizabeth Guillard, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. (Sr. M. St. Alfred).

Taking of final vows: Sr. M. Susanne (Margaret Simpkin), Sr. M. Valerie (Annie Hornstein), Sr. M. Clara (Rita Cote), Sr. Mary Gertrude (Laverne Meyers), Sr. Margaret Mary (Johanna Mildemberger), Sr. M. Benedicta (Aurelia Fahlman), Sr. M. Hilda, (Anna Mary Kambeitz), Sr. M. St. David (Rita Jacques), Sr. M. St. Norbert (Helen LaLonde), Sr. M. St. Thomas More (Deborah Arment).

Taking of first vows, on Tuesday, August 28, with the chaplain, Rev. Wm. Fraser officiating: Sr. M. St. Rose, (Marie Beyers, Chicago), Sr. M. Sebastian (Elizabeth Mallon, Roseville, Mich.), Sr. M. Xaveria (Mercedes Rickard, Niagara Falls, Ont.), Sr. M. Pierre (Irene Howell, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.), Sr. M. Michel

(Mary Gates, Chicago), Sr. M. Adelaide (Germaine Beaulieu, Mutrie Sask.), Sr. Mary Vincent (Lillian Reddy, Toronto), Sr. M. Annette (Mary Lynch, Loretto, Ont.), Sr. M. Jane Frances (Lucille DuCharme, Chicago), Sr. Mary Agnes (Ruth Johnson, Toronto), Sr. M. Blandina (Marian Marr, Thorold), Sr. Mary Grace (Laverne Fullem, Chicago).

Of eleven September postulants in Loretto Abbey Novitate, eight are former pupils of Loretto schools: Sr. M. Sheila (Beryl Keais, Clifford, Ont.); Sr. M. Agnes Cecile (Rita Bannon, Stratford); Sr. Mary Celine (Catherine Oliva, Chicago); Sr. Mary André (Gertrude Hensel, Chicago); Sr. M. Hilary (Helen Kenefic, Owen Sound); Sr. M. Gilda (Margaret Turano, Toronto); Sr. St. Leo (Margaret O'Keefe, Toronto); Sr. Margaret Anne (Gertrude Mahoney, Saskatoon, Sask.); Sr. M. Teresina (Emma Felice, Thorold); Sr. M. Donata (Flora Dean, Guelph); Sr. M. Charlotte (Mary Bergin).

ST. MICHAEL'S CONVENT

Fort Erie, North, Ontario

The closing ceremony of Our Lady's month took place in St. Michael's Church, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, an appropriate sermon, and the reception of candidates into the Sodality.

Rev. Father Johnston, who officiated, exhorted and encouraged not only the members of the Sodality, but all present, to model their lives on the pattern left them by Mary, and to endeavour to practise her virtues.

Miss Margaret McCormick, Prefect of the Sodality, assisted in bestowing the ribbons. The following young ladies became members: Misses Laura Sostoni, Angela Purpura, Mary Curotto, Violet Tomchik and Olga Di Cenzuro. In the procession were the children who had received their First Holy Communion in the morning.

St. Michael's Parish Sodality gave proof that its members, besides being a body of pious young ladies devoted to the honouring of Mary, have an active part in social service work. They were hostesses to the First Communion children; and gave them a very enjoyable lawn party on the grounds of St. Michael's Convent the following Sunday. All were happy—those who gave this real treat, and

the twenty-six little boys and girls who partook of the good things provided.

The very great kindness of four members of the Holy Name Society—Mr. Benner, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Shiel, and Mr. Schnurr—in bestowing some hours of labour on the improving of the Convent garden, is sincerely appreciated by the Loretto Community, St. Michael's Convent.

Our annual summer school in religion, with one hundred and seventy pupils in attendance, had as the outstanding feature of the course the acquiring of a great appreciation and love of the Mass. Rev. Fathers Canning and Mogan gave most helpful instructions on the Holy Sacrifice.

Our Lady's Sodality resumed its activities, Aug. 26, electing new officers:

Prefect—Miss Stella Klepatsky.
Vice-Prefect—Miss Margaret Ellement.
Secretary—Miss Mary Curletto.
Treasurer—Miss Julie O'Hara.

The first regular meeting of the new year took place on Sunday, Sept. 9, and the various committees with their chairmen were elected at the second meeting, Sept. 23, when plans were also made for new activities.

Classes in Religious Instruction for all children attending the local public schools were resumed early in September by the nuns resident in St. Michael's Convent.

STUMPING FOR GOD*

MARY VIRGINIA DOYLE

Or would you rather swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar,
And be better off than you are . . .

Imagine a sleepy Southern town being snapped out of its after-dinner lethargy by the strains of this song. It is just about eight o'clock; the town loafers are already deep in the evening's tobacco-stained discourse; the boys and girls are sitting on the curbstone in front of the one movie theatre; and the older folk in rocking-chairs are observing all from their front porches. Suddenly a maroon station wagon sweeps into town loaded with pam-

phlets, people and public-address system. Pulling into the center of town, it disgorges three young girls and a man, two black-and-white-robed Sisters remaining sedately inside. In a twinkling the public-address system is set up and the notes of The Victory Polka, Home on the Range, There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere, or Swinging on a Star can be heard for blocks around. When the music stops, the three girls mount the platform at the back of the station wagon, bless themselves and pray aloud. They salute their small American flag; two of the girls step off the platform and the third one begins an explanation of the program.

These are the preliminaries of what is commonly called "street preaching," though "street teaching" is a more accurate designation. The general purpose of this work is to break down prejudices, combat false notions of Catholicism and make friends for the Church. Today this work is done by some seminaries, priests and lay people interested in Catholic Action. It is usually carried on by giving open-air speeches on street corners, in parks or almost anywhere a crowd can be gathered. The speeches, which explain various doctrines and beliefs of the Catholic Church, are always supplemented by questions from the crowd.

Origin of Movement

The movement had its origin in the Catholic Evidence Guild founded in London in 1918. In an effort to reach the masses of Protestants, who were hostile to or even unconscious of the Catholic Church and its doctrines, Catholic laymen of England went out into the parks and the streets to teach Catholicism. Although the movement is only about twenty-five years old, it is one of the strongest and fastest growing forms of Catholic Action. Mr. F. J. Sheed is one of the outstanding figures in the international Guild movement; David Goldstein is one of its leaders in America.

So far as we know, the Rosary College Catholic Evidence Guild is the only college group of women doing this work. Its first Catholic Evidence workers, or "street teachers," went to Oklahoma in 1935, and from then until 1941 seven different groups worked in Oklahoma. In 1942 work in North Carolina was begun—and promises to continue during the summers to come. Last summer, for the first time, two girls were sent to Louisiana.

To give an idea of the need for this type of work in the territory where we spoke—the

*Reprint from "America." Courtesy of the Editor.

Smoky Mountain Region of North Carolina—here are a few statistics concerning the Catholic population. In an area embracing seven counties there are only seventy-five Catholics and two churches. In this same area there are thousands of Protestant Churches with large congregations.

In preparation at our college, those who aspire to be "street teachers" are offered a course in Catholic Evidence work. The subjects discussed in this class serve as a good background for the summer. From the class are chosen two or three girls who are actively interested in Catholic Action and who possess a fairly good speaking ability.

This past summer three of us went to North Carolina—Betty Ryan, Helen McGrath, and I. Betty had graduated from school in June; so this was to be her last year as a Rosary College street teacher. Helen and I, who were new and slightly hesitant about speaking on street corners to strange people, envied Betty her two years of experience. We vainly tried to imitate her calm, poised manner and authoritative way of answering difficult questions. Helen, too, had the advantage over me; she was aided in "making friends for the Church" by long black hair and a beautifully soft Australian accent. As men composed the major part of our audience, a pleasing appearance was no handicap, although it often brought forth from eligibles such embarrassing queries as, "C'n you Catholic girls court?" We were always accompanied by two Sisters from school.

Places and People

Waynesville, North Carolina, where Saint John's Church and School are located, is the center of the street-teaching mission. Because most of the Catholics of the parish live in Waynesville, we did not talk there, but went instead to some of the more remote districts. Our first town was Sylva, North Carolina. There we spoke in a used-car lot directly across from what must easily be the noisiest and busiest cafe in town. That first night we were all a little frightened. As we drove into our car-lot, Betty assured us that there was a very good crowd for a first night, though Helen and I could see no one but a few men sitting on the steps of a vacant store across the street. We were horribly disappointed, and I knew I would have welcomed a train ticket home right then, or even a critical case of aphonia. But, as if by magic, as soon as Betty started her introductory speech windows flew open, heads came leaning out; passers-by came to a halt,

but always across the street; little children appeared from nowhere to stare open-mouthed; and intent faces peered out of parked cars. Our crowd had arrived, but those first few minutes in Sylva were the most wretched and agonizing of the whole trip. We soon learned that the number of our listeners would range from thirty to forty on Monday night and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred on Saturday afternoon.

Our main opposition in Sylva was a bewhiskered, white-haired Holiness preacher who threatened to "come loaded for geese and ducks" because we needed our "feathers plucked." However, we found out that the poor old fellow gathered a few pennies by preaching about death and "the lake of fire" whenever he could find listeners. Either he felt that we were unfair competition with our microphone and free talks or he wanted to cash in on our publicity.

Since memorizing seemed necessary to avoid "ad-libbing" ourselves into heresy, the first week we were busy learning the talks which we had written when still at school. Besides this, we spent many long hours studying the Bible. This was an essential part of our program because we were now in the "Bible Belt." The greatest compliment that one of our listeners could give us about a talk was to say, "That was straight Bible, ma'am."

Our second week was spent in Bryson City, which has a Catholic population of one—Pappy Evans, converted after being a Baptist for sixty years. Dynamic little Pappy Evans is a one-man propagandist unit, constantly discussing his religion with the townspeople and vainly trying to engage the Protestant ministers in arguments, which the latter have wisely learned to avoid. Pappy, of course, is in his glory when the street teachers are in town and passes out our pamphlets in earload lots.

From Bryson we went to Franklin. Here our audience came closer to the station wagon instead of staying across the street, because we were not allowed to use our microphone. The use of any sort of public-address system had been outlawed in Franklin. One of the preachers in that county had used one, stirring up the people into a frenzy; when he was put into jail for disturbing the peace, his followers turned a hose on the jail while trying to get him out. Since then the people of Franklin have been very much against the use of loudspeakers. Our big day in Franklin was Saturday noon: we spoke on our usual corner, the

Salvation Army with singer and guitar entertained across the street and some Holy Rollers held a revival meeting on the opposite corner. There was enough people for all of us to have large crowds. But I must admit right here that our two black-and-white-robed companions were the biggest drawing-cards of our program. At the very sight of "them black witches" little children would scream and run to hide behind posts or their parents. Often the parents themselves would stare wide-eyed, mouths drooping. Some of these people had never seen nuns before; so you can imagine the effect on them. If the Sisters were sitting in the station wagon, the crowd would surge around the car, their faces pressed against the glass, but always on the alert to jump back the moment one of the "black robes" turned her face to look at them. About one-third of our questions was on the subject of nuns.

Our last week was spent in Murphy, North Carolina. This was our favored objective, as we were the first street teachers to visit this town. There were absolutely no Catholics to pave the way for us in Murphy, but I think this rather enhanced our position, for the people of the town were more than ordinarily curious to see "real flesh-and-blood Catholics." The questions here were of a more intellectual type, on such subjects as the nature of the soul and what constitutes happiness. Even the fact that we were not allowed to use our loud-speaker after the second evening did not dampen our spirits.

Getting Acquainted

Thus ended our four weeks of street preaching. In looking back, we find that the question period at the end of the lectures is the most profitable phase of our work. It is then that we get down from our platform and talk to individuals. We come to know the people and they come to know us, although it is often the middle of the week before they lose their shyness and come forth with many questions. From town to town the questions vary little, and are often characterized by a deep-seated bigotry or gross misrepresentation of some Catholic doctrine. These people have never met any Catholics, and thus have never had a chance to have their errors corrected. Some of the most common questions are: Why don't priests marry? Why don't you have complete immersions when you baptize? What is the Rosary? Do you adore the Blessed Mother? What does your church teach regarding gambling and tobacco? Are you girls going

to be nuns? How much do you pay your priests to have your sins forgiven?

We try to answer these questions in our most sincere manner but can often sense the doubt still lingering. But what more can one expect? These people have been taught all their lives to believe as true what three young college girls now tell them is false. But no matter what they believe, the mountain folk are invariably polite. They may heartily disagree with you, but the instances of heckling are few and far between. They have a reticent manner that often appears to the stranger as hostile, but after three or four nights in one town we had usually made some very good friends.

Why do they bother coming to listen when they don't believe us? Because they are hungry for the truth, and somehow, as one man said, "What you girls have to say sounds pretty good to me." There must be many years of breaking down and building up before there will be many conversions in the South, but until then "street teachers" can do their part by just bearing witness to the truth that Catholics do not have horns.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE C.C.H.A. HELD IN TORONTO

The Canadian Catholic Historical Association held its twelfth annual convention in Toronto with headquarters at the King Edward Hotel, on September 25th and 26th, under the auspices of His Excellency Most Rev. James C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

The following interesting programme filled the two important and enjoyable days:

C.C.H.A. Programme

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1945

LE MARDI 25 SEPTEMBRE 1945

- 8.00 a.m. Holy Mass (The Cathedral).
Celebrant: The Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan, D.P., S.T.L., V.G.
- 9.30 a.m. English Section. Meeting of Executive Council.
Chairman: The Rev. J. A. Gallagher, C.S.S.R., President of the Section.
- 9.30 a.m.—Section française. Réunion du Conseil exécutif.
Président: Le Major Gustave Lanctôt, C.R., D. ès L., président de la section.
- 11.00 a.m. English Section. Business Meeting (Yellow Room, Second Floor).
Chairman: The Rev. J. A. Gallagher, C.S.S.R., President.

- 11.00 a.m. Section française Réunion des membres; questions administratives (Hall B. Second Floor).
Président: Le major Gustave Lanctôt, C.R., D. ès L., président de la section.
- 12.00 Noon. English Section. (Yellow Room, Second Floor).
Chairman: James E. Day, K.C.
"American and Canadian Zouaves in the Papal Army, 1868-70."—Howard R. Marraro, A.M., Ph.D., Associate Professor of Italian, Columbia University in the City of New York.
- 1.00 p.m. Luncheon — Déjeuner-causerie (Vanity Fair, Second Floor).
Chairman—Président: Hon. Brig. the Rt. Rev. R. C. MacGillivray, D.P., M.C., E.D., Principal Chaplain (R.C.), Canadian Chaplain Service.
"Captain the Rev. Thomas Mooney, Chaplain in the Canadian Army."—The Rev. M. J. Brady, Kingston.
- 2.30 p.m. English Section. (Yellow Room).
Chairman: The Hon. Salter A. Hayden, K.C.
"Joseph Bouchette." — The Rev. Brother Alfred, F.S.C., LL.D.
"Catholicity in the Ottawa Valley."—F. X. Laderoute.
- 2.30 p.m. Section française. (Hall B.)
"Une accusation contre Mgr de Laval." — M. Gustave Lanctôt, C.R., LL.D.
"Mgr Amédée Gosselin." — M. l'abbé Arthur Maheux, O.B.E., D.Th., M.S.R.C.
"L'évangélisation des Montagnais du Saguenay par les Jésuites."—M. l'abbé Victor Tremblay.
- 4.00 p.m. General Session — Séance générale (Vanity Fair).
Chairman: Ernest Seitz, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.
"Outline of the History of Church Music." — The Rev. E. J. Ronan, M.C.G., L.C.S.C., Director of St. Michael's Cathedral Schola Cantorum. The Cathedral Choristers will sing choral numbers from the various periods.
- 8.00 p.m. General Session—Séance générale (Loretto College School Hall, 387 Brunswick Ave.).
Chairman: E. J. Mullally, M.D.
"The Tercentenary of the Four Masters of Ireland." — James F. Kenney, Ph.D., LL.D., D.Litt. (N.U.I.).
"Une victime de Frontenac, M. François-Saturnin Lascaris d'Urfé." — M. l'abbé Armand Yon, D.Ph., L.ès L.
- WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1945
LE MERCREDI 26 SEPTEMBRE 1945
- 8.00 a.m. Holy Mass to be offered for the repose of the souls of deceased members (St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, Newman Club, Hoskin Ave. and St. George St.).
Celebrant: The Rev. J. A. Gallagher, C.S.S.R., President of the English Section.
- 10.00 a.m. English Section. (Yellow Room).
Chairman: The Rt. Rev. Michael Cline, D.P.
"Cardinal Newman." — The Very Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., M.A., Superior General of the Basillian Fathers.
- "Lord Acton." — Donald J. McDougall, M.A., Associate Professor of History, University of Toronto.
- 10.00 a.m. Section française. (Hall B.)
"Les tentatives du Secrétaire Ingoli pour l'établissement d'un évêché au Canada." — R. P. Conrad Morin, O.F.M.
"La Compagnie de la Baie d'Hudson et l'effort missionnaire." — M. l'abbé Antoine d'Eschambault.
"Mgr. Adelard Langevin, archevêque de Saint-Boniface, et les Ukrainiens."—R. P. Joseph Jean, O.S.B.M.
- 12.00 Noon. Joint Business Meeting. Réunion des membres des deux sections. (Yellow Room).
Chairman—Président: The Rev. Brother Alfred, F.S.C., LL.D., President General.
- 2.30 p.m. English Section. (Yellow Room).
Chairman: His Honor Judge J. Ambrose Shea.
"A Chapter in the History of Huronia — At Ossosoné in 1637." — Angela A. Hannan, M.A.
"The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Ladies of Loretto) in Canada and the United States of America from 1847."—The Rev. M. Margarita, I.B.V.M.
"The Rev. Kenneth J. MacDonald, Parish Priest of Mabou, Nova Scotia."—The Rev. D. J. Rankin.
- 2.30 p.m. Section française. (Hall B.)
"Le premier évêque de Montréal: Mgr. Lartigue." — M. l'abbé Elie J. Auclair.
"Sources imprimées de l'Histoire de l'Eglise Canadienne aux 16 et 17 siècles." — Mlle Juliette Bourque, B.A., B.L.S.
- 4.30—6.00 p.m. Reception and Tea. (Newman Club, 89 St. George St.).
- 7.30 p.m. The Annual Banquet—Dîner annuel. (Crystal Ball Room).
Chairman: Senator the Hon. W. H. McGuire, K.C.
Addresses:—The Rev. Gerald B. Phelan, S.T.B., Ph.D., LL.D.; The Rev. G. E. Nunan, S.J.
Allocation en français.
Address by the Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan, D.P., S.T.L., Vicar General.
Presidential Address—Discours du président: The Rev. Brother Alfred, F.S.C., LL.D.
- OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION
OFFICIERS DE LA SOCIÉTÉ
- Honorary President:* His Eminence the Most Rev. J. M. Rodrigue, Cardinal Villeneuve.
President General: The Rev. Brother Alfred, F.S.C., LL.D.
- ENGLISH SECTION
- President:* The Rev. J. A. Gallagher, C.S.S.R.
First Vice-President: E. J. Mullally, M.D.
Second Vice-President: Donald J. McDougall, M.A.
Secretary: James F. Kenney, Ph.D., LL.D., D.Litt., 133 Rideau Terrace, Ottawa, Ont.
Treasurer: Walter C. Cain, B.A., 486 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- SECTION FRANCAISE
- President:* Gustave Lanctôt, C.R., D.ès L.
First Vice-President: The Rev. Arthur Maheux, M.A., L.ès L., D.Th.
Second Vice-President: Raymond Douville.
Secretary: Séraphin Marion, M.A., D.ès L., Public Archives of Canada, Ottawa.
Treasurer: The Rev. Edgar Thivierge, O.M.I., University of Ottawa.

ROSARY SUNDAY IN TORONTO

Rosary Sunday Holy Hour, in Thanksgiving for Victory, and with prayer for Lasting Peace, and Remembrance of Our Heroic Dead, was observed in Maple Leaf Stadium, October 7th, 1945, under the auspices of The Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies of Toronto. Of this splendid Holy Name organization, His Excellency The Most Rev. James C. McGuigan, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto, is Spiritual Director; Rev. T. J. Manley, P.P., Executive Director; Mr Vincent P. Reid, Archdiocesan President, and Rev. Louis Hickey, Assistant Executive Director.

Holy Hour Program

AISLE OF HONOR Cadets from De La Salle "Oaklands" and De La Salle Bond

PROCESSION - - "ECCE SACERDOS MAGNUS"
*Cathedral Choristers—under the direction of
Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan*

Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus, Toronto Assembly, Faithful Navigator, Thos. G. Manley
Guard of Honor to His Excellency

ADDRESS OF WELCOME - Mr. V. P. Reid, President,
Archdiocesan Union of Holy Name Societies

BEARING OF SERVICE FLAGS, Major Fred Tilston, V.C., and other War II Heroes, Catholic Legionnaires and Veterans of World War II.

DEDICATION and RAISING OF SERVICE FLAGS
Drum Major J. W. Jackson

Bugle Major Percy McGillivray, *De La Salle, "Oaklands"*

EXPOSITION OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT

"PANIS ANGELICUS" (*Cesar Franck*)—*Cathedral Choristers*

"COME HOLY GHOST" - - *Children's Choir*
SERMON - - - Most Rev. W. J. Smith, D.D.,
Bishop of Pembroke

"AVE MARIA" - - - - - (*Schubert*)

THE ROSARY (Five Glorious Mysteries)—Rev. Louis Hickey, *Assisting Executive Director*

LIVING ROSARY formed by 507 girls from St. Joseph's College School

"SWEET NAME"—CHILDREN'S CHOIR—AUDIENCE JOIN IN CHORUS

HOLY NAME PLEDGE — Rev. T. J. Manley, P.P.,
Executive Director

"TANTUM ERGO" - CHILDREN'S CHOIR AND AUDIENCE

BENEDICTION, His Excellency Archbishop McGuigan
ROYAL SALUTE - Drum Major Wm. J. Jordan,
De La Salle, Bond

DIVINE PRAISES - - - - - The Celebrant

"HOLY GOD WE PRAISE THY NAME"
CHILDREN'S CHOIR AND AUDIENCE

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

RECESSIONAL - Mr. Quentin MacLean at the Organ

LORETTO HIGH ENROLLS ITS FIRST BLIND STUDENT

The first blind student to enter a Catholic high school in Chicago has enrolled at Loretto High School (Englewood) 6535 S. Stewart Avenue. She is Betty Prete, of 8117 Emerald Ave., Chicago, who received a Master Eye Guide dog from the Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, and founder-director of the Catholic Youth Organization.

Betty, who is 16 years of age, recently returned from the Master Eye Kennels in Minneapolis, which are sponsored by Bishop Sheil and the C.Y.O., for the purpose of providing dogs for the blind. While in Minneapolis she completed a three-week training period with her Master Eye Guide dog, under the direction of J. L. Sinykin.

Several faculty members of Loretto High School have prepared themselves through special study to assist Miss Prete in her school work.

In the picture, Mother Roberta, I.B.V.M., is seen acquainting Betty with some of the work she will take as a freshman at Loretto High. Godiva sits at attention. She will accompany Betty daily to and from school.



New World Photo
Miss Betty Prete, first blind girl to register at a Chicago Catholic High School is at Loretto High, Englewood.

TWO SUMMARIES FROM THE CANADIAN REGISTER

Missions of Huronia

On Wednesday at the C.C.I.A. Convention Miss Angela Hannon, M.A. (Loretto College Alumna) now working for her Doctorate in the University of Toronto, read a paper entitled "A Chapter in the History of Huronia—at Ossossane in 1637." The paper was marked by lofty literary style, deep philosophical insight and perfect familiarity with the original sources of our knowledge of the earliest preaching of the Gospel in Upper Canada, first by the Franciscans, also called Recollets, and then by the Jesuits.

The attachment of the Hurons to their native soil singled them out from the surrounding tribes as a promising field for missionary zeal, notwithstanding the immense distance (close on 1,000 miles or forty days) and appalling obstacles to be faced on the journey from Quebec up the Ottawa. A shorter route, by the Bay of Quinte, was impracticable because of the long-standing feud between the Hurons and their more numerous and better armed enemies, the Iroquois. Fr. Le Caron, a Recollet, was the first missionary to enter Huronia, where he worked alone for a year, later with a companion or two. Before all the missionaries were compelled to leave Canada upon the capture of Quebec in 1629 by the English, one Recollet and two Jesuits of whom one was St. John de Brebeuf, were working in Huronia. Records then cease until after the retrocession in 1634 of Quebec, when Fr. de Brebeuf returned with two companions, Fr. Davost and St. Antoine Daniel, and established the first mission.

The Loretto Sisters in Canada

In less than two years will be celebrated the centenary of the first foundation in Canada of a house of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, also known to us as the Ladies of Loretto and in some Continental countries as the "English Ladies," because of the original foundation by Mary Ward. In anticipation of the centenary, the Historical Association on Wednesday afternoon heard a truly excellent paper by Mother M. Margarita, I.B.V.M., on the external history of the Institute in Canada and the United States from 1847. The first Loretto nuns on this continent came from Dublin to Toronto, and the Mother House for North America has always been in Toronto. There is fascinating history belonging to the Loretto

Academy at Niagara Falls. Mother Margarita's paper was remarkably successful in conveying an impression of the varying educational requirements for girls during the last hundred years. When Bishop Power invited the Loretto Sisters to come from Ireland he advised them that there would be many Protestant families which would wish their daughters to receive the private school education that the Sisters were qualified to give. The Bishop's anticipation proved correct and for a considerable period the better class Protestant families in Toronto did depend on the Loretto House School. Mother Margarita, who was for twenty years Dean of Loretto College in Toronto and is now Secretary General of the I.B.V.M. in America, remarked on the fact that of late years the demand has been for education to enable girls to earn their own livelihood. There is not yet complete harmonization between the needs of career education and the old ideals of preparation for social, cultural and family life.

Douth

By ALINE MICHAELIS

If, in this world where all is bought,
There is, in very truth,
One prize that gold has vainly sought—
That prize is golden youth.

If wealth has craved, with tears and pain
And feverish desire,
One matchless treasure to regain—
That treasure is youth's fire.

If memory brings back anew,
With tender grace and gleam,
One gift that vanished like the dew—
That gift is youth's sweet dream.

The fragrance of the springtime rain,
The laughter of a child,
The grace of some old song's refrain—
By these we are beguiled.

It is the joy which can not last
That gains by being fleet,
Rose-hued through magic of the past—
Rose-hued, and musky sweet.

If, in this world where all is bought,
There is, in very truth,
One gift that gold has vainly sought—
That gift is golden youth.



Photo—Courtesy of The Telegram

THE CRUCIFIXION GROUP as visualized and painted in oils by Miss Dorothy Wardell for St. Peter's Church, Toronto. The artist is seen standing near the picture before its removal from her studios.

An Appreciation

For the past many months the congregation of St. Peter's Church, Bathurst St., Toronto, and also, occasional visitors, have delighted in the redecoration of the interior, and especially in the crowning touch of spiritual inspiration, the altar-piece—an impressive painting of the Crucifixion, by Miss Dorothy Wardell, who is seen, in the accompanying illustration, standing beside this masterpiece, just before it was transferred to St. Peter's sanctuary.

The effective grouping, the colours, the beauty and grace of every line, the darkness of the heavens in harmony with the supreme tragedy of all time, and the heartening light at the horizon—all are fascinating. The picture is compellingly devotional.

The young artist, Miss Wardell, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Wardell (Loretto Alumna) and is a graduate of Loretto College School, where she received her elementary and secondary education. Her three brothers, of whom two are Jesuit Fath-

ers, had their early education also at Loretto College School.

Miss Wardell studied painting while at Loretto, and later in New York. She has enjoyed the great advantage of having an art-loving mother, and an artist-architect father, who has done many beautiful water-colour paintings, some of which adorn the walls of their attractive home on Kendal Avenue. Mr. Wardell has been the architect for various Toronto churches, for St. Peter's rectory, and for the recent interior decorating carved work in St. Peter's Church—the reredos, the liturgical altars and the shrine of the Infant of Prague.

Miss Wardell has her studio at home, where several of her lovely water colour landscapes and portraits in oils may be seen. Her art pupils come to the studio for their lessons.

Our congratulations are offered to Miss Wardell on her latest splendid achievement, and to her esteemed parents and brothers, her unflinching helpers—and critics.

K. M. B.

Felicitations

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF RT. REV. MSGR. McCANN

The fiftieth anniversary of the Ordination of Rt. Rev. Monsignor McCann, D.P., Pastor of St. Francis' Church, Toronto, has been memorably celebrated by various groups of his friends. First came the children's day immediately before the close of school for the summer vacation. Some eight hundred pupils of both parish schools, St. Francis' and St. David's, had a party to which Monsignor was invited as guest of honour, and given a surprise feature in an address and presentation—from St. Francis' pupils, a spiritual bouquet, and a gold cross and chain intended to be worn with the gold watch presented by a former pupil; from St. David's, a spiritual bouquet and an attractive smoking stand.

After hearing the programme of enjoyable songs, in which good wishes and greetings had been expressed, Msgr. McCann thanked the children for the pleasure they had given him by their songs and their beautiful gifts, but especially by their prayers for him, for his jubilee.

Rev. Father Britton, of Edmonton, and Fathers MacMillan and Mulvihill, assistant pastors at St. Francis, who were also present, gave brief addresses in which they expressed their esteem and good wishes for the distinguished jubilarian.

The party was a successful beginning of entertainments for Monsignor.

The Third Order of St. Francis made the regular monthly meeting, July 1, the occasion for taking a distinctive part in Msgr. McCann's Golden Jubilee celebration.

After a special sermon by Rev. Father Britton, an address was read by Mr. David Leah, and a valuable presentation made, from all the Toronto members of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Monsignor, in thanking them for the pleasant surprise just given him, expressed his gratitude for all the kindness and co-operation the members had steadily evinced during

the years since the establishment of the Order in Toronto—in St. Francis' parish.

Following a reception ceremony in the Carmelite chapel, on July 2, at which Msgr. McCann officiated, an enjoyable programme was presented in the assembly hall in honour of his Golden Jubilee.

An address from the community and the children expressed thanks for all Monsignor's goodness to them, and best wishes that their constant prayers for his happiness might be answered.

In Monsignor's brief talk there was evidence of his appreciation of the noble work being done by the Sisters, and of the lovely and varied programme presented by the children for his Jubilee.

On Sunday, July 15, St. Francis' Church was filled to utmost capacity by clergy, religious of various Communities, parishioners, past and present, and old-time friends, desirous of participating in the Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving celebrated by the esteemed pastor, Right Rev. William McCann, D.P., with, as deacon and subdeacon, the assistant pastors, Rev. Fathers MacMillan and Mulvihill. Rev. Father F. Allen and Rev. F. McGinn were the Archbishop's chaplains on the occasion.

In his characteristically soulful jubilee address His Grace, Most Rev. C. J. McGuigan, D.D., gave a beautifully appreciative survey of Monsignor McCann's priestly life and noble work for the benefit, spiritual and temporal, of his fellowmen, especially of all entrusted to his care.

As a splendid witness to the zeal and good example of the venerated Golden Jubilarian, His Grace mentioned the large number of priestly and religious vocations from the parish—twenty-five priests there were, two of whom had been elevated to the episcopate; forty Sisters in various Communities, and four Christian Brothers.

The Holy Father's beautiful message of greeting and congratulation sent with his Apostolic blessing to Monsignor, the clergy and laity of his parish, and to all in his care, was announced by the Archbishop. Monsignor also spoke, and his words to the hundreds assembled on this happy occasion were chiefly of past days, and thanksgiving to God for the blessings bestowed on himself and his good people of St. Francis' parish; of thanks to the Archbishop; of appreciation of his fellow-

clergy; of the Christian Brothers, and the Sisters who had accomplished so much in the two parish schools; and of his parishioners, whose co-operation had always meant so much to him through the years.

Two congratulatory letter-telegrams from Monsignor's former sanctuary boys—now Bishop Carroll, of Calgary, Alberta, and Bishop Johnson, of Nelson, B.C.; innumerable telegrams and letters from other friends at a distance; a prolonged afternoon reception with musical numbers, addresses and presentations—all added joy to the memorable 50th anniversary celebration of Msgr. McCann's Ordination to the priesthood.

Msgr. McCann's visit to Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, on August 24, to officiate, as Vicar General of Religious Communities at the Reception and Profession ceremonies, afforded an opportunity to many to express their felicitations to him on his Golden Jubilee, as did also his visit to Loretto College School, somewhat later, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee celebration of a member of the Community.

Loretto Rainbow unites with Msgr. McCann's great circle of friends, in wishing him a continuance of blessings on all his undertakings, and the happy attainment of a Diamond Jubilee celebration.

To Rev. Charles J. Mullaly, S.J., of New York City, we offer congratulations and good wishes on the completion of his half century in the Society of Jesus. Father Mullaly's work as National Director of the League of the Sacred Heart for many years, and as Editor of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (American) for almost half his life as a Jesuit, as, also, his spiritual writings, for religious and laity, have made his name well-known throughout Canada the United States, and other countries. May the distinguished Jubilarian be granted many more years in which to use his literary gifts to the greater glory of God.

HOTEL DIEU HOSPITAL, KINGSTON, CELEBRATES ITS FIRST CENTENARY.

To the Superior and Sisters of The Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston, Ontario, we offer congratulations on their admirable achievements in the cause of God and of their fellowmen, as they, with their innumerable friends, celebrate the centenary of the arrival—from the Mother

House of The Religious Hospitallers in Montreal—of the valiant foundresses of Kingston's now renowned hospital.

Of the silent, heroic labours of the Community through the century, many appreciative accounts and tributes have appeared in the press. We have been privileged to learn many delightful details, too, from our Loretto representatives who attended the centennial celebration. An attractive, illustrated brochure of some thirty-two pages—"Souvenir of First Centenary, Hotel Dieu, Kingston, Ontario, 1845-1945," published by J. J. Harpell, Garden City Press, and presented by him, in numbers, to the Superior and Sisters for distribution—contains not only tributes to the Religious Hospitallers, but also invaluable information, which cannot fail to arouse admiration for these noble religious nurses, their graduate nurses, and the medical staff.

The following comprehensive passage from the Souvenir pamphlet will interest many of our Loretto Rainbow readers:

"Next after the foundation year of 1845, the most important date in the story of the development of the Hotel Dieu is 1891 . . . with the purchase of Regiopolis College and grounds, a fine property occupying an entire city block. The necessary alterations were completed in exactly a year, and the transfer took place . . . Two years later Archbishop Cleary laid the corner stone of the present beautiful Chapel of St. Joseph . . . His Grace had the pleasure of laying the corner stone of a new Monastery, June 13, 1897. . . . It seems as though Providence has designed that each succeeding Archbishop of Kingston would have the happy privilege of declaring a corner stone well and truly laid. . . . Archbishop Gantier saw the beginning of a new wing in 1909, Archbishop Spratt the erection of a Nurses' Residence in 1923—which was enlarged in 1927—and Archbishop O'Brien that of the ultra modern St. Joseph's Wing in 1929. Nor is the remarkable chain about to be broken. As these lines are being written, preparations are under way to commemorate the Hospital's Centenary by the erection of a Jubilee Wing, as a tribute of gratitude and affection from the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese for the magnificent work accomplished in the past century by the devoted Religious Hospitallers."

Our prayers and good wishes will continue for blessings on the Hotel Dieu Community, on all who are promoting its welfare, and on the good work carried on ceaselessly by the generous Religious to whom Hotel Dieu is entrusted.

REV. W. C. OREMUS

(Contributed)

The Reverend William C. Oremus of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, was ordained by His Excellency Archbishop Edward Mooney, S.T.D., at the Sacred Heart Seminary in Detroit, July 15, 1945.

Father Oremus, who was born October 1, 1917, is one of a family of nine children—seven girls, all of whom were educated at St. Mary's School and Loretto Academy, and two boys who attended St. Mary's School (Loretto). His father died shortly after William entered the Salvatorian Seminary, but his mother had the supreme joy of being present when her son became "alter Christus."

Continuing at the Sacred Heart Seminary for the prescribed studies, he completed his theological course at St. Paul Seminary, and will now serve as priest in the Marquette, Michigan, Diocese.

St. Mary's Church welcomed back her former altar boy for his first Solemn High Mass on the octave of his ordination. Reverend Father Joseph E. Guertin, pastor of St. Mary's Church, assisted Father Oremus, and the deacon and subdeacon were two Sault boys. Reverend Thomas Andary, assistant at St. Joseph and St. Mary's in Iron Mountain, and Reverend Oliver O'Callaghan, secretary to His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francis J. Magner. The acolytes were Charles Killips and William Bergin, nephews of the celebrant.

Many priests were present to rejoice at this home-coming. Father Thomas Anderson of Rapid River, Michigan, who preached the sermon and Reverend Robert Monroe of Menominee had been assistant pastors at St. Mary's Church, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

A reception was held in Baraga Auditorium. The day of rejoicing, which began at the Altar, fittingly closed there with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Congratulations and prayerful good wishes are extended to Rev. Father Oremus from Loretto Community.

To Mother M. Philomena, for some years Mother General of St. Joseph's Community, of the London Diocese, we offer heartfelt congratulations on the celebration of her Golden Jubilee at the Motherhouse, the Sacred Heart Convent, on July 31st, and, later, in some of the branch houses, including St. Joseph's Hospital, where the esteemed Jubilarian now resides.

Best wishes are offered to Mother Philomena for many more years of happy and devoted service in her consecrated life.

**REV. MOTHER MARIE-EUSTELLE, A.S.V.,
Celebrates Her Golden Jubilee**

On August 16th, Mother Marie-Eustelle's fiftieth anniversary of her Profession was beautifully and memorably celebrated at the Motherhouse of the Sisters of the Assumption of the Holy Virgin, Nicolet, P.Q.

Mother Marie-Eustelle was Mother General for two double terms of office, and is, at present Assistant to Rev. Mother General. She has for many years past worked arduously as a promoter of the interests of the Assumption Sisters' Missions in Canada, the United States, and their far-off mission in Japan. With the zeal that has never flagged this Golden Jubilarian is now, with Sister Stanislas-de l'Assomption as travelling companion, visiting their Western missions.

For the benefit of her many friends, especially in Loretto, we shall give her Itinerary, confident that each will give her and her companion a remembrance in prayer:

Septembre		Novembre	
27	Départ de North Bay	1	Thérien
29	Val Marie	3	Mallaig
		5	Saint-Vincent
		8	Saint-Paul
Octobre		15	Edmonton
6	Slocan City	24	Hobbema
13	Edmonton		
15	Battleford	Décembre	
16	Lac d'Oignon	2	Delmas
23	Battleford	9	Battleford
24	Bonnyville	13	Biggar
25	La Corey	20	Nicolet
27	Bonnyville		

With our Golden Jubilee good wishes and congratulations goes an earnest wish that Loretto-Toronto may have an opportunity of welcoming the mission-travellers on their return trip to Nicolet.

K. M. B.

GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION FOR MOTHER M. GONZALEZ, I.B.V.M.

The fiftieth anniversary of Mother M. Gonzalez Boland's entrance into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary was joyously celebrated on Monday, September 3, at Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue, Toronto, by the Community and a large circle of visiting relatives and old-time friends. During the early Community Mass, the lovely "Jubilate", and other appropriate hymns, were a fitting prelude to the Solemn High Mass of jubilee celebrated at 11.30 a.m. The celebrant and the subdeacon on the occasion were respectively Rev. E. A. Kerr and Rev. W. B. Kerr, cousins of the jubilarian; the deacon was Very Rev. F. R. McNab, C.S.P., pastor of St. Peter's Church. The nuns' choir sang the Mass, with prefatory and concluding hymns bespeaking joy and thanksgiving.

A striking statement in Bruce Marshall's new and popular book, "All Glorious Within," was text for an eloquent sermon by Rev. Walter B. Kerr: "The world is wrong to laugh at saints, because the production of a saint is God's highest handiwork." The sole purpose for which every human being is created was impressively enlarged upon, and as the highlights of a consecrated life were set forth, the audience rejoiced with the golden jubilarian who half a century ago had set out with the

high resolve to become a saint, by leaving the world and dedicating her life to the one thing necessary, namely, "to loving God with her whole mind, and doing, thinking and saying all things to His greater glory."

The Reverend speaker realized that for this favored soul trials had inevitably come from time to time during the long span of years, but with God's grace ever at hand she had said, as the cross was presented, "If this trial may not pass away, may God's will be done, not mine." Today she can but rejoice in the heavenly blessings received throughout her religious life. With congratulations to the jubilarian, the hope was expressed that she might long be spared to continue on her way to sainthood—to "the production of a saint, God's highest handiwork."

A wealth of stately gladioli, thoughtfully sent in advance by the jubilarian's brother, Mr. Michael Boland, added beauty to the chapel and to the various rooms in which the guests were entertained. Exquisitely lovely was the bouquet of fifty yellow roses, a remembrance from one group of grandnephews and nieces, as also the basket of gladioli, gardenias and yellow roses, the gift of Mrs. Lellis, a life-long friend of the jubilarian.

The jubilee dinner was served to the clergy

and to the secular guests by junior members of the Community. Amongst the guests were, Rt. Rev. Msgr. McCann, D.P., P.P., St. Francis'; Rt. Rev. Msgr. McGrand, P.P., St. Anthony's; Rev. J. M. O'Connor, P.P., St. Helen's; Rev. H. Cormier, S.J., chaplain, Loretto College School; Very Rev. F. R. McNab, C.S.P., P.P., St. Peter's; Rev. F. T. McGoey, P.P., Sacred Heart Church, King, Ont.; Rev. E. A. Kerr, St. Matthew's; Rev. W. B. Kerr, professor, St. Augustine's Seminary; Sisters of St. Joseph; Sisters of Providence, King, Ont.; members of Loretto Community from Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Loretto College, St. George St., and St. Cecilia's Convent; Mr. and Mrs. John Boland, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Boland, Mr. James Boland and daughter, Mary, Mrs. Paton, Mr. and Mrs. Corti Boland, Miss Elizabeth Boland, Mrs. E. C. Boland, Mrs. G. M. Boland, Mr. Paul Boland, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Kerr, parents of Rev. E. A. and Rev. W. B. Kerr; Mrs. J. Ardis, Mrs. William Fulton, Mrs. Mark Emery, Mrs. Frank Corcoran, Miss Shirley Corcoran, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Purtle, Mr. William Kennedy, Mrs. W. J. Lellis, Miss Eleanor McBride, Miss Julia O'Connor.

John King, Leonard Casciato, Michael Armstrong and Charles Seymour were altar boys at the High Mass.

HAPPY JUBILEE!

(One of the poems composed for the occasion and sung on the Community programme by the Junior Religious.)

Golden bells are ringing;
'Tis a festal day;
Dainty posies nodding
In their bonnets gay.

Tiny birds are trilling
Sweet their notes of glee;
All the world is singing,
Happy Jubilee!

Pearly dawn has swiftly flamed
To noon-day bold—
Lo, already, sunset bars
Of amber gold!

Golden, too, the pathway
Of charity she trod;
Gold the crown of victory
From the Hand of God.

M. St. Rénée, I.B.V.M.

A JUBILEE DAY

On Sunday, September 30, Loretto Community, of 387 Brunswick Avenue, celebrated Mother M. Magella's 50th Anniversary in the Institute of The Blessed Virgin Mary.

High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Cormier, S.J., and the choir was at its best in the prelude hymn, *Veni Sponsa*, the beautiful *Kyrie and Agnus Dei* of the Mass, and the *Jubilate*, as concluding hymn of joy. Gladioli and asters adorned the altar and sanctuary.

A number from Loretto Abbey, Loretto College, and St. Cecilia's came to spend the day, and to rejoice with the happy jubilarian on this crowning day of her half-century of dedication to God's service in Loretto. An enjoyable community programme was arranged for the afternoon, during the course of which the many thoughtful remembrances from friends, near and far, were greatly admired. At five o'clock, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the chaplain, and again the uplifting strains of the *Jubilate* were heard. Many happy recollections of this joyous anniversary celebration remain for all who participated in it, especially the Golden Jubilarian, for whom we wish many blessings, spiritual and temporal through the coming years.

AN INTERESTING WEDDING

In St. Louis Church, Waterloo, Ontario, the wedding of Dr. Margaret Frances Young, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William S. Young, of Waterloo, and Surgeon-Lieutenant Leo James Mahoney, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. James L. Mahoney of Niagara Falls, Ontario, took place on Saturday, September 15, with Nuptial Mass celebrated by Rev. Joseph P. Finn, cousin of the bride.

The church was beautifully decorated with white gladioli, asters, and chrysanthemums, and the reserved pews were designated by clusters of white asters with white satin streamers. The soloist on the occasion was Miss Corinne Cauley, of Hamilton, and the organist, Raymond Massell.

Very lovely was the bride in floor-length, white brocaded satin gown, finger-tip veil, and Juliet cap, and carrying a cascade bouquet of white gladioli florets and stephanotis. Her only attendant, her cousin, Miss Margaret T. Hayes, of New York City, wore a floor-length gown of blush pink tulle with satin brocade, and carried a bouquet of Briarecliffe roses, gladioli florets, and lavender plumes, matching her

headdress of lavender plumes and Briarcliffe roses. Lieut. Hugh Mahoney, R.C.N.V.R., brother of the groom, was best man. Ernest Young, brother of the bride, and Jack Mahoney, brother of the groom, were ushers.

Following the ceremony, some seventy-five guests attended the reception and luncheon at the Walker House, Kitchener. The happy couple left for a wedding trip to Muskoka, and on their return will live in Nova Scotia where the groom is stationed at "H.M.C.S. Protector."

The fact that the bride is a cousin of M. M. Dolores, I.B.V.M., and that her mother and aunts are Loretto-Guelph Alumnae; also, that the groom, a cousin of M. M. Alacoque, I.B.V.M., and M. M. Gerard, I.B.V.M., received his elementary education at St. Patrick's School (Loretto) Niagara Falls, has made this event one of special interest to the Loretto Community. Prayers and good wishes will continue for blessings on Leo and Margaret through all the years ahead.

LORETTO PRIZE WINNERS

The following Grade XII pupils of Loretto High Schools were prize winners in the Toronto Archdiocesan Examinations in Christian Doctrine—which were held before classes were dismissed for summer vacation—and received their awards with the other prize winners, in St. Michael's Cathedral, on Sunday, October 14, at 3.30 p.m., from His Excellency, Most Rev. Archbishop McGuigan, at a special ceremony which closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament:

Catholic High Schools—Second prize, \$20.00, to Lorraine Ganter, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; fifth prize, \$10.00, Claire Boyden, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

Honourable Mention for those receiving ninety marks or more: Joyce Robinson, Loretto College School; Molly Mulligan, Loretto College School; Carol Campney, Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Joan McDonald, Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights; Helen Wheeler, Loretto Intermediate School, Toronto; Miss Mary Moher, Loretto College School, Toronto.

Separate Schools, Grade VIII: First prize, \$15.00, Anne Flynn, St. Patrick's (Loretto) Niagara Falls, Ont.; second prize, \$10.00, Bernadette O'Sullivan, St. John's (Loretto) Weston; Honourable Mention: Sophie Chenkaluk, St. Monica's (Loretto) Toronto.

Congratulations to all these excellent students on their success in this difficult competitive test in Religious Knowledge.

WINNER OF MUSIC MEDAL

Miss Shirley Heit, age 15—Grade XI (High School), Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights, Toronto, received for Grade I singing the highest marks in the Province of Ontario. This entitles her to the Toronto Conservatory Silver Medal for Grade I. Miss Shirley was successful in the following Conservatory Examinations: Piano, Grade VIII, Honours, Theory, Grade II, First Class Honours and, at Inter-Loretto Festival, two First Class Honours in Piano.

We congratulate Shirley on her splendid work and success.

LORETTO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

Music Results, Toronto Conservatory Examinations, June, 1945.

PIANO

Grade IX—Marjorie White, First Class Honours.

Grade VII—Mary George, Honours; Dorothy June Wicker, Pass.

Grade VI—Patricia Robins and Carol Barch, First Class Honours.

Grade V—Anne Mahoney, First Class Honours; Theresa Willick, Honours.

Grade IV—Ida Mae De Grant and Rita Mae D'Arcangelo, First Class Honours. Dorothy Barnett, Margaret Smeaton and Dexter Potter, Honours.

Grade III—Margaret Weaver, Honours; Mary Ann Egan and Anne Willick, (equal) Honours; Muriel Doucette and Eleanor Strang, (equal) Pass.

Grade II—Gail Hodgins, Shirley Hunter and June Pereira, First Class Honours; Jocelyn Wrong, Honours; Mary Jane Brown and Dian Strachan, (equal) Honours.

Grade I—Constance Sherk and James Briand, First Class Honours; Concetta DeGrant, and Margaret Rutherford, Honours.

THEORY

Grade II—Joan Walker, First Class Honours; Delia Peressotti, Pass.

Congratulations to Loretto-Niagara and to these young musicians.

**ST. MICHAEL'S (LORETTO) CONVENT,
FORT ERIE, ONTARIO**

**Music Results, Toronto Conservatory
Examinations, June, 1945.**

Grade VII, Piano—Grace Benner, Honours.
Grade I, Piano—Loretta Minor, First Class
Honours; Elaine Clayton and Mary Rath,
Honours.

Grade II, Theory—Grace Benner, First Class
Honours.

A MISSIVE

The following letter, written "Somewhere in Germany" by a young soldier (brother of a Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) to his infant son, is being published with the hope that neither its author nor the addressee will take offence at its being shared with appreciative Loretto Rainbow readers.

—Editor's Note.

May 6, 1945.

Master A. — —
— — Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Hello, Son! I love you. It will be many years before you read this. But on this day in 1945 something is happening to you, which is so important to both of us that your Dad just has to talk to you as though you were already grown up.

Today, in Chicago, you will be baptized,

that is, consecrated to God, brought into the Catholic Faith and given a name, A—.

Briefly, being consecrated to God means that He has recognized your soul as belonging to Him. Brought into the Faith means that He will provide every means on this earth for you to know, love, and serve Him; and your name given you this day is a sign of your Mother's and Father's duty to help you know the God I speak of.

I said God recognized your soul. What is this soul I talk about? Well, it's a part of you that you can't see, touch, or feel, but which can never be done away with. It is the most important part of you for just that reason. When you know you have a soul, a something that can never be destroyed, it makes the whole of life more sensible.

An extra advantage in having a soul (and everyone has one), is that it brings you close in spirit to the ones you love; for instance, today I am thousands of miles way from you and Mother, but in a certain sense I am as close to you as can be. I wish I were there in person but, for many reasons, that can't be. But my knowledge that a certain imperishable part of me is with you makes being away from you on this great day a little less saddening. Yes, in spite of being parted from you and Mother, I can be happy for you, knowing that today you have been baptized, and so, for your spiritual birthday, best wishes and congratulations.
Your loving Dad.

In Memoriam

CAPT. T. L. ALEXANDER, M.B.E.

The sudden call, on August 26th, of Capt. Thomas Laird Alexander, M.B.E., (Military) Algonquin Regiment A, to his eternal reward, just when his relatives and friends, still rejoicing over his safe return, were looking happily to his complete recovery from injuries received in his heroic exploits overseas, has filled the hearts of all with intense grief. The very large attendance at his Funeral Mass in Holy Rosary Church was evidence of the regard in which he was held. Many prayers for his soul, and for the comfort of his sorrowing parents, Dr. and Mrs. S. Laird Alexander, and his sisters, Virginia and Joy, have been offered in Loretto since the arrival of the sad news.

Capt. Alexander was a grandnephew of M.

M. Ernestine, I.B.V.M. His mother and sisters, Virginia and Joy, are Loretto Abbey Alumnae, as are also his aunts, Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoe Case, Detroit-Windsor Loretto Alumnae Circle), and Mrs. S. Terrance Heyes, of Toronto. To these in their bereavement we offer our deep sympathy.

FAREWELL

**Lines to Captain Thomas Laird Alexander,
M.B.E. (Military), who died
August 26, 1945.**

Soldier! Type of the valour of our age—
Its Galahad today, and tomorrow!
All the glory from the wine of sorrow,
Drunk to the dregs, must fail to stage

The entry prepared for the valiant, brave,
By the Great General Who holds the vast
Eons of time in His divine forecast.
What shall He give save all, pure souls may
crave?

Brave Soldier! In the chivalry of God
Omnipotent, what reward may His love
Hand down to you—raised so high above
Man's dreamful conjecture? Some ample,
broad

Universe, perhaps, of worlds all planned
For your glory eternal in His Land.

Lucile B.

MRS. JAMES MOLONEY

Leaving only treasured memories behind
her, Phyllis Dee Moloney passed away on the
last day of August, fortified by the Last Sac-
raments. A gifted student, and possessed of
a beautiful character, Phyllis graduated from
Loretto Abbey, beloved by teachers and school-
mates. As devoted daughter, sister, wife and
friend, she will be lovingly remembered
through the years.

To her bereaved husband, Mr. James Mo-
loney, and to her grief-stricken parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Philip Dee, her sister, Miriam, and
brother, Jack, we extend our heartfelt sym-
pathy.

TO PHYLLIS

In Memory of Mrs. Phyllis Dee Moloney

Lest we forget in this unmeasured pain
Of parting, all the trust we owe His love,
Who gave you to us but for a brief train
Of golden years, tell to Him now above—

Who knows the good and ill howe'er they
mingle,

And counts the tasks of earth in counterpoise
As merest dross, unless the eye be single—

We kiss the cross that crowns your lasting
joys.

The Saint and Christian bow in reverence
Unto the Will, Omnipotent, Divine;

The message is the same of severance

Though life a hundred years be, or but nine:
And Phyllis fair, and sweet—adieu, farewell,
'Till we share with thee, joy no words may
tell!

Lucile B.

MR. NEIL McCABE SMITH

In the sudden death of Mr. Neil McCabe
Smith, his relatives and friends received a
grievous shock; to his wife and family it has
come as an irreparable loss. Consolation there
is for them in the memory of his exemplary
life as a fervent Catholic, a member of the Holy
Name Society, and a Knight of Columbus; still
more in the remembrance of his entire devo-
tion always to his family's best interests.

The funeral Mass, in St. John's Church,
Kingston Road, was sung by the pastor, Rev.
Father D. O'Connor, and in the sanctuary were
ten priests and one Christian Brother. Several
religious were present amongst the many who
had come to pray for, and to pay this last tri-
bute to the esteemed departed.

To Mrs. Smith (Helen Long, Loretto Abbey
and Loretto College Alumna, and President of
Loretto Alumnae Association); and to the be-
eaved family—Patricia (Loretto College Fresh-
man), Neil and Denise—we extend deepest
sympathy; also to Mr. Smith's brothers and
sisters, and to his sister-in-law, Mother M. Ir-
ma, I.B.V.M., Superior, Loretto College.

Spring will come again,
Though cold November rains
Chill earth today;

Joy will come again,
To banish sorrow's pains,
On life's drear way.

Spring will come again,
For Hope, eternal light,
Sends steady ray;

Peace will come again,
The sun again shine bright
On life's gloomed way.

Kathleen A. Sullivan.



In the Library

THE LILY OF ISRAEL—By The Abbe Gerbet. Publishers—P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York.

This inspirational and beautiful Life of Our Lady, although not "just off the press," holds our attention from the opening phrases: "Hidden away among the hills of Galilee, in a small hamlet, called Nazareth . . .," to the last pages where we read:

"But even while they kept the death-vigil, that holy body disappeared, and when they visited (the tomb) the following morning they found but fresh and glowing flowers on the couch of death."

The story tells of the breath-taking happiness of the elderly Ann and Joachim at the birth of their infant daughter—the joyful days of her early childhood, then the heaven-inspired consecration, by her parents, of Mary, their only child, to God, to the service of His Temple; the loneliness at parting from her, and the assurance that their days of sorrow were not prolonged—God having called them to Himself shortly afterward. Of Mary's happy days in the Temple, we read that although she joined with others in normal activities and performed all the duties of a maiden consecrated to the service of the Temple the study of Holy Scriptures was her chief delight, and that, while still in the Temple she made the vow of perpetual chastity—notwithstanding which, at the age of fifteen, she did not attempt to be released from the law, common to all Jewish maidens, and, so, became espoused to Joseph, who presented himself to be her protector, and who won her trust over many others who asked her hand in marriage.

Some time later, while Joseph was absent in Mesopotamia, on a visit to his sick sister, Mary, wife of Cleophas, the Angel appeared to Mary at Nazareth, announcing that she was to be the Mother of the Promised One. Her visit to her cousin is charmingly described, and following Elizabeth's sublime greeting, Mary speaks the beautiful words of the Magnificat.

There is a vivid picturing of Joseph's return, and the dark hours for him until through Mary's prayers, he learned in a dream the mystery of the Incarnation; also, of the wearisome journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem; their feeling of abandonment when no

lodging could be found—and then, the Cave, the celestial harmony and light.

" . . . enveloped in the golden light, seated upon the heaped-up sheaves, was Mary, radiant in the splendor of her glorious Maternity, holding a little Child upon her knees."

Graphically portrayed are: The Presentation in the Temple, with Simeon's prophecy casting the first dark shadow of the Cross on Mary's heart; the Flight into Egypt—all the perils of the way—but always Mary's and Joseph's unwavering trust in God; the happy days in Egypt, and the return to Nazareth; the journey to Jerusalem when Jesus was twelve; the loss, and finding of The Divine Child on that occasion; the peaceful years until St. Joseph's death—and on, until Christ's thirtieth year.

We follow with sympathy and appreciation Mary's part, actually or in spirit, in the countless events of her Divine Son's public life, with its opening scene at the Jordan where for the Precursor, John the Baptist, "the reward of his years of privation was that the God he loved and worshipped came to be baptized at his hands."

The wedding at Cana; the Saviour's sermons; conversions; not least that of Mary of Magdala; the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem; the Last Supper; the Passion and, on Calvary's heights, the Crucifixion! Then all the joyous days from the Resurrection till the Ascension; and, lastly, Mary's remaining years, spent under the protection of John, the Beloved Disciple, in prayer, and words and works of charity.

We lay down the book with a renewed devotion to The Holy Family, and an abiding love for our Mother, Christ's Mother, The Lily of Israel.

Teresa Houlihan,
Loretto Abbey Alumna.

WILLIAM CONGREVE, ENGLISH
DRAMATIST, 1670-1729.

Despite his limitations, William Congreve has been called "the principal figure in English comedy of manners". His plays are written with unflagging wit and literary charm; with polish, grace and extreme technical finish, yet, at times they are wearisome;



Stella Matutina

This most attractive representation of Our Lady, as "Morning Star," painted by Mother Nealis, R.S.C.J., has for the past ten years been a source of inspiration, especially in Catholic schools and homes, where beautiful, lithographed copies of it are constantly seen.

tenderness, simplicity, and genuine imagination are lacking. In his own day, his plays, "The Old Bachelor", "Love for Love", and "The Mourning Bride", won for him admiration and fame, but his last, and probably the best, "The Way of the World," proved a failure. The reason may be inferred from Edmund Gosse's comment on it, although Gosse gives him the credit, in his "erudite and brilliant" works, of placing English comedy of manners for the first time on a really classical basis.

According to Gosse, "The Way of the World", is the "best-written, the most dazzling, the most intellectually accomplished of all English comedies, perhaps of all the comedies in the world . . . in no play of Congreve's is the literature so consummate—in none, is the human interest, in movement and surprise, so utterly neglected. This series of still-life pictures may easily be conceived to be exasperating, especially as the satire in them was exceedingly sharp and direct."

The reaction from the period of Puritanical austerity was the cause of the profligacy found in his plays, and in those of others of the time.

The most brilliant and thoughtful of Congreve's plays, his last and most carefully finished performance, is his "Way of the World." It is called an admirable comedy, perhaps the greatest artificial comedy of manners, especially for the sovereign airs and graces of his heroine, Mrs. Millamant. (It was still the custom in Congreve's time to employ this title in speaking of unmarried ladies.) Yet this play is tiresome in its very ingenuity, for its maze of wit and intrigue. It has no heart, and therefore lacks the very soul of pleasure. Gosse speaks of the "incomparable splendour of dialogue", and the characters are skillfully contrasted. The reader's attention is held, not by the action of the play, definitely too slow, but by the "unabating and highly sustained succession of flights of wit, gaily tintured imageries, and flashing repartee." His plot is usually obscure and intricate, constructed with much artifice; though with all its intrigue, it is effectually managed, carefully contrived, and not too obviously artificial. Says Thomas N. Dickinson: "The characters quite run away with the author in their good spirits and lavish life, leaving his plot unclear, and a matter of raveled ends and hasty explanations."

The center of the intricate and overlapping intrigues is the charming and brilliant Mrs. Millamant, "one of the rarest creations in

literature; the woman entrancing as distinguished from the woman emotional or the woman instinctive. She hopes and fears nothing; her law of life is her own whim; her conquests have ceased to surprise or interest her."

It has been said that Congreve's characters are uninteresting, except as brilliant talkers; that they are not living personages; yet their conversations are accurate imitations of the conversation of fashionable life. In Millamant and Mirabell he excels even the brilliancy of his own previous raillery of social types and their deviations from sense and law. His heroine is all coquetry, yet not without some touches of delicacy and affection. She is an accomplished and elegant lady, "by common consent the most delightful of fine ladies that the world has ever known." (Oswald Crawford, in *English Comic Dramatists*) "Fine", that is, in a restricted sense only; she has no heart, remember, and of course, no philosophy. Lady Wishfort is a mixture of wit and ridiculous vanity, almost too offensive for comedy. Witwoud is an incarnation of feeble repartee, as diverting as he is original. The characters are neither true nor natural, but they are all witty. Saintsbury calls the play "a perfect star-shower of verbal fireworks."

Congreve's style is admittedly inimitable; it has been called perfect; it is considered the highest model of comic dialogue. His terms are always the most eloquent, polished, pointed, and exact; every sentence replete with sense and satire; his diction attractive, and possessing a certain artistic repose. Sheridan, who is often compared with him, is said not to approach him in the regular antithetical construction of sentence, and in the mechanical artifices of his style. It has been said of Congreve that his prose is "the finest and most brilliant of the age of classicism". He exhibits an arbitrary force, a succinctness of style all his own. He has a correct ear, a correct judgment, and readiness of illustration, within a narrow range. Some are catchy, as Witwoud's "I'm in a maze, like a dog in a dancing school", and his "That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage, and so fell spluttering, at one another like two roasting apples."

Congreve is acknowledged the wittiest of writers, but his wit is aimless and objectless, ending in itself. He makes us constantly conscious of himself, whereas a Shakespeare renders us entirely forgetful of the author. And still, the wit, the sprightliness, the charm and vivacity of Congreve remain.

The turn of a phrase, the well-chosen term, as well as the heartless frivolity and cruel vanity of his favorite heroine are shown in Congreve's best-known lyric, Millimant's song:

"Love's but the frailty of the mind,
When 'tis not with ambition joined;
A sickly flame, which if not fed, expires,
And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierced a swain,
For whom inferior beauties sighed in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes:
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
That heart, which others bleed for, bleed for me".
M. M. Vivian, I.B.V.M.

A VALUATION

Many private and public libraries in Canada and the United States have at present a copy, each, or copies, of "Road's End," by Mary Douglas, and not a few of our Loretto Rainbow readers have availed themselves of the opportunity of enjoying this fascinating book, of which we have previously given an appreciation in our Book Review column.

The following discriminating critique will appeal to all who have read "Road's End."

REVIEW OF "ROAD'S END" published in **TORONTO UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY**, April, 1944, under the title **LETTERS IN CANADA**, 1943.

Memories, the memories of another, form the substance, or rather the basis, of Mary Douglas's truly remarkable essay in portraiture, **ROAD'S END**. The aged Monsignor Michael Carling, brought home to die, lives again in dream and reverie the scenes of his childhood and early youth, which are presented with wonderful vividness. There is variety in these scenes, but also progression in the story unfolded. For we are allowed to divine some of the forces by which dream and reverie are controlled: the natural retreat of the mind into the past as the present falls away; the natural desire for comfort and reassurance on the approach to the great unknown—a desire satisfied by the old priest's faith, but best satisfied when that faith can renew itself in the scenes where, all unknown, its seeds were first planted; the falling into focus of all his later life, his studies and his pastoral labour, as the effort to guard this essential faith, and the simple faithful, against an encroaching world. . . . How much of the mind of the dying man the artist has really captured no one can know. Suffice it, that her picture has the unity, the progression, and the satisfying power, of what it is—a highly successful work of art, which is founded upon a sympathetic perception of a reality.

By the Editor,
A. S. P. WOODHOUSE,
and Others

Loretto



College

STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL 1944 - 1945

President of Sodality—Helen Read.
Head of S.A.C. — Jean Vale.
Head of House Committee—Jacqueline Doiron.
Senior Representative—Helen Read
Junior Representative—Mary Farrell
Sophomore Representative—Helen McLaughlin
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Dramatics Representative—Millwood O'Shaughnessy.
Debating Representative—Jacqueline Samson.
Torontonensis—Jacqueline Doiron.
Loretto Rainbow Representative—Sally Chiovetti
Social Representative—Betty Solmes.

COLLEGE CAMERA

(Apologies from the writers for sending this too late for last issue.)

Dawned the day of the Banquet—
one of very great tension,
As the Seniors looked forward
with much apprehension,

Fearing some practical
jokers' bright pranks
Might issue from out
of the Sophomore's ranks.

'Twas April the first,
and well might they fear,
For the vengeance of Sophs
was now very near.

The prophecies proved
premonitions well founded—
In well-acted skits,
each Grad they now "hounded."

Joan McGoey was settled
at home on a farm,
While Gloria saved
uncouth children from harm.

Patty Ann taught good history
to sleepy-eyed maids;
Real Estate claimed Ann's interest—
scaree a living she made.

On the Normandie roof
Henrietta was singing;
And fame to our Connie
her hockey was bringing.

In a barrel, rash Helen
swept over the Falls;
"Sr. Melanie," Superior,
graced convent halls.

And Miriam was still
the "Sweet Mystery of Life,"
But Jean Vale neglected
house duties, as wife.

"Newly Weds" gave the setting
for Betty Solmes Weber;
Jacqui's singing made all
famous bands strive to get her.

The Seniors bore all this
with great fortitude,
Strengthened, no doubt, by
some nice, varied food.

'Twas surely an evening
of real merriment,
And ended with all of us
tired, but content.

A week, or so, later, in
lovely spring weather,
The Freshies and Seniors had
dinner together.

Here the former revealed
they were excellent hosts,
And could honour the Grads,
with well-worded toasts.

The Alumnae Luncheon was
quite an affair—
An enjoyable time 'twas
for everyone there.

In fear, and in trembling,
did the Seniors await
The "Results" which determined
their immediate fate.

Success crowned their efforts!
Triumphant they came
For a week-end of pleasure,
of prayer, and of fame.

Friday — St. Basil's Bacca-
laureate Mass,
With prayers of petition
to aid all in the Class

To work out their futures,
through long or short years,
With courage and Faith
that banished all fears.

In caps and in gowns
'cross the campus they went
To reap a reward
for the past years, well spent.

"Admitto te ad gradum,"
the Chancellor said,
As was placed the hood
o'er each graduate's head.

In the quad. at U. C.,
the Chancellor greeted
The parents and friends,
and bade them be seated

To partake of the sandwiches,
cake, and fruit punch,
Which the guests all said
was a most welcome lunch.

Came, after the ceremony
at U. Convocation,
At night, at Loretto,
our own Graduation.

In floor-length white gowns,
and college attire,
The Graduates entered,
just after the choir.

The valedictorian
was Joan McGoey
Who spoke in a manner
most pleasing — not showy.

Father Sullivan gave
an impressive address;
Father McLaughlin presented
the awards for success.

At historic Hart House,
in the well-known Great Hall,
The students attended
the Grads' famous Ball.

To breakfast, at Newman,
the revellers sped;
Then, happy, though weary,
each went home to bed.

St. Michael's Alumnae
with the Grads. to meet
At Saturday's Luncheon—
'twas arranged, as a treat.

Came at last Sunday morning—
and memorable ending,
With Mass at Loretto,
and parents attending.

After breakfast we begged
Father McLaughlin to speak—
Thus concluding most happily
the Graduates' week.

Jacqueline Samson, 4T6,
Helen Read, 4T5.

IT HAPPENED ON MALTA

November 8, 1942—The last lingering glow of sunset rests on the calm waters of Grand Harbour, and flickers fire upon tumbling shafts of metal. Occasionally a tail-plane exhibits a swastika, and battered wings give evidence of distorted black crosses and fasces. This booty reveals the praiseworthy achievement of the R.A.F. on Malta, against the constant and brutal strength of Heinkels, Capronis, and Foche-Wulfs. Down the high, narrow streets of Valetta swings the familiar figure of Colonel Martin Verbi—one of the Island's most outstanding soldiers. His giant military strides hesitate only briefly before the disorderly jumble of craters and debris. In a keen flash of his black eyes he observes the latest proofs of destruction. How beautiful Valetta had been with her brilliant array of colour, white domes and splendid architecture! Now it is a piteous mass of crumbled rubble.

The crisp reserve in the officer's face completely masks the anxiety of his mind. Despite their arduous efforts, General Gort and the military executive are beginning to admit defeat. They have tried desperately. No one could accuse them of indolence. The Maltese trust their authorities—they trust, and do their part. Here and there, Martin sees tiny groups kneeling before the wayside shrines. In each gaunt, swarthy face there is pain; not

the suffering that descends to bitterness and despair, but that which rises to bravery and endurance. Like St. Paul's Statue in the Bay, their faith defies the thunderings of nearly three thousand blitzkriegs, and stands resolute in the mercy of God. Will these people who have undergone so much for three years succumb to the ravenous jaws of starvation? Yet, such a fate now threatens them.

The crisis has come. Daily, people are dying of malnutrition. Malta is isolated by a sea infested with hordes of the barbarous enemy. The war in Africa is at a low ebb. The Luftwaffe who left last April have returned again to join their mighty force with the Italians. The frantic endeavours of the Maltese officials have been fruitless. It would be suicide for even the Porpoise to smuggle its way beneath the water surface. Yet to the young colonel hastily journeying through the wreckage of Valetta the cruellest blow of all has struck him this evening. His own week-old son and beautiful wife will die if there is still no food within twenty-four hours.

Finally reaching his destination, he stands motionless for a few seconds, then carefully, deliberately, climbs over the broken walls, across the battered statuary until he kneels before the large crucifix rising alone from the vast ruins of the church. Among the many architectural monuments erected by the warrior monks in Malta's golden age, the cathedral of St. John the Baptist is the most beautiful. Sir Walter Scott avowed it the most magnificent church he ever saw. Colonel Verbi sadly thinks of the Knights of St. John, whose luxurious burial vault has collapsed upon their very tombs. Tirelessly these men tried to make the church as rich and beautiful as possible. Each niche was an intrinsic work of art. St. John's was embellished with priceless spoils from the Orient, gold, mosaics, paintings, tapestries, treasures from land and sea.

Here regardless of the battered surroundings, the weary soldier finds a sympathetic haven for his troubled soul. Ever the valiant heroes in Malta humbly seek the strengthening graces of the Crucified. This has been Colonel Martin's favourite haunt since childhood. Lovingly he fingers the same rosary his chubby hands held so many years ago. Throughout his career it has been a faithful companion. A family heirloom, he has proudly kept it for his son. How he had dreamed of bringing the little boy here, to listen to the romantic tales of the Chevaliers of St. John—those same tales that have charmed his own venturesome life.

But would little Paul live—live for this, and to help him to rebuild the historic glory of Malta?

"Dear God," he beseeches, "If it be Your will, bring aid to Your Island!—bring food to Your faithful people!"

Martin has been praying for some time when he is distracted by the sound of light-footsteps upon the brittle granite. He turns to find a little boy of five or six gazing at him, not with curiosity but with concern. In spite of the torn clothes on his thin little body, the child is beautiful. The great innocent eyes regard the soldier with interest and admiration, mixed with a pity that seems premature for such a tender age.

"Well, my boy!" Martin greets the young stranger.

The child moves closer. Then with a pleading simplicity he says,

"I am hungry."

Martin draws back. Is the devil mocking him? This innocent thrust pierces his heart. The wide eyes look trustingly into his.

"What is your name, child?" He clutches for the words. But the boy is not so easily confused. The tiny voice persists piteously.

"Please, sir, I am so hungry. Please, get me some food."

Oh, if the child would only stop persecuting him—stop looking at him! Successful as he has been in the military strategy of Malta, Colonel Verbi is a powerless prisoner to the one achievement he desires so passionately. If his own son could speak, his baby voice would beg like this little boy's before him. This is insufferable! Encouraged by the sight of his Saviour on the Cross, with His hands outstretched in a final act of love, the Colonel reaches out gently, and puts an arm about the little figure. The tenderness in his own voice startles him for a second.

"My dear child, I would like to bring you food. I would like to bring food to all the boys and girls—to everyone—to my own little son and his darling mother." His tone is low and husky. "But I cannot. Only God can bring us food, and He will, if we pray."

"But you can," the sweet face confronts him.

"Martin is amazed. Too surprised to speak, he nods negatively.

"Oh, yes, you can." There is a light in the guileless smile. "You can go up." He looks to the twilight sky and with an outstretched hand mimics an aeroplane. "You can go up in the sky and get some food."

"One doesn't get food in the sky," the

soldier tries to reason, as his heart is gripped by the bewitching naivete and enthusiasm of the childish voice.

"What is your name, child?" Martin asks again.

"You can go up in the sky and get some food from God," the boy insists. "Please go, sir. Please say you will go. I am so hungry!"

There is a pain in the lovely baby face that is unbearable. Martin is impelled to say yes. He can do nothing else. Perhaps the promise will alleviate the suffering for a time. Again the sense of powerlessness beats relentlessly upon his noble spirit.

"Yes. I will go."

He takes the delicate face between his great hands and with a fatherly gesture kisses the little brow. Just then the shimmering onyx rosary slips to the ground.

"Oh, what pretty beads!" the boy stoops to pick them up. "How I should love to pray them. May I, just for a moment?"

What a simple, childlike request! Of course, why not? He can bring no food to the poor little fellow. Quietly he answers,

"You may have the rosary."

He smiles at the little one, but behind the kindly expression is a pain that makes the gift a sacrifice. The child is radiant, and yet there is something precocious and sad about him.

"You are very kind, sir. I like the rosary very much but I only wish to borrow it. Tomorrow I shall give it back."

Something in the voice makes the colonel start. What a charming child! "Would Paul be like this?" he thinks lovingly.

"Very well, son," he says, rising from his knees. "But it is getting dark. Your mother will be looking for you, will she not?"

"Not yet, sir. I often pray here; but I shall go presently. Good-night, and thank you, sir!"

"Good-night," Martin smiles, and leaves the kneeling figure.

Up over the billowy clouds the solitary spitfire hums its way. The slightest tinge of gray dawn glimmers on the elliptical wings and catches the welcoming eyes of the pilot. The lonely night is over. Colonel Verbi is too restless to be marooned up here for long, especially when things have been so dull. Something is the matter. He guesses that the Luftwaffe must have spent the night over gayer Africa.

"Oh, well," he thinks bitterly, "what can one expect? Operations over Tobruk by night are more exciting, since the sport of sinking

the unresisting Malta can be confined to the day!"

Unresisting Malta? Can this be true? Only recently news reports proclaimed to the world that Malta now stands as one of the Allies' strongest R.A.F. bases. Yesterday, that statement was true; this morning it is not.

Last night when the Colonel reached the airport he received the astounding information that most of their scanty supply of octane was bombed during the late afternoon raid. In an effort to conserve fuel, no bombers and only three scout planes were sent out that night. Under the pretence that the most experienced men should pilot the planes, he left his office duties and so fulfilled his obligation to the little boy.

"At least I am filling in my part of the bargain," he chuckled. "God will have to cooperate for the rest."

This latest lash from the whip of war places Malta in the very clutches of obliteration. Our airman has prayed unceasingly during the uneventful night. Now, as he directs his plane northeast for a final scout over his area of the sea, he looks back at the khaki landscape dully visible through the mist. Malta! Flower of the world! What a satire the ancient tribute is now. Battered, torn, poek-marked, it is nothing but a scarred bit of turf rising from the blue of the Mediterranean. Only ninety-eight square miles—still it is the George Cross Island, the most bombed territory on the globe, and the home of the world's most courageous people. Napoleon did well in hailing it "the Keystone to the Mediterranean." From days of old to modern war days this little wind-swept island, lying sixty-seven miles south of Sicily, has played roles of paramount importance in world affairs. In the tales of Mythology, Ulysses was ship-wrecked off its rocky coasts. In the records of Christianity, the same fate befell St. Paul. He is responsible for establishing the indomitable faith which is the secret of Maltese dauntlessness during their many afflictions. It has been sieged twice before. The first time under the leadership of the Knights of St. John in the sixteenth century. Malta saved western civilization; the second, by forcing the capitulation of the French garrison at Valetta in 1800, it decidedly severed Napoleon's lifeline to Egypt and the East. Mediating so well between the other allied strongholds in the Mediterranean, Malta is a vitally strategic base in the present conflict. In September, 1939, when the war was declared, Malta began her career of the

most constant and severe bombings yet recorded.

The colonel's musing is interrupted when in the distance he sights the dark outline of a plane silhouetted against the gray sky. His keen eyes narrow as he noses his little craft higher in order to get a more precise acquaintance—be it friend or foe. He watches warily as the slim, non-fillet fuselage makes a steep climb; he notes the straight, shoulder-high wings mounting two underslung engines—

"Ah, a Dornier 217—Nazi!"

A thrill rushes through the spirited pilot as with a sweeping glance he realizes the significance of the situation. Below, bathing in the first ruddy light of morning, a long, sinister boat is surfaced, invalided from the depth by yawning gaps in her decks.

"Thank God", Martin whispers, "The Porpoise is bringing food."

Here is the answer to all those anxious prayers, here for him to protect. Already the Dornier is preparing to zoom down upon her unresilient prey. It is banking. Colonel Martin works fast—and efficiently. Ever before him is the picture of his beloved wife and son. He must work for them—for the Maltese people. The hostile plane turns and the dive-brake opens like an umbrella between the two fins—it dives.

Martin opens fire upon the speeding Dornier in time to make it level off and miss. The fireworks exploded about forty yards off port deck of the Porpoise.

"Good work, Co-Pilot", Martin whispers to his Invisible Helper. He smiles and prepares for the angry revenge. His little single-seater is built to play the games of hop-scotch and leap-frog with more agility than this rather over-grown Nazi playmate. Yet the fighter-bomber does well, and her pilot is no fool! He readily sees that Martin is diverting his attention while the wounded Porpoise limps into port. Each time the German plane veers up for an offensive plunge the Spitfire springs out causing it to lose its target. This aggravating sport at length proves too much for the conscientious bomber. Determined to rid themselves of this nuisance, the Dornier crew give Martin their undivided consideration. The air is alive and screaming with gunfire. The wings of the Spitfire writhe beneath their torn canvas. Martin winces as a bullet lodges in his arm.

"You will have to take over pretty well now," he informs his Assistant. Then with a final resolution he presses forward for a last

salvo. An almost miraculous hit makes the Dornier lurch, zig-zag, and, as a flaming dart, streak into the sea.

For a few moments Martin relaxes, then involuntarily he thrusts his hand into the depths of his tunic pocket for his rosary.

"You are the best Co-Pilot in the skies, dear Mother." He draws out the tiny, shining

beads. Suddenly he remembers—"Why, I gave these to the little boy!"

Slowly, the mystified expression of his face melts into a tender smile. He whispers gratefully, lovingly,

"What is Your Name, Child?"

Therese Gullivan, 4T7,
Loretto College.

MODERN ADVERTISING

What is modern advertising? The name immediately leads the mind into a varied line of thought—coloured lights, magazine advertisements, billboards, the cream and honey voice of a radio commentator. The dictionary defines "advertising" as "making well known by public statement" and "modern" as "belonging to the present or to time not long past." When we analyse the meaning given to "advertising" we have no idea of the scope this field covers. The only two words that give us the clue are "well known." Business firms to-day go to great trouble and pains to make their products "well-known." They do this mainly by modern inventions adopted in fairly recent times.

The radio plays an important part in advertising to-day. How many mornings have you been jarred out of your common complacency to hear an announcer give forth in a most energetic fashion and at a terrific pace—"Ladies and gentlemen if you feel tired when you get up in the morning if the thought of another day's work bothers you, what you need is 'Zip' spelled z-i-p. 'Zip,' the breakfast cereal, known the world over. For vim, vigour and vitality, buy 'Zip' to-day?" Well, you think disgustedly, to acquire as much energy as that announcer you would try anything. Everyone is familiar with "soap" programmes. These run all morning on the radio. Each announcer assures us that such and such a soap will make our washes ten times brighter and we will be finished at least a half hour earlier. I have yet to see this enacted.

If you pick up a magazine you are besieged by numerous requests asking you to buy and try anything from Aunt Petunia's pancake flour to Uncle Zeeke's chewing tobacco. The "ad" that amuses me in particular is the one that runs something like this. First, we see a picture of an exceptionally pretty girl, then, underneath the magic words, "She's engaged! She's lovely! She uses Grimes!" Well, if any face cream could do that it would be nothing

short of a miracle. Then, there are those strictly confidential advertisements that warn you against such monstrosities as "pink tooth-brush" and the unmentionable "B.O."

Modern advertising can be said to haunt you. For, if you drive away from the city you still meet it in the form of huge billboards which loom over every highway and byway. At the beginning of the war there was a certain type of sign that practically scared the wits out of a person. You would be innocently walking along when you would be horrified to see a life size cardboard soldier with his finger pointing directly at you and underneath the words would fairly shriek, "The army needs YOU to-day." Believe me, you felt they meant YOU.

The most amazing thing about modern advertising is that it works!

Mary Cancilla,
Loretto College School Alumna.

THE CHINESE JARS

By ALINE MICHAELIS

Upon the mantel-shelf they stand,
Two jars from an exotic land,

As alien in this dim-hued place

As stranger with a slant-eyed face.

Twin Trees of Heaven are painted there—
And exquisite the flowers they bear!

The Tree of Heaven! How strange it seems
That all men picture in their dreams

A brighter land than this we know,

A land where fairer flowers grow,

Where bluer skies and softer airs

Heal all earth's longings—and despairs!

The jars are quaint, and their design
Shows foreign thought in every line,

But still the picture painted there

Reveals a common hope men share:

The Tree of Heaven—with fruits and flowers—
That springs from other soil than ours.

Secretarial Department

387 Brunswick Avenue

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Toronto 4, Canada

Winner of Mother Evangelista Scholarship

Miss Isobel O'Gorman, daughter of Mr. George S. O'Gorman, Manager of Desmarais and Robitaille Ltd., is the winner of the "Mother Evangelista Scholarship." Miss Isobel O'Gorman was



awarded the Scholarship for her high standing in Upper School subjects. She is a graduate of Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights. Her scholarship entitles her to a ten-month Secretarial Course.

MISS ISOBEL O'GORMAN

Executive of Loretto Secretarial Sodality—1945-1946

PREFECT
Miss Isobel O'Gorman

SECRETARY
Miss Eileen Markey

TREASURER
Miss Helen McNevin

Conveners

SPIRITUAL COMMITTEE
Miss Dina Peressotti

APOSTOLIC COMMITTEE
Miss Mary Shoobert

CATHOLIC TRUTH
Miss Teresa Egan

SOCIAL LIFE
Jacqueline Waddell

Secretarial Retreat—Marian Hall

A group of Secretarial students will make their first closed Retreat at Marian Hall, October 20-21. At later dates other Closed Retreats will be organized in order that every student may have the privilege of making a Closed Retreat during her Course.

MY NEW FRIEND

She was just a little old lady with snow-white hair, resting against her pillows in the bed near the corner window. The clean, white sheets matched the whiteness of her attractive face. Her slender hands lay quietly on the spread, while her eyes gazed vacantly past the window frame, towards the hills in the distance.

While the other patients were talking in low tones to their Sunday visitors, and the little lady in the corner was quite alone, absorbed in her own thoughts, I slipped away from the group around my aunt's bed to visit the lone patient. There was a graceful turn of the head, and the eyes which met mine were not, as I had expected, of faded out colour, but of a lovely deep blue.

Instantly the little lady's look and manner captivated me. The wistful look had left her eyes, which now sparkled, and a faint colour had returned to her cheeks. Presently, she took me with her into the past, back to a large, spreading farm-house, outside a sleepy little town. How easily I pictured the pretty, black-haired girl with the deep blue eyes and rosy cheeks; the girl with the tinkling laugh and sparkling eyes; the girl who loved to sing and dance—who was the pride and boast of the quiet old-fashioned town and vicinity.

I saw her in her quieter moments walking along the narrow street with her father and mother early on a Sunday morning, or on a woodland path as she listened to her father telling of early days. I watched her as she helped her mother take the golden brown loaves out of the large oven. And then, I was beside her those evenings, just before dusk, when she slipped out and down to the old orchard where the gypsies camped. With her, I held my breath, and felt a quail as the wizened old woman in a many coloured dress, crossed the girl's palm with silver.

A happy hour had passed, but now, instead of the merry young girl for companion I had once more the little white lady beside me; the deep blue eyes had lost their sparkle, the rosy cheeks had paled again and in place of the rambling farm-house, four white, hospital walls enclosed us; however, as I bade goodbye, I experienced a new and satisfying feeling. I had become the friend and admirer of this little lady who lived in the past, in her own little world—a world in which she was queen.

A week later I visited this hospital room once more. The bed by the corner window was empty, but I still saw there, resting

against the pillows, the little old lady with the snow-white hair, the little lady who had become my friend just before passing from this life and its cares.

Evelyn Coyne, Class '45,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Avenue, Toronto.

FAIRY TALES

As the fastest means of transportation for all who have learned to read—but not to question what is read—we commend Fairy tales. To New York in a second; to India in a minute—these are average speeds!

The swift vehicle is usually a magic carpet; the hero, or heroine, a prince, or princess, whose title has been stolen by a wicked uncle. Horrible witches and beautiful fairy god-mothers play their roles, and the author keeps in mind the goal, "They lived happily ever after."

These are constituents of the average fairy tale, but they must be mixed with infinite care. The author must introduce enough horror to thrill an eight-year-old child, and enough placidity to lull a five-year-old to sleep.

Above all, one must be truly childlike to write winning fairy tales for little people—and for older folk who sometimes take a peep at these pages.

Mary Lou McGregor,
Junior College,
Loretto College School, Brunswick Ave.

WHAT AMERICANISM MEANS TO ME

Wind spinning across grassy plains, sun lifting plants upward to heaven, mountains standing like giants, knee-deep in fertile valleys and running rivers, rain buffeting down upon skyscrapers and tiny cottages, hands, grime-caked hands grasping the tools of industry, pale-bearing hands poised over the cigarettes of society, hands, hands—they are pounding and shaping, planning and building the future, in rhythm with the millions of souls that are America.

Americanism means to me George Washington kneeling in the snow at Valley Forge, asking God's guidance in the birth of our America; his bedraggled soldiers lifting upward their eyes in prayer, carving our heritage and not knowing the wonderful gift which they were preparing for us; pioneers breasting the wilderness, men of rare courage and unflagging

hope, rough men, strong and buoyant, chopping a trail for others to follow, meeting the challenge of a wild, untamed land and claiming it for us; making in this new world homes and farms and families; teaching, by their example, that which we have learned, and have come to believe to be Americanism.

It means Abraham Lincoln and his abiding faith in God during those dark years when a lesser man would have faltered; his soldiers, too, who fought and suffered and died "that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from this earth". Out of this rose a stronger America, one tried in fire and blood—a new union and a new brotherhood, looking to the same horizon of ideals and ambition that we now appreciate so dearly.

Americanism does not mean a hatred and a scorn for our enemies, but a purer, holier thing, a hope that through our victory, the spirit which is "America" may be spread to the world, so that other peoples may know freedom and good fellowship.

It must be that I feel the same Americanism which inspires our brave soldiers of today—a love for this land of ours, this America, where heads may freely bow in prayer, where great minds of "small people" are able to conquer great heights. Our America! My America!—truly worth suffering for! And though the struggle be a bitter and bloody one, they shall not take our America from us, because it is a country under God, a pure and holy thing; and the refrain in my heart is and shall be—"And crowned thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea."

Helen Biety, Class '45,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

THE UNEXPECTED

Arriving at the usual corner late one evening, I found that I had missed the bus. As the weather was pleasant I had no objection to walking home. Soon I came to the long road which leads directly to my front door-step. How perfect it looked, stretching white and straight in the moonlight! There was no sound but that of my footsteps. The moon now cast its lovely beams through the trees, and the shadows on the road took various shapes as a light wind swayed the branches. I could imagine the fairies at play.

Suddenly a thunderclap startled me; then, rain-drops pattered on my lonely path. As I reached home, I looked back and marvelled at the change which had come so unexpectedly. The road no longer a playground for the fairies had become black and uninviting.

I closed the door with a sigh, thinking how like life this was with its trials so often rushing upon bright and happy hours.

Alma Samin,
Loretto College, School,
Brunswick Ave.

WE SHALL REMEMBER

On Monday, October 1st, 1945, one of the most stirring events, not only of the week, but of many weeks . . . months . . . years, took place, and right here in our own city.

I am referring to the return of the first Canadian troops to land on the continent of Europe in World War II—Toronto's own 1st Division Regiment. It was a blustery, cold day, with a continuous downpour of rain, yet thousands of eager Torontonians assembled downtown to welcome home these veterans of battlefields all over the European Continent.

Among those who sat through rain and cold at the rousing reception held on University Avenue were many disabled, yet excited, one-time "comrades-in-arms" of the home-coming men. Others were hundreds of youngsters who for the first time in their lives were meeting fathers and uncles whom they had never seen or of whom they had only a misty remembrance.

So, despite the weather, these famous soldiers experienced one of the most heart-warming and thrilling home-comings of any Canadian regiment in this war. And why should they not? For many of the men it meant the completion of a six-year march to victory. What a wonderful thrill then, for these heroes of the 48th Highlanders to return once more to their own home-town after so many hard and bitter battles, in Sicily, Italy, Holland and France!

The day is one that will long be remembered by Canadians everywhere; and in the years to come, we shall still hear of the day on which the regimental colours and newly-won battle honors won by Toronto's First Division were at last carried home.

Marie Laveielle, XI-B,
Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

CUBA

Flying over the Caribbean Sea we soon see looming before us a long narrow emerald green island. Looking at our map we see it is Cuba, the largest island in the West Indies. Cuba is sometimes called the "Pearl of the Antilles" because of its outstanding beauty. To many this little island brings its sugar as it produces one quarter of the world's supply. To others Cuban cigars play a large part in their lives. If we were to fly a little lower we would see acres upon acres of tall green sugar cane waving back and forth in the tropical breezes, resembling a patchwork quilt from above. Tall stately royal palms with their feathery branches for which Cuba has become famous form a marked contrast. Small huddles of thatched roof houses form "pueblos" as they are called. Cocoa-nut trees gathered here and there make the view only too picturesque. The waves of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico lap on the clear sandy beaches. Over all this lies a lazy but contented atmosphere of the hot tropical climate. We can well imagine the slow drag of the oxen as they pull their heavy carts and the far away tune of some "guajiro" as he sings to his work. And probably not in the too far distance we can see some young but sleepy "Cubanito" sprawled lazily under a nice shady mango tree enjoying the peacefulness of a sound sleep. And now leaving the country we come to the old historic city of La Habana. This being the capital of the island we see the large magnificent capitol. On the entrance to the harbor stands the Morro Castle known for its endurance during the Spanish conquest. The beautiful "prado" with its trees and park is another sight which attracts our attention. Large ships from countries all over the world are anchored in the busy harbor. Leaving this beautiful city we soon see the huge rolling waves of the Caribbean Sea again. Our pleasant little trip over such a small but beautiful island has come to an end much to our sorrow.

Jean Buckley, X-A,
Loretto Abbey.

WHO?

I am a famous comic character—an immense favorite with the theatre-going public, from the first act curtain to the grand finale. I have even been referred to as "Merrie England Personified." I am not entirely faultless. I admit that I do sometimes appropriate things that do not belong to me—but, in this world, who is perfect? I admit having appeared cowardly on some occasions, but I considered it common sense to feign death once at least rather than cross swords with a trained and seasoned fighter.

On the other hand consider my virtues. I am able to overshadow all others in the play—even a royal personage. I possess a robust humour, and a nimble tongue. My proper stage is not the battlefield, but the tavern, where good fellows meet to forget their cares. With them I am ready to laugh, or be laughed at. My ready wit has good practice there—but, now, confess! Have you yourself never laughed at me? Of course, you know who I am?—My name, please!

Eileen Crowley,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

THOSE AMBITIONS OTHERS HAVE
FOR ME

I am really an ambitious person, though not as much so as some would have me be. School routine, I realize, is something that has to be endured in order to fulfill my ambitions and those which others make for me. These ambitions range from journalism, to dietetics, to nursing, to—in fact almost everything but the priesthood, which of course is impossible—just as others are, though for slightly different reasons.

Some people are inclined to think that I am the possessor of journalistic talents. I really don't think that I would enjoy dining on bread and water; living in some cold garret; wearing threadbare clothes, all for the sake of writing *the* great Canadian novel. There is, of course, the other side of the question. I can almost see myself facing a battery of newspaper-photographers, posing for the many pictures which would be captioned in inch-high capitals—"THIS YEAR'S NOBEL PRIZE WINNER." That would be very nice! Perhaps worth starving for!

My mother, being a registered nurse, would like me to follow in her footsteps. Alas, nursing appeals to me even less than journalism,

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in spite of the lure of handsome doctors! I'm quite sure that I would spend my nursing career being revived from fainting spells brought on by the many gruesome sights to which I would be subjected. Nursing for me is on the taboo list. Still it has its compensations.

When someone proposes dietetics, I exclaim. "Who wants to spend her life in a kitchen, watching the potatoes boil?" Interior-decorating, teaching, and commercial art, all leave me speechless with scorn. Anyone who thinks that I might make good religious material just doesn't know the real, worldly minded me. Hairdressing and stenography, suggested by my friends, fill me with horror. "Chemistry?" With the marks I got last year, I was the despair of my teacher. In fact, I am the despair of all my ambitious friends and relatives. "Do you want to go to school all your life? What *would* you like to be?"

In spite of my many objections, I do appreciate their interest in me. I think I shall choose dietetics, which will certainly please my aunt. Has anyone in the audience any suggestions, or any further ambitions for me?

Eileen Crawley,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT

It was a cold and blustery night, but inside all was warm and cozy. The four of us children were lying on the rug before the blazing fire, toasting marsh-mallows. Grandpa was relaxing comfortably in his chair and smoking his favourite pipe. We had been begging him to tell us a story of one of his adventures in the pioneer days and he consented.

"Well, children, it was about fifty years ago and I was a husky fifteen year old. Our little settlement was out on the prairies and attacks by hostile bands of Indians were still quite frequent. I remember it was a calm, still night with just a touch of frost in the air. The pale moon was shining down on the sleeping settlers, who little dreamed that disaster was about to strike. The only sound that pierced the stillness was the far-away cry of a wolf calling to the pack.

Then all of a sudden, a hair-raising shriek rent the air—the warwhoop of the Indians. We were being attacked! Every man jumped out of bed, grabbed his rifle, and sprang to his place behind the palisade. And not a moment too soon! A few Indians were already scaling the walls. One of the men managed to slip out,

unnoticed by the enemy in the general confusion, and raced on horseback to get help from Fort Garry, about ten miles away.

It was a desperate fight. The Indians stopped at nothing. They even threw blazing firebrands over the walls to set fire to the log-cabins and soon several of them were blazing fiercely. The women worked valiantly to save their humble homes, using water from the stream, which flowed through the village, to extinguish the fire.

The Indians outnumbered us two to one; so every man counted. Even though I was just a boy, I was a crack shot. For hours I fired blindly, seeing copper-coloured, half-naked bodies topple from their horses or fall headlong from the walls. The red-skins were not the only ones who were being hit. They killed several of our finest men that night.

The battle seemed as though it would never end. We were running low on ammunition and staggering with fatigue. Things began to seem hopeless. The Indians were breaking in the gates and we could not hope to hold out much longer. Just then we heard the sound of galloping hoofs and knew we were being saved. A troop of soldiers had arrived from Fort Garry and immediately put the Indians to flight."

Grandpa sank back in his chair. He had mentally relived every moment of that fight and he was rather tired. It certainly was a night to remember.

Katharine Hanlon,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

EACH DAY

We must be holy, and each day impress
This vital lesson deeply on the heart:
We should not wait till visions of distress
May cloud our souls, and all our joys depart.

Virtue alone can guide us on to peace,
For virtue 'tis that teaches to endure.
This treasure let us every day increase!
With virtue, ours, the rest will be secure.
Dorothy Flick,
Loretto Academy, Guelph.

WHY A RETREAT?

Retreat is a season for meditation and prayer
For those whose soul is chief interest and care;
A withdrawal it is from the perplexities of life;
A respite from worries, and sorrow, and strife.
It strengthens the will, and enlightens the mind
More Christlike to grow—persevering and kind.
And later, refreshed for battles of life,
One will conquer all troubles, although they be
rife.

Dolores Hauser,
Loretto Academy, Guelph

TRANSMUTATION

Long after I have left high school I will remember the "three hundred" block of our street, for that block holds many a memory for me. I have lived here for seventeen years, and grew up with thirty other children—three only of them girls. Is it any wonder then, that I learned to bat a ball and play marbles?

We played in two large vacant lots; a corner of one of them boasted of ten apple trees. Today a beautiful little home is built on one of the lots, and the apple trees are no more.

A house we used to call "haunted" no longer holds the charm of ghosts and witches, for it is remodelled into a very pretty bungalow. A building, which many many years ago served as a hospital is now a large modernized apartment house.

And today, where are the thirty children? A number of the boys are in the armed service over seas; all of them are grown up; some are even married.

Our street is now quite a civilized place in which to live, but the happy hours filled with fun are gone—only memories remain.

Mary Giacoletto, XII,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT

To say that I know the man personally I can not, but his name long shall be recorded in the annals of literature. You may wonder to whom I am referring, and how I have come to write of him.

While passing a deserted, yellow, dingy house years ago, my attention was drawn to it, and my thoughts harbored the idea that at last I was to see a haunted house. My friends and I crept stealthily toward the windows only to find them barred.

Not intending this to prevent our curiosity from being satisfied, we withdrew to the rear of the building. Luck was with us, for the key in our possession fitted into the lock. Our next move was to enter the house. From room to room we ambled without finding much of interest, until we reached one that had the appearances of a library. Perceiving a tattered book lying on a shelf I ran over and opened it. The title page soon gave me to know that it was a personal diary. Upon reading the name engraved on it I was more than astounded, for in my hands I held the favorite possession of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, the author. On the

first page was his name, Albany County, New York, and the date March 28, 1793. I later learned that this really was the date and birthplace of this famous personage.

Turning leaves I continued my reading. 1818 was written with the following passage, "I, today, have finished my last period of attending school at the Middlesburg and Union Colleges." Not desiring to read all, I skipped pages and stopped at the date 1820, for thereafter was written, "General Lewis Cass and I are leaving today on an expedition to Lake Superior copper region and the upper Mississippi." Briefly scanning each page, we soon concluded that he had become Indian agent for the Northwestern frontier, having his headquarters first in Sault Ste. Marie, and then Mackinac.

In 1832 he commanded an expedition which discovered the sources of the Mississippi River.

I did not see the expected ghosts, but I was fully satisfied upon leaving the house, and I shall long remember my little adventure.

Connie Belleau, XII,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

THE OLD FORT

I do not claim to be a writer or even to be able to tell a story but when the news came of the permanent closing of the Old Fort I felt as if I must write something. The news affected so many people in such varied ways it is impossible to tell all or even part.

For the old people of the community it was like the death of a friend. Fort Brady, established in the early eighteenth century, was the heart of Sault Ste. Marie. Around it, legends grew, and stories of the early settlers, their hardships and struggles with the Indians, were retold.

The younger people of the community were not as touched as were their elders by the closing of the Fort but there were memories surrounding the old place for them, too. They would not soon forget the scene of many a brisk tennis match, baseball game or summer dance.

And so passes a gallant fort which guarded its country from many perils over a long period and for which faithful service it is now being laid to rest by that same country. May we still hope that there will be a restoration of it?

Lorraine Colasanti, XII,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

POOR DICK!

Dick felt faint and frightened as the policeman walked forward, toward him. It seemed like a dreadful dream, but it was real. He had seen that man get shot. The blame would surely rest on him—the only one around. He turned and in a flash ran furiously down the alley.

“Stop!” the policeman shouted. He blew his whistle. Then came shots. Dick knew they were aimed at him. The squad car was in pursuit. Men were running behind him and shouting. Crash! Bang! Down went Dick!

One more resolution taken: No more cheese sandwiches before going to bed!

Eva McKerchie,
St. Mary's School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

HEAVEN

“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God has prepared for those who love Him,” says St. Paul, after his first glimpse of Heaven. Yet, we may try to imagine some of its delights.

It is a paradise of love and happiness with God as the dear Ruler and Lord. There, no one knows worry; and troubles and wrongs will be no more. We shall see God, Who is all-beautiful, and be happy with Him. Nothing can mar our joy in being in His presence.

Then I picture to myself Heaven's beauty—light, exquisite creatures, gorgeous scenery, magnificent palaces—all will be to our liking. We shall have no regret for earthly treasures or pleasures. The abounding knowledge that Adam had before he sinned, will be ours. There will be no schools, and no studies. From the instant we enter this eternal Home, all will be delight and peace for us. We shall then be in God's domain, which is one of everlasting joy and gladness, love and kindness.

Patty James, VII,
St. Mary's School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

A WALK WITH MARY

The afternoon was daisy fresh, the smiling sun was gilding the slippery elms and making a mighty oak look like a laughing child. The three o'clock bell had just rung and the robins and sparrows were doing the very best they

could in their simple way to sing their usual afternoon hymn. I put my hand in my coat pocket and began to say my rosary.

The Annunciation was just as pleasant to meditate on as it always had been. But it was in my thoughts on the Visitation that I found a heart-bursting joy that day.

I did not think of Our Blessed Mother at Elizabeth's door. Today, I saw her walking on the country road from her home to her cousin's.

“Did you stop then, O Blessed Mother, as I do now to listen to a robin singing in a tree, or a sparrow chirping gaily to his mate? Are you with me now as I am here surrounded by the beauties of this ideal afternoon?”

“Do you see the cardinal, Mary? He has been here all year; the most loyal of birds he is! O Mary, help me to be loyal to you as long as I live!”

“Did you ever see such a beautiful sky, My Queen? It was surely made in your name, and is a symbol of your beauty and purity.”

“Look at the grass, O beautiful Mother! Thank your Son for the beautiful grass! God must have known we would despair and be downhearted and so he made the wonderful grass. He made it green—green for eternal hope, that all might see and believe and trust.”

“Aren't those oaks tall?—O Lady mine—and strong? They are the pillars of my favorite cathedral. They shall teach me courage. The courage that you possessed when your Son was slain because of me.”

“O Mary, walk with me today, and every day! I need you when I walk; for the journey is hard, and you lighten it.”

I had not finished my rosary.—As usual, I had thought too much! But the time had been well spent, for I had been with Her. Some day, in heaven, I shall recall the joy of my earthly walk with Mary.

Angela Battaglia,
Loretto Academy, Woodlawn.

CHRIST'S MOTHER

Her soul is radiant;—spotless white;
Her face shines with an inner light;
Her heart is warm, and loving, and fine—
Christ's mother she is, and she is mine.

Her lovely form is strong and tall;
Her outstretched arms invite us all;
Her name is, Mother of the Divine—
Christ's own mother, and she is mine.

Patricia McKenna,
Loretto, Woodlawn.

SNOW ANGEL

Snow Angel wasn't her real name but that is what Father G—— called her, and the little Eskimo girl liked it very much. It was strange how Father G—— became acquainted with Snow Angel, and how he happened to name her that, or should I say, it was strange how Snow Angel came to Father G——?

This middle-aged, energetic French missionary managed most efficiently twelve small missions, with his two dog teams and sleighs with which he transported himself between the icy igloo chapels. Of course, everyone in this Alaskan country was not yet converted but Father loved all the Eskimos, and showed it in such a manner that they all trusted the black-robed man.

One bright, sunshiny, winter day Father's desire to explore could be satisfied in no other way than by taking out his dogs and sleds and riding over the snow-drifted hills toward the North. Father's dreams raced ahead of his swift dogs into an imaginary world of many Eskimos with smiling faces, welcoming him, and soon more devotional praises, arising to God, from many little silvery, icy chapels. Father's dreams suddenly vanished when the dogs stopped abruptly, and sniffed at some object completely covered by the snow. After Father G—— had brushed the snow aside he was really not surprised to discover Mr. Narmo curled up asleep with his jug of gin in his arms. Mr. Narmo was the only Eskimo in this territory who disliked Father and so intensely that he wouldn't allow him to stop at his home, consequently Father had never met his family. A few times before, Father G—— had found him thus, and shaking him would awaken him and help him in the direction of home, so that when Mr. Narmo got there he was still unaware of what had previously taken place. But this time Mr. Narmo could not be awakened. He was frozen, still holding on to his empty flask. But, no—he wasn't dead, he still breathed! Quickly something must be done. The man must be warmed! Father had matches, but nothing was near nor in sight with which to build a fire. The dogs would not mind their master's command to lie close, for even then they seemed to sense the hatred this man bore to them, as well as to their master. The priest desperately rubbed the man's hands with snow, and patted his face while breathing on it.

His efforts seemed futile. He was about to anoint the man when an idea struck him. Tak-

ing his rosary from his pocket he continued to rub and pat the helpless creature on the hands and on the face alternately. He had once read of this procedure somewhere—why not try it? Slowly and patiently he worked, while hundreds of Hail Mary's pierced the cold northern sky like a silvery thread, in the victim's name. Soon little drops of blood could be seen to flow out on Mr. Narmo's cheeks. Then the blood wasn't frozen, it was flowing; then it could also flow in all the veins! Soon the man seemed to come out of this deep unconsciousness; then a sudden drift of snow completely covered both the priest and his helpless victim. Father pushed the snow away from his face, but looking up he realized that one of the worst mid-winter blizzards was racing toward them. Looking for his dogs he became nearly petrified with the realization that they had sensed the storm and had raced home ahead of it. There was nothing to do but to snuggle against a snow bank with his back to the wind, huddling his patient to him, and to let the storm blow over. He still tried to revive Mr. Narmo though he was nearly frozen himself. When the man opened his eyes and stirred, Father was too cold to notice it. Instead, he kept patting and rubbing him, and praying to the Blessed Mother and to their Guardian Angels.

A sudden cry and a white apparition with an angelic face jerked Father out of his semi-consciousness. Automatically, he helped the Snow Angel carry and partly drag the still sleeping man on to the nearby sleigh, and settled himself beside him while the white figure took the reins, and the dogs raced through the blizzard in a definite direction. Though bewildered, Father G—— said nothing; he obediently helped the little white figure drag the man into an igloo, when the dogs came to a sudden stop before the entrance. Once inside, he saw a real human being sitting by a real stove, burning real blubber which gave off real heat.

No, it wasn't a miracle at all. This was Mr. Narmo's home. Inside sat his wife, weeping, quietly, and the white angel was his only daughter, who always went in search of him on his expected returning day after his usual weekly absence.

Mrs. Narmo and her daughter had heard such unreasonable stories about the strange "black-robed man," that it is no wonder they feared him, till they learned the truth from his own lips.

Although Mr. Narmo never embraced the Faith, he did not object to the conversion of Mrs. Narmo, or Snow Angel, and he always remained grateful to Father G——.

Because the little girl always wore a white polar bear fur suit, and because she was mistaken for a guardian angel the first time Father saw her, she was always called Snow Angel by Father G—— to her great delight.

Floreda Savoie,
Loretto Academy,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan

THAT DREAM OF A DRESS

A difficulty suddenly loomed. Where and how could I get enough money to buy that dream of a dress in Madame Marion's Dress Shoppe? It was simply meant for me! But, three dollars and twenty-one cents look mighty slim against nine ninety-eight! With a weight on my heart I walked down the street towards home. Suddenly came a hope as I noticed a sign in Johnson's Drug Store: "Girl wanted to assist behind counter. Week days, 4.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m." Here was my chance! I knew mother wouldn't object to my taking it, for only last week she had said she thought it was time I began earning my own spending money—and then, when it was in the interests of a dress, and not for some trifling amusement!

Calmly I walked in and inquired how much per hour it meant. Before I realized it, I was behind the counter, and making my first chocolate malted, and my first money.

Saturday arrived at last, and I received my week's pay—seven whole dollars! I hurried off to Madame Marion's Shoppe, and, to my joy, saw the precious dress still in the window. It was thrilling to think that in five minutes it would be mine.

I walked quite leisurely into the store and told Madame I wished to buy the dress in the centre of the window.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that has just been sold! I was just about to wrap it and have it sent out." What to do? Madame, seeing my disappointment, tried to comfort me by telling of a new shipment expected in any day now. Saying I might call in next week, I went out quite depressed.

Nearing home I tried to brighten up, not wishing mother to think I was worrying. As I entered, she greeted me happily with, "My dear, you're to have a nice little surprise when the next doorbell rings. I saw something while I was out that I knew you'd love, and I just couldn't resist getting it."

"Mother, dear! It's the dress from Madame Marion's Shoppe! Oh—you're an angel!"

Minnie Potapehuk,
Loretto High School,
Regina, Sask.

AUTUMN

Autumn is a lady gay
Whose scarlet, rusts, and browns,
Replace the dim and fading greens,
Of Summer's outworn gowns.

Autumn is an Indian,
Who steals into the town,
And daubs all things with war paint
Of scarlet, yellow, brown.

Autumn is a lovely swan,
That sings its lullaby
To fading flowers and tired trees—
A requiem ere they die.

Virginia Hajek,
Loretto-Academy, Woodlawn

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FINIS

Oh, how well I can remember,
 'Twas a morning in September
 That I nestled in my cozy little bed,
 I was feeling, oh so lazy
 And my mind was very hazy,
 And to life beyond my room, my thoughts were
 dead.

I awakened very quickly,
 And began to feel quite sickly
 As I heard a steady footstep on the stair,
 Oh, my heart was loudly drumming,
 For I knew my doom was coming;
 First I shivered; then I said a little prayer.

I saw the door knob turning,
 And I felt my temples burning
 As the person by my bed began to speak;
 I know not why she tarried,
 For the message that she carried
 Was the word I'd been expecting for a week.

Yes, I knew that all was ending,
 There was no use now pretending
 That the days ahead of me were light and gay,
 All the summer fun was ended
 As the dreaded words descended,
 As Mother whispered, "School, dear, starts
 today!"

John Dougherty, XII,
 Loretto High School, Englewood.

A GLORIOUS HOLIDAY

Long Branch is an ideal summer resort in Indiana where you can have pleasant activity, as well as the rest for weary mind and body, for which you have been longing. It is a wonderland created to satisfy the teen-age crowd, but has facilities for making vacationists happy, whatever their age or mode of life may be.

In this lovely, little resort I spent most of my vacation, a really beneficial one. The day

began usually for me about 10.30. After dressing, and a morning prayer, I went downstairs, to a good breakfast, consisting usually of orange juice, toast, bacon and eggs, and coffee—everything that is fattening—or, is it? Oh, well, these were vacation days! Besides this hearty meal was worked off by a refreshing dip in the lake an hour or so later, or a "Swan Dive" from the diving board at the pool, not more than a block away.

Later came the gathering of the merry swimmers at the "Beach Store," where chatter went on over banana-splits, to the accompaniment of favorite musical recordings.

Yes, Long Branch has something entertaining at all hours—sports and games for the younger crowd, and games, too, for older guests. If you wish a real holiday, in a lovely spot where you can find the nicest, most interesting people, go to Long Branch, Indiana.

Rita Cunningham, XI,
 Loretto High School, Englewood, Chicago.

SLEEPY SUMMER

Like a sleepy little child
 With a drooping, drowsy head,
 So the summer, warm and tired,
 Slowly creeps into its bed.

How we miss the baby's smile,
 And soft cooing, like a dove—
 So we'll mourn for summer's wife,
 With its lost sweet-blossomed love.

As the parlor seems so quiet
 After baby's gone to rest,
 So the world will miss its riot
 When the summer's gone to nest.

Katherine Balling, XII,
 Loretto High School, Englewood.

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Top, right—Martin Phillips, Apostolic Committee.

Bottom, left—Edwin Grad, Our Lady Committee.

Bottom, right—Sodylity Officers, Executive and Committees: Mary Froelick, Edwin Grad, Mary Drew, Joseph Wasylinki, Martin Philippe, Ryane Poissant, Margaret Dunn.

JIMMY'S DAY OFF

It was a lovely September morning, and curly-headed Jimmy, aged eight, was wishing he could have some fun instead of going down this dusty trail to school. This was his second year of it, and to his parents' and teachers' disappointment he had begun to dislike school. This, of course, was being like those bigger boys who played "hookey". The idea of hookey caught up with Jimmy and, then and there, he decided to stay out all day.

He gripped his books and lunch more firmly and, turning at the cross roads, took the opposite direction from his usual one. He was quite enjoying his new freedom. As he came near a little pond he could hear the frogs croaking. Suddenly he saw a boy throwing stones at them. It was Bill, the fellow that sat behind him in

school. He must be playing hookey, too. Jimmy felt sorry for the frogs and told Bill it was mean to hit the poor things, and suggested a race at climbing trees. The day was spent in climbing, strolling around, and eating their lunches when they felt hungry. They both thought it would be wise to get home about the right time after school.

When Jimmy came into the hall he heard his mother's voice in the livingroom; she had company—oh, it was his teacher,—he knew her voice! Mother had heard the door open, and called him in.

In answer to questions about the day, he said, "It wasn't as much fun as I thought it would be. No more hookey for me! But don't tell daddy—will you?—about today!"

Roes Leier,
Loretto—Sedley, Saskatchewan.



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A FAVORITE SPOT

The beautiful orange-colored light smiled down upon us as we enjoyed our last bites of food. "What a beautiful day!" we sighed, gazing up at the sun still smiling upon us, as if it knew how appreciative we were of its existence, and also of the grounds upon which we were keeping ourselves entertained.

(How fortunate we were in those days, days before the terrorizing thoughts of war occurred!) Happily we walked over toward a fountain so beautiful it would make your heart sing; for, from this fountain sprang colors, of varied hues, reminding us of a rainbow. Slowly, and thoughtfully we walked around it, commenting on the wonders of earth; of living, free and happy, and enjoying something that was so near to us. Not a make-believe thing that you may read about in a fairy-book, but actually here, securely, as if nothing whatsoever could banish it.

Before starting homeward we descended the brick stairs and walked across the locks, with a rather frightened feeling, because of the water which lay beneath. The sight of the boats passing through, though we really see them often, fascinated us. It was wonderful, much

more so than we realized, for people throughout the land come to "Our Town" primarily to view our famous locks and the vessels passing through.

You see, this is the routine which we carried out very often, and enjoyed just as much each time.

Our fun came to an end when the tragic war began. For this place was closed; fences surrounded it; the grounds were torn up. It was not recognizable. With this great change, there also was a change in everyone. For some of our most beautiful and happy moments were spent there. Can this really be? Our favorite picnic grounds, the fountain, which looked as if nothing but good could touch it—all gone because of war!

After long years of patient waiting the war has ended, and now we can feel assured that everything will be the same once again.

Most probably within a few years General MacArthur will visit the "Soo," and the lock which so appropriately bears his name.

So, our park, which had brought us all so much happiness, will have won great fame.

Dorothy Putschik, XII,
Loretto High School,
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

CHARACTER

One reveals his character by his correspondence, his friends, and his conversation. There are times when we ponder over the past, and learn its lessons, both sweet and bitter.

Young people, in general, are confident in themselves, because they have had no serious, humiliating failures on which to look back. They lack a real understanding, because of their want of experience. We all have a certain responsibility as to the sort of lives we should live, and so should look carefully to our future, while considering what virtues we possess, and also what faults.

We all admire a character possessed of sincerity, honesty, and thoughtfulness. We may see faults in others but we should bear these patiently as we, too, have faults that we hope will be overlooked.

If we are to enjoy desirable friendships we must constantly improve our characters.

Alice Myra Lynch,
Loretto High School,
Sedley, Saskatchewan.

OUR TOWN

It's only a town, way out west,
Like many others, along the way,
But to me it is the very best—
It's where all my dear friends stay.

My friends and I who used to play
Till evening, from early morn,
Boast still about our dear home town,
The place where we were born.

It will never be the same again
Though victory day is here,
For there are some of the dear old friends
Who will never return, we fear.

Helen Phillips,
Loretto-Sedley, Saskatchewan.

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OFFICIAL OPENING OF THE SCOUT CHAPEL

On the long anticipated Sunday all the Catholic Guides, Scouts, Brownies and Cubs of Regina and Montmartre assembled at Games Scout Park to witness the Blessing of the newly erected Chapel. Relatives and friends of these boys and girls were also present to spend a pleasant afternoon there. At 3 o'clock the program began with the flag break, followed by the Scout Promise and an opening prayer, led by Rev. Father A. J. Gocki, who also delivered a very interesting talk. He welcomed all the boys, girls and their parents and friends to the Official Opening of the Chapel, and invited the Scouts to spend their week-ends and holidays, with other Scouts at Games Park. Following Father Gocki's grand welcome, the audience listened to guest speakers, Mr. Westhaver, president of the Boy Scouts' Association; Mrs. A. A. MacNamee, C.W.L., Girl Guide Convener; Hon. C. M. Fines and Mr. Hayes, superintendent of Games Park.

After a short recess, the program continued with a Scout and Cub display. Demonstrations of semaphore signalling, first aid, physical training exercises, and other tests of scouting were given by the various troops and packs.

An interesting and exciting softball game took place when the boys had finished their exhibition at five o'clock. The Scouts played against the Guides and, as expected, the boys won. Next came the basket lunch. The leisure time afterwards was spent in an inspection of the park grounds.

About seven o'clock everyone took part in the grand procession. While His Excellency, Most Rev. P. J. Monahan, D.D., blessed the Scout Chapel, all joined in the singing of hymns. Everybody listened attentively as our Archbishop delivered his magnificent sermon.

A camp fire ceremony by the Girl Guides under the leadership of Commissioner Katherine Ehman followed. And last came an interesting closing flag ceremony put on by the Brownies. As "all good things must come to an end," this was no exception and we all departed feeling that this was the most pleasant day anyone could wish to have had.

Shirley Tahlman and Loretta Fisher, IX,
Loretto High School, Regina, Sask.



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LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL

Reception into Sodality of the Holy Angels

It was in the morning of the second of October, feast of the Holy Angels that twenty girls from grades seven and eight were received into the Sodality of the Holy Angels. The procession was headed by Hildegarde Bihlmann carrying a banner followed by nineteen girls, in school uniform and white veils, carrying lighted candles. They marched in procession into the chapel.

After getting to their places they sang "Come Holy Ghost," kneeling, they said the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Ten stood and went to the altar-rail while the other ten knelt. Fr. Wilson from St. Peter's Church, blessed the medals and asked questions which were answered in chorus. The Act of Consecration which came next was said by all. Irene handed the medals on green ribbons to Fr. Wilson and Margaret Ann fixed them in place. Then the next ten came and were enrolled. The girls then sang the hymn of the Holy Angels. When the hymn was finished, Fr. Wilson spoke on the angels and how we should live, as members of the Holy Angels Sodality. The girls sang Queen of the Holy Rosary. The candles were lit by Irene and Lorna.

Then the beautiful procession went out of the chapel. Hymns were played on the organ by Mother Cécile Thérèse.

Reta McTague, VII,
Loretto College School,
Brunswick Ave.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

"Once upon a time, good St. Francis did I meet,"
It was in sunny Italy and, I think, on Poverty
Street.

We had talked for but two minutes when a beggar
came along,
And as he was approaching us he cursed God as if
wrong.

St. Francis, with a gracious bow, and in his smiling
way,

First greeted this poor creature, who had gone so
far astray.

The beggar with a look of most incredulous sur-
prise,

Glanced up and met St. Francis' look that came
from friendly eyes.

And in those kindly eyes he found, as others often
did,

The confidence he needed, if from sin himself he'd
rid.

But still more wonderful it was—before an hour
had passed,

St. Francis had the sinner wish to pray to God,
at last.

Evelyn Cribbett, XI-A.
Loretto College School, Brunswick Avenue.

ALUMNAE NOTES

LORETTO ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, LORETTO ABBEY, TORONTO

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Loretto, Woodlawn Auxiliary	MRS. J. GOODMAN
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College School Chapter of Loretto Alumnae held its Fall tea on Sunday, September 30, at 387 Brunswick Avenue. Mrs. Emery Bebee, president, received, assisted by Miss Margaret Wilson. Presiding at the table were, Mrs. G. B. Patterson and Mrs. S. J. Payne, assisted by Mrs. C. Hodgins, Misses Palma d'Orazio, Katherine Macklin, Vera Halliday, Gladys Enright and others.

DETROIT WINDSOR CIRCLE OF LORETTO ALUMNAE

About thirty members gathered at the home of Mrs. D. J. McCormick (Zoe Case, Abbey) 13995 Longacre Ave., Saturday afternoon, September 8th. The meeting opened with prayer by our president, Mrs. Thomas Shea, and with a special re-

membrance for our sick members, Mrs. Loyola Bell Ripley and Mrs. Margaret Oremus Guliano.

Chairmen of Committees were appointed for the year: Membership, Mrs. Marguerite Gilpin Gage; Revision, Mrs. Violet Culliton Lordan; Reception, Miss Loretta Dupuis; Program, Miss Mary Woods; Courtesy, Mrs. Helen Barrows Matteson; Ways and Means, Miss Iris Sullivan; Charities, Mrs. Zoe Case McCormick; Loretto Nuns' Green Trunk, Mrs. Bernadette MacNab Wilson; Publicity, Mrs. Inamae Dupuis Priebe; Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, Miss Agnes Pineau; International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, Mrs. Coietta Galvin Timpy.

Publicity Chairman announced thirteen more subscriptions to the Rainbow. Chairman of Membership welcomed two new members into the circle: Mrs. James A. Markle (Kathleen McEveney, Sault) and Mrs. Arthur N. Milne (Columba Paris, Sault). Program chairman presented a speaker from the Catholic Theatre of Detroit. The meeting adjourned to tea, with Mrs. Lucy Culliton McTague doing the honors at the table centred with a lovely arrangement of autumn flowers from the garden of our hostess, Mrs. McCormick.

—I. D. P.

CONGRATULATIONS

To P. O. Clifford Wilson, R.C.A.F., and Mrs. Wilson (Eileen Faragher, Loretto-Brunswick Alumna) on the birth of their daughter, Virginia Eileen, July 25th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Allan Ramsay (Alice Eads, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Ann, July 25th.

To Lieutenant Claude J. Morrison and Mrs. Morrison (Anne Marie Douglas, A.T.C.M., Loretto Alumna) on the birth of a son, William Thomas, on July 18th.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Middlebrook (Beatrice Myotte), on the birth of a daughter, Margaret Mary, on July 2nd. Babe M. M. is a sister of Audrey (Loretto-Sault Ste. Marie Alumna).

To Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Bernier (Margaret Devereaux) on the birth of a daughter, Margaret, on August 17th. Betty (Loretto-Sault Alumna) and Mary Lou (Junior in Loretto High, Sault Ste. Marie), are very proud of baby sister.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zelmer (Lillian Osterhout, Loretto-Sault Alumna) on the birth of a son, John James, on September 19th.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Tiller (Jane Stoner, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son, Douglas.

To Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kelly (Esther Ann Lardy, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the birth of a son.

To Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Sheridan, Washington, D.C., on the birth of a daughter, Christine Margaret. Babe is the granddaughter of Mrs. Sheridan (Alumna, Loretto-Buffalo Circle) and grandniece of the late M. M. Theodosius, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Dvorak (Constance Lowe, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna) on the birth of a son, Richard Barry, August 31st.

To Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Case (Rowena Dudgeon, Loretto-Guelph Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Mary Gail, on August 11th. Mary G. is a niece of Sr. M. St. Victor, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ell (Mildred Seiferling, Loretto-Sedley Alumna) on the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth, on Sept. 28th.

To Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Maurice on the birth of a son, Denis John, September 8th, nephew of M. M. Leocrita, I.B.V.M.

MARRIAGES

Miss Helen Elizabeth Grightmire, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James L. Grightmire, was married on September 22nd in St. Augustine's Church, Dundas, to Flying Officer Ambrose G. Warwick, R.C.A.F. Reserve, son of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Warwick, of Hamilton, Rt. Reverend Vicar General W. C. Gehl officiated.

Miss Virginia Zimmerman, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Zimmerman, was married on August 18th, to Captain William J. Scarvone.

Miss Florence Zimmerman, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, sister of Virginia, was married on September 1st, to Lieut. Frank Styx.

Miss Constance Champlin, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Champlin, was married to Mr. George William Berger, on September 1st.

Miss Lorelei Osmar, Loretto-Sault Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Osmar, was married to Mr. Lawrence Babich, on September 8th.

Miss Beverly Butsch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Butsch, was married to Mr. Francis Sawasky, on September 7th. The bride and groom are former pupils of St. Mary's School (Loretto) Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan.

Miss Dorothy Tobalt, a former pupil of Loretto-Niagara, daughter of Mrs. (Loretto McGrath) Tobalt, Loretto Abbey Alumna, was married recently to Mr. Thomas M. Dougherty.

Miss Kathryn Gammage, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mrs. Gammage and the late Mr. Clayton Gammage, was married to Sgt. Spurgeon McBride.

Miss Meryl (Bob) Lindsay, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lindsay, was married to Flight-Lieut. George K. Farrell.

Miss Helen Patridge, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patridge, was married to Mr. Denis McCarthy.

Miss Anne Haydock, Loretto-Niagara Alumna, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Haydock, of York, England, was married to Mr. Richard Baines.

Miss Lillian Gertrude Warnock, Loretto-Hamilton Alumna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Warnock, was married recently to Mr. Patrick F. Leonard of Toronto. The ceremony took place in St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cassidy officiating.

SYMPATHY

To Mrs. Marcella (Long) Clancy, Loretto Abbey Alumna, on the death of her husband, Mr. Francis M. Clancy, on July 25th, and to the bereaved family, Messrs. Frank, Leo, Ross, Bernard, Norbert, and Miss Helen Clancy.

To Mrs. Kuntz on the death of her husband and to Eunice, Irene, Lucy, Mary and Adria, Loretto-Niagara Alumnae, in their sudden, sad bereavement.

To Mr. Albert Podger on the death of his wife, Mary Gertrude Sheehan Podger, Sept. 17, and to the bereaved daughters, Mrs. J. O'Gorman (Kathleen), Mrs. M. Spratt (Carmel), Mrs. J. Berrie (Margaret) Loretto-Brunswick Alumnae, also to Mrs. Podger's sister, Miss Margaret Sheehan, and her sister-in-law, Mother M. Mt. Carmel, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. Breen on the death of her husband, Mr. John Basil Breen, Sunday, August 19, and to the bereaved sons, Rev. Father Gerard Breen, Mr. William Breen and Mr. Basil Breen, also to Mr. Breen's sisters, Misses Angela and Bryde Breen.

To Mrs. Hanley on the death of her husband, Mr. John Hanley, head of the Canada Customs and Excise Office, Port Arthur, on Sept. 1, and to the bereaved son, Rev. Mr. Thomas Hanley, St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Guelph, and daughter, Sr. Stella Marie, I.B.V.M., Loretto Abbey, Armour Heights.

To Mother M. Basilla, I.B.V.M., Mrs. J. Bodendistel, Mrs. T. Bolen, Mrs. J. Rastis, Mrs. A. Gainer, Mrs. J. Frye, Mr. Patrick and Mr. Charles Dineen, on the death of their brother, Mr. Edmund Dineen, on July 21st.

To Mr. John Mitton, of Montreal, on the death of his wife, Gertrude (Adams) Mitton, Loretto Abbey Alumna, and to Miss K. Camille Adams (Loretto Abbey Alumna and esteemed contributor to Loretto Rainbow) in her deep bereavement.

To Mrs. G. J. Merlihan (Victoria), Mrs. C. J. Watson (Ursuline), Windsor; Mrs. W. H. Cassidy (Patricia), Cleveland; Mrs. R. E. Lang (Colette), Orillia; on the death of their dear father, Mr. John A. McDermott, Sept. 29th.

To Mrs. A. Rainey, Mrs. A. Matthews, Mr. Eugene Murray, Mr. Harry Murray, F.O. Donald Murray, R.C.A.F., and Staff Sergt. Frank Murray, U.S.A.A.F., on the death, August 22, of their dear mother, Mrs. Mary Emily Murray, wife of the late Harry B. Murray, also to Mrs. Murray's bereaved sisters, Mrs. J. G. Clancy, Mrs. L. D. Leonard and brother. Mrs. Murray was a sister of the late Mother M. Saint Jane, I.B.V.M.

To Mrs. D'Arcy Coulson, of Ottawa; Mrs. F. C. Delahey, Mrs. D. McPherson, Misses Lorraine and Virginia, and to their brothers, Darragh, Thomas, Gordon and Paul, on the death of their dear father, Mr. Harry W. Phelan, on Sept. 23rd.

To Messrs. Paul and Fred Seiferling on the death, Aug. 27, of their mother, Mrs. Anna Seiferling, also to Mrs. Seiferling's grandchildren, especially Rev. Fred Seiferling, M. M. Herman, I.B.V.M., and M. M. Louise, I.B.V.M.

To Mr. Bruno Poissant and little Frances on the death of Miss Clemencia Poissant.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. Moore (Eileen Gardiner, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the death of their infant son.

To Mrs. Gardiner Blood (Edith Goetter, Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the death of her husband, and to the bereaved daughters, Phyllis and Shirley.

To Mrs. Bowen on the death of her husband, Mr. Charles Bowen, and to the bereaved family—Rev. Francis Bowen, S.J., Mr. Elmer Bowen, Mrs. McDonald (Cecilia), and Mrs. _____ (Anna), Loretto-Niagara Alumnae. (The late M. M. Ignatia, I.B.V.M., was also a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bowen, and a Loretto-Niagara Alumna).

To Mrs. Ruddick (Maud May, Loretto Abbey Alumna) and to the bereaved family, on the death of their husband and father, on August 6th.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur O'Connor, Maplehurst Farm, Pickering, and to the bereaved family, on the death of their son and brother, Sgt. Pilot G. D. O'Connor, R.C.A.F., overseas; also to Sgt. O'Connor's uncles, Rev. John O'Connor, P.P., St. Helen's, Toronto; Rev. Denis O'Connor, P.P., St. John's, Toronto; Major the Rev. M. J. Dalton, M.B.E., overseas; and to his aunt, Rev. Sister Maureen, music supervisor of the Separate Schools in London, Ont.

To Lt. Col. Austin O'Connor, overseas, and to the other members of the bereaved family on the death on August 25th of their esteemed and distinguished father, M. J. O'Connor, King's Counsel, former deputy-magistrate of the city police, Ottawa, and member of the Senate of Toronto University; also, to his devoted nieces, especially, M. M. Margarita, I.B.V.M., M. M. Marcelline, I.B.V.M., M. M. Adrian, I.B.V.M., Rev. Sr. Stanislaus, C.S.J., and Mrs. S. A. Prud'homme.

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael Broderick, Toronto, on the death of their son, Mr. Maurice William Broderick, on August 28th, also to Miss Kathieen Broderick, sister of the deceased. The late Mr. Broderick had his early education at Loretto Convent School, Bond St.

To Mrs. J. Farquharson, Mrs. Vincent Gordan and Mrs. J. McTague (Loretto-Stratford Alumnae) on the death of their dear mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Culliton.

To Mrs. Downey and to Judge Charles McTague on the death of their mother, Mrs. John S. McTague, on August 24th.

To Mr. John Valenta and Miss Kathleen Valenta, Loretto-Woodlawn Alumna, on the death of their dear daughter and sister, Miss Eileen Valenta, on September 8th.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Madigan and family, es-

pecially Miss Sara, Loretto-Sault Alumna, and to Mrs. Harry Madigan, on the death of their dear son and brother and husband, Harry Madigan, killed in action in July.

To Mr. Burt J. Ripley and bereaved family on the death of their dear wife and mother (Loyola Bell Ripley, Loretto-Sault Alumna) to her sisters, M. M. Felician, I.B.V.M., Mrs. Maude Payne and Miss Ivy Bell, and to her brother, Mr. Donald Bell.

To Mrs. Curran on the death of her son, Harold Quigley, a former Loretto-Sedley pupil, Aug. 7, and to Harold's bereaved brother, Lawrence, and sisters, Grace and Mary.

To Mr. J. R. Corkery, of Peterboro, on the recent death of his wife, and to their bereaved son, and daughters, Mrs. James F. Dunn, Mrs. John F. Brown and Mrs. James A. Maloney, also to Mrs. Corkery's sister, Mrs. Kelly of Niagara-on-the-Lake and to her cousin, M. M. St. Edna, I.B.V.M.

To the bereaved family of the late Mrs. Mary Deeney, especially Miss Camilla, Loretto-Niagara Alumna.

To Mr. Robert Anderson and Miss Helen Anderson (Loretto-Niagara Alumna) on the recent death of their wife and mother.

To Mr. Frank A. Elliott, of Toronto, on the death of his wife, on September 23rd, and to their bereaved daughter, Mrs. Baker, and son, Mr. Frank T. Elliott.

To Mrs. Doyle and the bereaved family—Aileen Teresa, Madeline, Marie (Loretto College School Alumnae); Joseph, Patrick, William, John, Michael (overseas) and Gerald (overseas)—on the death of their husband and father, Mr. Louis Doyle, on October 7th, also to Mr. Doyle's cousins, especially M. M. Berchmans, I.B.V.M., and M. M. St. Michael, I.B.V.M.

School Chronicles

LORETTO ABBEY, ARMOUR HEIGHTS

Sept. 10.—Registration. Happy reunions; warm welcomes for all; delightful reminiscences of vacation days. All looking forward to a happy and wonderful year.

Sept. 11—Classes begin in earnest—also homework! Seniors particularly busy with the timetables.

Sept. 12.—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, and of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Our Sodality Mass—to ask God's blessing on our school year. In an inspiring talk, Rev. Father Callaghan reminded us of the glorious privilege that is ours in being specially consecrated, as sodalists, to Our Blessed Mother, and in attending a school devoted to her honour. We place our year under her protection. Early dismissal added to the joy of the day.

Sept. 14—The resident students are rejoicing in having a later special Mass each morning through the kindness of Father Callaghan, Father Schwalm and Father McGinn, who come on different days.

Sept. 19—Our Sodality Officers for the year are: Muriel Smith, Prefect; Mary Macfarlane and Jean Barcant, Vice-Prefects; Joan Coffey, Secretary; Betty Cormack, Treasurer; Sheila Waters,

Chairman of Eucharistic Committee; Martha Jacob, Chairman of Our Lady's Committee; Barbara Bradt, Chairman of Apostolic Committee; Nora Kay Quinn, Chairman of Catholic Truth Committee; Julia McCool, Chairman of Publicity Committee; Helen McGough, Chairman of Social Committee.

Sept. 21—The Sodality sponsors a delightful "Get together" as the old girls welcome the new. Betty Cormack and other Seniors showed signs of a recent encounter with chocolate icing. Those delicious cakes were proof of it. Julia McCool was a capable Master of Ceremonies at a fun-making "Truth or Consequence" programme.

Sept. 23—An enthusiastic Riding Club has been formed. The beautiful bridle paths add keen enjoyment to our favourite relaxation.

Sept. 26—Feast of the Canadian Martyrs. It was particularly fitting that we attend the meeting of the Canadian Catholic Historical Association on this day. Mother Margarita's paper on, "The Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America" was a veritable triumph. The one on Huronia, by Miss Angela Hannan, a Loretto College Alumna, was a masterpiece, which brought our revered Jesuit Martyrs very near to us.

Sept. 28—Loretto Rainbow Staff Elections: Jean

Barcaut, Editor; Helen Smyth, Associate Editor; Nancy Ruscica, Associate Editor; Marilyn Walsh, Business Manager.

Oct. 3—The first formal Sodality meeting under new executive. Varied and interesting projects were suggested and met with great enthusiasm. Grade XII presented an original and highly amusing skit. A live kitten, the object of "The Fatal Quest" caused much merriment as it rambled about the stage. Congratulations to the talented playwrights and members of the cast!

LORETTO ACADEMY, GUELPH

Sept. 4—School bells! School bells! Loretto students, old and new, file into class rooms for another year of unforgettably and, we hope, happy experiences. Grade IX was up to a record enrollment of 37.

Sept. 12.—Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. We assist at Mass in the chapel, and pray for blessings and help throughout the school year.

Newcomers learn of our social activities at the delightful school picnic at Riverside Park. Games and refreshments were enjoyed by staff and students.

Sept. 20—School Sodality Elections held. Congratulations to Eileen Crowley, our new president. Other officers: Secretary, Betty Klein; Treasurer, Marion Prior; Vice-President, Nancy Goetz.

Sept. 26—First formal Sodality meeting short but effective. We have all enjoyed to-day's sunshine, the first in weeks!

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, SAULT STE. MARIE

Sept. 6—Reopening of school. Mass of the Holy Ghost to bless our work. Happy, eager faces set towards a successful year. Our second class of Grade IX boys made Grade X lads very grown up.

Sept. 7—First Friday. Full attendance at Mass and Holy Communion. Rev. Father E. J. Bares, our assistant pastor, visited the school.

Sept. 12—Michigan State Ear-testing program; a new experience for us, having our hearing tested by a State Health Department.

Sept. 13—Freshmen Initiation, and Senior "Welcome" party.

Sept. 16—We were visited to-day by Mr. Calvin Davis, representative of the University of Michigan. He was lavish in his praise of the splendid work he had seen within our Loretto walls.

Sept. 27—Freshmen of Grade IX-A entertain IX-B at a weiner roast.

LORETTO COLLEGE SCHOOL, BRUNSWICK AVENUE

Sept. 4—Registration Day. Old girls and new meet in the halls of Loretto, and relate stories of summer fun at camp, cottage, or on the farm, or at home.

Sept. 10—Our first day of school with many new faces both among the faculty and the students. A hearty welcome to all as once again we settle down to work!

Sept. 19—César Borré, organist of great repute, orchestral conductor, and musician of the finest

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type, joins L.C.S. faculty as choral instructor. We are indeed fortunate in having him with us.

Sept. 10—The Mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated by Father McNab, C.S.P., in St. Peter's Church, with the student body and members of the faculty in attendance.

Sept. 24-25—The Annual Convention of the Canadian Catholic Historical Association is held in Toronto. Reverend M.M. Margarita, I.B.V.M., read a very instructive and interesting paper on the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America from 1847. This paper showed great research, and our congratulations are extended.

Sept. 26—Our first social function is a little get-together after school to christen our new Public Address System. Rev. Father MacDonald, C.S.P., blesses our electric phonograph and gives us a delightful talk on dancing as a recreation. Afterwards we dance and have a gay time with the "Freshies", to such an extent that the only effective means of dismissing the girls is by the singing of "Goodnight Ladies", by Grade XIII. Could it be their singing?

Oct. 1—"Uniforms" are the order of the day, and Brunswick girls don the familiar navy blue and white significant of Loretto girls.

Oct. 7—As a tribute to Our Blessed Mother and as a Thanksgiving service for victory, Toronto Catholics participate in Holy Hour at Maple Leaf Stadium. A Living Rosary is formed by St. Joseph College School students; girls of Loretto form a part of the choir, and five bands are in attendance. A wonderful sermon is given by Bishop Smith of Pembroke on the necessity of a spiritual awakening before a lasting peace can be secured. Archbishop McGuigan officiates at the Benediction and the service closes with the singing of "Holy God We Praise Thy Name."

Mary Frances Barry.

LORETTO HIGH SCHOOL, SEDLEY

Sept. 4—School again! We meet new friends and old, and feel eager to begin class work under Loretto's banner, blue and white.

Sept. 7-9—Three days we've been so good and quiet! Yes, we were in retreat—a grand one, in which we were joined by Regina's Loretto-High, to hear Rev. Father J. Barnes, of Nelson, B.C., speak on the things that really count for time and eternity. We thank Father Barnes and hope that he will visit Sedley again.

Sept. 15—What a happy day! Our picnic was at Mr. J. Ell's farm. We had horse-back rides; watched the men "combine", and even rode on the combine.

Sept. 24—Sodality Elections: New officers are: Prefect, Margaret Drew; Assistant Prefect, Ryane Poissant; Secretary-Treasurer, Joseph Wasylinki; Apostolic Committee, Mary Froelick, Martin Philipps; Eucharistic, Our Lady Committee, Mary Lou Drew, Edwin Grad; Publicity Committee, Rose Leier.

Sept. 26—We elect our Loretto Rainbow Staff: Editor, Alice Lynch; Assistant Editors, Colleen Sweeney, Edwin Grad; Business Manager, Joe Wasylinki.

Sept. 29—Another picnic at Ell's farm as delightful as the last.

Oct. 4—A ball game between Grades IX-X and Grades XI-XII—as good as the World Series.

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