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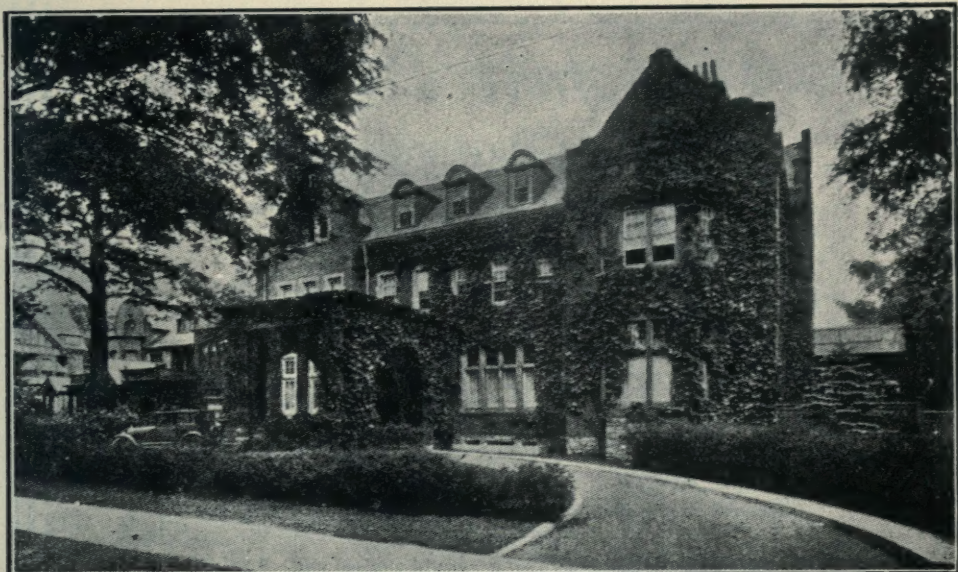
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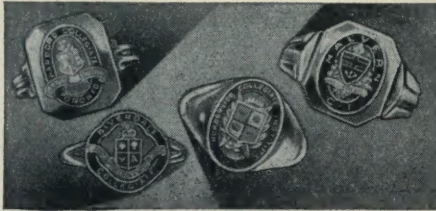
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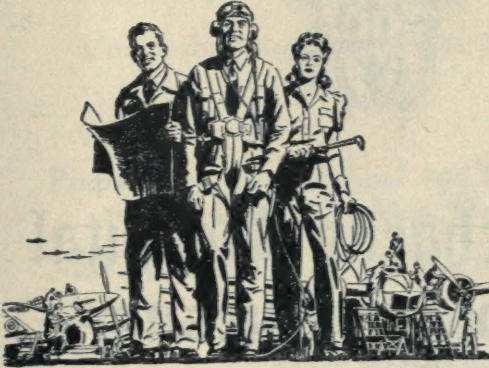
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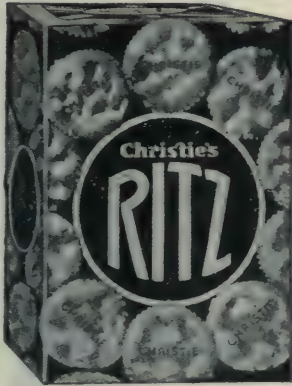
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Leonardo da Vinci

Self Portrait

Royal Library, Turin.

# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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VOL. XXXIII TORONTO, MARCH, 1944.

No. 1

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## DA VINCI'S MAGNUM OPUS

By ALAN POLMAISE.

*"I say that the art is greatest, which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and in occupying, exercises and exalts, the faculty by which it is received."*

*Modern Painters.* Ruskin.

"Back of every culture is a spiritual vision."

Christopher Dawson.

**A** *MAGNUM OPUS* is the miracle of loveliness on the Akropolis. It is mysterious, it escapes our attempt to measure it, as do all human works in which intuition plays the larger part; but it does symbolize the thought, at its highest excellence, of Greece. It holds the rhythm of Grecian civilization, its theogony, its epic—from the living temple to the eternal men who people its pediments and march in the circle of its friezes. The Apollo, who rises from the pediment of Olympia with the calm and the sweep of the sun as it passes the horizon, and whose resplendent gesture dominates the fury of the crowds, is like the spirit of this race, which for a second felt the reign over the chaos that surrounds us, of the order inherent in us. Towards the middle of the fifth century, from the sculptor of Olympia to Phidias, between the rise and the fall, there occurs in the whole soul of Greece an immense oscillation round this unseizable moment, which passes without her being able to re-



*“The Apollo who rises from the pediment of Olympia with the calm and the sweep of the sun as it passes the horizon.”*



*To illustrate the lines of the spiritual pediment attempted by Da Vinci, Polmaise has inserted the actual Olympia pediment in Leonardo's great masterpiece.*

tain it. But she lived it, and one or two of her sons expressed it—*magnum opus*.

Looking backward through the vast space of time since the age of Hellas, against the imperialistic catastrophes that have convulsed and are still convulsing the world, what, one wonders, what symbolizes the thought, at its highest excellence, of the Christian order.

Highest thing thinkable must always be the staggering story of the Creator truly travailing with His Creation; but how most significantly express the actual coming to the commonalty of Western men of the divine humanity, the *lumen Christi*? Any one facet of the many-sided mystery cleaves its way like a sword; but how *catch* this *flash* by which all things wake and are alive, this unwearied, unconquerable power with its wild, various and timeless beauty? To do it perfectly, like trying to paint a soul, is beyond the power of man; to do it partially has been granted but one or two of those who have dared to attempt it. Paul and Augustine gave it with verbal imagery. Aquinas gave it the architectural structure of his *summa* and the *Corpus Christi* office. The Van Eycks gave us, in symbol, the amazing "*Adoration of the Lamb*." Came Giotto, Botticelli, Titian, Rubens, El Greco—all with breadth of brush and glow of colour. Came the great Raphael and his incomparable allegories and his impressive *Disputa*; and Michelangelo awes us with his *Pieta* and the *Last Judgment*.

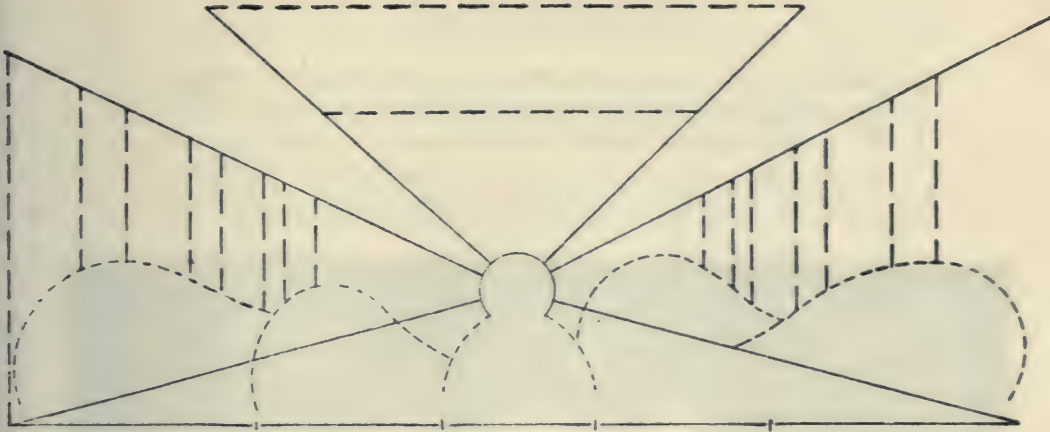
*The realist Leonardo da Vinci alone gave us the Ultima Coena*. All his immense and versatile energies Leonardo focussed on the most focal incident of Christ's life; and, as in the actual life of Christ, there is nothing in art which can be set beside it for overwhelming grandeur and simplicity of effect. In its inexhaustible intricacy of parts it rests on points of so traceless and refined delicacy that though we feel them in the result we cannot follow them in the details; yet they are such and so great that they place the *Ultima Coena* alone in art, solitary and supreme; it is the *magnum opus*.

Consider the extraordinary—yet authentic—tribute of Sir William Orpen: "Leonardo's masterpiece has so stamped it-

self on the imagination of the world that we can no longer visualize the scene in any other fashion.”

He took twelve years to create it; and here is the bold attempt to give twelve times over, true to the logical implications of each character, the psychological reactions to the common emotion. No unconcerned actor remains in the picture, no mere spectator; here are thirteen intimate personal dramas welded into a unity. It was all familiar and within folk's comprehension, and yet it was an event from another, a more heroic world, with which every-day life had nothing in common. Thirteen men could never have sat down to that narrow table—as Leonardo well knew—but his object is the creation of a *Christian pediment*—through painting rather than sculpture—and he wants the heroic effect sought by Phidias . . . insisting that sculpture cannot represent transparent or radiant bodies. Though the room is the familiar refectory, the table and cloth those used regularly by the Dominican monks,—yet these are supermen, associated in their timeless garb with no epoch, heroic actors in a tremendous event.

The face of Christ is immersed in light, Judas in shadow. Jesus is framed in radiance, Judas is thrust away from the source of light by his instinctive recoil from Peter's forthrightness, the almost imperceptible recoil of a bad conscience. His evil, vulture-like profile, with his shifty glance, stands out, as the only dark silhouette, so plainly recognizable that his identity is clear even without the evidence of the hand clutching the bag and overturning the salt. With consummate mastery the movement surges up against Christ on the right of the picture and falls away on the left. Leonardo, the mathematician and architect, sends it mounting again further left; it reaches its crest on the right against the figure of Philip and it falls away as though breaking against the wall. The wave rises high along the outstretched arm of Matthew. He was the one who must talk and discuss, and as he springs up and sweeps the air with his hand, for something must be done, and he appeals to the rest. The apostle Bartholomew bends over to him from the other end of the table, in a fever of agitation,



UNITAS

RHYTHMUS

PROPORTIO

VARIEITAS



*The Ultima Coena.*

*Note the pediment when the picture is inverted.*

appealing to him with eyes aflame, his hands firmly resting on the table; and these questionings unite the two ends of the table—profile against profile, vertical against vertical. Everywhere action seems intense till our glance falls on John—his hair soft as silk, smooth at the roots, curling towards the



*Hoax: many impostures have been foisted on an uncritical public. The above gives a bearded Christ, alters the arch to a gable, destroys Da Vinci's pediment by having the apostle second from right end move from seated position. It is not a Da Vinci.*

ends; his lowered eyelids, his folded hands, his face, roundly oblong in outline, breathing heavenly calm and serenity. He alone fears nothing. Peter in a fit of wrath, has impetuously risen from behind him; his right hand has seized a knife and his left has descended on John's shoulder as though questioning the favorite disciple of Jesus: "Who is the betrayer?"—and the aged, silvery grey, radiantly wrathful head shines with that fiery zeal, that thirst for a great deed, with which in time to come he was to exclaim, having comprehended the inevit-



ability of the sufferings and death of the Master: "Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now? I will lay down my life for Thy sake."

Dmitri Merejkowski, the great Russian writer who died a few months ago, urges all to look closely at Da Vinci's interpretation of this "Last Supper of the God of Whom it was said: *Ecce homo.*" He himself was fascinated by it. "Everything," he says, "has been thought out, calculated, reasoned, tested, weighed in the scales, measured with compass. The illimitable scope of the subject gives the insatiable spirit and unparalleled genius of Leonardo to humanly disclose the subtle drama of the Incarnate Word 'without Whom was made nothing that was made.' What geometrical regularity, what triangles! Two contemplative, two active, the central point in Christ. There, to the right side, the contemplative: absolute good in John; absolute evil in Judas; the differentiation between good and evil—that is justice—in Peter; and alongside you have the active triangle; Andrew, James the Younger, Bartholomew. And to the left of the centre, again a contemplative one, the love of Philip, the faith of James the Elder, the reasoning of Thomas,—and once more, the active triangle. Here is the frame for the consummation of divine humanity."

A device of extraordinary technical skill—probably inspired by the three figures of the Olympia pediment and the Laocoon—is the background of three windows (the device has been copied in the Philadelphia painting of the Founding Fathers and the Canadian Fathers of Confederation). Aligned towards them are the lateral panels and the beams and cross-beams of the ceiling—all grouped with the pythagorean symbols of sacred numbers, 4—justice, 8—harmony, 7—divinity, 10—perfection. The central window holds the observer's attention; here enters the stupendous. In front of the light streaming through this window Leonardo sets the figure of Christ, framed in radiance, isolated from the rest, apart from the confusion of heads and arms. The face of Christ is almost expressionless; the head is bent very slightly to one side;

the lips are firmly closed; the two arms sink heavily to the table; the right wrist is raised, the palm involuntarily spread in protection and benediction; the left hand has fallen in a movement of sacrificial surrender.



*Detail, Da Vinci's "Last Supper".*

*Note the money-bag and the overturned salt cellar at right hand of Judas.*

Da Vinci could well murmur: "Exegi monumentum."

His pediment lays up store of the essence of the Christian idea. The shadow of his fresco casts itself over all the centuries even as Augustine Birrell instanced of the Mass—and

with the old Florentine as with Birrell . . . "it is the Mass that matters." And as one contemplates its familiar design and broods over the conflicting philosophies of the ages, it behooves us to recall the ultimate admonition of the great Ches-



*Detail, Da Vinci's "Last Supper".*

*Head of Christ*

terton chastising the worldly heresies of the Rubaiyat: "Jesus Christ makes wine not a medicine, but a sacrament. Omar makes it not a sacrament but a medicine. He feasts because life is not joyful; he revels because he is not glad. 'Drink,' he says, 'for you know not whence you come nor why. Drink, for you know not when you go nor where. Drink, because

there is nothing worth trusting, nothing worth fighting for.' So he stands offering us the cup in his hand. And at the high altar of Christianity stands another figure in whose hand also is the cup of the vine. 'Drink,' he says, 'For the whole world is as red as this wine, with the crimson of the love and the wrath of God. Drink, for the trumpets are blowing for battle and this is the stirrup-cup. Drink, for this is my blood of the New Testament which is shed for you. Drink, for I know of whence you come and why. Drink, for I know of when you go and where!' "

---

#### JOSEPH'S GLORIES.

**W**HAT golden goodness shone in thee  
 That Mary chose thy bride to be,  
 And Christ thy foster-child;  
 That angels, forth from heaven sent,  
 Woke oft thy love and wonderment,  
 Thy grief and care beguiled!  
 Take heart, ye lowly and ye poor;  
 For Joseph's glories more endure  
 Than wits and counsels keen.  
 He from a cottage knew to rise  
 Above the natives of the skies  
 The consort of their Queen!

Father Garesché, S.J.

## ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARIES

By VERY REV. MSGR. JAMES H. MURPHY.

## HONORARY PRELATES.

WHEN Jesus Christ instituted His visible Church it was necessary to place it under some particular form of government. He might have founded it as democracy, in which the people, through their elected representatives or ministers, would, as it were, rule themselves; He might have organized it as an aristocracy, in which power is equally vested in several men who constitute one ruling body; He chose, however, to establish His Church as a monarchy, in which the plenitude of power resides in one man, and it has retained this form of government during the nearly 2,000 years of its existence.

This being so, it is but natural that the Church should follow the custom of civil principalities and constitute court officials, graded according to the importance of their duties and possessing certain prestige, precedence and privilege. Moreover, in a kingdom of world-wide extent, like the Church, it is but a logical consequence, that some of these titles of rank and honor be extended to subjects not actually resident in court, as a mark of good will on the part of the sovereign and a bond of union between him and his liegemen in distant places.

## HUMAN INSTITUTION.

Thus in the Church of Rome we find, besides the divinely established hierarchy of bishops, priests and deacons, another element of purely human institution, comprising those who are officially attached to the Pontifical Chapel and the official members of the Pontifical Household, who are collectively known as Ecclesiastical or Papal, Dignitaries. These form the retinue of the Pope, which consists of laity as well as clergy, and among lay dignitaries of the Papal Court might be men-

tioned Officers of the Noble Guard, Chamberlains of the Sword and Cape, Knights of St. Gregory and Knights of St. Sylvester; while among clerical dignitaries we find Honorary Canons, Chaplains of Honor, Private Chamberlains, Domestic Prelates, Protonotaries Apostolic, Assistants at the Pontifical Throne and finally those who have been elevated to the highest dignity within the gift of the Sovereign Pontiff—The Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church.

Passing over the lay dignitaries and those of clerical orders with which the people of this country are more or less unfamiliar, we will confine ourselves to two classes, (a) those honorary quasi—prelates and prelates of different rank, but comprising what is commonly termed “the Monsignori,” (b) those prelates of highest dignity in the Church, the members of the Sacred College of Cardinals.

#### TITLE OF MONSIGNOR

The title of Monsignor is an Italian word, the English equivalent of “My Lord,” and indicates a distinction, official or honorary, bestowed by the Holy Father upon an ecclesiastic below the cardinalate, which has its own proper form of address. It would thus be equally applicable to the simplest honorary papal chaplain and to the highest ranking patriarch. In practice, however, at least in English-speaking countries, the use of the title is generally confined to those dignitaries below the order of bishop.

The lowest rank of these who enjoy this title are Private Chamberlains, which term is used to designate those who are attendants on the person of the Holy Father. Those Chamberlains who fulfil real functions in the Vatican are styled “participating,” the others are honorary. Among the Private Chamberlains participating are the Papal Almoner, the Secretary of Briefs to Princes, the Secretary of Codes, the Masters of the Pontifical Wardrobe, the Prefect of the Apostolic Sacristy, the Masters of Pontifical Ceremonies, and many others in personal attendance of the Pope.

## HONORS OF PRELATES

Since these dignitaries are not really prelates, but merely enjoy the honors and title of prelates, the cut off their dress is practically the same as that of other priests, but in view of the exalted dignity of him to whose Household they belong, the official color of their dress is the Roman purple and over the violet choir cassock is worn a mantle of the same color, reaching to the feet, to signify that their rank gives them no jurisdiction. Because, it might be remarked, in the mantles of prelates shortening is a sign of rank. Hence the long mantle for prelates of inferior rank, whereas the mantle, called the mantelletta, of those of higher rank, reaches only to the knees and that worn by bishops in their diocese, called the mozetta, merely covers the shoulders.

To the ranks of these Private Chamberlains participating in the functions of the Vatican Palace are aggregated the 1,800 or more, honorary Private Chamberlains throughout the world, who wear the same dress, have the same rank and title and enjoy the privilege of being honorary members of the Pontifical Household.

The dignitaries of next higher rank are the Domestic Prelates, whose position has reference to the Church at large rather than to the Household of the Holy Father. In the Roman Court there are three Tribunals or departments which for antiquity and importance command special attention. These are the Apostolic Camera, or Assembly to which is entrusted the care and administration of the temporal goods and rights of the Holy See, especially during the interregnum; the Holy Roman Rota and the Supreme Tribunal of the Apostolic Signature, which might be said to correspond, respectively, to our Supreme Court and our Court of Appeals.

## ECCLESIASTICAL OFFICIALS.

In view of the importance of these three Tribunals in the government of the Universal Church, the incumbents of their major offices, although not necessarily bishops, are prelates in the true sense, i.e., ecclesiastical officials with per-

manent external jurisdiction and special precedence over other ecclesiastical officials. And, as such, have a strict right to the title, privileges and dress of prelate, which dress, except for certain adjuncts, which are generally a mark of the episcopal office, is the same as that of titular Bishops. Moreover, since the prelacy of these dignitaries is exercised in the Court of the Supreme Pontiff, they are termed his Domestic Prelates in contradistinction to those other Prelates, such as Metropolitans, Bishops and Abbots, whose jurisdiction lies outside the Roman Curia.

To the ranks of these prelates whose functions have to do with the government of the Universal Church and who number about 75 or 80, are aggregated as honorary Domestic Prelates, for their tenure of office, the canons of the Cathedral of the venerable Archdiocese of Pisa, and in permanent enjoyment of the same title, privileges and honors, without having any part in the general administration of the Church are about 2,500 of the more prominent ecclesiastics of the various dioceses throughout the world, who, as honorary Domestic Prelates of His Holiness, form the largest body of Prelates in the Church.

It is to this rank that the greater number of the "Monsignori" among us belong and this is the honor most frequently conferred on Vicars General, unless they happen to have a higher dignity bestowed upon them. While it seems that the Domestic Prelacy is now restricted to priests, at least by custom, such was not always the case and it is a matter of history that in January, 1837, almost a year before he reached the priesthood, this honor was bestowed on one Joachim Pecci, then a cleric in minor orders, who in later life became Pope Leo XIII.

The highest grade of prelates now under discussion is known as that of Protonotaries Apostolic, the same coming from the word *proto*, meaning first, and *notarius*, meaning notary, since they constitute the first notaries of the Apostolic See and, as such, their attestation is necessary for the validity of certain of the more important papal documents,



such as acts of Consistories, documents of Canonization, etc., and it is they who sign the most solemn pontifical letters, known as Papal Bulls, from the leaden seal attached to them. Moreover, these prelates may, as a body, examine and name annually a certain number of doctors of theology and canon law.

#### ACTIVE PROTONOTARIES.

These active Protonotaries of the Holy See, whose number is fixed at seven, are exempt from the jurisdiction of all Ordinaries except the Pope. Although not Bishops, they are privileged to wear the prelate's ring at all times, to pontificate in cloth of gold mitre quite the same as titular bishops and in papal functions have place immediately below the Cardinals. Aggregated with this College of Prelates, as *ex officio* and honorary Protonotaries Apostolic, for their tenure of office, are the canons of the Cathedral Chapters of Venice, Florence, Padua, Palermo and a few other very old dioceses, and permanently aggregated are the canons of the three major basilicas of Rome.

Likewise, permanently incorporated with this select body are ecclesiastics in different dioceses of the world, who are personally nominated Protonotaries Apostolic and, although they participate in no curial duties in Rome and, like the canons above mentioned, remain subject to the jurisdiction of their own bishop, enjoy the title of the members of this College of Prelates and partake of many of their honors and privileges, especially in that everywhere they have precedence over all other prelates who are not bishops, that they all enjoy the right of a private oratory and that, with certain other episcopal insignia. This is the most distinguished and restricted rank of honorary prelates, there being only about 600 of them in the world and it is generally bestowed upon one only for outstanding merit or achievement in ecclesiastical work.

#### INCEPTION OF CLASSES.

These three classes of dignitaries seem to have their inception from three different functions of the Roman Curia

and to represent three different aspects of the Papal Court. The duties of the Private Chamberlains in the Vatican are centred about the Holy Father, the active Domestic Prelates are occupied with the general administration of the Church, while the Protonotaries Apostolic are charged with guarding the canonical legality of these administrative acts.

Collectively they personify three requisites of the priesthood—loyalty, zeal and vigilance. Likewise, those priests in every part of the world, to the number of about 5,000, who have been incorporated as honorary members in one or another of these classes of dignitaries not only lend colour to ecclesiastical functions by appearing in the Roman purple, but they are living proof to the world at large of the loyalty of the Roman Catholic Priesthood to the person of the Vicar of Christ and its zeal for the honor of the papacy, the soul of the Universal Church.

#### THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

The highest ranking body of dignitaries in the Papal Court are the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, who, since they constitute the Supreme Council, or Senate of the Pope, have a certain jurisdiction everywhere and, next to the Sovereign Pontiff, enjoy primacy of honor throughout the Universal Church. The word cardinal is derived from the Latin word *cardo*, meaning a hinge, because, figuratively speaking, it is upon the College of Cardinals that the administration of the Church swings or depends. Whence also, comes our word "incardinated," which means, "attached to," because upon his elevation to the cardinalate an ecclesiastic is immediately assigned to one of a special group of historic churches of Rome, over which he exercises as its titular head, deriving therefrom a domestic and paternal authority, from which is called the "Title" and thus, regardless of his duties elsewhere, the newly-created cardinal becomes one of the superior clergy attached to the Diocese of Rome.

## DUTIES OF CARDINALS

The College of Cardinals may be defined as a body of clerics instituted to assist the Roman Pontiff in the general government of the Church and, when the Holy See becomes vacant, to elect a successor to that office. The origin of this body is shrouded in antiquity. As the Pope is often termed the Moses of the New Law, so the Cardinals may be said to represent the 70 elders chosen to assist the great Lawgiver of the Old Testament.

Again, they may be said to have a relation to the Vicar of Christ similar to that which the Apostles bore to Our Lord. The first mention of the name Cardinal is found in the Acts of the Roman Council convoked during the reign of Pope St. Sylvester (314-336), and in the Acts of St. Cletus, who was Pope in the year 81, we read: "He, by decree of the Prince of the Apostles, ordained 25 priests in Rome in the month of December."

This and subsequently recorded Papal ordinations are generally taken to refer to the supplying the ranks of local priests who, by institution of St. Peter himself, were to assist the Bishop of Rome in general administration of the Church. Again, in the Acts of St. Evaristus, who became Pope in the year 100, we read: "He assigned titles to priests in the city of Rome," and there is strong opinion that this assignment of titles was to those special ecclesiasties whose office it was to act as his counsellors. Taken together, therefore, these two acts of the first century Popes are believed to be the prefigurement of the present Papal Consistories for the creation of Cardinals and their assignment of titular churches.

## DEVELOPMENT OF COLLEGE.

However old the office and the name may be, the rights, prerogatives and rank of this institution are the result of a gradual development through the centuries so that Pope Gregory X, speaking of the College of Cardinals, at the Council of Lyons in 1274, was able to say: "Their duties are ancient, their name more recent, their purple, however, is

very new." But what was new in the 13th century has achieved venerable antiquity to-day.

The number of Cardinals has varied in different periods of the Church, but since 1587 the number has been limited to 70, although the Sacred College seldom if ever has the full complement of members. These are divided into three orders, as follows: Six Cardinal-bishops, 50 Cardinal-priests and 14 Cardinal-deacons.

The order of Cardinal-bishop is the most recent, since in the early days it was apparently considered unfitting that the other bishops should have permanent duties in the Court of the Bishop of Rome. Mention is first made of Cardinal-bishops having place in Rome in the 8th Century and it was not until the 12th Century that it was definitely fixed that the six heads of the small dioceses immediately adjacent to Rome should constitute the order of Cardinal-bishops. Since they are mainly occupied in Rome with the work of the general government of the Church, their dioceses are generally ruled by Auxiliary Bishops who act as Vicars to the Cardinal-bishops. In their own dioceses they enjoy the same priority as any Bishop in his See and in the Roman Curia they are the highest ranking Cardinals.

#### CARDINAL-PRIESTS.

The next grade of Cardinals, the Cardinal-priests, far the largest number in the Sacred College, their number being 50 when their ranks are filled. They constitute probably the oldest branch of the cardinalate, for although cardinals of this grade are now always bishops, they are the successors of those priests whom the early Popes ordained to assist them in the government of the Church and whom they designated as titular heads of certain churches in the Eternal City. And to-day the Cardinal-priests take their title from the same churches in Rome as did their predecessors in the cardinalate centuries ago.

While the functions of the Cardinal-bishops are always centered about the Roman Curia, such is not the case with

the Cardinal-priests, the majority of whom are Archbishops of some of the most important Sees in the world. This idea is thoroughly in accord with the decrees of the Council of Trent which in 1563 recommended that so far as possible Cardinals be chosen from the various nations. This not only demonstrates the Universality of the Church, whose supreme governing body is composed of men of many nationalities, but it also serves to shed the lustre of the Papacy, as it were, on nations far distant from the Vatican

Moreover, since they form the Council of the Pope, they are in position to represent to the Sovereign Pontiff the peculiar conditions which may affect religion in their different countries and thus keep him conversant with affairs of the Universal Church. Of the other Cardinal-priests, a few are in the diplomatic service of the Church as Nuncios in foreign countries and the rest are generally located permanently in Rome, where they are actively engaged as heads or members of the different departments which go to form the Roman Curia.

#### MARTYRS AMONG CARDINALS.

While it is said that the color red was assigned the Cardinals many centuries ago to remind them that they must be prepared at all times to shed their blood in defence of the rights of the Church, it is only the Cardinal-priests who enjoy the honor of having one of their number a canonized Martyr of the Church—St John Cardinal Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, England, who gave his life in defence of the Papacy, the first month that King Henry VIII began to people heaven with the flower of his own kingdom. And a few years later another member of the Sacred College of this rank, Cardinal Beaton, Primate of Scotland, was assassinated at the behest of this Tudor monarch, because of the stand he took to safeguard the rights of the Church.

The third grade of Cardinals, called Cardinal-deacons and limited to 14 in number, is of almost equal antiquity with the order of Cardinal-priests. It takes its origin from the early days of Christianity when Rome was divided into several

ecclesiastical regions for the care of the poor, sick and needy and presided over by a deacon of the Pope's selection. The headquarters for these Papal works of charity in each region was, therefore, called a deaconry, and to it was attached a small church, or chapel, for the convenience of the charity workers and their charges and in which presumably these regional deacons exercised the ecclesiastical duties of their order.

#### CHANGING DUTIES.

Gradually to them was also entrusted the duty of supervising the collection of the Acts of the Martyrs in their regions, acting as notaries for their sections, and together with the higher priests of Rome, taking part in Pontifical functions. Subsequently these early charitable works in Rome were supplanted by institutions, the deacons associating themselves with the Bishop of Rome and the Cardinal-priests in the general administration of the Church, became known as Cardinal-deacons, and all that remained of the regional deaconries was the name and the diaconal churches or chapels from which the present Cardinal-deacons derive their titles.

The early Cardinal-deacons were, of course, in deacon's orders, but to-day, by Church law, they must be priests, just as all Cardinal-priests are in bishop's orders. The Cardinal-deacons during their long history have, as a rule, been occupied with duties at the Papal Court, where for centuries they have played a prominent part in Church affairs, and they are often said to be the busiest officials of the Roman Curia.

While they form the lowest order of the cardinalate, it is to their ranks that three of the outstanding Cardinals of the last century belonged: Cardinal Consalvi, Secretary of State under Pius VII, who proved his statesmanship during the troubles of that Pontiff with Napoleon and who has been called one of the purest glories of the Roman Church; Cardinal Antonelli, secretary under Pius IX and vigorous defender of the rights of the Holy See in these trying times, and Cardinal Newman, whose name is immortal in the world of English letters.

## ELECTS POPES.

Important as may be the normal duties of the Cardinals, the most outstanding function of this Sacred College is exercised when the Holy See becomes vacant, for since the year 1139 it has been the exclusive right of this body to conduct Papal elections and upon the death of the Pope it is the duty of every cardinal, wherever he may be, to repair in due time to the place designated (ordinarily nowadays the Vatican) where the Sacred College proceeds, according to the prescriptions of law, to the election of a Bishop of Rome to fill the vacant Chair of Peter. While, theoretically, any Catholic man may be validly elected Pope, even a layman, in which case, of course, it would be necessary that he be immediately advanced to all clerical orders, including the episcopacy; in practice, however, for many centuries back all Popes have been taken from the ranks of the Cardinals and not since the election of Pope Urban VI in 1378 has anyone outside the College of Cardinals been chosen to fill the Papacy. Some Popes, nevertheless, have been members of the Sacred College but a very short time and notable among these is our late Holy Father, Pius XI, who was a Cardinal only a few years more than 200 days.

The College of Cardinals, therefore, constitutes not only the Electors of Popes but the seed and germ of the Papacy. High are the tokens of esteem given the members of this august body throughout the Christian world, but the honors paid them are nothing compared with the service they perform for the Universal Church when, in solemn Conclave, they elect one of their number to the unique and exalted dignity of Sovereign Pontiff, Vicar of Christ and visible head of the Church.



## TOWN OF SALEM

By E. C. KYTE

IN 1692 the town of Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, was proud and populous. It owed something of pride to the aristocratic element in its people; and there were many, both of gentlemen and farmers, who boasted of good blood. Many of these men, again, had left England in circumstances that promoted hardness. Both the religion and the politics in which they had been reared were gloomy and severe. Those who were not soured were sad and the great majority fully believed that they, as rebels from the worldly kingdom of Satan, were exposed daily and hourly to the assaults of the evil one. The prince of the powers of the air was abroad; his influence was felt in every transaction of life and must be opposed under penalty of a lost soul. The Indian, ever on the watch just outside the fence of white civilization, stood to the inhabitants of Salem as a symbol of things abroad; things malignant but invisible. Every man must be on periodical watch without and within: for the hosts of Midian truly did "prowl and prowl around". Whatever else they might be doing, even to supply the most ordinary needs, the citizens must first see that each was within calling distance of another. At night each must drive his cattle in among the dwellings and keep watch in his turn. Even on the Sabbath patrols were appointed to look to the public safety while the community was at church. *But* what was easier when watching the boundaries than to observe who was absent from worship, to mark what the absentee was doing, and (as in duty bound) to inform Authority. Hence, some ill-will against the zealous on the part of ne'er do wells and of men made angry by regimentation. The stage was thus set for tragedy and tragedy befell. The focus of quarrel centred about the church. Salem Village, a rural community, desired to have a church and a minister of its own: not merely a supply. The elders of the Town Church dissented. When the village got its minister he was a cause of quarrel; the



first man quitted the ministry and practised medicine; the second, Mr. Burroughs, was neglected, ran into debt for the funeral expenses of his wife—who died of want—left Salem and went to Maine. The third went to England and made a mournful end; the fourth and last was Mr. Parris. This shameless, crafty and self-deluded man worked diligently until he got his meeting-house sanctioned as a church and himself ordained as a pastor of a supply from Salem Town. This was in 1689. “He immediately launched out into such an exercise of priestly power as could hardly be exceeded under any form of church government; he set his people by the ears on every possible occasion and on every possible pretence; he made his church a scandal in the land for its brawls and controversies; and on him rests the responsibility of the disease and madness which presently turned his parish into a hell and made it infamous for the murder of the wisest, gentlest and purest Christians it contained.”

Let me recall to you the belief then current as to the manifest power of Satan. The devil was abroad in black about the countryside; he and his agents were everywhere. Human agents, bought and bound over to his service; to be smelt out, resisted, brought to trial, hanged. William Penn himself has presided over such a trial; and in 1656 the wife of one of the most honoured and prominent citizens of Boston walked to the gallows and died as a witch. In 1687 a poor immigrant—a Catholic Irish woman—had been hanged in Boston for bewitching four children, one of whom, a girl of 13, had played pranks on Rev. Cotton Mather as are now considered (by the common experience of physicians and psychiatrists) manifestations of hysteria. We in the 20th century, know that the brain and the nervous system, *not* the Prince of Darkness, are implicated. Cotton Mather had no such alternative: Satan or nothing was his only choice, and he published the story with fatal effect. It was read in almost every house in the province, and on its heels at Salem the devil entered indeed. Mr. Parris had several slaves, West Indian and full of Voodoo superstitions. To these he added a circle—two children of his own and several young

girls from round about, all excitable, all ready to believe themselves hag-ridden, and all willing to accuse, as possessing diabolical arts, some of the most pious and most respectable members of the community. The more these afflicted children were stared at and pitied the bolder they grew; Mr. Parris assembled all the divines he could collect and exhibited the afflicted to them. From whence it was a short step to the enquiry "Who has done this to you?" and no long one to the naming of Satan's instruments.

March, 1692. Public examination of the first group of the accused people; among them Sarah Good, an ignorant, poor, weak, and despised woman. Among them, also, Sarah's daughter, Dorcas, four years old, who was accused by two chief citizens, of having bitten and choked and pinched (invisibly of course) several of the afflicted. Dorcas was accordingly taken to jail and heavy chains put on her, while Mrs. Good was condemned and duly hanged. Not without plucking up spirit at the last and telling the man who had sworn her life away that he was a liar and that God would give him blood to drink; which duly came to pass.

One of the large estates in Salem was that of William Towne whose three daughters were living at this time. Rebecca, wife of Francis Nurse, was a great-grandmother and over 70 years of age. Mary, wife of Farmer Easty, was 58; Sarah Cloyse, the youngest, 50, was also wife of a prominent citizen; but beauty of character, piety and respectability were nothing against the fact that the three or their husbands had offended Mr. Parris. All three were charged with witchcraft and the depositions against them are amazing. Mrs. Easty was freed for a time—two days; but the convulsions and the tortures of the afflicted children returned upon them so violently on learning of this miscarriage of injustice that Mary Easty was hastily apprehended and later hanged to save any further manifestations. Her elder sister had gone to the gibbet two months earlier. Mrs. Cloyse was accused among other things of biting Mr. Parris' Indian slave, of throttling children and serving their blood at a parody of the Sacrament. It went hard with her for a time,

but the tide of innocent blood was ebbing, and it does not appear that she was ever brought up for sentence. No thanks to Mr. Parris, to Justice Stoughton, or to Cotton and Increase Mather; all of them were humble instruments of the Lord to cast out Satan, and unrepentant; but the common sense of the common people was regaining its ground. First, however, the Mathers had an innings. John Procter, for instance, had spoken so boldly against the proceedings and all who had part in them, that it was felt to be necessary to put him out of the way. The bitterness of the prosecutors against him was so vehement that they not only arrested and tried to destroy his wife and all his family in Salem that were above the age of infancy, but also all his wife's relatives in the neighbouring town of Lynn. The helpless children were left destitute and the house swept of its provisions by the Sheriff that they might not obtain or be afforded any food. Their fate may easily be guessed. A similar experience to that of Procter was felt by George Jacobs. His son had a wife, already insane; which did not prevent them from casting the woman into prison and holding her with chains. His property was of course sequestered. His only son became a fugitive; his grandchildren, one of them an unweaned infant, were left destitute and deserted in the woods. George Jacobs himself perished by the rope.

For such men as these there was no pity; but what was almost worse, the Rev. Mr. Burroughs, whose agony of struggle and debt I have noted, was brought back to Salem at the instance of the godly Mr. Parris, accused of wizardry and summarily hanged.

On Sept. 20, 1692, we reach an event that turned the tide. Giles Corey was pressed to death. Corey had been a successful farmer and still was a man of property. At this date he was 80 years of age, having a wife, Martha Corey, a quiet sensible body, who not only disbelieved in witches, but held that there were no such things. Accordingly she absented herself from the church, in which manifestations from the afflicted children were now the chief attraction so she was arrested and accused of witchcraft; a necessary consequence. Her husband, who

was known as a churlish man of rough manners and free speech, joined with the elders in persecuting his wife. Mrs. Corey's behaviour, under examination, presently convinced Giles Corey that she was innocent and in a great revulsion of feeling he strove, unwisely of course, to take her part. At once he was brought to trial: knowledge of his own innocence, grief that he had set the dogs upon the one who was nearest to him, and the ingrained tenacity of the man, caused him to make atonement the hardest way. He refused to plead. There was but one penalty in law for such a course and the Assembly believed itself bound to impose it. Giles Corey was pressed to death, praying only for heavier weights to end his agony the sooner. Two days later his wife was hung with seven other unfortunates.

There could have been no thought in the minds of Mather, Parris, and Mr. Justice Stoughton, the persecutors, that these eight bodies upon the Hill of Witches marked the end of their power. But it was; after Sept. 22 no evidence was found to be sufficient to obtain a conviction from any jury. The prosecution had overreached itself. This lenience is now shown as due in part to another of the remarkable Mather family. Increase Mather published a book entitled "Cases of Conscience Concerning evil Spirits"; and his bibliographer in a recently published work shows that in fact it was this book and Mather's influence thereby acting on the already disturbed conscience and tortured hearts of the people which brought to an end the witch hanging of 1692. In all, 32 people of Salem lost their lives.

By proclamation of the Governor, Sir William Phips, in May, 1693, the doors of the jails in Boston and Salem were opened and 52 prisoners, five of whom had been already sentenced to death, were released. The Calendar of State Papers for 1693 to 1696 contains Sir William Phips' letter of February 12th in which he reports the event to the Home Government in London.

So far so good; this codicil of mercy was welcome, but the persecution had left ruin in its wake. It was long ere Salem village recovered. Many of the families implicated removed and their houses and gardens merged with the wilderness. Mr. Parris, whining and complaining, found it advisable to leave

and went about to such small communities as would make temporary use of him until his death in 1720. Cotton Mather published in his book "Magnalia Christi," Vol. 2, a chapter relating "the wonders of the invisible world". "It contains", he said, "14 astonishing but well-attested histories"; and he offers it as his justification. A later chapter deals with "Wolves in Sheep's Clothing", or an history of several imposters pretending to be ministers and detected in the churches of New England. But Cotton Mather's meditation, separately published, was of another kind. He complained that he had been put into the world to serve it and the world heeded him not; neither the negroes or the University, society or the female sex, his relatives or the government. All of them used him despitefully and he seems never to have got over his surprise at his own failure to be a ministering angel to the sons of men.

We may be shocked at this tale of superstition; but, as we have seen in Germany and the occupied countries, it is still possible for mass hysteria and mob violence to bring to pass cruelties less pardonable than were the Salem horrors. There never was a time when it more behoved thinking men and women to "prove all things, hold fast that which is good".



## ANCIENT IRISH TREASURES

## XIV.

## CLONMACNOIS.

By VERY REV. MYLES V. RONAN, P.P., D.Litt., F.R.Hist. S.

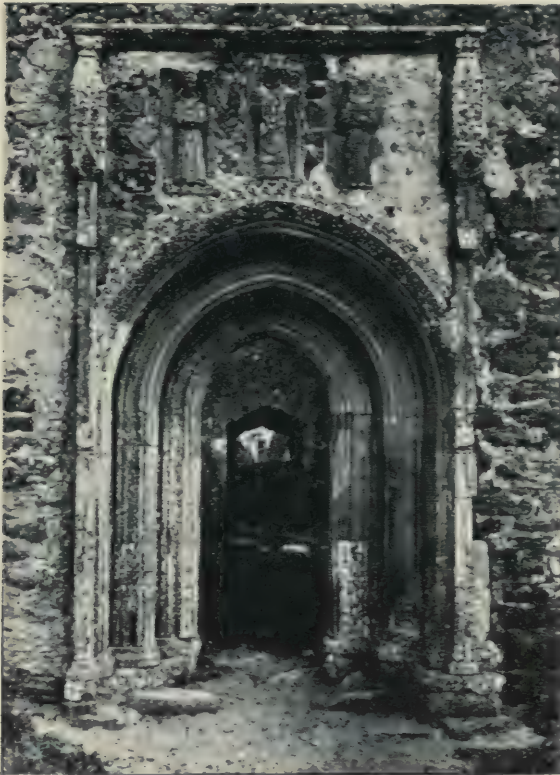
CLONMACNOIS stands in the centre of Ireland, near the town of Athlone, and beside the deep blue waters of the River Shannon. That lordly river was at once the chief waterway and the safest road in Ireland. From the marshy flats beside the Shannon comes the name Cluain Moccu Nois, The Meadow-land of the Descendants of Nós. Nós cannot have been celebrated, as no account of his person or prowess survives. In earlier times it was called simply Drom-Tibrat, the Ridge of the Wells. These wells were a valuable asset to the monastic community that settled there.

The founder was St. Ciarán (pr. *Keerawn*), and he was called Mac an tSaoir (the son of a worker in wood)—and in fact, his father was a maker of chariots, an important craft in those days. He came to Clonmacnois early in 505, with seven companions, erected wooden buildings, and died within the year, aged about 33.

Next to Armagh—the ecclesiastical capital—Clonmacnois was for centuries the most prominent home of religion and culture in the whole country. It is difficult to explain its rise to such pre-eminence, except that the spirit of the founder remained to keep alive his Rule, and carry on his kindly government, for his spirit was one of prayer, work and exquisite charity. His teachers bore testimony to the sanctity of the youthful Ciarán. One of them, St. Finnian of Clonard, addressed him on the day of his departure from that monastery thus: “O Ciarán, my little heart, for thy holiness I love thee. Grace will come to thee, my dear little one, principally in abundance and territory.” The Irish verse is much more beautiful than the English translation. At all

events, Finnian's prophecy came true for Clonmacnois, Ciarán's foundation, became indeed "principality in abundance and territory."

The first interesting point about the foundation is that



*Doorway Clonmacnois Cathedral.*

it did not depend on any ruling family for its support or defence. As a rule, the founders of the great Irish monasteries belonged to the ruling family of the district, and were supplied with lands for their support and with men-at-arms for their defence when necessary. Ciarán belonged to the people of Larne, Co. Antrim, who were of no significance, and his

monks and those after him in Clonmacnois, were not recruited from the ruling families but from the ordinary people. Yet, on account of the spirit of the founder, they found favour with the ruling family, the Southern Ui Neill.

The next interesting point is that the monastery was not biassed in favour of a local chief but was national in character. In all this Clonmacnois was exceptional. Its monks came from all parts of the country. That became the occasion of its downfall. The Connacht and Munster chiefs, in their forays against one another, found it in their way and plundered it, and the Norsemen, for pillage purposes, had ready access by the Shannon. Thus, between the 9th and 11th centuries, Clonmacnois was attacked and destroyed over and over again. How the ancient monastery survived such a host of calamities it is difficult to understand. The only explanation is that when the native rulers burned churches in hostile territory their motive was always political. They regarded the churches more or less as armament dumps of their opponents, but they had no hostility to the monastery as such; in fact, they were ever ready to repair the damage done. The kings and princes of Ireland even embarrassed Clonmacnois with their gifts to atone for the havoc wrought on it. This explains why the monastery continued to be a cemetery for royalty. Kings of Ireland, of Meath, Connacht and Munster, and other ruling families, desired to lie in death around St. Ciarán and erected family vaults or chapels.

The ecclesiastical remains are of considerable interest, not because of their size or magnificence but for their peculiarities of style, their age and variety. There were about 11 chapels, mostly sepulchral, belonging to the ruling families, within an enclosure of about 2 acres. The group of buildings had its round tower of the early 10th century, the bells of which survived until the final despoilment of the city in 'Reformation' times by the English garrison from Athlone (1552).

The extant cathedral is the most important edifice, built about the end of the 11th century. Earlier buildings on the same site were burnt on three occasions between 985 and



1077. The first imposing edifice was built by Flann Sinna, King of Ireland, in 908. The 11th century building is much ruined. Its principal feature is the north doorway elaborately carved. In the tympanum are three figures carved in good relief; in the centre is a bishop, in pontificals, holding pastoral staff in left hand, and blessing with the right hand; monks are on either side.



*Doorway of Nunnery, Clonmacnois.*

The most interesting building extant is the Nuns' church, a little oratory about a quarter mile from the main group. A *tochar* or causeway, built in the early 11th century, led from the oratory to the main enclosure. The doorway in the west gable was deeply recessed; its pillars and piers had richly carved capitals. The arch was composed of four members; the external one sprang from grotesque heads, and was enriched with a line of balls and a fern-leaf ornament; the second was cut into a series of chevron blocks, each incised with bold lines and enriched with pellets; the third has a line of grotesque heads biting a roll moulding, all deeply undercut; the

fourth has a *torus*<sup>1</sup> moulding on the angle, the front face incised with lozenge panels and flowers, and the soffit<sup>2</sup> enriched with chevrons and pellets.

The Chancel arch is a feature of remarkable interest, formed of a series of piers, rich in design, and of arch members most elaborately carved. The general effect produced by the sides of Irish Romanesque doorways and chancel arches is well exemplified in the Nuns' Chapel: it is that these have just been cut out of an opening receding by square steps or "orders," following their outline as closely as may be—as if the object had been to lose as little stone as possible.

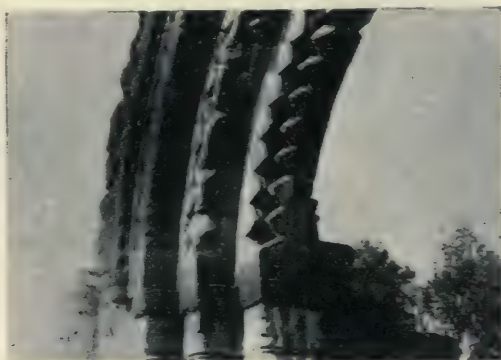
This oratory must have been in existence in 1026 when the causeway connecting it with the main group was built. It suffered badly from fire in 1082, during one of the many raids on the ecclesiastical settlement, but was repaired in 1167 by the famous Devorgilla, daughter of O'Maelsechlainn (O'Melaclain), King of Meath, and wife of Tigernan O'Ruiare. It was her unfortunate infatuation for Diarmaid MacMurrough, King of Leinster, which played an important part in the events that led to the Anglo-Norman Invasion of 1170. It is most probable, however, that the present remains of all this beautiful carving were due to her reconstruction of the Nuns' oratory. Ten years before this reconstruction (i.e., in 1157), at the consecration of the Cistercian Abbey of Mellifont (4 miles N. of Drogheda), the first of its kind in Ireland, founded in 1142, by St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, the friend of the great St. Bernard, Devorgilla gave a gold chalice for the high altar and costly furniture for the nine other altars of the church. It was to Mellifont she returned, after the calamitous events of the Anglo-Norman invasion, to do penance for the scandal she had given and for the betrayal of Ireland of which she was a partner with her paramour MacMurrough. She, the Irish Helen, was laid to rest in Mellifont cemetery in 1193, and MacMurrough found a grave in the Cistercian Abbey of Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, which he had gen-

<sup>1</sup> A large convex moulding nearly semi-circular in cross-section.

<sup>2</sup> The underside of a lintel.

erously endowed. The blending of romance, warfare and religion in Ireland is an interesting subject. It seems to have been an ancient heritage, and seems not to have yet died out. What a subject for a competent historical novelist, or indeed for a technicolour film!

The most precious piece of carving in the group of remains is the Cross of Scriptures, referred to in 1061. It is covered with scenes from Holy Writ. It has, besides, an in-



*Chancel Arch, Nuns' Church, Clonmacnois.*

teresting panel showing St. Ciarán and King Diarmait setting the first stake in position for the erection of the wooden chapel of Ciarán. The details of the scripture carving would require a special article to do justice to the significance of the subjects portrayed. It remains as the most important example of the Irish High Crosses with which we have already dealt.

Valuable as all these carvings and buildings are from the archaeological and architectural point of view, yet the historical works of the monastery which have come down to us are of supreme importance. It is probably true to say that not a thousandth part of the books produced by the scholars and scribes of Clonmacnois has escaped the accidents of life and the incredibly destructive powers of men. Yet our literature would be much the poorer were the fraction that remains not forthcoming. Three collections of Annals, those of Tiger-

nach, the 'Clonmacnois' Annals and the 'Chronicon Scotorum,' bears witness to the interest of the monks in their country's history. The 'Leabhar na hUidhre,' a most valuable collection of documents, historical and romantic, of the pre-Christian and Christian period, was compiled by one Maelmuire (Myles) who was slain in the cathedral of Clonmacnois by marauders in 1106.

Of Clonmacnois, therefore, we may say sadly with the poet:

"O half-remaining ruin, in the lore  
Of human life a gap shall all deplore  
Beholding thee."

Yet, through many a page of our ancient documents whispers linger, bringing memories green and sweet of men, frail indeed like all God's creatures, yet so inflamed by the highest ideals that the name of Clonmacnois is never likely to be forgotten in the land they served so faithfully.

## CLONMACNOIS

**N**O autumn woods have wreathed with deepest red  
The god-like conquerors that sleep uncrowned  
In riven tumulus and ruined mound,  
Their mighty deeds by time discredited;  
No vineyard pall of purpling gold is spread  
Above the Fenian hunter and his hound,  
Or saint who waits an angel's horn unwound  
Across the lonely meadows of the dead.

But one last Hero holds the wasted field,  
Whose fallen greatness makes all triumph vain  
By memory of a sepulchre unsealed;  
And still one reaper waits by Ciarán's plain  
To take his tithe of sheaves, where shield on shield  
Earth's golden Kings are strewn like garnered grain.

Samuel F. Darwin Fox.

## READ THIS

By PAUL KAY.

**E**DITORS have a bad habit. From the moment that dictatorial ink seeps into their bloodstream their interests are narrowed down to leads and deadlines. On rare occasions there will arise in their midst some innocent fledgling to chirp plaintively that authors, as writers like to be called, should be given more time and consideration, but an editorial scowl will quickly turn the chirp into a feeble croak. Matter, style, and a flair for the neat phrase or the right word must all be humbly sacrificed at the hands of that monster offspring, the deadline. Fate, death, and taxes have been called inexorable. Believe me, they are not near so certain, so demanding as that brief communique which says, "Your story must be in on the fifteenth of March. That is our deadline."

This sad truth came home to Ulysses Q. Phelps as he sat at his desk, the deadline suspended twenty-four hours above his head. He had to have the story finished before the afternoon mail. His hurried and momentous efforts had produced on the Virgin sheet before him two curleycues and a scribbled message conveying the revealing, if somewhat delirious, opinion that he was going nuts. From time to time he would light a fresh cigarette, smoke it with a distracted nonchalance (someone had once told him that he smoked like Walter Pidgeon). He rarely let a minute go by without consulting his watch and that with an intensity that might lead one to believe that its little face contained the plot for at least one hundred stories. Those of us with kindness in our hearts might now well avert our gaze; else look to see what might have been a man, assume the idiotic stare of public moron number one. For that was the stare of Ulysses Q. Phelps as he faced the stark, unpleasant truth that this issue of Cosmopost Magazine might well go to press without him.

Something, thought Ulysses as he mopped a sweaty brow, must be done.

"Story, story, story," groaned Ulysses to the heedless smoky air about him. The smoke rose lazily from the cigarette in his hand. One smoke ring crepe-like curled about his head, as if to cry, "These brains are dead."

"Get hold of yourself, Ulysses. Buckle down." He had now reached the "first, convince yourself," stage. "There are three ways to begin a story," He was quoting from the *New Essay Handbook For Short-Story Writers*. "Begin with action." But that was Ulysses' trouble. His last three stories in order of rejection had begun, (1) "Bang, bang . . ." (2) "There was a shot." (3) "Bang, bang, bang . . ." admitting his own versatility at the action motif, he was forced to avow a tendency to overdo the thing. Well, then there was "Begin with setting." That was it. The place. The time. He put his pen on the paper.

"During the whole of a dull, dark, and dreary day in the Autumn of the year . . ." Angrily he crossed it out. A certain Mr. Edgar A. Poe had also liked that line. Let's see now. How about "Once upon a time . . ." No, no. That had been used before. A couple of times. "Begin with persons," said the Handbook. In a footnote it kindly suggested the selection of characters from real people, people known to the writer.

"Let's see. Do I know anybody? Hmm." Ulysses had reached the incipient drooling stage of which idiotic remarks were the salient symptom. "I could write about . . . er . . . er . . . Margaret Leahy. Wait a minute! She made a nasty remark about my last story . . . She's out. Or I might do something with Timothy Casey. But his possibilities were exhausted after you said he was fat and forty. Then there was Mildred

Billier. But she was a school teacher." Of course Ulysses could write a most entertaining story about his light of love, Euphemia Lurke; but by the time he reached the third paragraph he sounded somewhat like a high school girl discussing Frank Sinatra. Love deprived his pen of the cynical and debonair approach.

Ulysses put down his pen. He reached despairingly for the Handbook. Defectedly he scanned the table of contents. Hmm . . . herè was something. Writing Under Pressure . . . page 92. In a moment he was running an inquisitive finger down the page. "Building a story on a quotation is a successful procedure when creative writing has failed. A quotation. Just think of a quotation. Why he knew hundreds of them . . . That's why people shied away when he came near. Let's see . . . "What is so rare as a day in June?" After all, June days ran pretty much to the full quota. There were thirty of them. What did they mean, so rare. He couldn't kick that around very far. "Lo, the poor Indian." He'd have to be careful of that one. Racial prejudice and all that stuff. Besides, he didn't feel that he was sufficiently intimate with Lo. "Once more unto the breach!"—Wouldn't do. Sounded too much like a bridge with a hangover. "He does not wear a scarlet coat." Not since the zoot suit riots anyway. "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." Guy must have had a hard day at Woodbine. Ulysses plunged on with the recklessness of a dowager who realizes that her favorite butcher just received a large order of beef. But it was hopeless. Nothing appeared valuable enough to ring up an idea on his mental register. Savagely he threw down the Handbook.

"It's no use. I can't do it." It looked as though the goddess of the deadline with her innumerable woes had untimely doomed Ulysses Q. Phelps to oblivion. Once more he looked at his watch. It was 3 o'clock. He rushed to his office radio. Switched it on. Literary obscurity and the shadows of life's uncertainty were before him, but he was not going to miss

the 59th instalment of Life Can Be. That would be asking too much.

"This is your announcer, Byron Iclore, speaking for Ye Same Old Gin Tablets. Do you feel tired at the end of a hard day? After meals do you have that full feeling? Then write to us for a sample box. If you are a minor send your father's written permission. Enclose five dollars to cover postage. Remember, if you have troubles, just write to us."

"If I have troubles," thought Ulysses. "Just write. Just write." He jumped to his feet, established a new Olympic record in getting to his desk, and began to write. For over an hour his pen ran fertiley beserk before him. "Write your troubles. That's the story." He surveyed the finished manuscript with a savage satisfaction. "That'll show 'em what we go through." He hesitated a moment. "Maybe they wont want to hear the worries of the guy who meets the deadline. This looks a little too solid. Should put in some dialogue." He glanced at his watch. "Too late now. Have to go as it is. I'll throw in a catchy title. Something that'll get them. I'll call it . . . er . . . Read This. That'll do it. Ulysses smiled as he affixed his pen-name to the story. Paul Kay always raised a smile.

THE END.

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### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The touch of Spring is in the air,  
 Dame Nature's dressed in snowy sheen;  
 But sure upon her breast I spy—  
 A little sprig of paddy green.

Rev. Hugh Sharkey.



## TALES OF THE KOOTENAYS

By STEPHEN RYCE.

**B**ETWEEN the mighty ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks lies the beautiful Columbia Valley, rich in scenic grandeur and abundantly blessed with nature's gifts. This valley is the home of the Kootenay Indians a tribe which is one hundred per cent. Catholic. That they are all members of the True Church is due in great part to the labours of a young Croatian priest who came to Canada to work among the Indians. He became a legendary figure in British Columbia and the Indians still tell stories of his great physical strength and deep spirituality.

There is one incident in the life of this man which is appealing because so human. When he first took charge of the Reserves in the East Kootenay, the people were steeped in pagan superstitions. Hardly had he appeared among them when one of the local witch-doctors challenged him to a public show-down. Being fearless, he readily accepted, and immediately a crowd gathered. The priest and the witch doctor stood together with a huge circle of Indians surrounding them. A hush fell upon the gathering and the attention of all was focussed upon them. Then the priest, showing himself a good sport, signalled his rival to do his stuff. The Indians expressed their approval of his sporting gesture; they didn't realize that he needed time to think.

The witch-doctor gave his orders and within a few minutes two Indians struggled to the centre of the ring, carrying a huge tub of boiling water. The witch-doctor dropped a stone into the tub and everyone heard it strike bottom. Like a flash of lightning he plunged his whole arm into that steaming water and then drawing it out, he raised it aloft. In his hand he held the stone. The arm bore no ill effects. A cheer went up and the witch-doctor bowed to the audience. In a few minutes silence was restored and every eye turned towards the other contender.

With an air of confidence, the priest took his place and stood motionless. It was a dramatic spectacle. Raising his right arm to his mouth, he gripped his front teeth with his thumb and forefinger. A sudden jerk and all his upper teeth came out and glistened in the afternoon sun. Another quick move and they were back in his mouth. Then he smiled broadly to show that they were all in position. The onlookers were amazed. They had never seen anything like it and they just stood and stared. Recovering from the shock, they gave a tremendous cheer and swarmed around the missionary in admiration. He gave his first catechism instruction that afternoon. That was one time when his false teeth came in handy.

Not many appreciate the severe hardships which the Indian missionaries undergo. The following story shows how one man came to realize that their life is a difficult one. Father Smith (I use a fictitious name) was looking after the same tribe of which we spoke above. He was a rugged man and his physical endurance was amazing. Even the Indians marvelled at the things he could do. His missions were in the coldest part of the diocese and yet he never wore a hat and hardly ever a coat. He didn't bother having a heater in his car because he was afraid it would soften him up. He ate if he had food, but if he missed a few meals, it didn't worry him. He could sleep on the floor as well as he could in a bed—maybe better. As far as putting up with inconveniences he was equal to anything.

A couple of years ago, in late January, he invited the Bishop to officiate at the installation of a new Chief, in the northermost part of his territory, where the winters are severe. The Bishop accepted and they set out together. As they moved north, the temperature sank lower and lower. When the Bishop could bear it no longer he asked that the heater be turned on. The priest announced calmly that he didn't have one. The Bishop groaned and drew his huge coat more tightly around his shivering body. Father Smith sat hatless, his coat open at the neck and his bare hands on the

steering wheel. He seemed comfortable and was enjoying the trip.

Another hour passed and it kept growing colder. The Bishop was scarcely visible underneath coat and rugs, but still his companion gave no sign that he noticed the weather. Towards evening they reached their destination and the Bishop was practically carried into the missionary's cabin and placed beside the fire which the Indians had prepared. After a few hours his circulation was restored, and he was able to speak about the tortures of the trip.

It came time to retire. A second bed had been made in the cabin for the Bishop. It was the best bed that could be found in the reserve, but it was impossible for one used to ordinary comforts. It was going to be a tough night for the Bishop but he took it well. Soon both Bishop and priest were sleeping soundly and were entirely unaware of any hardships or inconveniences. Around 6.00 a.m. the alarm clock disturbed their slumbers and the priest was out of bed like a flash. He moved quickly to the stove and started the fire. The Bishop didn't budge—he couldn't. He whispered a prayer of thanks that he didn't have to get up before the room was warm.

He saw the priest go outside and close the door after him. He heard the lock click. Another moment and the priest was hammering on the door. It was still about forty below in the cabin and the Bishop would have to get up and let him in. He didn't move; he tried to get up his courage. The priest knocked again rather impatiently. The Bishop jumped, opened the door, and dived right back into bed. He shivered and shook for fifteen minutes and then dashed over to the stove to get some warmth back into his frozen body.

Since then the Bishop has had the greatest admiration for Indian Missionaries, and best of all, he tells this story on himself. He says that it was the worst ordeal he has ever been through, but he is glad he went through it. He is still suspicious about one incident: "Did Father Smith lock himself out of that cabin on purpose?"

Father Smith must have a great sense of humour, or else he pulls these practical jokes unconsciously. Three eastern priests were travelling by way of the Columbia Valley to a well-known resort in the Rockies. They found out that Father Smith was going north for a funeral and they decided to get a lift in his car, a roadster with a narrow back seat. Two of them got into the front seat with the driver and the third had the back seat. They drove two or three miles and stopped at the home of the Indian Chief. Father Smith spoke to the Chief in his own language and the priests wondered what was going on. They soon found out, when the Chief and three others got into that narrow back seat with a surprised looking priest and settled back to make the long trip.

The priest had never been so cramped and uncomfortable in his life. He stood it for twenty miles and then gave orders to stop. He stepped out of the car to stretch his legs folded under him. One of the others volunteered to sit in the back seat with the four Indians. Another twenty miles and both his legs were asleep. For the rest of the journey the easterners took the back seat in shifts of twenty miles, but all the while the four Indians sat there, never complained nor asked to stop for a stretch.

The three priests expected Fr. Smith to drive them to the summer resort that day, but he had other ideas. He thought it would be better if they stayed overnight at the Reserve and attended the funeral the next day. Of course, he got his way. They spent the night in the priest's cabin that contained only one bed to which the oldest priest was assigned; the others slept on the floor.

The funeral was scheduled to begin at 8.30 a.m., but it began around eleven because all the Indians decided to go to confession and that took two hours and a half. When the funeral finally did get under way every one was there except the deceased. They had forgotten to bring the body to the church. This situation was soon remedied and they made a fresh start about ten minutes after eleven.

The priests were to have breakfast immediately after the

funeral. They had breakfast at 2.00 p.m. and got away from the Mission about 4.00.

Late that night three tired priests arrived at their destination twenty-four hours later than they expected. They were convinced that Indian Missionaries were great men but they vowed never to ask one for a lift again. It would be much easier to walk.

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### OUR LADY'S DESTINY.

(Feast of Annunciation, March 25).

**S**WEET, lovely maiden, gentle and yet strong,  
What a transcendent destiny was thine—  
Mother of Him to Whom all things belong.  
Lord of the countless worlds in space that shine.  
Well might the noblest of the angel throng,  
The brightest spirit in the Court Divine,  
Dumb with ecstatic wonder, remain long  
Before, of God's great love, such wondrous sign.

But thou, sweet girl, scarce yet of fourteen years,  
How simply didst thou say: "Let it be done".  
Thy young heart troubled by no doubts, no fears,  
To be the mother of the Great God's Son.  
Yet hadst thou to the angel answered, "No",  
Thou wouldst have doomed men to eternal woe.

## TUNISIAN YESTERDAYS

By O. M. TWIGG.

TUNIS now lies in the grim searchlight of war instead of in the sunshine with which I associate her; the sunshine was very drowsy and pleasant, though even then one felt that passions could be easily stirred in this hodge-podge of a Protectorate composed of so many races—Arabs, Jews, Italians, Maltese, Negroes, Frenchmen—of whom the last-named, the “Protectors,” were by no means the largest community numerically.

To begin with, Tunis should not be where it is at all, i.e., the European quarters; but a few miles off at historic Carthage, or so we were told by the home-rule section, and apparently with good reason. Carthage, apart from historical and archaeological interest, is a healthy site with the makings of a fine harbour. Tunis is built on insalubrious mud and the lagoons approaching it are shallow and unnavigable for large ships. The deadly fever of which St. Louis perished while on Crusade, is still in milder form an annual visitor. But, said our informers, the Paris Parliament, Freemason and anti-clerical, ignorant of or ignoring Tunisian interest, downed the advice of Cardinal Lavigerie and other men on the spot with knowledge of local needs.

Lavigerie is one of the greatest names in the story of France's North African Empire; a man of genius and fervent missionary (Founder of the White Fathers), he had a sound grasp of practical matters and his advice when followed was invaluable. Tunisia already possessed a large Italian colony which the Cardinal was most anxious to conciliate and amalgamate with the French; in this his efforts were unsuccessful, hence to-day's problem, for the French and Italians have lived side by side, each speaking their own language and with little intercourse. The Cardinal hoped that the building of a cathedral might form a link for those of common Faith and, with this object in view, it was dedicated to a Frenchman, St.

Vincent de Paul, who had worked in the galleys and been sold in the slave-market of Tunis, and also to a popular Sicilian, St. Olive, who had been martyred on its soil. A mosque now stands upon the traditional site of her bleeding, but the "souks" are little changed since St. Vincent's day. They are in the Arab quarter quite separate from the European town, and display a riot of colour and haggling. Most of the trading is done by Jews who work much harder than Arabs; the latter despise all activities except fighting, medicine, and to a certain extent farming.

I remember seeing a multi-coloured coffin-shaped erection in the very midst of a narrow thoroughfare; this was, in fact, the tomb of a Moslem "Holy man" and held in great veneration. Moslem saints must be interred on the spot where they die, so here was the tomb in the middle of the crowded bazaar.

Tunis is far more exotic than Algiers and holds much more of the mystery of the East, but it is less fertile and subject to drought. The province is mainly flat and it is not possible to cultivate so many agricultural products as in Algeria, where mountain slopes ensure graded temperature at different altitudes. What is possible in the way of irrigation in Tunisia has been efficiently done by the French administration, but the Arabs are haphazard and slothful farmers requiring constant supervision and advice.

As one travelled south there seemed to be fewer and fewer French; the hotel proprietors were mostly Italian served by Arab staffs, and a smattering of Italian proved far more useful as a means of intercourse with the population in general than did fluent French.

The railway was unexpectedly comfortable since the broad gauge ensured smooth running and the saloon carriages were roomy and airy. Sous, I remember principally for its catacombs where, thanks to the dry atmosphere, there are some wonderfully fresh-looking frescoes which bear striking testimony to the Primacy of Peter in a province usually alleged to have challenged that dogma. Despite the long Moslem occupation a Christian witness to early centuries was thus preserved in Sous, whereas Carthage was ruined almost beyond

hope of restoration. "*Delenda est Carthago*" was written also by Moslem, over the second and Christian city. Only the amphitheatre at the latter was easy to identify, and an annual confirmation of Arab and Negro converts is held on March 6th, the anniversary of the martyrdom herein of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas.

Sfax, still further south, was a fascinating place with great tawny ramparts set amidst palms and sand against a metallic sapphire sky, and in both Sfax and Gabes one is on the fringe of the real desert.

Camels, though much used, do not at close quarters tempt one as a means of transport. The beasts were mangy and filthy dirty, their countenances combined superciliousness with viciousness, but no wonder, poor brutes, that their dispositions are unamiable, for their masters accord them only rough usage and abuse.

To a new-comer the first glimpse of what could be termed an African Orient was full of interest but, all the same, some sinister shadow brooded over the land. The position of women is utterly degraded, and even in the case of Europeans one feels Islam's contempt beneath a thin veneer of respect. I was told, and can easily believe, that whereas Negroes make into kindly and reliable children's nurses, it would be utterly impossible to trust an Arab in that capacity. Where woman is degraded man becomes so too, since the two must form a partnership whether they will or no. In Tunisia one feels the desolation of a pagan land, a shadow too dark for the strongest sunshine to obliterate; and sighs remembering her great Christian past, fearing, too, what may be in store for Europe which has so lamentably failed to profit by the lesson.





## AT THE MISSIONARY EXHIBIT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Owing to lack of space the description of the booth of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Mission Exhibit had to be held over until now.



*Booth of the Sisters of St. Joseph at the Missionary Exhibit Held in Toronto.*

THE relief map (9' x 12') of the Dominion of Canada which forms the foreground of the exhibit shows the number of houses founded in Canada since the Sisters came in 1851. Ribbons connect each dependent house with its parent foundation and every Mother House reaches out a particular colour to all its dependents. Each of the six Mother Houses is linked, too, to the house from which it branched originally, so that all are in some way linked to a miniature "Carondelet" (centre), the Sisters' first North American house.

The distinctive works of the Community are represented

by the four wooden uprights showing, (1) care of the sick, (2) care of the aged, (3) care and education of orphans, and (4) education of children.

The back wall of the booth consists of original murals, portraying the high lights in the history of the Community from its inception in 1650 to the opening of its first Canadian Mission House (Toronto) in 1851. The central panel is of the Blessed Trinity and the Holy Family and gives the keynote to the lives and work of a Community which is consecrated to the Most Holy Trinity and is under the protection of the Holy Family.

Two panels at the extreme left and the extreme right are not shown in the photo. They symbolize (left) the four chief works of the Community, viz.: teaching, care of the sick, care of the aged and care and education of orphans; and (right) the "Missionaries of To-morrow." On both sides, between these two panels, is printed data re Mission activities, as follows:

At present the Sisters of St. Joseph have in Canada: 7 Homes for the Aged with 12,000 residents; 9 Orphanages with 486 children; 19 Hospitals, bed capacity 2,962; 11 Training Schools for Nurses with 877 students; 156 Schools under their direction with 30,961 pupils. During the summer of 1943 the Sisters of St. Joseph conducted 78 Vacation Schools with 3,298 children in attendance.

Donations by pupils of our schools from September, 1942, to June, 1943, were as follows: Ransom of Pagan Babies, \$4,395.00; Holy Childhood Fees, \$2,004.00; Catholic Truth Book Centre (Toronto), \$133.80; China Mission Seminary, \$1,322.85; Junior Seminary of Christ the King (Vancouver), \$221.48; Western Missions of Canada, \$578.00; Home Missions, \$211.48; African Missions, \$47.04; St. Peter Claver Society, \$23.60; St. Peter the Apostle Society, \$25.00; Japanese Missions (Solomon Islands), \$10.00; Catholic Truth Society, \$10.00; Donations to Poor Missions, \$522.00; Chalices, Ciboria, Altar Linens, Stoles, Ciborium Covers and Candelabra, \$267.25; Catholic Literature, Books, Catechisms, Sub-

scriptions to Papers and Magazines to Western Missions, \$290.00, making a total of \$10,067.55. Parcels of clothes, papers, toys and calendars were sent, as well as millions of cancelled stamps.

The three panels from left to centre represent:

(a) First Sisters making their Vows. In 1650 the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph was founded in France by Bishop de Maupas and Father Medaille, S.J. Under their direction the first two Sisters made their vows in the Parish Church of LePuy, France.

(b) Scene during the Revolution. During the French Revolution our Community was disbanded and the Sisters returned to their homes. It is known that at least five of our Sisters were guillotined because they adhered to the Faith.

(c) Re-establishment of the Congregation. In 1808 the Congregation was re-established at Lyons, France, by Jean Fontbonne, formerly Mother St. John of the original Community. She is portrayed here with those young women who were to be the new Community.

Continuing from the centre towards the right, the panels represent:

(a) Embarkation of the Sisters. In 1836, at the request of Bishop Rosati of St. Louis, Mo., six Sisters were sent to the "New World" by Mother St. John, Superior General of the then large French Community. They are pictured embarking at Havre, France.

(b) Carondolet. The first House of the Sisters of St. Joseph in North America was at Carondolet, a suburb of St. Louis, Mo. The Sisters were invited there to teach deaf children.

(c) Opening of Orphanage. In Toronto in 1851, at the request of Bishop Charbonnel, the Sisters of St. Joseph opened an orphanage on what is to-day Jarvis Street.

Missions and works of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Canada: Toronto was the first Canadian Mission and from it were founded Hamilton, London and Peterborough. Pembroke and North Bay were founded from Peterborough. Following is a synopsis of the foundations made in Canada, showing the Mission Houses attached to each:

TORONTO, founded in 1851 (represented in *silver* on the relief map),—in Toronto, a Home for the Aged, 3 Hospitals, a College, a College-School, an Orphanage, 16 Schools and a Kindergarten; in St. Catharines, Barrie, Oshawa, Thorold, Orillia and Scarborough, Ont., 12 schools; in Winnipeg, Man., 2 Schools and a Hospital; in Rosetown, Sask., a Resident and Day School; in Vancouver, B.C., an Elementary and Secondary School; in Prince Rupert, B.C., a Resident and Day School; in Comox, B.C., a Hospital; at Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill, a Convent with farm attached.

HAMILTON, founded in 1852 (represented in *red* on the relief map),—in Hamilton, two Orphanages, a Hospital, 2 Secondary Schools and 9 Schools; in Guelph, a Hospital and a Home for the Aged; in Paris, a School; in Kitchener, a Hospital; in Arthur, a School; in Brantford, Elementary and Secondary Schools; in Kenilworth, a School; in Dundas, a Home for the Aged and a School.

LONDON, founded in 1868 (represented in *green* on the relief map)—In London, an Orphan Asylum, a Home for the Aged, a Hospital, a Commercial School and 8 Schools; in Chatham, a Hospital; in Windsor, a Children's Shelter, a High School and 7 Schools; in Sarnia, Ingersoll and Kinkora, 5 Elementary and 3 Continuation Schools; in Maidstone, Riverside and St. Thomas, 6 Elementary and 3 High Schools; Schools in Ontario in Woodstock, St. Mary's, Seaforth, Paincourt, Goderich, Kingsbridge, Belle River, Tillsonburg, Leamington, Langton, Simeoe, Delhi and Lasalette; in Edmonton, Killam and Rimby, Alta., and in Galahad, Sask.

PETERBOROUGH, founded in 1890 (represented in *blue* on the relief map),—In Peterborough, a Home for the Aged, a

Hospital, an Orphanage, a High School and 3 Schools; in Parry Sound, a Hospital; in Lindsay, a High School and 2 Schools; Schools in Almonte, St. Andrew's West, Kirkfield and Ottawa, Ont., in Old Chelsea, Que., Estevan, Sask., in Clandonald and Wainwright, Alta.

PEMBROKE, founded in 1921 (represented in *mauve* on the relief map).—In Renfrew, a Hospital and an Orphanage; Schools in Pembroke, Douglas, Barry's Bay, Calabogie, Killaloe, Mount St. Patrick and Petawawa; foundations in Quebec at Chapeau, Campbell's Bay and Sheenboro.

NORTH BAY, founded in 1939 (represented in *yellow* on the relief map).—In North Bay, a College, an Academy and 4 schools; at Blind River a Hospital, a School and a Home for the Aged; in Sault Ste. Marie, 5 Schools; in Sudbury, 3 Schools; in Port Arthur, 4 Schools and a Hospital; in Fort William, a High School, 5 Schools and an Orphanage; in Schreiber, a School.

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### THE STONE ROLLED AWAY.

No more shall heavy thoughts my heart imprison;

To life, to joy, its pulsings are released.

My Lord, my God, in glory has arisen,

And Easter with new daylight floods the East.

E. D. Neville.

## THE PROCESSION

**B**LUE skies and air crystalline. Far and wide  
*Ave Maria*

The fruit-trees are in flower; the swift Springtide  
Smiles lovely, as a lover to his bride.

And faintly through the flowered countryside  
*Ave Maria.*

Comes the procession's distant song. Now shrill  
*Ave Maria*

Float the girls' voices over vale and hill,  
And then men's voices deep the chant fulfil;  
The woods are dreaming and the air is still.

*Ave Maria.*

And still, as the procession comes in sight,  
*Ave Maria*

The tall cross leading, priest and acolyte,  
The women scatter roses red and white,  
Gathered from gardens in the dawning light.

*Ave Maria.*

The little town is all astir. The street

*Ave Maria*

Is strewn with rushes for the coming feet  
Of priest and peasant. Many a snowy sheet  
Shrouds walls and shuttered windows, as is meet.

*Ave Maria.*

The bells are ringing from the grey church tower;

*Ave Maria*

From crowded iron balconies aflower  
Flutter the rose-leaves in a scented shower,  
And flashing eyes tell of love's pagan power.

*Ave Maria.*

Listen. A hush falls on the waiting crowd;  
*Ave Maria*  
"Ave, ave, ave Maria": loud  
The chant approaches. Eyes that were so proud  
Are humble now and every head is bowed.  
*Ave Maria.*

A. F. Gerald.

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## ANTICIPATION

I RAISED my eyes to see the acacias blooming,  
And noted all the glory of her trees;  
And then, beyond the rain and earth's dull glooming,  
I saw the Spring and smelt her fragrant breeze.

I knew that bees would seek her branches tender,  
And gather sweets where yellow blossoms soar;  
Why should I wail when skies shall flush with splendour,  
The fairer for the storm and cloud's downpour?

What is a day of wintering and sorrow,  
When all the birds of joy in shadows sleep?  
I know that soon shall break a glad to-morrow,  
When Heaven will flood the earth with sunshine deep.

Sr. St. Edwin.





# Community

Our congratulations are extended to the Most Reverend Gerald C. Murray, C.S.S.R., Bishop of Saskatoon, on his appointment as Titular Archbishop of Bizia and Coadjutor to the Most Reverend Alfred A. Sinnott, Archbishop of Winnipeg. Father Murray is a tried and devoted friend of the Community and as we rejoice in his new appointment, we hope and pray God will continue to bless abundantly his labours in the vineyard of the Lord.

On February 2nd Sister M. Helena celebrated her 70th anniversary in the Community. In a very unassuming manner, Sister lives her life and says her prayers. Here her life finds its centre. Should we not rejoice and express our gratitude with her—"for Thy testimonials are made exceedingly credible; holiness becometh Thy house, O Lord, unto length of days!"

✓ The Christmas Retreat was given by Very Reverend James Fuller, C.S.S.R. The hundred Sisters who made the retreat were encouraged to begin anew the "climb aloft." At the close of Retreat the following Sisters celebrated their Silver Jubilees of Profession in Community: Sister M. St. Herbert, Sister M. Concepta, St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto; Sister M. Ethelbert, Sister M. St. Andrew, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough; Sister M. Angelica, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sister M. Roberta, St. Joseph's Convent, Thorold. Congratulations to the Jubilarians!

We received with genuine pleasure from "Notre Dame" of Saskatchewan a Christmas booklet, a reprint from the University of Toronto Quarterly of Sir Robert Falconer's last paper on the life and writings of Jacques Maritain. This analysis is not only a tribute to the greatness of the philosophical and political thought of M. Maritain; the understanding and appreciation it reveals of the value of truth, justice, liberty (both of choice and of autonomy) and sanctity is a





St. Joseph --- Our Patron

greater memorial of Sir Robert Falconer himself than the eulogies which have appeared since his death.

The visit of Sister Monica, O.S.U., Brown County, Ohio, the author of "And Then The Storm," is one of our pleasant memories of the last few months. Sister writes as she is—we are sure you would enjoy her books.

In the recent competition sponsored by the Holy Name Society we noticed with satisfaction the names of a number of our pupils in our schools on the list of awards. Second Prize—Mary Frances Brunck, St. Joseph's School; First Prize—Mary Joan Gardiner, St. Patrick's School, Toronto. Awards of Merit—Mildred Chesney, St. Michael's School; Audrey Hurley, St. John's School; Margaret Meehan, St. Clare's School; Marie Martin, St. Patrick's School; Barbara Morrison, Holy Rosary School; Joan Marie Smith, Holy Name School, Toronto; Joyce James, St. Mary's School, St. Catharines; Helen McCabe and John O'Donoghue, St. Leo's School, Mimico; Doreen Thompson, St. Gregory's School, Oshawa.

The following appreciation given by the Rev. Francis J. O'Reilly, S.J., of St. Louis University at the memorial services held at the Mother House, St. Louis, Mo., will interest our Canadian readers. Mother St. John re-established the Order at the conclusion of the French Revolution and sent the first band of sisters to America in 1836.

"From this Mother House," Father O'Reilly continued, "more than 15,000 Sisters of St. Joseph have gone forth and are now carrying on the glorious tradition of Mother St. John Fontbonne throughout America. . . . priests and Bishops have spoken eloquent panegyrics of the saintly life and heroic work of Mother Fontbonne and glowing eulogies of the magnificent service which her daughters have given to the Church of Christ. But words cannot be her panegyric nor language her eulogy."

"The Sisters of St. Joseph, from Lyons and Carondelet to India and the Hawaiian Islands, thousands of them throughout the world, these, her daughters, are her best panegyrics. And for a fitting eulogy of the Sisters of St. Joseph, we would have to gather together the hundreds of thousands who have received from these daughters of Mother Fontbonne their Catholic education; we would have to call in from all quarters of the globe the sick and infirm who have known the meaning of the charity of Christ because these Sisters ministered

to them; it would be necessary to summon those special favourites of Mother Fontbonne, the deaf-and-dumb, for whom, these Sisters, true to their earliest traditions, have everywhere set up their schools, opening up for these unfortunates, windows of life that had been closed. Anyone daring to speak worthy praise of Mother Fontbonne and her daughters, would almost have to paraphrase words which Christ once spoke to the messengers of John. "Relate to the world what you have heard and seen. The lame walk, the deaf hear, the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

"God Himself has given Mother Fontbonne her panegyric in the rich blessings He has bestowed upon the congregation she mothered. Such blessings might have been expected, because God first tried her and the Sisters of St. Joseph with the supreme test of love for Christ, the sharing of the Cross of Christ. On the day of her vows, every Sister of St. Joseph receives the cross as the final complement to her habit. It is not hard to imagine that wherever Mother Fontbonne, still keeping a maternal vigilance from Heaven over her daughters, sees this cross conferred, that she hopes that the Sisters of St. Joseph will always remember that their congregation was born because its first Sisters knew the meaning of persecution, severe hardship, imprisonment, and even condemnation to death."

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#### HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

On November eleventh the Knights of Columbus presented to the seven hundred residents a chicken dinner with all the accompanying frills. Right Reverend E. Brennan presided at the banquet in the absence of His Grace, the Archbishop. An entertainment and movie followed and gifts for all. The sequel was the Catholic Women's League entertainment on December nineteenth. Stockings filled with choicest dainties, as well as useful and religious articles were gratefully and joyfully received by all the people.

His Grace, the Archbishop, came as is his custom, on Christmas morning at 9 o'clock, to say Holy Mass. Attentively did all listen to the eloquent sermon, praying God to bless their Archbishop and their benefactors.

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#### ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Ronan is directing the Glee Club.

On January 27, the Junior nurses entertained the Preliminary students. Among these we notice the names of two for-

mer College School students—Frances Coates and Eileen Spence.

Among the students “capped” at Christmas there were many College School girls—Josephine Cancilla, Doreen Foy, Marguerite Miller, Patricia McDermott, Patricia McNamara, Betty Ann Phelan, Muriel Sevigny, Margaret Sweeney, Margaret Tait, Jeanne Tiennet, Betty Wey.

Plans are being made for the Silver Tea to be held for the mothers of the Preliminary students.

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### Sister M. Irmine.

On December 8th, after a prolonged illness, Sister M. Irmine died at Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill. The deceased Sister, formerly Catherine Emma Aurie, was born in Cobden, Renfrew County, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aurie. She completed her High School course in Renfrew and having obtained her teacher's certificate, immediately entered St. Joseph's Convent, March 19, 1894. Her years of teaching, spent in Toronto, Merriton, Oshawa and Orillia, were marked by an intense earnestness while her generosity and spirit of sacrifice made her service all that she meant it to be, a veritable fire that consumed her strength for Him to Whom in the flower of her youth she gave her all. When some twelve years ago, after a serious illness, she was obliged to take a rest, it was hoped that time would restore her health but God willed instead that all that remained of her offering should be consumed not by labour but by suffering. During the years of increasing weakness and dependence on others she never complained, while her smile and gratitude for little services revealed her complete and humble acceptance of the trial. She was anointed and at sunset on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception while her Sisters recited the prayers for the departing soul, God took her to Himself. A Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, on December 10th, by Rev. J. Meyers, C.S.B., with Rev. P. J. Swan, C.S.B., as Deacon, and Rev. J. Duffy as Sub-Deacon. Interment was made in Mount Hope Cemetery, Rev. J. Brennan officiating at the grave. Of Sister Irmine's immediate family there survive only a brother, Mr. H. F. Aurie, Sudbury, and a sister, Mrs. Michael Hennessey, St. Thomas, N.D. A nephew, Mr. J. H. O'Neill, and two nieces, Mrs. H. McNamara and Mrs. J. K. Adkins, reside in Toronto.

**Sister M. Bertille.**

On February 17th, after over sixty-two years of consecrated service, Sister M. Bertille went to her eternal reward. A semi-invalid at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake for the past few years, she became acutely ill a week before her death, received the Last Sacraments and was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital where some hope was held for at least a partial recovery. However, she gradually became weaker and God called her to Himself shortly before noon on Thursday—she died as she had lived, calmly and peacefully.

Sr. Bertille, Mary Fitzgerald, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald, was born at Mount St. Louis, Ontario, educated at St. Joseph's Convent and entered the Community on January 5, 1882. After completing her Novitiate she was employed in teaching for a short time at St. Paul's and St. Mary's Schools, but her exceptional business ability was soon recognized and she held the positions of econome and book-keeper at the House of Providence and at the Mother House for long periods. Relieved of these duties for short spaces, she was Superior at St. Mary's and the old Infants' Home. Whatever her task, Sister Bertille undertook it with that calm and cheerful spirit which bespeaks the simple unquestioning obedience of a child-like soul. Her love for the poor knew no bounds and she was wont to say that gifts of charity came back two-fold or more, and she could substantiate her statement by examples drawn from her long experience with the needy at the House of Providence. Her loyalty, her fidelity to the least details of duty and her kindly interest in everyone with whom she came in contact were alike the secret of her efficiency in the positions of trust which she held and of the affectionate esteem of her Sisters and friends. Like St. Teresa of the Child Jesus, her consecration to God, far from lessening her love for her family, strengthened it and raised it to the higher plane of "a love in and for God." She had the great happiness of having a sister join her in the Community, the late Sister Irenaeus, who died in 1931. Herself the first of a long line of religious, she was delighted when nephews, nieces and cousins in turn consecrated their lives to the service of God, and before her death she could count thirty-five in all to whom God had given this wonderful privilege.

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**ALUMNAE OFFICERS  
OF  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION  
1943**

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The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

*President*

Mrs. E. F. Ellard.

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Miss Kay Bennett      Mrs. W. K. Prendergast  
Mrs. Joseph Garvey      Mrs. George Bartlam

*Historian*

Miss Margaret Kelman

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The annual school dance, sponsored by the Alumnae, was a happy event for the many students who attended. The Granite Club, with a splendid orchestra, made for the success of the evening. The floor show consisted of musical and solo dancing numbers. Warsages were sold. Hundreds more tickets might have been sold but owing to wartime restrictions accommodation had to be limited. Before the dance the patrons and patronesses met at a coffee party in the sun room of the club. Among those present were Rev. Father McCann, Dr. and Mrs. Callahan, Mr. and Mrs. H. McDermott,

Mrs. E. F. Ellard, Miss Mabel Abrey and the committee in charge: Miss Barbara Callahan, Miss Maureen Daghish, Miss Mary McDermott, Miss Margaret Strath and escorts.

(MRS.) E. F. ELLARD.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

I hope that by now you are quite well again. I was down at the Convent to-day and discovered that you have not been well lately, and remarked to my daughter that that must be the reason I had not heard from you, which remark brought forth your envelope of clippings. So sick or well, you have the interests of our Lilies uppermost. No wonder then that Sister M. Michael writes from the Convent of Mercy, Mohill Co., Leitrim, that the "Lilies bring joy and gladness, and such useful material wherever they go," and that from the same county Sister M. Clare writes, "I am deeply grateful for the Lilies and read them with compound interest. And you may be flattered to hear that last year I based my scheme of essays on the delightful little sketches and essays your very intelligent students write in the back of the 'Lilies.' They are a treat, so original and refreshing, and my pupils enjoy them immensely. Whenever I feel disposed to give them an 'optional' lesson, they unanimously ask for the 'American Essays.' Give my heartiest congratulations to the writers and encourage them to write lots. Many thanks for the 'Lilies' and the best of luck to your lovely girls."

I hope those girls read this letter this time. They deserve this praise and I, for one, believe in thus encouraging them. We all appreciate their work but, it had to come in writing from Ireland!

And a Christmas greeting to the Lilies from De Valera! "Ireland, I bid ye the top of the mornin'" if it is not too late to return the greetings!

I wonder if you have been at any of the rehearsals in our S.J.C. Auditorium of the operetta "H.M.S. Pinafore", which is being presented very soon by the Toronto C.Y.O. Glee Club. Father Ronan is the all-time director of the Glee Club, but for this event he has given the direction to Mr. Albert Kidney. Many, if not most, of the girls in the Club and in the play too are pupils, past and present, of St. Joseph's—Kay Bennett is But-tercup, I know, Doris Mann, Kay's sister, is Cousin Hebe, and a study of the names in the chorus will reveal the names of many others who help to make the play a success. My youngest son is a carpenter in the play. I would that he could hammer a nail at home. Anyway, I hear that a special dress rehearsal is being

arranged for the Sisters and I do hope you will be able to attend it. It will send you home on the wings of song, which is a brand new kind of aircraft, which though felt distinctly is invisible to the naked eye.

While on the subject of entertainment I must tell you of a most enjoyable radio half-hour, too late, alas! for convent hours. It starts at ten-thirty every Monday night. "Information Please!" it is called. You would all love it. I'm wondering if some such half-hour would not be a looked-for stimulant to your young students, say for Friday afternoons. It is a wit-sharpener and should be popular. Maybe the girls, if they happen to read this, might take the matter up with Sister Directress of Studies. But don't quote me.

Well, the marriages keep on apace. I am sure I miss many of them, one party of which would be one of St. Joseph's girls. Our best wishes to Cadet Officer and Mrs. William Arthur Calvert. In this case the groom too is known to us as the brother of Margaret (Calvert) McRae and her sisters all of whom are of St. Joseph's, and to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose J. O'Donnell (formerly Constance Mary Hinds), both in Toronto.

Congratulations, too, to Sister Mary and Sister St. Michael whose pupils did so well in the recent Kiwanian Music Festival.

And now, since this issue will be the Easter number, though Lent is not yet here as I write, I wish you all a very joyous Easter, you at S.J.C. and us whose loyalty is there though we are no longer of its house!

Yours for a peaceful Easter.

Gertrude Thompson.

#### Extracts From Letters.

.... Just now I finished a solid and fortifying meditation from your article on Christmas, in the Lilies. It is amazing: This Christianity.

You should take the sentence at the end where you refer to present-day troubles—expand it and send the whole text to Catholic Truth and have it put up in pamphlet form called "Fear not, little Flock," and scattered broadcast. Or call it "What are we coming to?" or "What does it all mean?" or get a better title.

The Christmas part is beautifully and imaginatively written, and you read on and on—from beauty leading into deep philosophy.

Sister Monica, O.S.U.



Dear Sister Leonarda:

Here is the note and alas, a short one. I had satisfactory contacts at both St. Joseph's College and St. Michael's College and now it looks as if I may have Sally and Pete in Toronto in these schools next year.

You'll never know how very much Mabel and I enjoyed our few hours with you all for we will always dearly love St. Joseph's.

We talked to Mrs. Donald Goudy (Sid McDonald) who spent an evening at the McCrohans, but Agnes Faye (Mrs. Wm. Neilson), who is usually with us, could not be present.

Isabel Abbott Mosteller.

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Sincerest sympathy to the families of Mrs. Bernard Holland, sister of Sr. Mary Alice, Mrs. J. Beale, (Jule) (mother of Mary Consitt), and Margaret; Mr. Thomas Mulvey Kirkwood, father of Rosetta (Mrs. D. Knox); Mrs. Mary Helen Roach Sullivan, late of St. Basil's parish; Mrs. H. M. McDonald, mother of Hannah (Mrs. G. M. Burke and Ida (Mrs. Goodechild), sister of Sister M. Wilhelmina; Miss Elizabeth Johnson, cousin of Sisters Anita and Francesca, and one time pupil of S.J.C.; Bernard Egan, brother of Rita Burke Egan (killed in action); Mrs. J. J. Daley (Ellen Rush), mother of Mildred and Florence. Mrs. Daley was one of our oldest pupils and a constant reader of the Lilies and a faithful member of the Alumnae Association; Mr. Edward Hayes, father of Sister Mary Edward, Miss Alice, Rose (Mrs. Shuman) and Louise (Mrs. Blake).

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Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends: Rt. Rev. Monsignor H. B. Laudendach, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Murray, Rev. Mother Berchmans, C.S.J.; Mother Angela, B.V.M.; Dr. Frederick R. Porter, Mrs. Holland, Mr. Haffey, Mr. Charles Goodwin, Mrs. McDonnell, Mr. Wm. Hitchen, Mrs. J. Adams, Mrs. Rolland, Mrs. Mayme McGuire, Mr. Weaver, Mr. Robert Young, Mr. Victor Conlin, W. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mayers, Mr. Schwehr, Mr. Kearn, Mr. John Dermody, Mrs. Zella Cassin, Mrs. Elizabeth Carroll, Mrs. Mary Leahy, Mr. Thos. Gracey, Mr. Norman McQuaid, Mr. Wm. M. Brown, Mr. John McGavock, Mr. Jas. Hickey, Mr. Alex. Kerr, Mr. M. S. Kerr, Mr. Travers, Mrs. Fenn, Mrs. Meehan, Mr. Walter Morgan, Mr. M. Georges, Mr. Weadick, Mr. Richard Deacon, Mr. T. J. Belanger, Mr. E. Hayes, Mr. A. Davis, Mr. L. Krauskopf, Mr. James L. Kelman.



**T**HE LORETTO TEA—On a windy Sunday in November we made our slippery way across the campus to Loretto College for the annual tea. We spent the first half hour renewing our old acquaintances and learning of the whereabouts of last year's graduating class. Later on, tea was served in the dining room by the charming Freshman class. The tea-table was attractively set in the centre of the room and the chairs were placed in a circle around the outside. After tea every one adjourned to the sitting-room to hear a recital of piano selections and a delightful group of songs. This concluded our afternoon with the girls of our sister college and we are now awaiting their visit to St. Joseph's.

Audrey Gilmore.

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**L**E CERCLE FRANCAIS—On November ninth, Professor Paul Marquis of University College addressed "Le Cercle francais" in the common room. Professor Marquis told us of a boat trip along the Saguenay River and back again, describing the picturesque landscape in terms found only in the French language. He spoke slowly and clearly so that all of us could follow him without much difficulty. Irene Morrissette, the president of "Le Cercle francais" thanked the Professor for coming. Afterwards Professor Marquis and Madame Marquis and Father Bondy, who came with him, mixed with the girls.

Claire Marie Wall.

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**L**ITERARY MEETING—On November 24th, we held our first open literary meeting, with Father L. K. Shook, as speaker on the well-known modern poet, T. E. Eliot.

The Reverend Father began his address by telling us a few facts about the poet's life. He was born in 1888 in St. Louis, Missouri, but since 1915 he has resided in England on his marriage to an English woman, Miss Vivienne Haigh, and in 1927 he became a British subject. He received his art's degree from Harvard and has studied philosophy at the Sorbonne and at Oxford.

Father Shook gave us some general remarks about the poetic method of Eliot who has been influenced by the French Symbolist poets. He does not use plot in his poems; it is the words and the meanings of words that count. The result is that it is almost impossible to discover the prose meaning of his poems. Also he insists upon the use of themes in his poetry. One theme might remind him of many things; however, he makes these transitions without any explanation. Another thing about his poetry is its artistic consciousness. Eliot is aware of the process of the soul in composing poetry. The modern poet must analyze his own consciousness and explain his own art.

After discussing these general features, Father Shook went into a particular discussion of his "Four Quartettes"—"Burnt Norton", "East Coher", "The Dry Salvages" and "Little Gidding". These four poems are related and take up five movements. Eliot uses the fuges of Bach as a model in the way in which he presents a main theme which keeps recurring and in the alternation of soliloquy and song.

His main theme is the contrast between time and eternity. Also two other themes enter in, the anomaly of esteeming eternal values in the face of worldly values, and the need of the world to renounce things of this world for the love of God. These themes are presented in "Burnt Norton" and are elaborated on in the other three. In "The Dry Salvages" he brings out the theme of the incarnation and the idea that the solution of the problem of time is for us to unite ourselves with God in great sanctity. This theme recurs again in "Little Gidding" and is the final note, a hopeful one, as he thinks our sharing of the Incarnation makes despair unreasonable.

Father Shook quoted at some length from each of the four poems and this added greatly to the interest and charm of his address. His talk brought home to us a new beauty in T. S. Eliot which we had never known or understood before.

Loretta Millar.

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**S**T. MICHAEL'S Ball—The St. Michael's-At-Home was held on January 28th, at Brennan Hall. Following last year's precedent, St. Joseph's College, Loretto and St. Michael's combined for the event. The Committee consisted of representatives of the three Colleges with Father Joseph O'Donnell, C.S.B., serving as the guiding light.

Preceding the dance, a coffee party was held at the College. This is an institution of St. Joseph's and ably serves as a de-icer before the dance. Not that a stimulant is needed, but the

familiar, friendly atmosphere causes a conviviality to be established before the dance even begins. Thanks to Marnie Baechler and Mary O'Brien, this year's party will go down in College history as one of its best.

Formal dances should definitely not be abolished in wartime. That was the consensus of opinion after the dance—even before! There is something about the atmosphere, the graceful, long gowns, the boys who look so trim in their white ties and tails, that cannot be attained at an informal affair.

The students danced to the music of Jack Evans and his orchestra. Giant candelabra and palms served as the formal setting in the ballroom. One of the chief attractions of the evening was a candlelight dance that left most of us with a nostalgic sigh or two.

Bette Ann Mondo.

**S**ODALITY GUEST—On January thirtieth we, the members of the Sodality, were delighted to have for our guest Father Sharkey of St. Francis Xavier China Mission, former missionary in China. Father entertained us with weird tricks known only to him and magicians; he quite confounded us with his mental telepathy. Father Sharkey has written a number of beautiful poems which he has put together in a small volume entitled "There Shone a Star". He is now the editor of the magazine of the Chinese missions.

Irene Morissette.

**M**MUSIC AND DRAMA SOCIETY—This year Reverend Father O'Donnell founded the Music and Drama Society of St. Michael's College for a double purpose. It draws together all College talent and provides an organized group for musical-dramatic productions.

Sunday evening concerts preceded by general meetings are held once a month in Brennan Hall, while smaller committee meetings are held elsewhere. The executives: Joseph Armesto (President), Joan MacKenzie (Vice-President, dramatics), George Ullrich (Vice-President, music), our own Beatrice Dobie (Secretary), and Bill Phillips (Treasurer). There are about seventy members in all.

On December 12th and February 6th programs were presented. At the first concert Jacqueline Doiron, accompanied by Doris Filgiano gave delightful selections as "Habonera" from Bizet's Carmen, and "Deep in My Heart, Dear" from New Moon, while Mr. H. R. Stanton, professional actor of the New

York and London Stage, enacted famous scenes from Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, and the Merchant of Venice. The second program consisted of violin and piano selections by Charles and Gabrielle Dobias, by Picard and Irma Morissette, and by Marguerite Legris. Schubert's "Ave Maria", Chopin's "Polonaise", Debussy's "Romance" were included in the pieces chosen.

For those who seek relaxation Sunday evening, who enjoy the happy companionship of friends, "Music and Drama" is tops!

Lucy Hopkins, 4T7.

**N**EW RECORDS—Impromptu after-supper concerts in the Common Room range from the flirtatious arias from "Carmen" to dreamy Tommy Dorsey's "Swanee River." This month, our album is enlarged once more with new classical as well as popular selections.

For classic-loving audiences we have: *Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique* in C-Minor (Piano Solo) by Karol Szrater. A dramatic and eloquent chord opens the first two movements "Allegro con brio". "The Rondo Allegro" or second movement followed with graceful light scales running on the upper part of the piano. The last movement, "Adagio Cantabile" slow and solemn, permits us to hear Beethoven at his best. *The Crucifixion*: An oratorio by Sir John Stainer, is a detailed recollection of Biblical passages of Our Lord's Crucifixion. The background for the first song is Gethsemane. The selection closes with a great chorus, Christ's last words, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" *Mozart's Serenade*, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik: The music begins with a sprightly allegro with a simple theme full of good spirits, delicately vigorous with that curious bright elasticity which Mozart alone can infuse into music for strings. The second movement is a romanza with a slow tempo and song-like melody. It is followed by a polished and graceful minuet to conclude with the fourth movement in the form of a "Rondo". *Schuman Concerto* in A-Minor played inimitatively by Mira Hess; *Puccini's "La Boheme"* sung by Gigli. Rimsky Korsakow leading the Boston "Pops" Orchestra in "Intermezzo" from Cavalleria "Rusticana"; also "Song of India"—both familiar tunes. *Gladys Swarthout's* charming voice can be heard in the lively "Segindilla" and "Habanera", both from Bizet's opera, Carmen.

In the popular vein, favourites are: Tommy Dorsey's arrangement of "Stardust"; *Besame Mucho*, the theme of a

melodious bolero adapted by Jimmy Dorsey and sung with much expression; *Glenn Miller's* "Rainbow Rhapsody" and "It Must Be Jelly"; as a closing number the unforgettable "Oh By-Jingo" by Spike Jones and his City Slickers, drives the audience into a chaos as far as music interpretation is concerned!!!

Elsa Escallón.

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**B**ACK TO ST. JOSEPH'S—How lovely to be in Toronto again, and at the College where I had a very happy stay last year. I got here two weeks ago. Three girls, friends from the College, met me, and then the taximan drove us to 29 Queen's Park. I was so glad to see the nuns and all the girls again, always the same joyous and friendly atmosphere.

The first night I was here, I inspected the parlour which has been newly decorated. It is nicely done, and certainly shows good taste. The Common Room is attractive with its "comfortable" chairs, and the radio attachment seems to be popular. The Dean's collection of records is certainly beautiful and most interesting.

It's so good to talk English again. Very seldom have I the opportunity to meet English people, and I don't want to forget all I learned last year. Chatting with the girls who give me the news for the last months, going out a lot, maybe too much! that is how I spend my visit here. But what a wonderful time I am having! I just love to be with the St. Joseph's girls; they are perfect!! I went to the St. Mike's Ball and had a good time. I even practised my Spanish that night!

Next week, I shall be home in old Quebec City. The gay hours I spent in Toronto will be engraved in my memory forever. I shall never forget St. Joseph's College.

Marthe Gravel.

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**F**IRST IMPRESSIONS—Toronto! Toronto!

Still sleepy, my father and I emerged from the Union Station, crossed the tunnel to the Royal York Hotel where we registered.

Rain was pouring over the tall grey buildings so I got the impression of a dull city. In the afternoon, father having business, committed me to the care of one of his English friends. With a good will M. . . . showed me the city, but a little hurriedly for me to appreciate it. Then he took me into Eaton's and Simpson's stores. I never heard so much English in one day.

When my father came back, I told him that I would rather

go back home. With fatherly patience, he made me understand that I should give it a fair trial. At nine o'clock in the evening, I arrived at St. Joseph's. From outside, the college seemed small in comparison with the Sillery Convent, where I studied last year. I was depressed, but the warmth of the reception and the beauty of the house soon changed my mind. The interior attracted me with its high ceilings, oak panelling and tapestried walls; the general effect is very artistic.

Not all the girls had yet arrived. That evening, I became acquainted with some charming medicine and music students in the comfortable common room where we talked and listened to good music.

Guided, I made the tour of the house and on the top floor I was shown my room. It was large and inviting with its fireplace and miniature balcony. For hours I lay awake in bed, millions of thoughts running through my mind, but I felt sure I was going to like it here, and I still do like it very much.

One after another, the girls arrived and made the atmosphere still more pleasant. The dreaded initiation did not seem so bad after all the horrors I had heard about it from the sophomores.

Quebec though has something that Toronto has not and I miss it—snow to go skiing. The citizens here seem to be fond of good music and beautiful things. Everybody seems to enjoy concerts at Massey Hall, Eaton's Auditorium, ballets and operas at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, and exhibitions of paintings at the Art Gallery.

I will certainly guard a pleasant memory of St. Joseph's and the girls, and sometimes I think it is too bad that I came just for one year.

Louis Cloutier, Victoriaville, Quebec.

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Mary Melady has found a way to cement American-Canadian relations.

Barbara Hood is extremely interested in the Varsity. She has an ambition to enter the newspaper world.

Maureen Keenaghan anxiously awaits letters and phone-calls from North Carolina.

Our little freshie, Anne Keogh, has a well-known graduate rather interested.

Kay Thompson made quite an impression at the St. Michael's dance. Could it have been the air-force blue she was wearing on her arm?

We have a mathematical genius in our midst. Claire Marie

Wall got 99 in first year Maths. Congratulations, Claire Marie!

Another outstanding mark is that of Marion Binks. She outdid herself when writing her Latin paper. She even surpassed the class "brain".

Elsa Escallon won the fourth prize for her costume at the Art Ball this year. Can you imagine Elsa as an Arabian dancer? Si, Si—!!!

Verna Oag King's husband, Tom, is stationed in Illinois. Verna has become very matronly with her embroidering, etc., etc.

Bette Mondo looks cute with her hair in pig-tails.

Rose Marie Cunningham is quickly acquiring a new nickname—"Bubbles." She effervesces at the slightest provocation.

Lois Garner is so bewildered by her college days she didn't even recognize her sister when she came to town recently.

Marion Saeli and Maureen Keenaghan are back and taking it easy??? after their illnesses.

Every time there is a debate Evelyn Critelli has trouble with her connections.

Has everyone—or should I say anyone—met our Phyllis Burke? She is a day hop in I House Ec. and worth knowing.

Pat Dewan was at home every night one week. Her mother and father were down for a visit.

We were all very happy to have Marthe back with us for a visit. To prove she has not forgotten the English learned last year, Marthe has written the impression of her visit. Come again, Marthe!

Have you met our new resident girl from Quebec, Suzanne Chouinard? Suzanne is an outstanding graduate of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, and is fairly lapping up English and Spanish courses here.

Kay Smythe has joined the ranks of the resident girls. Her alibi for boarding was the long ride to school but we have a suspicion that rising at 8.30 for an 8.30 lecture had its attractions.

What a joy to have Rosemary Sullivan here for the Dance, all the way from New Jersey! Rosie is as lovable as ever. She is attending Teachers' College, at home.

Have you seen the College reception room since it was re-decorated and furnished? The drapes are gorgeous and we are very proud of our two fine oil paintings by Royal British Academy artists; and you should see the Crib set executed in soap by Joan McKinnon 4-5. It shows no small skill and artistic talent.



Irma Morissette sang beautifully for us the Sunday the boys were here for tea. Marguerite Legris, A.T.C.M., and Margaret Cameron, A.T.C.M., delighted us too with exquisitely rendered piano solos.

We were honoured to have Dom Eric of the Mediaeval Institute for tea, one Sunday not long ago.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Sister Marie Therese in the death of her brother; to Sister Blandina in the death of her father; to Sister Agnes Joseph in the death of her mother; to Mary O'Brien in the death of her father; to Alice Hayes in the death of her father; to Edith Baldwin in the death of her father. R. I. P.

Our annual retreat opened on Thursday, February 24th, and closed Sunday, the 27th. It was conducted by Rev. J. Keating, S.J., Professor at the Jesuit House of Studies, Toronto.

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### BLUE MOUNTAIN CAMP.

Never a dull moment at Blue Mountain Camp overlooking the multi-coloured water of Nottawasaga Bay with the Blue Mountains in the distance. The Camp is always filled with laughter. At rest hour the echoes die away to be awakened afresh with joyous whoops when the bell rings for swimming.

In the water the boys meet each other and the members of the Staff on an equal footing. Then thin paralyzed arms and legs seem so agile in the cool water. Crutches and braces are discarded.

After swimming comes the tournaments. "It's time for the finals in the croquet singles, Jerry," or "Just time for two or three games of checkers before supper." Attention is now divided between ping pong, croquet, checkers, cribbage, chess and horse-shoes. Everybody takes part. Those without the use of their hands direct the moves with pencils in their mouths, or have someone beside them to move for them. They play ping pong on stretchers, from wheel chairs and even on one leg.

After a hearty supper—baseball. Some of the more handicapped boys do the batting themselves but have runners. The runners try to make home runs for their partners or batters. Everybody takes part and shows the very best of sportsmanship. Someone in a wheel chair is the umpire and those on the side lines cheer.

Then perhaps a community sing-song has been arranged and everybody sings. The boys sing for the service club men

from Stayner, who bring along a portable microphone. Ken, our Ducky boy, favours us with several popular hits. Then Peter whistles very sweetly, and after that David sings and the audience holds its breath with suspense lest the spell be broken. The musical programme is followed by comedy movies and movies of the boys themselves. While the movies are being shown the boys are enjoying ice-cream cones. The campers hate to see the programme drawing to a close. Two or three voice the thanks of the whole camp, which joins in with hearty cheers for the men who help so much to make the campers' holiday one to be remembered.

For days before the Collingwood Business Men take the campers to a show, anxious boys look forward to it. Everybody goes, even the stretcher cases.

On Cabin Nights the members of each cabin try to surpass the others with their programme. These entertainments really help the boys to gain self-confidence—an invaluable asset. They also learn to co-operate and to take responsibility as well. Some of the boys planned the programmes and one wrote a short play which he capably directed.

The smaller boys in Cabin 1 staged an operation. The anaesthetist got the greatest thrill out of the show. He banged on an artificial head with a croquet mallet and put so much effort into it with his weak arms that he settled back with a sigh of relief and of great contentment and satisfaction after each blow. To an outsider, Charlie had just a rather insignificant part to play, but to Charlie he had a major role indeed. Before he came to Camp he was a very solemn-faced and silent boy who would only shake his head for yes and no. Now Charlie has a happier outlook on life and has learned to play games in his wheel chair and has made lots of friends.

The campers go on hikes. Yes, they do navigate more slowly, but then they seem to enjoy the beauties of nature on the way. Those on crutches often stop and ask the counsellor to pick some unusual flower for them or to get them a piece of birch bark. In the Occupational Therapy Classes, weak hands are almost unconsciously exercised in their haste to get something nice made to take home to show their parents. A sense of creation seems to thrill the workers. At the end of the three weeks the boys have all acquired a lovely tan, made more friends, improved their skill at the various games and most of them have gained weight.

With grateful, happy hearts they wave good-bye, hoping to return to this lovely spot another year.

Mary Overend.

## JONATHAN SWIFT

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) is best known to-day through "Gulliver's Travels," which shares honours with "Robinson Crusoe" as a gift-book for children.—an odd destiny for the most grim and biting satirical prose work in the English language. Swift's avowed purpose was "to vex the world," convinced as he was that there are times when the world needs to be vexed. It is a satire on human life in general and on English court life in particular. Many of its allusions to persons and events are lost on the modern reader, but no adult reader can fail to see the force and sting of its comments on human weakness and absurdity.

The "travels" consists of the narrative of Lemuel Gulliver, first a surgeon and then captain of many ships—on a series of four voyages in which he visits the island-kingdom of the diminutive Lilliputians who are so superior in every way to Gulliver, that from his narration of conditions among his own people, they gather that "the bulk of his natives are the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." However, these first two parts of the book, for all their satire on man, do not fail to impress us with their charm, vivacity, and good-humour. On his third voyage, Gulliver visits Laputa, where science and art are the only occupations of the inhabitants. In their royal university of Lagado philosophers are at work on such absurd problems as extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. Here Swift regards man in his wisdom and finds him a fool, and in the next adventure to the land of the Houyhnhms he turns from man altogether, characterizing charity, goodness, and sagacity in the brute animals and reducing man to the subservient Yahoo which grovels as a creature beastly beyond measure. Here there is none of the sweetness and light of his earlier adventures, but rather these last stages of the book reflect Swift's growing morbidity and misanthropy.

However, we cannot judge Swift by these last two books, for there must have been something in his character that could lead a modern scholar to say of him:

"Swift's was an eminently majestic spirit, moved by the tenderest of human sympathies, and capable of ennobling love—a creature born to rule and to command, but with all the noble qualities which go to make a ruler loved . . . Above all things, Swift loved liberty, integrity, sincerity, and justice. . .

If a patriot be a man who nobly teaches a people to become aware of its highest functions as a nation, then was Swift a great patriot and he better deserves that title than many who have been accorded it."

Those who wish to discover the real Swift might look into the "Journal to Stella." Composed in "little language," these letters to Esther Johnson reveal Swift as kindly, whimsical, humorous, and affectionate, as a man very different from the dour and indignant man-hater of the last books of the "Travels." His activity on behalf of the Irish people is largely responsible for the dislike that he engendered during his own day and for the prejudiced views of his personality recorded by subsequent English writers. He has been called vulgar, scoffing, a hater of mankind, but his vulgarity and cynicism were characteristic of the age in which he lived and wrote, and the fire of his hatred was fed by his personal experiences in Ireland where he came face to face with the misery of the Irish people under the tyranny and despotism of English overlords.

"Gulliver's Travels," more than any other of his works, reveals Swift, the complete man, for in its pages all sides of his nature and all of his interests are developed. In it we see his journey from the warm-hearted lover of Esther Johnson to the afflicted, half-insane old man who sees in the "crown of nature" less of the good than he finds in the brute.

Marjorie Karal.

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#### GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON—By Maisie Ward

In the minds of the English speaking people for generations to come, Gilbert Keith Chesterton will be remembered as one of the greatest of England's philosophers, humorists and writers. The memory of him is a delightful one yet an awe-inspiring one, for his genius was tremendous.

He was born in a middle class English family of the Anglican religion. His father was serious, broadminded and possessed great mental activity. His mother was intelligent, witty and of a strong personality. Then there was his brother Cecil, five years younger than himself.

This droll little boy, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, was slow to develop, and school to him was a long drudge of learning what he didn't want to learn and not learning what he wanted to learn. Though slow, he was far from being stupid, for if he chose he could do brilliant work—he didn't choose to do so

very often. Yet he won the respect of his companions for his intellectual acquirements and for his moral character. Even though he was so very young, his friends realized that he had begun the great quest of his life—looking for God.

Like all young boys, Chesterton and his friends formed clubs but somehow or other their clubs lasted through all their boyish tom-foolery, arguments, disagreements, pranks and precociousness. Most remarkable of these clubs was the Junior Debating Club of which Chesterton was the president.

How strangely his mind developed! How it groped with such little help, seeking for truth. This is remarkable in a man, but Chesterton was just out of his childhood when he began to feel after his religious philosophy.

At seventeen, he wrote his poem, "Adveniat Regnum Tuum," which showed great thought. Through the longing in men's hearts for something better, Chesterton realized that there was an eternal life of joy after death. This he expressed in his poem and I quote part of it:

"Aye, though through many a starless night we guard the  
flaming oil,  
Though we have watched a weary watch and toiled a weary  
toil,  
Though in the midnight wilderness we wander still forlorn,  
Yet hear we in our hearts the proof that God shall send the  
dawn.  
Deep in the tablets of our hearts He writes that yearning still,  
The longing that His hand hath wrought, shall not His hand  
fulfil?"

One of the most pathetic periods in Chesterton's life occurred while he was eighteen. There his lonely soul went through a "terrible and crucial spiritual crisis of skepticism." His was the agony of mind that few have ever faced. His tortured soul dabbled into spiritualism even to the "verge of forbidden and dangerous ground." So much so that it seemed his mind was nearly bowed down by the relentless force of insanity. His imagination he allowed to sink into crimes of all sorts. Fortunately he emerged from the crisis triumphant. He had learned the deceit of invisible and mystic powers. Of them he said, ". . . it tells lies."

Not much later came another strange period for Chesterton. But this was not savage as the last was. Gilbert was associating with a person who was so deliberately evil and so profoundly, even brilliantly aware of all he did and all the consequences he reaped that he amazed and half-terrified Chesterton. The

strange attraction was almost hypnotic for certainly the two had little in common. Yet not for a moment did Chesterton's moral life suffer. So intentionally evil was this person that he cynically remarked to Chesterton that the difference between the two of them lay in the fact that what Gilbert considered evil, he on the other hand considered good. The association ended suddenly and there came Chesterton's repulsion of evil and a "furious love of God."

Then came a strengthening of old ties, and these friendships, especially those of the Junior Debating Club further saved Chesterton and we find him drawing closer and closer to God.

The development into what Chesterton became, a theologian and philosopher, was by no means a sudden one—rather it was slow for it was the fruit of thought and study and of a fine spiritual life.

His rejection of a belief in any positive existence of evil came after his acquaintance with Whitman's Poetry—and like Whitman he began "treating the universe on a principle of jubilant and universal acceptance." But Chesterton went even farther, for Whitman's outlook was only a mood. Chesterton's became a philosophy. Yet he never lost the mood itself—he merely formed a philosophy on which to base it. "Even so early he knew that a philosophy of man could not be a philosophy of a man only. He was already feeling a Presence in the universe."

All this seems the thought of a grown man—but Gilbert Chesterton at the time was only nineteen—and he was then developing a rare power and a tremendous power — that of depth of vision.

Of Chesterton, Maisie Ward says, "There was one hatred in his life; his loathing of pessimism". And certainly we can readily believe this when we read of his great love of men and his bubbling, even riotous humour.

In his early twenties came his praise for God and his gratitude for his many gifts and friends. "It was this need", says Maisie Ward, "for gratitude for what seemed personal gifts that brought him to believe in a personal God."

His keenness of insight soon brought him to realize that humanity was fast losing revealed truth by becoming so accustomed to it that they no longer paid attention to it. How true that is. Men pass by the stark living truths of reality which are so familiar to them that they are not seen or observed.

From 1895-98 Chesterton was reflecting on relations between God and man. Just as Agnostics turned Chesterton from

Agnosticism, and Atheists from Atheism so did Socialists turn him from Socialism, because of their attitude of hopelessness and bitterness. From Socialism he turned closer to Christianity.

There was no other individual that drew Chesterton so close to Christianity as did Frances Blagg, his wife. Yet strangely, in later years it was she who could not help him to Catholicism. When he met her, she was the one person among many persons, who talked religion, who practised religion. To this woman to whom he was so deeply devoted, Chesterton owed a great deal.

Then came his friendship with Hilaire Belloc, a man only four years older, yet far older in his ways, and much more sophisticated than Gilbert Chesterton.

Belloc's influence on Chesterton was immense—but it lay only in politics, sociology and history. Chesterton's literature, philosophy and theology remained untouched by Belloc. The greatest thing Belloc did was to open Chesterton's eyes to reality. In turn Chesterton put great faith in this friend; indeed at times he was his disciple.

All this while his philosophy was growing and it was not formed by "cranks and enthusiasts but formed rather by ordinary London suburban society."

And so he went on, drawing closer to God and closer to the Faith. Yet close as he was, he was not quite there though he believed in "the Godhead of Our Lord, in the Sacraments, in Priesthood and in the authority of the Church. But it was not yet the Catholic and Roman Church."

It was his visit to Jerusalem that was the determining factor in Chesterton's conversion. There had been long years in which he had talked of joining the Church and it was even a longer time before he did. So many people cannot understand why he was now so slow but there is much to consider. For one thing, he depended upon his wife, Frances, to help him in everything, but she could do nothing to help him join the Church. This in itself was a hindrance. Then too, we must remember that Chesterton was constantly overworking himself and this was another hindrance. Then there was his great struggle against the past war mood of pessimism which drained him of so much energy.

Like so many converts, Chesterton went through three stages before his conversion: (1) This is the man bothering to seek out the fallacies in anti-Catholic ideas; (2) He gradually discovers Catholic ideas unknown to him before; (3) Then he tries not to be converted.

This last is the most trying, the truest and most terrible. For, as Maisie Ward says, "He has come too near the truth,

and has forgotten that truth is a magnet with powers of attraction and repulsion."

Finally came his conversion on the Feast of Corpus Christi, in a small wooden shed in Beaconsfield, with his old friends, Father Ignatius Rice, O.S.B., and Father O'Connor there and of course his wife.

To Chesterton sin was the greatest of realities. "He became a Catholic because of the Church's practical way of dealing with sin."

There is so very much more that can be said. Needless to say, Chesterton remained to his dying day a hater of pessimism—and he fought fiercely over this with the younger generation which was giving it the growing spirit.

On June 14, 1936, this great man passed away. The loss was almost unbearable to all who knew him, indeed, to all England. But time will show that this "Defender of the Faith" still lives in his works, and I can only say, "I wish I had known him."

D. Miller.

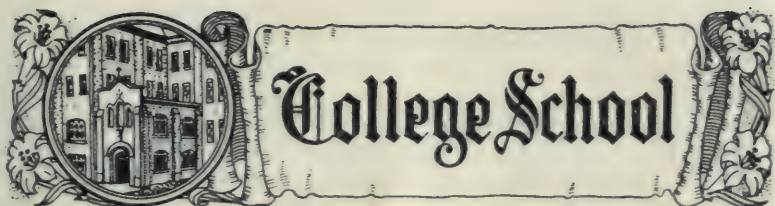
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#### MARTHA.

Martha was beautiful, sitting at His feet;  
Millions will hear  
How He rebuked me, praising her;  
Millions will choose because of her  
The better part,  
Bearing His Word to far frontiers  
In many lands.  
They will never know  
How his eyes drew me even as He spoke;  
How the common dish He touched  
Glowed ever after like a living thing,  
And the house  
Was never cold again.

Marie Shields Halvey.





**Student Council.** Late in the Autumn the much mooted question of Student participation in school government was settled and a Student Council came into being. Elected by the vote of the senior High School Forms, Theresa Kelly is Head Prefect. Sharing the honour and responsibilities of Head-Prefectship is Rita Bauer, who is Prefect of Resident Students. The other major officers of the Student Council are: Vice-Prefect, Kay Hawtrey; Secretary, Winnifred Byrne. There is also a sub-prefect representing each of the High School forms. This sub-prefect is, in a measure, responsible for the good spirit and discipline of the class. These prefects are as follows:

Commercial Class—Marian Klersey.

Fourth Forms—A, Camilla Kelly; B, Verna Ursini; C, Maxine Purvis.

Third Forms—A, Adele Cozens; B, Barbara Monahan; C, Doris Raines.

Second Forms—A, Margaret Cira; B, Sheila Duggan; C, Catherine McGovern; D, Eileen Sheedy.

First Forms—A, Naomi Buckley; B, Henriette Guillaume; C, Jean Kardash; D, Mary Jane Radey.

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**Dramatic Society.** A Dramatic Society has also been organized. Its character and aims are outlined in an essay following the "Notes." Suffice it to say that we are looking for big things this Spring!

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**Bulletin.** Under the editorship of Joan McColl of V-A, we hope to publish a small monthly bulletin "which will assist in the development of school spirit by providing them a medium through which the student body will be able to express its views and record matters of interest." (We quote from its first edition).

**Sympathy.** Since the last issue of the Lilies went to press, several members of our Faculty and of the Student Body too have known sorrow and loss. We would like to take this opportunity of expressing our sympathy to Sister Genevieve, whose sister died before Christmas, and to Sr. Josephine, whose sister, Sr. Madeleine, C.S.J., died at Scarborough, in November; to Sr. Emerentia in the loss of her brother, and to Sr. Agnes Joseph, who lost her mother; we grieve too with Patricia and Mary Cahill, whose brother, Flt. Sergt. Bernard Cahill, was killed in action; and with Wynn and Edna Byrne, whose brother, Sergt. Major Byrne, also gave his life for his country; as did also Mary Petz' brother. For Irene Weaver, of III-C, Christmas was saddened by the loss a few days before of her father, and during the holidays, Pauline Rheaume of I-D, lost her mother. And now, just as we write, comes word that Sr. Mary Alice's sister, Mrs. Holland (Margaret's mother) has gone to God. May they rest in peace and may God's sweet comfort be with those who mourn.

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**Light.** We are grateful (a) to Almighty God for saying, "Let there be light" and extending that imperative to include the potentialities that later became harnessed into electricity; (b) to the scientists and physicists whose vision and perseverance discovered the forces that made darkness bright; (c) to Sr. Superior and Sr. St. Armand and any others who may have been instrumental in having new lights, bright and beautiful, wired into our halls and classrooms, study rooms and recreational rooms. Thank you! And thank you, too, Sr. Superior, for the new window ventilators which make against the window panes a perfect "V" for Ventilation Victory!

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**Our Saturday Morning.** If you should ever happen to pass by that little "all-round room" on the third floor on one of those rare Saturday mornings, and a conglomeration of queer noises reaches your delicate ears—I beg you, do not be alarmed—it is only the Boarders' Sewing Circle in session!

For the Boarders, it seems, have taken up the matter of sewing really quite seriously, at least when the end of the week starts coming around. But you really needn't fear some drastic upheaval in the boarding school regulations if you



**STUDENTS' COUNCIL.**

LUCY CUNERTY  
RITA BAUER

JOAN McCOLL

KAY HAWTREY

MARION KLERSEY

TERESA KELLY

WINEFRIDE BYRNE

should notice some seemingly odd creature dashing about, a tape-line twisted around her neck, a mass of gleaming pins decorating her tunic or protruding from her mouth (entirely unlawfully, of course). She may even be half clad—arrayed in the pieces of a future garment.

But I wouldn't advise you to try to enter into a conversation with one of these girls just before the lesson, for you'll probably get some such answer as: "Oh, dear, I haven't finished tailoring my tacks" or "When do you think I'll ever get my neck cut?"—Remarks not any too intelligible to an outsider!

Nor would it be wise to enter the little room; the noise that ekes from the streamlined (?) sewing machines may not be any too pleasant for unfamiliar ears. Besides, an idle on-looker may be desperately trampled on 'midst the busy confusion of enthusiastic sewers.

But if you should happen to drop in at some other hour of the day (not immediately after the lesson, of course; preferably after the janitor has made his rounds) you may find those glamorous pictures on the bulletin board very interesting.

Yes, it seems that the boarders are really becoming conscious of the future—of winning a man either by a set of skilful fingers or a head of lovely hair. And, of course, if the man issue isn't successful, needle craft will always come in handy at the "Old-Maids" Sewing Sessions.

Mary Nowak, Grade XIII-B.

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**Retreat.** The Retreat will be over by the time we "come out". Not that a Retreat is ever really a "thing of the past", though we do sympathize with that rueful student of a couple of years ago who "had all last year's resolutions quite fresh and hardly used at all since last year", saving her the trouble of thinking up more!

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**Reception.** On January 25th, two hundred and thirty-six members were received into the Holy Childhood Association, in the Convent Chapel, by Rev. Father McCann, C.S.B., who spoke on the duties of the members. The excellent singing in connection with the ceremony, which was followed by Benediction, showed the splendid choir training under Sister Mary Gertrude.

**Dramatic Club.** The Dramatic Society had its first session on November 28th. There were present a number of girls representing Third, Fourth and Fifth Forms. Theresa Kelly, Head Prefect, presided, assisted by Winnie Byrne. Nominations and elections were held, with results as follows:

President, Marion Klersey; Vice-President, Delphine Selke; Secretary, Joan Starr; Treasurer, Mary Ingoldsby.

Sister St. Leonard, our Honorary President, outlined the plan for our activities. Exams will, of course, preclude all activity till after Christmas, when the Society will be divided into groups, each group being responsible at some meeting for giving information about some noted play or playwright and perhaps acting some parts of the plays mentioned. We hope, too, to have a really successful big play which will include all members, junior and senior, some time in the early Spring. "The play's the thing!"

M. Elizabeth Weis, Grade 12-B.

**Noblesse Oblige!** "Noblesse oblige," a French phrase, literally means "rank imposes obligations." A simpler, wider meaning of this expression is seen in the manner in which an act of courtesy is bestowed by a person of high rank upon one of lower standing.

We could cite a great many examples of this kind of courtesy and kindness, beginning with the great condescension of the King of Kings who comes to earth every morning at Mass at the bidding of one of his subjects, and mentioning the frequent courtesies of the King and Queen of England who visit personally all their poorest subjects during these harrowing days of war.

But we ourselves saw a splendid example of "noblesse oblige" last fall at the celebration in honour of the Papal Delegate of Canada at St. Joseph's when the Delegate, tired as he must have been with the many functions of that week, yet had time and patience to give personally a holy picture to every one of the eight hundred girls present. What an example!

Irene Weaver, Grade XI-C.

**Book Display.** A display of Catholic books and periodicals was held during the last week of February. The exhibit was sponsored by the Resident Students' Sodality and was held in Madonna Hall.

**Grade XI-C's Campaign.** Having seen the need for a more Christian and Christlike Christmas, we of Grade XI-C organized a campaign in December for the purpose of putting Christ back into Christmas.

We advertised our crusade by posters illustrating our aim. Groups of girls spoke in each form about the Catholic magazine subscriptions suitable for Christmas gifts. Then, having prepared the school for our campaign, we opened our store on Friday, November 26th.

There we had articles suitable as gifts for everyone—small books and holy pictures for the children in the lower grades, missals and statues for those a little older, and rosaries and medals which people of all ages would appreciate. There were plaques, scapulars, jig-saw puzzles, and cribs which would fit any Christian shopping-list.

It is the hope of Grade XI-C that the small children this year spent their money on Christmas presents, rather than on dime-store novelties, helping to make your Christmas gifts a little more Christ-like.

Joan Pape, Grade XI-C.

**Sodality Reception.** A chorus of clear young voices filled the chapel on the afternoon of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, as the Resident Students once more gathered together to dedicate themselves to their Heavenly Queen. Six made their Act of Consecration for the first time. They were: Stella Charam, Zita Marie Sandford, Sally Wright, Margaret McBride, Mary Coffey and Bianca Nieves. The remaining sodalists faithfully renewed theirs. It was indeed an impressive occasion.

The ceremony ended with an evening programme sponsored by the Social Committee of the Sodality. Once again—many thanks to our kind guardians—the refreshments were most appetizing. Congratulations to all the girls for their songs, recitations and their short, impressive play.

We expect that the remaining year will be just as successful as the last one. The new officers are: Prefect: Rita Bauer; Vice-Prefect, Winnifred O'Meara; Treasurer, Rose Winterberry; Secretary, Margaret Schooley; Chairman of Our Lady's Committee, Mary Coffey; Chairman of Eucharistic Committee, Marilou Manning; Chairman of Catholic Lit. Committee, Mary Nowak; Chairman of Social and Publicity Committee, Theresa Neville.

Mary Nowak, Grade XIII-B.

## THREE-C REFLECTS

(A Composite Essay . . . With Apologies to A. A. Milne's "Village Celebration")

What with its Christmas Campaign and its debating prowess and its general rectitude and virtuous behaviour, Three-C distinguished itself last term. But the outsider little knows what struggles go on behind that door. Let us X-ray a couple of periods.

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## From Madeleine Wood's Essay

Sister walks in and Audrey and Helen O'Neill hastily put their knitting out of sight, and there is much foreboding in the hearts of those who didn't have time for last night's history assignment; and Sister starts by saying that no doubt after last night we could tell her all about Cicero, Livy and Caesar, and we all nod, hoping she won't bother to find out. But that is not to be. Sister asks Betty Nobert what Cicero and Caesar had in common. Betty stands with a far-away look on her face as though she was thinking. But this seemingly strenuous process bears no fruit: Betty just stands. And Sister is unmoved; and then she asks: "Rita, do you know". Rita, who had just finished discussing the question with Joan Pape (who usually knows) confidently stands and says:

"Sister, didn't they both write prose?"

Immediately Katy Greenhill turns around and gives Rita a look of amazement, wondering, no doubt, whence and wherefore this sudden access of knowledge. And then. . . .

## Loretto Spitzig's Essay Begins

The third period Thursday morning is looked forward to by every girl in Three-C because it is the most enjoyable. It is the Physical Training Period.

Miss Sutton starts by shouting (that's all right; it's necessary to shout at a P.T. Period):

"Enough talking! Line up against the wall in order of size!"

Then, eyeing each girl from head to toe, she continues: "Fine".

—"Black stockings next day Sue.

—"All right.

—"White running shoes—not gray, Mary.

—"Clean your running shoes with shoe polish, not chalk, Miss Wood.

—"Well, Catharine, you're wearing a black blouse instead of a white one; or is that a summer uniform?"

—"And Kathleen, silk stockings are not even patriotic."

—"Exercises next please; right arm, left leg working alternately . . . one, two, three—excellent, Delphine. No, Patricia, the left leg is not on the same side of the body as the right arm; five, six, seven . . . bending trunk forward to touch the floor with the fingers . . . knees straight, Mary Janet.

—"Now we will play leap frog."

A chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" and groans are heard as Ann Watson measures her length on the old oak floor, saying at the same time: "If Jean Spicer didn't have such long legs, her back wouldn't be so high!"

Finally the bell ends this delightful period and we call breathlessly "Good morning, Miss Sutton" and pass on to . . .

#### Helen Boehler's Considerations

. . . "of Three-C at work.

There at the back you glimpse an industrious student scrambling through last night's French exercise. This same busy bee, who bears the noble name of Mary Janet Wesson, is the earnest young child who raises innocent, amazed eyes at the algebra teacher every now and then and cries in astonishment: "Why, Sister, did we have that for homework?"

Many amusing happenings enliven the German period. For instance, just the other day when Sister asked our absent minded Rita Lynch the German word for picnic, she replied in a dreamy, faraway voice: "Kitty, Sister, Kitty". And did Rita's bosom friend, Katherine Greenhill laugh so uncontrollably because of the jam sandwiches she devours the periods before? Katherine finds it difficult to remember that jam and gerunds don't mix!

And, speaking of Katherine, our Maths teacher was not amused the other day when the two Kay's (Hunter and Greenhill) went off into fits of laughter in a Maths period when Sister showed the class that "BK equals DK"; but of course, if you Be a Kay, or one of their neighbours, your algebraic talents will soon D-kay.

There are many more tributes to Three-C's entertainment talents, but space does not permit a further account. Its humble walls harbour, among others, one future archeologist, two authoresses, several nurses, a number of teachers, one doctor, three nuns and a girl by the name of Rosie Snidar who just wants to get married!

#### TRYST TRAIL.

I know a dear old trail where trysts are kept,  
 A secret, hidden, wild, old-fashioned spot;  
 Where tangs of tippy winds are gently swept,  
 Where fairy folk have romped and danced and stept,  
 A sweet and sacred place I love a lot.

It's overgrown by bracken, fern and moss,  
 And listens dreamily to elfin streams,  
 Which whisper, murmur, sing and dance and toss  
 And bask in tranquil sweet in sunshine gloss—  
 A perfect spot for children's trysts and dreams.

From rose-buds, violets, the pixies peep,  
 On moonlit nights the fairies dance in rings;  
 And witches, eerie, ghostly, steal and creep,  
 And sprites and leprechauns all frisk and leap;  
 A magic elfin band apipes and sings.

School-chums love this woodland trysting trail,  
 Souls akin to fairies spin dreams there.  
 Children listen to the weird wind's wail,  
 They plan to some day on those ship-clouds sail—  
 A trysting-trail where all the world looks fair.

Helen Boehler, II-A,  
 St. Joseph's College School.



**CHERRY PICKING.**

Last summer we went cherry-picking at Clarkson, Ontario, just about seventeen miles away from Toronto.

We rose at 6.30. Although we were a little drowsy we had to dress hurriedly and wash in the cool spring water pumped from the well behind our cabin. We then made our beds and cleaned our cabins and hurried to a breakfast of toast and bacon and eggs, jam and coffee. By the time we finished it was nearly 7.30. Almost time to go to work!

We were given our ladders, baskets and tickets and went scurrying until we found a cherry tree with juicy cherries. It took about forty minutes to pick a basket; and each basket meant 13½ cents to the picker. When we had picked a full basket we would wheel it down to the barn, have our ticket punched and hurry back to our tree. Lunch at twelve was a welcome "pause in the day's occupation," but the full-stop did not come until 6, when we turned in for the day.

The afternoons were usually hot and sticky, but the shade of the cherry trees kept our morale. The cool spring water was so refreshing to our often thirsty throats that we went to get a drink about every half-hour. The six o'clock whistle was a signal to drop our ladders (the boys who worked there picked them up) and run to the barn office for our pay. Then recreation! We sometimes drove the car into the little town a mile away, had our dinner and patronized the town movie-house. By ten we were back at the cabin ready for bed when the lights were dimmed.

Catherine Greenhill, XI.  
St. Joseph's College School.

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**THIS IS HOW**

Sir Harold Hopper, in a temper at the ringing of the bell, opened the door to find a boy, cap on head, grinning.

"Are you trying to break the bell, young scamp? Be off. I have nothing for beggars."

"My master, demanding an answer, has sent an important message to Sir Harold Hopper. I'll tell Sir Cecil Conker that you are in a surly mood to-day."

"Oh, that's it. Let me have it," he said, reaching for the letter. "No, no, you'll apologize or you'll get no letter"; he turned to back down the steps, but Sir Harold secured the note: "My lady and I want you for dinner with us to-night. Please tell Joe, the messenger, you are coming. Cecil."

That evening Sir Harold asked his host if Joe could be brought to see him. Sir Cecil lightly touched the floor bell and Joe stood beside them. "Joe", said Sir Harold, "let me show you how you should have announced yourself to-day. 'Kind sir, my master, Sir Cecil Conker, has sent this message, and I await an answer.'"

"Thank you, my boy," replied Joe, cordially, "and here is a shilling for your trouble. But Sir, when I saw you to-day, I thought it was a porter. I'm sorry." Joe got his shilling.

M. Buckley, Grade VIII. S.J.C.S.

### METAMORPHOSIS

One day I met a lady on a lonely road. She stood before me, saying, "Do you like this?" It was a big woolly worm.

I thought the lady was crazy to carry a wriggling worm and I hurried away but she stopped me, saying, "This ugly worm will become a beautiful swallow-tail butterfly." I knew then she was crazy and frightened, I ran home.

The next week we had a new teacher. I had seen her somewhere before. One day I heard: "Behold, young ladies, the marvellous work of metamorphosis!" I raised my eyes to behold that woolly worm crawling over a sheet of art paper. With a scream I fled from the room and I was found later trying to lock myself in my locker with my house key.

L. Whitehead, Grade VIII, S.J.C.S.

### BAKING A PIE.

That morning Ada was very busy. She was going to bake another pie! Yesterday she had baked one for the first time in her life, but Pat had laughed at it, declared it was the worst piece of pastry he had ever tried to swallow, and asked her if she hadn't got her salt mixed up with her sugar, and her vanilla with the bottle of black shoe polish on the pantry shelf. But Ada was determined to learn to bake a really good pie, so she called her best friend, Nellie McGee, over to help her with it.

Nellie McGee was the best cook—everyone said—in all Canada and Ireland. She was an Irish-Canadian and no one had yet been known to make a tastier Irish stew, bake a better pie, or prepare a more delicious meal than she. Ada and Nellie spent an hour searching for a certain recipe, and after hunting in drawers, cupboards, and books, finally found it in the Family Bible. After everything was thought to be ready it was discovered there was no butter. These were but trifles, and finally Nellie took a beautifully-baked pie from the oven. Ada had decided to let Nellie bake it and see if Pat noticed the difference between it and the one she had baked yesterday. Nellie stayed for dinner and Ada did not inform Pat that Nellie had baked this pie. "And how d'ye like it, Pat?" questioned Ada after he had tasted it. "O, my gracious, Ada," was the reply, "'tis worse than the last one."

H. Boehler, S.J.C.S.

### BEAUTY IN THE FLOWER GARDEN

Little flowers in the garden,  
Smiling gently to the sun,  
I love your pretty colours,  
I love you every one.

The little deep blue violets,  
You make my heart beat fast,  
You fill my heart with gladness  
That makes your beauty last.

Annie Kunanec, Grade VIII

St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

**CATCHING THE BUS**

Catching the bus at eight a.m. is a problem. If I miss it, one anxious hour is the result. If I take a few extra winks I must rush, hurriedly gather books, coat, hat and gloves and forget something. There is really a pleasant sensation to run to the "Stop" and see the little white top coming over the hill. The next half hour I can relax and have my "rest period" for the day.

Norine Barrett, Grade VIII,  
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough.

**THE GOLDEN RULE**

If you treat all persons as you wish they'd treat you,  
You will have many friends and be happy too;  
But if you've no tact,  
Your friends will forsake you  
And never come back.

Patsy Keys, Grade VII,  
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

**GOSSIPS**

Concert ahead! What part would be mine? What suspense until I was given my role! Six gossips, and I was one of them! What fun going through old trunks and boxes to find costumes. Then came the practice acting! How we enjoyed it! When we finally appeared on the stage the audience clapped and clapped. Our parents and friends showed by their applause that they really enjoyed "Our Gossiping".

Grace Sheridan, Grade VI,  
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarborough.

**THE DREAMER**

He used to dream of things he'd do  
When grown to be a man,  
Beguiling boyhood's years away  
With many an idle plan.

And now when grown to be a man,  
He knows no greater joy  
Than dreaming of the things to do  
If he were still a boy.

Peggy Robertson, Grade VI,  
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

**FIR TREE**

'Tis a lovely snowy white morning,  
Crystal flakes my limbs are adorning  
As I stand in the forest so grand and free,  
For you must know I'm a little fir tree.

Eleanor Flynn, Grade VI,  
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

**ST. JOHN FISHER**

St. John Fisher was not pedantic nor dull. He was a theologian, a man of God, just and charitable. He could laugh gleefully yet he was full of wisdom and knowledge. His books interested him more than anything else except the sanctification and salvation of Christendom. When not working, reading or studying, he was praying, because he believed that in prayer lay the solution of most of the problems of the world.

Alfreda Reilly,  
St. Joseph's High School.

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**BLOSSOMS.**

Yesterday was Winter,  
All the trees were bare,  
But to-day is Springtime,  
And blossoms fill the air.

Pink blossoms, white blossoms,  
All so gay and free,  
See them as they flutter  
Gaily on the tree.

Barbara Ingram,  
St. Joseph's High School.

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**LAUGHTER.**

I hear the laughter of the brook,  
As onward it flows, with hardly a look  
At the beautiful valleys, the sloping hills,  
The grazing cattle, and tiny mills.

I hear the laughter of the child,  
Who loves the brook, and the breezes mild,  
Who gleefully laughs with them all day,  
Until at night, when he stops his play.

Therese Fazackerley,  
St. Joseph's High School.

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**S.J. VERSUS N.D.**

The cheering section waved their hats  
As Chateaufort came to bat,  
She struck at the ball, all in fun,  
The cheering had started, the game had begun.

"Our team's sure to win," said Mary McGinn,  
"Don't be too sure you're not even in,"  
The third inning came, the scores were the same,  
We were good hearted and gave them the game.

Loretta Spitzig, S.J.C.S.

**BOOKS.**

A cover of a book is like a door. When you open the door you enter into someone's house. You find out about your characters, and if you do not like them you do not stay. You never know who will greet you, a pirate or a fairy?

We may acquire learning through reading. Abraham Lincoln attended school for only four months but he delved into books and learned from the characters.

Mary Murphy,  
St. Joseph's High School.

**SNAKES.**

The snake, as the Almighty first created him, was one of the most beautiful creatures in Eden—so beautiful that Lucifer did not disdain to assume his form that he might destroy the happiness of the human race. Since that time, we humans, have held the snake in such contempt that we would seem to be lavishing our hatred and loathings, our remorse and resentment, on that unfortunate reptile, as well as on the devil who actually possessed him. We have made him a synonym for all that is evil and reprehensible. The ancient Greeks described the supremely wicked witch, Medusa, as having snakes instead of hair and keeping snakes as pets. Christians picture the Blessed Virgin triumphantly crushing a serpent, the embodiment of wickedness, beneath her heel.

The physical appearance of the snake certainly does not inspire us with admiration. Whether he is a python or tiny copper-snake, he is slimy and repulsive. The manner in which he slithers about, a silent menace, would fill the bravest heart with horror. If I were ever called upon to face martyrdom, I would rather be torn to shreds by a lion or burnt at the stake than be cast into a pit of wriggling, macaroni-like cobras. In the last case, my executioners would be spared the invigorating sight of one Christian writhing in the throes of an agonized death, because I am sure I would perish quietly from sheer disgust, before one of the loathsome creatures could inject its dread venom into my blood.

Some people evidently need money so badly, that they conquer their innate loathing so far as to make snake-charming their profession. There is one family in Burma that practises the art with the hamadryad, a snake as deadly as his name is unpronounceable. It is said that they have a special antidote, but this snake's bite is so potent in its effect that there would be little time to search for one. These charmers have actually trained the snake to rise and touch their lips. One false step, one tiny error and the charmer would pass painfully from this world. Personally, I would rather starve, as would any sane and rational being.

The poor snake! What other member of the animal kingdom is so universally abhorred by man. The nature-lover might even be inclined to pity him. Actually, we should not waste our sympathy. His unenviable position among the creatures of the world is a punishment, for he was party to the greatest crime ever committed.

Jean Ross, Grade XIII-B.

### NOCTURNAL ADORATION AT MARIAN HALL.

Each Thursday night preceding First Friday, young Toronto women gather at Marian Hall, Toronto Women's Retreat House, for Nocturnal Adoration.

The girls arrive about 8.30 and are assigned their sleeping quarters. Then Benediction begins about 9.30 p.m. The girls themselves sing the hymns accompanied by any one of the girls who plays the organ. Then the Chaplain hears Confessions. After Benediction, tea is served in the dining room and soon it is time for bed for all except those who are on the prie-dieu. Each girl signs her name for the hour during which she wishes to keep vigil before the Blessed Sacrament. We call this going "on duty." There are always several girls in the chapel. Mass is celebrated at 6 a.m., after which breakfast is served in the dining room. Then everyone is off to her daily routine again.

The house which is beautiful is situated in North Toronto on Dawlish Avenue. Its hostess is Miss Flanagan, who has assistant hostesses almost as gracious as she is herself; the chaplain (usually it is Father Fleming, S.J.) is always kind and helpful; the meals too are excellent and so is the sleeping accommodation.

Participation in Nocturnal Adoration is a meritorious and devout way of spending the hours before and on the First Friday; nay more, it is a privilege to keep watch with Him whose gentle complaint "Could you not watch one hour with Me?" has echoed through twenty centuries of devout Catholicism.

May Hopperton, Grade XII-A.



# FRIGIDAIRE

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**"WAY OF THE STORY-TELLER."**

The "Way of the Story-teller" is a delightful treatise, instructive yet interesting. It is a book written by an authoress who regards story-telling as an art, too rare to be desecrated by persons who tell stories indifferently, tepidly. The authoress gives story-telling a realistic treatment, and writes with a warmth of deep affection for the vocation. After showing how to tell a good story, she rejoices us with eleven literary gems of folk-tales told artistically and unforgettably.

"Wee Meg Barnileg and the Fairies" is one of these; it is a delicious Irish tale told in the Irish tongue and the Irish way by Ruth Sawyer, even as her old Irish nurse, Johanna, had told it to her in her childhood; it tells of an incorrigible imp of a child who gets a good fright on Mid-Summer's Night by the Wee People, and then mends her ways.

Ruth Sawyer's philosophy of imaginative story-telling can be summed up by her closing words, "Creative art is the power to be for a moment a flash of communication between God and Man."

Helen Boehler, Grade XI-C.

**CHUCKLES.**

A great naval battle took place at sea and a life-boat went out to pick up the survivors of the different ships. At last the captain said that the boat was over-loaded and that he would have to ask for three volunteers to jump overboard or they would all drown. The first to volunteer was an Englishman he cried "God save the King" and jumped over. The second was a Frenchman, he cried "Vive la France" and jumped over. The third was a German "Heil Hitler" he roared and threw an Italian overboard.

Mrs. Jones decided to buy a live turkey a few days before Christmas, as her husband had told her that he would kill and pluck it himself. On the afternoon of the day before Christmas, Henry took the axe and went out to kill the turkey, Mrs. Jones waited anxiously for ten or fifteen minutes but at last she opened the kitchen door and called to her husband to ask if he were through. "Mary" he answered, "will you please bring me out a cloth to put around its eyes first."

Pat Borrón, Grade X-A

**POLITENESS.**

According to my pocket-book dictionary, the quality of politeness consists of a fineness of manner, graceful behaviour, and attention to others; the word itself is derived from the Latin "polire"—to polish.

Let us take these three requisites and consider each individually; first, a fineness of manner. The word "manner" which comes to us from the French "manuarius" through the Latin "manus" meaning "hand" is the way of doing a thing, and the air or appearance while acting and speaking. Those who have an attractive manner are well-liked, but the others, who act and speak rudely, create just the opposite feeling.

Graceful behaviour, too, is admired. To illustrate this point vividly, I shall take you back through four centuries to the year 1580. A tall, haughty woman, surrounded by richly-attired attendants, moves along in stately procession. Suddenly she is confronted by a large mud-puddle. Quick as thought, Sir Walter Raleigh, a handsome knight, whips off his crimson-lined cloak, and with a gallant bow places it over the muddy water for proud Queen Elizabeth to step on.

This little incident has been kept alive through the centuries, showing the great value placed on politeness. And why not? For the world could not survive if its millions of inhabitants were impolite and thoughtless to one another whenever they pleased.

By using this anecdote as an illustration of graceful behaviour, I do not mean to advise the "gentle reader" to trip along placing coats over mud-puddles for women to step on. However, I do think less spectacular acts of politeness, such as relinquishing a seat on a street-car to an older person, should be practised.

And now we come to the last requisite: attention and thoughtfulness towards others. It is certainly discourteous to turn aside inattentively when someone is teaching, or to endeavour to talk over someone. Of the three requirements listed in my dictionary, I think the last is the most important.

I hereby take a resolution never to be guilty of impoliteness.

Jean Spicer, Grade XI-C.

### MISSIONARY EXHIBITION

(Awarded Prize of \$10.00 in K.C. Contest)

The Canadian National Missionary Exhibition which held its grand opening on October 16th in Toronto Varsity Arena, was the first of its kind for English speaking Catholics in Canada.

Among the famous personages who attended were the Most Reverend Ildebrando Antonutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, and Most Reverend Paul Yu-Pin, Bishop of Nanking. In addition, about forty members of the Hierarchy of Catholic Canada and the United States were present.

In preparation for the exhibition, the children of St. Patrick's School offered prayers and hymns for its success. Each class produced an original poster advertising the great event. The children also held a meeting in which different students spoke on each of the twenty-seven booths of the exhibition.

The booths in the Arena were colourfully and artistically arranged. The wood-carved altar, the reproduced portals of the famous Laon Cathedral, with its central rose window, were magnificent. Upon entering the Exhibition, immediately in front on a huge pylon stood the statue of Christ the King, painted in bright colours, with arms extended as if to embrace all mankind. Down the carefully planned and brightly coloured vista one could see the great gilded extension dome surmounted by a silver cross, the sign of our salvation, its shining rays seeming to shed a blessing over the whole scene. The booths which lined both sides and the centre of the Arena were inspiring, attractive and educational.

The booth of the Redemptorist Fathers attracted our attention, as one of the portraits in this booth was of the Redemptorist's



Saints before the Blessed Sacrament and Our Mother of Perpetual Help.

The front of the booth of the China Missionary Seminary was a reproduced Chinese Pagoda. Underneath it were portraits of some of the Chinese Missionaries.

The booth of the Sisters of St. Joseph's had a relief map of Canada showing their numerous missions across our fair Dominion. Also a mural which depicted the founding of their order in 1650; its dissolution at the time of the French Revolution when five of their number were guillotined; the re-establishment of the Congregation at Lyons, France, and their coming to Toronto in 1851.

The Canadian National Missionary Exhibition was organized to give Catholics and non-Catholics a picture of the great work being done by the home and foreign missions, to make Catholics proud of their heritage and to give them a realization of their responsibility to help spread the Kingdom of God upon earth. "Thy Kingdom Come" was the glorious and triumphant motto for the whole exposition. Undoubtedly, the First Canadian National Missionary Exhibition will do much to make the Catholics, old and young, of Toronto and Canada, more Catholic and more mission-minded. "Thy Kingdom Come".

Mary Joan Gardiner, age 11, Grade VII,  
St. Patrick's, Toronto.

### SPRING TIME

To see Old Man Winter fade out so fast makes one feel sorry, but it is wonderful to see Spring in her bright colours and the cheery buds on every tree. Then she brings back many feathered friends. We first look for our red-breasted robin, then the chickadees, which fly in groups of four and five, chattering to each other while picking insects from shrubs and trees. Later the smaller birds like the ruby-crested kinglet and the little brown wrens come. Spring makes one feel glad to be in God's beautiful world.

Lorraine Therese Lapierre, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### BEAUTY SPOTS

One of British Columbia's assets is her scenery. Especially beautiful are her mountains. Through their countless canyons run the crystal streams and rushing torrents that, from a distance, appear as silver ribbons winding their way through the tall trees. The two best known of the mountain peaks are the Sleeping Beauty and the Lions. On a clear day they can be seen plainly from great distances.

In the city of Vancouver is Stanley Park, one of the largest natural parks in the world. All visitors to our city insist on seeing it, even King George and Queen Elizabeth, on their visit to this province, were impressed with its beauty.

The people of British Columbia may indeed take a just pride in the magnificent scenery that surrounds them.

Teresa Elizabeth McBride, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

### VANCOUVER'S PRIDE—STANLEY PARK.

Vancouver has much that we can be proud of. The view of the majestic mountains one can never forget.

Stanley Park is one of the largest parks in British Columbia. To get a good view of the Lions Gate Bridge, go to Prospect Point and stand beneath it. At the entrance to the park is a statue of Captain Vancouver, looking over the water. The magnificent state-ly trees have stood for many years and specially to be noted are the Seven Sisters.

As night falls, rest on the boulevard and enjoy the sea breezes and sunsets reflected on the water at Second Beach. Outside the entrance to the park there on the Lagoon is a fountain which when lighted reflects beautiful colors on the water.

Another interesting point about our Park is the Siwash Rock where the ashes of Pauline Johnson were thrown. The rock is an odd shape and there is only one tree growing out of its side.

Auria Walmsley, Commercial.  
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

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### THE LIONS.

The Lions, faithful guardians of Vancouver city and harbour, have stood there for centuries watching over the destiny of our city. They have watched the growth and expansion which has taken place in the past fifty years and yet the Lions never grow old or weary of their task.

Both in winter and in summer the Lions are objects of beauty. The rays of the setting sun in summer, shining on these mountains, present to onlookers colours no artist could paint and long before the snows reach the depths below, the Lions wear their glistening snow covered peaks and look the picture they are, from far-off fairyland.

We think these Lions are often lonely, as they gaze down upon us from their eagle heights, and who would not say that if they could, they would not spring down from their vantage points and join us poor humans!

As befitting guardians they fill us with a sense of security and we try to fittingly appreciate the beauty which daily surrounds us.

Kathleen Margaret Beaton, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

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### HOLLYBURN.

Hollyburn, the home of a Vancouver skier, stands peacefully guarding the gates of our city. All year round it is a popular hike but it is at its height of beauty in the winter.

The snow is usually from eight to ten feet and sometimes fifteen feet deep. The last time I was up, the snow covered the cabin and we used the roof for the beginning of the ski run. We had to dig a hole in the snow down to one of the mountain streams to get water. When we reached the stream the snow was four feet over my head.

Hollyburn is one of the most beautiful spots in British Columbia. It has fir trees over seventy feet high. During zero weather many fantastic designs are made with the icicles by the wind. The most unusual design I ever saw was a fir tree bent over by the weight of the snow with the icicles shooting out horizontally.

There is no view of the city from Hollyburn but about three-quarters of the way up at the Forks you can see a view of Vancouver, part of the United States and Vancouver Island. When Vancouver did not have dim outs the city looked like fairy land with each block forming perfect squares.

I recommend Hollyburn for its good climb and its unusual beauty.

Mildred Marie Roche, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

### GONE TO WAR!

September 3, 1939, Hitler marched into Poland—the world was at war! Canada was with the Mother Country. Our Canadian lads enlisted—destination overseas.

Both of my brothers have gone—gone over with the thousands of others, who are doing all they can do. "Are we doing our bit?" We say, "The war is coming to an end—why worry?" But victory is still a good distance away.

How many are killed in one day of the war. That extra bond that you could buy now would help to bring peace a little sooner. Please bring my brothers back to me, and also all the rest of the boys to their homes and their dear ones.

Mary Alice McEwen, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### OUR CLASS PAPER

One dull autumn morning, Grade Nine pupils, took their places in class. The president stood up and asked permission to have a class paper.

For the next month Grade Nine buzzed with activity. Mysterious papers were passed about, hushed conversations held, and a grade-niner never travelled around without pencil and paper.

At last all the news was in, arranged, printed and passed over the ditto pad. One of the boys, the owner of the stapler, clamped the seven sheets.

Our teachers, both present and former, offered their congratulations on our first class paper the "Doodler". A few seniors admitted it was a good production. Our sagging shoulders lifted in pride. We could take a rest now.

Just then our editor came bustling up. "Come on, girls, got a job for you!" "What?" we cried, disgustedly, "more work?"

"Shore 'nuff!" she said, gaily; "we've got another edition to put out."

With the success of this edition and our class motto, "Ora et Labora", we hope to see the "Doodler" come out next month.

Doris Stack, Grade IX,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

Editor's note: Congratulations to the Editorial Staff!

**THE POWER OF PERSUASION**

The power of persuasion is a wonderful asset and I wish I had it. It is the ability to influence people easily. For instance, John wants fifty cents so he rolls up his eyes and puts "that there look" on his face and says: "Please Mom", and out comes Mother's purse.

My girl friend had a party to celebrate her birthday, and I wanted a new dress. "Just eight dollars and ninety-five cents, Mom," I implored, but Mother thought my old green taffeta was good enough. The next day John wanted new football boots: "Ah, Mom, a few dollars will do it, and I'll do my chores well every day after school." Did he get the money? Yes, definitely. I really do not know how he does it. I do wish I had that power of persuasion.

Shirley Crosby, Grade X,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

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**SUNDAY AND MONDAY**

Sunday and Monday! What very different days—one quiet and peaceful, the other long and weary!

Sunday does fly by; Mass in the morning, dinner; then a walk, with my friends or alone. After supper I take another outing, and arriving home, continue my relaxation for awhile longer, going over in mind all that happened during the day.

But Monday is indeed a "blue Monday". I try to get to Mass so as to start successfully. At nine o'clock, I am in school but still sleepy. The moments go by slowly, the clock receives sly glances, and I am in no mood for work. However, after lunch and a game of ball, I feel about a hundred per cent. again. But that Monday Morning feeling, will I ever get over it? Or tell me, does everybody feel the same way???

Billy Ratvay, Grade X,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

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**DO YOU LIKE IT?**

When our English teacher gave us our homework, a composition, she read off a list of titles from which we could choose. After school, I stuffed the list into my big loose leaf book and forgot the whole matter.

That night when I opened up my book to do my homework, I looked at that list to find the subject that suited best. I gazed wearily at each title, thinking of all the "Neglected Courtesies", and all the "Friends I Never Miss", "Life's Little Worries", and finally "Myself When Young". No, no, not one of these subjects could I write upon!

After a long time spent examining my finger nails, staring at the blank wall and doodling on a piece of paper, I finally came to a conclusion. I had a bright idea. I made up my mind to write on "Writing a Composition". Do you like it?

Wilfrid Doyle, Grade X,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

## ODE TO THE MARCH WIND.

Hail to you, March Wind, fierce, yet gay,  
 Sweeping down meadow,  
 Dashing o'er bay,  
 Lifting my spirit, flinging it far  
 Dancing with sunlight,  
 Serenading each star.  
 In the morning you call me,  
 At night time you lull me,  
 Blythe spirit so gay!  
 So careful and sprightly  
 You roam on your way.  
 O gypsy of springtime, O gay vagabond,  
 I feel it so strangely, between us this bond.

Dolores Cross, Grade VIII,  
 St. Patrick's School, Vancouver.

## PROFOUND MEDITATION.

Nearing the end of the school term! Only two more months before the end! And no doubt I, Jeanette, during the next sixty days will continue that early morning rush about the house, gathering books, gulping down breakfasts, scampering for the street car, and with panting breath arriving with a second to spare.

Probably the bell will be ringing as I enter the school,—only the first of many I will hear all day long. But the last period will end sometime; I will trudge home, and undoubtedly every evening I will pore over a pile of homework.

Well, this is a student's life, and "believe it or not," I love it! What would we ever do without the good old school days?

Jeanette Normandin, Form IV,  
 St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

## AN EXPERIENCE ON THE FARM.

Several years ago my cousin and I decided to go adventuring in a dense clump of willows at the end of our pasture.

It was dark and walking was difficult because of the matted twigs and branches. We had not gone far when a weird sound reached our ears. A little less sure of our steps, we crept on, listening. Another screech! My heart leaped. "Are you scared?" whispered my cousin. "Not very," I replied, "after all, what could happen on our own farm?" The brushes in front of us began to snap and move. Something was running towards us! I yelled and ran but my cousin was ahead of me. I stumbled—was up again—I fell. Terrified, I began to call. The noise came closer. Something pounced on me. I screamed! And then I felt the friendly lick of a tongue on my face. It was Bruce, our St. Bernard dog. A hearty laugh burst from the bushes—my brother had seen us and enjoyed our discomfiture. Never again could I boast of bravery when he was around.

Marie Theresa Bolduc, Commercial,  
 St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### TRIALS OF A SHOE CLERK

Have you ever tried to sell a pair of shoes?

Never try unless you have patience and perseverance.

After you find the proper size the sales talk begins. A shoe that has a flattering style and durability will sell readily but if they fall short of those standards!!! Most customers think they have tiny feet, and they wear small shoes until their feet ache and deformities appear.

You cannot get a \$10.00 shoe for \$4.98.

Here is a picture of a fussy customer: She politely states that she wants a black suede pump with a high vamp, not more than \$5.00. You pretend to look high and low on the shelves, for you know it isn't there. After 35 minutes buried knee deep in black suede pumps and shoe boxes she informs you that she won't bother to-day—she was just passing the time. You say "That is all right; come again, won't you?" For every pair of \$3.98 shoes a clerk sells, \$3.90 of it just about pays for the energy that is put forth in selling them.

Eileen Marie Taylor, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### NEGLECTED COURTESIES.

To be specific, I will tell you of a family of two boys and a girl. Tell me what you think.

Little "Darling" Jimmy is reading a trashy book when Mother calls him to do a little errand. Jimmy groans and under his breath mutters something which sounds like: "Why can't you do your old messages yourself?" "Flower" Mary is goggling over a picture of Frank Sinatra. "Mary, will you please help me with the dishes?" Mother asks. The young lady awakened from her ecstasy, manages an "O.K. . . ." but with no enthusiasm. In time, she does appear, but Mother has the work almost finished. "Dapper" Tom, general swagger-man, is on his paper-route. A hat is jauntily on his head, which he takes not off, nor does he thank his patron for payment.

Now, "Darling" Jimmy should have immediately obeyed his Mother and "Flower" Mary should have promptly gone to the dishes without reluctance; "Dapper" Tom should have doffed his hat to the lady and thanked her for the money.

Do you not agree with me?

Patrick Phillee, Grade 10,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### AROUND VICTORIA LAKE.

Victoria Lake, on the northern end of Vancouver Island, with its stretch of crystal-clear water, and the reflection of the towering mountains rising from its edge, looks like Fairyland. Huge cedars, around the edge, make a natural haunt for the animals, which appear to be quite tame. Cabins dot the shore and small boats sail smoothly over the blue waters.

As we sail between the tiny islands at the southern end of the lake, we see tiny rock peninsulas covered with flowers and populated

by gulls. At the northern end the mountains rise abruptly from the water and the channel narrows until finally the Amazon River begins.

This river with its three main falls, the largest of which is about 100 feet wide and 75 feet high, flows over a series of steep rocky shelves and then on to the second falls about a half mile down stream. After plunging into a deep gorge and forming a large whirlpool, it goes over a third fall, the smallest but the most beautiful. Trees almost meet in an arch above and clear water rushing over the stones and around the sharp bends make this river a fisherman's paradise.

Teresa B. LePitre, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

#### WARTIME TRANSPORTATION.

I waited at the street-car stop hemmed in on all sides by office workers, aircraft and shipyard workers and shoppers.

The car had arrived. I was pushed forcefully along with the surging mass and up the steps of the car. I groped blindly for the ticket box and felt a hand seize my ticket. To this day I still do not know if it was the conductor.

I struggled up the aisle and found myself thrown forward as the car started! Someone attempted to pass me and I felt a sharp object in my back. It was a woman shopper, with a long-handled broom.

The air was hot and sticky. I must have dozed and yet I was on my feet. A voice sounded in my ear, "O.K. Move up in front!" Where was I? I gazed at the surrounding crowd. Was I dreaming, or was that an empty seat? Stealthily I glanced about me and cautiously approached it, when swish!!! Someone beat me to it.

Gradually the crowd began to lessen, and I sank into the nearest seat. I had dozed again when a voice cried out "Next stop 47th Avenue". I pressed the buzzer and staggered out of the car and towards home.

Mary Janet Kinnarney, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

#### THE CANNERY.

The salmon cannery of Prince Rupert is one of the largest on the Pacific coast. It has a float where boats tie along side and unload their fish into a conveyer which in time unloads them on the floor in the cannery. The fish are then washed and sent down a belt to the "Iron Clink," a machine which cuts off head, tail, fins and takes out the backbone. The fish are cut in sizes and stuffed into tins, small and large. They then go in a machine which adds a pinch of salt and seals the tin. These go through steam conveyers and are then put into the cookers which cook the salmon. These are then taken out and put in cases. British Columbia salmon are sent all over the world and have gained the reputation of being the best in the world.

James Etiles, Commercial,  
Prince Rupert, B.C.

**WHY I WISH TO ATTEND A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL**

I wonder if any of us who would call himself a Catholic realizes where his education really comes from? We should ask ourselves, "How much would I know of my religion if I had not been taught and instructed on it?" The answer will always be, "not very much."

We know that we had to attend a Catholic school to learn about God and to grow in the religion of our parents.

In a Catholic High School we are taught to put first things first, to lead a better life in order to save our souls and try to make up, perhaps, even a little, for the sin of our first parents. We are given the proper outlook on life and made to realize that God and Eternal things are of greater importance than the things of earth.

The pure example of those who not only learned their religion thoroughly but are living it, are our Nuns, Priests and Brothers. They are nearer to God than any other persons on this earth. This is not surprising, though, seeing they have devoted their all to God and sacrificed so much of this world's pleasures. They try to live apart from outside interests and they succeed too! They are great teachers who devoted themselves solely and wholeheartedly to their task. I intend to follow this example pure, in a very small way, by attending a Catholic High School. Perhaps in doing so, I may find a true religious vocation and be given the needed strength and courage to follow it, but, if not, I will at least thoroughly know my religion, so that I can defend it and spread it among those who do not believe. I will know that God is always with me, urging me on, sustaining me, blessing me, making me proud that I attended a Catholic High School, to thus become a true Catholic, a little less worthy to follow in the footsteps of my great ancestors—the saints.

There are many reasons why I should wish to attend a Catholic High School. A few of the most important are: To gain a greater knowledge of God, to associate with Catholic-minded companions, to receive the best of teaching both in secular and religious subjects from the best of teachers.

In a Catholic High School I am daily taught to know, love and serve God here on earth so that in Heaven I may be happy with Him forever. I am surrounded by an atmosphere of holiness and peace, one that is most conducive to good learning. Pictures of Christ, His Holy Mother and the Saints hang about the room. Hourly I may lift my eyes to the Crucifix and be reminded constantly of God's great protecting love. My mind and heart are lifted up to heavenly things and I am taught the right outlook on life.

Surely, it is a great advantage to associate with companions who have the right ideals, who realize the true meaning of life here and hereafter. Such friends are found only in a Catholic High School. Such classmates by their example and works make me more truly a Catholic, help me to be more Christ-like. A privilege money cannot purchase.

Where do we find better teachers than in our Catholic High Schools? These Religious devote their whole lives and all their time to the accomplishment of their task. They are interested not only in the development of the mind but in the growth of the soul. They are not distracted by outside pleasures. But living



close to God by prayer and sacrifice they daily strive to imitate the great and perfect Teacher—Christ. There is no doubt that with such whole-hearted application the teaching is better done and thus students of Catholic High Schools are usually better trained.

An important influence in the right development of the mind of a child is the type of books he reads. In a Catholic High School the reading matter put in the hands of the students receives careful supervision and thus in a Catholic High School pupils read the books that will help them to know their religion, to teach it to the inquiring non-Catholic friends and to defend it when occasions arise.

I have convinced myself, so surely I have convinced all my readers that the only perfect education for a Catholic boy or girl is found in a Catholic High School.

Marie Martin, Grade VII,

St. Patrick's School, Toronto.

---

#### THE AFTER SCENE

Have you ever gone to a party after it was over? I have. This party was held on a hot, sultry day in July in a beautiful garden. I stood at the gateway and gazed upon the scene.

Paper hats of all shapes and sizes were lying about and on the table half filled glasses of orange juice. Chairs were pushed back in all positions, while coloured napkins made a patch work on the grass. Balloons on their strings were caught on nearby shrubs. The candles had dripped, sandwiches partly eaten still lay on the paper plates. The grass was trampled and the flowers wilted as the sun slowly dropped beyond the horizon.

Corinne Frost, St. Joseph's High School.

---

#### WINNING THE WAR

The road is wide, the road is steep,  
 But that is nothing to a jeep.  
 With tires of tin and seats of wood  
 And an old torn bed-sheet for a hood.  
 Billy and John go rumbling on  
 To help "Uncle Sam and good old John"  
 Off to Africa, sand and all,  
 "United they stand, united they fall".

Mary How, St. Joseph's High School.

---

#### HONOUR LIST OF PUPILS WHO SENT IN WORK THAT SPACE DOES NOT ALLOW US TO PUBLISH

ST. JOSEPH'S-ON-THE-LAKE—Patsy McFadden, Jack Keenan,  
 D'Arcy O'Leary, Anne Somerville, Mary Kunanec, Barbara Beech.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL—Annette Pitchot, Catherine  
 Lamphier, Mary Higel.

ST. PATRICK'S HIGH SCHOOL, VANCOUVER—Rita Hireen, Jo  
 Ann Robinson.

### WHAT CAN WE DO?

Nowadays, with our Country at war; our brothers in the Services and our fathers and often our mothers employed in necessary war industries, it is not a pleasant thing for us boys to be simply chained to school desks and apparently doing nothing to strengthen up the bulwarks of our Nation. But is this so?

We may not fly through the azure blue of the skies with our aviators, or go down to the sea in ships with our Navy, but are we not building up in classrooms all over the country, that which our Nations need most—CHARACTER? Are we not day by day building up character and doing our best to take our places in the fields of to-morrow as educated men, filling in the many vacancies left by the rigid demands of War.

What else can boys of school age do? Can we not, one and all, practice that rigid personal economy, which does not allow one particle of waste, lest a lad in the fox holes in the South, should need what we wastefully destroy? Do we not assist in the gathering up of salvage; in the buying of War Saving Stamps and possibly if our means permit, that of a War Bond.

In this great struggle EVERYONE is needed and if nothing else is done by us, can we not forge that great link of prayer which will chain our fighting men close to the Feet of God and bring down on them as on us, the Peace which will be the fruit of Justice and Charity.

Karl Anthony Black, Commercial,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

### SATURDAY EVENING.

The late afternoon sunlight shone down on the corner of Market and Vine Street. Old Mario Barelli leaned against the whitewashed fence and regarded his display of fruit with satisfaction. The apples were at their rosiest, the citrus fruits gleaming yellow, green and gold; plump, yellow and purple grapes in glorious confusion in his red wagon.

Old Mario had sold fruit at this corner for over ten years. His bright shirt, worn trousers and vest, a beaming brown face under a disreputable old hat were familiar sights in the neighbourhood. An artist would have revelled in transferring to canvas Mario's beautiful face, worn and furrowed with laughter and tears; eyes, kind laughing eyes, under heavy black brows.

Two children ran up to him. "Two apples, please?" They each had a penny. They were small, thin, ragged. "Sure, sure, two big rosy apples for the Bambinos and you keep the penny."

Mario glanced at the sinking sun, spread a sheet over his cart and started homewards. He hadn't sold much to-day. He needed new shoes but they could wait. He had much to be thankful for. He had enough to pay the rent, have a hot supper and make his offering to the Madonna on Sunday. The sun's last rays were warm on his shoulders, somewhere a bird sang sweetly as a breeze stirred the trees.

Dolores Cross, Grade 9,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

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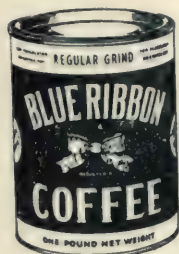
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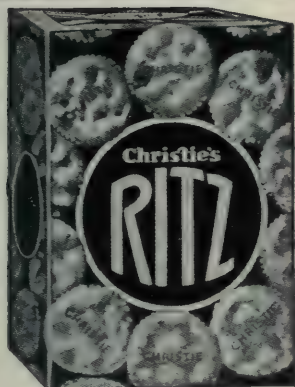
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We are obliged by war-time rationing to reduce the quantity of paper hitherto used in our publication. In order to comply with this regulation and still retain the present quality of paper, easy-reading type and format, we are combining the June and September issues. We are confident that in so doing we have the cordial approval of our readers, all of whom we know are willing to do their utmost to help win this terrible war.

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Christ Delivering the Keys to St. Peter

# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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Vol. XXXIII.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1944

Nos. 2-3

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## POST RESURRECTION SCENES

**S**LOWLY the Disciples followed Jesus to the highest point of Mount Olivet, whence they could see Jerusalem, and the place beyond the western wall where their Lord had been crucified. On their left their eyes could follow the range of the Hebron Hills back to Bethlehem, where thirty-three years ago He, the Emmanuel, the Spotless One, was born! And now on the Holy Mountain of Olivet, in Jesus' favourite place of retirement; under His feet the strewn grass, over His head the fair blue sky with white clouds bending low; lifting up His Hands, Jesus blessed the group of Galilean fishermen, His apostles, disciples, and their faithful band of retainers. And as He spoke a fond farewell to them. He was suddenly parted from them and was taken up into Heaven! A cloud received Him out of their sight, as they knelt and worshipped Him!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then an angel's voice spoke in their midst. "Ye men of Galilee," said the angel, "why do you stand thus gazing up into the Heavens?" Two angels were now plainly seen close by. One of them continued the address, "This Jesus who has been received up from you into Heaven, shall come in the same way as you have just seen Him go." Then the angels disappeared, and the eleven disciples returned into the city, and to their friends in the Upper Room, and told them of the wonder that they had witnessed on the summit of Mount Olivet.

\* \* \* \* \*

The followers of Jesus waited on in Jerusalem for the coming of the Holy Spirit in full measure, as they had been told, and continued to meet in the large Upper Room day after day. Peter, James, John, Andrew, Philip, Thomas, Bartholomew, Matthew, Simon, Judas, James the Less, Joseph, Nicodemus, Mark, Lazarus, Matthias, Cleophas, Mary the Mother of Jesus, and her cousin Salome, Mary Magdalene, Martha, Mary, Joanna, and those who were called "the brothers of Jesus," and many others who joined them,—all would be there. And all these continued together, praying and going daily to the temple to praise and bless God. Soon their numbers increased to over a hundred. Thus was formed the precious nucleus of the great Christian Church whose works and labours were to fill the history of the world until the last Judgment of mankind, and the end of Time!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then after a few more days, came on the glories of Pentecost and the astounding miracle of the tongues of fire. And many Jews from Jerusalem who were there felt the pain and prick of Conscience, upbraiding them for what they had done to Christ. And they came to the disciples, saying, "Brothers, what shall we do?" And Peter, speaking for the other disciples, answered, "Be sorry for your sins, and wicked acts against the Son of God, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Christ unto forgiveness, and you also shall receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit." Thus did Peter work many conversions, and multitudes saw the light and did penance, and publicly adored the meek and lowly Saviour whom they had condemned on Calvary to die on the Cross.

How divinely patient was the Redeemer in working out the terms of our Redemption. Through the slow grinding of the centuries, He has always been "our Comforter, our Rod, and our Staff!" How often would we have despaired of salvation, had He not taken our hand in His, and guided us along the dreary way! An unknown author published a book purporting to tell the story of how some scientists, digging on the shores of Lake Galilee, had unearthed an ancient palimpsest written



in the year of our Lord 54, which asserted that the Apostles at the death of Christ had conspired together and had invented the story of His Resurrection and of His Ascension! Then, at the publication of this finding, a dreadful effect was at once noticed. A notable loss of Faith occurred even in the most fervent of believing Christians. Hope and faith seemed to die in all mankind, and the result was one of darkness and gloom and fear. The populace everywhere broke out, and overthrowing their kings and rulers, cut off their heads. Disturbances and riots and fires became commonplace in every large city. The churches were abandoned and deserted. At night the streets became a fac-simile of those of Sodom and Gomorrah. Thousands of suicides and murders were said to have occurred, and so serious did things become that the leaders of all religions, he says, even those of Islam, appealed to the Pope to summon a Council of the ablest and most learned men from every country and from every religion in the whole world. This council, we are told, took place in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem and was attended by more than 2,000 of the world's leading scientists. Going thoroughly into the business, they brought in a verdict that the whole thing was a case of the most clumsy of forgeries, and only crass ignorance could be deceived. Then the world drew a great sigh of relief, and immediately the tumults and the murders and the disorders ceased; and, since then, the worship of Christ in His Church, has gone on uninterruptedly; and over Nazareth and Bethlehem the twin stars of Hope and Faith look down without ceasing on the flowery fields and meadows of the Land of Promise. The writer evidently had stretched his imagination. The book had no foundation in fact, but the lesson inculcated was true and wholesome. If the world as a whole ever loses faith and hope in the Godhead of Jesus Christ, then that awful darkness and hopeless fear will envelop the souls of men, and the world will become the Kingdom of the Evil One, a destiny which an All-Powerful God will never allow to befall the bright and happy world which He has created, and redeemed with His own most precious Blood.

## GREATER POEMS OF THE BIBLE\*

*An Appreciation*

By RT. REV. J. B. DOLLARD, Litt.D.

“GREATER poems of the Bible” by Canada’s greatest living poet, Mr. Wilson MacDonald, is a literary achievement of the highest value.

In the Psalms and in the great Prophets, and in the Book of Job are many outbursts of lyric music, which can only be properly and adequately rendered into our language by a Master of the craft; and much of the beauty and strength of the original is lost to us from humdrum and commonplace translations. This is where the genius of Mr. MacDonald soars to its highest point. As he says himself—“Great poetry can benefit mankind only when there is great interpretation, and great interpretation comes only to him who approaches the epics of poetry, music and art with reverence.” This reverence for the Word of God is shown in every part of the work so happily completed by Mr. MacDonald.

One thing has been noticed in the effect of this second Great War upon literature and poetry. There is an abundance of writing which can be said to be “on the side of the Angels.” There are many war-poems appearing in the daily and weekly Press, that stress the religious note. Mr. E. J. Pratt’s long poem on the “Martyrdom of St. John de Breboeuf” is a case in point, and now from the pen of Canada’s most brilliant poet we have this unequalled volume “Greater Poems of the Bible.” But first listen to some of the poet’s resplendent prose in his fine foreword—“And now you are invited to this feast, whose food cloyes not, and whose wines give to the soul an eternal exaltation. The harp of David will sing for you under its burden of lilies, the cry of Moses will cover you with echoes from the rocks of Sinai, the wisdom-weighted runes of Solomon will pour for you the

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\* Published by the Macmillan Company of Toronto.

purple wines of sound, the godlike complaint of the Book of Job will come to you like a great wind through a forest of cypress, and if you are worthy you shall hear deep organ thunder in the cathedral of Isaiah's voice."

Here is a delicate morsel, a dainty feast, from Mr. MacDonald's metrical translation of Solomon's "Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard":

Let not the weight of slumber  
thy heavy eyes encumber;  
but as a roe outwit the hunter's eyes:  
or, as a soaring sparrow,  
avoid the hunter's arrow;  
study the ant, thou sluggard, and be wise!

Consider her, and heed her,  
Which hath no guide or leader;  
and yet in summer hath a bounteous feast.  
O sluggard, from thy sleeping  
will come an hour of weeping.  
Arise, the sun is golden in the east.

O, yet a little slumber,  
when heavy eyes encumber;  
a little folding of the hands to sleep!  
and thou shalt on the morrow  
reap poverty and sorrow;  
and Want, an armed man, on thee will creep.

\* \* \*

This is like the best of the airy, smaller lyrics of Shakespeare, perhaps it is better than Shakespeare's lyrics. Its subject is a sacred one. And now, to show the fidelity of the rendering of one of the larger subjects, with metre added, but not rhyme, we have here St. Matthew's account of the Last Supper. Our poet sings as follows:

They came at even to that upper room;  
and, ere He had touched the food or sipped the wine,  
He spoke as calmly as the evening wind,  
"One of you shall betray me." "Is it I?"  
came from eleven voices as from one.  
"He that dips his hand with me in the dish  
the same shall betray me; and woe to him

by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed,  
 "Twere better if that man had not been born."  
 Then Judas questioned, "Master is it I?"  
 and Jesus gave him answer, "Thou has said."

\* \* \*

The shadow of a cross lay on that table,  
 and made the bread seem cold, and chilled the wine.  
 The last gold spear of light fell on that wine,  
 and Jesus pressed His side. Then He took bread,  
 and blessed it with the music of His voice,  
 and brake it in the music of His hands,  
 and gave it to His faithful. And He said,  
 "This is my body, take this bread and eat."  
 He lifted then a cup of wine whose glow  
 wakened to deeper beauty when He said:  
 "This is my blood of the new testament;  
 the sins of many shall be washed away  
 Drink ye of this last cup that ye shall drink  
 because this wine of life was poured from me.  
 With me on earth until that day of days,  
 when in my father's kingdom we shall sup,  
 I will not drink again." Then came a hush  
 deeper than any since the world began.  
 When the great silence was over, they arose  
 and sang a hymn, and then went bravely out  
 unto the Mount of Olives, through the night.

\* \* \*

All evenings keep some sadness from that hour;  
           the cypress sorrow in the wind to-day  
 is but an echo from Gethsemane.  
 If you would know how heavy was the woe  
 that lay upon our Lord, weigh your own grief,  
 and multiply that anguish by the sorrow  
 of all the ages, which He meekly bore.  
 He could have lifted the stars and they had been  
 a lighter load than this which fell upon Him.  
 The night's dark face was like a shining light  
 against the darkness of His agony.

\* \* \*

A real poet is a maker, and a creator. Here he makes the  
 Iron Words of Isaiah blossom and flower into an ethereal lyric.

Since W. B. Yeats died, there has been no one else in the world could do this marvel: Read "Babylon, The Glory of Kingdoms" (Isaiah, Chapter 13).

Fair Babylon, the glory  
of kingdoms young and old:  
Chaldea's flowering beauty  
In stone and mortar told;  
like Sodom and Gomorrah  
shall perish and grow cold.

\* \* \*

She shall not rise again  
from her charred couch of doom;  
never shall a new dawn  
her darkness re-illumine;  
never shall an Arab tent  
fold within her gloom.

\* \* \*

Sheep shall never wander  
by her broken stone,  
over which the wild grape  
sadly will be thrown:  
doleful creatures from each house  
there shall make moan.

\* \* \*

The owls shall sit there  
against yellow moons;  
satyrs shall dance there  
mumbling strange runes;  
the wild beast shall wail there  
through soundless noons.

\* \* \*

Dragon forms shall roam there  
in each ghastly place,  
where fair women move now  
with Chaldean grace.  
Great Babylon's last hour  
time will soon efface.

\* \* \*

Fair Babylon, the glory  
 of kingdoms young and old:  
 Chaldea's flowering beauty,  
 in stone and mortar told,  
 like Sodom and Gomorrah  
 shall perish and grow cold.

\* \* \*

The vast amount of labour involved in the making of this book is patent to all minds when we say that nearly three hundred metrical poems are evolved from the "purple passages" of the Old and New Testament. By this work alone Wilson MacDonald has shown that he is the foremost poet of the English-speaking peoples of the whole world. He has emerged into the sunlight of victory after a stern struggle, and now all his admirers are crowding round him to shake the hand of a real literary champion.

-----

Integrity and charity towards the poor characterized St. Thomas More's legal work. He is said to have undertaken only such causes as appeared just to his conscience, and never to have accepted a fee from a widow, or poor person. Yet he acquired by his practice the considerable sum, in those days, of four hundred pounds per annum. At the height of his profession, his diligence was so great that one day, being in court, he called for the next cause, on which it was answered that there were no more suits in Chancery. This made a punning bard of that time thus express himself:

When More some years had Chancellor been,  
 No more suits did remain;  
 The same shall never more be seen,  
 Till More be there again.

## THE CHURCH AND THE 19TH CENTURY

By REVEREND T. F. BATTLE.

THERE is interest in comparing the centuries of history. Some years ago, the late Dr. Walsh of Fordham, gave "a brilliant, if somewhat overdone," version of the 13th century Catholicity. The Apostolic Age, the age of the Martyrs and the Age of the Fathers are earlier epochs which have been admired by thinkers and writers. Now, that we can view the last century with some perspective, we shall speak of the march of the ancient Church during that hundred years.

There may be reasons for affirming that, all things considered, the 19th was the greatest century in church history. In any case, it was so glorious a time for the Mystic Christ that the student of the period is easily struck by the Catholic Revival of those days and how the Church kept step with the stupendous achievements of that secular age. If the material world saw untold progress and expansion during the 19th century, so did the supernatural society. What strikes one is the inauspicious events that seemed to promise nothing but collapse for the Church as the century began. The deluge of the French Revolution had not yet subsided and Europe's armed soldier, Napoleon, the child of the Revolution, seemed anything but helpful to the restoration of Catholic prestige. Pius VI had died in a foreign prison in 1799 and Napoleon had his successor, Pius VII, exiled and a captive from 1809 to 1814. Materialism, secularism and nationalism were running wild when the century opened; and a whole flock of other "isms" were getting ready to close in on ordered life and to blast at the Rock of Ages. To anyone not mindful of the divine promises and who lacked faith in the perpetuity and indefectibility of the Church, Ranke's dictum, published in 1837, would have seemed prophetic. He said that "the day of papal power is gone forever."

A glance at the countries, our English-speaking ones in-

cluded, will give a skeleton idea of the great Catholic revival as the century walked through weal and woe.

#### THE CONTINENT

From 1800 to 1900, the population of Europe increased from 180 million to 400 million. These figures include the British Isles, which were predominantly Protestant, and Russia in Europe, which was, for the most part, Orthodox. Plainly, then, the greater part of continental Europe, exclusive of Russia, will be Catholic. This ancient centre of the Faith we shall consider first. Europe not only poured these newborn peoples into the bosom of the Church, but was the theatre of the Old World where great men and great things advanced the interest and restored the prestige of the ancient religion. The progress of religion on the continent was phenomenal.

#### THE PAPACY

The restoration of papal prestige played a key role. The Congress of Vienna in 1815 restored the Papal States, but revolutionary ideas from France gave birth to secret societies, principally the Carbonari, which was founded for the overthrow of both Church and State. Leo the XII, who showed great austerity in his life and rule, was succeeded by Pius VIII, who reigned only 20 months. Gregory XVI came along as a wise and experienced churchman who knew well the rascality of rebellious groups. The Carbonari lost their hold on the people but the Young Italian Party, under Mazzini, came into prominence and when Gregory died a horrible situation confronted his successor. This man proved, through the longest reign in papal history since Peter, one of the greatest popes. He was Pius IX (1846-78). In his early days he tried to deal with the Liberals as far as any Pope could, but they were intractable. His reign was a long succession of crosses, but packed with plenty that did much for religion. In 1854 he proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and ten years later published the Syllabus, a catalogue of many errors supported in this time. He assembled the



Vatican Council in 1869. It was attended by a large number amounting to 535 prelates that voted at the session on Papal Infallibility.

The Church made phenomenal progress under the next pope, who was a star dropped out of heaven. Leo XIII could not reconcile his own country, but he was on friendly terms with all else, even Russia. His reign of 25 years was long and fruitful. It is significant that he and his predecessor well passed the half-century mark in the Papal Chair. Leo was a diplomat. His work was monumental in restoring the papacy to international honour and prestige. But perhaps his almost inspired encyclicals are what makes him most talked of and remembered. He was a scholar who had his finger on the pulse of the world and knew well the pathology of modern society. Especially on Studies, the Duties of Rulers and their Relations with the Church, and the Labour Question did his documents teem with wisdom and authority. His glorious reign reached into our present century.

#### FRANCE AND GERMANY

An essay of this brevity is naturally sketchy and in portraying the Catholic progress of the nineteenth century a hop, step and skip policy seems to prevail. France and Germany saw great men and movements in the 19th century. Chateaubriand, Montalembert, de Maistre and many others were giant Catholics who did yeoman work in the land of the oldest daughter of the Church. These great lights, along with men like Lacordaire, poured thought and eloquence, diplomacy and culture into the maelstrom of French society and its affairs, and the Church made great progress and recovered prestige from the revolutionary and Napoleonic fiascoes.

German Catholics did great things in the 19th century. A great gathering early took place at the Munster home of Princess Gallitzin. In this haven of piety and learning gathered many noble souls, and outstanding characters soon appeared whose influence soon reached through all Germany. Among these was Count Stolberg, a noted convert, Prince

Gallitzin, the great American missionary, and others. John Michael Sailer, great scholar and later bishop of Ratisbon, whose apostolic influence was epochal, will always live in German Catholic memory. Munich had her famous Joseph Görres, whose polemical pen was monumental. He, under the patronage of King Ludwig I of Bavaria, laid the foundations of Catholic scholarship in Germany. The incompleteness of this review would be unforgivable if we omitted the name of Ludwig Windthorst. He formed the various Catholic interests of his country into the famous Centre Party, which broke the back of the iniquitous Kulturkampf which was Bismarck's thrust against the Church in the 19th century.

#### THE BRITISH ISLES

**England.**—Two major events in England of the first half of the century were Catholic Emancipation and the Oxford Movement. The first was implemented in the Act of 1829, having been built up by a number of preceding Relief Acts. Gratton, Sir Robert Peel and above all, Daniel O'Connell, were responsible for emancipation. The Oxford Movement, which began in 1833, was a movement inside the Anglican Church to reform the same. It ended by doing a lot that way, but at the same time, sent a large number of outstanding clergy and laymen into the Catholic Church. The greatest lights who went Romeward were Newman, Wilberforce, Ward and Oakley. The front-benchers who remained in their Anglican pews were Keble and Pusey. In the very middle year of the century, the next big event in Catholic circles was the restoration of the hierarchy in England. Dr. Wiseman, one of the greatest scholars and churchmen of all time, was made Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster in 1850. He had served a long time as Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. In 1836 he gave up his Roman career and asked to be sent back to England in order to see what was to come of the Oxford Movement. He heads the great trio of Red Hat celebrities who sat in the Chair of Westminster and whose names are by-words wherever Catholics are found—Wiseman, Man-

ning and Vaughan. By the time the last died, the century had turned. Cardinal Newman, while never a bishop, did such a long day's work for religion that we must not pass him by. His conversion in 1845 was but the prelude to a long career in the Catholic Church as he lived through the century all but one decade. He founded the Order of St. Philip Neri in England and produced matchless writings in defense of Catholicism and started the Catholic Revival among intellectuals that to-day is at top-speed in all Christian countries. In 1864 the bigot, Charles Kingsley, attacked him, casting aspersions on his veracity and that of the Catholic clergy generally. In a few weeks Newman, in the heat of righteous indignation, dashed off a *Defense or Apologia* in seven parts. This work is now famous as an apologetic writing and is honoured everywhere as a classic of English prose. In scores of other writings, Newman proved himself a theologic and literary master. He was given the Red Hat in 1879 and was brought back to his former Oxford and honoured after an absence of 34 years. For the rest of the century, the Church in England made prodigious strides, not the least agent of such a resoration being the Catholic Truth Society founded in 1886. Converts flocked into the ancient Church in veritable droves and the waning years of the century saw the youthful preparation of a host of young scholars who in the present century have adorned the Catholic religion and English letters with their names and pens: Belloc, Chesterton, Christopher Dawson, are only a few.

**Ireland.**—Every century in Ireland since St. Patrick's day has been a Catholic one. It was in the reign of George 3rd, who died in 1820, that a new era for Irish Catholics began. The 19th century was to the Isle of the Western Sea a hundred years of the tear and smile. An avalanche of disabilities were removed but suffering and opposition still stalked through the land of the shamrock. After centuries of penal law, Catholics still formed three-fourths of the population of Ireland when the nineteenth century dawned; and that unhappy land with its Grattan and O'Connell, was the main factor in eman-

ipation which went on the British statute books in 1829. The century saw a burning question in Ireland and that was about education. Ireland shared with England for centuries back the title of "Island of Saints and Scholars." So education was a part of the Irish character. When the century began, almost all the endowments for educational institutions had gone Protestant and proselytism was the order of the day. Primary schools for Catholics were provided by private sources and the Irish Christian Brothers came to the fore. Edmund Rice, a Waterford merchant, established them in 1802. From that centre they spread almost everywhere. Their work in Ireland can never be adequately described and they branched out into other countries in the English-speaking world and elsewhere, even in Rome in 1900 by Leo XIII's beck and call. In 1833 the National Educational System was brought out with a view to crush the religion and nationalism of the Irish. In 1841 Rome tolerated the system, but in time, through Cardinal Cullen, the system became more acceptable to Catholics. There were other phases of the program of education in Ireland which left a bad taste in the mouths of Irishmen regarding the statesmen of England. A supply to meet a Catholic University demand was inaugurated by the Irish Bishops in 1854, with Dr. Newman as Rector of the University in Dublin. Funds for this were gathered from Ireland and America, but the venture was unsuccessful except the Medical School there. Maynooth, the great ecclesiastical training college, made great strides through the century and other colleges, such as All Hallow's (Missionary) Carlow, Thurles, and some others on the continent did great work.

**Scotland.**—"Perhaps in no part of the world," says Professor MacCaffrey, an Irish writer of note, "were Catholics persecuted more bitterly than in Scotland." The Catholic population in 1800 was 30 thousand. In one hundred years it was 500 thousand, due in great part to Irish immigration which deluged the country, particularly between 1829 and 1890. Glasgow received a heavy onslaught of emigrants from the Emerald Isle. Leo XIII gave the Land of the Heather a hier-

archy in 1878. Edinburgh was the Metropolitan See with four suffragans at Aberdeen and three other places, while Glasgow was made an Archbishopric. The name of Bishop George Hay, who died eleven years after the century got under way, is a by-word and a benediction in the land of the Scots. His pioneer work did so much for the advancement of religion through the great century of progress the Church made there.

#### THE CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA

It is a far cry since the days in the Antipodes when Captain Cooke landed his boat in Botany Bay. That was in 1770, thirty years before our century began. Eighteen years later a penal colony at Sydney was set up. Many Irishmen accused of political offences were among the convicts who landed in far-off Australia, but Providence had an eye on the whole affair. Three Irish priests, by name, Harold, Dixon and O'Neill, were sent out as convicts, but their hands were tied in regard to ministering to the people. In 1817 Father Flynn volunteered to go to the spiritual relief of the people but the authorities slammed the gates of the colony in his face and deported him. Later, a few others were allowed to land, but the English wanted to make Australia Protestant. However, Catholic Emancipation changed things. Catholicism went ahead in Australia in the 19th century, like a forest fire, and built up a basis for prodigious advance in the next century. The famous Eucharistic Congress, held there in 1928, is a crowning event of the almost miraculous advances of the Church there in former days.

#### THE CHURCH IN NORTH AMERICA

**U.S.A.**—If Columbia is the pride of the ocean, it is a bright jewel in the crown of Catholicism. The United States and Canada saw great days for Catholic progress in the century. The present paper would like to treat of the Church in South and Central America but space does not permit. John Carroll is the prime prelate whose name is linked with the beginnings of great things in the century of unbelievable advances in the Church of the United States. He was centred in the famous

Catholic colony of Lord Baltimore, the cradle of religious tolerance, and Father Carroll, the first Superior of the U.S. mission, became first Bishop of Baltimore. When the century began there were about 25 thousand Catholics in the United States. There were thirty priests and no bishop. When the Irish and German emigrants came, the progress of the Church was phenomenal. Even before these became a deluge, as early as 1829, the country had 500 thousand Catholics with one archbishop and nine bishops. In 1856 the Catholics were two-and-a-half million, served by seven archbishops and thirty-five bishops and seventeen hundred priests. There were two thousand churches and twenty-four colleges, not to speak of academies for girls, all this shortly after the middle of the century. When the period was closed, the number of Catholics in the land of Uncle Sam was nearly 15 million. To-day we can add about twenty more million to that number. Great prelates graced the hierarchy during the century. The names of Carroll and England, Kenrick and the Spauldings, Ireland and Hughes and Cardinal Gibbons shall live in history.

**Canada.**—While the Quebec Act of 1774 was drafted to give religious liberty to the Catholics in what was then Canada, yet such was not forthcoming on account of the Instructions to the Governors. Liberty did not come to Catholics until around the '40's. The bigoted and unscholarly would be surprised to learn that on two occasions, one in the early 19th century, the other shortly before, the French Catholics saved Canada for the British Empire. When the thirteen colonies to the south of us ceded from British sway, Bishop Briand influenced the Catholics of his country to remain loyal and in 1812, when England and the United States were at war, Bishop Plessis of Quebec did the same good turn for the Mother Country. The Récollets, Jesuits and Sulpicians had done yeoman work in Canada prior to the 19th century, but when it turned, sad days fell upon these bodies. Shortly before 1800 the Church of the Récollets was given to the Protestant Bishop of Quebec and when the monastery of the

Order was burned the government built a Protestant cathedral and rectory on the site. The last Jesuit died in Canada in 1800 and the Imperial Government seized the property of the Society. The War of 1812 made the government think better, and the title of the Bishop of Quebec was recognized and more liberty given Catholics.

The progress of the Canadian Church is indebted, not only to the French but to the Irish and Scotch immigration. Upper Canada and the Maritime Provinces received both. Quebec, however, received a share of the Irish and trouble brewed between the French and the Irish there; and no church was forthcoming for the Irish until 1833, when St. Patrick's in Quebec city was built. While the French and Irish did not always dwell in peace, yet the devotion shown the Irish immigrants who were struck with ship fever, cholera and other maladies, by the French, was heroic and edifying.

The Rebellion of 1837 in Canada was on account of the exclusion of French-Canadians from office and the efforts to make Canada an English Protestant colony. The bishop and clergy for the most part were opposed to the insurgents, but the movement was considerable. Lord Durham, the governor, awakened the Imperial government back home regarding the abuses in Canada and advised a remedy. Upper and Lower Canada were united in 1840. The liberties of the Church were confirmed and extended. A royal edict in 1851 declared the free exercise of religion to all the Queen's subjects in Canada.

After this the bishops got busy on the development of Church organization. New dioceses were made throughout the land. The first provincial Council of Quebec was held in 1851. Others followed in later years in the same city.

The Catholic population in Canada increased rapidly in the 19th century and organization went on so rapidly and effectively that hardly had the century ended when Canada was considered by Rome no longer a missionary country. Church affairs passed from Propaganda to the Consistory in 1909. The United States the previous year was given the same status.

## CONCLUSION

Under God it was great popes and prelates, priests and people, who marched the Church so gloriously through the last century. It was a unique century in many ways. There were troubles and triumphs both in religious and secular circles. It was an age of revolutions, an age of thirty concordats which are not unmixed blessings, and, as we say, an age of innumerable isms. It was a time of great scientific advancement and commercial expansion. But the Church met the age foursquare and advanced as proudly and widely as did secular enterprise.

To stand at the gate of the century and witness the plight of religion, and again see the dying years of the same period when the Catholic Revival and triumph had taken place, would easily recall the Master's promise: "I am with you all days."

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"CONSIDER ye the lilies of the field,"  
 As Christ moved thro' the glowing sunlit land,  
 Where all around they grew in plenteous yield  
 A carpet for His Feet: His Sacred Hand  
 Caressed them, and in reverent awe they hung  
 Their snowy heads in homage where He trod.  
 No poet of the earth has ever sung  
 A song that could embrace their joy in God.  
 They work not, neither do they spin, and yet  
 In fragrance and in purity apart,  
 In morning's dawn, in evening dewy wet,  
 In beauty do they worship at His Heart.

Lillian Mary Nally.



## THE SECRET OF LOUGH DERG

By CHARLOTTE M. KELLY

WHAT is the secret of Lough Derg? What is it that brings men and women in every walk of life, young and old, rich and poor, strong and weak, to a barren island in a lonely lake,



LOUGH DERG—CHURCH AND HOSTEL FOR PILGRIMS

there to spend the best part of three days under conditions calculated to produce the maximum physical discomfort with the minimum spiritual consolation? And by "spiritual consolation" we mean here those aspects of religion that appeal to the senses at the same time as they assist the soul—those pleasantly "pious" feelings evoked on hearing a beautifully sung Mass or taking part in a colourful procession. There is no "piety" about Lough Derg. That a very great and lasting benefit is derived from making the pilgrimage no one will deny, but *at the time* the average pilgrim's reactions are generally concerned with material things. Can he stand another hour without something

to eat? Can he avoid that sharp stone or rugged rock? If only it wasn't raining! If only he wasn't so cold, or so tired, or so sleepy.

A couple of hours round the Stations in his bare feet and the pilgrim realizes, for the first time in his life, maybe, how greatly material circumstances can affect his mental outlook. By now he is asking himself why he has come to this place, and, possibly, resolving never to come again. But after a while he discovers that these physical difficulties can be overcome, are being overcome with every hour that passes, and every unwilling step he takes. A little sop here to the self-respect; but it is forgotten as the vigil draws near, that night of prayer that is for many the most dreaded part of the pilgrimage. The meagre meal of black tea and dry bread is many hours past and will not be repeated until noon the next day. Before him lie the long hours of the night, when human resistance is at its lowest ebb; those first hours when his thoughts turn with persistent longing to his bed, those dark hours before dawn when the whole world seems to be at rest save he and his fellow sufferers, those cold hours when daylight is coming back. But now beneath an intolerable lassitude there is the heartening reflection—the vigil is nearly over. There is no doubt about its efficacy as a penance, a penance which can be made doubly severe by a wet night, and considerably lightened by a fine one. For to many pilgrims there is compensation in the shining of the moon on the quiet waters of the lake, and the austere beauty of the sunrise above Kinnagoë.

The second day. None but those who have experienced it can realize the peculiarly numbing effect of those long empty hours. The nervous energy that has upheld the pilgrim throughout the first day and night is exhausted; the physical strength that enabled him to accomplish three Stations is impaired by want of sleep. Even hunger, or at least the urge to eat, is in abeyance, and it requires an effort that the will is loath to make to swallow the tea and bread. His spirit is incapable of further effort. He makes a visit to the Basilica to gain the indulgence, but though there is time and opportunity

for private prayer or meditation, he finds it hard to pray, harder still to meditate, when sleep is hanging over him like a menacing cloud. That is the enemy he must fight all day, and the average pilgrim finds his best defence in talking, smoking, and walking as much as his weary feet will permit. The nervous fears of the previous day, that he may not get through, that he may have to "give in", are vanished. He knows now that he will get through, no worse if no better than his neighbors. (He may even wish, in a fit of exasperation, that he *would* collapse).

Seeking any distraction that will keep him awake, he examines his fellow pilgrims. That old man over there, with his reminiscences of the country "in the good old days"; that girl whose bright eyes are scarcely less bright, her smile less cheerful, than they were yesterday; that woman in the late fifties, with her well cut clothes and carefully waved hair; beside her an old country dame wrapped in a shawl; beyond, two college boys. Widely varying types with one bond of union their presence here to-day. Why do they come, the pilgrim wonders. There are reasons in plenty, no doubt. Exams to be passed, money troubles to be surmounted, a sick child to be cured, an erring husband to be reformed. But why do the same people return again and again? The old man comes every year—"Have to," he says with a rueful smile. And that white-faced young woman who admits quite casually that she never takes anything but water when she is on the island. "The tea and bread make me ill. Oh, yes, I've been before. This is my sixth time." There will be no sixth time for him, the pilgrim resolves grimly, as he watches with sardonic interest the pilgrims who have come ashore and are walking briskly up the stony path. They wouldn't be feeling so brisk in a few hours' time. Decidedly the pilgrim is at his worst just now.

But as evening draws on, both curiosity and ill-temper are swallowed up in an overwhelming weariness. In a daze he says the Stations of the Cross at nine o'clock, in a daze he goes to the bed of whose ascetic qualities he would on any other occasion have something to say. Sleep is an instant of time before he is awakened to the new day.

Life is different to-day. Not easier, for his feet are badly swollen and in no condition for doing two Stations, but—well, it's nearly over and he's going home. But even that comforting prospect does not help him much as he stumbles round the "Beds". Every step is an agony. He cannot face those slanting stones on St. Brigid's Bed. If he were to make a little detour—there's a patch of grass out there. But he doesn't make the detour, and he does get over those pitiless stones, slipping, falling, clutching his fellow pilgrims, flinching at every step, but going on. While all the time his lips repeat those Aves, Paters and Creeds that he seems to have been saying for hours. Liturgical prayers. He'd never thought much about them before, but now he finds them—satisfying. No fancy devotions at Lough Derg. He is glad of that.

One Station done. A drink of hot water, and he is starting the second. He'll never be able to do it, he knows that, but he must make the attempt. And somehow, in spite of aching feet that rebel at every step, the second Station is done, and he is hobbling in to the hostel. There he puts on shoes and stockings and a few minutes later emerges to stride firmly down to the landing stage, where the boat is already waiting. The pilgrim is himself again.

As the boat pushes off and the island recedes into the distance he realizes with a sudden exhilaration that he is feeling better, physically, mentally, spiritually, than before he came to Lough Derg, in spite of the hunger, cold and weariness that has been his lot these last three days. Looking back now he sees that behind those very real hardships, there has been, obscured at times but always present, complete peace of mind, the peace that passes understanding, following that surrender of self which the pilgrimage entails. A supreme act of faith is rewarded a hundred-fold in graces for soul and body. That is the secret of Lough Derg, a secret learnt in pain of body and desolation of soul, but once learnt, unforgettable for all time.

The pilgrim has wondered why he, why others, went to Lough Derg and will go again. Now he knows.

## REALISTIC BASIS FOR A JUST PEACE

By REV. DR. GERALD G. WALSH, S.J.

THE question of the role of religion in the coming peace is part of the larger question of post-war planning. I think the simplest approach to the problem is to break it down into the three modes in which the discussion is taking place and the three mentalities that dominate all three modes of discussion.

The three modes of discussion are: the Conference method, the publication of books on the subject, and public statements either by individual leaders or by representative groups. At least once every month during the past two years there has been a Post-war Conference to discuss the problems of peace. Of the second method of discussion, namely in books, I can only say that a new book dealing with the problem comes out at least once every two weeks. The third mode of discussion is not so much a manner of discussion as a method of starting discussion. I mean the method of Public Statement by responsible leaders, like President Roosevelt or Mr. Churchill in the political sphere, or by the Pope or some other leader in the religious sphere. Conferences, books and public statements are the three modes or methods in which the problem of the post-war is being debated.

Again, it may be said that there are three moods or mental outlooks or philosophies of life which enter into these different modes of discussion. At one end there is the mood of extreme realism. At the other, the mood of equally extreme idealism. And in between there is a middle-of-the-road mood which I like to call that of practical idealism.

For example: In one of the most influential of our quarterly reviews—I do not mean the quarterly which I edit myself—there appeared an article by one of the most distinguished of American historians. The article is entitled: "How much better will the new world be." If I understand the article

properly the answer is this: A little better, perhaps, but certainly not much better. The article boils down to this. In the past, the one really dominating factor of all modern history has been nationalism. After the war, nationalism is bound to remain. In the past, the really dominating motive in all nationalism has been self-interest. After the war self-interest will remain. In the past, nationalistic self-interest has been backed by real force—military, economic, financial, political. After the war, the world will still be run by force.

#### THE REALISTIC VIEW

That is an illustration of what I call the Realistic view of the post-war world. It is a pessimist, positivist, pragmatic point of view. It is pessimist, in the historical sense that past experience gives us little hope of a brighter future. It is positivist, in the scientific sense that the only reality it admits is the reality of positive facts, of things and events that you can weigh in the balance and see with your eyes. It is pragmatic in the philosophical sense, because it holds that we have no right to call an ideal true or false, right or wrong, fair or foul, until we see if it works to our own personal advantage.

Following in an opposite direction is the current of Idealism. This takes many forms; but they boil down to this formula: All you have to do in order to make men and women into angels is to draw a blueprint of Paradise.

There are, firstly, the political Idealists. Thus, at the meeting of the Institute of World Affairs, at Riverside, California, Senator Elbert D. Thomas made a speech on "The United States as a Basis for a new World Order."

A few sentences from Senator Thomas' speech will show you how simple he thinks the problem is:

"Our Constitution is now the oldest in the world, therefore we should have much to offer. . . Every suggestion at world government or international control for peace should have some aspect of our Federal System in it. . . The League of Nations was never world-wide in concept or realization. It was merely an association of nations, and in it there was no place for the individual person. Three concepts are to be contained in a United Nations Peace: (a) the world as a

unit; (b) the place of the nation in that unit, and (c) a place for the individual in the nation and the world organization."

Now that is what I would call a constitutional blueprint of paradise. However, the moment you touch it with a few hard facts it begins to collapse.

When we drew our own Constitution we happened to have a body of extraordinary, able and self-sacrificing men, talking the same language, coming from similar backgrounds, facing the problems of a country with few traditions. But who would form a Constitution for the world? What language would they talk? What common traditions would they share? What sort of loyalty to the whole world would they invoke? Above all, what sort of knowledge of genuine world needs would they have? How could they forget their national aspirations? How would powerful international financial forces be eliminated from the debates? And even if a Constitution were written (and translated into a hundred languages), would the people of Chicago and Chungking equally at home with such a document?

It is the same with the Economic Idealists. It is quite possible to put on paper a sort of World Beveridge Plan providing security from the cradle to the grave for everyone in the world. It is quite another thing to implement such a plan.

#### RELIGIOUS IDEALISTS

There are, thirdly, the religious Idealists. They appear to think that you can solve the social, economic and political problems of the world by preaching sermons. Even though the principles enunciated in these sermons are profoundly true, religious leaders often create the impression that they are just as much afraid of practical plans as some of the practical planners seem afraid of ultimate principles.

In between these extremes of hard-headed Realism and soft-hearted Idealism there is a middle-of-the-way mood which may be called that of Realistic Idealism.

The mood is Idealistic in the sense that it holds that policies of statesmen must be guided by the principles of ethics and religion. But, on the other hand, the mood is realist, because

it holds that a policy is merely a slogan until it is made effective by concrete plans drawn up by economic or other experts.

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At this moment, the world's outstanding practical realist is the Pope: And for that reason I should like to say a few words about the program of world peace he has proposed.

He has proposed ten points, five of which deal with the relations of nations to one another in the world and the other five with the relations of citizens to one another within the nations.

In regard to international order the Pope, like a good realist, starts with the fact of the ineradicable love that most men bear to the nation in which they are born. The word nation, is in fact, a Latin word meaning the place of birth. The nation may be very small, as in the case of Luxemburg: or very large, as in the case of the United States. "The will of one nation to live," says the Pope, "must never mean the sentence of death passed upon another." It may require expert knowledge to draw the frontiers of all the historically formed nations of the world; but it can be done. And when it has been done, such nations "great or small, powerful or weak," will have the same "right to life and independence" which individuals, strong or weak, have within the nation itself. This pattern of free nations is the first point of the Pope's plan.

There are two immediate conditions for the enjoyment of such rights of national independence, one negative, the other positive.

The negative condition is that such nations be free from the fear of attack by their larger neighbours. Concretely the only way to guarantee that freedom from fear is by progressive disarmament, until the only army in the world will be the army of international brigades. Progressive and universal disarmament is the second point of the Pope's plan.

#### DIFFERENCE IN REALISM

A difference between out-and-out realism and idealist realism is that in the former case we arm the Big Four—The United States, Britain, Russia and China—and disarm the Bad Three—



Germany, Japan, and Vichy France; while in the other view we arm only the international defence force and disarm all of individual nations.

There is a second and positive condition for the defense of the right of national independence—the substitution of the principles of international law for the policy of the balance of power. If nations are not to defend themselves by arms they must be able to defend themselves by reason. This means there must be some sort of international organization, with legislative, judicial and executive functions, to which nations can appeal as individuals can appeal to their respective governments and law courts.

Such an international juridical institution will “guarantee the loyal and faithful fulfilment of the conditions agreed upon” in the peace and, of course, will have the power, “in case of recognized need, to revise and correct them.”

The Pope does not call for the resurrection of the League of Nations in its original form. The League of Nations was based on the idea that each of the absolutely sovereign members merely agreed to work in common without any surrender of independent sovereignty. Experience proved that such verbal agreement could never last. Only some sort of federal arrangement, in which individual states surrender certain rights for the common good of the world, has any chance of enduring success. It is for the federation of limited sovereign states that the Pope looks, as the only real guarantee of national independence. This is the third point.

Such an international institution must itself have certain limitations, if it is not to become totalitarian.

#### UNCHANGING PRINCIPLES

And it is here that the Pope passes from historical reality and political expediency to unchanging principles. Certain needs, whether of whole peoples or of racial minorities are real; and certain demands are, therefore, just—antecedently to any decision even of an international court. Before such truth and such injustice the court itself must yield. Here we are face to face with a principle; with the idea that when men are

the victims neither of external tyranny nor of their own passions they recognize a law binding their conscience which we may call the natural law, which commends itself to human reason as being obviously for the common good. There may be some debate about particular applications of this fundamental law; but unless it is accepted in principle as binding on the judges of the international court then the very terms of the peace we make will become in time the cruellest of tyrannies. Those who drafted our Constitution acknowledged the natural law and that is why they foresaw the necessity in the light of that law of modifying from time to time the Constitution itself. This reign of natural justice then, is the Pope's fourth point.

The existence of such a natural law supposes the sense of responsibility in those who administer it. If there is to be enduring peace "both the people and those who govern them (must) submit willingly to the influence of the spirit which alone can give life, authority, and binding force to the dead letter of international agreements. They must develop that sense of deep and keen responsibility which measures and weighs human statutes according to the sacred and inviolable standards of the law of God; they must cultivate that hunger and thirst after justice which is proclaimed as a beatitude in the Sermon on the Mount and which supposes as its natural foundation the moral virtue of justice; they must be guided by that universal love which is the compendium and most general expression of the Christian ideal and which therefore may serve as a common ground also for those who have not the blessing of sharing the same faith with us."

This is the ultimate principle of all idealism, the idea of the sovereignty of God and of the consequent obligation of the human conscience to seek to know God's law and to follow it.

#### GOD SOURCE OF RIGHTS

We sometimes speak of this principle as that of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. From the point of view of personal liberty we acknowledge God as the source of certain inalienable rights; and from the point of view of world

order, we also acknowledge God as the source of inescapable duties.

It is on this ultimate principle of the Sovereignty of God that the Pope bases not only his Five Point Plan for International Order but likewise his program of national order.

From that principle he deduces five lines of policy.

The first concerns the dignity of each human person as a son of God. This means the right to intellectual life, to education, to worship, to a family, to work, to ownership.

The second concerns the family as the fulfilment of the individual and the basic unit in society.

The third concerns labour, and in particular a just wage and the right to private property.

The fourth concerns a genuine juridical order. The courts within the nation must acknowledge a fundamental law for the reign of justice and equity within the nation, just as the court of international law must acknowledge a juridical order governing international relations.

The fifth demands that the States shall acknowledge the sovereignty of God.

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Such, then, are the principles, policies and plans of the practical idealists. In the concrete, the question of whether religion will have any real effect in the making of the coming peace is largely the question of whether these ten Papal proposals can be accepted, before the peace, as a common-ground program for all the practical realists in the world, whether secular or religious, and if religious, whether Jewish, Catholic or Protestant.

There are many signs that the Pope's program is winning universal approval among all men with religious conviction.

One of the most striking evidences of this was the letter addressed to the London Times, and signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the late Cardinal Hinsley, and by the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, Mr. Walter H. Armstrong.

The opening of that letter is worth quoting in full:

"The present evils in the world are due to the failure of

nations and peoples to carry out the laws of God. No permanent peace is possible in Europe unless the principles of the Christian religion are made the foundations of national policy and of all social life. This involves regarding all nations as members of one family under the Fatherhood of God.

“We accept the five points of Pope Pius XII as carrying out this principle.”

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Of course, everyone who looks for the practical application of religion to international life knows that “the one mighty voice for the application of the universal ideals of righteousness and brotherhood” will not, in fact, get a hearing at the Peace Table unless the statesmen of the world will give that voice a chance to be heard.

When the Catholic Hierarchy of the United States made an important statement on victory and peace (November 14, 1942) they were able to quote a now famous expression of President Roosevelt:

“We shall win this war and in victory we shall seek not vengeance but the establishment of an international order in which the spirit of Christ shall rule the hearts of men and nations.”

What is clear from all the conferences, books and public statements that reveal the currents of realism, utopianism and religion is that the current of religion is deeper and wider and stronger than those of mere realism and extreme idealism. The conscience of the world has recognized that the chaos in civilization is a consequence of spiritual atrophy in men's souls; and that only by anchoring men's minds and hearts to something deeper than themselves can we hope for a world in which political, social and economic justice will be rooted in the unchanging righteousness of God.

Editor's Note—This is the partial text of an address delivered in Cathedral Hall, Hartford, by Reverend Dr. Gerald W. Walsh, S.J., of Fordham University, and editor of the quarterly *Thought*. It is an excellent summary of the factors which must govern men and nations in establishing the post-war peace and emphasizes the trend of world opinion towards acceptance of the Peace Proposals made by Pope Pius XII. The Papal pronouncements on world accord and security have been acknowledged by those competent to speak on the question as the soundest and most statesmanlike proposed for the establishment of peace in this war-ridden world.

## THREE FATES AND A FACT

By PAUL KAY

FRANK SILVER slouched into complacent admiration. Professor Hardecourt was going again. No man could make fundamental principles more involved than Hardecourt. For manufacturing difficulties he stood alone; in leaving them unsolved he had no equal. The fact that he was Frank's major professor was not in any way responsible for the young man's faithful attendance at a class which was "splurged" in the Baker University program as "A survey course in the theory of knowledge, with special stress on contingency as a knowable factor. For philosophy students only." Nor was the hope of academic fame the spur that drove him daily to this hour of boredom. His reason was more modest but much more romantic. His reason was Patricia Flynn.

Patricia was a page out of a volume of loveliness. A page? For Frank she was the whole book. Not tall, not small, just right. If Frank had the words he might have likened her fair skin to early May roses, freshly pink; her eyes! those lucent pools would dim the brightest diamonds; lips that were an artist's dream. Frank didn't have the words but he had eyes and they spoke volumes. From the moment he had seen her sitting at her desk everything was on a you for me basis. A special stress on contingency was no competition for a vision of rapturous beauty. Ah! Love. Ah! Patricia! Ah! Frank voiced all his thoughts in that soulful monosyllable.

This reaction was not confined to Frank but reached out to even the more stolid male citizens. Ah! and Patricia went very much together. It was reported that Professor Hardecourt had, on first beholding her, unbent so far as to venture the vapid comment that Miss Flynn no doubt had many "ahd-mirers."

"We approach, and I might say, with a decided lack of eagerness," here he eyed Frank. "With a definite want of

interest we approach the question of futurabilia. In plain language that realm of the metaphysic which concerns itself with the possibility of knowing what might have been if what actually was had not been. Is that clear?"

The thermometer of class interest registered about two degrees. Harvey Vaughan, who looked upon anything lighter than ontological essence as trivial, waved a hand. With a depreciative nod he offered to simplify the problem in practical fashion by an illustration.

"Let's put it this way. Can anyone know whether Frank Silver would ever have met Miss Flynn, if he had not come here to Baker University?"

Hearing his name coupled with that of his heart's delight, Frank jerked himself up into conscious awareness. What was that? He looked at the professor, then at Harvey Vaughan; finally at Patricia who quite red and ill at ease was thumbing her text-book. The professor bowed to Mr. Vaughan who repeated his question.

"Futurabilia," the professor added.

Suddenly Frank recalled William Powell's performance in Crossroads. "The question is irrelevant, non ad rem, and definitely objectionable. If Vaughan wants to know, I would have met Miss Flynn no matter what university I attended; no matter what I did; no matter where I was." The class noisily encouraged this distraction but Hardecourt coughed them back to dull routine. Vaughan shrugged his shoulders, Patricia blushed prettily, and Frank slumped back to admiring contemplation.

*But the three fatal sisters laughed at futurabilia and pulled their strings wildly.*

\* \* \*

## FATE NO. I

"That's too bad, dear. Frank won't like it, but what can we do?"

Mrs. Silver sighed. "He did so want to attend Baker University. Even if it were only for a year. Just to let him see the place."

"No use of giving him a taste of it. Probably couldn't scrape up enough for even one year. That's the way the market goes, Mary. Sometimes good, sometimes bad. Now, unfortunately, bad. Very bad."

"If Frank is willing to work, maybe we could find a school nearer home. Even night school. We could help him a little. Don't you think?"

"Might be managed at that, Mary. There's that school over at Mainfield. Could get a job in one of those war plants and go to school at night. He could find a place to board and come home on week-ends."

"I'll tell him, dear." She went out to the yard where her son was dozing in the warm evening air.

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It was a pretty tough proposition. Work at day, school at night. But Frank had found a good job which more than supplied him with ready cash. If only Mary Field didn't work in the same office. A fine girl, nice-looking, but he was too busy to bother with women.

"G'mornin', you old bachelor. When you going to wake up and marry me?" Mary enjoyed joshing him. He was so serious.

"Haven't got time this morning."

"No time to marry me. Well then, the least you can do is come to my birthday party. It's this Saturday and I know you're free then. Now, why won't you come?"

"Is it really your birthday?"

Mary nodded.

"I'll be glad to go." He laughed at Mary's look of surprise. "You want me, don't you?"

"This will be a celebration. Now, don't you back out."

That night Mary sent out her invitations. She could skip Frank's. He knew already. Twelve guests would be plenty. That meant leaving out a lot of people and hurting feelings. But after all, she was no millionaire. With Frank there were eleven who just had to be invited. The twelfth would have to be one of three girls who rode to work with her every day. She argued with herself for a half-hour.

"I can't invite one of them and I can't invite all three. Maybe I better skip them and get someone else. Let's see. How about one of those girls I met on my vacation at Delevan last year. I have their addresses somewhere. Someone that lives far away and probably won't come. Then there'll be six boys and five girls. I can have Frank to myself."

After a search she secured her book of addresses. She found what she wanted. She slipped the invitation into the envelope. "I'll mail it to-morrow morning. If she does come, then," she looked at the envelope—"you'll really have to rush, Miss Patricia Flynn."

*Once more the three fatal sisters laughed and pulled their strings wildly.*

\* \* \*

#### FATE NO. II

A little unexpected—being drafted right after high school. Guess the country really needed men. Here at Camp Meade things moved along rather fast. Frank had gone through his basic training before he was over his surprise. Army life could be tough, but it had its compensations.

"Hey, Private Silver. Report to headquarters." Sergeant Kileen enjoyed giving orders like that. They usually meant trouble.

Frank hurried from barracks to the C.O.'s office. Being ready for the worst he found it somewhat of a letdown when he was sent out with a routine dispatch. "Take these plans over to Lieutenant Hatch. Hurry it up."

One thing the army teaches everybody. Hurry up means just one thing—hurry up. So Frank took it on the double.



The morning air gave him extra pep so he tried a sprint on the last 100 yards. Then it happened and close wasn't the word for it. That car went by so near that the door handle creased the back of Frank's pants. Fast too. When he knew what had happened Frank turned in a rage to lay out the driver. He was so mad he would have blasted General MacArthur. By this time the car had screeched to a halt and was now backing up toward him. He recognized the driver's head, stuck out apologetically. Private Murphy. Well he'd tell him.

"Of all the dumb. . ."

"Now wait a second, Silver."

"Wait nothing. Whatta you think you're drivin'? The Twentieth Century?"

Murphy pointed his thumb back over his shoulder. "Hatch has got a visitor. I was just sent down the station to do the pickup."

From the back window of the sedan a face smiled out. Frank tipped his hat.

"I'm sorry. It was my fault. I told him to hurry. Lieutenant Hatch is my uncle and I've come a long way to see him. My name is Patricia Flynn."

*Once more the three fatal sisters laughed and pulled their strings wildly.*

\* \* \*

#### FATE NO. III

"Now Frank. Take your father's advice. The army is all right. But you could take those V-12 exams that the Navy puts out and really get somewhere. Why don't you take them before the Army calls you up. Even though you're just out of high school, fellows your age have been called already."

"O.K. Dad. It really makes no difference to me."

Frank must have had good high school training. He ended up with the leaders in those V-12's. And he got his chance. One of forty men picked for special training at Baker University. Strictly Navy courses but the kind that could be put to practical use later on. It was a full year course and Frank was glad. He had always wanted the chance of attending Baker

U. He had heard so much about it. Well, here it was.

The worst part of University life was that it went too fast. Like Frank's year. It had been a good year but now little remained but memories, for though the Navy had kept him at his books he had met some fine fellows in the student body. Unlike many of his companions Frank had no interest in any of the co-eds.

"I'll know when the right one comes along. For the present I'll concentrate on the Navy." Those were Frank's ideas and he lived by them. The right one didn't come along, not for a long time. Not until the week before exams. Frank happened to see her walking across campus on the very first day of June.

Frank's time was short; she was there, and it was June. No one blamed him when he walked briskly after her, his Navy cap in his hand. He reached her at the gate.

"I beg your pardon. Guess I'm being pretty bold. Mind if I talk to you?"

She smiled and Frank was sure. "It's all right, sailor. I don't mind." Her voice was a symphony.

"My name is Frank Silver. What's yours?"

She blushed a little at Frank's abruptness but she did tell him.

"I'm Margaret Leahy."

*And the three fatal sisters laughed and pulled their strings wildly.*

\* \* \*

Hardcourt's lecture was droning to an end. Those few who were paying attention sat in quiet resignation. Frank Silver had changed neither his position nor his viewpoint. Now he reached slyly across the aisle and pressed Patricia's hand. It was Hardcourt's advantage.

"So much then for futurabilia. So much for what might have been. And as to Mr. Vaughan's question at the beginning of the period . . ." he paused for dramatic effect. "Mr. Silver would not have met Patricia Flynn anywhere else in the world. Unfortunately fate destined him to meet her here."

NATIONAL  
SHRINE OF

OUR LADY  
OF VICTORY



By ROBERT K. DORAN

THE climax of the late Father Baker's achievements, is the National Shrine (Basilica) of our Blessed Lady of Victory. Many feel it is the finest edifice of its kind in the Western Hemisphere.

For fifty years Father Baker, known, literally to millions, as "The Padre of the Poor," laboured in God's vineyard, caring for homeless and destitute boys, for unfortunate young mothers and their babies, and went about helping those in need—doing acts of charity too numerous to mention.

For fifty years Father Baker depended on Our Lady of Victory to help him in his work, and placed his institutions under her special protection. His work prospered, and to-day, in the city of Lackawanna, New York, adjacent to Buffalo, these institutions stand as a monument to his untiring labours. He built the St. John's Protectory for the homeless and unprotected

boy; St. Joseph's Orphan Home for the orphaned boy; Our Lady of Victory Infant Home for the unwed mother and her baby; a Working Boys' Home for the young man who was old enough to go to work and take his place in this world. He built Our Lady of Victory General Hospital and a Contagious Hospital; two Nurses' Homes, and Father Baker's Summer Camp for his boys, to say nothing of the modern, well-equipped Farm.

During all these years, he cherished a dream. He wanted to build a church to honour his Heavenly Queen and partner. And his dream finally came true. In Lackawanna, at the southern outskirts of Buffalo, stands a marble Basilica, the very best that love, loyalty, generosity and devotion could provide. It stands in her queenly majesty, like a benediction from heaven, the blessing that followed his prayers and unfaltering confidence in God's Holy Mother.

The architecture of this church is of the Renaissance style of the neo-classical type. It has a frontage of 158 feet, with a depth of 237 feet. Its height, from ground to the summit of the twin towers is 130 feet.

A dome of majestic proportion reposes, like a queenly crown, over the intersection of the transepts of the church. This dome is considered to be the second largest on any building in the United States, its circumference being two hundred and fifty-one feet. (The only larger dome being that on the Capitol in Washington). It is covered with copper and surmounted by a large electrically illuminated copper cross. At its base are to be seen the figures of four angels; these are of solid copper material, 13 feet high, holding trumpets to their mouths as if, in clarion notes, calling the whole world to the Shrine to honour their Queen, our Blessed Lady of Victory.

The exterior is built of white Georgia and Carrara marble. Most of the interior marble was imported from Italy.

The main altar, with the exception of the four elegant, spiral, red marble monoliths, is constructed of Carrara marble. By some Providential guidance, while this Basilica was being built, these red marbles—rare specimens of their kind—were discovered in their native unhewn condition in France. They

had lain, perhaps for half a century, amidst a heap of abandoned blocks of stone, having no apparent value.

To-day, these columns are priceless. Does it not seem that Eternal Wisdom had destined them just for Father Baker and his exquisite Basilica? High above the Tabernacle, where dwells her Divine Son, is a magnificent statue of Our Lady of Victory, 9 feet high. To the hundreds of thousands who visit the Shrine annually, this statue of Our Lady of Victory is the first beauty they see upon opening the gigantic bronze doors.

The magnificent mural which decorates the dome is one of the most charming grandeurs of the church. It is devoted entirely to the ever favourite subject of artists—the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into Heaven. It depicts, in complete detail, her glorification from the moment her Immaculate Body leaves the Sacred tomb to her Coronation as Queen of Heaven. Myriad angels are seen in the picture, some placing flowers in and around the empty tomb, others, near the Blessed Mother, are carrying lilies to symbolize her spotless purity, and arch-angels are seen with their various emblems. The Apostles also are represented showing the ecstasy of their joy as the reality of the Assumption grows upon them. The Blessed Mother is portrayed being borne up to Heaven by angels amid clouds of resplendent glory. This mural was executed by Signor Gonippo Raggi and Sons, world-famous artists.

The large frieze around the Shrine is all in gold leaf, done in mosaic in blue lapis-lazuli. All the other parts of the Shrine are decorated in a very rich manner with an abundance of gold ornamentation in mosaic effect, all harmonizing with the elegant architectural style of the Shrine, and manifesting a continual devout reference to Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

There are nine altars in Our Lady of Victory Shrine . . . the main altar dedicated to Our Lady of Victory, and the others dedicated to—St. Joseph, St. Patrick, St. Aloysius, St. Theresa, St. Anne, St. Vincent de Paul, Our Lady of Lourdes, the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception.

Before Father Baker passed away, he made a prediction to Brother Stanislaus, his very close friend and confidant, that

after he, Father, is gone, Masses will be said on all the altars in the Shrine, and pilgrims would come from all over to honour Our Lady of Victory.

The National Shrine of Our Lady of Victory, located in the heart of his various Homes, all within bustling Lackawanna, was his last work, his dream come true. When he was planning to build the Shrine, he said to Brother Stanislaus, "Brother, we will build a Shrine to honour Our Lady of Victory. It will be the most beautiful church we can possibly build, for nothing is too good for her."

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NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES, QUEBEC

O little town beloved, O Lower Town,  
 Under the Citadel and that lofty crown  
 The Chateau, you have seen  
 Soil red with war, soil green  
 At each recurrent spring;  
 And you can sing  
 A glorious history, one that shall  
 Shine ever with Laval  
 And other lights.

Forgive, if I prefer  
 That crudeness of the past, that is forever her  
 Victory chapel, a shrine  
 Always I shall make mine,  
 And there,  
 Pray her a prayer  
 That is a secret only she may share.

B. F. Musser.

## SO PROUDLY WE HAIL

By A. PROUTY.

TRACING the remnants of Catholicism, like shadowy vestiges of the Ages of Faith, in the customs still observed at sea, is a fascinating but somewhat disappointing task. What should be the glorious mosaic of a great religious tradition, has become obliterated until it is almost unrecognizable, like the smooth lines of a Bath clipper ship concealed beneath the barnacles and seaweeds of a three year cruise. Few of the Catholic customs have been handed down intact; most of their origins forgotten, but Catholicism is still there, hidden but living on.

The Catholic military tradition, if there be such a thing, developed during the Crusades. Chivalry gave the world much of its etiquette of arms; while the modern world can smile at the wandering knight, to-day the Afrika Korps and the Eighth Army perform certain hallowed actions in exactly the same way in which they were carried out on the jousting fields of Merrie England and on the battle grounds in Palestine. A thousand years ago the distinction between soldier and sailor was not nearly so precise as it has since become, and consequently a large part of the customs, such as those dealing with salutes and flags, belong equally to the armies and the navies of the world.

The salute, for example, is a mark of respect paid to authority—lower rank initiates the ceremony, higher rank acknowledges it. There are several kinds of salutes in the navy; those between unarmed men, between armed men, and between armed ships.

The most elementary salute is that made with the hand. Two reasons are alleged in explanation of its origin. One is that the chivalrous Catholic knight started the custom by his habit of unhooking and throwing back the visor of his helmet, and thereby disarming himself, as he approached another bold warrior. The second reason goes back to the centuries of the bar-

barian invasions when Roman law and order had been for a time suspended, and brigands and cut-throats made travel dangerous. Every man rode with his broadsword loose in its scabbard, and on drawing near a fellow wayfarer, it was considered polite usage as well as a healthy move, to raise the right, or sword arm, to the head, signifying pacific intent. With one hand aloft and obviously empty, there would be no treacherous bolt from a crossbow as the distance between the two strangers decreased. Both removing one's hat and saluting with the hand came down as correct forms in military and naval etiquette until modern times. It was Queen Victoria who finally ordered the hand salute, having become annoyed at the disorderly spectacle of half the officers at a reception doffing their headgear, half remaining covered.

The second type of salute is that made with the sword or rifle. The oriental soldier lifted his curved scimitar before his eyes to save his sight from the radiant glory of his monarch. The newsreel cameras have shown Haile Selassie's men performing this gesture before their Emperor. The Crusader, however, had his sword made straight, with a single crosspiece as a guard. When he departed on the holy quest to the East, he lifted his blade high in the air, pointed the tip toward heaven, and touching his lips to the Cross formed by handle and guard, swore to wrest Christ's Sepulchre from the clutch of the Saracen.

To-day, the Navy officer on parade kisses the hilt of his sword, then drops its point to the ground. This lowering of the weapon signifies humility and obedience to orders. The "Present-arms" with the rifle is the offering of the weapon to a superior; the gesture implies readiness to carry out whatever it may be his pleasure to command. These salutes had their practical as well as symbolical value. In a day when armies were mere gangs of armed mercenaries rather than disciplined patriots, crowned heads rested less nervously when the marks of respect were paid with some system. The custom made it easier to distinguish the assassins from the crowd.

The quarterdeck salute can be made either with the hand or with the sword. The British contend that the quarterdeck,



or that section of the ship upon which ceremonies take place, is sacred because from it at one time flew the Royal Ensign, the emblem of authority and divine right of kings. Catholic navies, such as the French and Spanish, have the tradition of paying deference to this honored place, because it was there that the Christian mariners set up the shrine to Our Lady, or fixed a Crucifix; even earlier it was the spot where pagan Greeks and Romans enconced their household gods.

Salutes between warships, the third kind, consist of firing cannon and dipping the colors.

According to the British, all salt water is part of the realm, and thus falls under the dominion of the King of England. This has been so ever since Norman times, when the waters adjacent to the British Isles were termed, the "English Seas." In 1643 Charles I gave orders to his captains, that they were to compel, under penalty of sinking, all vessels, British or foreign, to do honor to the royal flag. On a British man-o-war's approach, the stranger must drop his lower yards to the deck, furl his topsails, and discharge all his artillery. This gave the King's ship the advantage of having a possible enemy helpless, guns unloaded, deck cluttered like a barnyard, no steerage way, wallowing in the troughs like a fat duck. To put a ship in such a state in heavy weather was a dangerous business; often an obstinate captain refused.

From the lowering of the sails comes the custom of half-masting the flag; from the firing of the cannon are derived the elegancies of twenty-one guns for the President. So say the British.

The French agree with them about the origin of booming naval salutes. Of the other custom they have their own opinion. Half-masting the flag, far from growing out of the pride of a people acquiring an empire, had its beginning in the burning faith of a Catholic Europe. It was the custom, the French point out, for Catholic sovereigns to order their ships to be put in mourning during Holy Week. The sailors "cockbilled" the yards: that is, they dropped the lower yards to the deck and pulled the upper one askew from parallel to the water, to an

angle of seventy degrees with the mast. This made the ship look like a pile of jackstraws—then they slacked off the rigging and let it hang in festoons. The whole effect was slovenly and the very antithesis of shipshape. To the naval eye it was a sorry sight and as close to strewing the ship with sackcloth and ashes as was possible. The flag, of course, was left lugubriously flapping half-way down the mast.

The flag at half-mast to-day, in every land signifies respect for the honored dead. Such a meaning may have arisen out of the pride of a nation. Far more fitting is it, however, to see in each half-raised flag a remembrance, a "mark of respect," first paid to Him who died for all nations and for all men.

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"Spend the first ten years of their lives with your children if you want them to spend the next ten years of their lives with you." Baroness Marie von Trapp.

Baroness von Trapp can rightfully answer the complaint of mothers that "Johnny or Susan never stays home any more." The Austrian noblewoman is the mother and the guiding spirit of the gifted Trapp family, nine of whose members, in addition to the baroness herself, are renowned for their concerts in which they sing chiefly church music and the folk music of their Tyrolean homeland.

Wherever the Trapp Family Singers appear, it is not only their flawless a-Capella singing which enchants audiences, but the fact that living, working and travelling together always as a family group are a mother and father, seven daughters and three sons, two of whom are grown men.

## A SAINT OF OUR DAY

*Mother Frances X. Cabrini*

By SISTER MARY TERESA, C.S.J.

DURING these dread days when dark clouds are lowering over the Eternal City, the news of the canonization of Mother Cabrini comes as a bright ray of hope to thousands of her children in war-torn Europe and particularly in Italy, her own beloved land. From her home in Heaven, where we are now assured she reigns, she will bring strength and comfort to our Holy Father and protection for Rome in this her darkest hour.

Mother Cabrini was born at St. Angelo of Lodi, on July 15th, 1850, the youngest of thirteen children. Carefully trained in virtue by her saintly parents, she soon showed her longing for the religious life. Unable to join any of the Sisterhoods

because of her frail constitution, she was advised by Monsignor Serrati—who recognized her rare gifts and sterling character—to found an Institute for Missionary Sisters, then so badly needed. Eagerly she accepted his advice and with a little band of volunteers carefully trained, the Institute of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart was founded in 1880. The first convent, orphanage and boarding school were opened at Codogno, Italy, and her work fully approved by the Bishop of Lodi.



MOTHER F. X. CABRINI

Always burning with zeal for the conversion of infidels, she made a vow to go to the Orient with a chosen band of her Sisters. When everything was in readiness she presented her plans to Pope Leo XIII, eager for his approval. He, knowing the deplorable condition of the Italian immigrants in the United States, said to her: "Not to the East but to the West. Go to the United States and there you will find a vast field of labour." This was for her the voice of God and she hastened to obey. With six Sisters she set sail and arrived in New York, March 31st, 1889, expecting to find an orphanage for Italian children in readiness as promised by the authorities. Instead she received a very cold reception from the Archbishop who even suggested that she return to Italy. A heart less brave would have been chilled by this unexpected reception but not so Mother Cabrini. She replied: "Here the Pope has sent me and here I will remain." A few days later, relenting, he gave the little band his paternal blessing and gracious permission to occupy a very dilapidated old building—a worthy foundation for the great work to follow.

The Sisters were very happy even in extreme poverty and began at once the work intrusted to them by the Sacred Heart. Within a month an orphanage for Italian children was opened and one year later Mother Cabrini secured a vast estate at West Park on the Hudson. The orphanage was transferred there and a Novitiate for the Missionary Sisters in the United States opened.

New York was the starting point of her work in the United States. From there it branched out and spread with amazing rapidity. On her arrival in New York there were 40,000 Italian immigrants in New York city alone. For years Catholic immigrants continued to pour in at every port from Italy, Germany, Poland, Ireland, and other countries. Boston, New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans were centres of location. Soon proselytizing agencies were at work. Pope Leo appealed to the Bishops of the United States but it seemed impossible for them to meet the religious problems of each group owing to the scarcity of priests. The Italians were in particular

danger. Mother Cabrini and her devoted Sisters came to the rescue. Their marvellous work helped to save the children of Italy for the faith which is in a special way their inheritance. Were it not for her, under the Providence of God, one of the finest racial elements in America might have been lost to the Church.

The Italians crossed the continent to Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mother Cabrini and her daughters followed. It is almost impossible for us to realize the rapid progress of her Institute. Foundation followed foundation in rapid succession. Wherever Mother Cabrini went new convents, schools, orphanages and hospitals were opened. Three massive Columbus Hospitals, opened in New York, Chicago and Seattle respectively, are probably the best equipped in the United States. Her Sisters from the various centres visited Italians regularly in public hospitals, poor houses, prisons, mines and missions where there were no Italian priests. Catholic prisoners of Sing Sing expressed their gratitude to the Sisters in an illuminated address on the occasion of their Silver Jubilee in United States.

Despite insuperable obstacles the work flourished. God always came to the rescue either in furnishing extraordinary means or in bending the stubborn will of opposing parties—for opposition she had in good measure. All her works began in poverty, sacrifice and difficulties of every kind. She accepted it joyfully, telling her Sisters it was a good omen. To praise, magnify and glorify God was her only desire. Everything was intrusted to the Sacred Heart; St. Joseph was the wise custodian of temporal affairs, her Guardian Angel and her innocence so appealing even to the wicked, carried her safely through dangerous slums where even armed policemen dreaded to enter.

During all those years she guided with greatest care all the affairs of her rapidly growing congregation and supervised the minutest details of the novitiate. The training of the novices was of the greatest importance. Humility, obedience, simplicity and great exactitude in even the humblest duties were ever the

subjects of her conferences. "Let us work, let us work and suffer for our dear Lord, we shall have an eternity in which to rest!" Burning with love for God and zeal for souls, the hearts of her young listeners were filled with fervour. Trained in such a school, her devoted subjects are indeed worthy daughters of such a valiant mother. Under the guidance of the present Superior General, Very Reverend Mother Antonietta Della Casa, chosen by Mother Cabrini as her successor, the great work of the Missionary Sisters continues. Besides the almost incredible work in the United States, houses are established in London, Paris, Madrid, Nicaragua, Argentine and Brazil.

November 13th, 1938, was the date of Mother Cabrini's Solemn Beatification. Now thousands of loving hearts are eagerly awaiting her canonization, a date which will be written in letters of gold in the annals of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

To Mother Cabrini the children of the United States—the land of her adoption—are doubly dear. But we plead earnestly for our Canadian Catholic Youth: keep a place for them in your great heart and fill them with the desire to work solely for the "Greater Glory of God."

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Ruskin says: We want peace, we want liberty, we want amusement, we want money. Which of us feels or knows, that he wants peace? Well, if we want peace of heart, let us go to Him Who made the heart. Moreover, He sweetly invites us: "Come to Me and I will give you rest."

LWIW—1474

Detroit, Michigan,  
April 16, '44.

Dear Sister Leonarda:

YOU asked me to recall my first trip to the West, so here is some ancient history for you.

When I left St. Mary's School, Kingston, I wanted a rural school. I was accepted at the rural school of Redditt, Ontario. "Hobson's Choice," thought I as I packed my trunk. I was to report in Redditt by January 3rd, but en route to the Union Depot to make reservations, I phoned Brother Jarlath, Supervisor of Separate Schools, to ask if there were any teachers needed. "No," was his reply, "no vacancies in city schools, but how would you like to go to Alberta?" "Fine," I answered, "only I'm supposed to leave for Redditt to-night, and am on my way to buy my ticket." "Come on up and let us talk it over," he said. I did so, and thus became a member of the "First Contingent" of Catholic Teachers who went West.

On Tuesday, December 27, 1925, we left for Edmonton, immediately after the farewell banquet at the Carls-Rite Hotel.

Present at the banquet were His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, Brother Jarlath, several priests, a few officials of the C.N.R. and fifteen teachers—eleven women and four men. Everything went merrily until His Grace arose and complimented us on our courage in facing the Harvest Field as Missionary teachers to the Ukrainians. Some of us knew what was before us (or thought we did) and didn't care; others began to worry, but it was too late to back out.

We had a jolly trip and became fairly well acquainted. Nothing exciting happened apart from three of the men being left behind at Saskatoon, Sask. The other man had to look after their baggage—which consisted of six suitcases and

various other things—as well as his own, for the rest of the journey. He resembled an overburdened pack pedlar.

When we arrived in Edmonton, Saturday, January 1st, we were met by Father Hughes and taken to various homes to be lodged and fed. In the afternoon we all met again and were presented to His Grace, Archbishop O'Leary, and Mgr. McGuigan, who is now His Grace, Archbishop McGuigan of Toronto.

Father Hughes was to place us in schools but only one school, requiring a teacher with a knowledge of French was available, and we were fifteen teachers anxious to be at work.

A schoolmate of mine was selected and as we saw her leave for her new post we could not but wonder when we, ourselves, would be settled.

After three weeks of futile search I answered an "ad" in the Edmonton Times-Journal for a school near Chipman, Alta. Without waiting for a reply I took the next train to follow up my letter. Upon arriving in Chipman I could get no information regarding the school in question, for, due to a typographical error the name appeared in the paper as "Twin 1474" instead of "Lwiw 1474." However, the name of the Secretary of the School Board—Matthew Hryniw—was known, and I hired a man to take me to see him. What a drive, and what a vehicle! It was built of unpainted pine boards, had a door in the side, one seat minus springs; it reminded me of an old-fashioned potato bin with runners under it. The man did not know the way, the roads were drifted with snow, the thermometer about 30° below zero, so it was far from being a pleasure jaunt.

About dusk we located the home of one of the trustees—Mr. Kudryek—and I was left there for the night. The house was of brick, quite modern and had a furnace, but green cottonwood makes a poor fire, so we all hugged the kitchen range. The upstairs was unused; the living-room served as a bedroom, and three little boys, Ivan, Willie and Nikolai, ranging from ten to seven years of age, slept on a folding cot in the dining room.



After an excellent supper, at which I tasted Russian cooking for the first time, I helped my hostess to clear the table and do the dishes, but in silence, for as her husband informed me, "You can't talk to my wife, she don't know a d— word of English." I, being tired, wondered where I was to sleep but after a while Ivan and his father brought a cot from upstairs and placed it behind the dining room table. It was made up with several big thick comforters filled with feathers. About 9.00 p.m. my host said abruptly: "All right, take off your boots; we go to bed now." I wanted so much to laugh, but didn't dare.

Next day I saw the Chairman of the School Board and the Secretary, and it was decided that I start teaching on Monday, February 23rd. I returned to Edmonton to gather up my personal property and found a letter from a school in Southern Alberta requesting my services. I offered it to one of my friends and arranged the exchange with the School Board by phone.

On Saturday I returned to Chipman, where I was met by the Secretary and his wife a lovely girl who knew no English. I had a long list of groceries and other necessary articles to fill, as my school was eight miles from town. Arriving at the school, I found the entire School Board to greet me and incidentally have me sign an agreement, which I did with a very heavy heart. A fire was built in the little shack which was to be my home for three years, and I was left entirely alone for the first time in my life.

Picture to yourself a little one-roomed frame shack, 12 x 14 feet, painted white with dull brown trim, two windows minus either shades or curtains, a dilapidated iron bed with a broken-down coil spring and a torn mattress a small dresser in one corner, a book-case which served as a cupboard, two kitchen chairs, a rickety home-made table and a fair-sized kitchen range and you will have some idea of my prairie home as I first saw it.

After spending one night alone and realizing that nothing would harm me, I felt considerably braver but found the first

day, a Sunday, very long. There was no Mass to attend, so I spent the day sorting out the school equipment and trying to pronounce the names on the register.

On Monday twenty-four pupils (Kindergarten to Grade VII) arrived, and I thought to myself, "This won't be so bad," but Tuesday I had thirty-four and Wednesday forty-four pupils. Said I to myself, "If they keep increasing by tens every day I'll quit," but there were only eight more to come and I settled down to a year of hard work with my fifty-two pupils, including wee tots who did not understand a word of English; pupils who were eager to learn and some big lads just "putting in the winter."

When I had organized fairly well in the class room I attempted to improve my living quarters and gradually I converted it into quite a cosy wee home. The bed gave place to a divan, built-in shelves served as a clothes closet, now shades and ruffled curtains covered the windows, varnish for the floor and a few rugs and cushions completed the improvements.

It was a common thing to wake up feeling like an icicle that first winter, as I had only green wood to burn, and when I'd feel my way to the stove to rebuild the fire a voice would say "Whoo! Whoo!" At first I was startled but soon realized that it was a Snowy Owl perched on the chimney.

I had to do all my own cooking but my good Russian people supplied me with vegetables, eggs, meat, milk, butter and sometimes a loaf of fresh bread baked in an outdoor oven. Fresh water had to be pulled up on a rope from a well forty feet deep and one winter's day I lost two pails in the well and called for a volunteer to go down on a rope to get them. A mischievous little scamp was the only one ready to risk it and a very solemn group stood watching the proceedings. The pails were recovered without any accident. A few days later in our Geography lesson re the heavenly bodies, I said "Walter, if you had looked at the sky the day you were in the well you could have seen the stars." He answered: "Teacher, I was not thinking of stars that day."

When I last heard from Walter he was with the Basilian Fathers in Mundare, Alberta, studying for the priesthood, having run away from boarding school in Tofield to accomplish his desire.

At the nearest Church (Greek Catholic) three and a half miles distant, Mass was celebrated every third Sunday. The nearest Latin Church was at Chipman, eight miles away. The Greek Churches have no seats and the ceremonies are very long. The men occupy the right side and the women the left of the Church. There are no confessionals and no communion rail. Just two steps in some churches separate the body of the church from the sanctuary. The churches that are completed have a solid partition or veil (I don't know the correct name) in which there are three doors. These doors are closed at the "Sanctus" and made me think of Solomon's Temple with its "Holy" and "Holy of Holies." The likeness did not end there as they also had a "seven branched candle-stick" and a table on which large loaves of bread were placed by the parishioners.

Confessions were heard on the steps leading to the sanctuary and while one penitent knelt the rest of the congregation chanted some litany in a loud voice. Communion is given under both species in the Greek Church and the Host used is small and square.

One fine day in the spring of 1925, Father Boniface, a Franciscan, walked into my school and asked me if I were French or German. "Neither," I replied, "I'm Irish." This brave missionary, of titled German family, who spoke ten languages, wrote plays and books and taught music, employed his spare time in supervising religious instruction in all the schools throughout his mission. The children loved him and watched eagerly each week for the "catechism car," as they called the priest's automobile. He would hear their answer in English, then would say "Parouska" and they promptly translated into Russian. If the lessons were perfect a large box of candy was brought in and even "Professorka" got her share. If some pupils did not know their lesson they were

playfully threatened with the heavy knotted end of Father's cincture.

Sometimes I hitch-hiked to the village on Saturday and stayed over night to attend Mass on Sunday, but one Sunday I walked the whole eight miles and when I wanted Father Boniface to hear my confession, he asked me, "How did you get here?" When I told him I had walked, he said, "You have done penance enough."

In 1926 my first Grade VIII pupil passed her Entrance Exam and after completing High School and Normal she joined the Ruthenian St. Joseph's Sisters at Mundare, Alberta, where she is known as Sister Boniface. The next year I had four more pupils for the Entrance Exam and all were successful. Two have completed High School and their Normal training and are now teachers. That same year I was selected by the I.O.D.E. as a "teacher of exceptional ability" and granted a scholarship at the University of Edmonton where I took a special course in "How to teach English to Foreigners."

The people began to take a real interest in school affairs, and as the attendance had by now increased to sixty, they were easily persuaded to build a modern two-roomed school where Grades I to X inclusive were taught. A nice four-room cottage was built to accommodate another teacher and myself. The new school was opened in February, 1928, but three months later I left Alberta for Hawaii.

My Russian children corresponded with me for a long time and I am often lonely for them even yet. I do not regret the years I spent on the prairie for I feel that my efforts were appreciated and my labours rewarded. There are so many things I could tell you that happened during those three years, but time flies and I must conclude this chapter. Perhaps another time I may recall something of interest. Until then, dear Sister, I remain,

One of your old art pupils,

Florence Martin.

## BURMA'S SACRED FISH

By A. V. ROSNER.

“OH! do please buy some rice, kind Thekinle (little Master), rice for the fish, and may the Lord Buddha bless you a thousand times.”

Thus spoke a Burmese woman as she presented me with a lacquer tray piled high with great balls of fried rice and molasses. We did buy some rice balls out of curiosity, and we fed the sacred fish from one of the gabled summer houses that overlook the Wingabar or Horse-shoe Lake, hidden away in a corner of busy Rangoon. As each handful of rice touched the water it was covered with a great mass of flopping fish. The more rice we threw in the greater became the circles of swarming fish. Now and then we caught sight of a turtle lazily wedging its way through the ring of fish.

At times so closely packed are the fish that in some sacred tanks and lakes you can stand a walking-stick upright in the midst of them.

Years after my visit to Wingabar I had occasion to know why many a Pagoda in Burma has a sacred tank or lake teeming with fish and turtles. Here is what a Buddhist lady had to say about the sacred fish of Wingabar.

## SANCTUARIES

“Thekinle, listen. To us Buddhist people, fish are sacred in the sense that the taking of life is callous and sinful. Their sanctity has no religious significance, except that their lives are as sacred as any human life. Fish are not deified as cows are generally done by our Hindu brethren across the Bay.

“A Buddhist must be governed by compassion. He must learn to love his fellowmen and be exceedingly considerate to all dumb creatures. That is why you see Buddhists buying up cows, goats, and sheep from the local slaughter houses to set them free again. By this kindly act the Buddhist be-

lieves that he attains special merit. He has saved the life of a dumb animal, and to save life is an act worthy of merit. Wholesale butchery is necessary to feed the country, yet it must be admitted that a cow led to the shambles is a horrid, nay a terrible sight. Surely to set her free would be a great blessing."

"Game sanctuaries are found in the Reserve Forests of many nations. The killing of animals within the specified areas is a criminal offence punishable with imprisonment and fine. These are some of the methods that Government takes to sanctify the lives of animals from indiscriminate slaughter."

"May I interrupt you, please, Mother? Not to sanctify but to preserve the rarer species is the purpose of the Reserve Forests. Besides in these Reserved areas we can always kill any animal in self-defence."

"Now, Thekinle (little Master), you have seen the Wingabar Lake in Campbell Road. In that lake fish are set free by the thousands and there they enjoy unrestricted freedom. The Lake is a reserve area of freedom. People understand that any molestation of these fish is a breach of peace and an unpardonable crime for a Buddhist. Absolutely no fishing is allowed."

"But, Mother, do tell me why the sacred tank is studded with small shops in which are to be found all the delicacies enjoyed by fish."

"This is another aspect of humanitarianism. I have told you, Thekinle, that to set free fish or any other dumb animal is an act of merit. Now if you feed the animal set free you perform another meritorious act. You have also seen that other famous tank in Pegu, a town 60 miles north of Rangoon, well, that tank is for the same purpose—to gain merit. In Burma we have many more of these tanks. Almost every famous Pagoda has one. You have also seen turtles and tortoises coming to eat the rice you so kindly threw in, they are as sacred as the fish and any other animal."

"In India, too, Mother, they have such tanks. I know of one in the famous Jain Temple in Calcutta, where you can also heap up merit by feeding the sacred fish. I remember

reading about another sacred spot dear to every Hindu, Avantika or Ujjain, on the Sipra River in West India. Ever since the days of Asoka (273-232 B.C.), the Royal Monk, who preferred the yellow robe of the Buddhist to the purple of Kings, Avantika and its neighbourhood within the radius of five miles had been a sanctuary for birds, beasts, and fish and all living creatures. Kites, turtles, and fish come in for their share in the kneaded balls of dough thrown out to them, whilst cows and sacred bulls benefit by the lavish quantities of sweets and grass held out to them by devoted pilgrims."

\* \* \*

"I must tell you, Thekinle, that Astrology plays an important part in the lives of the Burmese people. When a Burman is born his birthday is carefully noted down with the exact time and its accompanying circumstances. These data are then placed before a learned man who consults the oracles of the skies and after due calculation records them on a palm leaf. He notices the various planets that are seen in the sky at the date of birth. From mathematical and other scientific calculations these 'Sayas' (wise men) can foretell the fate of their subjects. A Burman often has recourse to this method of divination. From his 'saya' he learns, for instance, that he is unfortunate for the time being, especially for the ascendancy of the planet Mars which was seen at his birth. He also finds out from his astrologer what he ought to do in order to be more fortunate. He is told, perhaps, that he should release 45 fishes—one for every year he has lived. This act will lessen his unlucky period and even help him tide over his anticipated troubles. Such answers are not confined to fishes only. They may take any form. It all depends on the astrological calculation.

"The main point to be kept in mind is that Buddhists consider the setting free of all dumb animals to be an act of merit. You may have heard that wealthy Burmese families feed all the animals in the Rangoon Zoo. The feeding is, of course, done by the Zoo authorities, the wealthy Burmese merely defray the expenses for that day or week. Having

done this they are well satisfied that they have, at least to-day, had compassion on the many caged beasts whose real home is in the wilds.

"Now, Thekinle, I hope you have understood in how far fish are sacred to the Buddhists and why we feed the fish.

"One of the Buddhist canons runs something like this:

*"Life is sacred. Taking of life is sinful. Taking of all life is destructive and callous. Therefore, respect all life."*

"And, Thekinle, when next you go to see any sacred tank, do feed the fish. May the Lord Buddha bless you!"

#### GALILEE.

My thoughts are now far away from Wingabar with its sacred fish. I am on the shores of the lake of Galilee, with Peter and his companions landing a great big shoal of fish, and I hear the Master's words:

"Come, follow Me, and I shall make you fishers of men."

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A woman who had just completed a First Aid course saw a man lying prone in the street and was shocked that the passers-by callously paid no attention to him, so she rushed up and began giving him artificial respiration. The man raised his head and said: "Lady, I don't know what you are trying to do, but I am trying to get a wire down this manhole."



## THE LATE SISTER M. IRENE

ON March 10th, Sister M. Irene died at the Mother House. Few have brought to the cause of religion a greater spirit of self-sacrifice or a deeper devotion to the work of the Community than did Sister Irene, formerly Elizabeth Conroy, daughter of the late John Conroy and Catherine Kelley of Thorold, Ontario. Educated at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, she entered the Novitiate in 1887 and was professed in 1890.

The early religious life of Sister Irene was spent teaching in the Separate Schools of Toronto and many of her pupils continued throughout her life to be her most devoted friends. Having exceptional executive ability, she was appointed to many important offices, the first that of Directress of the Academy; then Superior of St. Michael's Hospital, during which time she succeeded in having that institution affiliated with the University of Toronto School of Medicine. Recalled in 1908 to fill the office of Superior General, she added a well-equipped north wing, and later on, when General Councillor, she was able to supervise the immense south wing. In 1913, the first foundation in the west was made at Comox, B.C., where a hospital was opened by her; and when Superior of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Sunnyside, she negotiated the purchase of the property at St. Clair and Bathurst Streets for the new orphanage in order to make the beginning of St. Joseph's Hospital, to which were since added, under her supervision, a new wing and a nurses' residence. In 1933, Sister Irene was appointed Superior of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital for Incurables on Sackville Street. As with the orphans, so with these afflicted patients, she was an object of deep affection and reverence. A visit from "Mother" or a passing word of comfort, even a smile cheered them for the day. In circumstances such as these the true gold of the heart seemed to break through the somewhat stern exterior of that valiant woman, who did so much and spoke so little.

Sister Irene's zeal was not for hospitals and orphanages only. It was during her term as Superior General that a new

academy at Breadalbane Street arose, of such large proportions that even members of the Community envisaged empty classrooms for years to come. Once more, however, Sister Irene's vision of the future proved true; no sooner had the school opened than the rooms were filled to capacity. In 1911, she established St. Joseph's College as an affiliated college of St. Michael's in the University of Toronto, nor was she satisfied until in 1926 she was instrumental in purchasing the property on Queen's Park for this important work.

But while Sister Irene laboured unceasingly for the exterior works of the Community, she did not neglect its spiritual needs for it was she who took the first steps in establishing the Community as a Papal Institution.

In 1938 she was once more a General Councillor, in which capacity she was still serving her Community when death came.

We leave it to those who venerate her memory, to judge of the spirit of faith, of obedience, of prayer that guided from within a life such as hers. Of her charities done in secret no one can judge, they are known only to God. In spite of honours and of public recognition, Sister Irene remained a model of religious observance, finding her greatest relaxation in the heart of her community, her peace and refreshment in the chapel or in the quiet of her cell. It seems fitting that in the designs of God, she, whose life was characterized by the most intense devotion to St. Joseph, should have passed to life eternal during the month consecrated to her beloved patron.

The Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated on Monday, March 13th, by Rev. J. Ryan, C.S.B., with Rev. T. Battle as deacon and Rev. J. P. Leonard, S.F.M., as subdeacon. Archbishop McGuigan was present and gave the last blessing. In the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. J. B. Dollard, Rt. Rev. J. J. MeGrand, Rt. Rev. E. M. Brennan, Very Rev. J. Fuller, C.S.S.R.; Very Rev. J. E. McCorkell, C.S.B.; Rev. Fathers R. Miller, T. Manley, J. Egan, F. Allen, J. T. Muckle, C.S.B.; E. Ryan, L. Toomey (Buffalo), J. F. Corrigan, M. Oliver, C.S.B.; L. McCann, C.S.B.; J. Flahiff, C.S.B.; K. Kidd, O.F.M.; J. F. Tobin, O.F.M.; Rev. J. Brennan.



THE LATE SISTER M. IRENE



## THE JUNGFRAU AT EVENING

**B**Y the Old Monastery's ancient spires  
And Interlaken's swiftly-flowing stream,  
With everlasting hills on every side,  
The artist finds fulfilment of his dream.

Beyond the narrow pass through lesser steeps,  
The Jungfrau proudly lifts her head on high,  
Her radiant brow festooned with cirrus clouds,  
Her snowy summit pillowed on the sky.

The hours are hastening to the close of day,  
The sombre shades of night on meadows rest ;  
And over flower-flecked slopes the dimness spreads  
As slowly sinks the sun out in the west.

Up, up, from height to height the shadows pass,  
Till only snow-capped horns are bathed in light,  
The sun withdraws his iridescent beams,  
Bidding each peak in turn a fond good-night.

Still one, the Jungfrau, topping all the rest,  
In golden light and roseate hue is drest ;  
And there with grand sublimity she sheds  
A touch of heaven's glory from her crest.

The sun, enchanted with the scene portrayed  
In colours that defy the painter's art,  
Lingers awhile to give a last caress,  
Then dons his purple mantle to depart.

H. W. Barker.

## WORSHIP

## I

NOW is the year at fullness of its noon,  
Its rapture voiced from garden, field and grove.  
By thrush and lark and bobolink and dove;  
But 'neath the throbbing of the heart of June,  
'Neath earth's pulsating life with love in tune,  
We feel the beating of the Heart of Love,  
That deep, strong Heart that watches from above  
And gladdens earth with summer's golden boon.  
All beauty is a reflex pale of God,  
And nature is His temple and His shrine,  
His presence and His glory that proclaim.  
And every flower and blade of bush and sod  
Extols His tender providence benign  
And with their beauty praise His holy Name.

## II

Now like a million lips a million blooms—  
Ripe honeysuckle, roses red and white  
And lilacs lush—breathe on the odorous night  
Faint fragrances and delicate perfumes,  
As sweet as incense in cathedral glooms  
Divinely dark save for a single light,  
A single ruby star serene and bright,  
And shadowy sanctuary that illumines.  
'Tis worship's soul in subtle scent exhaled,  
Earth's evening prayer and voiceless vesper hymn  
In essences ineffable outpoured  
So nature bows before God's face unveiled  
In planet's flame and distant stars and dim,  
And sighs her adoration to the Lord.

—P. J. Coleman.

## BIRD OF GOLD

**H**E said: "I see a Bird with golden wings,  
So strong, no other to such heights aspire;  
There is a song this Bird, in soaring, sings,  
By which men's hearts are shaken as by fire.

"Inscribed with immortality, its breast  
Flames like the sun at Resurrection Dawn;  
Fashioned for solitude, its flight is best  
When earth recedes, and all its pomps are gone.

"For then on wings, love-driven, high and higher,  
This Bird," he said, "sweeps onward to its goal;  
Its notes attuned to the Celestial Lyre,  
With which perfection serenades the soul."

And then, as if on other worlds he gazed,  
He cried (entranced by supernatural light),  
"This Bird is God's own spirit in man," and raised  
His eyes to me, transfiguring the night.

J. Corson Miller.





# Community

Sixty years of rich and royal service in the cause of Christ are indeed worthy of a Jubilee! And so on the Feast of St. Joseph the Sisters and many friends, clerical and lay of Sister M. Julitta united with her at the Solemn High Mass of Jubilee celebrated by Rev. A. M. McNicholl, in St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, to thank God for the countless graces of the sixty long years of service. In a short address the Reverend Father recalled the years of prayer and work of the venerable Jubilarian. Truly it could be said by her, "One thing I have asked—that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life; that I may see His delight and visit His temple!" And with the Psalmist Sister has no discordant note in the joy of the day for again she can say, "Seven times a day I have given praise" and "Oh! how I have loved Thy law, O Lord; it is my meditation all the day . . . it is sweeter than honey."

We felicitate Sister Julitta on her Diamond Jubilee, remembering that if the angels rejoice because a sinner returns to his Father's house, how great must be their joy over one who has never left it and who for sixty years has daily adorned it with the flowers of virtue and the arts of prayer and penance.

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On March 19th, ceremonies of reception and profession were held in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel.

At 6.30 a.m. Very Rev. J. Fuller, C.S.S.R., who had given the preparatory retreat to the novices and postulants, officiated at the ceremony of profession when twelve novices made their first vows. Holy Mass followed and immediately before receiving Holy Communion eighteen Junior Sisters renewed their annual vows.

The ceremony of reception took place at 9.30 but long before that time the spacious chapel was filled with relatives and friends of the nine postulants. The procession of brides with their daintily attired basket-carriers and train-bearers was beautiful and inspiring and the ceremony itself, moving with quiet dignity to the moment when the young aspirants, clad in the habit of the Congregation, stood before the celebrant to be accepted as

Sisters of St. Joseph and to receive their religious names, could not but seem an action perfectly suited to "the Holy Place, near to the Altar of Sacrifice."

Monsignor McCann presided as delegate of the Archbishop, assisted by Rev. L. A. McCann, C.S.B. Rev. Father Fuller gave the sermon, basing his remarks on the Gospel incident of St. Peter leaving his boat and his companions to walk on the water to meet his Divine Master. The parallel between the vocation to the religious life and Our Lord's invitation to St. Peter to come to Him was made clear and the Reverend Speaker pointed out that the candidates before him had responded even as St. Peter and that like him too, they would need Our Lord's help in moments of fear or trial and always that help would be theirs. He concluded with words of congratulation and blessing.

Rev. J. J. Hayes, brother of Sister M. St. Francis, read the Mass which followed the ceremony. Other clergy present in the sanctuary were: Rev. J. Ferguson, Very Rev. Dean M. Cullinane, Rev. H. J. Murray, Very Rev. H. Fleming, C.S.S.R.; Rev. F. Pennylegion, Rev. J. Coleman, Rev. H. Cormier, S.J.; Rev. P. Muller, S.J.; Rev. M. Dodd, Rev. H. Mallon, C.S.B.; Rev. P. Lussier, C.S.S.R.; Rev. M. F. Mogan.

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The young ladies who were received are: Miss Irene Murphy, Kerrobert, Sask., Sister Mary Terrence; Miss Jane Macdonald, Plato, Sask., Sister M. Teresa; Miss Ann Matheson, Sudbury, Sister M. Columba; Miss Rita De Luca, Toronto, Sister Jeanne Marie; Miss Mary Trimble, Toronto, Sister Mary Jane; Miss Patricia Conway, Toronto, Sister M. Dympna; Miss Esther Codarini, Toronto, Sister Mary Michael; Miss Kathleen Killoran, Sudbury, Sister Paul Marie; Miss Cornelia Hayes, Toronto, Sister M. St. Francis.

The Sisters who made their First Vows are: Sister Mary Rose Wall, Toronto; Sister Mary Kenneth McDonald, Vancouver; Sister Martha Marie Dillon, Toronto; Sister Mary Ruth Creamer, Toronto; Sister M. Harriet Dubie, White River, Ont.; Sister M. St. Philip Barry, Toronto; Sister M. Frieda Watson, Toronto; Sister M. Enid Selke, Toronto; Sister Mary Alfred Kemp, Toronto; Sister M. Leo Patrick Heenan, Colgan, Ont.; Sister M. Rosanna Brown, Oshawa; Sister M. Gemma Palubiski, Wilno, Ont.

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We were pleased to welcome to St. Joseph's Auditorium Miss Dorothy Willman of St. Louis who has done such excellent work towards the organization of a Union of Sodalties in Toronto.



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Congratulations to St. Patrick's School who took honours for imaginative and best audience-sense in the Choral Speaking Festival held in Harbord Collegiate Auditorium.

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#### ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO

From midnight on Wednesday of Holy Week until midnight on Holy Thursday the Nurses had a Guard of Honour for the Blessed Sacrament.

The Senior Nurses' Valentine Dance and the Junior Nurses' Uniform Dance were held as usual.

Letters from Nurses Overseas tell of Christmas boxes arriving in time for Easter but they could not have been enjoyed more than they were.

Margaret Hunt, Helen Hyland and Laura Larkin are together "somewhere in Italy".

On May 7th, the Nurses attended the National Memorial Service held in St. Michael's Cathedral.

The Preliminary Students entertained their mothers at a Silver Tea and conducted them on a tour of the hospital; on March 17th, they entertained the Graduating Class, presenting a versatile programme of Irish skits, music and dancing.

Recently a talk on the Catholic Welfare Bureau was given by Rev. John Fullerton.

Graduation Breakfast was May 8th. The reunion of graduates on the occasion of the Fiftieth Graduation was held on the 9th, 10th and 11th. Benediction was followed by a tour of the institution. The playlet giving the history of the school in slides with Miss Carmel Leger as announcer, proved enlightening and entertaining as the audience viewed the continued progress of the hospital and the change in uniforms of the nurses. A tour of the residence with refreshments on the residence roof ended an enjoyable reunion.

Graduation was held on June 16th. in Convocation Hall.

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#### ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, TORONTO

Among the thirteen students in the February class is Miss Betty Mulvihill, from St. Joseph's College School.

During Lent Rev. Father McNeill, R.C.A.F., said Mass at

6.45 a.m. and the attendance was splendid. Throughout Lent Mite Boxes filled quickly. A Thanksgiving Offering was made Father McNeill, the balance \$10.00 was given for the Missions to Rev. Father Sharkey and Rev. Father Murphy, who were guests at the April Meeting when they demonstrated their "Chinese Magic" and spoke on "China".

After the school sleighing-party a baked-bean repast in the recreation room climaxed an evening of good fun.

At the Stripe Dance arranged by the Intermediate students the guests were the graduates. Valentine decorations were carried out and each graduate received a favour. Dr. and Mrs. Gourlay were patrons.

Voluntary donations from a St. Patrick's concert by the preliminary students were sent to the Red Cross.

The Executive and other members of the Sodality attended the Sodality Convention at St. Joseph's Convent.

Miss Mary Blackley was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Inter-School Association for the year 1944-45.

The Alumnae Association entertained the Graduating Class at a Social Evening in the Residence. A musical programme had been arranged and refreshments were served.

The post-graduate scholarships for the University of Toronto School of Nursing were awarded by the A.A., one to a member of the Alumnae and the other to a member of the Graduating Class.

On May 7th, the graduates and students participated in the Canadian Annual Memorial Service held in St. Michael's Cathedral.

The Graduating Class were the guests of the Women's Auxiliary at a dance held at Malloney's Art Galleries on May 17th. Mrs. Prentice and her committee were in charge of the arrangements.

May devotions consisted of daily Mass, the Rosary in common and the weaving of prayers and good works into a spiritual crown. A Silver Tea for the Sodalists and their friends was held.

The Graduation Exercises were held June 1st, and on June 7th, the graduates were guests of the Alumnae at the Royal York Hotel for the Graduation Dance.

Graduates of 1944: Misses Helen Burnie, Toronto, Ont.; Eleanora Gloria Izzo, Toronto; Eunice Snell, Toronto; Clara McPhee Allison, Englehart, Ont.; Reta Reilly, Ochre River, Man.; Bernice Skakevick, Norquay, Sask.; Arlet West, Toronto; Evelyn Willis, Mankota, Sask.; Patricia Phillips, Oakville, Ont.; Phyllis Wood, Norval, Ont.; Paula Donahue, North Devon, N.B.; Doris Delaney, Chapleau, Ont.; Sally McNally, Toronto; Margaret Kelly, Midland, Ont.; Ethel McBride, Toronto; Eleanor Mulloy, Toronto; Rita McBride, Toronto; Joan Donohue, Toronto; Gloria Merner, Toronto; Josephine Tuccitto, Hartford, Conn.; Miriam O'Keefe, Toronto; Margaret Wilson, Toronto; Katrine Sullivan, Kirkland Lake, Ont.; Irene McKelvey, Toronto; Monica Taylor, Glace Bay, N.S.; Helen Grady, Toronto; Edythe Frise, Toronto; Joanne Maximchuk, Winnipeg Beach, Man.; Nora Might, New Toronto, Ont.

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Oh, Carpenter of Nazareth!  
Hushed are the whispers furled,  
For in thy little shop He came  
The Builder of the World!  
His little Fingers touched the wood,  
His small Hands held the plane,  
Who was to die upon the Rood  
That men might live again!  
Oh, Carpenter of Nazareth!  
Give us thy faith and care,  
To build a perfect heart of love  
That Jesus may dwell there!

Anthony F. Klinkner.



**ALUMNAE OFFICERS  
OF  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION  
1944**

*Honorary President*

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph.

*President*

Mrs. E. F. Ellard.

*Vice-Presidents*

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Mrs. A. Holmes      Miss Veronica Malone

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Miss Ruth Bradley and Miss Alice Lamb

*Tea Hostess*

Mrs. D. M. Goudy

*Councillors*

Miss Alice Lamb      Miss Ruth Bradley      Miss Mary K. Mickler  
Miss Kay Bennett      Mrs. W. K. Prendergast  
Mrs. Joseph Garvey      Mrs. George Bartlam

*Historian*

Miss Margaret Kelman

The monthly meeting of the Study Club, organized by the Federation of Convent Alumnae in Toronto, was held on May first, in the Common Room of St. Joseph's College School. Mrs. F. Ellard received the members and presided at the meeting. The business meeting was followed by a lecture on Catholic education by Rev. Father Vincent Priester. Refreshments were served by members of St. Joseph's executive. Those present represented Loretto, Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, St. Joseph's, Ursuline, Mount St. Vincent, St. Joseph's High School and St. Michael's

College Alumnae. The meeting was much honoured by the presence of Reverend Mother and Sister Superior of St. Joseph's Convent. Mrs. Roesler, National President, was also present and reviewed the aims and accomplishments of the Federation throughout Canada.

(Mrs.) Helen M. Ellard (President).

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Dear Sister Leonarda :

The flowers are not out yet, but the buds are bursting, and even the Forsythia is beginning to show its yellow flowers. I am writing this in the midst of a lovely rain—for rain is lovely in the spring.

We hear much of spring in England. Perhaps many of you have had that privilege of seeing England in the spring. A neighbour of ours, John Corkery (brother of Catherine and Margaret, Alumnae), seeing it for the first time, is enchanted with the beautiful, vivid green. So many boys have written of England, its landscapes and buildings, but this boy has let me know of the exquisite beauty of the green in the spring. Some say that the north coast of Ireland as you sail around to Liverpool is the greatest green of all, but maybe that is the impression the green makes "on the ocean blue". If we could hear from Alumnae who have stories to tell of the countries their sons and brothers are visiting! They are allowed to tell some things, you know—and it would make such interesting reading for the Lilies! Do send along something, won't you?

It is my pleasure to extend congratulations from the Alumnae section of the Lilies, particularly, to Mrs. Gertrude (O'Connor) Thompson, who has been elected President of the Women's Auxiliary to the Catholic Church Extension Society. The election was made at the annual convention held in the King Edward Hotel, during March, at which delegates were present from all over Ontario. Mrs. Thompson's work is well known to many of you who reside in Toronto; many more read her letters in the Lilies. Those of us who know of her crosses and duties at home, apart from her work for the Church, just murmur "how does she do it?" People like Mrs. Thompson must be fortified from above, and with such energy as hers much good will result.

Another alumna, Mrs. Henrietta (Phillips) McGarry of Kitchener, National President of the Catholic Women's League of Canada, was awarded the Order of the British Empire in the New Year's Honour List. Congratulations, Mrs. McGarry, not only on His Majesty's recognition of your work, but on your

leadership in the War Services League is carrying on "For God and Canada".

Mother met Mrs. Thompson at the convention, as she was one of the Peterborough delegates . . . happens to be President this year of our subdivision of the Extension Society.

Dorothy Chambers joined the C.W.A.C. and has been in the Recruiting Department in Brantford for some months. Mary Chambers, now Mrs. Sherwood, lives in Oshawa and baby John takes much of her time.

Mrs. Jean (Proctor) Erwin visited St. Joseph's recently, bringing with her Lorne, Patricia, Joan, John and Jean; Hugh 18 months old, was too small yet. Jean tells us that Mrs. Robert Porter (Kathleen McCann) lives near her in North Toronto. Mrs. Woodruff (Margaret McCann) also lives in Toronto and they see her occasionally also.

Mrs. Carol (Williams) Pierson is also a visitor occasionally to St. Joseph's although mostly by phone.

Mrs. James McInerney (Anna Finucan) was a recent caller; Anna's husband is now overseas.

Mrs. Ray Lawlor and her three children spent the first four months of the year in Florida—which was a bit cooler this year, we're told.

Lieutenant Rita Hetherman Walsh visited her home in Toronto when on furlough. She is night supervisor in the Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, which has 1,500 beds.

Another Alumna, Lieutenant Emelda Dickson Guiner, is now serving in Italy. Emelda is a graduate of the College School and also of St. Michael's Hospital. Her husband is with the American Army in England. She of course is with the U.S. Army also.

Our deepest and heartfelt sympathy to Margaret Carolan Speno, whose husband, also a brother-in-law of Clarine Hughes Speno, died recently in Ithaca, N.Y.

To the Conlin girls on the death of their father, Mr. Herbert Conlin.

To Mary Ferland (sister) and Louise McDonald on the death of her mother, Mrs. George McDonald.

To Mrs. B. Kelly (Catherine Delaney) on the death of her father.

\* \* \*

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Patterson (Helen Hetherman) on the birth of Edward Joseph McKeown on January 11th.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Graham (Margaret McCandlish), a little brother for three-year-old John.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor (Betty Burke) on the birth of a little daughter, Brenda Mary.

\* \* \*

Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Howard McDonald (nee Marie Hetherman) married November 2th, 1943.

To Capt. and Mrs. Joseph Gerald Thompson (Claire O'Hagan) married Dec. 27th, and living in Ottawa.

To Helen Kew, a graduate of the College about '34, who was to be married in March—I have lost her husband's name.

\* \* \*

Mrs. B. A. Kelly (Catherine Delaney), Montreal, is recovering from a serious operation. Brian boarded at Loyola when his mother was ill, and says he appreciates *home* now.

\* \* \*

No doubt many of you are looking forward to attending the C.W.L. National Convention in London during June. That should afford reason for a reunion for a few at least.

Hilda Sullivan.

#### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

Last Tuesday evening we attended devotions in honour of Our Lady of Lourdes in St. Malachy's Church over whose archway "Actors' Chapel" is engraved in stone. We had been eager to see this church, having heard of the grotto, and it gave us a thrill to see Our Lady honoured here with the same devotion and under the same auspices as she is in Lourdes, France. The devotions consisted of the rosary, public prayers, sermon, procession with the Lourdes hymn, and invocations, ending with Benediction and veneration of the relic of St. Bernadette.

The grotto is in the basement of St. Malachy's Church, a quiet sanctuary in the "Roaring Forties", in a crowded block on 49th Street between Broadway and 8th Avenue, the *heart* of the world's theatrical district. Theatres are St. Malachy's neighbours. On one corner is the Hurricane Night Club and just around the corner is Madison Square Gardens. My uncle told me that this block is known as "Jacobs' Beach" since Mike Jacobs, the fight promoter, has his office there and that most of the prize fighters stay at one of the hotels and in the summer time they sit out in front on chairs sunning themselves—hence

Jacobs—sun—BEACH! The atmosphere is such a sharply contrasting background to St. Malachy's Church.

After devotions we called on the pastor, Monsignor James B. O'Reilly, who quietly carries on his work for the spiritual and moral betterment of the people of the district, the people of the theatres, hotels and night clubs. What a great work he is doing!

Monsignor O'Reilly told us that it was his predecessor, Father Leonard, who opened the Actors' Chapel and sent out a general invitation to Equity, Chorus Equity, National Variety Artists—all the theatrical groups use that, and they spread the news.

The influential people in the theatre were enthusiastic. Through key men and women announcements went the rounds back stage about the special Mass for the actors. For instance Mae Woods in the Albee office was always in touch with the Vaudeville players. In those days the legitimate stage was unofficially represented by Clara Palmer, George Cohan, Wilton Lackaye and Maude Odell who died on the stage she loved and was buried from the church she loved—St. Malachy's.

For twenty-three years St. Malachy's has been *the* heart in *the* heart of Times Square. Mr. Albee, who wasn't a Catholic, was one of the first to see the need of a spiritual influence in the neighbourhood. Up till then the actors had been considered irresponsible characters—but all that is changed now. You may have read that once upon a time by an act of the English Parliament all actors were declared to be "adjudged and deemed rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars". Believe it or not it's true.

Monsignor states that professions have little or nothing to do with right living and actors are no worse, or no better than anyone else. His work is based on consideration for the spiritual needs and special conditions of the theatrical people who work mostly when everyone else is playing or sleeping, and who are sleeping when everyone else is working. Hence the reason for the 12.15 noon-day Mass every Sunday in Actors' Chapel but this fact doesn't always occur to people. One night about 2.00 a.m. as Monsignor was returning from a sick call to the rectory he was greeted by a girl walking her dog—Yes at *that* hour which wasn't at *that* hour for her. Walking through any streets in the theatrical district at 2.00 or 3.00 any morning you'll meet dozens of show people. They worked until 11.00 or 11.30, had something to eat, probably went calling on friends, and about 2.00 or 3.00 a.m. they start to go home. These are their *normal* hours.

Since about five years ago there is a Mass at 4.00 a.m. on



Sundays to accommodate the people who work in night clubs and this is done Monsignor O'Reilly explained "So that the actors can make their prayers and then go home to get a well deserved rest, otherwise they would have to get up early with only a couple of hours sleep." On Sunday there is congregational singing at the actors' Mass for the actor knows how to use his voice and enjoys doing so. Paul Creston, the composer, frequently presides at the organ and the late Toscanini played one of his symphonies there at least twice.

The mercurial attendance in America's most unusual parish is affected by conditions foreign to other churches. A prize fight, the weather, the opening of a show, the World Series—these are the things that govern the attendance. Show people always come before an opening to pray for success. Jolson never failed to send a young Catholic girl to light a candle before the Grotto the night he opened.

We heard that many famous people attend. Fred Allen is there every Sunday with Portland and if you hear noon Mass there you are apt to see Jack Haley, Irene Dunne, Don Ameche, Pat O'Brien, Jane Walsh, Anna Kaskas, Gloria Gilbert, Morton Downey, Spencer Tracy—when they are in town . . . and the very first organist of St. Malachy's was Jimmy McHugh, the famous song writer who wrote "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer."

St. Malachy's is most unusual—a church in a parish with such a few dwellings and yet so many worshippers! Only about 400 people have real homes in the parish, yet 4,000 go to the church. You see it is one constant dependable factor in lives that often have very little security. Monsignor O'Reilly told us too of theatrical people who when he first went to St. Malachy's were making from four to five hundred a week who now were on the fringe of their profession. Sometimes it was on account of the way they lived, sometimes it was through no fault of their own.

St. Malachy's is a big parish. All day five priests are busy with the needs of the people—and then they are on call at nights too. Monsignor reminisced: "One morning an actor called me up at 3 a.m. asking me to recommend a doctor to cure his wife's cold . . . that's quite natural . . . *mid day* to him and most of his friends . . . a group of entertainers finished work in a night club and went to someone's house at about 5.00 a.m.—they were about to have breakfast—bacon and eggs. Suddenly they wondered if it were a fast day and called up to find out—In such a case I hope the bacon isn't already in the pan whenever I have to say 'Yes.'"

We wondered at the connection between actors and St. Malachy for St. Malachy was an Irish bishop. Many Irish people were in that district when the church was built so it was natural to have St. Malachy for a patron. St. Genesius, the patron of actors, is represented in a mural in the chapel. He was a comedian in the reign of Diocletian, who when ordered to put on a mockery of the ceremony of Christian Baptism, refused. The refusal cost him his life and he *won* the martyr's crown.

Monsignor is devoted to his work, to all in his charge, theatrical and non-theatrical. At regular intervals he and his assistants visit every theatre dressing room, night club and hotel to remind the people the time of Mass. He states "The strength and value of the Church to them is to keep them close to God. It gives them the opportunity of staying decent which means sane. They come to chapel and find inspiration and consolation they get nowhere else."

The late David Belasco when in New York always visited Monsignor O'Reilly. "Father", Belasco would sigh, "if I only knew the things you know, what plays I could write!"

We reluctantly got up to return to our hotel and just before we knelt to receive Monsignor's blessing he said, "During this war men and women have learned there are no atheists in fox holes. The reason is that the heart of man is naturally religious and instinctively turns to God. The Church is the road that leads to God."

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Your "Lilies" are splendid and I always read them from cover to cover. It is remarkable how you keep it up and if possible it seems to grow finer with each issue.

Florida.

\* \* \*

As to the magazine, I am filled with admiration for the splendid way you have succeeded in maintaining its standard both in matter and production. In these difficult times when people's minds are so distracted, and material costs of every kind are soaring, your achievement is marvellous.

Trinidad.

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Yesterday in talking to my literary friend—a Brother C.S.Sp., he spoke of your "Lilies", said he had heard it mentioned as *the best* of its kind and asked if I had a copy. Wasn't I glad to give that latest number?

Philadelphia.

Thank you very much indeed for "The Lilies". I enjoy reading it and then take it to the office for Mary Horan and Marie Camilli who think as I do, that it is quite a feat to turn out such a uniformly good magazine—equally good in content and format. We are all in the publishing business so we know how to appreciate such excellence.

New York.

Your prayers are requested for our deceased friends: Rt. Rev. Monsignor Parent, Mr. Charles O'Brien, Mrs. McConvey, Mr. Wm. Lehane, Mr. G. Griffin, Mr. Patrick Hickey, Mr. J. Hogan, Mr. McCormack, Mrs. McNally, Miss Claire Power, Mr. Speno, Miss Kearns, Mrs. Metherell, Mr. John D. O'Shea, Mrs. Wright, Miss Margaret Webster, Mr. Frank Sullivan, Mr. James McDonald, Mrs. Patrick Gillen, Mr. Carl Bannon, Mr. J. D. McKenna, Mrs. Dwyer, Mr. Hynes, Mr. Dalton, Mrs. F. Bannon, Mr. William McMillan, Miss Dalton, Mr. Doyle, Major Smith, Mrs. Tobin, Mr. Bates, Mr. Peter Collins, Mr. Frank O'Connell, Mr. Donald Byrne, Miss Elva Ryan, Mrs. Newman, Miss Alma Collins, Mr. John Di Rienzo, Mr. Burke, Miss Rose Ditner, Mr. Delaney, Lieut. Marey, Mr. J. Hogan, Mrs. Sarah Nesbitt, Mrs. Deasy, Mr. Joseph Heenan.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shone upon them. May they rest in peace.

Eric Gill, the British sculpter, wrote in his autobiography: "I had a dream in which I was walking in heaven with my wife, Mary, and our children. We met our Lord and I said to Him, 'This is Betty, and this is Gordian.' And He shook hands with them. And then I said, 'And this is Mary.' and He said, 'Oh Mary and I are old friends.'"



**T**HE BANQUET—In the midst of the joys of the Paschal season the undergraduates of St. Joseph's College honoured the graduating class of 4T4 by assembling almost one hundred members of staff and students to feast and make merry with the nineteen students who do not expect to be in our midst next year. An air of jollity and serene good-will permeated the atmosphere of the Common Room where all were assembled.

One of the main items of this celebration always are the toasts proposed by inexperienced but ingenious undergraduates and replied to by experienced and learned members of the clergy. This year precedent was lived up to. They were as follows:

*The University*—Joanne Hughes 4T4, Rev. T. P. McLaughlin.

*St. Michael's College*—Agnes Futterer 4T4, Rev. B. F. Sullivan.

*The Faculty*—Claire Havey 4T4, Rev. L. K. Shook.

*Newman Club*—Patricia O'Donoghue, Rev. J. E. McHenry.

*Graduates*—Mary Overend 4T5, Beatrice Dobie 4T4.

The Senior Will was composed and read by Carmela Luciani 4T4 and the Sophomore Prophecy by Barbara Hood 4T6.

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**O**N the afternoon of March 18th, the graduating class of St. Michael's met at St. Joseph's to nominate a candidate for the Moss Scholarship. Mr. Donald Eckl was chosen. A very enjoyable tea was served in the Common Room by the sophomores, giving an opportunity to the graduates for a last chat.

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**O**N SUNDAY, April 16th, the Resident Students elected Patricia O'Donoghue Head Girl for next year. Pat, who is a general favourite is in Household Economics, so with her as Head Girl, we should have an efficiently run household for 1944-45. Congratulations, Pat!



**HOUSE COMMITTEE**

**BACK—Audrey Gilmore, Doris Miller.  
FRONT—Rina Almona, Claire Mahaney.**



**REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE, LE  
CERCLE FRANCAIS, LITERARY AND ATHLETIC  
SOCIETIES.**

**BACK ROW—Doris Miller, Claire Mahaney.  
FRONT ROW—Bette Mondo, Irene Morissette.**

**H**ERE are some new records which have been heard in the Common Room lately: Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 6 in B Minor and Bizet's Symphony No. 1 in G Major.

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**T**HE Literary Society was fortunate in obtaining Mr. Diltz of the English Department of the College of Education as guest speaker at the final meeting of the year, Tuesday, April 4th. Mr. Diltz spoke on modern tendencies in education, which he is convinced are hindrances to the type of true education which we should be planning to enable the children of to-day to meet the future. Firm belief and trust in God should, he said, be the basis of such training.

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**R**ESULTS OF ELECTIONS—Elections for the different offices in College activities were held April 3rd. For a week previous our front hall, stairway and common room displayed posters of every size, shape and colour—and be it said gratifyingly original in thought and execution, soliciting the votes of the populace. The results were as follows:

**STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL**—President, Patricia O'Donoghue; Vice-President, Gloria Mondo; Third Year Representative, Peggy Wismer; Second Year Representative, Vera Norry.

**SODALITY**—President, Mary Overend; Vice-President, Alicia Balzac; Secretary, Clara Butkovich; Apostolic Convener, Patricia O'Donoghue; Social Convener, Marnie Baechler; Publicity, Ann Rott; Debating, Evelyn Critelli.

**LITERARY SOCIETY**—President, Mary Crocher; Vice-President, Lois Garner; Secretary, Mary Walsh.

**LE CERCLE FRANCAIS**—President, Maureen Keenaghan; Vice-President, Alicia Balzac; Secretary, Dorothy McNamara.

**ATHLETIC SOCIETY**—President, Claire Mahaney; Vice-President, Catherine Smyth; Secretary, Rosemarie Cunningham. Congratulations to the successful candidates!

**D**O YOU like a Surprise Party? We do. One evening before exams began the house was unexpectedly summoned by the Deans to the Common Room at 9.00 p.m. Hasty examinations of conscience ensued! It must be a conference. But lo! when we arrived we found the table set, candles, roses and all, and the Dean there to announce a party in honour of Rina, our graduating Head Girl; Bea, our graduating S.A.C. representative, and Pat, our coming Head Girl, whose birthday it happened to be. Don't you wish you were in residence?

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**R**EVEREND Father MacNeil, S.J., the war chaplain whom our Sodality adopted last year, is now stationed in Toronto with the Air Force. We were delighted to have him for our last Sodality meeting of the year, March 12th. After a devotional Holy Hour and Benediction, Father MacNeil had tea with us in the Common Room, after which he entertained us at the piano. We were delighted to have him play and sing for us a patriotic song he composed during the First World War, for which he was decorated when he sang it for King George V. at Buckingham Palace. Father MacNeil kindly consented also to tell us the story of how his right arm badly smashed in action was miraculously cured at Lourdes, of his consequent conversion to the Faith and his vow to become a priest. Don't you agree with us that our adopted chaplain is an extraordinary one? We are happy to have been able to make a money donation to his new chapel for his air men, as well as a curtain and antependium for the altar.

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**N**OAH and his wife have nothing on us. We had our flood too, not we trust a punishment from on high but the result of a careless plumber who left a tap at loose ends to send up a fountain of boiling water which continued to "fount" until the third floor, second floor and front hall were running rivers. Everyone turned out to help, a little glad of the diversion from intensive plugging for exams, methinks!



## ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES, 1944



Sunday teas, but  
and we love her!

RINA AIMONE—Life is a change coming from Cobalt to metropolitan Toronto. A week of initiation acclimatized Rina to St. Joseph's and then . . . the fun and laughter started and still hasn't stopped. Besides being President of the Sodality for both years, she was "Head Girl" for 43-44! We will miss Rina for the wonderful coffee she has learned to make in the Household Economics course, the clever ideas for



feeling hasn't left her and she'll probably be back for post-grad work in Philosophy. "Weather providing."

JOAN BRADY—Morpheus visits many girls in the College but most frequently Joan Brady. Joan, a convent grad. of '41, went into Medicine at University, but after a year her nostalgic feelings got the better of her and she transferred to Arts. Though a Toronto girl, she came into residence and from then on, to Joan, day was night and night was day. No drama or situation was complete without her hand in it. That nostalgic



Eng. Lang. and Lit. Each year the freshies stood in awe of Bea only to find her in the groove with everyone else. Good luck to Bea in her chosen career of journalism.

BEATRICE DOBIE—

"So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow." Appropriate words to describe one of St. Joseph's outstanding grads, Bea Dobie. Bea came to Varsity from Nottingham High School, Syracuse, N.Y., and was shortly immersed in the activities of S.A.C., reporting women's editor of the Varsity, Music and Drama Society, and of course



MARY FLANNERY—Fair, ethereal and interest provoking, Mary arrived at St. Joseph's from Runnymede Collegiate, prepared to take everything on the menu in Modern Languages. In Third Year she confined her attention to English and Spanish—that is along with a few other things and people. Popular at Newman, popular at College, Mary will continue to be popular wherever she goes even though it be Cuba.



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AGNES FUTTERER—Having matriculated at Etobicoke Collegiate, Agnes registered for Modern Languages at St. Joseph's and we are glad she did, for she gave us the richness of her personality, credit of good standing in examinations and outstanding achievement in dramatics. She intends going to O.C.E. What a teacher she will make—a dynamic! The Common Room will seem empty without you, Agnes.



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CLARE HAVEY—Arnprior, in the Ottawa valley, sent us this mischievous colleen with the bluest eyes in all St. Joseph's. Their sparkle betrays the fact that she was awarded the D.S.C. for night raids on the kitchen and gained fame there in long sessions on the merits of English Lang. and Lit. Now, after four years, "Sarah" too is going to join the ranks of teachers, with a fervent hope that her dimples will stay "put" in her more dignified moments.





**JOANNE HUGHES**—Joanne is a St. Joseph's product through and through and we are proud of her. In her earliest years, she starred in pantomimes and plays and the three R's. As a High School girl she felt an urge for boarding-school adventures and spent two years at St. Margaret's, Kirkfield, to return to the College School for Honour Matriculation and Graduation. Four creditable years in Household Economics have turned her into an efficient home administrator but Joanne says she has had enough of sciences and is planning post-graduate work in English and French. How about that for an all-round education!



**VERNA OAG KING**—Verna came to us from the North Toronto Collegiate, fair, petite and smiling. Although she lives beyond the city limits she always managed to be here for 8.30 a.m. lectures, to the astonishment, not to say embarrassment of the residents who had but one flight to descend and then couldn't make it. She is unique among her class in this too, that she did not wait for graduation to get married. We wish her and Tom a long and happy life.



**SHEILA KIRBY**—Sheila, originally of Guelph, Ontario, came to St. Joseph's College in 1941 as a graduate of St. Joseph's Convent. From her very first day here she showed a lively interest in the activities of college life. Her keenness, vitality and cheerful smile has made her stay delightful. We hope her life in the business world will be as successful as her sojourn at Varsity.

**CARMELA LUCIANI**—Talla has experienced college life on all sides from her freshman days when her ingenuity annoyed the initiating sophomores. Academically, she majored in Modern Languages with a view "to a more picturesque speech." Beneath a surface of practical jokes, and a sense of humour, Talla had an active interest in all things St. Joseph's. Serving as Publicity Director, she helped make St. Joseph's teas "go over the top," with her flair for flamboyant artistry. With O.C.E. in view for the future, it is our opinion that classes will never be dull.



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**ANNE MATTHEWS**—Anne came as a "freshie" to St. Joseph's College in the autumn of 1941 and chose the Pass Course Arts as her university course. Possessed of an unruffled temperament and a quiet sense of humour, she made many friends while at college. Anne is intending to go to O.C.E. this fall and we feel sure that her future pupils will be as fond of her as we are and that her native Niagara Falls will have every reason to be proud of her.



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**LORETTO MILLAR**—Loretto came to our college in 1941, leaving behind her a brilliant student record at St. Joseph's Convent in Rosetown, Saskatchewan. Loretto has proven herself very capable of combining successfully her student activities and social life. In three short years besides obtaining a university degree she has endeared herself to all of us by her charming personality and winning smile. We feel certain that success will be hers in everything she undertakes.





**DORIS MILLER**—From the woolly West, the land of strength in action and language, came Doris Miller true to western tradition. Doris went to school in Calgary, came to Kirkfield, graduating from St. Margaret's in '41. Varsity held out to her the incongruous mixture of science and languages. We could always depend on Doris to enliven any conversation. As President of the Literary Society and member of the House Committee, she was invaluable to St. Joseph's. Next year she will take her place in the ranks of bread-winners.

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**BETTE ANN MONDO**—Every year Uncle Sam sees fit to pep up College life in Toronto by sending us one of his nicest daughters. He never did his job so well as when he sent Bette Mondo from Rochester, N.Y. Bette, after graduating from the Academy of the Sacred Heart, pursued the Arts at St. Joseph's where she completed the plans for her future career, "Erin Go Bragh."

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**IRENE MORISSETTE**—The frozen North has sent many a daughter south, seeking warmth. But contrary to all traditions Irene Morissette brought the warmth with her too. Irene graduated from Notre Dame Convent in Ottawa, then came to Varsity to pursue studies in liberal arts. As a member of the House Committee, and as President of Le Cercle Francais for two years, Irene added much through her personality to college activities. Next year this young lady will cultivate the science of pedagogy at O.C.E.

TERESA ROACH—Our “Terry” left Windsor to come to the Sisters of St. Joseph when a High School “freshie.” In June of 1941, having successfully completed Matriculation, she became a lovely graduate. In September of 1941 she crossed the street to become a mere “freshie” once again. Now after three years of endearing herself to our hearts Terry is again a lovely graduate, one who will always be remembered for her gaiety and charm.



MARY SEBERT—Mary began High School at Etobicoke, but soon transferred to St. Joseph's College School, where she graduated in 1940. Coming to College she entered Household Economics but after two years transferred to Pass Arts. During “happy College days” she has not only endeared herself to all at St. Joe's but to the members of her fraternity, Alpha Gamma Delta, in which she took an active part. Now that the time has come to part with “our little Siby” we realize how much we shall miss her. She has our best wishes for the future.



HELEN TEOLIS—For eight years Helen has been guided by the Sisters of St. Joseph. She obtained her Senior Matriculation at the College School and now is prepared to graduate in Pass Arts from our dear College. Helen has been an outstanding member of Newman Club, a truly active member. She is well known for her quick wit and throaty laugh. If she finds her future in Occupational Therapy, she will surely be as great a success as previously. Good luck, Helen! Cheer them with your smile and personality!



luck, Helen! Cheer



REPRESENTATIVES OF DEBATING AND PUBLICITY COMMITTEES AND SODALITY.  
LEFT TO RIGHT—Rina Almone, Evelyn Critelli, Mary Overend, Clare Havey, Margaret Hyland,  
Carmela Luciani,



STUDENTS' ADMINISTRATION COUNCIL

BACK—Bette Mondo, Mary O'Brien.

FRONT—Audrey Gilmore, Beatrice Dobie.

## LIFE IN RESIDENCE

If you like to talk, if you enjoy expressing your opinions on life in general and St. Michael's men in particular, there is no place in the world more suitable for you than a girl's college. There on every floor, behind every door, a sympathetic ear is awaiting your confidences. And this explains the considerable amount of seemingly useless chattering that starts with the morning bell, to end far into the night.

Wherever you go, in the large halls, the cosy common-room or up the long staircases, you are sure to meet a group, passionately discussing or amicably gossiping. Life in residence affords a large variety of subjects.

From poetry-reading to mouse-hunting between an essay and a date, so many things happen to form the pattern of a student's day.

Every morning after Mass, there is the dash for breakfast, and the carrying back of supplies for sleepy room-mates. After that, the daily waiting by the "mail-table", followed by a concert of joyous exclamations of deep sighs, as the letters are snatched away by eager fingers and the disappointed soul strides away empty-handed.

At the "dressed-up" Sunday teas in the common-room, everyone enjoys her weekly ice-cream and the much sought for chocolate cake. Ah then how every freshy yearns for the day when she, in her turn, will be a dignified sophomore, officiously waited on.

Sometimes the bell calls a general meeting where one may receive either a well-deserved reproof or the treat of a surprise-party.

Around the tables of the convent refectory friends relate to one another the many incidents of eventful lectures and prolonged stays at the library.

Later, the after-supper scattering of the Globe and Mail on the sofa, with the Voice of Xavier Cugat's band as a background. After the strong carillon on the "quiet hour" bell, the studying behind closed doors, and the strained ear listening for the number rung on the gong.

The business-like visits: "Have you that book on philosophy? And guess who just called me?" The quick look on the blackboard, to see who is out and where, and the secret expectation of finding an interesting message beside one's name.

The evening-meetings in the kitchen around a plate of toast and steaming cups of coffee, jam more precious than gold is distributed among closest friends. There, you can see displayed the latest styles in house-coats and curlers.



The feverish examination-time, with furious studying, strained faces and highly intellectual discussions about Shakespeare, Victor Hugo or a philosophical point of view. There is no question then of friendly visits, unless about a matter of life and death. Many doors are adorned with menacing posters: "Students Studying! Silence! Scram!" and this particularly effective one: "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here."

Finally, the ultimate midnight-chat at the foot of the beds when the girls hush each other and try to stifle irrepressible laughter. Then one by one, the lights are put out; silence and darkness fall on the sleeping college. Alone, a wavering little flame burns before the Tabernacle.

Those details and many more from the thread of college life, and they are the ones we shall recall more vividly later. But always they will be surrounded by the happy atmosphere of family life and warm friendship that we found within the walls of St. Joseph's College.

Suzanne Chouinard.

Editor's Note: Suzanne came to us this year from Quebec City, to improve her English. Whether or not it needs much improving we leave you to decide.



Group on front verandah.

## GRACE

The voice of silence touched a dauntless heart  
And made the wind bow low,  
While daughters of the wind relived the part  
Of joy they would bestow.  
And then the silence reigned no more as king  
Nor made the wind bow low;  
From east and west, a blast with mighty ring  
Crushed down all things below.

A soul that flies on wings of truth to God,  
Was caught within the chains  
Of winds, relentless on the souls they prod  
Until no truth remains.  
A candle lit by angels soothed the wind,  
And crept within the chains,  
To loose the soul and stolen truth rescind  
To heal the captive's pains.

Ambrosial rest, eternity, did bless  
That candle in the Wind.

Peggy Hyland.



"A Get Together" on College back verandah.



ST. MICHAEL'S MUSIC AND ART CLUB.



### SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head Prefect—Theresa Kelly ('44).

Head Resident Prefect—Rita Bauer ('44).

Vice-Prefect—Kay Hawtrey.

Secretary Students' Council—Winnie Byrne.

Treasurer—Lucy Cunerty.

Class Prefects—Camilla Kelly ('45), Maxine Purvis ('45), Verna Ursini ('45), Marion Klersey (Commercial), Barbara Monahan ('46), Dorin Raines ('46), Adele Cozens ('46), Catherine McGovern ('47), Sheila Duggan ('47), Margaret Cira ('47), Eileen Sheedy ('47), Naomi Buckley ('48), Henriette Guillaume ('48), Jean Kardash ('48), Mary Jane Radey ('48).

**High School Campaign.** In response to our Archbishop's appeal, we collected \$225.00 for his big drive. We were advised to let this be our sacrifice, and if the giving entailed that sacrifice, we felt amply repaid when Sister read us Monsignor Brennan's letter of commendation. We quote in part:

"... This amount ... represents a huge amount of pennies, nickels and dimes, so gladly and so generously given by your students as their Lenten Alms. The girls have manifested a marvellous spirit of good will. In fact they have put their idea of Catholic Action into practice.

"This afternoon I presented their cheque to His Grace ... He was indeed delighted and requested me to extend to you and to the good students of St. Joseph's College School his sincere gratitude as well as his blessing."

**French Play in IV-A.** Recently the girls of IV-A presented a short French play. The setting was a child's birthday party. The radio programme featuring May Strasser, IV-A's proudest musical boast, formed a musical background. Congratulations are in order for Loretto Lamphier—in her blue pinafore, she certainly convinced us that she wasn't any more than six years old!

**The Dramatic Club.** The Dramatic Club, presented in our auditorium a short one act play, "Consolation," which showed some fine touches and gave promise of better things to come. Joan O'Neill's bedside technique and sickroom crooning are worthy of note and we understand that Maxine Purvis has had to refuse offers from large hospitals who wish her to join their domestic staff. Delphine Selke has recovered from the nervous breakdown which made her so attractive a patient on our stage. We wish to thank Fr. O'Donnell, C.S.B., and his caste for having obligingly left their stage properties here after their performance of "White Oaks."

Sometime in March the Dramatic Club gathered in the Auditorium to hear an informative lecture on "The Place of Opera in the Art of Drama," by Sister Corinne, who outlined the history of opera. To illustrate points of early opera work, Joyce Ralston of II-C sang several arias. The afternoon was made further enjoyable by an entertaining explanation of "The Little Theatre Movement" given by Jean Ross of V-A.

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**Sympathy.** It is a well-loved tradition that those who die in March are escorted by St. Joseph himself into the realm of eternal joy. While we rejoice that so many of our friends were also his, let us extend our sympathy to those who mourn: to Josephine Conlin (V-A) and Frances (III-A), who lost their dear father on the 9th; to Helen Bourke of II-A, whose mother died on the 27th. May their loved ones' souls and all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace, and may His comfort and strength be with our dear fellow-students.

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**Mother Irene Dies.** Although we did not know Mother Irene, we do know of her great-souled generosity, of her wise administrative ability and of her kindness which extended itself to her Community, her friends, her pupils, the giants of the financial world with whom she did business, and the janitors and elevator men in every hospital and institution, all the Bishops and Archbishops in Canada and most of the tramps and ne'er-do-wells in Toronto.

Mother General for a number of years, it was she who planned our auditorium, our old class-room wing and the gymnasium (old). St. Joseph was her "Specialty" and she

would sit or kneel for hours at his shrine in the Chapel, admiring him, chatting to him. And then, one day, two or three years ago, she visioned him resplendent in the school in a new shrine. And so the new shrine came to be between I-C and Commercial.

Many are the mansions in Heaven, so our Lord has told us. We know who built Mother Irene's: the Master-Carpenter, St. Joseph!

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**Detentions.** Even a detention may have some style about it. It's stylish now to write compositions during the "stay-in-after-dismissal" period, and the subjects given usually bear on the offence for which the detention is given. The compositions, of no value, are given as scrap paper to the War Effort Scrap Paper Drive; if they are of some value, they are criticized and evaluated. We give you herewith a sample of what we mean: The following is a detention Composition by Arlette Wunsch of II-D, who "forgot" to wear her uniform one day. This is what Arlette says: "We often hear stories of absent-minded old professors, such as the one who asked his pupils where his hat was and was given the answer, 'On your head.'"

Forgetfulness is first cousin to absent-mindedness, because it all starts from the same trouble; that is, being completely absorbed in something else. For example, it was undoubtedly stupid of me to forget to put on my tunic this morning, but, hearing my mother's call to breakfast ringing in my ears (still on the pillow) my mind was completely centered on the great problem of how to get dressed, washed and combed in ten minutes. Forgetfulness is often used as a marvellous excuse. The girl who comes in late forgot her purse and had to go back for it; it is strange, too, how many girls forget their books at home when they are asked for their history notes. I shall remember to wear my uniform to-morrow.

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**Western Chapel.** It is our hope that by the close of the school year, we shall have sufficient money, by mite box collections and activities, to erect a chapel in the West. It is our plan to call it "St. Margaret's" and dedicate it to St. Margaret of Scotland—tribute to our esteem for her name-sake, Mother Margaret.

(We circle the parishes for news of S.J.C. Sodalties).

**Mary Go Round.** From Our Lady of Perpetual Help Parish we hear that the Sodality held a reception of new members on February 2nd and that some of these were: Frances Conlin, Joan Pape, Marie Flanagan, Eleanor Baigent, Nancy Walsh and Sheila Walsh.

\* \* \*

And from St. Brigid's comes a report of their Second Annual Vocation night on April 26th. Reverend Father Kerr congratulated the girls on the posters that had been specially made for the meeting. St. Joseph's was well represented by Terry Kelly, Lorraine Griffin, Bernadette Kelly, Bernadine Barte, Joan, Barbara and Winnifred Prescott. The President, Patricia Prescott, a former student of St. Joseph's, introduced the speaker.

\* \* \*

Father Basil Sullivan, from St. Michael's College, addressed the girls of Holy Rosary Sodality after the Communion breakfast, May 7th, at which Connie Herbert, Marie Lee, Nora Lee, Mary Giuffre, Audrie Lowrie and Jean Spicer, all of St. Joseph's, were present.

\* \* \*

Of recent origin, St. Peter's Junior Legion of Mary boasts the membership of two pupils of St. Joseph's—June O'Reilly of X-C and Helen Boehler of XI-C. Long, interesting hours they spend (so says Helen) on Sunday morning, braving the weather, taking mischievous but loveable children to Mass and Sunday School, or minding fractious babies in the nursery school in order that their parents may attend Mass undistracted.

\* \* \*

From St. Vincent de Paul we hear that its Sodality has been divided into two groups. The Presidents of both Senior and Junior groups are St. Joseph's girls—Celine Egerton and Margaret Tipping. The Sodality has formed the idea of collecting used books, Catholic in tone, or at least wholesome fare, for the purpose of building up a Library in the basement.

\* \* \*

And here at St. Joseph's, the Resident Students are having preliminary Committee Meetings to arrange their plans for a May Procession and other May-time projects.

**Musical Festival.** At the Kiwanis Music Festival held in Toronto in February the music classes of St. Joseph's College School with twenty-three entries made an average mark of 83. The following were prize winners:

1st prize—Advanced Beethoven, Mary Neff.

2nd prize—Advanced Bach, Mary Neff.

1st prize—Piano solo, 18 years, Marie Mills.

2nd prize—Piano solo, 8 years, Margaret Davies.

Others taking part in the Festival were:

Bach solo, open—Mary Baran, Dorothy Spitzig, Elizabeth Foley.

Beethoven solo, open—Mary Baran.

Piano solo, 18 years—Mary Baran.

Piano solo, 16 years—Patricia Phelan.

Piano solo, 14 years—Elizabeth Wallach.

Piano solo, 13 years—Paula Hopkins.

Piano solo, 12 years—Ruthanne Tobin.

Piano solo, 11 years—Angela Monahan.

Piano solo, 10 years—Hermina Manz, Marilyn Monahan.

Piano solo, 9 years—Lexie Campbell.

Piano duet, 12 years—Angela Monahan, Marilyn Monahan.

Piano duo, 10 years—Marie Mills, Hermina Manz.

Vocal solo, 21 years—Joyce Ralston.

Vocal solo, dramatic soprano—Joyce Ralston.

At the Peel Music Festival held in April, Margaret Lobraico won the Gold Medal in the Open Piano Solo Class, obtaining 88 marks.

**III-A and III-B.** In Lent the girls of III-A and III-B gave the school an informative series of short, illustrated talks on the Mass. Most of the slides and posters were prepared by the girls themselves and the speeches were entirely their own. An unexpected guest was Father Morrison, who just "happened to drop in" and decided to stay (to the great discomfiture of the speakers!) The student body paid a small fee to attend and the proceeds netted \$22.00 for our Western Chapel! Congratulations, Third Formers!

**IV-A Tag Day.** The Fourths carried through a Tag Day in aid of that "St.-Margaret's-to-be!" Congratulations to the Fourths (they realized about \$18) and also to the Firsts who, being the only form who take Art-by-obligation-not-choice(!) volunteered to make the five hundred lily-stencilled tags.



**Graduation.** On May the twenty-third, Convocation Hall was once more the scene of a St. Joseph's Graduation. The stage was . . .

"Enough! No more . . . 'tis not so sweet as 'twas before."

But yes, it was! Sweeter, to those forty-five who graduated and just as sweet to the unprejudiced. Five years ago, when first our graduation exercises had to be transferred to Convocation Hall, we thought back wishfully to the time-honoured graduations that have been in our own auditorium. Coldly, magnificently splendid, we thought Convocation Hall would be. But we found then, and each succeeding graduation since then, has confirmed our finding, that when we take ourselves to Convocation we have the splendour and dignity of that large hall and also the sweet simplicity and traditional character of our own graduation.

So let us not describe Graduation. Each of you who reads has in your own mind the most perfect picture of graduation that can be painted, a lovely graduation whose loveliness is not a matter of "white-gowned girls against the dark background of uniforms," not a matter of fragrantly fresh flowers, not a matter of exquisite music and choral work, but a blending of all these "suits and trappings" with a transeending something that is born with the first notes of "Hail to Thee, Joseph," and ends with the end of Graduation Day, only to live on in memory. Graduation this year was perfect!

A Graduate.

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### BIOGRAPHIES OF GRADUATES

**RITA BAUER**—Prefect of Resident Students, member of the Student Council; good student, all round sport; excels in figure skating; interested in hockey, as played by St. Mike's; likes a good discussion with a group of the "girls"; always ready for anything on the flat.

**MARY RUTH CARTER**—Dark and slight with a winning smile and personality. Clever and conscientious, she has always been a leader of her class.

**PAULINE CASSIDY**—A lover of maths, especially Trigonometry, a great basketball forward, a constant knitter; intends to follow the nursing profession.

**LUCY CUNERTY**—Lively partaking in all school activities; likes sports, member of Students' Council; also of Dramatic Club; ambitions hospitalic!

ELIZABETH DEANS—Delights in printing, especially in making posters for Mission Clubs and C.Y.O. dances; during her spare time knits for her brother overseas; ambitions to be a nurse at St. Michael's.

ANNA DILLON—As cheery as the day is long; a famous knitter; loves activity of any kind—dancing in particular; has an engaging smile; career as yet undecided.

EVALEEN DOUGLAS—Good sport and loyal friend and classmate; a spontaneous laugh and gay repartee have won her many friends.

ELAINE ELLIS—Popular because of her readiness to smile and quick understanding; a dramatist "extraordinaire", as displayed in her performance in "Pride and Prejudice" last year; will make a "super-special" nurse.

FRANCES GRAHAM—Commonly Known as Frankie; a lover of sports; mathematical whiz; that inevitable smile; ambition; U. of T., course undecided.

LORRAINE GRIFFIN—A university hopeful; will look sweet there with her new feather cut; enjoys Latin (ah, amicus meus!) Initials are "L. A. G."; dabbler in music during her leisure; partial to southern accents; the youngest of a long line of Griffin Graduates; a good student, of sunny disposition.

MARY HARDING—The girl with the sweet smile—has no rival in History—excels in French—ambition undecided—a brilliant future is evident—everybody's favourite.

JOAN HOPE—A ginger top whose eyes are a frequent cause of discussion; green or blue-eyed, Joan is the sympathetic type and intends to train as a nurse; her many hidden talents include comforting the younger Hopes (scattered through the school) and baking chocolate cakes.

ELAINE HOPKINS—An admirer of Walpole, one of those few fortunates who can wear their hair in fascinating braids; is among the best liked girls in the school and one who will be greatly missed when she has graduated.

JOYCE KEEFE—Of medium height with dark hair, and eyes alert with interest in all and sundry. Books are Joyce's chief interest. May she have her fill at University and Library School!

TERRY KELLY—Head Prefect this year; president of her class for four out of the five years she has spent here. Popular and friendly; loves sports, dancing and the Navy; ambitious; hopes to gain her R.N. at St. Michael's.



#### GRADUATES 1944

**FRONT ROW** (Left to Right)—Joyce Keefe, Lucy Cunnerty, Mary McGrouthy, Pauline Cassidy, Margaret Ann Reid, Audrey Kennedy, Anna Dillon, Frances Graham, Clare Keogh, Rita Bauer, Camilla Lesperance, Mary Harding, Margaret Kerr, Frances Sylvain, Patricia Sylvain.

**MIDDLE ROW** (Left to Right)—Nyasta Zachanko, Josephine LoPresti, Joan Starr, Therese M. Kelly, Elizabeth Sinton, Marjorie Wagner, Mary Ruth Carter, Elaine Ellis, Margaret Nolan, Lorraine Griffin, Rose Winterberry, Jean Wharton, Phyllis Wharton, Elizabeth Deans, Evalene Douglas.

**BACK ROW** (Left to Right)—Margaret Rouch, Kathleen Williams, Jean Ross, Patricia Upshall, Mary Morrison, Marie-Thérèse Lynch, Doreen McCutrk, Margaret Lohbratø, Teresa B. Kelly, Mary McCool, Mary Megaffin, Elaine Hopkins, Patricia O'Leary, Lorraine Belanger, Joan Hope.

**THERESE KELLY**—Gay in a quiet manner; aims at three years' hard work at St. Michael's; ardent love for dancing and rugby; avid hockey fan; good natured and energetic.

**AUDREY KENNEDY**—Active in maths; an understanding mind and heart; ringleader in all activities; elated at the happiness of others; yearning towards a business life in which she hopes to do her best for all.

**CLARE KEOGH**—Captain of V-A's basketball team, and an active member of her form. Science and the mathematics appeal to clear headed Clare. Generous with all, Clare "had the goods" when called on for help. Good luck, Clare, at Normal.

**MARGARET KERR**—Appears very shy; very quiet, but with laughing eyes; greets everyone with a beaming smile; ardent love for dancing; very ambitious; well liked by all.

**CAMILLA LESPERANCE**—Petite and sweet; many extra-curricular activities throughout her five years at S.J.C. A quiet worker with an eager characteristic cheerfulness. Our loss is Varsity's gain.

**MARGARET LOBRAICO**—"Margo" is an exceedingly tall and attractive girl, olive complexion with pale blue eyes; a lively personality and charming manner sum Margo up.

**JOSEPHINE LOPRESTI**—Dependable and womanly, yet appreciates a bit of fun and is not lacking in wit; quick to see to the core of any problem and just as quick to tackle it; things idealistic and spiritual appeal to Josephine.

**MARY THERESE LYNCH**—Talented; cheerful; spends much of her time at Toronto Conservatory studying singing; her ambition, however, is to wear a stiff white cap with a black band. Best of luck in training.

**MARY LOUISE McCOOL**—Very much the "jeune fille" and rightly so, for she is one of the youngest graduates; eats up the work and has not ensuing mental indigestion; contrives a wide, friendly smile in all weathers, circumstances and conditions.

**MARY K. McGROARTY**—Interested in Art, worried about Latin, Molly sits by the window and thinks long thoughts. In the University's Halls of learning next year, may she continue to think these long thoughts that make her what she is . . . our friend Molly.

**FRANCES SYLVAIN**—Blue eyes and an engaging smile, Frances adds an engaging personality. Best of luck at St. Michael's, Frances; you'll be one lovely nurse.

DOREEN McGUIRK—"Hazel eyes and chestnut hair, tall and slim with gracious air"; Doreen has been a delightful companion since First Form days. We know she will be such at the hospital where she intends training next year.

MARY THERESA MEGAFFIN—Tall, slim, dark, Mary came to St. Joseph's in First Form. Her ability is unquestionable, her likes varied and her ambitions a dark secret.

MARY MORRISON—A student at S.J.C. since grade five days; proficient at the piano; a good leader; likes good argument; member of Dramatic Club.

MARGARET NOLAN—Mission representative for V-B; a basketball enthusiast; a lover of things orderly and peaceful. Usually carries through whatever she undertakes.

PATRICIA O'LEARY—A long slender maiden with silky blonde hair and a gentle frank demeanour. Pat intends to enrol at a Boston University this Fall. May success attend her.

ANNE REID—Of Toronto and Huntsville, a dark-eyed missy who wins golf championships; enjoys skiing, swimming, tennis, withal thinks life would be dull if dreams were dead; will attend University of Toronto next year.

MARGARET ROACH—Always ready with a smile; clever in languages and maths; helpful in all activities; promising and excellent future at the Art College.

JEAN ROSS—Secretary of V-B and an active member of her class; interested in Dramatics and things literary; is musical and a student of no mean ability; intends to go to University.

ELIZABETH SINTON—From Lansing, Bessie commutes to school and is almost on time almost always. Interested in music and basketball, well informed in English and Chemistry, Bessie's future seems promising.

JOAN STARR—Rather quiet but quick to see fun in anything; mathematically inclined; fond of Latin too; especially the poetry; and of sports, especially basketball; active follower of hockey games.

PATRICIA SYLVAIN—One of V-B's humorists, excels in French and Latin, and is willing to help out those less language-minded. Pat intends to enter University next year.

HELEN PATRICIA UPSHALL—Has spent five years of her life at S.J.C. commuting every morning on the Bay car, where she frequently puzzles out her trig. Slim and svelt, with a wide smile and a few freckles on her tip tilted nose. . . . That's Pat.

MARGORIE WAGNER—Occupies a front seat in V-B and

a top place in the affections of her classmates. Moderately fond of the sciences, inordinately so of some sports, notably roller skating. Margorie intends studying a branch of medicine at a Detroit University.

**JEAN AND PHYLLIS WHARTON**—Twins, really story-book twins who, nevertheless, deny that they look alike; (since they do, isn't it a happy thought that each is fair of face like Monday's child). Not only do they look alike, but they maintain the same standard of excellence in all things academic, musical and athletic—a standard that not many can attain; and on the basketball court, they have been a decided asset, first, because they are first rate forwards and, second because they confound the opposing teams and make them think they are seeing double. Jean is a wee bit better in maths than Phyl; a fact which is counter-balanced by Phyl's being a wee bit better in English. Both intend taking a business course next year.

**KATHLEEN WILLIAMS**—"Teen" since grade school days, Kathleen is our eminent artist, though biology and history are favourites with her too. Her charming grace of manner, her generosity and capability have won her friends on every hand. We hope the Art School appreciates our Teen.

**ROSE WINTERBURY**—In the boarders' precincts as well as the form rooms of the exalted "fifths", Rose is a popular lady. Music, particularly of the "singing string" variety she enjoys exceedingly and she indulges in tennis, swimming and riding with a good deal of enthusiasm.

**NYASTA ZACHANKO**—Maths and Latin are Nyasta's two fortes just now, but the Art Exhibit a year ago proved that she is alive too to the aesthetic point of view. We understand that the artistic Nyasta and the calculating Nyasta and the thoroughly likeable Nyasta are going to University next year. Good luck to all!

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### VALEDICTORY

On this, our graduation day, we pause as a class—pause as in a gateway and half gladly, half sadly, look back upon our years at St. Joseph's.

Half sadly, for have we not loved our dear school, and the intimacy with our teachers, our school fellows, and still more, with the finer, sweeter things of life, those things we called our school ideals—love of God, loyalty to His Church and His interests? Yet gladly too, for we would not hang back, sheltered

here, when we should be ready to take our place in the world as Catholic women, ready to make practical those ideals we have learned to love.

To us has been given the blessing of a Christian education; to us has been given, with little effort on our part, that which great men of the past have obtained only with many sacrifices and much labour.

We extend our sincere thanks and gratitude to our parents and teachers who have been interested in us personally and who have shown us such great patience and kindness.

This day means the dissolving of school ties; it means the opening of a new life to all of us; the commencement of the great future. All through our days at St. Joseph's we have been reminded again and again that we are "the women of to-morrow". The dawn of that to-morrow has come. We must shoulder new cares and new responsibilities. We must stand on the untried shore of our ambitions and prove our ability to succeed.

Now, as our hands unclasp and we separate to go our different ways, to live the lives to which we shall be called, let us step forth bravely and gladly; our hearts filled with earnest and noble purpose, trusting that in the great to-morrow God may bless us every one. And may I, in saying this farewell on behalf of my class, quote from a priest-poet, well known to us all . . . Father Sharkey: He says:

My body—it a temple is,  
My soul—the Holy Place;  
The Altar of Incense—my heart,  
God dwells in me by grace.  
Peace offerings sometimes there I bring,  
Blood offerings too for sin;  
And at the very break of dawn  
My sacrifice begins.  
How true that text of Scripture is  
"You all a royal priesthood are,"  
If we could only gasp its sense  
We need not worship from afar.  
God tabernacles in my heart  
Because He loves me so;  
O Who am I, that One so High  
Should stoop so very low?

Elaine Ellis.

## GRADUATION DAY PROGRAMME.

School Hymn—Hail to Thee, Joseph.	
Ave Maria .....	Arcadelt
Evening Prayer .....	Humperdinck
Conferring of Honours on the Graduates.	
Old King Cole .....	Cecil Forsyth
On the Lagoon .....	Brahms
No John, No John, No .....	Somerset Folk Song
Arranged by Cecil Sharp.	
Valedictory .....	Miss Elaine Ellis
All Through the Night .....	Old Welsh Song
Arranged by W. H. Anderson.	
Prayer of Thanksgiving .....	Kremser
Address to Graduates .....	Rev. L. Bondy, C.S.B.
God Save the King.	
Choral Instructor and Conductor—Albert W. Whitehead.	
Organist—Quentin Maclean.	Pianist—Nan Shaw.

## THE FIRSTIES UNVEIL THEIR AMBITIONS

Editor's Note—The following excerpts, culled from the Easter Composition exams, may prove of interest some four or five years hence, say when the writers have reached Fifth Form.

What are you going to be? we asked some of the First Formers:

"I would like to be a teacher," said **HELEN DOYLE** of IX-B, "not only because my mother was one, but because I think I could help my neighbour that way. Also, it is said that to those who teach Christian principles to the young, it is promised that they will shine as the stars for all eternity."

\* \* \*

And **MARIE DUGGAN** adds that the Greatest Teacher said "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." Teaching, she thinks, is a spiritual almsgiving.

\* \* \*

"That may be," says **PEGGY HARRISON**, "but I am going to be a nurse. No, it's not for the sake of the uniform, nor for the fun, but, you see, our family has had so much sickness that I know how wonderful it must be to be able to help the suffering. And there must be a great joy in nursing one's patient back to health."

\* \* \*

And **MARY AGNES GARVEY** quotes in defense of her choice of the same profession: "What you have done to these, my least. . . ." and **PATRICIA HENRY** agrees that it is good to help those in pain.

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**STELLA CHADHAM** casts her lot with the Social Workers; that is the type of work most needed now. "The main idea of all this," she said, after she had outlined her plans for getting, first of all good education as foundation, "the main idea is to help the poorer classes and to do our best to educate their children the Catholic way, to keep their homes as real homes. . . ."



## BOOK REVIEW OF "MARY DARLIN"

By EVELYN VOSS WISE.

(The following is a symposium of the prize essays written by Helen Boehler and Nancy Lemire. Where the reflections of Helen give way to those of Nancy and vice versa, their names are inserted parenthetically.)

NANCY—A good novel gives us more than transient pleasure. It may give us a new and deeper understanding of human nature and the motives influencing men's actions. It may prove that character determines conduct.

"Mary Darlin" is a good novel. In this story, Evelyn Voss Wise has proven to us that character determines conduct. The golden window of the sunrise had opened on a beautiful summer day and the clouds were like a bouquet of flowers illumined by the sun. Sister Angela reclined in the convent gardens as Autumn, like a rich dowager, reclines at her ease in her kimono of coloured leaves. Her voice was soft like the whirring of wings in the twilight, as she fondly scanned the pages of *Life*, which she could in all humility, deem "well lived."

(And in her reminiscence) the novel begins:

HELEN—"Twas a young spring day, alive and joyous, when Mary Grady viewed her roguish, small brothers and sisters from the door of her homestead on the Minnesota prairies.

And 'twas the gentle dark night of the same day, the velvet sky powdered with stars, when Mary Grady trudged down the road to the parish church, with her wide-eyed, three-year-old sister in her arms. Tragedy had engulfed Mary's life for the first time in her sixteen years, and the burden of it seemed too overpowering for her to shoulder. For the dynamite and refuse that Patrick Grady had stored under the bedroom of his home had caught fire and the titanic blast had destroyed the Grady home and family—all but Mary and Angie who had been sleeping in the other room.

Only one relic of that carefree prairie life was Mary Grady able to salvage—a loved and revered plaque of the Blessed Virgin. Armed with that solacing weapon, she embarked upon a new life—a life of nursing. No, that was not her only shield. There was Father Pierre, the kindly ageing, truly-wise parish priest of gentle counsel; there was Angie—the adored little sister whom Mary placed in a convent school; and there were her mother's loving words—

"Find a laugh wherever you can, darlin'. You can find 'em if you look right. There's nothing funnier than people. . . ."

Tightly clasping the Virgin Mother, Mary commenced her three years of training under the strict eagle eye of Mother Augustine. Triumphant and happy she came out of them—a strong, resourceful and capable nurse.

However, she often wistfully regretted that, as Mrs. Donovan had long ago phrased it, she never seemed to attract a “feller”. Lovely blue eyes and a clear white skin she had, but apart from that she was just plain Mary Grady.

Her heart thrilled to the beauty of a field of buttercups at dawn, and she exulted in every operation that was a success. But no young man shared her feeling. They liked the comfortable touch of her strong, gentle hands—that was all. But at last there came along a fairy prince in the person of the handsome, learned, young Dr. Doran decidedly evasive and shy of women, that is, till Nurse Grady made her appearance. Then Nurse Grady’s “Charles” and his “Mary darlin’” danced through life for a few precious weeks oblivious of everything save their unfathomable love for each other.

NANCY—God again showed His love for her. Mary carried on His great work with the funds He had left in her care, and a few years later, realizing that she had a vocation, entered the convent. It was during that time while on an errand of mercy that her sight was also taken from her, another token of God’s esteem for her, in letting her suffer. She took it as a blessing.

HELEN—Evelyn Voss Wise’s book, “Mary Darlin,” tells poignantly and beautifully the service to humanity which Mary Grady daily wrought. It tells how Mary became Sister Mary Agnes when Angie was fourteen; and the loving care she continued to give at her and Charles’ hospital. Even when she grew blind she remained at her post of duty—a tower of strength and comfort to the invalid children, the gentle undemanding old people, and the very sick. And the Virgin remained ever with her, loving and true and comforting.

At the end of her long life Mary could hear the Virgin say: “I have been with you always. I always will be. Right beside you, Mary, darlin’. It’s been a wonderful day, hasn’t it now?”

And Mary whispered back: “It’s been a wonderful day, Blessed Mother. It’s been a wonderful . . . life.”

Nancy Lemire, XI-B,  
Helen Boehler, XI-C,  
St. Joseph’s College School.

## TO JAMES . . . A TRIBUTE

He is gone. He has smiled that shy, bashful smile for the last time. He is among the glorious deceased.

We miss him. The kind old man who always had a cheerful word for everyone, has passed away, never to return to us again. But we'll remember him. We'll keep the picture of his friendly face before us, for James could teach us all there is to know about charity and patience.

When he was here, alive and happy in his work, few of us properly appreciated the innumerable little favours that he did for us, always in his kindly, quiet way. Thoughtless girls who left their lockers open after school was dismissed, exposing the contents therein to anyone who chanced along, probably never noticed that the doors were always carefully closed when they arrived for classes next morning. And one could always depend on James to be the very first name in any book of tickets one may have happened to be selling.

It's hard to realize he is dead. He isn't, really. We could see him polishing the stairs if only we could come around the corner quickly enough. We were so used to seeing him everywhere. . . . James, coming along the hallway with his mop and box of brushes. . . . James, emptying crumpled papers into a big wire container. . . . James, searching patiently through a-thousand-and-one lost articles, to find bobby-pins for some desperate damsel who had mislaid her own.

And our mothers used to know him. Perhaps he was a little younger when they came here to struggle with Latin and Mathematics. But he was the same thoroughly good man that we knew so well. He had the same smile then as he had the day God summoned his soul. Probably he remembered the green scenery of Ireland a little more vividly thirty-five years ago, but often used to say a trifle wistfully, that he'd love to go back to Eire and see all his relatives before he died.

His wish didn't come true. But Shane Leslie once wrote a poem about an Irish woman who died in England, and begged God before she breathed her last, to turn her soul "a wee way over sea" that she might pass her beloved Emerald Isle and have one last glimpse of the land she loved so much, on her way to Heaven.

The spirit of James may have walked the streets of Waterford, smiling, recalling his boyhood on the banks of the Suir.

But James is gone.

He is in eternity, smiling still, we know.

Anne McGinn, '47.

## MY IDEAL

My ideal is Her Royal Highness, Princess Elizabeth. At the age of seventeen she is the heir to the British throne. She can converse fluently in English, French and German; she is talented in music, art and fancy work. Her lovable personality and attractive charm, devoid of self-consciousness, enables her to speak and to show her sympathy to all her subjects. My ideal, Princess Elizabeth, has my love and respect.

Mae Stasser, XII-A.

## AT THE TENDER AGE OF TEN.

An odd fragrance or a haunting melody is often provocative of memories. I remember one incident in my grade school days centering around such a fragrance in the school nurse's room.

My sister has a fear of blood, hospital smells and anything that suggests a clinic. Therefore, when we blithely entered the Halls of Junior Learning one morning, Kathleen turned a ghastly green as the odour of impending operations assailed her delicate nostrils. As she was clinging weakly to a post, a brave and lowering lad from the entrance class swooped down upon us and informed us that the nurse and doctor were making preparations for an operation wherein all the blood was taken carefully out of each pupil's veins in order to be tested and then was poured gently back again . . . he hoped they wouldn't get the blood mixed . . . for instance, he wouldn't want any of the syrup in our sissy girl-veins. Young children are gullible, so it is not difficult to picture my panic stricken sister with decidedly unsteady legs and tongue paralyzed with fear. She directed my equally faltering steps into the school yard, where we slyly waited until the presiding teacher's back was turned and then flew homewards. I sometimes wonder if the wings on Mercury's heels might not have been some sort of fear solidified and made real. When we returned later, after having been given an explanation terminating in an amused: "You silly little geese" by our Mother and a further confirmation of our goosehood by the teacher, we slipped quietly into our seats.

Even now, my gentle sister wistfully avers that she would be a nurse if it weren't for the necessity of going near the smell of ether.

Helen Boehler, XI-C.

## IN DEFENSE OF GROWING.

*High* there! Ye fellow-sufferers, Norma, Nancy, Pat, Alice! *High* there! A mass meeting, that's what it is . . . a protest! What's wrong with being tall? Why need we feel like climbing into a cave (a nice high one) and hibernating for the rest of our school days? Aren't tall girls just as attractive as short ones? Doesn't Dame Fashion decree that all models shall be five feet eight or over? What do you say, Alice? And you, Norma? Let us state our protests here:

- (a) Let no one demand ever more "How tall are you?" (A pretty scene ensued, the other day, when, in exasperation, I retorted "About seven feet, six" and a child standing nearby overheard and reported to her amazed companions the startling news).
- (b) Let us, if any rash maiden ventures to ask, answer: "Get a yard stick and measure for yourself."
- (c) Let us proffer our sympathies to the short girl, vigorously and often. You know the old saying: You can't have too much of a good thing; and again: "Bigger and better."
- (d) Let us call down mighty miseries on the people who ask us our height and then assure us that "You *must* be taller than that. . ."
- (e) Let us throw back our shoulders and unbend our knees and be proud of being taller than our fellows . . . in the higher brackets, so to speak!
- (f) And let us *cheer* loudly, gleefully, proudly, next Graduation Day when we stand suffocating in the back rows at Convocation Hall!

Catherine McGovern, X-C.

## DIGGING UP MY MEMORY

I shall never forget my first experience as "Mother's little shopper". I skipped blithely down the street, swinging my small red purse, the refrain "a pound of butter and a tin of peas" repeating itself in my mind. At the corner grocery store, I entered and approached the clerk tremulously. All would have been well, had he not beamed at me with a toothy smile, handed me a cookie and begun to discuss my doll and my big sister. I leaned on the counter, complacently munching my cookie and nodded my head in answer to his queries. Finally he grinned and asked "What can I do for you, young lady?" I stood first on one foot then on the other, floundering for the names of the unpurchased items. He offered another cookie and suggested the telephone. I had barely raised the receiver when it all came back to me. I opened my purse, bought the butter and the peas and marched home, laden with butter and peas and the richer by two cookies.

Mary Zilla Rodden, XIII-C.

## MY DESK

It's made of wood,  
 Its legs are four  
 I sit at it all day,  
 Its lid may creak  
 And sometimes squeak  
 In a very peculiar way.  
 It's a large old desk,  
 And a good old desk,  
 And to me it's very dear,  
 But this I know:  
 'Though I love it so  
 I hope to leave it next year.

Monica Hope, XI-B.

## ALICE IN THE ART ROOM.

(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll).

It was very late one May night when Alice pattered through the long corridors to the Art Room. The light was on—all three in fact (tch, tch, thought Alice, and Sister so particular about those lights!) and even down as far as I-D. Alice could hear voices.

"If I slip in quickly and quietly," said Alice aloud to herself, "they'll never catch on it's me, and they'll go on talking. I've often wondered what they say when they're alone."

It was the small white mare in Anne Carolynne's ten by fourteen that was holding forth:

"My *old* ears" he was saying, "can *still* be seen in the mountains and the new ones are too big and hide the flowers, the best, the very best flowers!"

"That's nothing," said Alice consolingly, "the brown horse beside you has *such* a small head for his size."

"Hold your peace, like a little girl should"; it was the duchess in the blue uniform, and dainty, demure little Mary, Martha (profile: 10 x 6) looked shocked. After all, she decided, if that duchess-face, is

going to turn out to be Veronica Smith when Alice McGovern gets it finished, she might practise being a little sweeter.

"Come," said Alice, "let's talk about the weather."

"Ah yes," growled Agnes Chinery's Arab to his twin (t'other cheek) "and, speaking of weather, have you seen Mary Eleanor's beautiful blonde?"

"Peroxide . . . too much lemon yellow and not enough ochre; ; unfortunate case," the other Arab replied, as he brushed up his chalk turban; "if we could only cover up the discarded chin with a bunch of Ellen Doyle's anemones."

Just then Alice became aware of a commotion on the flower table.

"Will you please move away . . . please", pleaded the respective roses of G. Warde and S. Brown. "You gaudy yellow sunflowers . . . you're dimming the delicacy of our blossoms."

Gloria Slade's unfinished pup and Sally Wright's vicious Airedale growled in chorus and Joseph Sauve's myriad battleships fired all their cannons, modern and mediaeval, and Alice put her hand over her ears.

"You are just a lot of curious pictures," she scolded. "Now, go to sleep," but, as she pattered back to bed, she thought: "I must be sure to tell all the girls to come and see them when the Art exhibit is on."

N.B. Any references to pictures finished or unfinished is purely intentional.

Sally Wright, X-D.

### A DISAPPOINTING BOOK

It was the most disappointing book I ever read. Now, can you see any point in an author's writing a book without a hero, that outstanding character who finds his way through and into the very heart of the plot stirring the heart of the reader by his courageous and romantic feats? A book that fails to harbour within its covers the romantic trend of such a noble character would certainly merit little or no more distinction than that of an Arthur without his round table or a Romeo who never became acquainted with a Juliet and thus should not and simply could not find its way into the hero loving literary world. The book to which I refer is, such a one. No matter how I exerted my imaginative talents to procure some even half plausible source of interest in it, I found my efforts of no avail. All who read this book complain of the same trouble. You too would agree with me if you had spent as long as I have fingering the pages of "Everyday Algebra for High School Students"!

Audrie Lowrie, II-C.

### MAY

May once again shows her pretty head,  
 And flowers awake from their winter bed,  
 The sun shines bright and over the hills,  
 Blooms the golden daffodils,  
 The sky is blue, and birds that sing  
 Bring joy, through all the world to ring.

Helen Madigan, X-C,  
 S.J.C.S.

**"HORNS OF ELFLAND FAINTLY BLOWING"**

(Taken from a "confidential" . . . not so confidential now!)

"Lives there a child with soul so dead,  
Who never to herself has said,  
'Oh, look at the fairies on the lawn.'"

Fairies awaken the imagination of youngsters from two to ten. They see them in the sunset and sunrise, in the rainbow in the sky after a light shower and even in their dreams. Many a child is breathless and starry-eyed after witnessing some frolic of the mischievous elves or graceful dance of the sky fairies. For there are different bands of fairies—the rainbow fairies, the tree-top fairies, the water-fairies and even sugar-plum fairies! Tchaidowsky was responsible for the latter, when he wrote the fanciful "Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairies" from his wonderful "Nut-cracker Suite."

If you ask a little girl what fairies look like, this is what you learn. They are miniature creatures, perfect in every respect. The queen has flowing golden hair and wears a white or yellow dress. Her ladies-in-waiting are dark and wear vivid red, mysterious black or flamboyant green. Their chief occupation seems to be amusing their mistress for they are continually dancing or singing. The king also wears white, while the courtiers wear black.. They live in a huge palace (about the size of a doll's house) with gleaming turrets and have little horses to carry them about.

"Do they ever have any wars?" I ask, remembering our own conflict.

"Oh, no," comes the answer. "If they did, the Great King would punish them." I felt encouraged and hoped that, soon our Great King would punish all our bad fairies.

Theresa Kehoe, XIII-B,  
S.J.C.S.

**MAY**

The most beautiful month of all the year,  
When spring returns with all so dear,  
The flowers, the birds and all things gay;  
'Tis Mary's month—the month of May.

Teresa Haubrich, XII-A,  
S.J.C.S.

**FINALS COMING**

The dreadful hour is coming near,  
Ah, yes, 'tis very close,  
And I can almost see and hear  
That all-forboding ghost.  
Well, back to books I guess I'll go,  
The time, 'Tis Oh! so near,  
My heart will break the day I know  
'Tis XII-A again next year!

Mae Hopperton, XII-A,  
S.J.C.S.

**MAY**

'Tis the month of Our Mother. Mary is our model and of all her virtues I think the one which we should strive to imitate most is her faith in her Divine Son. Mary's faith never wavered. When she saw Him crucified she alone never doubted that He would rise again. The Apostles questioned whether Christ was really God or not, but Mary didn't. Mary kept her faith strong and persevering. Above all, her faith was accompanied by hope. During this, "the month of our Mother" we ask her to keep our faith strong and vigorous.

Dorothy Fraser, XII-A,  
S.J.C.S.

**IV-A**

IV-A is the Class, you can't deny  
It's the apple of every teacher's eye;  
The girls are bright, good-hearted too,  
They never pause—with nothing to do.

Bertha Haffa, XII-A,  
S.J.C.S.

**GRADUATION**

Graduation is a time of happiness for the graduates but for the rest of us—that's another story. For weeks ahead, we practise singing till our throats ache; we practise sitting perfectly still. Another annoyance is the presence of an impudent fly or two, which may light on one's nose. (You see, we're not allowed to move our hands—for anything!) Towards the end what distraction getting everyone placed for the day! Another worry to each girl is her stiff cuffs. School work is interrupted but nobody seems to mind that. Graduation Day dawns. Everyone does her best and St. Joseph's girls know that they've achieved great success.

Jo Ann Donovan, XII-B,  
S.J.C.S.

**JUNE**

The month that is the student's choice  
Will soon be on its way;  
With joyful hearts and cheerful voice  
We'll wave good-bye to May.  
Take out the good old baseball bat,  
With lots of pep and vim,  
Get set to start the season right,  
When June dawns gay and bright.

Camilla Kelly, XII-A,  
S.J.C.S.



**SPRING AWAKENING**

The plants and trees have been asleep all winter. They slowly rise from their beds. Once up they burst forth in all beauty. Did you ever think how hard it must be to push your way through the cold ground, covered with leaves? The flowers and smaller plants that come up every year have to do just that. Is it not wonderful to think of all these things going on around us. . . . This is spring.

Carol Kelly, X.C.,  
S.J.C.S.

**SPRING**

On yonder tree the robin sings,  
The bell o'er chapel turret rings.  
The flowers in the garden bloom,  
And the music hall is all in tune.

Catherine McGovern, X-G,  
S.J.C.S.

**MAY**

Saucy little buttercups,  
Peep their cosy heads  
Above the dark and fertile soil  
Their only winter beds.

Theresa O'Boyle, X-C,  
S.J.C.S.

**SPRING**

Spring! Spring!  
It's a glorious thing!  
The flowers bloom and the birds all sing.  
Shout! Shout!  
The sun is out!  
The rain has gone down the water spout.  
Look! Look!  
By the rippling brook,  
Violets are growing in every nook.

Loretto Lamphier, XII-A,  
S.J.C.S.

**AN ORCHARD**

Have you walked in a blossoming orchard fair  
On a dewy morn in May?  
At the foot of yon tree sings a little lark,  
A song of sweet melody.  
The droning bee seems to work for pay,  
And yet he is blithe and free,  
The robin is singing its throat away  
While he keeps one eye on me.

Barbara Beech, VII,  
St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

**AT DAWN**

"Who, who!" the screech owl's cry haunted the air. The meadow grasses swished gently as timid deer sped to the thickets. Again the screech-owl's cry pierced the still night. Birds twittered, foxes slunk slyly by. Squirrels scampered here and there. Magpies were chattering and a fat groundhog was digging a hole. A new day dawned as I stood on sentinel duty on the bleak coast of Labrador.

Paula Hopkins, VIII,  
S.J.C.S.

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**IF**

If is a big word,  
It means so much to me,  
It means if I should pass the grade,  
I'll be as happy as can be.

Lois Whitehead, VIII,  
S.J.C.S.

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**HOME AT LAST**

Old Joan Jogg, who lived alone, met with a serious accident. The driver took her to St. Paul's Hospital, and later on, she was taken to a Home. Hours after, she regained consciousness and wondered where she was. The nurse coming into the room found Jane anxious to go home but she would not let her leave. It was two months before she became contented. A quiet little chapel there attracted her and she thanked God for His Providence over her, spending hours there each day. One night Joan Jogg was missing. They found her kneeling in the chapel. Her soul had gone to God.

Joan Hogg, VIII,  
S.J.C.S.

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**STAR OF HOPE**

Star that twinkles in the sky,  
Why do you climb so very high?  
I love to watch your shining eye,  
That tells me God does reign on high.

Gloria Izzo, VIII,  
S.J.C.S.

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**OUR GUESTS**

This year Room Six of St. Patrick's School has had many visitors. We had a Sister-teacher from a Nursing School every Thursday in February who talked on circulation and food. We had a Sister-Normalite for a week and she was pleased, for we were on our best behaviour. Mrs. Giese, our school nurse, inquires about absences, and gives us weekly inspections. Miss Van Horne is our gentle dental nurse. Father Rector comes every week for Religion.

Eugene Joseph Angelo, VII,  
St. Patrick's, Toronto.

**CURIOSITY**

I sat in my window-seat, staring down on the busy streets. On the corner an old man sat in his wheel-chair with a box of pencils which he was trying to sell. The man appeared wealthy. His exquisitely carved chair was smothered in cushions. I watched him for a week and wondered "Why does he sell pencils?" Every night a chauffeur would wheel the eccentric gentleman into the car.

One day when I was walking by, his pencils fell and I picked them up for him. He told me that the money he makes he spends for the men overseas.

Geraldine Casey, VII,  
St. Gregory's, Oshawa.

**THROUGH THE WINDOW**

Paralysis destined me to a wheel-chair for an indefinite length of time. I did not want pity and would not use a crutch.

One sunny morning I saw a girl playing in the street. She was gay and carefree, everything I was not, and she could walk. I watched the girl with the swinging step. As she romped and frolicked about I played with her in mind. Our "friendship" continued for many weeks until one morning she did not appear.

Months later, however, I glanced down from my window to see the girl hobbling about with a brace on her leg, yet playing as gaily as ever. Her limp was worse than mine and still she did not mind pitying glances. I knew I had been a coward. The next day two lame girls played together in the sun.

Eleanor Conlin, VII,  
St. Gregory's School, Oshawa.

**IN THE MUSEUM**

We listened to Professor Diamond lecture on "Birds" in the Toronto Royal Museum.

Birds are the only feathered animals. There are shore birds with long legs to run into the waves and get food. There are waders which wade in the water long hours watching for nourishment. Birds of prey swoop down and carry away victims clutched in their sharp talons. The largest bird in the world is the ostrich, the smallest the humming bird. Parrots, cockatoos, macaws and the lyre have brilliant plumage and live in foreign lands.

George Elashuk, VII,  
St. Patrick's, Toronto.

**I HAVE SEEN BETTER DAYS.**

Though I am holding a prominent position in the classroom, my appearance is not on a par with my enviable location. I feel shabby and antiquated; I who was once the envy of associates. My once glamorous countenance is dulled and deep furrows mark my former flawless complexion. I creak with age and receive disdainful glances from recently-arrived upstarts! I am tolerated on account of my usefulness and because of shortages—I, one of the oldest desks in St. Patrick's High School.

Dorothy McMahon, XI,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

I have not time to write a long essay, but this is a word of cheer to harassed high school students.

The French language is simple and easy to master—at least, some French people may think so!

Learning French, or attempting to learn it, is two fold. The mental effort should stimulate the brain cells, and it is practical in our work-a-day world. Let me illustrate: An English-speaking person opens the conversation with the query "Parlez vous anglais?" If the answer is "Non", there follows an embarrassing pause and—silence.

A few "dont's". Do not worry about untranslatable prepositions and queer-looking adverbs while you have the labyrinth of French verbs. Hopeful student, master at once those five famous principal parts and be led quickly into the mazes of the irregular verbs!

And what more fascinating than the countless French idioms! Innocent little French words when used singly—but a group of them maliciously used together are called idioms. Beware of acquiring idiomatic mania!

I must conclude this paper now, or there will be nothing left for French professors the world over to teach.

Michael McDonagh, XI,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### CHORAL READING FESTIVAL.

"Oh how tired I am", sighed a weary voice as the Choral Reading choir returned to Room Six after practice. Yes, it was a volunteer choir with most of the practice done after school hours, but we did enjoy it.

Our selections were especially interesting because of their contrast. "The Tower" by Eleanor Farejon, a light humorous piece filled with nonsense. "The Orchestra Concert", by Marjory Knapp, highly dramatic and spectacular, imitative of a great musical symphony.

At last the great moment arrived and we stood, awe-struck, before that vast audience of teachers and critics at Harbord Collegiate, Saturday, March 18th, 1944, ready to be judged.

We knew we were attractive-looking in white blouse and tunic, green hair-bow and St. Patrick's colours of green and white. Our boys were suitably attired in white shirt, long tie and dark trousers. Amid a burst of applause we retired from the stage.

At the end of the Festival, Mr. Rittenhouse, the Adjudicator, pre-faced his remarks with, "Well, this was a choir that made us sit up and take notice!"

A moment of personal and pleasurable triumph came when we saw Monday's newspapers with the blazing heading "St. Patrick's School carries off Honours at the Choral Reading Festival". Our work had been outstanding for audience-sense, dramatic interpretation and spectacular arrangement.

Another occasion of great pleasure came when we were invited to St. Joseph's Convent to perform before the Sisters, who seemed pleased with our entertainment.

The Choral Reading Festival has had many good effects. Individually we have learned to appreciate and love good poetry.

Joan Gardiner, Grade VII,  
St. Patrick's, Toronto.

**RESULTS FROM A HOBBY.**

I started my hobby six years ago. It is model airplane building. The first few models were nothing to boast about, but I continued and I improved.

By building models, I learned about real planes because the models are built on a similar plan. I became acquainted with the different parts, the names of the controls and how an aircraft would respond to the controls.

A few months ago I bought a model airplane gas engine. This works exactly as any large gasoline engine, and so I have learned the parts of a motor and its basic principle. This was a help in understanding the car motor which we recently studied in class. I buy a magazine with up-to-date information on model matters.

As a result of my hobby I have a foundation to start my career whether it be as pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force or as a civilian pilot.

Gerald Lautsch, XI,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

**MARY AND THE MODERN GIRL**

Two thousand years ago you lived,  
So gentle, pure and fair,  
And with the blessed Anne at eve,  
You knelt in whispered prayer.  
In Nature's beauty God you saw,  
In birds and trees and flowers—  
And in the presence of His love  
You spent your golden hours.  
And since you once were just a girl,  
How near we feel to you!  
But even more we come because  
You are our mother too.  
O you who with Our Saviour lived,  
Who knew and loved Him so—  
O help us, Mary, lest we fall  
As on through life we go!

Rita Hireen, XI,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

**MY CZECHOSLOVAKIAN HOME.**

My birthplace, Kruslow, is a small town in Czechoslovakia which has a population of about twelve hundred. It consists of two long streets on either sides of a tiny river, and a few factories and a mill.

On the slopes of the mountain is our church, a beautiful modern one built in 1875. The houses are built of logs and limestone—a few of brick. They are little homes of a few rooms with attached bins and a barn. In the kitchen besides the stove, there is a long chute into which the heat is directed to heat special ovens for the bread-making. In the chimney place, bacon and sausages are smoked. The men take turns in guarding the town. Each night two walk up and down the streets, and should they see anything unusual they blow an old cow-horn.

William Ratvay, X,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### MY BICYCLE AND I.

The day I had long dreamed of came one Spring morning in 1937 when my father let me purchase a bicycle. I promised to keep my new friend in condition and to give it a monthly overhaul.

One morning on a trip to Cultus Lake, outside Abbotsford, four of us boy chums were riding at about twenty-five miles per hour when this incident occurred. A car travelling about sixty miles per hour, coming behind us, had just crested the hill and did not notice that we had crossed a few moments before. The driver slammed on his breaks and swerved past me just missing me by inches. This sudden noise and the fellow honking his horn made me turn off the road and down a bank I went into a farmer's fence. My bicycle got two broken spokes and some scratches.

We have been on happy excursions together. Because I had a bicycle I was able to secure a delivery job at a local store. Bicycle and I now for some years have gone to school together five times a week. So do you not agree that a boy can truly call his bicycle his "friend"?

Frank Schretlen, XI,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### HOUSE OR HOME?

Upon the hill in stately splendour  
Stands a dwelling always gay;  
There, silks and satins, jewelled fingers  
Are common things of every day.

House or Home? I often wonder,  
As I tread my way home nightly.  
Does Christ reign there within the shelter  
Of that dwelling shining brightly?

But down amid a heap of rubble,  
Forgotten, near the railway track,  
Grimy, unnoticed and colourless,  
Rests a humble tiny shack.

House or Home? There is no question,  
For God is honoured there each day.  
A mother's voice and smile enlighten  
Laughing children who romp and play.

Shirley Crosby, X,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### THE END OF AN AMBITION.

Zan sat listlessly on the banks of the canal smoking his old clay pipe. Suddenly the deep wrinkles in his old forehead straightened out. "At least they cannot keep me from thinking," he muttered.

He saw himself a little lad beginning school, then the accident that kept him long months in the hospital. Ah, yes, the happy hours spent in drawing and painting that awoke in him the determination to attend the Art School at Leiden. What a struggle it had been! How often he was jeered at! Then the scholarship to the university at

Amsterdam. Later his art shop—his pupils—his dearly-loved paintings. Then Anna had entered into his life. How happy their wedded life, and Carl his boy! Carl was gifted and the little art store would go on.

Old Zan opened his partly closed eyes and wiped away the tears. His features stiffened for his now was a terrible mental vision: the Nazis had rushed upon his Holland but its people were no match for the mechanized armies of the Third Reich. He hears again the grenade explosion of his home which took the lives of the two most dear to him in the world.

Zan gazed towards the setting sun, stretched himself, and then lit the last tobacco ration. "I could get on without the tobacco," he murmured. With a heavy sigh, he lightly massaged the stump where his right arm used to be. Zan had suffered in his country's cause, and Zan would paint no more.

Hugh Currie, XI,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver.

### A TRIP TO THE FAR EAST

It is ten years since I went back to visit China with my mother and two brothers.

We sailed from Vancouver, and the uneventful journey was broken only when we sighted a whale spouting a column of water high into the sky. After travelling for twelve days, we reached Japan, stopping at Yokohama, Osaka and Kobe. But my biggest thrill was the majestic volcano, Fujiyama. We sailed on to China, visiting in Shanghai, Hong Kong and Canton. Then we travelled by train, ferry and on foot to reach the village of my father's birth.

I couldn't help contrasting the "old world" atmosphere of the villages and the "new world" atmosphere of the cities. My two brothers, who had entered a University in Shanghai, were left behind, and mother and I went back to Hong Kong. There we boarded the steamer to bring us back to Canada. Honolulu was our only port of call, and when we sailed at night we saw the famous electric cross shining against the darkened skies.

I am grateful to have seen the countries at that peaceful time. After this war is over, I hope to be able to take another trip to visit the Far East.

Margaret Lee, Commercial,  
St. Joseph's Academy, Prince Rupert, B.C.

### CRAB FISHING

It was drizzling but we set about building a fire and got more smoke than flame but managed to roast wieners and boil some coffee. After lunch we continued on our way.

We reached a shallow bay the bottom of which was covered with crab grass, and lowered our nets. These nets are similar to a butterfly net and each is baited with a piece of salmon. The net is lowered to the bottom by means of a rope tied to the hoop and a wooden float marks it on the surface. When it is pulled up the net must be kept horizontal so that the pressure of the water on the crabs will keep them from escaping.

The afternoon was spent in rowing from one float to another

pulling in the crabs. Once we had the nets up the crabs clung to the mesh and there was much yelling and jumping as they nipped our fingers. The bottom of our boat was alive with them fighting among themselves and trying to catch our feet in their pincers. When we had a good catch we rowed ashore and boiled them.

Everyone ate heartily and there was nothing left to take home to confirm our "Fish Story."

Betty Payne, Commercial,  
St. Joseph's Academy, Prince Rupert.

### ALASKA AND ITS HIGHWAY

The Alaska Highway marks the third phase in the development of the far north. The first phase took place when Alaska was owned by Russia, and trading posts were established by the Russians and an extensive fur trade was carried on with the natives. After this Alaska was sold to the United States. The second phase took place during the Klondike Gold Rush. The present or third phase brought on by the war resulted in the construction of the highway.

What effect this may have on the future activities is hard to say; no doubt it will be a help to trappers and prospectors and it will create a haven for sight-seers and tourists. If the proposed air route between Asia and North America becomes a reality the road may be used as a guide for fliers. Geologists think that mineral wealth and oil will be discovered along the route. From the standpoint of employment it offers great possibilities for a large number of people.

Frances Butler,  
St. Joseph's Academy, Prince Rupert.

### HONOUR LIST OF PUPILS WHO SENT IN WORK THAT SPACE DOES NOT ALLOW US TO PUBLISH.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL—Fern Costello, Helen Doyle, Ruthanne Tobin, Michael FitzSimons, Paula Hopkins, Gloria Izzo, J. Garvey, M. Buckley, Carmen Lister, Eva Perfetti, Olga Zebruck, Josephine Loreface, Nora O'Donoghue, M.M. Moore, Grayce Lee, Jeanette Mullin, Susan Scarlet, M. L. Hodgins, Catherine Donnelly, Anne Lawlor.

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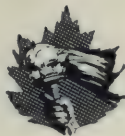
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## **St. Joseph Lilies**

Published March, June and December

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ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT,  
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Botticelli

## The Nativity

# Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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Vol. XXXIII

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1944

No. 4

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## FRONTISPIECE

OUR PICTURE brings to mind a beautiful and charming story that thrilled us as children when we first heard it and still thrills us each year when it is again told. The story of the first Christmas is an old story, but it is ever new. In the silence of midnight, in the little village of Bethlehem the angel first told this charming story to the lowly shepherds. "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people: For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord, in the City of David." A multitude of angels then joined him, singing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

The tidings of great joy were for all the people. The Saviour of the world, the God-man had come as a babe to share not only our humanity, but even our infirmity. The hardest hearted of men has no fear in approaching this helpless babe. And even the approach will soften his hard heart with love that he will become a man of good will and eligible to share in the great blessings of Christmas. God's path to man—coming as a babe was hard, so that man's path to God, would be easy.

We could extend no better Christmas greeting to our readers than the greeting of the angels, "Peace on earth to men of good will."

## EDITORIAL

## TRUE PEACE

THERE will be a wistful note in the song of angels as it rings out near the stable of Bethlehem this Christmas. They will sing the paean of glory to God in the highest and there will be no reserve, no lack of fullness in their song. Then they will sing of peace—of peace on earth to men of good will and the song will be wistful and longing and sad.

Peace! How the world has need of peace!

The nations of the earth in spite of the voice of the Holy Father, are still arrayed in battle line—on the land, on the sea, in the sky and they fight on in their Herculean carnage and destruction.

World statesmen have gathered together to establish peace, to promote it, to ensure it. There is much talk in city and hamlet, in manor and cottage, in camp and field and yet there is no peace. Why? Because men have turned a deaf ear to the heavenly messages of nineteen centuries ago—"Peace to men of *good will*."

Hearts are looking for peace. Hearts broken and wounded by a harsh cynical world; hearts disallusioned by the fair promises their own follies once held out to them; hearts aching and friendless and beaten and sore—tired of the quest, wearied seeking for peace.

But the angels will sing of peace; the while they grieve over a restless warring world. Their song contains the end of the quest

"Peace to men of good will."

"Come" they say to the stable. Come with a ready mind and willing heart. Come not, as Herod, to envy, to hate, to kill. Not, as the scoffer to doubt, to argue, to disbelieve. Come, to learn that here is God and therefore peace. Come, to learn from Him who taught every lesson by example, before He ut-



tered a word. Come, learn humility first; then dependence on Him and you shall find peace.

To all men of good will the quest of peace will end in a stable on Christmas night.

A little Boy of heavenly birth  
 But far from home to-day,  
 Comes down to find His ball, the earth  
 That sin has cast away.  
 O comrades, let us one and all  
 Join to get Him back His ball.

---

#### NIHIL SINE DEO

A thousand dipping oars can less avail  
 Than Heaven's breath that fills one ragged sail.

Chinese proverb.

**I**N AN AGE of total world conflict we need a total peace. Nothing less will do. This means the kind of peace that not only safeguards sovereignty—essential sovereignty—but goes beyond that to establish, by means of collective control, the foundations of lasting world peace.

In this issue an article of importance both timely and imperative, focusses attention on not merely the reality of sovereignty but on the *reality of a higher law*. The scholarly Professor Mortimer Adler of Chicago University encounters a worthy opponent—and in the debate's fascinating issue an unbiassed referee you will agree would rule against the Chicagoan. The organization of a just peace depends upon practical recognition of the fact that not only individuals but nations and international society are subject to the sovereignty of God and to the

#### PEACE PRINCIPLES OF PIUS XII.

Our present Holy Father will go down in history as the Pope of Peace. No voice among the world's leaders has pleaded

with such persistence, courage, and intelligence for peace as has the Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius XII. Not only has he voiced the horror of the people of every land for war, but he has also pointed out the practical steps which must be taken to insure a stable, just and lasting peace. No lover of peace, regardless of race or creed, can afford to ignore the principles laid down by His Holiness to implement mankind's craving for the greatest blessing of civilization—enduring peace. We present the following fifteen points, laid down by Pope Pius XII, as constituting the surest way for America and for all the nations to win the peace and to keep it:

1. Assurance for all nations, great and small, powerful or weak, of their right to life and independence.
2. Respect by all governments for the rights of all racial and religious minorities within their territories.
3. Repudiation of power politics, which generates wars by arousing fear, distrust, and suspicion.
4. Abandonment of that cold national egotism which shows itself in narrow nationalism in a State's relation to its neighbors, and in State absolutism in its relations with its own citizens.
5. Establishment of permanent international institutions which shall guarantee the fulfilment of the peace conditions and be empowered to revise them if necessary.
6. Sincere and honest, mutually agreed upon, progressive disarmament, spiritual as well as material, and security for the effective implementing of such agreement.
7. Progressive international collaboration to enable every country to insure a proper standard of living for all its citizens, especially through the abolition of the hoarding of economic resources and materials destined for the use of all.
8. The guarantee by every government of the fundamental rights of the human person, such as, the right to work, to worship, to marry, freely to choose one's state of life.
9. Achievement of social unity in the individual States through the collaboration of the various classes and groups in the interest of the common good.

## THE FAMILY—BASIS OF SOCIETY.

10. Restoration of the integrity and vitality of the family as the basic unit of society.
11. Practical recognition of the dignity of work, and of the rights of labor as expounded in the social encyclicals of the recent Popes, with special reference to the right to a living family wage, and to the widest possible diffusion of private property.
12. Victory over hatred now, lest it dictate in the future vengeful peace.
13. Universal recognition of an order of rights and obligations which imposes itself upon nations as well as upon individuals, and the administration of which must remain entirely independent of human whim, expediency, or pressure of any kind. Repudiation, therefore, of the pernicious principles that utility is the basis of law, and that might makes right.
14. Development of that spirit which alone can give life, authority, and binding force to the dead letter of international agreements, a spirit compounded of the elements; a sense of deep responsibility, which measures all human statutes according to the law of God, a hunger and a thirst after justice, and that universal love which is the compendium and most universal expression of the Christian ideal, and which, therefore, may serve as a common ground also for those who have not the blessing of sharing the same faith with us.
15. Recovery by statesmen and people, employers and employees, of faith in a personal God, the legislator and judge to whom they must one day give account of their actions; a faith which is the only source, for the statesman as well as for the least citizen, of that maximum courage and moral strength needed for reconstruction of a new Empire and a new world."



## CONSIDER THE LILIES

By MSGR. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT. D.

THERE is no doubt but the lovely spectacle of the spring flowers in Palestine, contributed much to the happiness of Jesus and Mary during their sojourn in Nazareth. The continual cultivation, and the absence of woodland in European and Asiatic countries are calculated to enrich and increase the areas of flowering herbage. One day, on board of a great Canadian liner, I was conversing with a sailor, and happened to ask him—"Did you ever visit Ireland on your voyages?" The sailor smiled and answered: "No, I'm sorry to say, I generally went, in my young days, on long voyages, such as to South America and to Australia. But although never in Ireland yet I have the most pleasurable recollections of that country. One day, early in June, our schooner drifted close to the Irish coast. It was the coast of Wexford, a county famed for good cultivation of the soil. The wind was from the west, and it was laden with the sweetest of perfumes from the blossomed hawthorns, the primroses, the violets, the sweet brier, the lilacs, the woodbine, and the clover-scented meadows.

"The sailors were enchanted, and the captain, to humour them, kept in as close to land as he dared. We could hear the pealing of many chapel bells, and, as it was Sunday, we heard the voices of the people as they went to morning Mass. I am a Catholic, as you know," continued the sailor, "and I would have loved to go along with those happy crowds, but alas, years were to elapse before I was once more to hear the music of Catholic mass-bells."

\* \* \* \* \*

Wonderful, in truth, is the charm of Ireland, in the spring-time, when its wildflowers burst forth in beauty and gladden every hamlet of the plain, yet even Ireland, in the richness

of its flora, cannot be compared to the glory of the Valley of Esdraelon and of the ghor of the Jordan.

A great French botanist gives testimony, in his book, that, after five years of collecting in Syria, he seemed as far as ever from the completing of his work, and, though he had visited Buenos Ayres, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Moluccas, he had yet to find land comparable to the Land of Galilee. "It is here," he says, "that the Huleh Lily, which surpasses in loveliness all lilies of the field has its native home."

\* \* \* \* \*

Another writer, who is also a botanist of renown, goes into raptures over the famous flower—"The Huleh Lily," he says, "is very large, and the three inner petals meet above, and form a gorgeous canopy, such as art never approached, and king never sat under, even in his utmost glory. And when I met this incomparable flower, in all its loveliness, among the oak-woods around the north base of Thabor, and on the hills of Nazareth, where Our Lord spent His youth, I felt assured that it was to this lily that He referred when He said: "Consider the lilies of the Field!"

In an ancient legend we are told that the waving corn, in a jealous moment, once criticised the lily, saying, "One cannot earn much by always smiling sweet," but the Lily only returned a smile, and waited until Jesus passed. Then, the Heavenly Voice was heard, proclaiming to the Disciples: "Little children—the life is more than meat; consider the lilies, how they grow! Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Let us listen for a moment to the musical words of Lieutenant Conder, a noted florist, as he describes the unbelievable colours of the deep Jordan Valley: "The Jordan Valley was now one blaze of beautiful flowers, growing in a profusion not often to be found, even in more fertile lands. The ground was

literally covered with blossoms; the great red anemone, like a poppy, grew in long tracts on the stony soil; on the soft marls, patches of delicate lavender colour were made by the wild stocks; the retem or white broom (the juniper of Scripture) was in full blossom.

“There were also quantities of orange coloured marigolds, long fields of white and purple clover, tall spires of asphodel, and clumps of snapdragon, purple salvias and white garlic, pink geraniums and cistus, tall white umbelliferous plants, and large chamomile daisies, all set in a deep-green herbage, which reached to the shoulders of our horses. Jordan’s banks were covered with flowers, while brown turfali, or tamarisks, and cane-brake, lined the rushing stream, and the white marl banks stood out in striking contrast.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus to those travellers of a far later day did Christ again preach His sermon on the lilies of the field, and His lesson was joyfully taken into their souls. If God cares for the atoms and for the molecules, if He provides for the birds and the flowers, for the insects of an hour, for the bees — “those singing masons building roofs of gold,” how much more will He care for the souls and bodies of His children made in His own likeness! No wonder the great American poet, Whittier, contemplating all the wonders God has created, was forced to burst out with his whole soul, in one great cry of adoration and love:—

“I know not where His islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air:  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond His love and care!”

And does not our own great Catholic poet Francis Thompson tell us that God’s children do not need to trust in wonders and miracles for their daily bread. They were not to be always looking for the extraordinary,—manna from the sky, and sweet water from the riven rocks. He who clothes the

grasses of the field, will much more care for His own children, by the same power, working in the same way!

\* \* \* \* \*

*“Not where the wheeling systems darken.”*

Let us not look for God’s care and providence in the dizzying abimes of space, but among the infinitude of small beings He has created and beautified—the flowers, the bees, the birds. Somewhere there we shall meet His Heavenly Court.

*“Turn but a stone, and start a wing”*

It is often our own fault  
that we miss the many-splendoured thing.”

“Let us then,” says the great poet, “Cry out to God for vision and knowledge, and all will be well with our souls—

*But when so sad, none can be sadder  
Weep: and upon thy so sore loss,  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob’s ladder  
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross!*



## POPE PIUS XII AND PEACE

By REV. CARL P. HENSLER

**D**OES Pope Pius XII desire lasting peace, or merely peace in our time? There is no doubt about the answer that you or I would give to the question. The Pope, we think, has clearly indicated the kind of peace that he wants from the very beginning of his pontificate. He desires a peace that will endure; not a temporary peace. Why, then, the question?

All of you, I am sure, have heard of Mortimer J. Adler. At the University of Chicago, where he teaches the philosophy of law, he is known to older and somewhat envious teachers as the "professor of the blue sky". He has been described in the magazine "Time" as an intelligently wily, bland, brash and confident man, who has married scholarship to intellectual impertinence with amusing and sometimes instructive results. Professor Adler has recently written a book entitled "How to Think About War and Peace." In one of its chapters he bluntly asserts that Pope Pius XII cannot be seeking real peace. Why? Because the Pope has declared himself to be in favor of the independence of nations. The first of the five points of the papal peace program reads: "A fundamental postulate of any just and honorable peace is an assurance for all nations, great or small, powerful or weak, of their right to life and independence." According to Professor Adler, the independence of nations is incompatible with lasting peace. He contends that nothing less than a single world government will establish real peace, even in the least degree. If independent nations continue to exist, we can expect at best only a prolonged truce after the war.

Of course Professor Adler is aware that the Pope favors some kind of world government for the maintenance of world peace, and that under it nations would enjoy only a limited independence. But he dismisses the very idea of limited independence. There is no middle ground, he says, between



complete independence and no independence at all. Independence is either complete or non-existent. If the Pope thinks that nations must be independent as a fundamental requisite for a just and lasting peace, he is, according to Professor Adler, in favor of the retention of complete independence. He ought, therefore, to state clearly that his program calls for a truce and not a real peace. He should not talk of his proposals as if they were directed towards the institution of world peace now, or its perpetuation. The papal position, argues Professor Adler, is exempt from serious criticism only if peace—real peace and not a mere truce—is genuinely possible in a world of sovereign and independent nations.

Professor Adler calls himself a long-term optimist and a short-term pessimist. He does not expect that nations will give up their independence in our time. He thinks that it will take five centuries or more before full-fledged world government and lasting peace are realized. Nevertheless, he contends, the minimum conditions of a universal and perpetual peace should be defined now, and kept before our minds as an ultimate objective. This is why he thinks the Pope has let us down. Of all persons in the world, the Pope should be the one to proclaim clearly the requisites of a lasting peace, even if it is not immediately attainable. He ought not, says Professor Adler, to recommend half-way measures for more than they are worth.

Professor Adler does not describe the precise character of the world government that he thinks is needed to establish real peace, nor the way in which it will be related to the various national governments. He does not consider it possible at this time to conceive the precise character of the institutional arrangements of a world government. It would seem that he does not have in mind a unitary world government such as H. G. Wells advocates. National governments will not be abolished. Nations will give up only their external sovereignty, or independence in the sphere of international affairs. They will retain their internal sovereignty, or supreme authority over all persons who are subject to their laws and administration.

Professor Adler tells us why nations must give up their external sovereignty, or independence in international affairs. The only cause of war, he argues, is anarchy, which to him means the absence of government. Anarchy occurs whenever men or nations try to live together without surrendering their sovereignty. Only those claim to be sovereign who do not recognize government over them. Hence there will be anarchy and therefore war in the world as long as there are sovereign nations which are subject to no higher authority. World wars are caused by world anarchy, or the absence of world government. Peace is caused by government, and only world government can bring about world peace.

Sovereignty, therefore, is at the heart of the problem of wars and peace. It always has been and always will be, according to Professor Adler. The existence of nations claiming external sovereignty makes war unavoidable and peace impossible. To eliminate war and bring about lasting peace, nations must transfer completely their external sovereignty to a world government.

According to Professor Adler, there is no middle ground between giving up external sovereignty completely, or retaining it completely. There is, he argues, no meaning to the phrase "limited sovereignty." Those who persist in speaking of it, play fast and loose with the word. If two nations in their dealings with one another are exempt from the coercive force of a higher authority, they are, says Professor Adler, absolutely sovereign. But if their contracts and treaties are reviewable by a higher authority, and may not be enforced if need be by war, nations cannot be said to have any external sovereignty whatsoever.

We can readily see why Professor Adler criticizes the papal peace program. The Pope urges as the very first point in his program that all nations, great or small, powerful or weak, be assured of their right to life and independence. In the mind of Professor Adler independence can mean only complete external sovereignty. There is, according to him, no middle ground. Hence the Pope in urging the independence of nations, stands for the retention of complete external sovereignty. He

is advocating something that is incompatible with real peace. Hence Professor Adler concludes that the Pope does not desire lasting peace, but only peace in our time, a mere temporary truce.

Is his conclusion correct? The object of my paper is to show that it is not. To do this it is necessary first of all to clarify what is meant by the word "sovereignty." This will not be easy, but it must be attempted. The meaning of sovereignty is the crucial point in the issue between the Pope and the Professor. Unfortunately, political philosophers are not agreed as to the meaning of this word. Volumes have been written on the subject, but the controversy still goes on. I would warn beforehand that my attempt to clarify the meaning of sovereignty is no idle exercise in semantics. Behind the word lies something extremely vital, for it is the chief ground of debate in almost all discussions concerning international co-operation for world peace. You will recall, I am sure, the debate that took place in the United States Senate last fall before the adoption of the Connally Resolution. That Resolution, as finally approved by the Senate, reads in part: "That the United States acting through its constitutional processes, join with free and sovereign nations in the establishment and maintenance of international authority, with power to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world."

We cannot define "sovereignty" in the same way in which we would point to a physical object. We cannot see or touch it. But we can perhaps define it as it functions in a practical way. Sovereignty, as we have already seen, has both an internal and an external aspect. Internal sovereignty has to do with the relations of the state to its citizens, external sovereignty with the relations of the state to other states. The question of internal sovereignty can be left aside. Under the world government conceived by Professor Adler there would be some limitations upon the internal sovereignty of states. But they would retain no external sovereignty whatsoever. Let us now see what external sovereignty means according to the prevailing concept and practice. It means that the state is independent of external control; that it is a free agent in deal-

ing with other states. The crucial question is: does external sovereignty mean independence of any control whatsoever? Can it be subject to restrictions imposed by some higher law or authority without ceasing to be non-existent? Professor Adler, we have seen, holds that external sovereignty by its very nature must be complete. It is an independence that admits of no limitations.

It is my contention that this extreme form of external sovereignty is not what the Pope has in mind in urging the right of all nations to independence. The Pope would be the first to agree with Professor Adler that unlimited or complete external sovereignty leads to international anarchy and wars, and is by its very nature incompatible with lasting peace. But the Pope would not agree with Professor Adler that nations would cease entirely to be externally sovereign, if their freedom of action in dealing with one another were to be limited by some supranational authority.

The Pope's concept of the true nature of external sovereignty is stated with crystal-like clearness in his encyclical, "*Summi Pontificatus*." In this famous document he condemns the error of those who would accord civil authority an unrestricted field of action by divorcing it from every kind of dependence upon the Supreme Being, and from every restraint of a higher law derived from God as from its first source. "The idea," says the Pope, "which credits the state with unlimited authority is not simply an error harmful to the internal life of nations, to their prosperity, and to the larger and well-ordered increase in their well-being, but likewise it injures the relations between peoples, for it breaks the unity of supranational society, robs the law of nations of its foundations and vigor, leads to violation of others' rights and impedes agreements and peaceful intercourse." "A disposition in fact of the divinely sanctioned natural order," continues the Pope, "divides the human race into social groups, nations or states, which are mutually independent in organization and in the direction of their internal life. But for all that, the human race is bound together by reciprocal ties, moral and juridical, into a great commonwealth directed to the good of all nations and ruled

by special laws which protect its unity and promote its prosperity." "No one," concludes the Pope, "can fail to see how the claim to absolute autonomy for the state stands in open opposition to this natural law that is inherent in man—nay denies it utterly—and therefore, leaves the stability of international relations at the mercy of the will of rulers, while it destroys the possibility of true union and fruitful collaboration directed to the general good. So, it is indispensable for the existence of harmonious and lasting contacts and of fruitful relations, that the peoples recognize and observe the principles of international natural law which regulate their normal development and activity. Such principles demand respect for corresponding rights to independence, to life and to possibility of continuous development in the paths of civilization; they demand, further, fidelity to compacts agreed upon and sanctioned in conformity with the principles of the laws of nations".

Catholic social teaching, as set forth in this passage from "Summi Pontificatus" is in complete opposition to any theory of sovereignty that accords to the State unlimited authority. It condemns state absolutism as injurious to both national and international welfare. In God's world there can be no absolute sovereignty over either people or things from men or nations. Only God is absolutely sovereign. The state is truly sovereign in its proper sphere and within the realm of ethical ends. Its sovereignty, both internal and external, is limited by the law of justice, by the rights of the family and of the individual conscience, and by the claims of the whole of mankind.

The heresy of the modern world, as Jacques Maritain says ("The Things That Are Not Caesar's" p. 14) is that "there can be no sovereignty, liberty, or independence which is not absolute." The Catholic concept of sovereignty, as of every other kind of liberty, is freedom under law. Liberty is not merely freedom from compulsion; it is the faculty of choosing means fitted for the end proposed, as Pope Leo XIII says in his encyclical "Libertas." Choice follows, and is based upon judgment, which is an act of the reason, not of the will. The gravest menace to true liberty, therefore, lies less in coer-

cion of the will than in error of judgment either about the end proposed or the means selected. It is because man in his present state is capable of false choice that human liberty needs the support of law. As Pope Leo XIII puts it, "in the necessity of preventing the disagreement of our wills with right reason lies the very root of the necessity of law."

Now the sovereignty of a nation, whether it be internal or external, is exactly akin to the liberty of the individual. It finds its perfection under the guidance and protection of law. Just as the true liberty of the individual does not consist in the right to be a law unto itself, but to live under a higher law, so the true freedom of a nation lies not in unlimited self-determination, but in the recognition of the purpose of nations and the rights of other nations.

The right of nations to independence can be assured only under the rule of international law. "The will of one nation to live," says the Pope in the first of his peace points, "must never mean the sentence of death passed upon another." But what is to stop one powerful nation or a combination of nations from oppressing weaker nations, or even from enslaving the whole world? There is only one answer. The Pope gives it in his Christmas Broadcast of 1941. "Within the limits of a new order founded on moral principles there is no room for the violation of the freedom, integrity and security of other states, no matter what may be their territorial extension or their capacity for defense."

Nations, therefore, can be truly independent only within a new order founded on moral principles. What is this new order of which the Pope speaks? He describes it in a general way in the third of his peace points: "In order that a peace may be honorably accepted and in order to avoid arbitrary breaches and unilateral interpretations of treaties, it is of the first importance to erect some juridical institution which shall guarantee the loyal and faithful fulfillment of the conditions agreed upon, and which shall, in case of recognized need, revise and correct them."

This international juridical institution which the Pope desires to be set up must be made truly effective. In the third

of his peace points he says: "The maxims of human wisdom requires that in any reorganization of international life all parties should learn a lesson from the failures and deficiencies of the past. Hence in creating or reconstructing international institutions it is important to bear in mind the experience gained from the ineffectiveness or imperfections of previous institutions of the kind." The Pope is evidently alluding here to the League of Nations. It was ineffective principally because it lacked genuine coercive power against recalcitrant nations. The Pope implies then that the future international institution be endowed with all necessary coercive power. He states this explicitly in an address to the Ambassador Extraordinary of Haiti to the Holy See, delivered November 10, 1939. In this address he speaks of "creating and perfecting an international organization which, because it respects the rights of God, can assure the mutual independence of the peoples, large and small, impose fidelity to agreements and safeguard, in the efforts of each toward the welfare of all, the true liberty and dignity of the human person." Words like "assure," "impose" and "safeguard" are never used to describe the functions of a debating society. But they aptly denote the functions of an international organization endowed with coercive power.

The peace that the Pope desires is organized peace; peace maintained by international organization. Like his predecessors, he is anxious that the various nations stand ever more closely together. In the pronouncements of recent popes one finds constant insistence upon the need of international organization. They speak variously of an association of nations; a city of nations; a commonwealth of nations; a community of nations; a new organization of nations; a society of nations; a solidarity among nations; a union of nations.

Pope Pius XII together with his predecessors considers the establishment of an international organization to be a necessary condition for a lasting peace. Only within the framework of an organized peace can the true independence of nations be assured. The Pope does not consider it enough to urge nations to observe the natural moral law in their dealings

with another. The natural law itself cannot be an ideal code; it must be supplemented and reinforced by positive law. There is need then, according to the Pope, for a body of international law incorporating the principles of the natural law in a form applicable to the actual conditions prevailing today in the international sphere.

The various nations of the world are by right and in fact, as the Pope says in "Summi Pontificatus," members of the international community. They have the obligation of sharing in the creating and supporting of the rule of international law. They have the duty of establishing an appropriate authority for the international community whose function it will be to enact and enforce the laws which are necessary for the right relations among nations. They have this duty because they are not isolated groups but parts of an organic whole, namely, the human race. The interests of each nation are subordinate to the higher interests of the whole community of nations. Each therefore must do its share in furthering the common welfare of the whole of mankind.

Not only have the nations of the world the obligations of organizing the international community, but also the duty of submitting to its authority in all that pertains to the common good of all mankind. This necessarily entails limitations upon national sovereignty as currently conceived and practised. But in return each nation may rightfully look to the organized international community to guarantee it the fullest measure of independence that is compatible with the universal good of all mankind.

The true independence of nations will in nowise be diminished under the rule of international law. Rather it will be safeguarded and strengthened. Each nation's freedom of action will be curtailed in its exercise only to the extent required to protect the freedom of other nations. Contrary to Professor Adler's contention, this concept of limited national independence is a genuine independence. The right to freedom like every other human right cannot be absolute in extent. It is an elementary principle of ethics that rights are sacred and inviolable only within reasonable limits. In exercising any



right we are not free to disregard the rights of others. The Pope evidently had this principle in mind when he stated that the will to live of one nation, the so-called right to Lebensraum, must never involve injustice, much less the equivalent to a death sentence for another.

The late G. K. Chesterton once said that the Catholic concept of the free man is "homo liber et legalis." In our individual lives in an organized society we are free men only because there are a great many things we are forbidden to do, and a great many things we are obliged to do. We are forbidden to make a nuisance of ourselves, or to put pet ideas into practice if they hurt the community. If each of us were entirely free to do whatever he wanted, we would all live in a state of permanent terror. Life would be as Hobbes described it to be in the pre-social state of man—nasty, brutish, and short. The individual freedom that we enjoy and cherish is ours only because strict limitations on freedom of behaviour are prescribed and enforced by organized society. If all compulsions were removed, we would have, not freedom, but anarchy and insecurity.

The freedom of nations in their dealings with one another is exactly akin to the freedom of individuals. It consists not in the right to be a law unto themselves, but to live under a higher law. The right concept of national independence, therefore, is freedom limited by law as determined and enforced by the appropriate authority of the international community.

The international juridical institution which the Pope desires to be established will have the task of determining the extent to which nations may act as free agents in the international sphere. Undoubtedly the defining of concrete limitations upon the sovereignty of nations will be a most difficult undertaking. The general principle should be that all those matters come within the area of international jurisdiction which individual states cannot reasonably claim to regulate independently, because they concern other states as well as themselves. The manner in which disputes between states will be settled will be a primary concern of the international authority. War will be outlawed because war anywhere endangers world peace. In our mechanized age it is no longer possible to localize war.

If the international authority is to be truly effective in maintaining world peace, it must have the power to prevent nations from using armed force as an instrument of foreign policy.

If war is outlawed, there will be no need for nations to maintain armies and navies. Under a proper system of collective security armaments could have no legitimate purpose. Their place would be taken by a fundamental agreement to consider every aggressor against the peace the common enemy of all, to be dealt with by the police force of the international authority. The Pope deals with the question of armaments in the second point of his peace program, which states: "The order thus established, if it is to continue undisturbed and ensure true peace, requires that the nations be delivered from the slavery imposed upon them by the race for armaments, and from the danger that material force, instead of serving to protect the right, may become an overbearing and tyrannical master. Any peaceful settlement which fails to give fundamental importance to a mutually agreed, organic and progressive disarmament, spiritual as well as material, or which neglects to ensure the effective and loyal implementing of such an agreement will sooner or later show itself to be lacking in coherence and vitality."

Is genuine, lasting peace possible on the basis of the Pope's peace program? Professor Adler, we have seen, maintains that it is not. I have tried to show in this paper that his criticism of the papal peace program is without justification. I would add that the Pope's program is one that can be realized in our lifetime. We need not wait five or more centuries, as Professor Adler contends, until national sovereignty withers away entirely and mankind is governed by a single world government. The Pope takes a realistic view of the place of nations and of national aspirations in his concept of world order. He recognizes that a workable program of world peace must take into account not only the interdependence of nations, but also their freedom to pursue legitimate purposes.

The Pope recognizes, too, that lasting peace is much more than a matter of technically perfect plans for international organization. To succeed, they must be based upon moral

principles. In the fifth and final point of his peace program the Pope utters this solemn warning: "Even the best and most detailed regulations will be imperfect and foredoomed to failure unless the peoples and those who govern themselves submit willingly to the influence of that spirit which alone can give life, authority and binding force to the dead letter of international agreements. They must develop that sense of deep and keen responsibility which measures and weighs human statutes according to the sacred and inviolable standards of the law of God; they must cultivate that hunger and thirst after justice which is proclaimed as a beatitude in the Sermon on the Mount and which supposes as its foundation the moral virtue of justice; they must be guided by that universal love which is the compendium and most general expression of the Christian ideal, and which therefore may serve as a common ground for those who have not the blessing of sharing the same faith with us."

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The world His cradle is  
The stars His worshippers,  
His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss  
On lips new-pressed to hers;  
For she alone to Him  
In perfect light appears—  
The one horizon never dim  
With penitential tears.

F.T.

## THE PASTORAL VISIT

By MOST REV. GEORGES CABANA, D.D.,  
Coad. Archbishop of St. Boniface

THE liturgical text-books treat at length of the ceremonies of the pastoral visit: we usually find there an explanation of a translation of the Bishop's ceremonial and the pontifical. There is also an important documentation in the pastoral letters of their Excellencies the Archbishops and Bishops. A deeper study of this subject requires detailed researches and careful perusals.

I think that it will be interesting to indicate briefly how the actual legislation has evolved in the course of time, and also, to explain the sense of the ceremonies and the duties of the faithful.

### HISTORY OF THE PASTORAL VISIT

The Acts of the Apostles (XX,17) relate that St. Paul visited the communities which he had founded. He even summons to Miletus those whom he had established at the head of the Church of Ephesus, because he feels himself invincibly called to Jerusalem, in spirit, and he has no time to visit them. The other Apostles also visit the churches which they have established and the bishops and the priests that they have appointed. One of the first councils that regulates pastoral visits immediately after the persecutions is that of Turin (397) which distributes to each bishop and to each metropolitan the towns, the cities and bishoprics that are nearest their church and their principal city.

These laws are better understood if one recalls that in the early Church, because of the civil authority's opposition, conversions took place mainly in cities where the bishop lived with all his clergy. It is he, who, accompanied by his clergy, administers sacraments; in case of absence he delegates his

priests. The celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass requires all his clergy, as the bishop celebrates with them. The people of the country heard the preaching of the Gospel but much later. Some authors hold that at Rome the city people were the first to turn to the Gospel while almost all the country folks still remained pagan. The word peasant (*paganus, extra muros*) which served to designate the countryman, has little by little preserved the sense of non-baptized (pagan) in opposition to the inhabitants of Rome (*intra muros*) who were baptized for the greater part.

Thus we may better understand why the councils of the Fathers of the early Church speak but rarely of episcopal visits, for the parishes in the country were still very scarce. But, as soon as the religious peace, under Constantine's empire, gave freedom to the preachers and pastors of the Gospel to establish colonies in the towns and villages, the bishops felt obliged to share their love and their cares between their former faithful and the new conquests. According to Thomassinus, even where there were chorepiscopi—whose office did not last long—it is still true to say that it was the bishop's care to make the visits.

From the earliest time the bishops are always accompanied in these apostolic journeys, as Saint Ambrose insinuates in the following passage: "A priest's or a pastor's vigilance in his parish should imitate the bishop's in his diocese: he must make his visits, for the salvation of needy souls, accompanied by other clerics, thus impeding all evil rumors which malicious tongues might spread."

The mode of traveling varied according to the times and persons. Many made these long voyages afoot. St. Martin traveled by donkey; others used horses.

The pastoral visit soon became an annual event like the diocesan synod. Saint Boniface outlines this obligation thus "Statuimus, **ut singulis annis**, unusquisque episcopus parochiam suam circumeat . . . . populum confirmare, et plebem docere, et investigate, et prohibere paganas observationes, et omnes spurcitas gentilium."

"We have decided that once each year the Bishop should visit every part of his diocese . . . to confirm and instruct the people

and to investigate and forbid pagan observances and every taint of vileness known to the country.”

A Council of Tarragona finds another reason for these visits: it was in order to have repairs made on the country churches, a third of the revenue which the bishop received, being entrusted with the care of maintaining these churches.

Every one knows what an important part Charlemagne has played in the Christianization of his empire through the acceptance and even the adaptation of the Roman liturgy. The holy emperor feared not in certain instances to exceed his powers in this domain. He went so far as to state in his Capitularies that the bishop demonstrated his jurisdiction mostly in his visit: in this event he could display his zeal against murderers, adulterers, the incestuous and against all sorts of public crimes. So as to punish culprits, he forces the bishops to go through their dioceses accompanied by soldiers and an important retinue. Pastors and rural deans had to seek out the public sinners and bring them before the bishop who was to judge them and have the soldiers of his retinue execute the sentence. The bishop was also to give Confirmation to the faithful and help the poor. It was indeed a quick and practical means to suppress abuses, but it was also a preliminary step towards lamented disorders which many a Council will not succeed in abolishing entirely. The bishop's escort for the visit of his diocese consisted of fifty persons and more. It should not be forgotten that for a long time the frequent and cruel wars that raged between small lords required this bodyguard for safety's sake. However, it remains that it was a heavy burden for those who had to feed all this "personnel." Different Councils enacted that the bishop should not remain more than one or two days, unless he could provide for his companions who otherwise would be a burden to the local clergy. The second Lateran Council declared that "these equipages could not be tolerated except in the richest churches: that those who had made the visit until now with fewer attendants were not allowed to increase their number: finally, that bishops should always make their visit in such a manner that the churches would not be overburdened." The Council of Alby (1254)

declares "that the bishops will exact nothing from the churches, in money, unless they had to help the poor parishes who also have to provide food and lodging for this small army. The officers will be entitled to their food and nothing more."

The Council of Trent enacts: "that bishops will be satisfied with a small retinue and modest food and will not stop in any place unless it should be necessary for the salvation of souls. In case where it will not be possible to visit the diocese yearly, it should be done in two years, personally." This Council gives in detail the visit's programme, the questions to be asked, and all that the bishop should attend to.

St. Charles Borromeo, one of the pillars of the Council of Trent, applied himself to carry out its prescriptions in his diocese of Milan. It would take too long to describe here the plan he followed. Besides, these details may be obtained in the books he has written and which used to be found in the libraries of all our parish-priests as may be seen in the pastoral letters and circulars of Mgr. de St. Vallier. Saint Charles usually gave to his visits the time between Pentecost and Advent, because it is the time when prelates are less necessary to their cathedral church. "He used just six horses so as not to cause excessive expense to the places he visited. He tried to make his visits afoot, but these attempts caused him such embarrassment that he had to continue making them with horses.

It is easy to ascertain that in the countries and dioceses where the pastoral visits were not made regularly or not made at all, either because the bishops were retained at the king's court or were impeded by wars or other causes, faith among the clergy and the people was affected greatly. Do we not witness many abuses invading the Church in Canada when Mgr. de St. Vallier had been retained in Europe for more than twelve years? Mother Church which has received the promise of divine assistance until the end of time, has acquired in the past, as we have just outlined briefly, an experience which no human government is able to claim. We have one more proof of this in the wording, so concise and so precise, of her laws and specially of those which concern the pastoral visit.

## PRESENT LEGISLATION OF THE CHURCH

Canon 346 and the three following specify the end of the canonical visit, which is to preserve sound and orthodox doctrine, to encourage good morals, to correct bad habits, to promote peace, innocence, piety and discipline among the people and the clergy; also to consider the best means of advancing religion according to circumstances and finally to administer the sacrament of Confirmation.

The Bishop must make his pastoral visit personally, unless he should be impeded by a serious reason, in which case it is up to the Vicar General or another priest specially deserving to accomplish this function. The Bishop is no longer held to visit the whole diocese yearly, but he must do it in five years; Canon Law points out that he may be accompanied by two attendants but no longer by a numerous retinue as formerly.

“Not only all the parishes of the diocese are subject to the canonical visit of the Bishop Ordinary of the place, but also all seminaries, schools, hospitals and pious works which have obtained canonical erection from the Church and come under episcopal authority.” The Bishop’s visit bears on the following persons: the diocesan clergy of the cathedral churches, collegial and parochial churches, both in spiritual and temporal matters. Lay persons may also be examined in questions of faith or morals. Even church-wardens and trustees may be questioned. All non-exempted religious fall under this law and also, all exempted religious who have the care of souls. The visit bears also on things and places: churches, oratories, rec-tories and furniture, cemeteries. . . . This is but an incomplete résumé of what is found in Canon Law and the commentators of the ecclesiastical law.

## CEREMONIES OF THE PASTORAL VISIT

The Roman rites are concise and practical; the Gallican rites were more symbolical and expressive. Charlemagne imposed the Roman liturgy on his whole empire, but often made additions to it. A few centuries later, Rome adopted and made her own, this liturgy thus transformed, or even deformed. The



Bishop's ceremonial and the pontifical maintain very ancient ceremonies which help to give shape to the theology of the episcopacy. According to the institution of Jesus Christ there are not three hierarchies, as the Jansenists maintained and also the authors of the "Clergy's Constitution," but two only: that of the universal Church with Jesus Christ and the Pope as the Head; and that of the particular Church, with the Bishops as the head.

"The Bishop's mission," wrote Dom Gréa, "and his priesthood are but a consequence and a communication of the mission of Jesus Christ's priesthood, and we find in him all the essential qualities of this august and first pontificate. The priesthood of Christ contains in its unity three principal elements: the teaching of truth, the communication of holiness through the sacraments, and finally the authority of government." The Bishops exercise this threefold power under the direction of the Sovereign Pontiff. Through the Bishop, priests and faithful are united to the Pope and to Jesus Christ, Head of the Church."

In order to bring home the better these dogmatic truths, the Sovereign Pontiffs have conceded to Bishops in their dioceses honors which are rendered in Rome to the Supreme Head of the whole Church, such as: genuflections, the kissing of the ring, the ringing of bells upon the Bishop's arrival (modeled on that which took place whenever the Pope passed before a church in Rome), the use of the canopy, a sign of honor which recalls the high dignity of the pastor, etc.

The ceremonial of Bishops mentions also the old custom of voyages on horse-back. The steed was to be caparisoned as it was being done whenever the Holy Father used this mode of traveling. "In the days when the Roman Pontiff had his residence at the Lateran palace," writes Dom Gueranger, "he made the way to St. Mary Major on Easter Sunday, mounted on a pony caparisoned in white, while he wore the pluvial and was crowned with the tiara."

It is always in the name of Jesus Christ that the pastor visits his flock and that is what is meant by the ceremony in which the parish priest gives the crucifix to kiss to the Bishop

kneeling at the entrance of the church. The parish priest presents the Holy Water sprinkler to the Bishop who signs himself and sprinkles the clergy and the faithful: here is a sacramental which serves to purify them of their venial sins and to prepare them to receive the abundant graces of the visit. The incensing of the Bishop by the parish-priest is intended to honour his character and his dignity.

This whole ritual manifests the faithful's joy at seeing their Bishop and the fervor with which they wish his visit to be useful through the mercy of God. The Bishop is then led to the altar where he kneels while the parish priest prays for him and invokes the patron or the titular; the Bishop himself sings the prayer, blesses the faithful, grants indulgences to the assistants and then prays for the deceased of the parish.

The order of these prayers indicates clearly the union of the Church of Heaven, the Church of Purgatory and the Church of the earth. Is not one of the aims of the episcopal visit to maintain and cement this union and bring it to perfection? This union will be perfect only when, at the end of time, all these different Churches will be reunited. First, souls must be delivered from Purgatory and the faithful must live a saintly life upon earth in order to rejoice with the Church of Heaven. The Bishop tries to contribute towards this end by his visit. He invokes the Holy patrons or titulars to obtain mercy in favor of those for whom they are responsible before God.

The absolution which he presides is to ask mercy upon the defunct, specially those of the parish. The union between the militant and suffering churches was shown better when cemeteries were located near the church where the dead slept their last sleep, waiting for the day when their children and grandchildren would be called to come and join them. Thus the Bishop passes through the parishes in order to work for the reunion of these Churches, that God alone be known, adored, loved, served by the whole Mystical Body of Jesus Christ. During his pastoral visit he administers Confirmation to those who have not yet received this sacrament, that they become adults in Christian life.

## DUTIES OF THE FAITHFUL

The faithful must therefore unite with the Bishop to take part in all the prayers which he makes and specially pray God for their chief Pastor, so that his visit be not fruitless. They should listen with respect to his instructions and receive the sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. They must also give notice of the abuses, scandals and disorders known in the parish, without acrimony, without any spirit of revenge, but solely through love of truth and good order. Let them speak to him in all things with deep sincerity and carry out exactly and promptly all his orders once the visit is finished.

## INDULGENCES ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT

1. A Plenary indulgence under the ordinary conditions of Confession and Communion is granted to all persons who devoutly visit the church or oratory (public or semipublic) where the Ordinary makes the pastoral visit and pray there for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff. This visit of the church or the oratory may coincide with the assistance at either functions of the pastoral visit: it may also be made privately at any time of the day, from the arrival of the Bishop until his departure from the parish. (Mgr. Bernier, Droit Can. de la Vis. Past.)

2. An indulgence of 100 days may be gained by those who assist at the blessing given by the Archbishop at the end of the Mass or the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

3. An indulgence of 50 days may be gained by those who kiss the ring of the Bishop or the Archbishop.



## THE GREEK SENTRY

By H. JOSEPH RYAN

**I**T was Christmas Eve. The sky was a perfect carnival of stars. The cold was intense. A slight wind, cold and sharp, blew the rocks naked.

High on the Tepeleni Mountains a Greek sentry was posted. The long fight against the Italian invaders had left him thin and badly clothed. In that Greek breast burned a faith and courage that the Facisti knew only too well.

Demetrius stood knee deep in the virgin snow. He was cold and hungry—tormented by thoughts of home and a warm bed covered with a fleecy white sheepskin. Hunger pains rose in sickening surges within him. The want of food intensified the bitter cold. Unlike the old Greek philosophers who placed a marble slab below their bare feet to sharpen their wits, he needed nothing to keep him awake.

He was longing for the sunny slopes of Mount Olympus where he had played as a boy. His anxious musings were with his young wife, Marina, who was expecting their first child.

“God,” prayed Demetrius, “let it be born to-night, of all nights. I offer the misery of this separation as my sacrifice for a free Greece, a peaceful land for this child and all my country-men.” And he shut out the hard present, with a vision of the future—the expected child, in the toddling stage, following him round his vineyards as he trained the vines which were his livelihood.

Ah, my poor Demetrius, little do you know that in the Spring, the fiery Hun will be shooting the buds off the almond trees on Mount Olympus.

The darkness seemed to lighten; the stars appeared frostier than ever. Demetrius shook his head to ward off the giddiness that was slowly enveloping him. Then he heard the sound of someone trying to get a footing on the rocks. He tried to

raise his rifle but his hands felt big and clumsy. "Who goes there?" he challenged. The sentry's heart contracted with pity as a little donkey came into view.

The Italians, in their mad retreat, had left hundreds of the animals to starve on the snow-covered mountains. "Poor little fellow," said Demetrius. "Alone like me, eh? Come and keep me company."

The donkey advanced slowly, and stopped dead in the half light. Demetrius saw a woman on his back. Following her was an old man with a long staff in his hand.

"Demetrius," said a low sweet voice, "come and see my son." Speechless with delight, the sentry walked over to the woman, who threw back a warm cloak and showed him the head of a sleeping infant, with eyes shut tight and forehead wrinkled as if in deep concentration.

"Marina! So everything is all right. And you brought your father. O what joy! What great news!" With great delight, she smiled back at him. "This child, Demetrius, has a great destiny. But hurry, we must not stay. Come, Demetrius, come." "Where?" called the bewildered man. "Where?" "Follow me," the older man said. "Take the halter and staff." Demetrius dropped his rifle, took the staff and clasped it firmly. "Be careful, little mother," he cautioned as they started down the slope. "Bad men are abroad tonight." "Go with God," she answered sweetly.

He started forward with stumbling feet. Suddenly the bright stars overhead disappeared; the glimmer of the snow faded; the wind lost its bite and the sentry knew no more.

When Demetrius returned to consciousness of the world about him, Marina was sitting beside his bed in the improvised hospital behind the lines. Her expressive dark eyes rested anxiously upon him and it was lovely to see the light in them when he looked at her.

Demetrius smiled weakly. "Well, Marina, you brought me here safely. I have never been so glad to see you as I was that night. But where did you leave the baby?"

"The baby is at home, Demetrius. I could not bring him here in this weather. He was born on Christmas Eve." "I

know," said her husband. The look she gave him was puzzled, but she continued. "I have just arrived myself. Oh, Demetrius you nearly died. Exposure and frostbite, then pneumonia. They found you a few steps from your post."

"Are you sure, Marina? You have just come?" He spoke slowly, thoughtfully. "Then you didn't come up the mountain, and show me the way to safety. I wonder . . ." His voice trailed off into silence.

Marina patted his thin hand comfortingly. "Don't talk any more, darling. You are still a little delirious, perhaps. Since I have been sitting beside you, you have talked almost continually to some imaginary companions. Who is the 'little mother! And where does the little donkey fit in?'"

His eyes were dancing with excitement. "Some day, Marina, when you and I are safe back home, sitting at our fireside, I shall tell you. You would find it too hard to believe now. You would nod wisely and put it down to the ravings of a sick man. But be patient and wait."

Demetrius lay back on his pillow and smiled to himself. This would be his precious secret, to be kept within his heart for a little while longer. He had his own ideas about the identity of his visitors on the high, wind-swept mountain.



## NEW YEAR'S DAY IN FRENCH CANADA

By ELIZABETH HUNT

**J**E vous bénis tous, mes enfants, avec tout mon cœur"—  
"I bless you all, my children, with all my heart." The tone is grave; the speaker venerable; the occasion, New Year's morning in French Quebec.

The trembling hands of "Grandpère Montmigny are withdrawn from the head of the eldest son, the children and the grandchildren rise from their knees—the four hundred year old custom has again been carried out!



*A. Y. Jackson: Baie St. Paul*

Across the countryside, the "carillons" are pealing forth announcing "la grande Messe" and the Montmigny's must be well represented. There will be imposing music, the curé will express his hopes that the newly-born year will be a happy and prosperous one, the Infant Babe will be visited in His humble Crib, and after Mass the good wishes of the curé will be reciprocated, neighbours will be warmly greeted on every side. Then the Montmigny family will tuck themselves under the buffalo robes of the "cariote," and over the glistening snow-white road, joyous sleigh bells will vie with the laughter and chatter of the Montmigny clan.

What a gathering at the ancestral home: sons and daughters, wives and husbands and children by the score! And what a dinner! All the good old Canadian dishes, ragout de pattes and guertons, homemade preserves and pickles, doughnuts, maple syrup and rhubarb wine . . . The gifts sent the children by the Christ Child will be jubilantly shown; jokes and song and carols will follow, but all must end. In French Canada, one's neighbour must be visited every New Year Day.

Again the horses are hitched to the big sleigh, and the men folk set forth, while the ladies await at home to receive their callers. Soon they come: old Grandfather Trudel and his three strapping sons; farmer Bouchard and his two little boys, the Delerys and the Ferlands. The visits are not lengthy, good wishes are exchanged, a doughnut or a piece of pie is politely accepted and a taste of the cherry wine.

Soon it is time for the evening family meal. This is a somewhat hasty affair—a good time is coming! The big living room must be cleared! The fiddler has arrived, the crowd has grown even larger. Reels and lancers, waltzes and polkas follow one another. No one even thinks of getting tired and everyone is extremely happy.

The old heirloom clock strikes twelve. For many the celebration is over, but the younger folk start in anew a series of reels and lancers, waltzes and polkas.

It has been a long day, a happy day to the children, another memorable day in the life of a French-Canadian community.



*A. Y. Jackson: Baie St. Paul*



## SOLDIER SAINTS

By REV. E. C. McENIRY, O.P.

THE Reverend Superior of a religious community in writing to me recently said, "God bless you in your great work, and save our boys from the contagion of army life! Saint Louis whose feast we so recently celebrated, shows us that a soldier can be a saint." It is an undeniable and most encouraging truth that the church honors its soldier saints and presents them to us from time to time, for our inspiration, encouragement and imitation. Who is not inspired by the noble deeds of virtue and of valor of a Saint George, an Ignatius Loyola, Joan of Arc, Saint Louis fearless King of France, or by the courage and sanctity of Saint Sebastian, officer in the Roman army in the third century, who was esteemed even by the heathens as a good soldier, and honored by the church ever since as a champion of Jesus Christ? These courageous soldiers of Christ and loyal patriots of their native lands, together with an army of other saintly and heroic men and women have by their virtuous actions endeared themselves to the hearts of all christian nations and rendered their names great, glorious and renowned. What the soldier saints of past ages achieved in the field of sanctity, our soldiers fighting our cause, can achieve today. The same God exists today as existed in the time of the martyred Sebastian. The same sacraments are being administered today for the sanctification of the faithful as were administered in the days of our Lord. The same church is offering the same consoling and effective means of salvation to the world today as those which have converted sinners to saints down through the flight of years.

Our soldiers whether in the army or in the navy, on land, on sea, or in the air, need the inspiration and encouragement which the heroic lives of the Saints can instil into their hearts. Was it not the young and wayward Augustine who

one day resolving to break the chains of an evil habit said: "The unlearned rise and storm heaven, and we, with all our learning, for lack of heart lie wallowing here in sin." The battle was won, the chains of his evil habits were broken by God's grace and by Augustine's co-operation with God's help and thus Augustine from a sinner, became the Church's mightiest champion against heresy.

#### PATRON SAINT OF SOLDIERS

Saint George, a martyr who was born at Cappadocia, at the end of the third century and whose feast is celebrated by the Church on April 23, is the patron-saint of soldiers. From very early times he was honored in the East as a patron of soldiers. England officially selected him as her patron-saint around the year 1348. Pope Benedict XIV declared him the Protector of the Kingdom, and devotion to Saint George is one of the most ancient and widely spread devotions in the Church. In early manhood he chose a soldier's life, and soon won the favor of Diocletian, who promoted him to the honorable position of tribune. When, however, the emperor started to persecute the christians, George rebuked him immediately, sternly and publicly for his cruelty; and thereupon, resigned his commission in the army. As a result, he was subjected to frightful punishments and finally beheaded. His relics were removed to Saint Servin at Toulouse, by the crusaders.

The Dominican Breviary states for the feast of Saint George that he was frequently invoked by kings and rulers especially in time of war. ("A regibus etiam in bello saepius invocatus.") There was something so noble and beautiful and fearless in this young soldier that he inspired every christian with faith and fortitude; and as years passed on Saint George became a symbol of victory over evil and the slayer of the dragon. Even the invading Saracens hailed him as the "White-horsed Knight," and everywhere in the East and in the West, Saint George was held in the greatest veneration and devotion. So great is the devotion to him

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that Malta, Barcelona, Valencia, Arragon, Genoa, and England have chosen this soldier-saint as their special patron.

#### SOLDIER SAINTS IN BATTLE

Saint Ignatius Loyola is another soldier of the Lord who has won the admiration of the Catholic world for more than four centuries. "A cannon shot marks the turning point in the career of Ignatius Loyola," writes Rev. G. C. Treacy, S.J., in his pamphlet on this soldier saint. The author goes on to tell us that the cannon shot "smashed Ignatius' right leg and injured his left. This occurred at the siege of Pamplona, May 20, 1521, during the wars between the French and the Spanish. . . . Ignatius Loyola was with his detachment as captain of the artillery. In the course of the campaign the French had crossed the Pyrenees and Pamplona was under orders to hold off the invaders at any cost. A council of war was called and the senior officers were for surrender. Loyola was for fighting as the only way for halting the invaders. Better be killed, he said, than accept the humiliating terms of the enemy. His advice was followed and the small garrison put up a brave fight until the French cannon made a breach in the walls. At the head of his troops Loyola fell wounded, and Pamplona surrendered. . . ." But this wound brought the future saint closer to God; for through prayer, suffering and great sacrifices, he decided to leave his arms of warfare and clothe himself in the armour of Christ. . . . Ignatius, like Joan of Arc or Louis King of France or like Saint George of old—"put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and took unto himself the helmet of salvation and the sword of justice and charity and purity of life—offering himself wholeheartedly to God in the Society of Jesus.

#### THE PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

Whether we consider the soldier saints in the field of battle, or that long list of men and women who have won the diadem of sanctity, all of them have been sustained in their

trials by a genuine love for Christ and by an ever grateful remembrance of His sufferings and death. The grateful remembrance of our Lord's Passion and death will sustain every true Christian soldier, whether he is fighting on land, on sea or in the sky. May the thought of Christ's sufferings and death strengthen and sustain our soldiers whether they are fighting on distant deserts or oceans or in far-away jungles or skies! May Our Lord's supreme sacrifice of His life in freedom's cause and for our salvation, mean as much to our brave soldier boys as it did to Joyce Kilmer, the soldier, patriot and convert when he wrote that soul-stirring "Prayer of a Soldier in France."

"My shoulders ache beneath my pack,  
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back.)  
"I march with feet that burn and smart,  
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart.)  
"Men shout at me who may not speak,  
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek)  
"I may not lift a hand to clear  
My eyes of salty drops that sear.  
"(Then shall my fickle soul forget  
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)  
"My rifle hand is stiff and numb,  
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come.)  
"Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me  
Than all the hosts of land and sea.  
"So let me render back again  
This millionth of Thy gift! Amen."



## THE STAR

By SALVATOR SCHLAEFER, O.F.M. CAP.

Of course, this is only a story. But it is interesting to recall that in *THE GOLDEN LEGEND*, dating from the twelfth century (and translated by Longfellow), Dismas is depicted as a young man at the time of Our Lord's Nativity.

THE sky was illumined like an immense banquet-room prepared for a feast. Dismas and his companion found their attempts to slink unnoticed beneath such a sky quite vain. There was something strange about the night. A mysterious quiet brooded. The stillness that made a guilty soul uneasy was everywhere—and that star!

"If that star weren't always moving," grumbled Dismas in a barely muted ejaculation of impatience.

"It's your nerves," growled his companion, "and don't give us away with your noise. They almost got us, but we fooled them." Turning and trying to bolster a waning courage, he added: "Your little scheme worked?"

"But it's much brighter, quite different from the rest," irrelevantly broke in Dismas.

"Forget it! As soon as we get to the old shed, you won't see much of that star that's bothering you." Then, with irony, he added, "But perhaps you'll be afraid of the animals!"

So they plodded on in a moody silence: Dismas, a bit hurt and ashamed; his accomplice, a bit contemptuous. Every once in a while that uncanny motion of the star seemed to pick them out. It seemed to be eyeing them and following them in some mysterious manner. Its light rested on the box they were carrying as if to warn them that their crime was not entirely unknown.

Two figures moved out from the pale light of an old stable. The elder was openly contemptuous; the other, Dismas, was dazed and blinking, like a man coming from deep darkness into the brightness of midday sun.

"It was nice in there." Dismas pointed to the stable. "The star led us right to the place!"

Like a surging sea about to break into yet fuller fury came the voice of his companion: "You and your silly superstitions! And you had to give them the money." Dismas' partner was angry, as only they can be who have had a prize in their grasp and are suddenly deprived of it.

"Well—I don't know what happened. I know you'll think me foolish, and all that—but that Baby got me. It reminded me of something great, of something much better than I have ever thought of see, of—of God!"

"Humph!" snarled his companion, "that's rich! A God in a cattle manger! But I should strangle you rather than laugh." He looked at his huge hands. "You gave away what we earned by being clever. If you weren't so clever, I'd kill you now. But I need you for . . . You failed tonight. You will not fail again! You failed just when I thought you had become a man. You pulled off your first job, the slickest I've seen—taking money right out of the Emperor's registration fund . . . then you gave it away!"

Dismas was hurt. He could not bear ridicule of any kind. "You see," he began in suppressed anger, "we stole that money. We? . . . I did. When I stood near that Baby, I felt sorry for having done it. I felt that if I gave the money to Him, He would make things all right. But . . . I see now. It was my nerves. You are right I am a fool."

\* \* \* \* \*

Above the shouting, raging, maddened crowd on the hill, hung three forms of what once were men. The earth grew darker, and a sudden chill, as of impending danger, ran through the mob.

"If thou art the Son of God," they shouted, "come down from the cross! He saved others, himself he cannot save. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he wants him; for he said, 'I am the Son of God.'"

"If thou art the Christ," rasped the harsh, hateful voice

on the cross to the left, "save thyself—and us—." Such derision seemed to please the crowd, and it took up the cry.

All at once, Dismas (for he hung on the right side) saw through the almost pitch blackness—a gloriously blazing star above the center cross. With sudden intuition he knew the figure on the cross as the Babe which had been revealed to him by another strange star. He relived that moment when he had felt that he was in the presence of God Himself, the King of all. Was it stranger to have that feeling on a cross than in a manger?

"Lord," he cried, passionately and penitently, "remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!"

A voice, calm, slow, and full of promise came from the Man hanging beneath the sign, The King of the Jews: "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

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### MARY

When storms arise, and the clouds of night  
Are gathering black over hill and plain,  
Shine out through the danger, O fadeless Light,  
And show us the shelter of Home again.  
When the night seems long and the Goal seems far,  
And the darkness lies over land and sea,  
Shine out of the Heavens, O Morning Star,  
And guide us in peace to the Lord and thee.

Brian O'Higgins

## NATIVITY NOTES

**H**OW did the Three Kings, from a far-off land, know enough to ask the searching question—"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His Star in the East and are come to adore Him?"



The answer is that in almost all the countries of the world at that time there was expectation of a Deliverer and of a Redeemer for the world. We are informed by Tacitus, by Suetonius, and by Josephus, writers who lived near Christ's time, that

there prevailed throughout the entire Orient, at this time, an intense conviction, derived from the ancient prophecies, that, ere long a powerful monarch would arise in Judea and gain dominion over the whole world!

\* \* \*

The Roman poet Virgil, in his Fourth Eclogue, asserts that a child from heaven was looked for, who should restore the golden age, and should take away all sin! Four hundred years before Christ, the great Greek philosopher Socrates entertained an idea of the near advent of some supernatural Being to be a Teacher of men! He said, "We must wait till some one comes from God to instruct us how to behave towards the Divinity and towards man."

\* \* \*

Thus, even among the pagan nations, there were wise and good men who confidently awaited the Incarnation, and knew that a struggling world was badly in need of it. The lonely heart of man was panting and yearning for "The Day-Spring from on High."



Plato, a disciple of Socrates, following his great teacher, spoke of his own similar expectations, declaring, "It is necessary that a Lawgiver be sent from Heaven to instruct us—oh how greatly do I desire to see Him."

\* \* \*

In his great book, "The Republic," Plato has recorded one of the clearest of the unconscious pagan delineations of Christ, in his famous ideal description of the Just Man: He writes, "Without doing any wrong. He will assume the appearance of being unjust; yea He shall be scourged, tortured, fettered and after having endured all possible suffering. He will be fastened to a stake, and will then restore again the beginning, and the prototype of righteousness."

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Thus did the sun of the Incarnation rising over the world, fling its saving rays even into the darkness of the pagan lands!

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### AT BETHLEHEM

A manger blest,  
 A straw lined nest,  
 Too ill prepared for its great Guest;  
 The Father's Nestling earthward flown  
 To be man's own.

O Lady fair,  
 My heart prepare  
 That it may with the manger share  
 The housing of thy Son Divine,  
 Thy God and mine.

S.M.P.

## THE BLUE REBOSO

By BLANCHE JENNINGS THOMPSON.

PABLO lived in Guadalupe, a little village in Mexico. He considered himself fortunate indeed, for was he not a child of Our Lady of Guadalupe? Pilgrims came from many, many miles away to pay homage to the Blessed Mother at her famous shrine, but Pablo had been born in the very shadow of the shrine and felt himself to be especially favored, as indeed he was. You shall hear how it all happened.

Hundreds of years ago the Blessed Virgin had appeared to a humble Indian lad who dwelt in the village and told him to build a church there on the steep hill to the honor and glory of God. Now the great church stood there in the village and high above it was the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, reached by many winding stairs worn smooth by the knees of pious pilgrims.

This year a great *fiesta* was to be held in memory of Our Lady's miraculous appearance and on all sides could be seen preparations for the event. The interior of the old cathedral, blackened for years by candle smoke, had been newly decorated so that all the golden altars shone again, and the lovely colors of walls and ceiling were restored to their original beauty. Nearly everyone in the village had helped to polish the great, golden candlesticks or the hundreds of smaller ones that crowded the altars. The women had toiled for many months making new linens and vestments, rich with heavy lace and embroidery. Even Pablo and his small companions did their share of polishing and running errands, frequently, it must be confessed getting in the way of their elders in their zeal to help, but feeling very important, nevertheless.

One of the most exciting events was the installation of a huge new organ, one of the finest in the world, it was said. Many strangers came to town to help put it in place, and it was said that a great organist from the States would come

and play it for the first time. Pablo could hardly wait, for he dearly loved music and sang in the boys' choir. Mexicans are great music lovers, many of them excellent natural musicians and Pablo was no exception. His sweet, clear treble took the highest notes with ease in the solo parts of the divine service, and already he was learning to play the marimba. Senor Mendazo, who played the organ, had taught him a little about that too. Some day he meant to be a great organist. *Quien sabe.*

Just before the great day, all was excitement. The village was full of people. For days the Indians had been coming in from the remote mountain villages on foot, on sturdy little donkeys, or on trains so crowded that there wasn't room even for one small *nino* more. With them came innumerable bundles of every imaginable size, for most of the people intended to camp near the village or right in the streets, for that matter. All that a Mexican Indian needs is a *serape*, or blanket, for a bed, and a little fire of charcoal on which to cook his *tortillas*. Then he is ready for anything.

The market place was a strange and colorful sight. Everywhere there were Indians seated on the ground with their wares spread out around them. Some had arranged a crude awning over their heads to protect them from the hot, noon-day sun; others scorned such luxury and merely wrapped their *gabanes* about their heads and shoulders for protection against sun or rain. The *gabane* is a kind of *serape* (which the Indians spell *zarape*) with a slit in the middle through which the head may be thrust, as a Boy Scout wears a poncho. It serves as bed, chair, blanket, hat, suit case, or umbrella, according to circumstance, and because of its lovely color and design, it is always decorative. What more could one ask?

Indians from different villages could be distinguished by the kind of wares they were selling. In one corner wrinkled, brown old women with the inevitable black *rebosos* over their heads were selling little painted pigs; another group squatting around a charcoal brazier held out brilliant lacquered gourds; here were great woven baskets and trays; over there

a curious kind of pottery painted black and decorated in glowing colors; in one booth all kinds of tooled leather goods were displayed; in the next one highly colored parrots, poppies, roses, and other birds and flowers done in feathers; next to that hundreds of picture cards made of tiny colored straws arranged by the clever brown fingers of little boys and girls. Winding about among the groups and skillfully avoiding stepping on babies or pottery, were straight, black-haired Indians with dozens of *serapes* folded neatly and hanging from one shoulder as from a display rack.

There was plenty to eat, too. No one starves at a fiesta. Slap, slap, went the hands of the women making *tortillas*; great brown bowls of *frijoles* or fried beans steamed over the little fires; other huge bowls of *chili con carne* stood ready; there were long loaves of crusty bread and an astonishing variety of sweetmeats. All day the children feasted on fruit paste and tiny sugared cakes or munched the edible seeds which filled the broad, flat trays. Assuredly, this was a very great *fiesta*.

In front of the cathedral was a special market. Here one could buy the candles to carry in the procession or to place on one's favorite altar. Some of the candles were very fine indeed, three feet high, and very curly. Pablo could not afford anything so grand, but he had a *centavo* to buy a little candle, a twisted one wound beautifully with blue tinsel. Surely Our Lady would note that particularly because it was her color. Pablo did so hope that she would, for he wanted a very special favor to-day. He thought about it a great deal as he walked along looking at all the interesting things for sale—the statues of saints, the scapulars, the many-colored rosaries, the medals and the holy pictures. Pablo bought his candle, but before he went into the church he went back to a special stall at the end of the short street and stood there for a moment thinking.

Now this is what was on Pablo's mind. He was thinking of his mother. Like most Indian families, they were very poor and a new garment of any kind was rare. Pablo thought that his mother ought to have a new *reboso* for this greatest of

all *fiestas*—a blue one, clean and whole, that would do justice to the occasion. He had seen just the one in this very stall where he was standing and he coveted it beyond anything else. It was deep blue, with a tiny, narrow stripe that looked almost like gold—just like the one in which *la Santísima Madre* wrapped the Holy Child in a picture which he had long cherished. How fine his mother would look in it, he thought to himself as he remembered the weather-stained and ragged garment that she now wore. Then his eyes brightened as he thought of his blue-trimmed candle, and he hurried off into the church.

At the foot of the High Altar he knelt, a very small figure in the deep shadows. He looked up at the famous painting of Our Lady of Guadalupe and prayed very earnestly that he might find some way of getting that blue *reboso* for his mother. It really did seem quite hopeless, but Pablo had great faith in Our Lady, and was not the morrow her feast day? He lighted his little candle and placed it before the altar to remind the Blessed Mother of his request while he was not there, for now he must go to choir rehearsal. That was in itself exciting, for the strange organist from the States had come and was to try the organ for the first time. Pablo trembled with excitement.

Presently the great organ began to pour out rich melodies under a master hand. The choir rehearsed the Mass which would be sung on the morrow. As usual at the *Gloria*, Pablo's voice soared above the others until it seemed that it must reach to heaven itself. The visiting organist glanced over at the small boys singing so earnestly. He was looking for the one with the glorious voice. When the rehearsal was over and the other lads were clattering into the busy street again, the choir master called Pablo. The visitor, it seemed, wished to speak to him. He asked many questions. Where did Pablo live? How old was he? Had he brothers and sisters. Could he read the notes in the big music books there on the organ? Would he like to go to the States for a while and study? Pablo was quite bewildered. He answered as well as he could and when, after telling the stranger how to reach his house, he found himself in the street, there in the palm of his hand quite miraculously was

a silver *peso*. The stranger must have put it there, of course, but Pablo knew that Our Lady had remembered.

A silver peso! Just the price of the beautiful blue *rebozo* that Pablo wanted for his mother. In five minutes more it was in his hands and Pablo, holding it lovingly, was flying home to give it to his mother and tell her all about the exciting morning. But the stranger was there ahead of him. For a few moments the cherished *rebozo* was forgotten in the excitement caused by the visitor's request. He was much pleased with Pablo's voice, it seemed. He wanted to take the lad back to the States with him and place him in a choir school under a master who was looking for boys with just such voices. He would learn to play the organ too, and perhaps some day he might become a great musician? *Quien sabe*. Pablo's mother was overwhelmed with joy and pride, and sorrow at the thought of letting her precious boy go so far away. She hugged Pablo and the blue *rebozo* together and laughed and cried at once, but she said that he could go.

The next day when all the world was gathered for the great *fiesta*; when the bells rang out and the perfume of incense filled the air as the long procession with silken banners, flickering candles, and gold-fringed canopies wound through the streets; when the choir-boys in red cassocks and lace surplices followed the long line of priests and bishops into the flower-decked church, with the glorious notes of the new organ pouring out a hymn of praise in honor of Our Lady, then it was that Pablo, smiling up at her picture, whispered a happy little "Muchas gracias, Senora!" for was he not the most favored of all her children, and was not his mother at that moment wearing the most beautiful blue *rebozo* in Guadalupe.



## BETHLEHEM

**D**URING the years after the Ascension, Our Blessed Mother and her devout friends regularly visited the Cave of Bethlehem.

After the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in A.D. 70, the Christians dwelt peacefully in the Holy Land, and constantly worshipped in the grotto of the Nativity until the year 132, when Hadrian laid waste to Bethlehem. He set up a statue of Jupiter in the holy cave, and crowned his impiety by instituting the blasphemous rites of Adonis, which were maintained for nearly two centuries.

The learned chronicler tells us that St. Helen, mother of Constantine the Great, in the year 326, "cleansed the place of the sweet nativity of our Lord, cast out the abomination of the idols from the holy cave, overthrew all that she found there, and beneath the ruins found the manger of our Lord entire." Leaving the cave as she found it, St. Helen erected over it a church of great beauty.

The relics of the Holy Manger itself are now in Rome in the Basilica of St. Mary Major, sometimes called Santa Maria ad Praesepe (the crib).

On Christmas Day, 1101, the banners of the Crusaders waved triumphantly over the ramparts of Jerusalem, proclaiming the end of the Moslem rule in the Holy Land. The same day Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was proclaimed the first Christian King of Palestine. He insisted on being crowned in Bethlehem, and in the Church of the Nativity, above the holy cave, in the presence of nobles and bishops in their resplendent robes of office, before the high altar, Baldwin was crowned by Daimbert, Archbishop of Pisa.

The kingdom did not endure. But amid all the Moslem occupancy, the political vicissitudes and the clash of communions, St. Helena's Church of the Nativity remains in its essential features. Here are mosaics so ancient that it is difficult to trace the subjects of the pictures. Through all the centuries

the church has stood sheltering the holy cave. Through its doors millions from all countries the world over have come seeking the spot where God became Man, their goal a silver star set in that holy ground and inscribed: **HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST** (Here of the Virgin Mary was born Jesus Christ).





## IOSAGAN

(Iosagan, or dear little Jesus, is the beautiful term of endearment given by Gaelic-speaking Irish folk to the Babe of Bethlehem. It is the diminutive of Iosa, Jesus, and is pronounced Iosagawn).

**E**ARTH'S tender lambs from dark to dawn  
Are warmly sheltered in the fold;  
But God's white Lamb, Iosagan,  
Lies in a stable bleak and cold.

O Sparrow, leave your cottage eave,  
And leave your cote, O cooing dove,  
And of your downy feathers weave  
A nest to cradle Christ, our love!

Bring roses, bring from garth and lawn,  
And lilies, bring your petals sweet,  
To cover little Iosagan  
And keep Him warm from head to feet!

And happy cherubs, downward drawn  
From Heaven, spread your rosy wings  
To canopy dear Iosagan,  
God's little Son and King of Kings!

In poppied dews His eyelids steep  
And sing your sweetest lullabies,  
And loving vigil o'er Him keep

Where on His Mother's lap He lies!  
And wind of winter, cease to blow  
And hush your voice to murmurs mild!  
And breathe in music soft and low  
While Mary rocks her little Child!

—P. J. Coleman.

## THE STORY BEAUTIFUL

OH tell again the story  
Of Bethlehem, and Love,  
How Jesus left His glory,  
And home in Heaven above.  
While Mary gently laid Him  
In the manger dark and low  
The mellow stars are shining—  
Long centuries ago.

And lo! the hills awaken  
To hear the Angels' song,  
The powers of earth are shaken  
With praises loud and long;  
And shepherds gather round Him  
Their humble souls aglow  
Where mellow stars are shining—  
Long centuries ago.

Oh Holy Night! inviting  
Our hearts from age to age,  
In grateful love uniting  
With shepherd, king, and sage,  
In spirit we would linger,  
While golden moments flow,  
Where mellow stars are shining—  
Long centuries ago.

—Brother Reginald, C.Ss.R.



# Community

We extend warmest congratulations to our esteemed contributor Rev. Paul O'Sullivan, O.P., who celebrated the 50th Anniversary of his Ordination last June. Earnest prayers are offered that many more years of devoted service may be granted to our reverend Golden Jubilarian.

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St. Joseph's Lilies offers sincere congratulations to another valued contributor, Rev. Fr. Dolan, O. Carm., on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee, October 3rd, 1944. The "Little Flower" will rejoice in the happiness of her devoted client on his anniversary, and send a doubly gracious greeting from her home in Heaven. May he reach his golden 50th anniversary and beyond!

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We join with the many friends of Rev. Fr. Muldoon, C.Ss.R., in congratulating him on the 25th anniversary of his Ordination. We rejoice in his happiness and wish him long and fruitful years in the Lord's Vineyard.

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The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption was the occasion of the ceremonies of Profession and Reception at St Joseph's Convent, Toronto. The former took place at 6.30 a.m. immediately before the Community Mass, Rev. D. O'Donnell, C.Ss.R. who had preached the Community Retreat, presided as delegate of the Archbishop. The Ceremony of Reception was held at 9.30 a.m. in the presence of many relatives and friends of the postulants.

The procession of brides with their dainty flower-girls followed by the attendant clergy was inspiring. After the singing of the "Veni Creator" the officiant, Right Rev. W. A. McCann, assisted by Rev. C. Mulvihill, blessed the religious dress of the aspirants. Father O'Donnell, in the sermon, congratulated the candidates and their parents, dwelling on the favour shown by God to those called to the Religious Life, and reminded them of the hundred-fold promised to those who leave all to follow Him. The reverend officiant then conducted the simple

ceremony—the happy brides expressed their earnest desire to become Sisters of St. Joseph, and when formally admitted to receive the Holy Habit, left the Chapel to return clad in the Habit of the Order, and after expressing sentiments of joy and gratitude for the privilege just granted them, were given their names as religious. Holy Mass, which followed, was celebrated by Rev. F. Sullivan, brother of one of the newly-received Sisters.

Present in the Sanctuary besides the clergy already mentioned were Rev. F. Pennylegion, Very Rev. H. F. Fleming, C.Ss.R., Rev. H. J. O'Loane, C.S.B., Rev. M. R. Lynett, Rev. L. V. McGivney, Rev. F. S. Mahoney, Rev. H. MacMillan, and Rev. D. J. Mulvihill, C.S.B.

The young ladies who received the Habit were: Miss Mae Stubbs, Toronto (Sister Mary David); Miss Margaret Sullivan, Toronto (Sister Mary Consolata) Miss Helen Chapin, Toronto; (Sister Margaret Rose); Miss Ruth Chapin, Toronto (Sister Mary Hyacinth); Miss Helena Kenny, Morrell, P.E.I. (Sister M. Donalda.)

The following Sisters made Final Profession: Sister M. Editha Galvin, Toronto; Sister M. Monica Downey, Nakina, Ont.; Sister Mary Lois Barnett, Toronto; Sister M. Viola Neff, St. Eustache, Man; Sister M. Matilda Gibbons, Gilford, Ont.; Sister M. Clarine Bradley, Toronto.

The novices who made First Profession were: Sister M. Cleophas Bewley, Toronto; Sister M. St. Catharine Kwolek, Souris, Man.; Sister M. Consilia Horsely, Toronto; Sister Mary James McMahan, Port Credit, Ont.

✓ The feast of the Assumption was a day of special rejoicing in two of our houses where resided the Jubilarians, Sister M. Majella at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, and Sister M. Ildefonse at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto, who fifty years ago had received the Habit of the Congregation. The Golden Jubilee day was a particularly happy and memorable one. Many Sisters and friends visited the two Sisters, who were recipients of many beautiful spiritual and material remembrances, evidences of the love and esteem in which they are held by their large circle of friends, made in the course of half a century of kind words and deeds bestowed on those privileged to know them. May another decade of merit-winning years bring the dear jubilarians happily to their Diamond Jubilee Day!

On the same day the following Sisters celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their Profession: Sister Mary Gabriel, St. Joseph's

Convent, Toronto; Sister Maureen, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto; Sister St. Gregory, House of Providence, Toronto; Sister Francis Clare, St. Joseph's Convent, Rosetown, Sask; Sister Annunziata, Mercy Hospital, Toronto; Sister Euphemia, Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto. Ad multos annos!

#### HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE

The Chapel is being decorated and we hope to describe it later.

\* \* \*

In St. Teresa's Unit there was a Special Celebration on Oct. 15th. Rev. Father Coleman spoke on the life of St. Theresa of Avila, and recalled that this is the 294th anniversary of the foundation of the Sisters of St. Joseph in France and the 93rd anniversary of their coming to Toronto.

#### ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

On Sept. 28th. the 57 Probationers were officially welcomed at the Weiner Roast and Impromptu Concert.

Students in training from St. Joseph's College School; Elaine Ellis, Marie Therese Hogan, Elaine Hopkins, Betty Hornell, Theresa B. Kelly, Therese M. Kelly, Marguerite Legris, Josephine LoPresti, Bernadette McGarity, Doreen McGuirk, Teresa Neville, M. Nolan, Frances Sylvain, Patricia Upshall.

\* \* \*

On November 8th a successful Bingo in aid of Overseas Nurses was held at St. Elizabeth's Parish Hall.

\* \* \*

The Ontario Conference of the Association held its Convention in St. Michael's Hospital.

\* \* \*

Welcome home from Overseas Nursing Sisters Marie Pilon, Margaret Hunt and Barbara Grant!

\* \* \*

On October 8th E. J. Pratt lectured at Social Evening sponsored by the Interschool Student Nurses' Association of Toronto.

\* \* \*

Sympathy is extended to Miss Helen Rashotte '46 in the loss of her brother Richard who died of wounds in France.

\* \* \*

On May 9th, 10th, and 11th. the three days celebration of the Golden Jubilee Year of the School of Nursing of St. Michael's

Hospital, brought together over six hundred of the one thousand five hundred and fifty graduates.

On the opening day at 3.30 p.m. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by His Excellency, Most Rev. J. C. McGuigan, D.D., who later conveyed the congratulations and the papal blessing of our Holy Father.

The Preliminary Students presented a pageant "highlights" in the history of the school, and nosegays were presented to Miss L. O'Leary of Toronto and Mrs. A. Hilliker, of Simcoe, Ont. Another tableau followed of the Sisterhoods in which the graduates are engaged.

At the Tea in the Residence the "Get Together" reached its climax. Each evening of the three days the nurses joined their friends in happy class reunions.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL:

Our thirty-seven new preliminary students come from all over Canada. From St. Joseph's Convent:—Joan O'Grady, Vivian Trickey, and Mary Culotta.

\* \* \*

In September Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., directed a closed retreat for the students.

\* \* \*

At the September meeting of the Sodality, Rev. Father Keelor was welcomed. In October the Rosary was recited each night and the "Perpetual Mass" devotion continued.

\* \* \*

In October on the Lake Shore a Weiner Roast, convened by Juanita Ennis, was held for the new Students.

\* \* \*

In the Tennis Tournament sponsored by the Inter-School Association, our nurses won against St. Michael's, but lost to the Toronto General.

\* \* \*

Miss Marie Roach who represented the Sodality at the S.S. C.A. in Montreal gave a comprehensive report of the week to the Sodalists, and during Mission Week Miss Helen Leddy collected a satisfactory amount for the Propagation of the Faith.

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The Sodality held an informal dance on Nov. 10th and at the annual Hallowe'en Concert and Frolic, each class contributed to the entertainment and the evening ended with dancing.

November devotions included spiritual works of mercy by class competition in the formation of service flags. At the November meeting the group discussion was "The Mass." Rev. L. Markle followed with a talk on the use of the Missal.

#### OSHAWA:

At the graduation exercises sponsored by the Parents-Teachers Association in St. Gregory's School, Doreen Thompson (valedictorian), Patricia McDougall (piano), Lester Dohias (violin), Mona Waite (accompanist) and Eleanor Cook took leading parts. The Pageant of the Rosary was presented by Grade Eight girls and the Rev. Father Morrow gave a brief address.

#### WINNIPEG:

Congratulations to St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg, on the excellent Year Book, whose Editor, Lawrence Stenzer, with a competent staff, produced creditable work. St. Alphonsus' pupils are behind none in ability and industry.

#### VANCOUVER:

##### Music Results, Toronto Conservatory of Music

PIANO:—Grade VII. Pass—Diana Sims; Grade VI. Honors—Louise P. Lautsch; Pass—Joan Hewitt, Agnes Queenville, Elaine Hall, Helen Escarnot. Grade IV. Pass—Annie Gryean, Doreen Barnard. Grade III. Pass—Maureen Evans, Barbara Gauthier. Grade II. First class honors—Marion J. Popewich; Honors—Cecilia Brummett, Pass—Elaine Pollard. Grade I Honors—Joan C. Martin.

VIOLIN, Grade VII. Pass—Sheila Demster, Phyllis Willey. Grade V. Honors—Audrey Fryer. Grade IV. Pass—James Dickson, Donald Shore (equal). Grade III—Honors—Gordon Pearmain; Pass—Juanita Atkinson, Donald Farquhar (equal) Grade II. Honors—Donald Thompson.

THEORY—Grade I. First Class Honors—Marie Bolduc, Joan Hewitt, Elaine Hall; Pass—Annie Gryean

## OBITUARIES

### Sister M. Theodore

On October 26th, death claimed another of the beloved Senior members of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in the person of Sister M. Theodore. At the age of ninety-two the deceased had the full use of her faculties. She assisted at Mass and received

Holy Communion as usual that morning and seemed well all day, but the end came suddenly about 10.00 p.m., due to a heart attack.

Sister Theodore, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Frechette, was born in Bowmanville, Ontario, the family later moving to Whitby. On September 8, 1876, she entered St. Joseph's Community and for sixty-eight long years was a model of fervour and exactitude. Her early religious life was spent at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, where she was happy to use her talent, a remarkable skill with the needle, in making clothes for the orphans, then numbering over two hundred. Later she continued to work for God's poor at the House of Providence, and even after some years when unable to walk, her hands were not idle. The last three years were spent at St. Joseph's on-the-lake, and with each passing day, her spirit of prayer became more intense. Always her simple child-like faith had found expression in loving conversations with Our Lord, Our Blessed Lady, her Guardian Angel, St. Joseph and many other Saints, while she talked of the "Good Master" as of an ever-present Friend. Those who came into close contact with her were impressed by her ready smile and unflinching cheerfulness; she radiated the happiness of one who had learned by experience that the Master's Yoke is "sweet" and His Burden "light" for those who give their all in prayer, work and suffering. Her anticipation of death was quite in keeping, for she often spoke of "going home to God," with a childlike assurance and joy.

\* \* \*

#### Sister M. Hyacinth

On June 23, God called to Himself Sister M. Hyacinth of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto. Although the deceased Sister was an invalid for over ten years and at times suffered intensely, death did not seem imminent even when her illness reached a more acute stage a few weeks ago. Early on Friday morning she was anointed, and died quietly and peacefully a few hours later, while her Sisters were saying the prayers for the departing soul.

Sister Hyacinth, one of a family of eleven, was born in Osceola, Ontario, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Patterson. She was educated in Osceola and Renfrew and after obtaining her teacher's certificate, taught so successfully for a few years that although still quite young, her position as an outstanding member of her profession was assured. Yet, conscious of the higher call, she renounced all that the world



had to offer and began her religious life on March 19, 1895. After completing her novitiate, she resumed teaching and with characteristic energy, zeal and devotion, spent herself at the work of "instructing others" in Toronto schools, in St. Catharines, Oshawa and Barrie. After some years Our Lord willed to crown these labours and to perfect His Spouse with His own chosen instrument of suffering—how great the trial of inactivity and increasing helplessness coupled with actual pain often most acute, is God's secret! Her acceptance of His Holy Will was never wanting, and throughout, her unflinching spirit of faith led her to seek and find strength in prayer. To the end, her keen and kindly interest in others, the habit of a lifetime and very precious to her Sisters and family, could make one momentarily forget her affliction. She assisted at Holy Mass for the last time on the Feast of the Sacred Heart and that afternoon made a Holy Hour with the Community.

\* \* \*

#### Sister M. Loretto

✓  
3 The news of the passing of Sister Loretto will be learned with deep regret by many former students upon whom her vivid personality impressed itself during her many years of teaching in Toronto. In her, St. Joseph's has lost a devoted member, whose high principles and outstanding teaching ability contributed much to the educational work of the Community. Though poor health forbade the strenuous work of former years, she was looking forward to another year of teaching when stricken by a cerebral hemorrhage, after which she sank rapidly until the end came peacefully on October 3rd.

Sister Loretto was the daughter of the late Patrick O'Meara and Mary Phelan, a pioneer family of Pembroke, Ontario. She was a graduate of Toronto Normal School and of the University of Toronto, and spent the forty-five years of religious life as a teacher in St. Joseph's High School and St. Joseph's College-School. While her success in examination work had become a proverb, she made this success the touchstone of character in her students. Intolerant of a form of slackness or sham, and gifted with unerring sureness in the judgment of character, as well as with sympathy and real goodness of heart, she taught the greatest of all lessons,—that we only advance by the recognition of our own weakness. She followed with affectionate interest the lives of those who had passed under her care and they were always sure of an eager welcome when they visited the convent. The numbers who flocked to pay a last tribute of prayer by her remains attested the gratitude

Oct. 3

and love in which she was held. God permitted her to enjoy the measure of her reward in this life but that she looked above all to the eternal recompense is evidenced by the ever-increasing fervour of her religious life.

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### Sister M. Claudia

On June 19th the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, lost a valued and well-loved member in the person of Sister M. Claudia who died of pneumonia at St. Joseph's Hospital.

The deceased Sister, formerly Johanna Hinds, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hinds, was born in Barrie, Ont., and there received her early education. Even for those who knew Sister Claudia only as a golden jubilarian it will be easy to imagine the eagerness and enthusiasm with which as a young girl of sixteen she sought admission to the novitiate. Her entrance was postponed for a few years, but on July 2, 1891, she began her religious life of almost fifty-three years, spent first at the House of Providence, then at St. Michael's and St. Joseph's Hospital's, Toronto. When St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, was opened in 1913, she volunteered for the mission. She loved to talk of her thirteen years of pioneering there and Comox was dear to her heart although she rarely spoke of the hard work and the many sacrifices necessarily involved in such foundations. At different times she acted as infirmarian at the Motherhouse, and for the past two years had been stationed at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, where her unflinching kindness and cheerfulness won the gratitude of many a lonely sufferer.

Sister Claudia's life will be remembered not only by her own Sisters but also by countless others, as one animated by a simple, childlike faith and confidence which made gloom and discouragement unthinkable and which lent to her natural sense of humour and zest for life that spiritual element which revealed all the loveliest virtues of a consecrated soul, most obviously, sincerity, obedience and a spirit of prayer. Almost to the end she was busy with her own patients, as she herself was a patient for only a little more than a week. When her body was ready for burial, the coffin was carried from St. Joseph's Hospital to the reception room at Our Lady of Mercy, where many who knew and loved her went, (mostly in wheel-chairs) to look once again on their good, kind friend and to say a prayer for her soul. The remains were then brought to St. Joseph's Convent, where a solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated.



**ALUMNAE OFFICERS  
OF  
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION  
1944**

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Dear Sister Leonarda,—

Your reminder, early in November, that it is time for a Christmas letter, for the Lilies usually comes about the time Santa starts sending Santagrams in the daily papers, so when I read the first one last week, I said to myself, "Sister Leonarda's notes should be along any day now" and sure enough here they are to-day. Are you by any chance in league with the 'Shop Early' merchants? At any rate, it does bring Christmas closer it seems, and if I don't some day take proper advantage of your timely warning and do my shopping in Novem-

ber, before the rush, it will not be your fault. You are faithful to the Lilies and their publishers.

I must confess I haven't seen or heard from very many of our girls recently, but I have been going around with my head in a whirl (which is quite a different thing from a Snood) for a couple of months. My family has been suddenly reduced from eleven at table to four, which means that one by one they have been moved from our immediate vicinity, for the best of reasons of course. The boys, being soldiers, go where they are sent, and Joan (Ball) and her husband and daughter have moved to British Columbia. But enough of family matters!

Last week, Mrs. James E. Day had occasion to go up to Penetang for a day, and while there had a lovely visit with Mrs. Lahey and her sister, Agnes Fitzgerald. Their niece, Marion Ellard is now Sister Marguerite of the Sisters of St. Joseph and teaches in Mount St. Mary's College in Los Angeles. Her sister is Sister Helen Bertille and she teaches in St. Mary's Academy in that City. They are the children of Mrs. Ellard (née Fitzgerald) you know. Mrs. Lahey and Agnes are both well and always interested in the doings at St. Joseph's.

Mrs. J. J. McCauley of Kitchener (Henrietta Maloney) called when she was in the city on All Souls' Day with her young daughter, Elizabeth Anne. She had only a few minutes to stay, but Elizabeth Anne was thrilled to see her mother's old school.

These little ladies usually are amazed that the school their mothers attended still stands. To them that must seem the early ages of the country. And indeed I am sure their mothers must be equally amazed to see the long procession of students pouring out of the school every day now. How many are there this year? Someone said over eight hundred. When you consider that the little town where Joan has gone to live recently boasts only five hundred—well five hundred and three since they reached there—it does seem like a small community in itself. But not a whit of confusion to mar the perfect organization of our school!

I notice that Mrs. Cowan (Celine Lafayette) won a prize in the T.T.C. Hobby Show with a picture. Congratulations, Celine.

Ella Milne writes that she is well, and like all our girls, young and old, is very busy, doing Red Cross work after business hours. She is of the Order of Grey Ladies who visit hospitals and write letters for, and read to patients.

Adele McGuane was home in Los Angeles in April, having brought 182 Waves to the Coast from Hunter College, N.Y.,

where she has been stationed much of the time. She is Regimental Commander Adjutant there, and her address is Ensign Adele J. McGuane, U.S.N.R., U.S.N.T. School, (WR) Brigade Officer 63, New York. Jim is teaching Air Navigation at the Santa Ana base and lives at Newport Beach. They have a little "Adele Jean" six weeks old. Adele's eldest brother is a Major in the Chemical Warfare Service in Arkansas.

Ray Godfrey is now a lieutenant in the W.A.A.C's. and doing social service in this district. Eleanor's husband, Major Bill Graham, is still overseas.

And now, like Santa in the lovely 'Night before Christmas' story,

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight."

Yours sincerely,

Gertrude Thompson.

#### Felicitations to

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald M. Pim (Rita Mary Roque) who were married recently in Killarney and to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Edward Pujolas who were married in St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, Toronto. Mrs. Pujolas was Miss Mary Gertrude Harcourt.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. D. Tudhope on the birth of a daughter 'Alix Monica', a little sister for Tony and Sheelah. Mrs. Tudhope was Miss A. Reynolds, of St. Joseph's Alumnae.

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Condolences to the family of Mrs. Howe (Lillian Bourke), Mrs. Howe was a sister of Molly Bourke and of Sister Wilhelmina.

#### Extracts from Letters

.... I was in New York from June 24th to July 5th. Shortly after arriving I got in touch with Miss Josephine Collins, Supervisor in St. Catharine's Hospital, Brooklyn, and school friend of mine. We phoned Elizabeth Clarke of Sterling St., Brooklyn, and arranged to have supper at the Barbour Restaurant, West 52nd St. What a visit we had! I hadn't met Josie in 22 years and Elizabeth in a longer time. She told me of Marion Gifford, now Mrs. A. Williamson, of Gleane St., Elmhurst, Long Is., who was at a summer home near Newburgh on the Hudson.

Josie and I toured from the River Hudson to the Bronx and

visited the Shrine of Blessed Mother Cabrini. The convent and school are very fine. In the chapel we saw an effigy of the Blessed Cabrini whose bones are beneath her habit. The recumbent figure is very lovely and they assured us the likeness is a true one, although in wax. Many, many miracles are recorded. It would be interesting to read an account of Mother Cabrini in an issue of the Lilies.

We visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, examining in detail the beautiful altars and shrines. What a monument to the faith of the Irish Race in New York! New York is indeed a City of Churches, varied and beautiful, truly depicting the faith, love and generosity of the Catholics of the big city. It is an unforgettable joy to have visited so many churches and Catholic institutions, educational and charitable. . . . .

Margaret McNamara McKenna

Editor's Note—Mrs. McKenna must have missed the June issue of the Lilies in which we published an account of Blessed Frances Xavier Cabrini by Sr. Mary Teresa, C.S.J.

. . . . . We have been listening to a play portraying the life of Joyce Kilmer. In one scene he is praying on the battle front in France and in his prayer he wishes to see his wife and children again, and also Sister Emerentia. During my school days at St. Joseph's, Sister Emerentia spoke of Joyce Kilmer many times. Sister thought that one day I might take up Journalism. She thought I had a definite gift and used to send my poems for publication in Buffalo. I paint flowers in water colours. My father was a splendid water color artist, but he did landscape and marines.

Mr. Keenan and I visited recently in Montreal for a couple of weeks. One of our Sisters here asked me to do a little service for her at the Convent of Les Sœurs de la Misèreorde, on Dorchester St., but alas the Sister there could not comprehend my poor English nor could I understand her excellent French. Luckily an interpreter appeared. Mr. Keenan took two Rosaries to be repaired—one had been given me by Father Frachon, Chaplain of St. Joseph's in my school days.

We visited Brother André's Shrine. We saw the lowly Chapel where he prayed and his humble room where he saw the vision of St. Joseph. This eighteen million dollar edifice on Mt. Royal was paid for in offerings from grateful souls. The heart of the blessed Brother is exposed to view in a glass case, and in the Church there are hundreds of crutches and canes and casts discarded by those cured.

Of course we saw Notre Dame. I stood amazed at the beauty of the paintings in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart where on the entire upper interior there are paintings of scenes from the Bible. In the museum adjacent to the Chapel we noted religious treasures and antiques.

We happened upon a little Church flush with the sidewalk—the Chapel of St. Thérèse connected with the Carmelite Convent and the Church was cared for by these good Sisters. The walls were plain and tinted in a lovely soft shade of orchid. The Stations of the Cross stood in high-light against this austere background. Beautiful crystal vases and candleabra resting on doilies of fine hair-pin lace gave the effect of ice and cobwebs in the slanting half-light of the afternoon rays coming through the narrow windows. In the vestibule were photographs of episodes in the life of St. Thérèse. St. James Cathedral in a lovely square has life-size statues of patron saints of all the churches in Montreal on top of its gables. The Main Altar stood well up in the Nave of the Church encircled by many altars. Along the side aisles there were at least ten altars made of gorgeous colored marbles with altar cloths of fine hand-made tatting, Battenburg, Irish crochet, gossamer-like and fragile. On the right hand side was an immense crypt containing the remains of many former Prelates.

We also visited the Château de Ramsey and viewed its French antiques and records brought from the old world in the 11th century.

You will be pleased to hear, Sister, that I have been invited to do some book reviews for our recently opened Catholic Information Centre. Perhaps you may see some of them in the Register under the initials M.R.K. It is a new venture for me and I am quite conscious of my limitations. . . . .

—(Mrs.) Mable Summers Keenan





# College

**D**AY STUDENTS FRESHIES—Sept. 26th. saw the opening of another term, and also the arrival of another freshman class, and among them thirteen day hops. We trust the number is not unlucky. **Mary Ruth Carter** and **Camilla Lesperance** both St. Joseph's College School graduates of 1944 are two members of this notable group. Both are in Pass Arts and seem to be out to make the best of everything in College life.

**Paula Nopper** and **Pauline Knowlton** are two more day freshies, Paula from Forest Hill Collegiate and Pauline from St. Joseph's. Paula wants to run a Personal Department later on. Will Pauline follow the family bent for Medicine? We'll see.

**Gabrielle Dobias** another St. Joseph's Graduate decided to take an Arts Course after an interval of two or three years mostly devoted to music. But she has by no means abandoned that art, for she is studying now under the great European artist, Madame Kolessa.

**Joan Walsh**, formerly of Kitchener, attended Waterloo College last year but decided that better things were to be had at St. Joseph's. She just loves taking Honour English at St. Mike's.

**Kay Flannery** was a student at Sunnyside last year. She too is taking Honour English and liking it fine thank you.

**Jean Ross** and **Theresa Kehoe** are two scholarship-winners from St. Joseph's College School. Jean won the Fontbonne and is now enrolled in Modern History and Modern Languages and has ambitions towards a diplomatic career. Theresa was awarded the Gertrude Lawlor Memorial Scholarship. Her interests now run to Modern Languages and Newman Club.

Another Pass Arts Student and valedictorian at St. Joseph's College School is the noted 'humorist' **Barbara Gallivan**. Barb has a yen for Hamlet and invites all to join her "Fans for Hamlet Club."

**Mary Louise McCool** also attended St. Joseph's. She is now in Pass Arts and her friendly smile is a welcome addition to the freshman class.



Pretty **Georgina Fioravanti** is another student in Arts at St. Joseph's College. She too graduated from the College School.

These are the girls who make up the day hops of the freshman class of 1944 at St. Joseph's College and who we hope will make up a graduating class in a few years.

Angela Wilson, 1-Pass

**SUNDAY**, November 6 was Day of Recollection for the Michaelmas Term. Dom Augustine of the Mediaeval Institute gave us three very fine sermons on the Incarnation, the Mystical Body of Christ and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Each year this day set aside for prayer, instruction and meditation seems to us more beautiful, and more necessary too, for it gets us into the right spirit for work and integrated Christian living for the whole scholastic year.

**ON** October fifteenth, the Debating Society held its first meeting which was well attended by enthusiastic newcomers and old-timers. A new parliamentary constitution, subject to amendments, was passed and officially adopted. The society is known as St. Joseph's Debating Congress; its members, numbering about thirty, are senators and representatives.

The Congress is now incorporated in the University Inter-faculty Debating Union. Thanks to Miss Evelyn Critelli's keen interest and hard work we are enjoying this privilege.

Officers were elected—Miss Eileen Slyne for Secretary, and Miss Mary Heffer for special convener.

At the second bi-monthly meeting, topics for debates with Loretto and St. Michael's Colleges were suggested. Let us all work together so that in the forthcoming debates with our strong opposition we shall retain our reputation.

The Congress under the presidency of Miss Evelyn Critelli plus the co-operation of the illustrious senators should flourish.

Marnie Baechler '45.

**OUR HEAD GIRL**—This year we are fortunate in having Pat O'Donoghue from St. Catharines as our Head Girl. She has struggled through three years of Household Economics which used to consist of some horrible subject called Biochemistry and 8.30 lectures, and now that she has reached fourth year, seems to entail spaghetti demonstrations and 8.30 lectures. Although this course has been a trial and tribulation, Pat assures us that "she just loves it," and through it all she has

managed to maintain her amiability and always has time to smile or flash those dark Irish eyes.

When questioned by her curious biographer as to her plans for utilizing her course in the future, she ventured a shy glance and remained silent—but we think there may be some connection between the future and those blue air-mail letters that go to and fro from east to west!

At this point in the interview, I quizzed my subject as to her pet hobby. The answer came all too soon in the form of a 'practical demonstration' for there was Pat at her favourite avocation, curled up on the bed, peacefully sleeping. I silently made my departure to collect the precious material I had managed to gather before my opponent Morpheus arrived on the scene.

Audrey Gilmore, '45

**N**EWMAN CONVENTION—Representatives of the University of New Brunswick, McGill, Queens, Western, Ontario Agricultural College, Ontario Veterinary College and the University of Manitoba were guests of Toronto Newman Club over the week-end of October 27th. Boys and girls enthusiastic about their own clubs and eager to hear about others, and interested in the purpose of the Convention, that is, the discussion of the Catholic viewpoint, the subject under discussion for the Canadian Youth Commission, thronged into Union Station to be met by our own equally excited Newmanites. Hilarious were the "Hello's" and "Welcome's" at the Acquaintance Dance that night at Newman amid the Hallowe'en decorations, apples, cider, all the trimmings, and the excitement about registration, billeting, agenda, etc.

On Saturday morning everyone heard Mass in the Chapel, enjoyed buffet breakfast in the club and then settled down to business in the reports of the individual club read by one of that Club's delegates. Luncheon at Diana Sweets on Bloor Street afforded a refreshing break and the afternoon brought forth a lively but well conducted Panel Discussion on the seven topics concerning Youth Problems proposed by the Canadian Youth Commission of Canada. Each brief was delivered by a delegate, and the findings were discussed by the body as a whole. Fathers Daly, Hanley, Carter, Cook and McGivney gave the group some sound advice concerning our policy about the Youth Problem.

Following this discussion a business meeting took place conducted by the president of Newman Clubs, Mr. Archie Foley.

The Crystal Ballroom of the King Edward was the setting for the Convention Banquet on Saturday evening, at which we had as our guest speaker, the Hon. M. L. St. Laurent, Minister of Justice for Canada. In this memorable speech, Mr. St. Laurent endeared himself to all, old and young. An informal entertainment back at the Club, 89 St. George St. after the banquet, finished the activities for the day.

Sunday morning saw St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel overcrowded with out-of-town delegates and Toronto members. We were honored by the presence of Mr. St. Laurent and his daughter both at Mass and the Communion Breakfast that followed.

The conclusion of the Convention activities was the re-election of Mr. Archie Foley as President of the Federation and Miss Helen Ireland, Secretary.

Rev. Father McHenry, Chaplain of Newman Club is to be congratulated on the success of the Convention, and great credit is also due to our Mary O'Brien for her splendid part in helping to organize the Convention.

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**S**ODALITY SUNDAY—October the fifteenth, our Blessed Lady's Sodality had its formal opening. We assembled for Holy Mass at half past eight, after which Father Scollard, officiating for Father T. McLaughlin, our Reverend Director, spoke to us on the origin, growth and importance of Sodality and then installed the Officers.

We are proud to have Mary Overend for our New Prefect, Alicia Balzac for Vice-Prefect and Clara Butkovitch for Secretary. The chairman of the Committees were pledged also and their co-chairman announced at the meeting which followed the Sodality breakfast.

Eucharistic Committee: Chairman—Alicia Balzac; Co-Chairman—Natalie Babcock.

Apostolic Committee: Chairman—Pat O'Donoghue; Co-Chairman—Phyllis Weiler.

Our Lady's Committee: Chairman—Rita Covello; Co-Chairman—Maureen Hickey.

Good Literature Committee: Chairman—Lois Garner; Co-Chairman—Vera Norry.

Publicity Committee: Chairman—Marion Saeli; Co-Chairman—Maureen Keenaghan.

Social Committee: Chairman—Marnie Bechler; Co-Chairman—Ann Overend.

On the lighter side of the Sunday was the breakfast; inform-

ally held in the Common Room, with everything special but nice and cozy, too.

We had our first meeting then, opened with a prayer and followed by an informal talk by our Dean, who reminded us of the value of daily Mass and Holy Communion, especially in conjunction with our Sodality membership.

We heard then from each Committee Chairman and Co-Chairman and learned a great deal what our Sodality plans to do throughout the coming year, its aims both spiritually and materially—But most of all we understand now the motive of the Sodality, which is to lift up our hearts to God through Mary and to assist us to live this year as well as all the rest of our lives as they should be lived by true Children of Mary.

Natalie Babcock, '47

**O**UR SCHOLARSHIP STUDENTS—The first Year Students can boast of some fine intellectual material among them this year.

GLORIA CHISHOLM of Goderich, Ont., won the H. I. Strang Memorial Scholarship awarded by the Senate of the University of Toronto for General Proficiency. She is also in line for a Carter Scholarship, the winner of which has not yet been announced.

GERALDINE O'MEARA of Kirkland Lake, Ont., won the Gertrude Lawlor Memorial Scholarship for English and History; also the Robert Simpson Scholarship for General Proficiency. Geraldine is in English Language and Literature.

JEAN ROSS, of Toronto, won the Fontbonne Scholarship for Latin and French. Jean is in Modern History and Modern Languages.

MARY TERESA KEHOE, of Toronto, won the St. Joseph's College Alumnae Scholarship for General Proficiency. Mary Teresa took a First in ten subjects of Honour Matriculation. Mary Teresa is in Modern Languages.

MAUREEN HICKEY, of Peterboro, Ont., won the Bishop McDonald Prize for General Proficiency in St. Peter's High School, Peterboro. Maureen is in English Language and Literature.

**W**E HAVE been told that **Theresa Kehoe** is about to take on the position of Cheer leader for St. Mike's.

**Barbara Hood** and **Eileen Slyne** did a great job of night editing on the Varsity. Only one slight error was made and that changed Barbara from a Hood to a Hoop.

**Mary Flynn** translates a book on doughnut making from English to Spanish. She should be pretty good at either when she finishes.

**Marion Binks, Pat Clarke** and **Lucy Hopkins** went horse-back riding and appeared the next day with a fairly normal posture.

**Carol Riley** and **Mary Crocker** did a good job of entertaining the two members of the Newman Convention who had been placed in their car.

**Elsa Escallon** was quite at home mixing that delightful punch at the Spanish Club.

**Marion Saeli** had a good time getting all the graduates set for their pictures. She should go into business.

**Camilla Lesperance** is still trying, whether successfully or otherwise, to work out a schedule without leaving any activity out. Nice work if you can do it.

**Rose Greenan** has gone gray over her autobiography, but then who hasn't?

**Kay Thompson** has been taking up engineering of late. We won't say what she is engineering.

**Mary Melady** has become greatly interested in the Pacific. It must be something in the Ocean. Maybe on the Ocean.

**Audrey Trimble's** spirits rose quite high one night. Could it have anything to do with a tree?

**Pat O'Donohue** and **Mary Overend** are concocting soups for demonstration purposes. We hope **Marg Sheehan** and **Betty Critelli** the Meds students won't have to demonstrate after.

**Mike Mahaney** played one great game of Basketball at the first game against U.C. Seniors. We beat them!

Our Basket Ball coach from St. Mike's is doing wonderfully well at getting the very best out of the girls he is training. Only one game has been played so far, but his good work is already evident.

The St. Joseph's Congress is thriving well under the leadership of **Evelyn Critelli**. There are 13 Senators and 13 members of the Congress with still 4 seats open.

**Marnie Baechler, Alicia Balzac** and **Mary Heffer** are up at the Orphanage helping the children to pass their recreation periods in great fun.

**Mary O'Brien** is kept very busy with Newman affairs.

**Marion Downer** has brought the Turkish March to the fore with her rendition of it at Newman.

Hakanesa when sung by **Irma Morrissette** at Newman was every bit as moving as when sung here at Massey Hall.

**Anne Keogh** and **Pat Dewan** start out for a 1.30 lecture at 12.30. Imagine! That must be some lecture.

**Muriel** and **Geraldine Arthur** have more sense than to let me know what they are doing. They know how well I keep a secret.

**Peggy Wismer** is missed greatly particularly around the lower lecture hall. We sure wish you were back.

**Claire Marie Wall** has been elected Vice-President of the St. Joseph's S.A.C. Congrats.

A few of these remarks are perhaps a little too vague. If you really want to know exactly, ask anyone here mentioned.

Rose Marie Cunningham.

**T**HE COMMON ROOM—"I think this chair should be over here." "I think there should be a lamp in this corner." "The blue rug would look much better in front of this couch. Don't you think so?" Those are a few of the many suggestions made to the Dean by the forty-four girls in the house. The Common-Room is now arranged, it will not undergo any more shifting of furniture.

You must wonder what was going on in the Common-Room. Well, it was being "done over" as they say. In my opinion it is now beautiful, attractive and comfortable. Everybody loves the massive striped couches and chairs, mixed in with more dainty flowered ones. Those walls we had always been so proud of with their red satin tapestry, which had seen its day, now look lovely in a bluish-green tinge which blends so beautifully with the rose drapes that we so proudly draw when a visitor chances in. There are the pictures too, donated by the girls of last year, which we display anytime an occasion arises. Two original oils, Canadian scenes by Gordon and some oil paintings done by Canadian artists. Opinions differ about the Lawren Harris with its horizontal and diagonal lines but most of us like it—and to say the least it is different.

You must all come and see our Common-Room. It is the pride of St. Joseph's. Our thanks are extended to Sister Superior who has made it possible for us to be so justly proud of it.

Lucille Legris.

We offer our sincere sympathy to Dorothy McNamara '47, who lost her mother during the Summer vacation.

**T**HE HIKE—October the fourth dawned a typically autumn day and perfect weather for hiking. On the bulletin board at St. Joseph's College:—

“St. Joe's Annual Hike, Wednesday, 1.30 or 2.30 DRESS WARMLY.”

The notice gave details concerning the route, the destination, and the K-rations supplied. This last was one rosy apple to be eaten when energy was at its lowest point.

Officially our hike began about 2.30 when the Wellesley bus and the Bloor-Danforth drivers suddenly found themselves overwhelmed by crowds of S.J.C. girls. We got off at tram terminal and began to hike down Danforth Avenue, pausing for a few minutes to visit the little church of Saint Dunstan. Then we turned to the North through wooded land.

In the woods we walked along narrow paths, bordered with flaming sumach, ran down slopes, climbed hills, and finally looked down into a picturesque little valley—our destination. There was a plot of green grass; a cliff rose steeply behind, and the clearest and coldest of little streams flowed gaily past.

Many of us gazed idly on the grass, while the energetic were carrying stones from the edge of the stream to the fire, searching for dry wood and coaxing along two splendid bonfires. Before long, weiners, rolls, apples and cookies appeared from no-where. We were at the House of Providence farm, whither the provisions had been brought by auto.

Two great pots of water on the fires soon were giving off clouds of steam, so coffee and weiners were speedily produced and the food was ready. This was the great moment for hungry College girls! The hot-dogs were popped into toasted rolls, dipped in mustard, and eaten with gusto. For a moment catastrophe threatened when two very willing freshies endeavoured to lift the steaming pot of coffee and only succeeded in spilling some of the savory liquid to the extent of almost extinguishing the fire. But Sister St. John calmly ordered some more water to be dipped from the stream, the pot was filled again, and no one knew the difference. In fact when the coffee had been poured out by the Dean into double paper cups and milk and lump-sugar added, the gods could not have wished for better.

Appetites satisfied, the fires were extinguished, papers packed away, and songs like “The Sixpence Song;” and the specialty of the day “We love (or hate, as the case happened to be) the Sophomores.”

In small groups we finally wended our way homeward, through the brilliantly coloured trees, on stepping stones

across the stream, up hills and down until we walked again on the hard city pavement. Only then we began to feel a little weary, but it was a pleasant kind of weariness. It couldn't have been a more pleasant day.

Joan A. Walsh, '48

**A**T THE University Convocation in June, Sister Marie Thérèse a member of the French Staff of St. Joseph's College received a Ph.D. degree in French. Her thesis, a brilliant piece of research was "Fénelon as an Educator," a volume which will prove of special interest to religious educators to-day. We offer our sincere congratulations to Sister Marie Thérèse.

**S**ISTER MADELEVA'S VISIT—On November 6th, we were honoured by the visit of Sister M. Madeleva who came accompanied by her Mother Provincial. Sister Madeleva is the president of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, and an outstanding Catholic poet of our time.

She was introduced to her audience by Rev. L. J. Bondy, C.S.B. To us who know what great personal friends M. Maritain and Father Bondy are this seemed fitting, as Sister Madeleva was to lecture on Maritain's Theory of Poetry and her practice of it. Clearly and carefully she explained Maritain's theory, point by point, and illustrated it by reading to us some of her beautiful poems.

Among those present at the lecture were, Rev. L. K. Shook, C.S.B., Rev. E. L. Rush, C.S.B., Rev. R. O'Donnell, C.S.B., Dom Augustine, O.S.B., Dom Anselm, O.S.B., and a large number of the Sisters.

Those who knew Sister Madeleva's poetry before the lecture were delighted to hear it explained by her in such a cordial and charming manner. To those who were not acquainted with her works, it was an enjoyable discovery.

Later in the evening, after lecturing to the Sisters at the Convent, Sister Madeleva came back to the College where she had an informal talk with the girls in the Common Room. The memory of her visit will linger with us and we sincerely hope that we will have an opportunity of having her back at the College again.

Alicia Balzac

**W**HAT THE GRADUATES OF '44 ARE DOING—Although the graduates of '44 are gone from St. Joseph's, there are many who have not forgotten them and have wondered just what they are doing now. **Joan Brady and Joan**



**Hughes** are working for their M.A. Degrees, one in Philosophy and one in English. This will mean two more years of diligent study for both these grads. **Rena Aimone, Irene Morrissette** and **Carmela Luciani** have entered O.C.E. and are busily engaged in mastering elementary mathematics, geography, English grammar, etc. **Anne Mathews, Verna (Peg) King** and **Sheila Kirby** are now struggling with shorthand and that little machine called a typewriter. **Claire Harvey** and **Agnes Futterer** don't believe in losing precious time and therefore having completed the Summer course at O.C.E., they are now teaching in Geraldton, Ont. **Loretta Miller** is preparing to be a Librarian. **Doris Miller** is working in the National Film Company in Ottawa. From last reports **Helen Teolis** is still working at the Parliament Buildings and **Mary Flannery** is translating for an Insurance Company. **Mary Seibert** and **Terry Roach**, those two inseparable friends, are now parted in the business world. **Mary's** in Toronto and **Terry** in New York, and our unforgettable Americans have once more crossed the border to work in the States. **Bea Dobie** is a copywriter for the Canadian Press in New York City and **Betty Mondo** is working for the Kodak Company in Rochester.

Again we bid farewell to last year's Graduates, wishing them all the happiness they desire and hoping that no matter where they go or what they do they will live up to all the noble ideals instilled in them here at St. Joseph's College.

Claire Mahaney, '45

✓ **DR. McLUHAN'S LECTURE**—On October 24, Professor Herbert M. McLuhan, honoured a large audience at St. Joseph's College with an account of the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

Professor McLuhan attended the University of Manitoba, Cambridge University in England. He is now on the staff of Assumption College. Father Shook, C.S.B., introduced Dr. McLuhan.

Dr. McLuhan stated that Robert Bridges first published a collection of Hopkins' poems in 1918, which went unnoticed until 1926. He went on to say that Hopkins was a plenary poet and one who provoked much comment and even shocked the people of England. His poetry is dramatic and brings out an increasing alertness of man's own thought.

After outlining briefly the characteristics of Hopkins' poetry, Dr. McLuhan, read a few of his poems. He pointed out how clearly Hopkins' personality was revealed in his work. His

later poems were difficult to understand but after a short insight into them by Professor McLuhan, their beauty and richness is quite evident.

Dr. McLuhan said that Hopkins brought the return to English poetry of wit which he achieves by simultaneously focusing more than one emotion at the same time. Perhaps his greatest achievement, from our point of view, is that he reveals the Catholic tradition and paints the world "as a mirror of God's attributes."  
Mary Heffer, '45

**F**RESHIES ENTERTAINMENT—"The Reign of Terror" was brought to a close the evening of October third, with a spectacular production on the part of the long-suffering freshmen.

On the afternoon of this ever-to-be-remembered day, four lonely day-hops sat in the common room, when two charming sophomores, with their horns hidden beneath airy curls, smiled "kindly" at us and asked "What are you going to do to-night?" "Why?" we asked being careful not to fall into any trap. "To-night all the freshmen, boarders and day students have to put on a show for us." It was at that time around three-thirty and this little gem was to be enacted that very night! We just sat and muttered for about an hour, and then with the light of battle in our eye we planned. Freshmen were dispatched to all corners of Toronto to pick-up anything—Anything! that would do for a costume. Would we let those sophomores think we couldn't do it. No!

That night one of the fastest constructed stage productions on record was displayed.

The boarders endeavours were excellent. One group did shadow plays of some of the well-known nursery rhymes. Another group, with a "gypsy" foretold the future of some of the sophomores. The four American Freshmen did a hilarious satire on radio-broadcasting. There were still more skits by the boarders of equal worth and then came the turn of the unfortunate day-hops. It had been decided that we put on a few scenes from an old album. There was a picture, enacted by Uncle Louie at the beach and then an old fashioned wedding. Never have you seen such superb "handle-bar moustaches!"

After the entertainment was over we had the honour of taking an oath of allegiance to our college. Then the sophomores served us with a delightful lunch. We noticed that their horns had changed to haloes. Happy and satisfied we left for home accepted at last into the ranks of real University students.

B. Gallivan, '47

**INTRODUCING OUR RESIDENT  
FRESHMAN PERSONALITIES**

**MARIE AUGER** (New Liskeard, Ont.)—Marie is what we call a model pupil. She is never late for lectures, never unprepared and knows all the answers. She acts as a sedative to the harassed lecturer and is a soothing influence on the exhausted pupils. She is blessed with an optimistic outlook on life and a sunny disposition.

**NATALIE BABCOCK** (New York)—This straight-forward, independent, young lady from the U.S.A., is characterized by strong convictions and an evenness of temper. Her pet nightmare is sophomores and her favorite pastime arguing with Dr. Brezik. Natalie is a staunch member of the house committee, and her charge is the back half of the third-floor—better watch your step girls!

**ROSARIO BALZAC** (Puerto Rico)—Alma Mater-Colegio Puertorriqueno de Nina. This charming, dark-eyed, little damsel is the renowned "Inez" in Fr. O'Donnell's "Murder in a Nunnery." One of the common sights and sounds on the third floor is "Cuca" on the outside of the closed door of Room 9A saying "Hey Yo (Jo) gueese who eese???"

**KATHLEEN CAHILL** (Warsaw, New York)—"Kay," jolly, noisy and lovable is noted by many of our seniors as the "goonies" freshie of the term and undoubtedly life does flourish at her appearance. A very common sight in the refectory on a Saturday noon is Kathleen dining in state—in a trench coat, Reason? Who will give a guess?

**GLORIA CHISHOLM** (Goderich, Ont.)—Gloria is a calm, young lady with a mind of her own. Petite, blue-eyed and blonde, she gets around a good deal. Her great weakness is Englishmen and she has a very special interest in the R.A.F. She has the happy faculty of combining work and play in the proper proportions with occasionally a little over-emphasis on the "play."

**HELEN CULVER** (Newark, New Jersey)—Helen is undoubtedly the "glamour girl" among the freshies. The telephone is never idle where Miss Culver is concerned. She has a hard time getting to breakfast on time but when she does arrive she makes up for the loss by means of whirlwind action. Her

constant headache is Spanish assignments. She has a delightful southern twang and simply "adawrs Canadian caundy bawrs."

**MARION DOWNER** (Peterboro, Ont.)—It has been stated that Marion is the budding musician of the freshman group, but we justly feel that she is past the budding stage and worthy to be called a musician in bloom. Her elective is tennis and on fine mornings one can view poor Marion out on the courts desperately struggling to master the art. She is a fine example of the "venit, vidit, vincit" spirit.

**MARION DUNN** (Ottawa, Ont.)—Born and raised in our nation's capital, Marion spent last term in normal school but knowing Marion we unanimously agree that she just couldn't be called "teacher." She is the all-round super-woman as far as sports are concerned. A jolly disposition coupled with a "never-let-it-get-you-down" attitude has made her a very popular freshie.

**ANNE HASKEY** (Sarnia, Ont.)—"Doctor in the making." Anne is definitely classified as the industrious type and often referred to by envious roommates as the "brain." She is the prominent "man-hater" among the St. Joe's girls. It is notable also that her favourite hobby is dissecting rabbits—dangerous woman! We feel that she will go far in her profession—best of luck, Anne.

**MAUREEN HICKEY** (Peterboro, Ont.)—This quiet and unassuming young lady has already made a host of friends here at St. Joe's. She is the ideal type of student and her aims are no less than one hundred per cent. Her pet horror in life is essay-writing, and her greatest weakness chocolate sundaes (plural). Maureen's sweet-tempered and sunny disposition has endeared her to the hearts of everyone.

**BETTY HILL** (Kirkland Lake, Ont.)—This industrious student has just completed high school and is looking forward with the greatest enthusiasm to her four years in chemical engineering. Betty's aim in life is to enter research after her graduation. Because of her diligent and studious nature and fine personality she is expected to go far in her profession. "One hundred men and a girl" in her course—Betty is the girl.

**BETTY McAULEY** (Marysville, Ont.)—"A mite of dynamite" little Miss McAuley is never still a minute. She is chiefly characterized by her expensive range of activities. She is an ardent roller-skating enthusiast and loves dancing, particularly

boogie-woogie style Her fun-loving disposition has gained her a wide circle of friends.

**PAULINE MEAGHER** (Read, Ont.)—Graduate of Notre Dame Convent in Kingston, Noted especially as the “good-natured type” and a real boon to the girls in Room 6. She is more than occasionally bothered with nightmares cantering around the fact that morne doth rise and she must rise with it. She is very partial to the movies and they are especially enticing when one has a Maths. A at three-thirty.

**SALLEE MOSTELLER** (Akron, Ohio)—Tall, dark and congenial. Sallee has personality plus. She loves sports, movies, dancing and anything in the way of excitement. Her happiest moments are spent in contemplation of the near future when she will be allowed two late leaves a month. “Sal” is the typical American girl. Everything “just kills” her.

**GERALDINE O'MEARA** (Kirkland Lake, Ont.)—“Gerry” is a very studious hard-working girl, takes a keen interest in all the activities of St. Joe's. Her favorite sport is basketball and she is a valuable addition to the team. Her aim is to become a teacher when she finishes her four year course in English. She has an excellent disposition and in general the qualifications that will make her an asset to her chosen profession. A Scholarship girl for 1944.

**ANNE OVEREND** (Peterboro, Ont.)—Tall, dark and extremely energetic, Anne spent four months as a farmerette before coming to St. Joe's. She is of the unique among womanhood in that she has a very practical mind. She says little, but when she does comment the result is “wisdom from the mouth of one so young.” Anne loves rugby games and can be seen on sunny afternoons boosting the morale of the St. Michael's team.

**MURIEL RANDALL** (Rosetown, Sask.)—Having come many miles to enroll in St. Joseph's College, this young miss is a true example of “distance makes the heart grow fonder”—for the navy? Muriel is perfecting her knowledge of conversational French (on us), started last summer while in Montreal, occasionally combining it with a bit of Spanish. This ambitious lass has a genuine thoughtfulness and congeniality which makes knowing her a pleasure.

**JOYCE RYAN** (Timmins, Ont.)—Joyce more commonly known as “Jo” is undoubtedly the life of the third floor

(especially after quiet hour). Her weird demonstrations of ballet dancers, opera singers and other forms of drama leave one with the impression that Jo is definitely in the wrong calling. Exceptionally tall, exceptionally eloquent, Jo is, as is commonly agreed "the Exception." Who would ever take her to be in Honour Philosophy.

MARGARET SNEATH (Welland, Ont.)—"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind," Marg is the personification of the phrase "still waters run deep." Reserved and a little shy, she bears a helpful attitude toward all. Continually cheerful and persevering, Marg is in the general opinion a "good kid."

MARTINA WALSH (Oxbow, Sask.)—Martina is a perfect example of what is called a "live-wire." She is always ready for something new and different. She has come to us from the U. of S. to study Optometry. She has the happy faculty of making and retaining friends and she will be a distinct credit to her profession.

PHYLLIS WEILER (Mildmay, Ont.)—Phyllis is the absent minded young lady who has lately been nursing a black eye—she finds a magnetic attraction about lamp posts. Her clarinet is often the source of amusement and discord to the gatherings of freshie songsters in room 5. Capable of hard work Phyllis does not neglect the brighter side of life.

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### INITIATION OF RESIDENT FRESHMEN

Dearest Mom:

Well, it's been a week to-day since I left you and home to come to St. Joe's—and it's been quite the most—er—interesting week of my life as you will probably agree after you have read all the gruesome details.

Upon my arrival here, I found all the girls eager to be helpful and kind: indeed, the second night all the frosh were invited to a pyjama party in the rooms of the sophomores. Everything was friendly and gay, and we freshmen finally tripped off to bed feeling cosy, well-fed and enthusiastic about college life.

I got nicely asleep, about 2 a.m. when I was aroused by a shriek from my room-mate's bed, and I sat up just in time to meet a glassful of cold water coming down, as a sinister figure loomed over my bed. While I floundered gasping among my drenched pillows, the shapeless form quickly tied a tight blind-fold over my eyes, and rasped, "Come on, you stupid freshie,"

get up." Being in no position or mood to argue, I found myself herded into the hall, where I was surrounded by weird whisperings, interrupted by curt commands and insults, such as "Keep still, freshie" and "Did you ever in your life see such dumb freshies?" Then the fog of sleep began to lift, and slowly the realization dawned that I was about to be put through that long-dreaded experience, "Initiation." By this time I had been led with the others down the winding staircase, down and down until I could feel the cold cement walls and dark air of the basement. Other beings around me, although I could not see nor touch them, with ruthess hands forced me to my knees on that slab-like floor.

The sophomores (for I deduced it was they) began to converse in loudly confidential voices about the best ways of transporting the worms from the cans to the freshies—and when I felt a cold, round, wet something move across my ankle, it took all my will-power to keep from screaming until I heard the whisper of "Spaghetti." Then they began to discuss the respective merits of dead flies or fish-eyes to the paste—and each freshie was forced to eat a little of this appetizing dish, later discovered to be cold porridge.

After what seemed hours of walking (planks) and crawling through tunnels, we were required to kneel, to hear the freshman regulations, menacingly droned off by a once friendly voice. These regulations in themselves were enough to make me want to pack up and fly home. And believe me, they were enforced! Can't you just visualize your daughter tripping gaily across the campus in full view of the public with her skirt and sweater on inside-out, coat on back-to-front, hair in pin-curls, no make-up, a bow on her right ankle, and a large sign bearing name and particulars dangling down her back? And can't you see her eating her dinner standing up, with her plate on a chair, and the gravy splashing in all directions? Or marching gaily up the sidewalk of St. Mike's taking two steps forward and one backward? But the most gruelling ordeal of all was the kow-towing: every time a freshie met a sophomore, whether on the stairs or Bloor St., she was forced to get down on her knees and salaam reverently, saying in a humble voice, "Hail, Most Worthy Sophomore, Miss So-and-so!"

After this persecution for a few long days, there came an order for all freshmen to assemble in the lower lecture hall at 11.00 p.m. We had all got grumpily settled, and were exchanging tales of tortures, when suddenly the lights went out, and the five beings under discussion filed in solemnly, in sober

caps and gowns, each with a lighted candle and a blood-thirsty gleam in her eye, which forboded no good for freshmen.

This was the Court of Honour. Each freshman was called forward to face alone the five vultures who proceeded theoretically to tear her limb from limb with insults and diabolical sarcasm. The session was a long and nerve-racking one, each freshie having to perform some ridiculous action to make her seem a perfect fool. What an opportunity to develop an under-nourished inferiority complex.

The affair came to a climax on Monday evening, when the freshies, divided into groups of four presented a command performance for the entertainment of the whole college, students and staff. A great deal of musical talent was brought to light from the frosh ranks, and all the skits were original and hilariously amusing. Later in the evening, coffee and doughnuts were chummily shared with the sophs, and the initiation regulations were formally lifted; at last we felt like human beings again, and we even had enough charity in our hearts to forgive the sophs; especially when, to our delighted surprise, we found that they had arranged a party for us, last night, "men provided." The sophs were thoughtful enough to keep under cover until we made ourselves acquainted with the St. Mike's boys, who were all nice, mostly handsome, some amusing, and one in particular all three.

We all had a scrumptious time, Mom, and I'm sure that from now on, everything is going to be just wonderful.

So I've been away a week—and it's been such an eventful one that I'll always look back on it with a mixture of relief and regret. And when Initiation time rolls around next year, guess who'll be the most fiendish soph of all? That's right.

Your incomparable daughter,

Jo.

Joyce Ryan, '48







**Scholarships** Making a sort of bridge to span the "long alert" between last LILIES and this we want to mention first our two scholarship winners, Theresa Kehoe, who won the Alumnae Scholarship, and Jean Ross, who won the Gertrude Lawlor Scholarship—and, with the mentioning, go our warm and sincere congratulations. Theresa and Jean are, of course, at the College, Jean taking the "Modern Languages and History" course and Theresa—Modern Languages.

Also at the college in first year are: Mary Ruth Carter, Camilla Lesperance and Mary Louise McCool; and from our two training schools we hear news of: Winnie Byrne, Mary Cullotta, Betty Deans, Elaine Ellis, Joan Hope, Elaine Hopkins, Theresa Kelly, (both Therasas), Doreen McGuirk, Theresa Neville, Margaret Nolan, Joan O'Grady, Patricia Sylvain, Patricia Upshall. Kathleen (Teen) Williams, Joan Lowrie and Margaret Roach are at the Grange studying art; Claire Keogh is at Toronto Normal and Margaret Schooley at London Normal. To these and all the other graduates of '44 we wish the best of success.

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**Student Council** On October 11th and 18th two momentous meetings of the Elective Body at St. Joseph's took place. The fourth and fifth forms participated in the nomination and election of the four officers of the Student Council. The result of these elections, together with the form elections, is as follows:

Head Prefect—Josephine Conlin, V-A; Vice-Prefect—Loretto Lanphier, V-B; Resident Prefect—Mary Frances Keenan, V-A; Treasurer—Verna Ursini, V-A; Secretary—Kitty Carey, V-B; Class Prefects—Mary Lou Manning, V-B; Maxine Purvis, IV-A; Mary Taylor, Comm.; Adele Cozens, IV-B; Marie Stable, IV-C; Lena Burger, III-A; Catherine McGovern, XI-B; Marie Leonard, XI-C; Virginia Varley, XI-D; Bernardine Barte, II-A; Carolyn Gratton, II-B; Alanna Malone, II-C; Anne Salvian, II-D; Rose Marie Coleman, I-A;

Audrey Hurley, I-B; Laurelle Leveque, I-C; Loise Whitehead, I-D.

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**Mass** On Monday, October 9th, the entire school assembles at 9 in the Chapel where Father offered Mass for the success of the school year. Our singing during Mass made it seem more particularly "our" Mass and many favourable comments were passed about the singing and its devotional qualities too.

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**Rosary Sunday** All of Toronto was impressed, we are sure, with the splendid turn out on Rosary Sunday, October 1st, at the Maple Leaf Stadium for the Holy Hour which Catholics attended to beg for peace in the world. St. Joseph's marched six hundred strong and proud we were to be there displaying our Catholicity.

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**New School Hat** Very chic we are these days with our jaunty new school hats. Of course there are ways and ways of wearing a beret. Some wear it slanted to one side and some to the other—fetching either way; some wear it on the back of the head with an air of school girl abandon so that those behind may read the crest; and some tilt it forward giving it a more dressed up look; but all without exception wear it proudly—our own school hat.

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**Fashion Show** Our Fashion Show, was held on October 23rd. It was Catherine Hunter, our representative on Eaton's Junior Fashion Committee, who suggested it and Eaton's who lent the hats and coats and dresses, and an announcer and a piano accompanist; and we ourselves who modelled and Marita MacLean who played the Eckstein Rhapsody that opened the show, and Mary Jane Dwyer who recited Leacock's "Financial Career" and Pat Kenny who sang Gershwin's "Summertime;" and the Wartime Benefit who accepted the ninety odd dollars taken in; and Patricia Carmichael who wrote a detailed account of it for the Lilies (appearing farther on) and we ourselves who enjoyed it immensely and hope it is going to be an annual event.

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**Interests** Monday and Thursday evenings now and henceforth, the Resident Students are devoting to making themselves more proficient as Basketball players. Sr. Mary

Arthur has divided the many who presented themselves for this sport into four teams. The early part of the Recreation Hour is spent in practice throws and passes, the latter half in pitting the prowess of one of these teams against another. Some of the boarders were already expert players and have been playing on the Senior School team. Tuesday evenings too bring new enjoyment. Miss Viola Harris, graduate of Toronto University and a Gym Specialist, has been instructing the girls, according to age and size, in the art of ballet dancing and tap dancing. As the lessons proceed the girls have been finding them more and more engrossing, and we day pupils think we already notice a newly acquired poise and grace.

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**Drama Group** The Dramatic Club, organized last year, held its first meeting October 24th, when officers were elected and old and new members registered. This year's president is Aileen Sullivan, V-B.

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**Hummer** The Student Bulletin, a bi-monthly sheet of news, is on its way again. This year its editor is Jo Anne Donovan V-A. Her assistants are: Nancy Lemire, Helen Boehler, Jean Spicer, Mary Gendron and Aldene Funston. Readers of the Lilies' School Section will agree that these are the girls most able to edit a bulletin.

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**Congratulations** We offer major congratulations to Margaret Lobraico who won the Wagstaff scholarship at the Toronto Conservatory entitling her to a year's lessons there. Margaret is studying there under Mr. Ernest Seitz. Congratulations too to Barbara Kettlewell who also won a silver medal for music; to Helen Boehler IV-A, who won a \$10.00 prize in the diocesan Religious Knowledge examination; and to Lena Burger who also won a \$10.00 prize in the same examination. Lena is in grade XI this year, but was at the High School at the time of trying the examination.

Congratulations that are minor only by comparison we offer to Mary Janet Wesson who had a poem published this summer in the Globe. It may be printed in the College School Section further on. We congratulate too Sally Wright and Anne McGinn whose posters heralding the Fashion Show evoked much praise.

**Sister Madeleva.** On November 6th we had the privilege of seeing and hearing Sister Madeleva, C.S.C. of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Sister read several of her poems; two of which remain in our memory particularly are "How Old Am I?" and "The Archbishop Calls." "A poet," said Sister, using Aristotle's words, "is a see-er (that is something more than a 'seer'), a maker, and a singer;" and she explained this thought. She showed us too that poetry is essential to everyday life, more important than movies, than radios and aeroplanes, more important than even soap. A nation, so Sister says, is decadent when it ceases to see visions and build dreams. Josephine Conlin gave the vote of thanks.

Arlette Wunseh, 2-A,  
S.J.C.S.

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O infant King, ascend Your throne,  
Come rule in my poor heart.  
Enter now, O Christ, my Love,  
And nevermore depart.

Lorraine Griffin, XII-A,  
S.J.C.S.

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#### REFLECTIONS

If I should meet with the girl that I was  
When I am sixty-two  
I hope I am quite satisfied  
And not sorrowful or blue;  
I hope I've paved the road well  
On the way to great success  
And made the paths of others  
Full of happiness.  
The trials of life are many,  
The joys are sometimes few,  
But I hope I'm quite satisfied with all  
When I am sixty-two.

Mary Lou Hodgins, XII-B,  
S.J.C.S.

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#### A SUNDAY IN BRUSSELS

All over the city, church bells are ringing and people in Sunday clothes are going to Mass. I hope this does not bring to your mind the picture of a sweet old lady wearing a voluminous black skirt, a peasant blouse and a lace bonnet. People in Brussels dress much as you and I do. On the way to church, the streets and boulevards are crowded with people strolling—country folk come to pass

the week end. On Sunday, Brussels adopts a festive air; on the terraces of the cafes, people sit at little tables talking and laughing, sipping soft drinks, beer or some cool wine. Bands go through the city and often people follow them. After Mass the people buy favourite cakes in shops and go home to dinner.

In the afternoon many go into the country by automobile and street car; and everywhere around Brussels there are things for everybody to do: swimming, boating, fishing, tea-ing. Oh, those pre-war days in Belgium were lovely days!

Arlette Wunsch, XI-A,  
S.J.C.S.

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### A WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Just a week before Christmas  
And all through the school  
Not one of the boarders  
Could scarce keep a rule.  
Their packing was done  
With the greatest of care  
In hopes that the holidays  
Soon would be there.  
At night in their beds  
Midst curler and pin  
They'd talk of the fun  
About to begin,  
Until at an hour  
Too wicked to tell  
A knock would resound  
From "Somebody's" cell.  
Then the girls under cover  
Would all snuggle tight.  
"Happy Christmas to all,  
And to all a good-night."

Patricia Cockburn, V-A,  
S.J.C.S.

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### 'Twas A WEEK BEFORE XMAS

'Twas a week before Christmas and all through the school  
Not a pupil was stirring, none breaking the rule;  
The school was deserted except for the mice,  
They danced and they sang and did everything twice,  
They shouted aloud 'till their voices were hoarse  
No one could hear them, none of course,  
Christmas was coming, the holidays here,  
And all had gone home to their parents so dear.

Joan Hope, V-A,  
S.J.C.S.

### MY EXPERIENCE THIS SUMMER

"The Manitoba," sailing from Port McNichol to Port Arthur was rammed by a freighter as it entered Lake Superior this summer. On it were two of our students, Mary Agnes Garvey, X-B and Joan Garvey, IX-B, with their mother, who was Marie Foley, graduate of our College. This is Joan's account of the accident.

Bang! Twelve o'clock at night in a dense fog! Everyone awoke. All were screaming and yelling; one lady fainted; my mother kept saying: "Pray, pray." Oh, what excitement!

The bursar came to the dining room and told us to put on our life belts, for a freighter had rammed our boat. All were afraid of sinking.

We went up on the top deck. Another freighter had pulled up beside us. Then all had orders to evacuate the ship. Life boats were made ready. Then more orders: "All men stay with the ship." We know that the worst danger had passed.

We could hear the ships signalling and soon the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter was at our service. It examined and said we were safe but would have to turn back slowly. The boat had been struck above the water line and in about ten hours would reach Sault Ste. Marie.

About three o'clock next afternoon the ship reached Sault Ste. Marie, where we stayed for two days while the boat was getting repaired, to take us back to Midland where we had started. Soon we arrived at our starting point and were on our way to our non-sinking houses.

It had taken three hours from the Sault to where we were rammed; it took us fourteen hours to get back to the Sault.

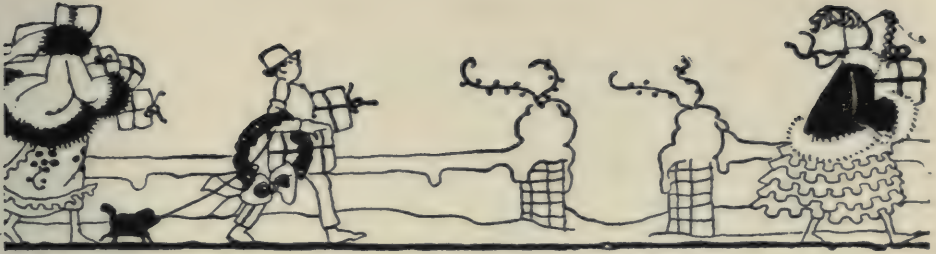
Joan Garvey, IX-A,  
S.J.C.S.

### DISASTER

I spilled my ink,  
Last bobby-pin fell down the sink,  
Now its raining, my hair's all straight  
What a day! it must be fate.  
Forgot my running shoes  
Misplaced my pen,  
Broke a grad. in the Lab. and then . . . .

I sat bolt upright in my bed,  
Blinked my eyes and shook my head  
It was dark and I strained to see  
The clock, I think, said half-past three!  
Pulled the covers o'er my head,  
Snuggled down into my bed.  
What a silly, silly fool.  
To-day is Saturday, there is no school.

Catherine Stinson, III-D  
S.J.C.S.



### A CHRISTMAS CAMEO

Francis Flanagan limped wearily home and hobbled into the dingy dwelling where Uncle Jemuel Gainsborough let him sleep in the attic.

Hiding his books in a dark corner, he hurried out.

"Hi, Francis," called a sturdy boy of eleven with carrotty red hair. Joe Kennedy, who dragged Francis to the Kennedy home.

On the floor, three year old Patty mumbled talk to her doll, while her grandfather sat beside her.

Francis stole into his favourite chair by the fireplace. His eyes alighted on a cardboard stand with painted figures.

"What is that?" he asked.

"That a cwib—a Cwismas cwib," Patty lifted astonished eyes.

"Haven't you ever heard the Christmas story, Francis?" asked Maureen, the eldest girl.

"Y-yes," said Francis uneasily, "but I can't remember where the crib comes in."

Maureen laid down her pen. "Long ago, Francis," she began; and through the old story she held the little lad spellbound. From the Christmas story to the story of Francis' own patron was an easy transition.

"St. Francis was so happy in his love for God," she concluded, "so happy that he made a Christmas crib and taught others to do the same, so that every year when Christmas came, people could have a little crib in their own homes to remind them that God was born out of love for men in a poor stable and ever after he was so poor and gentle that people like St. Francis loved him dearly and tried to show their love by being like Him in even some little way."

"Fwancis," it was Patty tugging at his foot. "Fwancis, oo can have my cwib as a Cwismas pwesment."

Maureen and the grandfather were smiling reassuringly.

"Thank you, Patty," he said.

A change had taken place in Mr. Gainsborough's lodgings. A ten year old lad with a lame leg had smiled the day in and day out. The source of Francis' new content lay in the attic. — Patty's Christmas Crib. To take it out and look at it, with his shaggy dog, Juniper, nestling up to him, was joy.

When Francis came home on Christmas Eve his crib was in fragments.

He sank on the hard bed and cried. He had tried to be like Jesus, like Francis of Assisi. And now his crib was torn apart. Juniper licked his hands. Francis felt comforted.

Suddenly he remembered that Maureen told him about a crib in the church of St. Flannan's and midnight Mass.

Francis dried his eyes and with Juniper following crept down the back stairs.

The snow was falling gently as he hobbled through the snow drifts. Happy throngs were heading toward St. Flannan's. He with Juniper crept up into the balcony.

It was so beautiful! The carols, the candles, the crib. The ache went out of the tired little legs that had been hobbling on messages for the last four years; there was peace and happiness and content.

All over. And the people tramped home. All except a small boy and his dog. Stealing up to the altar rail to kneel down before a crib—a crib that came to life. The little Baby was smiling, and calling a boy named Francis and the cows and dogs were beckoning to a small pup called Juniper. A great and holy light glowed for the boy with the shaggy dog was assisting at a special celebration.

And that is how Seumas O'Failan, caretaker of St. Flannan's Church, found Francis Flanagan and his dog on Christmas morning, keeping a watch o'er the Crib of the Christ Himself—a watch from which they never would wake.

Mary O'Bleher, IV-A,  
S. J. C. S.

#### THE FASHION SHOW

On October 23rd, S. J. C. School held its first Fashion Show. Eaton's kindly supplied the dresses and scenery. Tall standards of flowers decorated the stage from which a runway extended down the centre aisle of the Auditorium. The loud speaker enabled the girls to hear the comments of Miss Audrey Brown, of Eaton's, as the fashions were displayed.

Before the actual Fashion Show began, Marita MacLean played a beautiful piano selection. Then the Fashion Show began, showing first a variety of suits, including plaids and a corduroy. Next came the coats, which ranged from a plain belted cloth coat to a beautiful coon coat and a charming green tuxedo. With the coats many hats were shown, and it is obvious that the trend this year is to smaller berets and cloches.

Then, joy to every school girl, the afternoon and date dresses in greens, reds, yellows and blacks. And last of all, two smart house-coats, one cloth, one quilted. The models, chosen from the third, fourth and fifth forms were: Catherine Habasinski, Catherine McGovern, Joan Dowding, Maryjoan Kavanagh, Audrey Lowrie, Rita Paul, Noreen Mothersill, Dorothy Harrison, Mary Lou Hodgins, Barbara Monahan, Sue Scarlett, Adele Cozens, Beatrice Cadin, Jean Spicer, Inez Laws, Josephine Conlin, and Catherine Hunter (our Eaton's Junior Fashions Representative).

When the showing was over, Patricia Kenny sang Gershwin's "Summertime", and Mary Jane Dwyer recited Stephen Leacock's "My Financial Career". Ninety-some dollars was taken in for the War Fund.

Patricia Carmichael, II-A.



## HATS

An elderly, red-faced gentleman running after his hat is indignant at himself and the world. But, as the great G.K. puts it, how consoled he would have been if he only realized the amusement he was causing was lightening the hearts of the care-worn passers-by.

I think that Gilbert Keith would have been amused if he had lived to see the styles of the modern missee. Many a serious pessimist must smile at the sight of a wheeling bird about to take off from his precarious perch on an umbrella-like chapeau. Another chic number is the fascinating cloche, and the girls who look like a long thin letter "i" wish to be dotted by that little doll's cap known as the beanie.

The filmy fascinators bewitches many a fetching wench. The kerchief, too, is practical and warm but there is a danger that the wearer will look like a pole with the flag at the top.

The latest New York fashion bespeak a "Hellzapoppin" imagination on the part of the designer. Feathery pointers and towering crowns. The original ones are the creations topped by a navy fighter plane, a boat with soft suede sails skimming over a "lake" of blue cellophane, or even yellow chicks in a yellow cage surmounting a rabbit leaning against the felt background. For real melodrama, take the startling number entitled "The Villian Pursued Her," which pictures a distressed damsel being stalked by an evil-looking masked man, all on a checkered background.

But the latest creation of them all, the hat that is really a "killer-diller," is a hat, both winsome and sweet, roguish and simple, sensible and becoming—a hat worn proudly by every girl of S. J. C. S. — that little navy-blue number the school hat!

Helen Boehler, IV-A,  
S. J. C. S.

## CONGRESS OF THE LEGION OF MARY

In St. Patrick's Hall on October 8, a meeting was held that was destined to influence the course of a world-wide society. The Legion of Mary was holding its second Canadian Congress!

The crowded hall was gaily decorated, and across the stage were the three large flags of the United States, Ireland and Canada. Ireland, the birthplace of the legion was represented too in Sister (Miss) Mary Duffy and Brother (Mr.) John Murray. Monsignor Treacy also welcoming the Legionnaires in the Gaelic salutation and following by a splendid address, aroused enthusiasm.

The welcoming addresses were based on the principle that brevity is the soul of wit. One speaker explained his nervousness by the fact that for the first time in his life, he had turned his back on the flag of Ireland. Father Stanford (Montreal) who was introduced very aptly as a "Human dynamo," and who happens to be rather plump, amused the audience by saying that, "in heaven we will all be happier, we'll be younger, and we'll be slimmer." Bishop Dignan of Sault Ste. Marie was afraid "that since one priest was introduced as a human dynamo, he might be called a self-pro-

pelled tank." The Bishop also proudly asserted that Ireland had done a lot for the world; she had given the Dignans to Canada. Monsignor Brennan also gave an eloquent address.

After Mass and Communion at St. Patrick's the next day, the Legionaires had breakfast in the Crystal Ballroom of the King Edward Hotel where followed a lively discussion after Sister Duffy's address on "Conformity of the Legionary's life to the Spirit of the Legion as portrayed by the handbook." A Legionary from Indianapolis gave an interesting story of a call she had been working at for six years.

In the afternoon, the Juniors had a special meeting. Father Hayes introduced Father Marshman who declared that, when recruiting Legionaires, one should say that the Legion gives a person an opportunity of proving his love for Mary. A spiritual director from Sudbury explained the novel technique his Legionaires exercised in dealing with the Jehovah's Witnesses' menace in that town.

The Congress was brought to a close by the Holy Hour in St. Patrick's Church, and as we gazed at the lovely statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the heart of every Legionary rose with the soft-scented incense on the wings of prayer to the throne where the Queen herself smiled down lovingly on her own little army whose coat-of-arms bears the blazing words, "All for Jesus through Mary."

Helen Boehler, IV-A,  
S.J.C.S.

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### "GOING MY WAY"

(An Appreciation)

The first scene of "Going My Way" is just a view of a Church—that's all. And then we find ourselves headed for the rectory—with that odd young curate, Father Chuck O'Malley (Bing Crosby). To us Father O'Malley looks equally fair whether in his correct black with straw hat or in his sweat shirt decorated with monkeys. But Father Fitzgibbon, the old parish Priest cannot get used to Father "Chuck" who leaps hedges, takes the neighbourhood toughs to a baseball game and gives singing lessons to runaway girls at the rectory piano.

No words adequately describe the harmony of human relations. The scenes of "Going My Way" portray them perfectly. All is grist that comes to Father Chuck's mill—to be ground into the saving of St. Dominic's from financial failure. It is a far cry from Tin Pan Alley and "Three Blind Mice" harmonies to The Metropolitan Opera, but not to the indomitable Father Chuck. Risa Stevens lends her voice to help, and Father Tim solves the song selling problem. The man who holds the mortgage is softened by a saccharine love episode involving his son. The theme that being good does not preclude being human is delightfully demonstrated by Father O'Malley, and we leave the theatre with a fresh impetus to establish and cement kindly relationships with our neighbours.

Nancy Lemire, IV-B,  
S.J.C.S.

## SCHOLAR'S TICKET

It was four thirty-five precisely when Marie entered the street car, and Marie's sole fortune lay in one scholar's car ticket, as she had just spent her last cent on a Super-de-Luxe Sundae.

Marie's feet hesitated on the steps as she glanced at her watch. Sending up a hasty prayer to her Guardian Angel, she was jostled on closer and closer to the fatal box.

"Perhaps," her quick mind reasoned, "Perhaps if I drop it in very fast, he won't notice it's wretched orange colour and, just in case he does I'll at least have my scholars' identifica-a-a . . . oh, if I didn't go and lend my History to Helen and it had my card in it."

Poor Marie! By now she was directly in front of the ticket box. Marie flipped her ticket into the box with a casual gesture. "Just one moment, young lady," the conductor drawled. "Would you be so good as to tell me JUST WHAT you have been doing between three o'clock and" (looking at his watch) "THIRTY-SEVEN MINUTES AFTER FOUR?"

"Well, you see, sir, I didn't have my composition done for the Lilies . . ."

"Lilies? Whose Lilies . . ."

"The Lilies is our magaz . . . well, anyway, I didn't have my composition done yesterday and my English teacher told me it was to be in today or she'd . . . well, anyway, I had it all done except—er—ah one or two sentences; and I stayed to finish it."

"And what time was that?"

"Oh, er . . . well, say three fifteen."

"Go on," said the conductor.

"Well-l-l, when I was coming down the stairs, I tripped and dropped my books and just then a group of girls rounded the corner and my books were all over the corridor. It took me at least fifteen minutes to gather them up."

"That makes it shortly after three-thirty," pursued the conductor.

Marie glanced out the window. Seven blocks since she got on the car; five more—just five more, dear Guardian Angel.

"Several of us walked up to Bloor; that took another fifteen minutes. We went into a restaurant and, just as we were being served, a girl almost drowned in a basin of water." (Marie hoped her Guardian Angel would overlook the slight exaggeration). I was afraid she might have gone unconscious and I was the only one who knew artificial respiration so I thought I'd better stay around. It was half an hour before the commotion subsided and the next fifteen minutes I . . . I spent foolishly, I'm afraid." (Another glance assured Marie that she could now afford to be reckless). "I had already ordered the sundae; it would have been a shame to waste it. Oh, this is my stop. I'll never do it again, sir; won't you please let me go this once?"

By this time the conductor was completely flabbergasted, he opened the doors from force of habit. Marie hurried out. The conductor muttered, "I do believe some of those kids could explain their way through an income tax form."

Eileen Sheedy, II-D,  
S.J.C.S.

**WITHOUT MOM**

Mom had gone to my brother's graduation and we were to have a friend in for the night. We decided to have a little pyjama party. Oh, it was great fun. We ate sticky pop-corn in bed, had pillow fights. Someone had overturned the pop-corn box and there lay its contents dispersed like billowy suds. Our books were strewn about. Bedclothes and pyjamas, the contents of drawers and chests were peeping from places where clothes were never intended to be deposited. When I ventured home that afternoon, I found my room in perfect order. Tell me—what would we do without Mom?

Alice McGovern, 2-B,  
S.J.C.S.

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**V-DAY**

V-Day! It is a little hard to imagine what peace will be like, for we have been at war for nearly six years. How happy some people will be to see their dear ones home again. Then how sad others will be for their loved ones are perhaps buried far away.

I can see, though, people waving flags of all nations, newsboys shouting out the glad tidings "Peace has been declared"; people singing songs and throwing confetti over our returning soldiers. Fathers who have never seen a child, children who do not remember their father. Home town bands waiting at the station to welcome their heroes.

Now I can visualize some little gray-haired woman quietly weeping, for her only son has given his life for his country. This little mother goes to Church and prays for her son. A few pews ahead of her, in this quiet sanctuary of God is a returned soldier, his young wife and two children thanking God and praying for the future.

Margaret McElhinney, II-C,  
S.J.C.S.

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**THE CHANGE**

The breeze blew through the meadow,  
I followed up the hill,  
It chased the birds from out the caves  
And gave the leaves their thrill.

It whirled and gushed and threatened  
And skipped among the clouds,  
It promised either rain or snow  
And leaves made up their shrouds.

The sky grew dark and grayer,  
All nature bending low,  
And suddenly from out the sky  
Came down the gentle snow.

Helen Aitchison, I-A,  
S.J.C.S.

**PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH**

Mr. and Mrs. Wise sighed hopelessly for their wee Penny; for Penny their only child was "Pound Foolish". Furthermore because Penny was an only child she was always receiving gifts of money. With all her money, she continually would buy chocolates till she got fatter and added more calories and pounds.

One day Penny's classroom had a beauty contest. One boy nominated Penny and you can imagine the roar of laughter that went up. Penny was embarrassed and so from that day on Penny Wise became really wise and saved all her pennies and lost all her pounds. Her mother was very glad and next birthday Penny got a bright red new bicycle.

Helen Gardner, X-B  
S.J.C.S.

**THOSE EXPOSED TO THE HORRORS OF WAR**

It was the Autumn of 1939; the streets of Auckland were filled with the cries of War. That is where my uncle enlisted in the Royal New Zealand Army.

In early 1941, my uncle's platoon went to Egypt. At that time it was pretty dead around Cairo. And then, one day, it came—thousands of planes, tanks and men. The fighting was long and bitter and many were killed. Then there was Greece. My uncle was wounded, and he was left at the dock when the hospital ship left for Egypt. That ship was bombed; there were no survivors.

When the Germans entered Greece, he was taken prisoner but he and a few others escaped to the hills. They lived there for three months with nothing to eat but dogs, cats, horses and snails. The people of Greece are kind to escaped prisoners; the Greek Underground got them back to Egypt, where my uncle was made a Captain. For six months after that, he was an instructor, then he was put up in the front lines again.

And captured again! This time by the Italians.

When the Italians turned to side with the British, my uncle was shipped to a Concentration Camp in Germany. He is still there. He says it is not so bad but that time passes very slowly.

Peggie Harrison, II-B,  
S.J.C.S.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a true account. Peggie has withheld her uncle's name.

**THE DAY SHALL COME**

Again and yet again;  
When victory shall reign  
Throughout this war-torn world  
Shall come a new and better world  
Where voices raise in highest praise  
To celebrate the battle won  
And offer thanks to God's own Son.

Margaret Kerwin, I-B,  
S. J. C. S.

## A SCENE FROM HILLTOP

Mother Nature has her annual holiday every Fall when the world sheds its verdant vesture to don rich mellowed hues. The hilltop is an ideal place from which to survey this scene. Golden tints of red, yellow and green fringe the trees and add a tinge of captivating beauty to the picture. Soon the bosom of the hard brown earth will be embossed with these multi-coloured leaves and Jack Frost will be sharpening teeth for the first cold nip. Woodfolk are everywhere, in the beechnut grove, beneath the mighty oaks and under the chestnut trees busily collecting nuts and so forth for their winter warehouse. Buster Bear is making himself comfortable inside a log for his winter-long snooze. An icy-blue sky forms a semi-frame for this paradise for artists as the last feeble rays of the sun put up a weak struggle for distinction. Overhead the birds trace their ancient paths southward to spend the winter in an atmosphere of warmth and comfort. The good smell of rotting leaves and spicy pine cones is wafted on the breeze as "Night" spreads her gentle hand over the earth.

Ailen Girardot, II-D,  
S.J.C.S.

## AUTUMN LEAVES

## From the Composition Books of the First Formers

"During the months of September and October, nature reveals her splendour and glory to mankind. The landscape makes a beautiful picture with thousands of colourful leaves. . . . It is a sad time too, a time when we look ahead to the long cold winter. . . ."

Joan Williams, I-D.

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" . . . but, as night drew near, the sun began to sink, the birds ceased their singing and children left their play to lay down their tired heads in sleep. That day was one day that I will never forget."

Sheila Oxley, I-D.

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"Autumn, considered the dreariest season of the year, is in reality, the most beautiful. . . . As we look at the grand array, we see the Hand of God; the red reminding us of our Lord's Precious Blood, the gold reminding us of the pure heart of our Lady and the brown of St. Joseph's mantle. This calls to our mind the Holy Family."

Eva Perfetti, I-D.

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" . . . the Fall is one of the most beautiful seasons in the year. Yet I have never looked forward to its coming. To me the trees are sad shedding their leaves and all nature is dying. The strong winds are with us then blowing leaves and paper over the ground. Every day is colder until finally Winter comes and the trees are bare and lifeless. The ground is covered with dead leaves."

Theresa Carpenter, I-A.

\* \* \*

" . . . Already the squirrels are preparing for winter by gathering their nuts and storing them in trees; the birds are also ready

for their journey south. One Autumn day, my friends and I went for a long walk in the woods. There we found a few weeds. We could not gather milkweed pods because they were nearly all opened and the seed attached to a little white parachute had flown away. The woods look pretty with all the leaves falling and scattered over the ground."

Betty Caviasca, I-A.

\* \* \*

"In the cool days of Autumn we have spread before us a magnificent canvas of beautiful colours. The forests on the hills are transformed into crimson, the maple tree with its glory spread and the birds flying south. . . The children jump and play in the crisp fallen leaves and sometimes they wax them and paste them in their books; and when dusk is drawing near, they pile up their treasured leaves and make bonfires around which they sit and sing."

Joan O'Leary, I-D.U

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" . . . Mother Nature is sending out invitations to her Fall Festival. Everyone is invited. The leaves are all primed up in their various tints of crimson, gold and brown. The birds are going to compose songs and organize an orchestra so that the leaves may dance. Mr. Wind has promised a warm wind and Mr. Sun will make his last appearance. So if you would like to come, just drop me a line."

Leora Baker. I-D.

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### CATS

The cat is originally from the European forests. In its wild state it differs from the domestic animal in having a shorter tail, a flatter and larger head, and stronger limbs. It what period cats became inmates of human habitations, it is scarcely possible to determine, but there is good reason to believe that they were at first domesticated in Egypt. The varieties of this animal are very numerous, but the Persian, the Angora and the new, tall and gray Maltese are the most remarkable.

June Marie Koster, I-B.

S.J.C.S.

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### THE COOKIE JAR

Although I knew the danger ahead, temptation overpowered me. I started creeping cautiously towards the kitchen pantry, opened the door and there stood that evil jar. With great haste I reached for it and then it came. C-R-A-S-H! What a conglomeration of pottery and cookies. I was stunned but seeing the pussy scamper across the floor I picked it up and began scolding it. Mother came rushing into the room but saw through my bluff. From now on I'd rather buy my cookies for it would be cheaper than losing one month's allowance.

Mary Prohaska, I-D,

S.J.C.S.

**PEACE**

Do you remember what peace is like? It has been a long time since we have had it but it will come again.

Can you recall the day when fathers, brothers and all our dear ones went away? We did not realize how much we would miss them. Some of them have been gone a long time. They are doing their part. Let us lend our money to the government to help bring our friends and dear ones home. Let us also pray for their safe and speedy homecoming.

Joan Phillips, I-D,  
S.J.C.S.

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**OUR ANIMALS**

We have nine horses, a dog, and two cats. The four I want to speak about are Lassie and Heanie, the two saddle horses, Rush, the dog, and Tink, who is at the stage where he really isn't a cat, or a kitten either. They all live in the barn, but Rush and Tink visit every day to have their meals.

Several times Tink has sneaked upstairs. One way of making him reappear is to sharpen the carving knife. You'll hear a thump as he lands on the floor and several noises that sound more like "merrrrr," and then, he is winding in and out around your legs.

When I'm leaving for school, tearing out to catch a Harbord car, I'm likely to trip over Rush who is always there to shake hands with me.

Dad and I were out riding on Lassie and Heanie last Sunday. Lassie hadn't been out since Saturday morning, and spent an hour and a half doing a dance. She put Heanie into the mood, and for a grand finale they decided to stand on their hind legs, and wave us in the breeze.

Mary Buckley, I-A,  
S.J.C.S.

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**FORM I-B**

We are wonderful—form I-B,  
Happy as happy girls can be  
We love our dates in History  
Geography is our greatest glee.  
We take in everything we should see,  
Except when we lose our locker key,  
We can make good cups of tea  
Each girl remembers: God sees me,  
We're the happy girls of form I-B.

Jane Hatton, I-B

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**"WHAT YOU DO TO ONE OF THESE MY LEAST"**

I saw a little girl weeping bitterly and asked her why she was crying. "My father died a week ago, Mummy cannot get a job."

My heart was full of sorrow for this little girl. I told her I



would help her. The next day Mummy had a basket of food ready for me to take over to Cecile. She asked me why I took an interest in their worries. I told her we are trained to be kind.

As I stood up my rosary fell and that started questions. The next Sunday Cecile came to Sunday School and Benediction with me. Now Cecile and I often go to Church together and we are fast friends.

Kathleen O'Keefe, Grade VIII,  
S.J.C.S.

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#### AUTUMN LEAVES

Among the beauties of the earth  
There's nothing quite so fair  
As the lovely coloured leaves and sprays  
Our Autumn trees do wear;  
Orange, yellow and soft brown  
Are scattered at my feet  
And in its splendour I can see  
A colour chart complete.

Sheilah Shannon, Grade VIII,  
S.J.C.S.

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#### AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

As Related by Anne to Her Friend Peggy

Dear Peggy,

My life has just turned topsy turvy. Nobody will even feel sorry for me so I will have to confide in you, Pegs.

It began last night when I put the finishing touches on my clown outfit I have been slaving over for three weeks. And oh, Pegs, it was superb. The background of the material was yellow with huge red and blue polka dots and there were white ruffles around the neck, wrists and ankles. I could just picture myself at the school Hallowe'en party. The belle of the ball (or clown). I was so happy, Pegs.

When I awoke Hallowe'en morning I tried on my outfit and painted my face. I painted on huge red lips and a red nose and the rest of my face snowy white. And really, Pegs I looked splendid. But to my dismay I found it was a quarter to nine. I pulled off my costume, slipped into my uniform, grabbed my books and tore madly out to catch the street car, too flurried to think of breakfast. On the car, everybody was laughing. Laughing mind you, not smiling or giggling but laughing. I looked around, nothing seemed amiss, then it suddenly dawned on me that they were staring at me and laughing at me. Oh, Pegs, my heart sank. Every person who came on that car took one look at me and burst out laughing. I thought they were rude. When we arrived at school I put on a dignified look and strolled down the aisle and as the door shut I could hear the strains of their mirth.

All that rushing was in vain, class was in session and I had to walk in late. No sooner had I taken one step inside the room when

I was greeted by lusty guffaws, Sister took one look at me and told me to go directly to wash my face. Telling me to wash my face at my age! I retreated to the washroom and looked in the mirror. And, Peggy, there glaring back at me was a painted face. Oh, my perfect handiwork looked absolutely hideous. I shall never forget those minutes when I scrubbed my face and crept back to the class room. The rest of that schoolday was like a nightmare. I am sure you understand, Pegs.

Somehow my sister got wind of it and I was teased at home. So here it is Hallowe'en night. I haven't enough courage to go to that party. I shall never, never live this down.

Your Pal,

Anne.

P.S.—Sister never said anything to me for being late. Perhaps she thinks I've received enough punishment.

A.

Faith Lee,  
S.J.C.S.

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#### CHRISTMAS EVE

A stable door is opened,  
And there, in a crib of straw,  
A baby smiles a welcoming,  
'Twas my Infant King I saw!

With eyes of such loving tenderness  
That flood my weary soul  
And I feel a perfect happiness,  
That I have reached my goal.

Ruth Graves (Daisy Bell).

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#### NOT OUTDONE

It is a clear, cool winter night. Tobias is lost in thought as he gazes on the star-lit skies. Suddenly, he feels a presence near and turning he sees the slender form of his little son.

"My father," speaks the soft voice of the twelve-year-old boy, "send me not home. Mayst I not spend the night with thee on the hillside? Thou wilt tell me again of the beautiful moon, the bright stars, of our beloved land of Juda. But most of all, I wouldst hear again of the Promised One Who is to come. If I couldst only be near when He cometh, perhaps, perhaps. . . . But say to me I mayst stay, and I wilt play to thee softly on my flute."

"My little one, thou mayst remain," gently answers Tobias, as he gazes into the sightless eyes of little Jacob.

As is their custom, accompanied by hauntingly sweet melodies on the flute, Tobias portrays in words the features of the kindly shepherds close by, the cloud-like forms of the sheep, the grove of tall date-palms surrounding the black depths of the distant lake and the sparkling stars overhead.

Suddenly the piping of the flute ceases. "Father," the child whispers, "I hear music sweeter far than I can utter. Oh, what is it?"

"Thou are right, my child," Tobias replies, as he grasps the little musician. "The heavens are opening! angels! a countless throng! light! song! Let us hearken!"

Speechless, they receive the message from Heaven! Saviour is born! Lying in a manger! Christ the Lord! In the City of David! In silence they remain on their knees. At length, Jacob speaks: "Father, let us go."

Tobias and Jacob are standing at an open stable. A kindly man is busy putting fresh straw in a manger. He bids them enter. A new-born Babe is shivering with cold in the protecting arms of a beautiful young mother.

"Wilt put my warm woolen jacket on thy Babe?" pleads Jacob, quickly taking off the garment. "It will perhaps keep Him warm."

"I thank thee, little boy," answers the Mother sweetly. "Thou shalt not unrewarded go," and Jacob's jacket is wrapped around the Precious Little One.

And then a cry of joy from the boy: "O Messiah! Thou hast come at last! O Promised One of Israel, how beautiful, how beautiful Thou art!"

Jacob is on his knees. His eyes, no longer sightless, are gazing into the face of his Infant Saviour.

Agnes Busch, Grade XII,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

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### OUR INITIATION

In our school auditorium, the students of St. Patrick's High School hold an Initiation Party to admit "formally" the pupils to Grade Nine. Initiating is the prerogative of Grade Ten, and although it is embarrassing to be initiated the Juniors take it in good spirit.

Following this ceremony, each class contributes a comical skit. Then come the social evening, refreshments, the school song and a hymn to Our Blessed Lady. The initiation brings together all the High School. Friends are made and any strangeness that the new students felt vanishes.

Graduates are invited to take part. Their presence gives the students a greater pride in their school. With all the students' co-operation, the Initiation promotes an excellent school spirit and we consider it not a small factor towards a successful school year.

Anna Mae Audet, XI,  
St. Patrick's H.S., Vancouver, B.C.

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### THE CHARM OF WORDS

Our English language is composed of many beautiful words. My favourite word is vast. It brings to my mind a scene of great, dashing waves rolling to and fro, tossing a speck of a ship high on mountains of spray; or of the mysterious sky with countless stars twinkling in the velvety blackness of night.

Frances Brinkhurst, IX,  
St. Patrick's H.S., Vancouver, B.C.

## LENDING BOOKS

To forget to return a book is one of the foibles of human nature. Man has been doing it since the invention of the printing press. When the first book was printed I am sure the owner had a friend who just had to borrow it; and this friend had a friend with a similar necessity. I'll wager the original owner never saw it again. In that day there might have been some necessity for treating your friends like a lending library and forgetting the reciprocal action, because there was a limited number of books. To-day, when public services provide us, we should be able to abandon this habit. But no, it is still the same old problem. Whenever a friend approaches with a particularly amicable countenance and begs you to lend him a book, offer it your final words of parting.

Anne Lawlor, XII-A.

## SPRING BOUQUET.

I could hear the applause. I could feel the wide band of satin tied around my arm, proclaiming I was Miss Petunia for 1944.

I read the poster again. "Flower Show. Entries accepted until May 29th." The twenty-ninth of May! Three weeks away! One couldn't grow flowers in three weeks! Inside my dazzled brain came a recollection from an outdated magazine. The wife of a well-known professor, Potts or Lotts, had produced an orchid in the space of two weeks. If Lady Potts or Lotts could do it, I could.

For four days I planted what were sold to me as the seasonable thing. Certainly they were seedy!

I spent most of the time transplanting, digging and sprinkling in my so-called garden.

Nothing happened. Something was amiss. But Potts had done it, I argued.

Then! One sunny afternoon I fell asleep. My seeds began to germinate. A huge Latin root thrust its ugly head out of the ground and growled at me: "If I had not been about to have been. . ."

"Stop," I shrieked, "use the future, futurabo, futurabis, futura-bit."

A nearby Algebraic bush held out long clawing fingers to clutch my throat. I drew back in terror, but not before the pollen from an insoluble X had dropped on my head. A vulture dropped a test tube of bean seeds on my head. They were labelled: Classify as dicotyledonous or monocotyledonous. It knocked me down. A triangular figure with equilateral sides bent over me and picked me up. I made a parallel tangent to one of the sides.

I was surrounded by leaves from the educational publications of Mathematics and Le Francais. Ridiculous geometrical solutions, contortions of the beautiful French language and absolute outrages of the King's English glared at me from the family tree. It couldn't be true, but it was.

Then a scholarly looking zoological specimen bit me. I identified it as a History bug that had been crouching on the date tree. That did it: I awoke with a start, and resumed my studying . . . "miles, militis, militi. . ."

Anne McGinn, X-C.

**PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN**

The carolers moved down the street, the music faded away, but the words lingered with me and I sat in meditative mood.

It was midnight and the strange little town was steeped in darkness. One star alone sent its rays towards the little homes. Impelled by some strange force, I was drawn to what appeared a stable on the outskirts. At its entrance I stood transfixed, speechless. Before me was the scene of Bethlehem! The Christ Child lying on His bed of straw, His Mother so close by, and dear St. Joseph. Shepherds were kneeling in adoration, and choirs of angels were filling the air with their songs of praise.

As I fell to my knees in adoration before the Babe of Bethlehem, I awoke, in my room, alone.

Mary Margaret Coady, Grade XII,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

**THE INVISIBLE BOND**

It was Christmas afternoon and we gathered round the tree with our guests, Peter, a young refugee from Holland with two companions.

Peter's eyes had a far-away look when he began to tell us of his own land. "On the fifth of December, our Christmas festivities begin with a pageant in the village streets. St. Nicholas or Sinter Laus—as we call him—appears in his bishop's robes, jewelled mitre, riding a white horse, and carries a bag of gifts for good little tots. From that day, there is great expectancy until Christmas Eve when the children put out their wooden shoes for the good saint to fill with gifts.

"There is a legend," he continued, "that on Christmas night when lights are low, the Holy Child accompanied by His Mother goes around through the snowy streets and peeps through the windows to see if there is a broken heart, or a soul in anguish. If He finds such a place, He marks it with a sign which will be seen by His Herald Angels, who at early dawn will sing their heavenly hymns and leave their gift of peace."

The narrator's eyes brightened—we knew he was living again in the past.

"As midnight approaches, the voices of the carol singers (I used to be of their number) float over the town—'Silent Night, Holy Night'. Then all comes astir—candles appear in every window and the singers take up 'Joy to the World'. Indoors, people are wishing one another a blessed Christmas. It is not long when from each door emerges the worshippers on their way to Mass. Truly then was 'Peace on earth, good will to men'."

The speaker's voice trailed off and a huskiness veiled his voice.

"Thank you, Peter, for your story; it was lovely," said our ever-thoughtful little Mother, "and now, boys and girls, what game will we have?"

Anita Chisholm, Grade XII,  
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

### DETENTIONS

Detentions at St. Alphonsus' High are novel. Memory work—the least is twelve lines, and twelve lines of Shakespeare at that. The longest French vocabulary to be found and even Latin word lists that never end, besides irregular verbs, geometry props. and algebra problems. Don't you think that variety enough and "quantum sufficit?" Sister evidently didn't. Imagine the latest!

Digging! Digging! simply digging! There is a garden, not far from our classroom, that must be dug before Jack Frost makes appearance. Here you may find Jod, Dick, Ted, Donnie and Pat putting in, after school, a strenuous hour. The last we heard of Joe's progress he was half way through to China. And Ted—he worked so diligently that only half a fork remains.

Mildred Finlan, X,  
St. Alphonsus', Winnipeg.

### ONE FIRST DAY

The summer holidays over, I am hurrying to the high school for my first day there. I feel happy and excited. I see many faces,—pupils who have heard of the school's sportsmanship, or teachings and of the sincerity of her pupils. A sweet melody floats out from the auditorium, and I join a group of girls to watch and listen. Sisters greet their old pupils and make the new ones feel at home. As the days go by I become intensely interested, but my favourite subjects are literature.

Frances Brinkhurst, IX,  
St. Patrick's H.S., Vancouver, B.C.

### ST. BONIFACE MUSEUM

Our class visited St. Boniface Cathedral and then the Archbishop's Palace. His Excellency told us many interesting stories and gave us each a souvenir medal; he then sent a priest to take us to the museum and act as guide.

One of the first objects to interest us was the rough-box that brought Louis Riel to St. Boniface. Some of the boys laid in it while the girls shuddered. We also saw the first organ brought west and it could be played, and wooden shoes worn by the priests in early days.

We saw the chalice, richly ornamented with precious stones, that had been used to give Holy Communion to Napoleon! In one of the rooms the walls were covered with arrows, axes, and weapons of war used by the Indians. Another curiosity was an old iron whose top could be filled with boiling water to heat the iron. The first coins, made of copper and steel proved another source of interest. We went back many years in looking at the pictures of Western Canada's pioneer priest. In the cemetery surrounding the cathedral we saw the grave of the first white woman to come to Canada.

Eleanor Kershaw, IX,  
St. Alphonsus', Winnipeg.

## GHOSTS

Ghosts, according to our dictionaries, are pure spirits; according to popular opinion, they are associated with old houses, crime centres, graveyards and spooky and weird places.

Perhaps a ghost is only a qualm of conscience. Stories have been written in which the hero or heroine was beset by the hideous spirits; other writers, would lead us to believe that ghosts are disturbances of the mind "from the heat-oppressed brain," as Macbeth's.

Real or unreal, the ghost has played an important part in the fiction of writers through the ages. Shakespeare, admitted ghosts into several of his tragedies. "Macbeth" was haunted even before the first of his crimes had been carried to a finish and from then on, was confused and frustrated in all his undertakings by witches and ghosts. In Julius Caesar, the ghost of Caesar appeared to Brutus before the battle of Phillipi and warned him of impending doom. Another Shakespearian ghost is that of Hamlet's father who urges Hamlet on to vengeance. Goethe's Faust has its own allotment of underworld and unnatural intrigue and Robert Hugh Benson's "Necromancers" might send the shivers up one's spine.

For a time the ghosts lost cast with writers and playwrights but modern stories and plays are beginning again to include the unexplainable. If you appreciate nightmares include the "Hermit's Cave" or "Out of the Night" as one of your bed-time stories, and radio supplies ghost-haunted tales that might set even adult mind on edge and cause sleepless nights.

With the war, many of the so-called occult sciences have been re-mustered. Devil worship and spiritualist seances are among the most prevalent. While some of the mediums may have some diabolic power to get in touch with the dead and make them show themselves visibly, most of the seances are clever farces and have been exposed by those who have made it their business to investigate such places.

The ghosts and skeletons that haunted the closets and dark rooms years ago have vapourized and been uprooted from the minds of intelligent persons, but in their places a belief in these spiritistic rituals has come to be. We, as Catholics do believe in the supernatural, but let us view with reserve and wariness the "tall stories" we hear concerning the return of the dead through the power of the medium of uncertain faith.

Catherine Aitchison, V-A,  
S.J.C.S.

## ST. PATRICK'S CADET CORPS

The cadets are getting into shape again. The new recruits are taking their basic training, marching and rifle drill. The rest of the corps are going on into battle-drill; which consists of infiltration movements, signalling, Bren-gun drill, gas-drill and map-reading. We have already taken part in the Seventh Victory Loan Parade and are determined to be the best cadets in the city.

Jack Wise, XII.  
St. Patrick's H.S., Vancouver, B.C.

### CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

Girls who are handy with paints or scissors will want to make some of the little things that other years they would buy at the shops. Here are suggestions: **EGG SHELL IDEAS.**—If you have conquered the art of blowing eggs, this will be easy. Blow the egg and let the shell dry before you paint it. The shells may be decorated with stars or chubby Santas or clowns and they may be fitted over the lights or just hung on string.

**MIRROR CENTREPIECE.**—A centrepiece can add colour and life to your dining-room. Cover a mirror with a layer of cotton batting and then tear out an irregular strip or circle which will resemble a stream or pond in a snowy landscape. Long pipe cleaners can be twisted and arched to make a snowy bridge on the crest of which rides Santa with his reindeers. Trees can be made in the snow out of vegetable or typewriter brushes and the five-and-ten sell quantities of artificial snow to make the whole scene glitter and sparkle. Another mirror idea is to place a holly wreath on the mirror and fill the centre with coloured Christmas balls or the egg-shell decorations previously described.

Leila O'Reilly, X-C,  
S. J. C. S.

---

### MY ROSARY

"Your Rosary, dear, should be one of your cherished possessions," my Mother said to me when I first learned to honour Jesus' Mother and mine by saying prayers on the pearly beads. In early years, I did not realize the truth of mother's words, but as I grew older and sorrow came I learned the value of fervently-repeated Paters and Aves on my indulgenced Rosary.

My father has devotion for Our Lady of Sorrows and has taught me the Rosary of the Seven Dolors. At first I could not reconcile father's devotion with my mother's and told him so. He then patiently explained each of the Seven Dolors and asked me to pray them for him.

Now I have two precious strings of beads! I know my Queen of the Rosary and Queen of Martyrs will teach me the fastest and surest way to our Dear Lord's Heart.

Frances Schollen, IX,  
St. Patrick's H.S., Vancouver, B.C.

---

### HONOUR LIST

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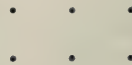
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